



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking
Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B.,
C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal
The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I, G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950)

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are
interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership.
The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as
to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district

The subscription is : Home Members, 25s. ; Overseas Members, 15s
per annum, which includes receipt of the *Kipling Journal* quarterly

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Notes

THE address which Mr. Eric Linklater gave to our Society at the Annual Luncheon in October proved as welcome as the earlier tribute which Mr. Somerset Maugham paid to Kipling's abiding memory. Very welcome, too, is Mr. C. E. Carrington's biography, *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, a book due for publication as these lines are written and which has the authority of the family archives behind it. It is, moreover, a book which for years has been lacking from our shelves. It happily anticipates the 100th anniversary of R.K.'s birth, which will come on December 30th, 1965, and will also recall the date of his death on January 18th. Not a few of our readers will remember the 'lying in State' in the Chapel of Middlesex Hospital and the coffin covered with a Union Jack, symbol of a life dedicated to the Commonwealth of Nations which Kipling found so great a power for good, a power he strove by his mastery of words to preserve in full potency.

An Indian Writes

What is an Indian's reaction to Rudyard Kipling? The question is interesting and an answer of a sort is to be found in a recent article by C. L. R Sastri in the *March of India*, entitled "Through Indian Eyes." As Mr. Sastri said, it was written after Kipling had been dead for more than a decade and a half, and in the opening sentence he admitted that the gap left by his death has **not** yet been

filled. Barring Meredith, Hardy and Bernard Shaw, "who had already begun storming the walls of Jericho with the trumpet blasts of his wit," Kipling's was the mightiest pen engaged in the domain of English literature in his time.

Mr. Sastri came to Kipling's work late in his reading, and, as an Indian, had imbibed a deep-rooted prejudice. This was on account of what Mr. Sastri describes as Kipling's "drum and trumpet history" and his incessant laudation of the white man and his so-called burden. But, in time, Mr. Sastri recognised that as a prose writer Mr. Kipling was among the elect. The first book that impressed was *Kim*, which persuaded him to swear unflinching allegiance to the author. Soon Mr. Sastri had read every one of Kipling's prose works and not a few of his poems and there abode with him a sense of the unchallenging greatness of the writer.

Is Kipling no more than a Versifier ?

Mr. Sastri reaches the judgment that Kipling was a versifier rather than a poet, though a versifier of the first order. "The best of versifiers," says Mr. Sastri. Of his acquaintance with Cockney English, he quotes from the *Barrack Room Ballads*:

What did the Colonel's lady think,
Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's wife
An' she told 'em true.
Where you git to a man in the case
They're like a row of pins,
For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

Not very characteristic Kipling, surely, though Mr. Sastri goes on to give three stanzas from the *L'Envoi* in *Life's Handicap* which reveals a deeper note :

The depth and dream of my desire,
The better paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who has made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who has made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy Grace
I saw naught common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;
Or whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need !

Naturally, what appeals particularly to Mr. Sastri is Kipling's love of the Orient and the Orient's close communion with the spiritual as opposed to the material universe. In particular, he quotes from the address at McGill University on the values in life, the passage which culminates in Kipling's onslaught upon the desire of wealth for wealth's sake :

" If more wealth be necessary to you, for purposes not your own, use your left hand to acquire it, but keep your right hand for your proper work in life. If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping ; in danger, also, of losing your soul. But in spite of everything you may succeed, you may be successful, you may acquire enormous wealth. In which case I warn you that you stand in grave danger of being spoken and written of and pointed out as a ' smart ' man. And that is one of the most terrible calamities that can overtake a sane, civilised, white man in our Empire today."

And a Little Child shall Lead Them

Sir James Barrie and Charles Dickens are only two of the famous authors who have spent a corner of their talents upon the very young. Here is a letter from Rudyard Kipling dated October 23rd, 1934, and

addressed to 'Dear Henry.' It was published at the time of Oliver Baldwin's unworthy attack upon the poet and novelist, and is evidence that in his later years Kipling had a deep interest in the young, even if *Wee Willie Winkie* and *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* had not made this plain years earlier.

Dear Henry,

We had a talk about lorries and things when you came to tea at your grandmother's the other day. I am sending you now a small Kodak which is very good and quick for snapshots, so that you can get your shots at different makes of cars as they come along and put them in an album afterwards ; and the same with aeroplanes or anything else.

I hope you will like this.

I have written this in print because my handwriting is not very easy to read.

Affectionately yours,

Rudyard Kipling.

An Augury

The informal discussion at the Lansdowne Club upon the four Freemason stories in *Debits and Credits* went off very happily, and should be an augury for the success of similar meetings of the Kipling Society.

A *Madonna of the Trenches* proved the principal topic and its significance proved a most interesting theme. Some day I must recall a very beautiful old Irish poem with a similar tryst with death as a possible source for Kipling's story, or, at any rate, as an analogy so close that it is germane to any understanding of what our poet had in mind.

ERNEST SHORT.

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: CANADA—Dalhousie University Library ; U.S.A.—Mr. K. Bhaskara Rao, Mr. E. A. H. Shepley, Mrs. W. J. Kennedy, Mrs. R. M. Crosby ; LONDON—Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles, Mr. Swartz, Mr. W. L. Murray Brooks, Mrs. D. S. Smee, Miss J. C. Macleod ; VICTORIA, B.C.—Mrs. E. Thompson, Mrs. E. J. Spilsbury, Miss O. Watherston.

Kipling

By Eric Linklater, C.B.E., LL.D., T.D.

[The following is a summary of Mr. Linklater's address at the Annual Luncheon, 1955, of the Kipling Society.]

AMONG the delightful works of that most engagingly brilliant of minor authors, Max Beerbohm, there is none, I think, more agreeable than his volume called *A Christmas Garland*; but one of the seventeen parodies which make the book—and all but one are written with a smiling zest, with a genuine hilarity, with a sympathetic perception of the nonsense he mocks—one of them is flawed by ill-temper, acerbity, by a vulgarity exceeding the vulgarity he essays to caricature. And that is the parody of Kipling.

Now it is strange indeed to find ill-temper in the writings of Max Beerbohm—I doubt if you can find it elsewhere—and one no more expects vulgarity in his pages than an ill-fitting uniform in the Brigade of Guards. But there it is: his parody of Kipling—he calls it *P.C. X36*—is an expression of coarse displeasure.

The Critics

Kipling has had other unfriendly critics; and most of them are united by a virulence that is rare in modern criticism. They make a show of criticising what they allege to be his tendency to sadism—his vulgar 'knowingness'—his contemptuous attitude to Indians, or his failure to understand them—his imperialism, or Jingoism—but under this parade of objective criticism there is visible (sometimes very clearly visible) a dislike of Kipling the man which may amount to hatred.

Now to us, who have for long taken

great pleasure in Kipling, this is a curious phenomenon, and demands explanation. I assume that we stand on more or less equal ground? I grew up with the *Jungle Books*, and *Soldiers Three*, and *Plain Tales from the Hills*; and from time to time I go back to Kipling as, a generation or two ago, men went back to Walter Scott. And I find in him an increasing variety of pleasure. One cannot, of course, recapture the passionate devotion of one's first acquaintance with Private Mulvaney and Bagheera, the Black Panther; with Crook O'Neil of the Black Tyrone, or the little officer boy of *The Big Drunk Draft*; with old Akela the Wolf and Mrs. Hauksbee and Lieutenant Brazenose, who, you will remember, took Lungtungpen naked. But to compensate for the lost rapture of first meetings there is a deepening awareness of the great roll and scope of Kipling's genius: one learns to appreciate (against the tide of modern poetry) something of his quality as a poet: the purely musical quality of such pieces as *Danny Deever* and *Ford o' Kabul River*, with their melody of muffled drums; and the harsh dissonances in *Mary, Pity Women*; and the magical lines of *A St. Helena Lullaby*—the stentorian rhetoric of *Who Hath Desired the Sea*, or the rollicking pace of *The Jacket*.

His Power as Story-Teller

One learns to enjoy his power and compulsion as a story-teller in such widely separate and different fields as that where old Hobden lived and a Centurion of the Thirtieth came to tea, and the stricken plains where William the Conqueror helped the

Punjabi civilians to conquer famine in Madras—the stories of the sea, such as *Bread Upon the Waters*, as authentic and clear in detail as anecdotes of Simla and hot weather in Lahore—the moments of vivid realisation, that so firmly stay in one's mind, such as the flood coming down in *The Bridge Builders*, the sudden humility of the Legal Member in *Tod's Amendment*; Lutyens with a broken collar-bone riding the Maltese Cat in a figure-of-eight round the goal-posts before the last chukkar of that most memorable game; and Kaa the Python bruising his nose against the marble wall of the Queen's summer-house—and, above all the great panorama of *Kim*, where enchantment begins on the first page, with its warning, 'Be gentle when the heathen pray,' and its picture of Kim astride of the great gun *Zam-Zammah* in Lahore, and continues unabated to the very end and the blissful death of the Red Lama, free from the world and sin.

There are in Kipling such deep and diverse wells of pleasure that it seems—to us who take pleasure in him—incredible that he should arouse hatred. But in certain criticisms of him hatred throbs—and why?

The accusation of sadism cannot seriously be maintained. In a few stories there is a sort of schoolboy roughness, an elaborate but essentially harmless device of revenge—and in one or two others, with an Indian background, a little harsh brutality which the background palliates. For India, in the years of Kipling's youth, was a dark and violent country, and without, occasionally, some show of violence, its innate violence could hardly have been controlled. But if you take everything that savours of cruelty, in all his stories, you will find that the aggregate hardly amounts to

what one can see in a good and well-approved American film today.

Nor can his alleged vulgarity compare, for example, with that of Dickens—and nowadays no serious critic will dispute the assertion that Dickens, with all his faults, is one of the very greatest figures in our literature. The occasional vulgarity of Kipling is no worse, I think, than a spilling-over of the exuberance with which he saw and noted the entrancing details of his world; and without his eye for detail our pleasure in him would be sadly diminished. His small vulgarities are no cause for hatred.

Martial India

Superficially—but only superficially—there is more reason for the complaint that he neither understood nor sympathised with Indians: one can, at least, understand such a complaint when the complainant is a young Indian of today. Kipling in his latter years had no great liking, I imagine, for Indian politicians; nor had he much liking, at any time of his life, for English politicians. He was in Lahore in 1885, when Wedderburn and Hume founded the Indian National Congress, and had he been what is called 'progressive' he would probably have taken more interest in it than he did. For that failure 'progressives' may blame him; but, on the other hand, he showed more interest in human character than 'progressives' often do, and in his story of the South African War, called *A Sahibs' War*, he creates a figure of martial India whom any people might be glad to claim as their own. Umr Singh, the Sikh, is a soldier with a heart made desolate by the death of the young officer whom he had loved—he is a man who had sacrificed his pride to love, but kept his dignity intact—and in drawing such a one

Kipling did no disservice to India, nor was he lacking in sympathy or understanding.

The Story of "Kim"

But take, for the best example, the story of *Kim*. Who are the real heroes of *Kim*? They are the Red Lama, Mahbub Ali, the talkative old lady of the Kulu hills and Hurree Babu, that fearful man. It is *their* service that Kim has entered—as the agent of a remote benevolence—and the soldiers and the politicians in the background are also their servants. They are Indians, or Asian neighbours of India, who dominate the scene, and it would not be difficult to present the whole story as an allegory of India seeking her soul in unity. That Kipling failed to foresee the importance of the Congress Party that was founded under Lord Dufferin's authority cannot be denied; but neither can it be maintained that he lacked sympathy with India, or an engrossing interest in India. There is no cause for hatred there.

He was, however, an Imperialist—and, worse than that, a logical Imperialist. He knew, that is, what Imperialism required to give it motive power and keep it working; and this knowledge, implicit in much that he wrote, occasionally becomes explicit.

It is implicit in *The Bridge Builders*, the story of Findlayson and Hitchcock of the P.W.D., who had spent three years of their lives bridging the Ganges; equally implicit in a late story called *The Church at Antioch*, where it is suggested that the Christian Church may have been saved by a young Roman policeman who comes out of the very same mould as Strickland of the Police. You will find a wide-open clue to it in that early, naïve and charming period-piece called *The Story of the Gadsbys*, with its arrogant coda:

"Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone."

There is also a clue, equally obvious, in a much later story, *A Deal in Cotton*, and the verses that follow it, called *The New Knighthood*:

"Who gives him the Bath?
I, said the wet,
Rank Jungle-sweat,
I'll give him the Bath!"

And the knowledge becomes explicit in the verses that begin, "Our England is a garden that is full of stately views," and go on to declare that the heart of the garden is the tool-shed and the potting-shed, the cold-frames and the hot-houses, and the dung-pit. That is to say, the working parts.

Now there, I think, is the real reason why Kipling aroused, in a good many of his critics, a genuine hatred. Not only did he believe that we had an Imperial destiny, but he made it abundantly and abominably clear that to fulfil our destiny we must work—work hard and endlessly, often in circumstances of great discomfort and with little hope of reward—work, and serve in a spirit of dedication a difficult ideal—and that is how he made enemies, and no wonder.

A Romantic View of Work

Only a small minority of the English have ever liked work for its own sake, and very few literary people—who were, of course, Kipling's most outspoken critics—have ever belonged to that minority. But Kipling, whose mind was logical enough to see the absolute need of work, of dedicated work, if Imperialism was to succeed, had also a romantic view of work. He saw it as a thing desirable in itself:

"Take up the White Man's burden;
No tawdry rule of kings,

But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things."

Now this, to many, was quite intolerable. It has always been known in England that work is the curse of Adam: Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy face—but the cleverer you are, the less you need sweat. Yet here was a man in favour of sweat: of rank jungle-sweat!

There is the origin of the hatred that Kipling evokes; and he would have roused just as much if he had been a Little Englander and declared that the only way to keep England small was to work, and go on working, for that end.

His romantic view of work must have been born in India, and was, presumably, the offspring of the religious fervour with which, in the middle parts of the 19th century, the British went about their Imperial task—their Imperialism was a sort of evangelism—and then, when the religious mood lessened, the enormity of their task loomed the greater, and a romantic view was, perhaps, the only view that made it tolerable. Or perhaps 'romantic' is the exact, the properly descriptive word for what the British did do in India: with a thousand or so civilians and a few thousand soldiers they essayed the impossible task of unifying, pacifying, feeding and irrigating a sub-continent—and to a large extent succeeded. The Victorian achievement in India was probably as great as the Elizabethan achievement at sea; and no one hesitates to call that 'romantic'.

But the English in England naturally resented the suggestion that they, too, should become romantically addicted to work. The upper classes had long cultivated the arts of leisure, and leisure, like freedom, was "broadening down from precedent to precedent."

For Kipling's logical perception that work was necessary for Imperialism one must blame, I suppose, Miss Macdonald. His father had been so rash as to marry a lady who fetched her blood from the Highlands of Scotland, and to the Scotch the necessary connexion between work and plenty has usually been clear enough. It must have been Miss Macdonald, and her Scottish blood, that prevented Kipling from really understanding the English—that let him think the English would happily respond to a crusading cry to work—arid there is irony in the fact that he, who made so much of the Americans' difficulty in understanding England, would probably have found a more understanding, more responsive audience in America, where many people respected the idea of work almost as much as he did.

" The Islanders "

I think the saddest line in all Kipling's writing occurs in that poem of torrential scorn and tempestuous anger, *The Islanders*. There, in a passion of indignation against our traditional sloth and unpreparedness, he puts the wrathful, rhetorical question: "Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid?"—to which the English answer, of course, is "Yes."

His innocence in this matter, however, is a very pretty rejoinder to those tetchy critics who complain that he was always too 'knowing.' He was not. The author of *Puck of Pook's Hill* was a great dreamer, and though much of his dreaming was out of tune with the temper of our century, it was not, for that reason, ignoble. It was merely impractical. He was also, I believe, a great poet: but this will not be generally admitted during the present phase of English poetry. For some time now

poetry has been almost a private utterance, and for that no one is to blame—or we are all to blame—and there is nothing to do but accept it. Poetry, however, has been, and will be again, a public utterance; and when that time returns Kipling's verse may get the applause it deserves.

He had, in his lifetime, the reward of enormous popularity; for an appreciation of his historical importance he must wait, I fancy, until history, some two or three hundred years hence, has decided that the Victorians in India wrote a page of our history as splendid as that written, a little while be-

fore, by Drake and Raleigh and Frobisher and Hawkins—and then history will be properly grateful for the chance that gave the latter decades of Oriental Victorianism a chronicler so sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued, yet romantic as befitted his age, as Kipling. And in the meantime, while waiting for the last accolade, we may continue to draw on the wells of pleasure that he dug for us . . .

I finished these notes in a great hurry, I admit, because I was suddenly impatient to go and dance with Jhansi McKenna, the daughter, you will remember, of Old Pummeloe.

The Kipling Biography

AS this issue of *The Kipling Journal* goes to press, the long-awaited biography, *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, by Charles Carrington, is due for publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co Ltd. (25s.). A full review of the book will appear in our March number, but meanwhile we have asked Mr. Carrington to contribute the following note on "How the Book was Written." He writes:—

"It is not difficult to write the life of Rudyard Kipling if you have access to the letters he wrote to his family as a boy, to the press-cutting books in which he collected his early articles and fan-mail, and to the diaries which his wife kept, with only the shortest intermissions, from the day of his marriage to the day of his death. Mrs. Kipling was the most prudent and efficient of wives; she hated piles of waste paper in drawers, and took care that every in-letter was answered without delay and at once destroyed. In the same spirit of careful control, she allowed no fragment of his handwriting to go out of the house un-

checked, and sedulously bargained to re-possess any of his papers which had fallen into unauthorised hands before she married him. Yet it is plain that she had some notion of preserving necessary information for a future biographer; her diaries with their daily entries of his visits and visitors, his travels and acquaintances, the dates when he began and finished his works, are evidence enough, though there is little or nothing in them about his states of mind, concerns which he and she alike preferred to keep to themselves. Not often do the diaries contain much else beyond a factual note of where they went or what they did together—five or six lines to a page. As for the correspondence, she preserved a few in-letters which to her seemed likely to interest a biographer, but destroyed hundreds which this biographer would have been glad to see—for example, the series of letters from their life-long friend, Henry James.

The Kipling Papers alone, preserved by Mrs. Bambridge, thus provide a

full account of his life, in which there are no unsolved mysteries. We can trace where he was almost every day of his life, except for a few months in 1887, at the time of his transfer from the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore to the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, and for a few months in 1891, at the time of his first friendship with Carrie Balestier. The unpublished letters to Mrs. Hill are full of allusions which clarify the origins of his Indian stories, and these evidences are much strengthened by documents in American libraries, the Hill photographs in the Library of Congress, the desk-diary for the year 1885 at Harvard, and the manuscript fragments in the Berg collection at New York. As for the tragi-comic story of Rudyard and Carrie Kipling and their relatives at Brattleboro, Vermont, there is a plethora of evidence. It all happened sixty years ago and the town talks of it still.

To a Kipling 'fan' the revealing material is the series of hints and notions in these papers which Rudyard worked up into the songs and stories we have enjoyed. Hardly an episode in his life but we can find some use he made of it in his work; hardly a character in his work but we can find some warrant for it in his life.

'When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
And what he thought 'e might require,
He went an' took—the same as me!

It has been the few episodes and characters I cannot relate to his life that have excited me, not those that I can. Why does nobody know who was Mrs. Hauksbee? There was such a person, as he clearly stated in his letters to Mrs. Hill in 1887; and his friend Kay Robinson said in 1896 that 'everybody in the Punjab' knew who she was. But why did no early member of the Kipling Society blurt out this widely-known secret? Such problems are few. Most such questions

can be answered, and much of the myth about Kipling can now be dispelled. He did not publicly quarrel with Macmillan, his publisher; he did not forfeit the laureateship through the disfavour of Queen Victoria; he did not write *Mary Postgate* after his son was killed. I hope that members of the Kipling Society may be gratified at finding his life less defiant, his character less truculent, his intellect less commonplace, his genius less isolated than hostile critics have long implied. It is time for him to take his place in the pageant of English men of letters."

* * * *

[This is the authorised biography of a writer of prose and verse who died nearly twenty years ago. His first book was published in 1886, his last—posthumously—in 1937, and between those dates all that he wrote was given world-wide notice. With the social changes of seventy years, he has been in and out of favour with the critics several times, but the public, throughout the English-speaking world, have never ceased to buy and to read his works. Some have been translated into thirty foreign languages—best-sellers in France, best-sellers in Soviet Russia. After Shakespeare, Kipling is the most quoted of all English authors. Few writers have been better loved, and few more fiercely hated—often by critics 'whose dislike of his politics clouded their judgment. It was not for the critics that he wrote but for those whom he called the 'Sons of Martha,' the inarticulate men who do the world's work and take responsibility for what they do.]

In writing this Life, the author has consulted many of Kipling's relatives and friends; has visited most of the scenes that Kipling described, in Asia, Africa and America; has read the documents in the five largest Kipling

collections; and has had unrestricted access to the private papers of the Kipling family.

Apart from serving as a soldier in both World Wars, Mr. Carrington has spent most of his working life as a publisher. His most important book, hitherto, has been *The British Overseas*, which was described in the 'Manchester Guardian' as 'easily the

best history of the Commonwealth that we have.' He is now Professor of Commonwealth Relations at Chatham House (the Royal Institute of International Affairs).

For the information of American readers, we understand that the book is to be published in the U.S.A. by Doubleday & Co. Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, 22.—Ed., K.J.]

An Australian Tribute to R.K.

"A N Australian commentator asked recently: 'Does anyone read Rudyard Kipling these days? I begin to doubt it.' But why doubt it? Kipling still has many enthusiasts—and in Australia, too. And it is not mere partisanship either, for the further one follows the Kipling quartz the richer glistens the gold."

These words introduce an interesting article by R.W.M. in the *Melbourne Age* (8.10.55), kindly sent to us by Major-General Sir Julius Bruche. It is headed, "Yes! People still read Kipling: Something more than a Jingo," and runs:

"The incredible breadth of Kipling's information was gargantuan. It is hard to believe *Captains Courageous*, *Tomlinson*, *The Flowers, If*, *Gentleman Rankers*, *The Day's Work*, *The Widow of Windsor*, *Tommy Atkins*, *A Charm*—to mention only a few at random—flowed from the same pen. Must he not be saluted today?

The British Commonwealth's debt to Kipling cannot be calculated. It began when inspired stimulation to Britain's effete war organisation was requisite. Some of us can remember:

When you've shouted 'Rule Britannia,'
when you've sung 'God save the Queen.'
When you've finished killing Kruger with
your mouth!
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little
tambourine
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?
Kipling, great standard-bearer, born

at Bombay, December 30, 1865, died in England, 1936.

In *Dedication* (to the City of Bombay) he pays tribute, albeit without differentiation, to *The Cities*:

Neither by service nor fee, came I to
mine estate.
Mother of cities to me, for I was born
in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea, where the
world-end steamers wait.
Now for this debt I owe, and for her far-
borne cheer
Must I make haste and go with tribute to
her pier.

'Beetle' (an early sobriquet) knew many lands, peoples, creeds and dialects. The range of his voice, his compass, was as great as that of 'English as she is spoke'; the harmonics sounding even in Hindustani and other Asian tongues.

Kipling's broadmindedness and liberality, despite that his traducers labelled him Jingo, is exemplified in 'Our Lady of the Snows,' 'The Two-sided Man,' 'The White Man's Burden,' 'The Mother-Lodge,' which latter could appeal both to Canterbury and Rome, not that they necessarily will approve. Discursively his mark is shown in several publications as the crooked cross (Nazi symbol reversed) in a circle over signature.

Every Victorian may not know that our State has its compliment in *The Flowers* [here follow the lines beginning:]

Buy my English posies, you that will not
turn,
Buy my dog-wood clematis, buy a frond
of fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps down the
road to Lorne,
Buy my pretty Christmas bush, and I'll
say where you were born . . .

The True Imperialist

Kipling's compositions, his poems, books and essays, run into hundreds. More than any other man, with the possible exception of Cecil Rhodes (whom he apostrophised in *The Burial*), he was the true imperialist in the sense of scorn of Little Englanders. 'What should they know of England who only England know?' he jibed in *The English Flag*. And which of us, who is familiar with that poem, has not glowed?

J. K. Stephen's quip—

'When the Rudyard's cease from
Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more'

was not necessarily derogatory: it may have been his peculiar way of admitting that—There'll always be an England while Kipling's anvil rings.

To keep us from being air-borne with contagious enthusiasm Kipling holds us firmly to solid ground with that masterpiece of staccato:

Boots-boots-boots-boots — moving up an'
down again.
There's no discharge in the War!

Vale! Rudyard Kipling! Many,
many Australians still feel he crystal-
lises their grief when he chants:

There's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead

R.K. and Duff Cooper's "Haig"

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—
"Mr. Duff Cooper (the late Lord Norwich) had written a biography of Earl Haig, and had evidently sent a copy of the first volume to Kipling, who replied: 'Ever so many thanks for the first volume of your *Haig*. I was reading it most of yesterday afternoon. It's naturally guarded—guarded up to the hilt, as you might say—but it gives one a truthful notion of the tug-of-war between politicians, "public opinion" and the general mess of unpreparedness and jangling commands. Also it reveals, as with "artlessness," the soul of L.G. I think, as

a layman, that you're right about the Somme being a pivot of later victory. I'd like to talk that, and many other matters, over with you when next we meet at the Beefsteak. Then I can tell you how greatly I admire the "form" of the work and the clarity of your expositions.'

Later he mentions that Kipling was a recent friend. This letter begins on page 186 and finishes on page 187 of Duff Cooper's book, 'Old Men Forget.' It was published by Messrs. Rupert Hart-Davis, of London, in 1953.

Annual Conference

THE Annual Conference of the Kipling Society for the year 1955 took place on Thursday, October 6th. The Annual Report and Accounts for the year ending December 31st, 1954, were adopted and the President, Vice-Presidents and the Honorary Officers were re-elected for the next twelve months. The Honorary Auditors were also re-elected for the coming year, with a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Pennington for their work during the past year, and

for all their help which they have always so ungrudgingly given us.

The following elections to the Council were duly confirmed by the Conference: Colonel Ion Munro, Lieut.-Commander J. A. Brock, Mr. Seymour Philips, Dr. A. P. Thurston and Dr. P. F. Wilson.

The following new members of the Council were proposed at the meeting and duly elected: Major-General Sir John Taylor, Mr. C. E. Carrington and Mrs. Scott-Giles.

Readers' Guide

"SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO"

[The following section of the *Readers' Guide to Kipling's Works*, prepared by Mr. R. E. Harbord and a group of friends, relates to "Soldier an' Sailor Too," a Barrack Room Ballad in *The Seven Seas*. In this connection, Mr. Harbord writes:—"I have received a letter from Colonel G. W. M. Grover, O.B.E., late of *The Royal Marines*, and now Secretary of the *Royal Humane Society*. This is of interest and importance, and I hope you will be able to publish my extracts in the *Journal*. To the ordinary reader of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads these notes may not be very important, but you will realise that this is the kind of thing we want for the *Reader's Guide*. To the Regular Service man they are most important for this is the first time the footnotes have been questioned, I believe. Of course some of us remember the mistake made by the late Mr. G. Montbard in illustrating these verses on their first appearance in *Pearson's Magazine*. The speaker is obviously someone who cannot recognise a Jolly, yet the artist has pictured a Bluejacket: a sailor shown as the narrator instead of a soldier." The section on "Brugglesmith" appeared in the *Journal of October, 1955*, No. 115.]

"SOLDIER an' Sailor Too" was first published in *Pearson's Magazine* and in *McClure's Magazine* in April, 1896. It was collected in that year in "The Seven Seas."

In early printings of the poem there are no footnotes, but in the Inclusive Verse of 1934 and other late editions there are these:—

a) Verse 4, line 2 reads: or startin' a Board School mutiny along o' the Onion Guards

The footnote is: Long ago, a battalion of the Guards was sent to Bermuda as a punishment for riotous conduct in barracks.

b) Verse 5, line 3 reads: But to stand an' be still to the Birken'ead drill is a damn' tough bullet to chew
The footnote is: In 1852 the

Birkenhead, transport, was sunk off Simon's Bay. The Marines aboard her went down as drawn up on her deck.

c) In T. S. Eliot's "A Choice of Kipling's Verse," 1941, there is an extra note to verse 6, line 4, reading: "Admiral Tryon's flagship, sunk in collision in 1893 with H.M.S. Camperdown," to which there can be no objection except the general one that it is inconsistent that there are no notes to the many other Barrack-Room Ballads, such as "Belts," to enable us to identify, such units as "Delhi Rebels" and "Threes About." Not that we want to, for we should do so at our peril even today.

N.B.—There is also a sub-title, "The ROYAL Regiment of Marines," a style the Corps has never used.

Now to quote Colonel Grover more closely:

Note I.—This refers to an incident when the Guards fell below their own splendid standard and it might well have been omitted, particularly as the preceding line reveals the fact that the disaffection in London District was not confined to one unit or one arm of the service. ("arness-cut" refers to Life Guards incidents of the cutting of saddlery to avoid duty.) It is better to remember the splendid efforts of the officers of the Household Troops to alleviate the almost intolerable conditions of service which gave rise to the unrest.

Note II.—The facts about the sinking are:—

On January 7th, 1852, H.M.S. Birkenhead, paddle steamer, sailed from Queenstown for the Cape with details of ten regiments, 510 in all, also three surgeons and 25 women with 31 children. The ship's company of about 130 made a total on board of 700 souls.

On February 25th, 1852, the ship reached Cape Town and, after disembarking some details, sailed the same evening for East London. Course was shaped somewhat South

of East but not sufficiently far South, as at about 2 a.m. on February 26th the ship took the ground on a rock off Danger Point, some 50 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. The engines were reversed, with the result that the bow settled and the stem bid fair to follow suit, the back of the ship being broken. Good discipline prevailed: the boats were hoisted out, the women and children and some of the men put into them; the horses were set free to swim ashore; it was the sight of a riderless horse galloping along the beach that gave the first indication of the tragedy to some Boer farmers who had come down to fish.

Three hundred and fifty lives were lost. At the Court Martial the senior officer rescued stated: "The utmost order was observed on board by all; until the vessel disappeared there was not a cry or murmur from soldiers or sailors. It struck me as one of the most perfect instances of what discipline can effect."

Queen Victoria caused a memorial to be set up in Chelsea Hospital, inscribed with the names of the lost Army ranks but not of the ship's company.

The exact words of the Footnote (2), however, contain such a suggestion of falsity that I cannot think Kipling could have written them. The soldier speaking the lines rejoices that the Jollies can be so brave and cool, and it may well be

assumed that the Marines behaved as admirably as did the soldiers and others, yet their numbers could not, I think, have been more than 20, quite a small proportion of the 600 or so still on board when the ship struck. The Marines actually consisted of a Colour Sergeant's detachment. The Colour Sergeant, whose name was Drake, survived.

There is no account of the loss of the ship in "Britain's Sea Soldiers," as the Corps was hardly affected, but perhaps Kipling was misled about the Birkenhead by some informant whom he trusted.

There is an element of mystery about the disaster. The Royal Humane Society has always made awards for bravery in maritime catastrophes and the records are complete since 1774.

Awards were made in respect of: (a) The burning of the Kent in 1825; (b) ditto Sarah Sands in 1857; (c) the loss of the Victoria in 1893, to name only a few of the sixty-odd thousand awards the Society has made. That no public awards were made can be accounted for by the fact that the two senior officers, Captain Salmond, R.N., and Lieut.-Colonel Seaton, 74th Foot, lost their lives and no posthumous awards were granted in those days.

This, however, would not affect the Royal Humane Society, which has always recognised the merits of the dead in the form of an "In Memoriam" Testimonial. Yet none was given. Why?

KIPLING SOCIETY DISCUSSIONS (*to May, 1956*)

At the LANSDOWNE CLUB, Fitzmaurice Place, Berkeley Square, W.1, at 2.45 p.m. Cost, including tea, 5/6d. per head for Members and Guests, payable at the time. Prior notice of attendance is NOT required.

These discussions need YOUR support; please come and bring your friends.

Remarks

Wed., Feb. 1	The new Biography of Rudyard Kipling (published November, 1955)	"Rudyard Kipling, his life and work," by Charles Carrington
Wed., Mar. 21	The "English" Stories	"An Habitation Enforced." "Friendly Brook." "My Son's Wife."
Wed., May 16	Details later.	

The February Meeting will be reported in the April 1956 issue of the Journal.

The long-awaited authorised biography

RUDYARD KIPLING

His Life and Work

by

CHARLES CARRINGTON

Mr. Carrington has consulted many of Kipling's relatives and friends, has visited most of the scenes that Kipling described in Asia, Africa, and America, has read the documents in the five largest Kipling collections, and has had unrestricted access to the private papers of the Kipling family. This account of Kipling's life has been faithfully recorded in every detail.

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Library Note

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT ISSUES IN "THE WOLFF COLLECTION"

By W. G. B. Maitland

[For the information of new readers of the 'Journal,' the late Colonel M. W. Wolff bequeathed his valuable Kipling Collection to the Kipling Society. It contains 'nearly 200 items, including many first editions, 65 American copyright issues, autographed limited editions, privately printed volumes, and a number of 'pirates.'" Below, the Hon. Librarian of the Society deals with the American copyright issues in the Collection.]

THE "Collection" contains sixty-five American Copyright Issues and, as such a large number is unusual in any one private library, they form an important part of the late Colonel Wolff's Collection. Usually only about ten copies were struck off by the publishers for copyright purposes, but occasionally the number was considerably less. Normally, copies rarely come on to the market and when they do are eagerly sought by collectors. A detailed list appears below with the volume title in which the item was subsequently collected shewn in a bracket. A key to the abbreviations will be found at the end of this Note.

1. Address at Annual Banquet of the France Grande Bretagne Association. July 2, 1931. (Sx.—B.W.)
2. Address at opening of Milner Court Junior School, Sturry, Kent. October 5, 1929. (Sx.—B.W.)
3. Address at University College, Dundee. 1923. (B.W.)
4. Address at Annual Dinner of Royal College of Surgeons. 1923. (B.W.)
5. Army of a Dream. (T.D.)
6. Author's Notes on Names in the Jungle Books. (K.R.—D.E.—A.T.M.S.)
7. Beauty Spots. (L.R.)
8. Bonfires on Ice. (Sx.—V.)
9. The Covenant. (Y.B. and I.V.)

10. The Church that was at Antioch. (L.R.)
11. Chartres Windows. (I.V.)
12. Choice of Songs, A. (Vol. title.)
13. Day of the Dead. (Collected under title, *Memories*—I.V.)
14. Destroyers at Jutland. (S.W.)
15. Doctors. (Sx.—B.W.)
16. The Fox Meditates. (I.V. 1932.)
17. Freer Verse Horace.
18. Fringes of the Fleet. I-VI. (Sep. Booklet 1915—S.W.)
19. Fumes of the Heart. (E.A.)
20. Great Play Hunt. (T.S.D.)
21. Greek National Anthem. (I.V.)
22. Gods of the Copybook Headings. (I.V.)
23. Great Heart. (I.V.)
24. Ham and the Porcupine. (P.E.G.B.)
25. Holy War. (Y.B.)
26. Horse Manners. (D.O.C.)
27. Hymn of Breaking Strain. (Sx.V.)
28. Healing by the Stars. (Sx.—B.W.)
29. Irish Guards. (*Verse*) (Y.B.)
30. Justice. (Y.B.)
31. King's Pilgrimage. (I.V.)
32. Lord Roberts. (Y.B.)
33. London Stone. (I.V.)
34. Mary Kingsley. (Sx.)
35. Miracle of St. Jubanus. (L.R.)
36. Manner of Men. (L.R.)
37. Mesopotamia. (Y.B.)
38. Naval Mutiny, A. (L.R.)
39. Neighbours. (I.V. 1932.)
40. Neutral, The. (Y.B.)
41. New Army in Training. (Sep. Booklet 1915—Sx.)
42. Nerve that Conquers. (Sx.—B.W.)
43. Outlaws, The. (Y.B.)
44. Pilgrim's Way, A. (Y.B.)
45. Our Lady of Sackcloth. (Sx.)
46. Pleasure Cruise, The. (Sx.)
47. Private Account, The. (E.A.)
48. Proofs of Holy Writ. (Sx.)
49. Rector's Memory, A. (Sx.)
50. Song of the Lathes. (Y.B.)
51. Souvenirs of France. (Vol. title.)
52. Storm Cone, The. (I.V. 1932.)
53. Supports, The (D.C.) (I.V. 1927, etc.)

54. Scholars, The. (I.V. 1919.)
 55. Tales of the Trade. (S.W.)
 56. Teem—A Treasure Hunter. (Sx.)
 57. Tender Achilles, The. (L.R.)
 58. To the Companions. (Collected under title, *Samuel Pepys*, V. Def. Edn.—Sx. V.)
 59. Three Poems. (See note below.)
 60. Unprofessional. (L.R.)
 61. War in the Mountains, I-V. (Sx.)
 62. Waster, The. (Sx. V.)
 63. Flight, The. (Sx. V.)
 64. Cain and Abel. (Sx. V.)
 65. The Appeal. (Sx. V.) W.G.B.M.

Note.—No. 59, Three Poems. These were specially written for the Pageant of Parliament, produced at the Albert Hall on June 22, 1934. The titles are *A Pageant of Elizabeth*, which is in two parts, and *Non Nobis Domine*. They are collected in the "Sussex Edition," vol. xxxv.

KEY TO THE ABBREVIATIONS

- E.A.—The Eyes of Asia.
 B.W.—A Book of Words.
 D.O.C.—Diversity of Creatures.
 D.C.—Debits and Credits.
 L.R.—Limits and Renewals.
 T.D.—Traffics and Discoveries.
 T.S.D.—Thy Servant a Dog.
 Sx.—Sussex Edition.
 Sx.V.—Sussex Edition (verse).
 S.W.—Sea Warfare.
 K.R.—D.E.—Kipling Reader—Double-day Edition.
 P.E.G.B.—Princess Elizabeth's Gift Book.
 I.V. 1919—Inclusive Verse, Edn. 1919.
 I.V. 1932—Ditto, 1932.
 Y.B.—The Years Between.
 A.T.M.S.—All the Mowgli Stories.

Victoria, B.C., Canada

WE are glad to hear from Mrs. Maud Barclay, the Hon. Secretary of the Victoria (British Columbia) Branch of the Society, that she has now almost recovered from her recent accident. Mrs. Barclay asks an interesting question. She writes:

"There is an increasing tendency to quote Kipling in periodicals of all sorts on this side of the world, and now a really good magazine, *U.S. News & World Report*, which tries

to report things verbatim, has come out with quotations from "The Truce of the Bear." A friend, not a member, has raised the question that the so frequent use of the Bear's name, Adam-Zad, *must* mean something, and he wants to know whether anyone can solve this form him. Names have their meanings all over the world, and we would like to know if anyone can help us here. Adam means Man—we know that—what does Zad mean? I shall be glad of an answer."

Annual Luncheon, 1955

THE Society's Annual Luncheon was held at the De Vere Hotel on October 11th, with Mr. Eric Linklater as our Guest of Honour. The Chair was taken by Mr. C. E. Carrington in the absence of our President, who was in Denmark with the Duke of Edinburgh. This was our first gathering in the De Vere Hotel since the establishment of an entirely new staff which took the place of the old management, with which we have been associated for so long, and which had taken over a very large luxury hotel recently built in the West End. We were very glad to find that the newcomers, though strangers to our ways and to our special requirements, maintained the high degree of effi-

ciency and courtesy which we have always enjoyed with the old.

Seventy-two members and their friends attended, and we were delighted to find that they included one of Mr. Naumburg's members from the United States. Mr. Linklater's address, a summary of which appears in this issue of the *Journal*, was highly appreciated, and contained just the right amount of controversial matter to give those present plenty of material for brisk arguments amongst themselves lasting long after the meeting had broken up. It was altogether an extremely successful function, and well up to our usual standard.

Kipling Society Discussion

THE stories chosen for the first discussion on November 16th, 1955, of the current season at the Lansdowne Club (as notified in the October *Journal*) were "In the Interests of the Brethren," "The Janeites," "A Madonna of the Trenches," and "A Friend of the Family." Twenty-four Members and Guests assembled, among whom we were delighted to welcome Mr. Hilton Brown, author of an excellent appreciation of R.K. published in 1945. Colonel Bagwell-Purefoy first gave a brief resumé of the stories, picking out that he considered the highlights. General discussion followed and we all certainly learnt a lot more about these stories. Fears that curiosity about Masonic procedure might obscure the tales themselves proved unjustified and we were soon telling each other what we thought, pointing out our own particular delights. The charm of "The Brethren"—by no means a 'suspense' story—was held to lie in its compassion, coupled with its entrancing pictures of Shop, Lodge and Audience. But "The Janeites" and "A Madonna" were clearly the favourites. It was suggested that Macklin was an ex-Don ("We will consider it in Common Room"), brought low by drink and hence, far from being a comic figure, was in fact a pitifully tragic one. Discussion of "A Madonna" was focused largely on the application of its pro-

logue, "Gipsy Vans." One closely-reasoned view was that Kipling was referring to *moral* gipsies—seemingly ordinary folk who, however, "take and never spare," and are utterly remote from the narrow, straightlaced code of "huddle and shut your eyes" under which Strangwick was brought up. And at the end, it is not God who laughs at you, but *your* God—the God of your prim, precise and intolerant little standards. "A Friend of the Family" was praised for its picture of Australians in uniform, but it received—and indeed deserves—the least attention of the four.

Inevitably, some general points came up, one in particular from a lady who found Kipling's all-male dialogue hard to appreciate, and—more controversially—hard to accept as realistic. She found ready opponents among her own sex on the one hand, whilst the men were vociferous in reassuring her on the other. Dialogue apart, somebody asked what attraction for women could lie in stories dealing entirely with men. The answer, surely, is that no matter what may be the sex of characters or readers, a first-class *story* will always attract.

The meeting ended, as such things should, with the subject far from exhausted, and we now look forward eagerly to the next discussion.

Letter Bag

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

Fiction and Fact

Mr. R. L. Green's article on "Stalky and the Brushwood Boy" is ingenious and amusing, but we must be careful to treat it on a par with the many articles by eminent writers on Sherlock Holmes, treating a story about a fictitious character as if it were a serious record of an actual person. Kipling seems to have been intending to create his ideal of modern manhood in the Brushwood Boy and cannot possibly have had any one individual in mind. He may well have

taken the picture of his hero's school-days from a senior boy at Westward Ho! but it would have been a social impossibility for the Georgie of the latter part of the story to have been there, for the school was established on very cheap lines for the benefit of the sons of hard-up Army officers and would never have been considered for the only child of a very wealthy county family where the father does not appear to have had anything to do with the Army. It is indeed difficult to imagine Georgie in an ordinary

line regiment. He would more likely have gone into the Guards or crack cavalry. There are really four Cottars. First there is the perfectly drawn small boy, who might develop into any one of the other three. Then there is the Captain of Games at Westward Ho!, followed by that rather wearisome perfect officer in India, and finally the heir to a great English country inheritance: and through them all runs the boy who dreams.

And what are we to make of the dreams? Mr. Green tells us that there is a reproduction of the map in the *Century Magazine*, which means that Kipling himself must have been the dreamer, for it is hardly credible that, if someone else had had such a series and made such a map, he would have confided it all to Kipling, with permission to make it into any sort of story he liked. The dates quoted by Mr. Green are therefore dates in Kipling's life and not in that of the fictitious George Cottar. But it is not necessary that the dreams should have been shared by someone else, as in the story. That touch is doubtless due to Kipling's genius, in order to round the story off to perfection: which indeed it does.—BARWICK BROWNE (Lt.-Colonel), Bournstream, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

The Quest

After reading the article in *Journal* No. 106 (page 9), which mentions this poem, I intended to write to you about verse 2, lines 3 and 4, which usually read:

"Here is my lance to men (Haro !)
Here is my horse to be shot."

Obviously this should read:

"Here is my lance to mend (Haw !)
Here is my horse to be shod."

Indeed, line 3 does so read in "The Book of Beauty," where the poem first appeared, but the printer's error in line 4, 'shot' for 'shod,' missed in the first proof-reading, has persisted.—ORIGINAL MEMBER.

"Rewards and Fairies"

May I ask you to look again at page 2 of *Journal* No. 87—October, 1948. In the "Notes" for that quarter reference is made to Kipling's autobiography and what is written about

his cryptogram.

Writing recently to Mr. T. E. Elwell to thank him for most helpful contributions to the planned Readers' Guide, I asked if he had solved the riddle. His negative reply to me was written but not posted, and a post-script reads:

"After writing the above I ran out the italics of COLD IRON. It struck me at the outset that UNA would not say 'them' for 'those' (page 4). There are 18 of these words which can be arranged as:—

'I was as he was

'I was he that heard them.

'And that is all I can do.'"

We both think this is it, at last—a confession of the psychic power Kipling possessed.

Probably Kipling had not really forgotten the clue as he claims to have done—see page 190, *Something of Myself*. It was either a bit of his innate Puckishness, or he had deliberately banished thought of it. It is well known that he had grown to dislike, possibly dread, any manifestation of the curious gift he and his sister possessed.—R. E. HARBORD, Spring Grange, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage.

Members of the Kipling Society who possess press cuttings (new or old), letters, or other literary material relating to Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might interest readers of the "Journal," are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, "The Kipling Journal," c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1. In the case of cuttings or extracts from overseas publications, senders are asked to obtain formal permission to reprint from the editors of the journals concerned, for which due acknowledgment will be made in "The Kipling Journal" if the matter is used.

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