



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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Notes

R. K. AND THE SOCIETY.

MAJOR-GENERAL Dunster-ville's memories of the foundation of our Society will commend themselves as welcome and precious to all readers and friends. For one thing, "Stalky" dispels the figment that Kipling left us a legacy of disapproval, by showing that he came round in the end to bestowing his blessing on the young society "and wishing (us) all manner of luck." I was present at the opening meeting in the March of 1927, at the Royal Automobile Club, and remember how everybody laughed at a sally from the Chairman, Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn. He explained that the Kiplings were in South America, and a cable asking for a message went unanswered, so we were left to wonder if we were victims of dudgeon or distance, or both.

THE RITE THAT FAILED.

The case reminded him, Sir George told us, of the valiant General John Nicholson, of Delhi fame, who learned by chance that his native admirers were going to make a god of him, and install him for good in Hindu mythology. "By Heaven, if they do," he cried, "and I catch them at it, I'll blow them from the mouths of my guns." Needless to say, his stormy will prevailed, and he remained a humble human being, like the rest of us. This is where the analogy comes home. So we are all indebted for "Stalky's" contribution to the present number, and its cordial reminder how much we are indebted to the authentic founder, Mr. Brook- ing, for his initiative and perseverance.

JINGLES AND JUNGLES.

Considering that Browning was one of Kipling's favourites among the poets, it is intensely interesting to find them tying for first place in Lord Wavell's new book, with Chester- ton, Masefield, Blake and Francis Thompson close behind. One might reasonably question, by the way, if any Viceroy of the past could have been conceived as ushering himself into office with a new biography (Lord Allenby) under one arm, and an anthology of lyrics under the other. But then, we must realise how Lord Wavell does everything in a way of his own, and does it supremely well.

There was his celebrated cable from Egypt, to the Society, for instance, in reply to its congratulations, and if Kipling looks down on mundane things from the serenity of the Elysian Fields, I doubt if anything could have yielded him a purer relish of satisfaction than to find so illustrious a member of our body using our pet detestations in the *Jungle Books* to characterise Adolf and Mussu as they so richly deserved. But there, perhaps, the analogy ceases, for these two Axis malefactors will pass into tradition as bygone bogeys, like Nero and Herod, when Mowgli and his boon companions of the jungle remain alive and real to the youngsters of a hundred lands.

PIVOT OF HIS CIRCLE.

There is a passage in Mr. Kirwan's tribute in this number which will touch a kindred chord everywhere it goes. I mean the one that marks Kipling out as "probably one of the most travelled men of his time."

Certainly he was alone among authors in having made himself at home in every continent in turn. It was his harvest of travel observation that made him appreciate the Motherland of the Empire as the natural source and centre of it all. Was it not Lord Minto who wrote once to a friend that "You have to move about the Empire before you discover what England means to you," or something very much to that effect?

KIPLING'S SON-IN-LAW.

The hand of bereavement has been heavy of late years upon the Kipling family. It is with the profoundest sympathy that we have to record the death of Captain George Louis St. Clair Bambridge, M.C., of Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire, at the all too early age of 51. Most of the Society's members will remember from fairly frequent references, that in 1924 Captain Bambridge married Kipling's only surviving daughter, Elsie. During the last war he served with the Irish Guards, was mentioned in dispatches, and awarded the Military Cross. It was in the Irish Guards that he became associated with Kipling's only son, John, whose name figures in the British Cemetery at Loos, where his parents made so sad a pilgrimage.

The outcome of that bereavement is Kipling's noble history of the regiment, and it is a pity Captain Bambridge has not lived to help in writing a sequel volume recounting its services in the present war. After the last one he served as an attaché at our embassies in Madrid, Brussels and Paris, and then at the invitation of Lord Derby, he joined the committee of the United Associations of Great Britain and France. It would need a chapter to relate what he and Mrs. Bambridge have done for the cause of Anglo-French friendship—and, let us gratefully add—the ready and generous help they have rendered to the Kipling Society.

A GREAT TRANSLATOR.

While I am on the subject of France, and Kipling's lifelong passion as

her champion and admirer, a word or two must be said with regard to another loss the Society had sustained. M. Henry Davray, C.B.E., who died in hospital in London on January 21st, was another prominent worker in the same international movement for half a century. But over and above his busy career as author, lecturer, editor and war correspondent, he enjoyed deserved pre-eminence as a translator, and it is to him that France is indebted for the best renderings into French of Kipling and other authors like Meredith, Wells, Arnold Bennett and Joseph Conrad. No one in this onerous field has dealt so easily or successfully with the niceties of idiom, dialogue and dialect, and all the technology of affairs, travel and navigation. More than once he and I exchanged memories and experiences as guests of George Meredith at Box Hill, and those of us who knew Davray as a helpful and charming confrere must long deplore the fact that such a genuine patriot never lived to see the restoration of his beloved France.

R.K. AND G. B. S.

Contests in the field of celebrity are like bye-elections—apt to be misleading, to say the least. Yet one could not complain of the Brains Trust talk the other evening concerning the likeliest of our contemporary notabilities to appeal to posterity. There is no such arguable subject as this judgment of the future, but at least the wisecracks of the B.B.C. did fairly well when they reduced the panel of competition down (or up) to Kipling and Bernard Shaw. Which fared better than the other, this witness doth not depone. But alas, what dates so disappointingly as politics and sociology? Poetry and fiction seem to stand a better chance, and when we have deducted the transient and the technical, there still remains in Kipling's work more than enough of the rapture of Youth to assure him a place among our immortals. And the only question-master in that company is Merit.

J. P. COLLINS.

After Eighteen Years

How the Kipling Society was Founded

by "STALKY"

AS the Kipling Society will shortly be entering the 18th year of its existence, I think the time is opportune to put on record the main facts regarding its original inception.

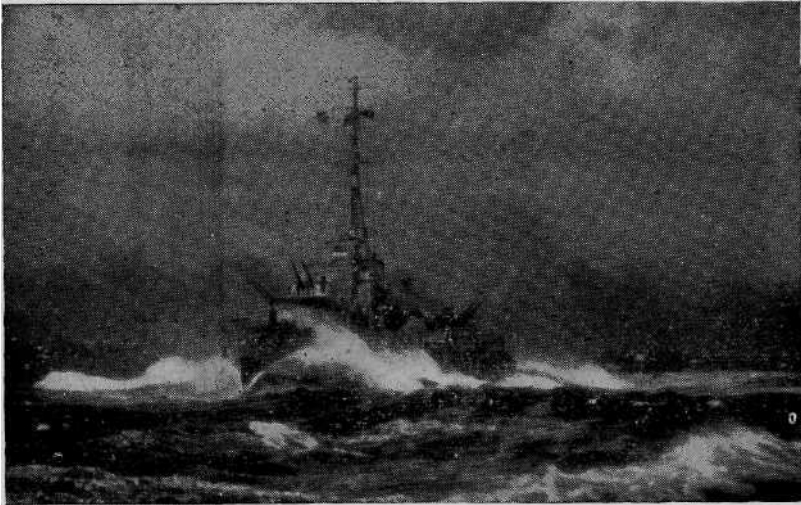
Our leaflet informs members that the Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking. That is a bare statement of fact omitting all detail. An incorrect report appeared in the press about the time of its inception to the effect that there were three founders of the Society, Messrs. Brooking and Beresford and myself. Now the fact is, Mr. Brooking can confidently say, 'Alone I did it!' and indeed he might add that, so far from receiving help from the other two, he encountered at the outset such lukewarm enthusiasm that it almost amounted to opposition.

I, personally, was not in favour of the foundation of such a society at that time, as I knew that Kipling himself thoroughly disliked the idea.

THE, FIRST LETTER.

I do not know in what year the intention formed itself in Brooking's mind, but my correspondence with him on the subject dates back to 1922—five years before the actual foundation. At that time I received my first letter from him suggesting the formation of such a Society.

In February, 1923, I was invited to speak in Liverpool, and at the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Brooking introduced himself to me, and from that date we occasionally exchanged letters on the subject of the proposed Society. From the beginning, everyone who was approached



H.M.S. KIPLING

in action against enemy aircraft, photographed from another destroyer. This picture was sent by Mr. Francis E. McMurtre and was obtained through the courtesy of Lt. Comdr. G. H. F. Paul, R.N., who is in charge of official photographs at the Admiralty.

appeared to damp Mr. Brooking's enthusiasm, but nothing could reduce his zeal for the project and—as you all know—he achieved a splendid triumph in the end.

I remember being present at an abortive meeting in London in 1923 or 1924, and this seemed so dismal a failure that I regarded the whole proposal as finally abandoned. But I had reckoned without taking into due consideration the indomitable perseverance of our Founder.

In 1927 I was living in Belgium, in the old fortress town of Namur, when I was suddenly surprised by the receipt of a telegram :—" Kipling Society formed yesterday. Unanimously elected you President. MacMunn Treasurer. Brooking." So that settled it, and in this dramatic way the Society came into existence. In the succeeding years it has entirely justified its creation, and Mr. Brooking has every reason to, be proud of it.

R.K.'s ATTITUDE.

A few extracts from Kipling's letters to me at intervals during those years will make quite clear his attitude towards the Society, and we may be glad to note his final approval. In December, 1922 he wrote to me as follows :—" . . . as to the proposed Society, it's a thing which of course I can't stop, but as far as my own feelings are concerned, I don't want it." A few days later he wrote

in reply to a letter from me :—" But I can't see why this Society has 'got to be.' Societies make the wretched godfather of 'em more ridiculous than he would be naturally. Wait till I'm dead and then you can start up. Besides—as I think I wrote you before—your being connected with it will open the way to complications. I'm not up to much letter-writing but frankly this thing troubles me and I'd very much prefer that it stood over till, say, you and I were both out of it."

" FINALLY—HIS BLESSING."

Six months after the founding of the Society he wrote :—" . . . how would you like to be turned into an anatomical specimen before you were dead, and shown up on a table once a quarter? It makes one feel naked as well as ridiculous. What's worse, it loads up my already-heavy-enough mail with all sorts of extra correspondence, silly questions and demands for information."

In a later letter he began to show signs of relenting and he wrote, " It will be all right about the Society on the lines you send in and which I return. As you know, I never pretended to like the idea but if it's done, it's done."

And finally in October, 1934 he gave us his blessing. " Here's wishing you all manner of luck. You have been good about the Society."



Library Notes

by W. G. B. MAITLAND.

RECENT additions to the Library include the purchase by the Council of a considerable collection of Gerald Cobb's musical settings to Kipling's songs, together with two letters and a postcard to the composer from Kipling in his own handwriting. As many of the scores are in original MSS. this makes an interesting item.

With the large collection of songs of kindred interest left to us by the late Mr. F. W. MacKenzie-Skues—in itself a valuable item—we now have quite a representative musical

section which should be of very great use to us for future meetings.

We express most grateful appreciation to Mr. E. H. Crussell of Sacramento, California, for his kind gift of a facsimile of a letter which R.K. wrote for a wounded soldier during the Boer War. An account of this letter appeared in the 'Strand' Magazine for June, 1900.

Letters in Kipling's handwriting are not easy to come by, so this will make a most acceptable addition to our shelves,

Kipling Vindicated

by PATRICK KIRWAN

A GERMAN reader (living in this country) has written disputing the view that Gobineau, Wagner and Houston Stewart Chamberlain had influenced German Nationalist thought and contributed to the current idiotic Nazi concept of the Germans as the "Master Race." He offers a startling counter-theory.

"The pre-1914 generations of Germany," he writes, "are said to have slept with the works of Gobineau, Chamberlain, Bernhardt and Clausewitz under their pillows. The writer of this letter is quite an average German. He did not read Chamberlain. He read, like many millions of German youths, Kipling's works, learning from them how sweet it must be to 'belong'—I mean to the English 'Herrenvolk.'"

A MYTH.

This view of Rudyard Kipling as a race-fanatic and, inferentially, as a precursor of Fascism, is so widespread even among his countrymen that it is not surprising a German should fall into the same error. The myth is firmly established. Even Mr. Wendell Willkie (who has just cracked the record held by the hero of Jules Verne's romance *Round the World in Eighty Days*, by precisely 31) confirms it. In his best seller, "One World," he writes of the outlook of some British Colonial officials as "pure Kipling."

Exactly how the myth arose is not difficult to understand. Kipling used the ancient Hindu symbol of the swastika as mark and token on his printed works: but years before Hitler ever heard of it. However, the chief reason is that he was about the only writer of the last hundred years whose "quotations" have become so numerous incorporated in the body of popular speech; and few have been so subject to misinterpretation. To take a typical example:

"*Oh, East is East and West is West,
But never the twain shall meet,*" seems to lend weight to the idea that Kipling had leanings towards racial prejudice and the colour-bar:

unless the lines that follow are also remembered:

"*But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth
Where two strong men stand face
to face,
Though they come from the ends
of the Earth.*"

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

Similarly the poem, "The White Man's Burden" is not a justification for members of the British Master-Race to go to Africa and load themselves with bags of the Black Man's gold. It is a plea to the United States to abandon her isolationism and help keep the peace of the world, in this case in the Philippine Islands. Nor is it an incitement to the U.S. Marines to go and slay the native populace. Its burden runs:

"Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease."

Kipling could be re-read with advantage by Senate and India Office alike. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any writer with less racial prejudice; or one so conscious of the individual's worth, whether he be white, black, yellow, red or a mixture of all four. His British soldier cries to the regimental *bhisti*, the humble Indian water-carrier:

"By the Living God that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!"

He pays tribute to the spear-bearing Sudanese warrior whom he has slaughtered with modern weapons:

"We 'eld our bloomin' own, the
papers say,

But man for man the Fuzzy knock-
ed us 'oiler."

NO ILLUSIONS.

Nor had Kipling any illusions about the superiority of the British Regular to the Boer farmer, racially or militarily:

"The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought,
but 'ow 'e kep' alive

With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is
back, or to 'is feet—

I've known a lot of men be'ave a
damn sight worse than Piet!"

Actually, his Boer War poems, upon which the prime misconception of the nature of Kipling's patriotism rests, consist in the main of savage attacks upon vain incompetent generals, the complacency of the politicians who precipitated the unnecessary conflict, the fire-breathing of the fire side patriotism; and bitter indignation at the treatment of the soldier who, after fighting his country's battles in every quarter of the globe for fourpence a day, would, if he were lucky, go back home—to casual labour and the casual ward.

KIPLING'S HEROES.

Nor did Kipling ever portray the British soldier (a great proportion of the Army was Irish) as a shining Wagnerian hero; he is an illiterate fellow who drinks, fights, gets into trouble with women, spends quite a deal of his time in the "clink," and has the "wind up" when he goes into action. The patriotism he feels is not the burning ardour of the national warrior, the conviction of national superiority; but sickness for home, for the country he loves, even though he knows it will treat him like a dog at the end of his service.

Kipling's heroes were not be-medalled generals, aristocratic hereditary landowners, fabulous demagogues, or glamorous princes; but the selfless men who worked not for gain, but for the joy of their craft and service to their fellows. They were doctors, engineers, road-builders, Indian ascetics, mariners and rankers and civil servants; but perhaps his deepest respect was for Old Hobden the Sussex farm labourer who down the centuries, survives all invasions, Roman, Dane and Norman; and remains, when all has passed, the eternal guardian of the secrets of his native pastures.

INTENSE PATRIOTISM.

Of Kipling's intense patriotism there is no doubt. But his patriotism had in those days an unfamiliar aspect,—a belief in the British Empire. This belief was certainly not founded on blind racial conviction, but on certain observed facts that he held to be both true and evident. He was probably one of the most travelled

men of his time. He had passed all his early manhood in India, knew well the East, had lived and worked in the U.S.A., roamed Africa, visited Canada and the Antipodes and loved France to the point of idolatry. He had observed the world acutely; and from his observations had arrived at the conclusion that the British Empire was definitely a force without which the whole world would be the poorer.

At the same time he was never blind to its faults. He set it an ideal, constantly criticised it, constantly urged that a great moral responsibility lay upon the shoulders of the British people throughout the world. A falling away by those who served it from any but the highest standards of selflessness in administration, rectitude in conduct, and integrity in law-giving was a crime for which the Gods would surely exact dire vengeance. In a word, he held pretty much the same views then as Mr. Herbert Morrison does to-day.

INSISTENCE ON THE FACTS.

It may interest the German letter-writer to learn that this insistence on the facts and responsibilities of Empire made Kipling very unpopular among his fellow-countrymen; at home, because no easy-going nation likes to be reminded of responsibilities; abroad, because his criticisms were highly resented by the Anglo-Indian "Blimps" and colonial administration snobs, of whose virtues, by some strange unholy paradox, he has come to be regarded as the Laureate.

And it may further interest the German correspondent to know that the line,

"Or lesser breeds without the law," written by the same Kipling who so delighted youth, refers not to Hindu, Negro or Israelite, but to those Germans whose lack of civil courage and sense of political responsibility has made it possible, the second time in a generation, for their lawless masters to loose war and bloody outrage on the world.

Reproduced from the "Evening Standard," London, by permission.

Horse and Hound

In Kipling's Works

by COLONEL F. S. KENNEDY-SHAW, C.B.E., D.L. J.P.

[The first part of this article appeared in the December, 1943, issue of the "Kipling Journal."]

IN *Stalky & Co.*, the incident with Colonel Dabney's keeper who shot a vixen may have been all McTurk, but one is grateful to Kipling for handing down to us the summing up of the felony. "Worse than murder because there is no legal remedy." Could any dyed-in-the-wool foxhunter put it better? I have a feeling that it is quoted from Surtees though I cannot trace it, and therefore give Kipling the credit. Anyway, he appreciated it. That he knew "Handley Cross" well, is evident both in *Stalky & Co.*, and in *My Son's Wife*, and in the January verse of the little-known *Almanac of Twelve Sports*. Do all readers of the latter notice the pleasant pun in the first line?

GOOD HUNTING LORE.

There is much good hunting lore in *My Son's Wife*. The description of a quiet, sporting, provincial pack is so much to the point that I cannot resist quoting it in full. "An intimate, kindly little hunt, not anxious for strangers, of good report in the *Field*, the servant of one M. F. H., given to hospitality, riding well on its own horses, and, with the exception of Midmore, not novices." Miss Sperrit's remark is apposite—"It is a pity you don't know as much as your horse, but you will in time. It takes years and yee-ars. I've been at it fifteen and I'm only just learning." It pleases me to read that Midmore, to the annoyance of some of his neighbours, preferred to serve "the unkempt God of fox-hunting" rather than the "glorious Mammon of pheasant rearing," and to know that he took down the wire in the fences on his newly acquired property.

DOG LANGUAGE.

Though personally I dislike the method of presenting it in dog-language, "The, great play hunt"

in *Thy servant a dog* is an amazing *tour-de-force*. No sporting writer could have done it better. It abounds in little touches which make one wonder once more—where does he get it from? But why did Mr. Stampa depict Moore in hunt servant's kit when out at exercise in high summer without the hounds?

To most foxhunters the map of England is not so much divided into shires as into hunting countries, and it would seem as if Kipling was aware of it. He knows that the Cotswold adjoins the Heythrop and he knows much more. He tells us, through the mouth of "Boots," of poultry farmers who trap foxes and then claim damages from both the hunts through living on the boundary. Every hunt secretary knows that type only too well.

In *Puck of Pook's Hill* there is a happy sentence when Sir Richard and Hugh were returning from their Joyous Venture. "A strong S.W. wind bore us to a coast of high rocks where we heard a hunting horn blow among the yellow gorse, and knew it was England." Shall we hear it again when this war is over? Not so often as of yore, I fear me.

In the same book there is one slight slip which many foxhunters not conversant with the history of the chase might also have made. In *Old Men at Pevensey*, Sir Richard kept Fulke's impish son through the otter-hunting, and the boy "stayed on for the fox-hunting." But the Norman regarded the fox as vermin and not as a beast of the chase. It was only in the XVIIth century that the fox began to be hunted with hounds as a definite sport. The earliest records of orthodox foxhunting are when the Duke of Buckingham, exiled from Court, hunted the Bilsdale country in 1670, and Lord Arundell of Wardour what is now the South and West Wilts about 1690. Until then, as Shakespeare tells us in Henry VI, when a

fox was to be killed no one " stood on quilllets how to slay him, be it by gins, by snares or subtlety."

" *FOXHUNTATIVENESS.*"

As children do, I have kept the *bonne bouche* for the end. To me, nothing exemplifies what Mr. Jorrocks called foxhuntativeness in Kipling's writings more than that jewel of a poem *The fox meditates*, so charmingly illustrated by Lionel Edwards in a folder published by the Medici Society in 1933.

In this Kipling shows his knowledge of High Leicestershire, the foxhunter's Mecca. Are not Ranksborough Gorse (though I think it should be spelt Ranksborough) and the Billesdon Coplow known—if only by name—to all of us? The third verse and

its accompanying picture might well refer to the Duke and the Bilsdale country, and the fourth testifies to the birth of fences for us to jump when the Enclosure Acts came into being. And one is grateful to the author for the satire upon motor-cars, which we know he loved, but was human enough to ridicule.

This little article may help to evidence the marvellous versatility of one who, being at once the poet of Empire and the king of short story writers, could yet turn aside to describe hunting incidents as one to the manner born.

It would seem that the words he puts into the mouth of Parnesius came from his heart—"Without a horse and a dog and a friend man would perish."



The Kipling Anniversary

ON January 18th, some members of the Council went to the Abbey and placed a wreath on the grave of Rudyard Kipling, to commemorate the 8th anniversary of his death. The wreath inscription read:—

We remember today and mourn for
RUDYARD KIPLING
Britain's Patriot-Poet and Prophet.
Kipling Society,
Gower Street, London.

Jan. 18th, 1944.

"Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
'No Law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.'
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe."

It was found that the inscription on the gravestone was difficult to read, owing to the dust of passing

feet, the grave being almost in the pathway in Poets Corner. So a communication was sent to the Dean, offering to pay for more frequent cleaning. The Dean replied that, at present, the stone was cleaned once a fortnight, and he would have it done once a week in future, without any charge to our Society. He also kindly said that after the war he would consider the possibility of re-cutting the stone and inserting brass, instead of the lead at present used.

For those who have not seen the grave it is next to those of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy. Its inscription is very simple compared with many of those with lesser fame in the Abbey:—

RUDYARD KIPLING
Born 30th December, 1865
Died 18th January, 1936.

J. H. C. BROOKING

Members of the Kipling Society who possess letters, press cuttings, photographs or sketches associated with Rudyard Kipling and his works, which they think might be suitable for publication in the Journal, are invited to send particulars to the Hon. Editor, The Kipling Journal, Lincoln House, Harrow-on-the-Hill. In the case of cuttings 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."

A Mystery Poem

THE accompanying lines* have reached us from a member of the Kipling Society in Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., Mr. M. B. Brainard, who writes:—

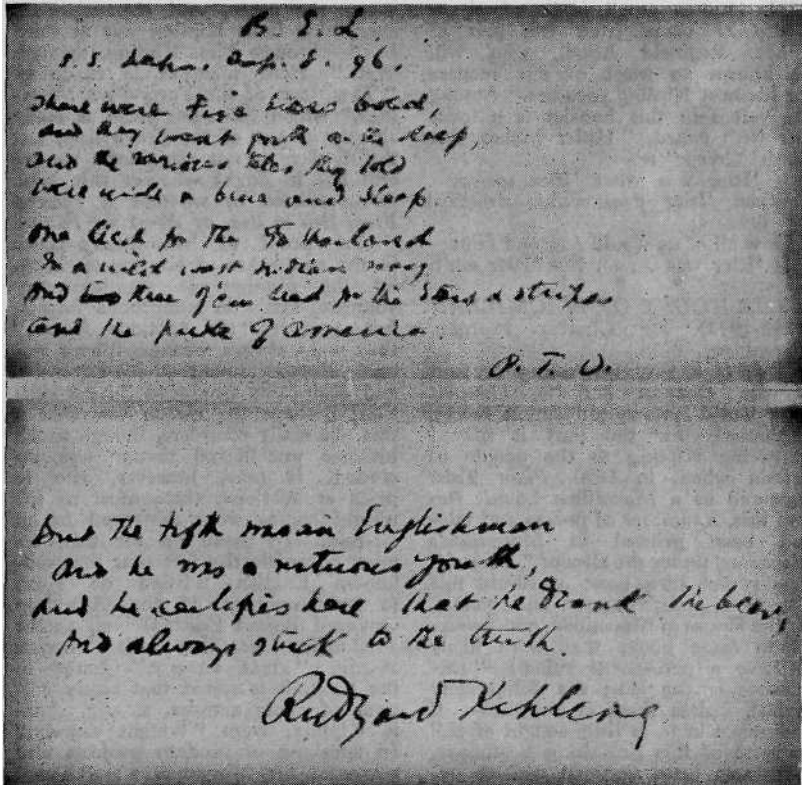
"I am enclosing a photostat of a poem, apparently in the handwriting of Rudyard Kipling, which is now in the possession of a friend of mine, Mr. John H. Buck, an Attorney-at-law in Hartford, Connecticut.

This poem was originally in the possession of Colonel Jacob L. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford and a distinguished citizen of our State. At his death it became the property of his son, Major J. H.

Greene, who married Mr. Buck's sister, and eventually became the property of Mr. Buck. He knows nothing of its history, and any information you could give us would be greatly appreciated.

I do not know whether or not the poem has been published, but if it has not and if it is of any interest to the members of The Kipling Society, you have Mr. Buck's permission to publish it in your Journal."

Several members to whom we showed this reproduction had not seen nor heard of it before, but it certainly resembles many others written in Kipling's early days, and in the course of our enquiries, we sought the advice



*The lines are re-printed on page 11.

of Mr. A. S. Watt, who in turn, as will be seen, referred the question to Mrs. Bambridge, R. K.'s daughter. Mr. Watt writes:—

"As I did not seem to be able to throw any light on the origin of the photostats which you enclosed, I sent them and your letter to Mrs. Bambridge, and she now writes to me in reply as follows:—'I do seem to remember vaguely the little poem, the photostats of which you enclose is all one thing), and imagine it

was written by my father on some ship probably returning to England from America in 1896.' She adds:—'Later. I have looked up my Mother's diary to 1896 and find that they arrived at Southampton at midnight on September 8th, 1896, in the S.S. *Lahn* (?) so the little poem was probably written for someone the last day of the voyage.'

If, after seeing the lines, any other member of the Kipling Society could throw further light upon their "origin" we shall be glad to hear from him.



The Bookshelf

by BASIL M. BAZLEY

IN 1939 a small book of clever rhymes came from the pen of Mr. Reginald Arkell, who will be known to most of our readers for his neat Kipling parodies. Among the verses in this booklet is a four-line item called, "Hitler Makes Our Flesh Creep":—

If 'Itler was what 'Itler seems,
When 'Itler dreams his dreadful
dreams;

How all of us would fear and faint—
If 'Itler was But 'Itler ain't.

THE HOUSE OF MACMILLAN (1843-1943). By Charles Morgan. Macmillan, 8/6d.

This is a very interesting account of the creation and development of a world-famous publishing house, particularly for the part it played in giving Kipling to the people of Britain when, in 1890, *Plain Tales* appeared as a Macmillan book. Before this, a number of poems and tales had been printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the alias of "Yussuf." Few realise how great a tribute this was to Kipling's power and genius, for the House of Macmillan, endeavoured to issue books that were likely to have a permanent value:—"Endurance is the aim; the deliberately topical, unless there is a promise of endurance in it, is little sought after." In spite of this promising beginning, there was little personal contact between Kipling and his prose publisher:—"The reply came from A. P.

Watt, the agent, and thenceforward everything from Kipling was at third hand—through Mrs. Kipling, through Watt." Here mention is made of "The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings," which was once given as ready shortly in one of the firm's lists, but the mystery is not explained: we are still left in doubt whether this book really existed or whether it became *From Sea to Sea*, or *Abaft the Funnel*.

One proof of Macmillan's faith in the endurance of Kipling is shown by the number of supplementary volumes, many in sumptuous format, but, though "the cautious feared," they were always wrong. There was one disappointment—the expensive and beautifully produced Sussex Edition; perhaps the reason was that it was not really complete, though much hitherto uncollected matter was included. It may, however, rise in price at auctions, since most of the unsold copies were destroyed in an air-raid. To make up for this, we must chronicle the fact that the well-known English Edition de Luxe (a contemporary of the American Outward Bound Edition) had, as Sir Frederick Macmillan tells Thomas Hardy, "great success." Later in the book, it is stated that costly editions of many authors, among whom is Kipling, were "bought eagerly." In speaking of modern projects and successes, Mr. Morgan says:—"There has been in recent years abundant entertainment and **much good story-**

telling, but the shadow of the withdrawn giants, Hardy, Kipling and Henry James, falls long upon the path of those who remain."

Altogether, the author gives a fascinating tale of the production of literature. We may be thankful that Kipling's works were in the hands of a firm whose editorial care and business acumen were only equalled by their beautiful production of the finished article.

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR.

By J. A. Hammerton. Macdonald & Co., Ltd., 1943.

Sir John Hammerton, in this collection of 'musings and memories,' writes cleverly and, what is perhaps equally important in a book of this type, pleasantly about men and things. *Inter alia*, he makes several references which will be of interest to all lovers of Kipling, especially this:— 'Not only does it (West Dean) possess a treasure in one of those "little, lost Down churches"—though here I rather drag in Kipling's lovely phrase for the sheer pleasure of writing it.' And here is a note on the appointment to the Laureateship in 1913 which is most illuminating:— "Kipling was the obvious choice—but not for Asquith. And perhaps Kipling may have let it be known that he would not care for the official bays." This is a distinctly neat comment on an issue that has caused the spilling of much ink and much

parade of virtue from the *soi-disant* high-brows

In a chapter on coincidence Sir John has a long note on "The Benefactors," and the connection with Landor and Rose Aylmer. But the most interesting reminiscence is about "Hand in Hand," the little book of poems by Mrs. Lockwood Kipling and Mrs. Fleming, Rudyard's mother and sister:—"Mrs. Kipling's muse is more given to undertones and is less various than Mrs. Fleming's, though in both there is a sweet sadness that has gone out of fashion and would get the gall of our younger poet-critics, when our poets as critics tell us admirably how poetry should be written and proceed to write it not quite in conformity with their critical ideals." Three poems are selected for particular notice: one, "Where Hugli Flows" by Mrs. Kipling; and two, "Spion Kop" ("Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold") and "Rose Aylmer's Grave." It is pleasant to think that a busy journalist like Sir John Hammerton found time to read and study a book of verse that only needs reading to be appreciated. Here is the ending to this chapter:—"Away back in the 1880's we can see in fancy the young journalist Rudyard Kipling and his sister together standing by Rose Aylmer's grave, moved by the pathetic tale of Landor's lost love."



The Words of the Mystery Poem

FROM THE PHOTOSTAT ON PAGE 9

B. E. L.

S.S. Lahn. Sep. 8. '96.

There were five liars bold,
And they went forth on the deep,
And the various tales they told
Were wide and blue and steep.

One lied for the Fatherland,
In a wild west Indian way,
And three of 'em lied for the Stars and Stripes,
And the pride of America.

But the fifth was an Englishman
And he was a virtuous youth,
And he certified here that he drank the beer,
And always stuck to the truth.

Rudyard Kipling.

The Chantey of the Nations

A Punch Extract of the Year 1902

LT.-COMMANDER John Martin, R.N., writes :—" I recently came across an old bound volume of *Punch*. The number dated June 25th, 1902, contained suggested events which might take place on the occasion of the Coronation. Even No. 11 is a poem which, it is suggested, might be recited by Rudyard Kipling. Although some of the sentiments are now obviously out of date, the verses relating to France and Germany appear appropriate even today."

The verses, reproduced here by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*, are as follows :—

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sons of the Blood, which is twice
as thick as water is,
Lock, stock and barrel of the Race
that rules the Sea !

Ye have left your occupation
At the Mother's invitation,
Left the ice-floe, and the swamp and
the jungly mango-tree !

I am the Bard, it is I that make the
Catalogues,

I that give the Oracles that otherwise
were dumb ;

I am Kipling, I'm the Voice,
I'm the Chosen People's Choice,
I'm the Words and Music also, I'm
the Drummer and the Drum.

What I have said I have said, and
pretty often too,
Hinting of the heritage that goes
with British birth ;

But to-night it might be pleasant
To address the Nations present
Who are not as yet embodied in the
Lordliest Thing on Earth.

FRANCE.

Thus saith the Voice to the genial
Boulevardiers :

" Welcome, gallant neighbours, I've
a word to say to you :

Could ye get your gutter Press
Just to lie a little less,
Ye might soon forget Fashoda, and
the shock of Waterloo."

AUSTRIA.

Thus saith the Voice to the braves
of Francis-Joseph Land,
Dwellers by the Danube in the home
of cakes and bock ;

" Ye have shown us what to
waltz to,
But ye have your little faults too,
And ye sold us Hungary chargers,
five-and-forty pounds a crock."

ITALY.

Thus saith the Voice to the men of
V. Emmanuel :

" Ye are not fair-weather friends,
ye stick through storm and
rain ;

Ye have lent our land the Duse,
And we could not well refuse a
Debt of honour, so we sent you our
Corelli and our Caine."

GERMANY.

Thus saith the Voice to the Teutons
of the Fatherland,

" Hail ! Kaiser's men, out of Berlin
on the Spree ;

If your students thirst for know-
ledge

By a course at Oxford College
They might learn to know us better
and behave more cousinly."

RUSSIA.

Thus saith the Voice, " Ye have seen
us, O ye Muscovites,

Seen our Thameski Prospect and
the City paved with Tin :

Ye have marked the friendly air
We adopt towards the Bear,
Will ye veil in turn the Tartar under-
neath your velvet skin ?"

JAPAN.

Thus saith the Voice to the wearers
of Chrysanthemums :

" East is West and West is East, for
now the twain are one ;

We are white and ye are yellow,
Ye are young and we are mellow,
Yet we'll hold the Seas together for
the Lion and the Sun."

The Foundations of British Patriotism

Some Extracts

" I HAVE recently been re-reading *The Foundations of British Patriotism*, by Dr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford—a book which was published in 1940 by the Right Book Club," writes a correspondent. " The author believes that we in England in these war days have a duty to understand our own conception of patriotism, and to use it as one of the great positive ideals to meet the threat of the dictators. Much water has flowed under the bridges since the book was written, but I feel sure the following references to Rudyard Kipling it contains will be of interest to readers of our *Journal*"

Here are the extracts :—

THE KIPLING TOMMY.

Kipling is responsible for the apotheosis of the private soldier, *Tommy Atkins*—and on the self-same grounds that had moved Wellington, in his realist way, to describe his Peninsular heroes as the scum of the earth. The Kipling Tommy is worshipful for the very exuberance of his ruffianism, a breaker of all laws except that of the barrack square, a liar, a thief (self-confessed and glorying in the terms), a drunkard, a lecher, and an illiterate Mohock—whose life, for that very reason, is held up to the devotees of the old respectability, the " poor little, street-bred people," as the lordliest on earth.

The idealized empire builder, the Kiplingese colonial, was merely a larger and meatier Tommy, transported to the freedom of virgin lands and great open spaces, the hundred-per-cent he-man, of richest and ruddiest blood, leading a life magnificently contrasted with that of the sedentary and over-civilized town-dweller.

That very contrast is the attraction of the *fin de siècle* brand of imperialism. The Empire proclaimed by Kipling, and boomed in the new cheap Press and the music halls, the chief of which significantly took to itself that very name, was the one on which the sun never set—or rose either,

because it was the empire of a dream, a Never-never Land of escape from a bondage of salaried routine and dreadful gentility. The amazing skill of Kipling himself in providing emotional compensation for others arose from the fact that his own need had been the greatest of all. We are beginning to realize now that the most personally revealing of all his books, *Stalky and Co.*, was autobiographical, not in the sense that any of the things described in it had ever happened, but as the wish-dream of a short-sighted and abnormally repressed schoolboy, about the sort of super-boy who, fashioned in the image of his creator, makes masters and monitors his footstool, and with the aid of mighty allies, achieves the crowning solace of inflicting, on his chief oppressor, all the tortures that the imagination even of the gentlest victim conjures up, according to its capacity, for the bully—" and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies."

STARVED EMOTIONS.

Kipling's genius lay in his capacity to glut starved emotions with a banquet of imperial magnificence. Ha! done with the tents of Shem! Enter upon the heritage of the Blood, the Heaven where there ain't no commandments and men bulk large as Brocken spectres! See! conquer! enjoy! All these dominions and liberties, with the glory thereof, shall be yours in a moment of time if . . . for such offers always have an implied " If" attached to them . . . if you will but sigh away that unprized heritage of insular freedom you already possess.

For it is the burden of all empires that to impose compulsion is to accept it—the imperial breed is the slave horde, " swift in all obedience."

If we are right in this belief, then it is evident that during those two hectic decades that closed the nineteenth century England was passing through a time of peril as deadly as

any in her history. In previous crises she had fought to preserve her soul inviolate against conquest from without. Now the menace came from within, and arose not from weakness but from strength. Was the British Empire destined to compass that fall of Britain which the France of Napoleon and the Spain of Philip had broken themselves in attempting? Must she sacrifice all that made her national life worth living, all the high promise of that life for the future of mankind, to become a more commonplace Empire, and tread the well-worn imperial road to ruin?

The danger may not have been so great as might have been deduced from taking the prophets and propagandists of the new imperialism too literally. It is in any case rash to pin down an Englishman to his philosophy—even a Kipling, though he might pass for a Prussian amongst Englishmen, would amongst Prussians be more likely to qualify for a concentration camp. Such loving knowledge of an English countryside and its folk—their kindness, their stubborn independence*—above all the John Bull downrightiness that snubs and sacrifices the crude conceit of patriotism: these things are sovereign antidotes against any sort of imperial or Totalitarian virus. There was, perhaps, more froth than substance in this for which Kipling himself has coined a phrase, "jelly-bellied flag flapping."

THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

Nevertheless the pace was fast and furious enough, while it lasted. The new imperialism was, indeed, far from having possessed the whole community even at the close of the century; the old, insular Liberalism was too deeply rooted to be plucked up out of the soil best suited to it, that of the great wow-conformist community and whatever remained of the fast dwindling middle class; while as for the wage-earners, their enthusiasm for the Empire was in more or less inverse proportion to the awakening of their own class consciousness. But among the newly enlarged order of esquires, or Marxian bourgeoisie, the cult of the Empire was hardly less widespread than that

of the toothbrush, and they were the most dynamic element in the society of this period. It was they who provided the music halls with the bulk of their audiences, and the yellow press with its readers. It was for their sons that the work of empire building offered a golden field of employment. It was for those of them who crowded the morning trains from the suburbs to the cities—Kipling's symbolic nine-fifteen—into whose otherwise cabined and unnatural existences the process of dyeing the map red brought an element of romance, and a pride of vicarious manhood.

It was a grand and thrilling time, because it appeared as if nothing could ever go wrong with the Empire except through a criminal refusal to go ahead with it. There had been the Majuba surrender and the betrayal of Gordon to show what happened when Liberals and Little Englanders got into the seat of power; and nobody doubted for a moment that the glorious British army would easily have accounted, and could yet account, for both Boers and Mahdi. Henceforth nothing would suffice but a policy of complete and unqualified patriotism, with no Gladstonian nonsense about blood-guiltiness and the rights of lesser breeds. To doubt that Britain had a right to everything she could get was itself treasonable; and even if, for the sake of argument, she were in the wrong, such a consideration would never cramp the style of any true patriot: "My country, right or wrong" was, indeed, a catchphrase.

"By the time peace was concluded, in the summer of 1902, the gilt was completely off the imperialist gingerbread. The country was fed to the teeth with the sort of tumult and shouting that had gone on in the 'nineties.' Kipling, who was equally sick of it, and had said so in no measured terms, was—most unjustly—made a scapegoat, and degraded to the reputation of a banjo poet. But his fall from literary grace was symbolic. The sort of sentiment by which he had caught the public ear was as dead as the dodo. Never again would the music halls resound to the strains of Tommy-Tommy-

Atkins, or A-little-British-army-goes-a-long-long-way. Even 'Joe,' though as pushful and forceful as ever, appeared to have shot his bolt. And if anything was wanted to complete the process of disillusionment, it would have been the exploitation of the South African victory by the employment on the Rand of Chinese cheap labour, the very thought of which was as infuriating to the British workman as ever it had been to the immortal Bill Nye."

" . . . in Germany the will to power was being cultivated as a philosophy of life, and ruthlessness preached as a civilized duty. Something was abroad that by British

standards was the quintessence of evil—the thing to be resisted at all costs. It was, as Kipling himself was inspired to write :—

" Who stands, if Freedom fall ?

Who dies, if England live ?"

Not, however, the British Empire, but the British spirit of freedom against that of empire; *Libertas* on its eternal defensive against *Imperium*, invincible, so long as it remains true to itself."

* *The Foundations of British Patriotism*, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, The Right Book Club, 113, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.



Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication ad abort

THE LITTLE WORD 'IT,'

WITH reference to the note in the December, 1943 *Kipling Journal* headed "The Little Word 'It'," doubtless Mr. J. P. Collins is aware that Kipling wrote a story entitled 'It,' which first appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, June 1st, 1889, and was later collected in his volume *Abaft the Funnel*, 1909. In the story 'It' refers to *seasickness*.—E. W. MARTIN-DELL, Oaklea, Hook, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE.

I give below a few extracts which may interest readers of the *Journal*. These are taken from "Letters of T. E. Lawrence" (of Arabia). Edited by David Garnett (Jonathan Cape—1938.)

Letter dated 20/3/1920 to F. N. Doubleday writing re Conrad—

"He's as much a giant of the subjective as Kipling is of the objective. Do they hate one another?"

Writing on 14/4/1928 to Edward Garnett—

"I now like Wells better than—and call Kipling better than Crackanthorpe: just because their carelessness gives me a sense of power.

They feel they have gold to throw away. The stylists are too miserly

To F. N. Doubleday from Mount Batten, Plymouth, dated 2/9/1930—

Extract :—"I flew over Kipling's garden last Saturday and again yesterday on my way back here from Folkestone. We tilted the Moth up on one wing tip and spun round and round over his garden. I wonder what he said and can guess it nearly. That's where you and I have the advantage over Mrs. Doubleday, she couldn't guess ever, what an angry poet would say!"—R. E. HARBORD.

KIPLING ORIGINS.

In the April, 1943 *Journal*, No. 65 you ask readers to trace the origins of the following lines by Rudyard Kipling—

Ah! what avails the classic bent
Wit or the works of Desire—

Honour and faith and a sure intent
To the roar of Earth on fire.

Have seen no reply in the July or October issues, and I am at a loss to recognize the fourth line. If anybody has located it I am now interested enough to enquire.

The first three are as follows :—
No. 1—from *The Benefactors*.

No. 2—Our Fathers also—*Traffics and Discoveries*.

No. 3—*The Vampire*.

No. 4—?

—S. MCADAM 10, Connaught Circle, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada.

THE NAME KIPLING.

There is a fairly scarce coloured print of our Civil War period inscribed—"Mower U.S.A. General Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Phila. A. McArthur, Arch: J. Queen del. P. S. Duval & Son Lith. Phila. Ent. ace. to Act of Congress in the year 1865 by W. KIPLING in the Clerk's Office of District Court of the U.S. for the Eastern District of Pa."

I have never known of another instance of the name Kipling occurring here. It does not appear in the present telephone directory. I have not looked up City Directories of the Civil War period in the History Society of Pa. as yet, however.

The name Kipling being certainly anything but common I wonder if this W. Kipling was related to Rudyard Kipling and if any branch of the family ever settled in this country. I have been a member of the Kipling Society for a number of years, and take this opportunity of wishing it all prosperity in the years to come following the Victory of our Cause

which I trust is not far off.—FRANK S. STONE, 138, West Highland Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FORSTER'S NOTE-BOOK ON KIPLING.

Thank you very much for publishing my query regarding the above, which one might say was a fore-runner of the present *Journal*, and I was very interested to read Captain Martindell's comments on same. I have referred again to Captain Martindell's Bibliography and the reason I missed the reference before is because this item does not appear in the Index to that most excellent Work. The late Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard was not correct in referring to this Note Book as "a twenty-two page booklet." The last but one page is certainly numbered 21 but actually, as I mentioned in my previous letter, the booklet contains only twenty pages bound in rough, purple strong paper covers. In the numbering of the pages the front cover was apparently incorrectly included.

Trusting this additional information will be of interest.—TOM P. JONES, Rio Seco, Punta Arenas, Chile.

Kiplingiana

Press and other comments on Kipling and his work

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE.

IN an article in *The People* of January 2nd, 1944, entitled "The

British Way of Life," the writer, Piers England, makes the following reference to Rudyard Kipling:—

I am not mad enough to mention myself as a writer in the same breath as Kipling, whose literary boots I am not fit to black; but I think of the British as he thought of them. He was not blind to his people's faults, but he loved them notwithstanding, with a deep and enduring love.

Read *The Islanders*—it will still make you squirm in your chairs with shame after forty years. And read *A Song of the English*—it will still bring a glow to your heart after half

a century

*Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from righteousness—
Deep in all dishonour, though we stained our garments' hem,
Oh, be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—
the Lord shall deal with them!*

And for God's sake don't be argued into disloyalty to British traditions of decency by people that have lashed themselves into a kind of hashish-delirium by sucking in the hallucinant smoke of facile facts and figures and political theories.

I love Britain and the British; and anybody who wishes to disagree with me is welcome to his opinion—but he won't change mine.

I'd like to say, in passing, that these uproarious condemners of British Government don't know how lucky they are to live under it; I do not believe for a single moment that the freedom of expression they enjoy would be available under certain forms of government they so ardently admire.

(In the "Kipling Journal" No. 65, p. 13, Mr. Basil M. Bazley drew attention to the appositeness of "The Islanders.")

DITTIES OF THE "HALLS."

Mr. J. B. Booth's book, "The Days We Knew" (Werner Laurie, 21s.), is reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* of January 1st, 1944, under the heading: "Ditties of the 'Halls'; Kipling on their Place in History." The reference runs:—

"Mr. Booth quotes from a series of very spirited letters written to him on this subject by Rudyard Kipling, who declared that the old ditties "supply a gap in the national history; and people haven't yet realized how much they had to do with the national life." Again and again, especially in notes dated 1932, when *The Times* was publishing recollections of fifty years past, he maintains this high opinion. "The music-hall song was (and is) a necessary part of our civilization" is praise that answers the critics who denounced it in the nineties for not being aesthetic poetry.

"CRIPPS HE WAS A QUAKER."

And "Peterborough" in the *Daily Telegraph* writes:—

"Mr. J. B. Booth's memories of the 'lost world' of Bohemian London seem to be inexhaustible. He is the last surviving member of the staff of the *Sporting Times*—famously known as the *Pink 'Un*—and in his

latest book, "The Days We Knew," just published, he ranges once more through the old-time music-halls, theatres and restaurants.

As interesting as anything in his racy reminiscences are the letters from Rudyard Kipling, who shared Mr. Booth's enthusiasm for the "songs of the halls." "Does your memory stretch back to a music-hall song of the 70's or early 80's:

Oh, Cripps he was a Quaker,

He lived in Longacre!

he asked Mr. Booth in 1934.

An out-of-the-way piece of news recorded is that "at the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, in 1878, Miss Rosa Garibaldi (niece of Gen. Garibaldi) was engaged at £3 a week to sing Mr. Clement Scott's popular war song, 'Here Stands a Post,' She lasted only a week."

"SPIRITUAL BOVRIL!"

From an article entitled "Vulgarity in Literature," by Osbert Sitwell in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 11/9/43, this extract is taken:—

... Rudyard Kipling, too, has at one time and another been dismissed as a vulgar writer, but he was a writer of genius, and, even if you read such a poem as *Mandalay*, where only a hairbreadth divides it from hopeless vulgarity, yet some kind of spiritual Bovril, as well as the energy of the writing, enables you to derive comfort and sustenance from it.

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For Disposal. Two sets of the *Kipling Journal*, Nos. 1-61 (exclusive of Index to Nos. 57-60). Apply: F. Kensington, Sheepcote, Watford Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Obituary

IT is with great regret we announce the death of Mr. A. E. D. Slocock, a Life Member, who will always be remembered for his most generous gift to the Library in 1935 of some files of *The Pioneer* and *The Weeks News*, (see K. J. No. 35).

Mr. Slocock was a very keen member and a regular attendant at our meetings. He will be greatly missed.

A further announcement regarding a number of books which he left to the Library will be made in our next issue.

The Kipling Society.

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