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" STALKY "

We deeply regret to record the death of Major General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., (Stalky), President of the Kipling Society, who passed away at Torquay on March 17th, 1946, at the age of 80. The sad news was received by the Kipling Society after this issue of the Journal was printed. On behalf of members of the Society in all parts of the world, we express our deep sympathy with the bereaved family in their loss.

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Notes

A DECADE OF MEMORY.

THE tenth anniversary of Kipling's passing awakens many memories and regrets, but his loss as an Empire champion against its enemies is tempered by relief that he was spared the Empire agonies of the intervening war. And now one's thoughts go back vividly to that memorable service in the Abbey, with a company of kinsfolk, friends, and mourners representing all the callings and all the talents. They lowered their eyes in sympathy and reverence as Mrs. Kipling passed along the aisles to Poets' Corner with her daughter, and nobody dreamt that at such a brief interval of time the poet and his wife would be together again.

Not till later did one learn how well Mrs. Kipling's self-possession had come to her aid in that trying time, or how she controlled her unspeakable grief by supervising every detail of the service in advance, and checking the guest-list to see that no tickets had gone astray. It all went to illustrate that alertness and energy of mind which had so often come to R. K.'s assistance in strenuous working days, and earned the heartfelt tribute which is so familiar to most Kipling lovers.

R. K. AND INDIA.

This decade of history and tragedy has not improved the prospect for his beloved India. On the whole, it argues a fine sensibility of mind that he forbore from politics towards the close, and left matters undiscussed when he had reason to believe his comments might add to India's polemics without improving any of her prospects. With his passion for the

expression and preservation of the spirit in visible form, he had admired Curzon's stand on behalf of the Indian monuments, and Lord Birkenhead's biography may reveal what he thought about the Nationalist agitation to demolish all memorials of the Black Hole, and less unsavoury episodes. In any case there was very little about India in *Something About Myself*—save, of course, in the early chapters. Was the subject too sombre for him, one wonders, in those days of pain? He must have heard long ago of at least one English novel in India, built up on a lurid prophecy of a second mutiny in 1957, a century after the first; and his verdict thereon was probably short and sharp.

R. L. S. AND THE MUTINY.

Did he ever express any views we may ask, of the mutiny novel that R. L. Stevenson projected with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne? It had been inspired by the recently published life of Lord Lawrence, and in a letter to Barrie with a dash of *gaffe* in it, R. L. S. declared the end would be "almost too much for human endurance." Then he added:—

"The whole last part is—well, the difficulty is that, short of resuscitating Shakespeare, I don't know who is to write it!"

Needless to say, the project soon perished, and nobody murmured. Surely R. L. S. would have rejoiced if he had lived three years longer than he did, and read Lord Roberts's masterly "Forty-One Years in India." The Mutiny pages in Chapter XXX alone, in which "Bobs" went over the contributory causes—racial, re-

ligious, historical and avoidable—struck one at the time as an example of discerning analysis such as Indian affairs had rarely evoked from an English pen. And if only Kipling's contemporary criticism is still extant in the form of letters, they should be precious to us all.

KIPLING AND THE CAPE.

Talking of Lord Roberts, there is a savour of pleasant recollection in a letter the Editor has received from the Cape. Mr. Cecil J. Sibbett is Provincial Grand Master of Provincial Grand Lodge, Southern Cape Province, in the Irish Constitution of Masonry, and he encloses the programme of a recent Masonic service at St. Paul's, Rondebosch, which had a timely and appropriate character of praise and thanksgiving for the Allied victory. One of the hymns congregationally sung was Kipling's *Recessional* and one realises how its sentiments would tell on such an occasion. It was written, as we all remember, to sound a note of warning at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, and was now being sung in a land the author always held dear.

A MEMORY OF BOBS.

No-one is ever likely to realise what the change-over for South African action meant in those three wars,—the Boer protest against us in 1901-2 and South Africa's magnificent efforts on our joint behalf in 1914-18, 1939-45. The first of the three cost Lord Roberts his only son almost as soon as it began, yet he took up the call at his sovereign's request, and carried it through with the fullest honours. The second of the two world wars deprived Kipling of his only son, and this for him was the hardest blow, perhaps, that life had to inflict. At any rate, sorrow must have drawn the two old friends closer still, and nothing that we know of Bobs ever fell short of the supreme tribute that the poet paid him in verses we shall always cherish.

It is interesting to add that in his letter Mr. Sibbett recalls hearing Lord Roberts recite the *Recessional* at a Cape Town reception in his honour in 1900, and the recollection is surely one that many must envy him. As this letter says, the veteran

hero "was a deeply religious man, and had a beautiful speaking voice. A more appropriate poem for the occasion (Mr. Sibbett adds) I could not imagine, and forty-five years have not dimmed my feeling of pleasure." The only remark to add to that is a word of real thanks that our correspondent has now passed that pleasure on.

SALUTE TO M'ANDREW.

Not so long ago this Journal dealt with a rather free version of a part of *M'Andrew's Hymn*, and traced it to an engineering journal beyond the Border. It was shown that some larkish contributor had probably sent it in with no mischievous intention, but merely to voice pride in his profession and the patriotic service it renders. There now comes, fitly enough, a recent page from the "Scottish Electrical Engineer" in which the editor who bears the apt name of Donald Smeaton Munro, emphasises the compliment Kipling paid the profession in "shaping the virile qualities which brought the English-speaking people triumphantly through." Then the note proceeds:—

"Rudyard Kipling, son of a mother 'all Celt and three parts fire,' student of the Bible, master of words, poet of humanity, was the first great imaginative writer to realise the importance of the engineer and impress the fact on the world.

"The flourishing Kipling Society was founded by an electrical engineer to honour the poet's memory and extend his influence. It has enthusiastic members in all the Dominions and America, but has no branch meantime in Scotland. It is surely fitting that the countrymen and fellow-craftsmen of M'Andrew should to some extent acknowledge their debt by supporting and strengthening the Kipling Society."

Then comes a brief and business-like mention of Secretary and subscription, with our headquarters address. If we are judges of Scotland's sense of opportunity, then we may as well prepare for a southward invasion and a glowing reception.

J. P. COLLINS.

Uncovenanted Mercies

From "Limits and Renewals"

" THE LAST STORY IN THE LAST BOOK "

By LT. GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THERE are several among Kipling's stories, as all his intimate readers know, when even frequent perusal leaves us not quite sure if one has penetrated the author's mind. *They* is especially in this class, and I find the last story in the last book, to my understanding, in this category. It is *Uncovenanted Mercies* in *Limits and Renewals*. The story is based on the old belief in *Kismet*—'fate,' and that conception that Satan is part of God's providence and is charged with the re-conditioning of lost souls, which is, of course, at the bottom of the logical doctrine of Purgatory. The author of *Job* develops this point, as the whole plot of the story. It will be remembered how, at the commencement, we are told of a religious feast, and how Satan came among the folk . . . and the Lord said unto him " Whence comest thou ? " To this Satan says " Oh just looking around Master, just looking around ". And then the Lord said unto Satan " Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man that feareth God and escheweth evil ? " Then comes the sneer from Satan, " Doth Job fear God for naught ? " and God gives Satan power to strip him of all his goods, but not to injure his person. Then it is that all the troubles of the world fall on him. But Job continued to praise God and once again the Lord meets Satan and asks him what he thinks of the faithful Job and again—the sneer. ' Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. ' And God gives him power to afflict Job's body. From which we may deduce that Satan was not a free spirit of Evil, but one of the establishment. This is really the theme of *Uncovenanted Mercies*,

SATAN'S PLACE.

The place of Satan is to punish and recondition, and we are brought to a meeting of Azrael, the Angel of Death, Gabriel, Satan and the Archangel of the English. This latter, a satire on the ecclesiastic who is pompous and platitudinous, is one whose leg the others pull. Two souls are undergoing discipline; one, a famous diplomatist and the other a great singer. The first has had four years in a Rowton lodging house, the latter sings in the streets for a living and nobody even listens. They are in charge of two guardian spirits—Kalka'il, the man and Ruya'il the woman—have let them meet, they declare by accident, at the — Terminus under the clock tower. The Archangel of the English is much perturbed, and a conference disrusses the lapse. The male and female spirits have both refused ' to give their charges away ' as Gabriel expressed it, in the English idiom. The Guardian Spirits base their refusal on the old Ruling " Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth down to the Earth ? " To which Satan promptly gives the reference Ecclesiastes III, v. 21, and it was remarked that the meaning depended on the interpretation of the enigmatic ' Who. ' Satan points out that the meeting was accidental and trivial, but—a breach of " Orders for Life. " Now according to Islamic tradition, the " Orders for Life " are written in the frontal sutures of the skull, the zig-zag of the bones joining, resembling Arabic script.

The Archangel of the English says rather sulkily, " As a matter of fact there were ' Orders for Life ' identical in both cases. Here is the copy. But nowadays we rely on training and environment to

counteract this sort of auto-suggestion"—I said he was platitudinous.

"Let's make sure" says Satan, and he read aloud "If So-and-So shall meet So-and-So, their state at the last shall be such as even Evil itself shall pity." Satan remarks that that seems conditional by reason of the 'if,' and mutters "It will all come back to me." And so the conference goes on, the Archangel rubbing his hands and pouring forth more platitudes, and thinking punishment so unnecessary. Satan hopes that the method of cossetting people gets the best out of them, and Azrael says that he has seen wonderful things clone with his sword at people's throats.

"Lets take Job's ease," Satan continues. "He did not reach the top of form, as your people say, till I had handled him a bit—did he?" Here we have the Archangel at his best. "Possibly not by the standards of his age, but nowadays we don't give very high marks to the Man of Uz," and he thinks that his people require refined treatment. Azrael remarks that Death is crude and so is Birth; but they are all busy, and Satan, bored stiff, says he must be off, and the others join him. A little of the English Archangel goes a long way, and as they fly into space, Satan has another grumble—"We don't give high marks to the Man of Uz. Don't we? I am glad I've always dealt faithfully with schoolmasters." And then Satan offers to show Gabriel and Azrael something of his system. They nose-dive to the utter darkness, and Gabriel asks "Have we gone beyond the Mercy?" and they hear souls in misery and ask what steps are being taken with the two lost souls who were being conditioned in charge of Kalka'il and Ruya'il: they hear. "What were those curious metallic clicks after the message?" Azrael asked.

"In the woman's case" Satan explains, "it was one of her rings against her tiara as she was dressing, putting it on to go to Court. In the second it was the Star of some Order that the man was being invested with by his Sovereign."

"THE BIG FOUR."

A little later the big four meet to discuss the English Archangel's chirpy plans, and especially as illustrated by the two souls—the diplomatist and the singer—whose association has brought them such misery. They soon weary of him, and escape, and as they escape, Azrael again asks Satan about the pair, and what they are undergoing. Satan turns on the light and shows them his great effort, an up-to-date representation of the famous London Terminus where so many find broken assignments, and it was there that they first met. Indeed it is more modern than its model and the station facilities are much improved. The great singer is singing wearily with few to bother, with a concertina and a tin cup. Satan said "They used to pay anything you please to hear her." The seedy-looking diplomat is writing in a waiting room, when a telegram is handed him 'Reconsider, forgive, forget' and he collapses in a fit and is carried to the surgery. When Satan and the others enter the room, the doctor is bending over him saying he will give him rest with the needle. The Man refuses, he has obviously to meet a train. He buttons his shirt all awry and struggles out muttering 'I charge you at the Judgment make it plain' and Satan says "There you've seen a full test for the Ultimate Breaking Strain," and Gabriel remarks "Even Evil itself shall pity" and Azrael interposes with his orders for release. "My orders" says he, "are to dismiss to the Mercy." A flurry of hysterics at the surgery door, a uniformed nurse is leading a half-collapsed woman to the couch, who gasps 'But I can't, I mustn't, I've got to meet the 7.12.' The nurse coos "just a little lie-down and a cup of tea" and the hysterics recommence. The nurse's head bent down as she blew softly on the woman's forehead till the grey hair parted, and the three could see the 'Order for Life.' "You must not make me late for the 7.12; I charge you at the Judgment make it plain—I charge you"—

The nurse looked straight into Satan's eyes—"Go" she commanded. Satan bowed his head. There was a knock, a scurrying at the door and the seedy man shambled in, "Sorry" he began "but I think I left my hat here." The woman waking up, turns chuckling "What does it matter now, dear?"

The Three found themselves whirled into the void—two of them a little puzzled, the third somewhat apologetic, and Gabriel asked how it happened. "Well as a matter of fact we were rather ordered away" Satan said. "Ordered away!! I?" Azrael cried, and Satan answered "I don't know whether you noticed that that

nurse happened to be Ruya'il" and as Azrael protested adds "I think you will find that she is protected by that ruling . . . it all turns on 'Who' you know," and then apologises that the undignified expulsion was a little addition of his.

"But my Brother," the Prince of Darkness smiled, "did you really think that we are needed there much longer?"

That is the story, the last story in the last book, full of sympathy, and insight with an eye to theological problems that is more than intriguing. But even as I write this I wonder if I quite have grasped all that Kipling was driving at. It is a story that calls for careful reading.

R. K.'s Letter to a Club Boy

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE following copyright note has reached us from a valued correspondent, and is reproduced here by special permission of Mrs. Bambridge, whose courtesy is acknowledged. Published some time ago in 'The Boy,' it is a letter written by Rudyard Kipling half a century ago to a boy member of the Rose and Ring Club in the East end of London. The recipient (aged 16), greatly daring, had poured out his gratitude to Kipling in a long letter, and awaited a reply with eagerness. The copy supplied to us by our correspondent bears a footnote by the Hon. Editor of 'The Boy' (Major L. I. Ellis, C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O.) to the effect that 'the Stepney Club boy to whom the letter was written rose to be knighted' and became permanent head of a big Government Department.

THE LETTER

November 3rd, 1895.

Naulakha, Waite, Vermont,
Windham Co., U.S.A.

Dear—

I am very much obliged to you for your long letter (of no date) forwarded to me in America where I am at present living. Enthusiasm like yours is a rare thing in

this world—you'll grow out of it, worse luck—but it is very delightful while it lasts. You seem to have gone through everything that I have ever written and to like it. There are times when I look over what I have done, and am anything but pleased with the result.

As to my female characters, I admit your charge, but I am doing my best to remedy it. In either the Graphic or the Illustrated Christmas number this year you'll find a tale that may perhaps interest your brother, the engineer, (it's all about steam engines), and an attempt to draw a rather nice woman.

But let me point out that you are a deal *too* young to bother your head about womenfolk—in books or out of them. Your spelling for one thing is nearly as bad as mine used to be when I was about your age and you must get hold of it and repair it. I have a relation of my own in your business, so I know that there is heaps of leisure in an architect's office.

If you have found out from my tales that wickedness of any kind does not pay, you've learned something I have tried to teach very

hard. Of course, I can't go about and cram a sermon into a tale, but I try to get at the same point obliquely—and so far no one has found me out. *The* point about all forms of grosser sin, such as women, drink, cards, lies and theft and bullying, is their essential *childishness* when the game is played out. Sooner or later there has to be a reckoning and the defaulter has to pay up with compound interest for every day that he has let his sin master him. You will probably fall into temptation of all kinds in your own way, but I beg you to try to remember that there's nothing fine, nothing impressive, nothing manly in giving way to one's impulses. Someone has got to pay for our misdeeds. When we are young it is generally our mother: when we grow older it is other people: but the net result is neither more decent or dignified than a baby making a mess in its clothes. Older men will tell you that this is nonsense, but it's the solemn truth, and you remember it. However I am not

going to preach.

Yes, I like the *Jungle-book* like anything and I've just finished another which will be out by the time this reaches you—carrying on Mowgli's adventures: in fact it is a collection of the tales which have already appeared in the P.M.G. I hope you'll like them in book form as much as when you read them scattered. That ends up Mowgli and there is not going to be any more to him. After that I expect to try my hand at a series of engineer's tales—about marine engines and such like.

It is snowing hard in this part of the world (where our winters are long and cold) and if I wasn't eaten up by a cold in the head I'd write you a longer letter.

Again thanking you for your kind letter (I wonder what you'll think of things ten years hence).

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) RUDYARD KIPLING.

Members' Meeting

A WELL attended Meeting of Members was held in the Lecture Room, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1., on Thursday, 17th January at 4 p.m.

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking gave the members some personal reminiscences of Rudyard Kipling and delighted his audience with an amusing account of a correspondence he had with Kipling over his use of Kipling quotations to advertise electrical equipment. He also disclosed some interesting information in regard to his early efforts to form the Society.

Sir Christopher Robinson followed

with a talk on the "Sales resistance" to Kipling, in which he took the part of an advocate for the Anti-Kiplingites in an imaginary law suit. The case against Kipling was argued under the heading of Kipling's conception of Empire; his unyielding ethical code; his views on women; and his alleged habit of over-colouring his writings with his views. Whilst making many interesting points, Sir Christopher succeeded, under the guise of enthusiastic advocacy, in poking fun at his clients (whom he termed "Philosophic Radicals") and in humorously showing up the hollow-ness of their claims.

WANTED:—By Member, complete Sussex Edition. Reply stating price to Hon. Secretary, Kipling Society, 105, Gower Street, W. C 1.

Kipling and the Germans. II

By BASIL M. BAZLEY

(This is the second extract from an address to members of the Society in London by Mr. Bazley. The first instalment appeared in the December, 1945, issue of the "Kipling Journal.")

ON the whole, Kipling, in the decade before 1914, seems to have devoted most of his skill and energy to getting the various members of the British Empire to understand each other, and to promoting friendship between Britain and the United States and France. Perhaps he thought that we ought to put our own house in order first of all; possibly, although he was so often and so falsely accused of inciting to war, he did not wish to make the keeping of the peace any more difficult than it was in those years. So it is not until almost the eve of war, in December, 1913, that he gives us his German spy tale, "The Edge of the Evening." This is a remarkable bit of work from any angle, but most of all from the way in which Kipling prophesied the utter ruthlessness of the German when at war or planning it. You will remember that the scene is laid in an English private park adjoining a country house which has been let to a rich American. Four very eminent members of the house party are strolling back in the dusk when a plane comes down inside a grove of big trees; the occupants are Germans who have been photographing British defences, and their plane has developed engine trouble. Here is the picture:—"He thought—so did I—'twas some of the boys from Aldershot or Salisbury. Well, sir, from there on, the situation developed like a motion picture in Hell. The man on the high side of the machine whirls round, pulls his gun and fires into Mankeltow's face." The result is that the intruders are killed by the unarmed Englishmen and the American, after which the contents of their pockets are examined; one of the Englishmen is a noted foreign correspondent and points out tersely that, in the present state of inter-

national politics, "It's our necks or Armageddon. Which do you think the Government would choose?" Those few words show that Kipling knew how tense things were, just as the behaviour of the Germans shows us his opinion, afterwards proved correct, as to how they would behave. In September of the same year, 1913, in a speech at Burwash supporting the National Service League, Kipling uttered a most serious warning about unpreparedness, though without mention of any definite enemy; some of his words are worth remembering:—"As things stand at present we have not the men, nor the means, nor the organisation, nor the will to produce such results. That is why those of us who think *go* about in fear and in doubt. That is why those of us who do not think are full of silly boastings one day and of blind panic the next."

FROM WARNING TO RECORD.

So far, all that we have mentioned has been in the nature of warning, but now we come to record. First of all, in "For All We Have And Are" (1914), he tells us that "the Hun is at our gate." This is the verse with the much-quoted last four lines:—

There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

When we received the first chronicle of the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium and Northern France, "The Outlaws" appeared, giving a very good summary of the whole enemy scheme:—

Through learned and laborious years
They set themselves to find
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears
To heap upon mankind.
Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,
That men believed were dead.

Now we know that these atrocities really happened, though by 1918 some silly people here had persuaded many of us that the story was at least grossly

exaggerated; we all know better now, but Kipling was never under any illusion about these facts; here are some of the things he told a Southport audience in June, 1915:—"The German has spent quite as much energy in the last forty-five years preparing for war as we have in convincing ourselves that wars should not be prepared for. He has started this war with a magnificent equipment which took him time and heavy taxation to get together. That equipment we have had to face for the last ten months. We have had to face more. The German went into this war with a mind which had been carefully trained out of the idea of every moral sense or obligation—private, public, or international. He does not recognise the existence of any law, least of all those he has subscribed to himself, in making war against combatants or non-combatants, men, women and children. He has done, from his own point of view, very well indeed.

All mankind bears witness to day that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive, which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating, and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors and perversions were not invented by him on the spur of the moment. They were arranged beforehand—their outlines are laid down in the German War-Book. They are part of the system in which Germany has been scientifically trained. It is the essence of that system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot, that any terms she may offer will seem like Heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention . . . Our own strength and our own will alone can save us. If these fail the alternative for us is robbery, rape of the women, starvation, as a prelude to slavery."

There are one or two little sketches in "The Fringes of the Fleet" of the behaviour of German fighting men in general; these were to the best of my knowledge, taken from first-hand evidence and are interesting because

naval men don't as a rule go out of their way to abuse their opposite numbers. Here we are:—"Oh, if Fritz only fought clean, this wouldn't be half a bad show. But Fritz can't fight clean." "And we can't do what he does—even if we were allowed to," one said. "No, we can't. 'Tisn't done. We have to fish Fritz out of the water, dry him, and give him cocktails, and send him to Donnington Hall." "And what does Fritz do?" I asked. "He sputters and clicks and bows. He has all the correct motions, you know; but, of course, when he's your prisoner you can't tell him what he really is." "And do you suppose Fritz understands any of it?" I went on. "No, or he wouldn't have Lusitaniaed. This war was his first chance of making his name, and he chucked it all away for the sake of showin' off as a foul Gottstrafer." Here is another bit:—"The enemy lies behind his mines, and ours, raids our coasts when he sees a chance, and kills seagoing civilians at sight or guess, with intent to terrify. Most sailor-men are mixed up with a woman or two; a fair percentage of them have seen men drown. They can realise what it is when women go down choking in horrible tangles and heavings of draperies. To say that the enemy has cut himself from the fellowship of all who use the seas is rather understating the case. As a man observed thoughtfully: "You can't look at any water now without seeing 'Lusitania' sprawlin' all across it. And just think of those words, 'North-German Lloyd,' 'Hamburg-Amerika' and such things, in the time to come. They simply mustn't be." We are hampered in this (using mines), because our Navy respects neutrals; and spends a good deal of its time in making their path safe for them. The enemy does not. He blows them up, because that cows and impresses them, and so adds to his prestige." This last war and its accompanying horrors might never have happened had the warning here been taken:—"For that reason, we shall finish the German eagle as the merciful lady killed the chicken. It took her the whole afternoon, and then, you will remember, the carcass had to be thrown away."

R. K.'s LOVE FOR FRANCE.

Kipling has always stressed his love for France and the need for Anglo-French friendship in dealing with international affairs. We shall hear more of this, but it is "strongly undersaid," as the Germans say, in a speech made by him at Bordeaux in 1917, and reported by the San Francisco Examiner; for the copy of this I am indebted to our distinguished Vice-President Rear-Admiral Chandler:—"The French people need not be unduly worried about the wholesale, systematic destruction committed by the Germans in their retreat from the northern provinces (you will remember the spiteful action in ringing the fruit trees). Civilised nations will never allow one country to assassinate another with impunity. Germany will pay for all she is doing in France. . . . Everywhere these Germans do evil, whether they be soldiers, shopkeepers, travellers, missionaries. They do evil deliberately. It is their nature. It is the mark of their nationality. They are like microbes—wherever they abound; the evil develops and infects everything roundabout. Civilized nations must resort to the steril-

izing process; they must put into force measures of international hygiene. Beware of the German microbe . . . The man who tells a lie, who violates a woman, who kills a child, knows that he is breaking the human law. But a German does not know it, he does not feel it. . . . I don't believe that the Germans can be converted. The activities of the German Socialists, especially the Liebknecht clan, are designed to deceive us. The greatest of all evils is to make use of good to serve bad ends with the same ease as one would employ bad means. The German is a past master of this method. He is quite ready to make people believe that he is resolved to set his face towards liberty if he thinks that in that way he can advance his other aim." Here we may appropriately recall the much-quoted line in "Recessional": "Or lesser breeds without the Law." Some critics are always puzzling what was meant by this; to me it seems quite simply that the reference is to people who are without the pale of humanity—just this and nothing more.

(To be continued)

A Reader's Guide

TO KIPLING'S WORKS.

MR. VICTOR BONNEY'S SUGGESTION

AT a recent Members' Meeting, Mr. Victor Bonney suggested that the Society should produce a Reader's Guide to Kipling's works, in which their power and beauties should be described, their obscurities explained and the way of life for which Kipling stood (and which, *en claire* or by fable or innuendo, runs throughout all his writings) be made clear to the reader. This spiritual aspect seems habitually to be missed by essayists. The literature on Kipling is already large, but collectively the Society has a knowledge and authority far exceeding the scope of any individual, and it is proposed that the book shall be a joint

effort by all those members who have the time and inclination to take part in it.

The contributions of the various individuals, while forming the basis of the text, would not form the text itself. This should be the work of an editor with a small editorial committee, but the book should be published as by the Kipling Society, and an equal prominence accorded to the names of all the contributors.

The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members who would be prepared to help or who have any suggestions in regard to Mr. Bonney's proposal.

The Final Phase of Rudyard Kipling's Art

By LIEUT. COL. B. S. BROWNE

MR. Hilton Brown divides Kipling's work into five parts. This seems an unnecessary complication for a general appreciation of it, and it falls more naturally into three parts according to subject. First there is the Indian period, the period when, as he puts it, his notoriety fell upon him, the only period that his detractors have apparently ever heard of, the period when he was very young and was learning his art. This is followed by what we may call the English period, with *The Day's Work* as the transitional book. This was the period of his maturity, when surely he did his greatest work, giving us *They*, *Wireless*, *An Habitation Enforced*, *Gloriana*. To this period belongs *Kim* in date and style, though not in matter. Lastly there comes the war period, when the last war and its consequences are ever present to his mind, with *A Diversity of Creatures* as the transitional book. The purpose of this article is to make an attempt to compare the last Kipling with the earlier ones, and to try to decide whether he really did end by being, and really did deserve to be, "the Kipling whom nobody reads," as a modern critic has dubbed him. There are three pairs of stories that we may take as a starting point for our enquiry, each pair dealing with a similar subject.

AN INTENSE INTEREST IN MAN.

The first pair is *With the Night Mail* and *As Easy as A.B.C.* The writer well remembers a review of *Actions and Reactions* in which the first story was criticised because we were not told what difference universal air transport made to the character and bearing of mankind. The critic said something of this sort:—"All that we know about the captains of these air-ships is that they talk exactly like Atlantic skippers of to-day. Mr. Kipling is always more interested in machines than in men." It would almost seem as

if Kipling took this criticism to heart and spent the rest of his working life answering it, beginning with *As Easy as A.B.C.* Do not the very titles of the books express the difference? *The Day's Work* and *Traffics and Discoveries* are things a man does or things which happen to him, but *A Diversity of Creatures* and *Limits and Renewals* express what he is or has been forced to become. Is not an intense interest in man himself, in psychology in fact, the characteristic of all his best work?

Take the next pair, *Garm* and *The Woman in his Life*, his two outstanding dog stories. There never was quite such a dog as Garm: he is more like the hero of a Greek epic, and the human beings around him, except for the narrator, never come to life at all: it is a tale from the world of poetry and fairy romance. But *The Woman in his Life* is a very literal story of dog-man relations; we know John and Shingle intimately and the desperate adventure that ends the story is far more revealing and quite as exciting as anything in *Many Inventions* or *Life's Handicap*.

Much the same is true of the last pair, *An Habitation Enforced* and *My Son's Wife* where we study the influence of the English countryside on new-comers to its beauties and complications. Again there never was such a perfect country inhabited by such perfect people as in the first tale: the quality is once more epic. This is not to detract from its mastery or greatness as literature: it is among the greatest things that he wrote and is therefore one of the world's finest short stories. Incidentally it is the women who live and stand out in it, and is not Sophie among the most charming of the heroines of fiction? But the author makes no attempt to probe deeply into the souls of any of his characters. In *My Son's Wife*, on the other hand, we are in quite a different atmosphere.

It is a great story too, but there is nothing epic about it. We see deeply into the characters of all the rather queer people we meet, their motives are analysed and the changes in the hero are carefully brought out. The interest is in what people think rather than in what they do. But can anyone say that this shows a falling-off in the power of the writer? Rather the contrary, and it may well be that future generations will turn to these later stories rather than to *Plain Tales* or *Under the Deodars*.
STALKY AND CO.

But that time has not come yet. I gave my seventeen-year-old son the *Complete Stalky* to read not long ago. The result was a perpetual chuckle and a regret that it was a complete *Stalky*, so that he would never have the delight of finding a new one. But the chuckles diminished as the reading continued, and he confessed that he did not care for the later stories as much as for the earlier ones. Yet, when I want to read a *Stalky* story, I am much more likely to turn to *Regulus* or *The Propagation of Knowledge* than to *An Unsavoury Interlude*. I wonder whether ray fellow members of the Kipling Society feel the same.
HUMOUR.

Then what about the development of the sense of humour? Mr. Hilton Brown complains that the humour is often laid on with a spade, (he doubts whether *Brugglesmith* is funny!) and instances *Aunt Ellen* as being merely fourth-form fun. Well, *Aunt Ellen* struck me that way the first time I read it, and, if the joke is held to be in the main outline of the plot, the criticism may be a true one. But now I find fresh strokes of sly and delicate humour every time that I read it, and it well pays for re-reading. And lastly the tenderness and delicacy of *The Miracle of St. Jubanus* surely puts it beyond such criticism.

This seems a good place in which to make a protest against the classifying of *The Village that voted the Earth* as *Flat* as a funny story. It is a harsh tale of revenge accomplished: Sir Thomas Ingell may have deserved all he got, but it was a grim business

all round, and hardly amusing to anyone concerned till the last scene. The real point of the story is its careful study of English mass psychology.
THE SUPERNATURAL.

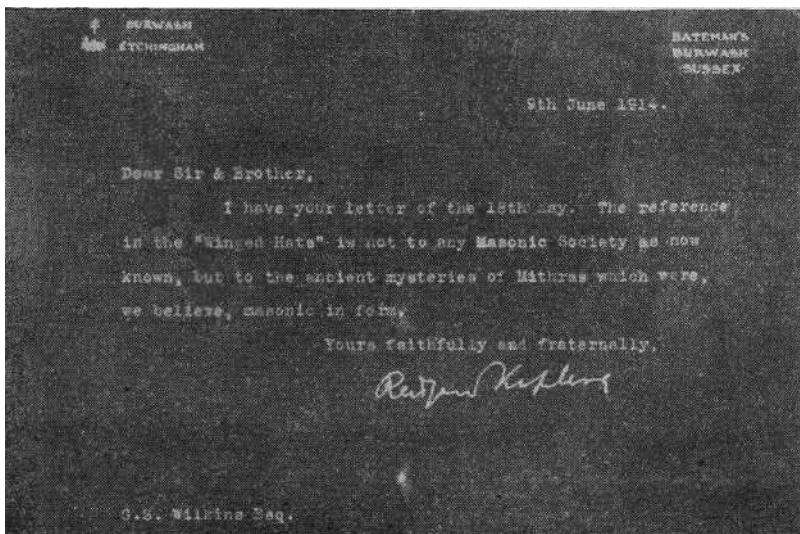
The supernatural, from its start in the diabolism of *The Mark of the Beast*, through the beautiful ghosts of *They*, progresses to the stark self-sacrifice of *The Wish House*, and ends in the simple mysticism of *The Gardener*, that very closely woven and highly compressed tale, which also contains almost the only return to child portrayal which he allowed himself after his daughter's death. And maybe he allowed it here because the story was wrung out of him by his experiences as "a bereaved parent" after his son fell at Loos. But he nearly spoilt *The Gardener*, as he quite spoilt *Mrs. Bathurst*, by too much pruning. Even as it is, quite a lot of readers never find out what the story is about, and two friends of mine, both well versed in the Scriptures, ended by asking who the *Gardener* was. They were of course reading quickly and carelessly and so missed noticing that the last sentence of the story echoes one in St. John's Gospel.

What conclusion then are we reaching? Can anyone seriously suggest that the author of *A Madonna of the Trenches* or *The Janeites* was an old man whose powers were in visible decline? Do not *Dayspring Mishandled* and *Unprofessional* deal with out-of-the-way but essentially human situations, in a way that *Plain Tales* do not? The latter are of far more superficial and far more bound up with their background, and so are likely to pass away when all memory of that background has faded. But *Unprofessional* shares a great characteristic with *Soldier Tales* in that it is essentially concerned with the uneducated, in the School Board sense, and not with their officers: Mrs. Berners and Frost alone live, and they are endowed with extraordinary vitality. The four professional men are quite indistinguishable the one from the other.

We have not touched on the poetry: that would require a separate study. But may we not ask why the between-

wars world did not hail *Rahere* as a poem after its own heart? One would have thought that the theme was unpleasant enough. Perhaps it could not be forgiven for rhyming

and scanning. Anyhow the man who wrote it was no lean and slipped pantaloons in his dotage, and if it is true that nobody reads him we must be living in a most dull witted age.



"THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES OF MITHRAS"

"Dear Sir & Brother,

I have your letter of the 18th May. The reference in the 'Winged Hats' is not to any Masonic Society as now known, but to the ancient mysteries of Mithras which were, we believe, masonic in form.

*Yours faithfully and fraternally,
Rudyard Kipling."*

Two Kipling Letters

THE accompanying reproductions of letters written by Rudyard Kipling to a fellow Mason have been sent to us by Mr. George Wilkins, of 4, Townsend Road, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia. He writes: "The letters which I am proud to possess were in reply to letters sent to Rudyard Kipling. The first was sent shortly after I became interested in Masonry. I can recommend anyone interested

to read 'Mithraism,' by Phythian Adams (Constable, 1915). The second letter was in reply to a more personal letter I wrote. Reading 'On the Gate,' it seemed to me to express the Gospel of Mercy and forgiveness in a way every man could understand and hang on to. And I wrote R. K. to that effect. I think he was pleased. The first letter was written on reading the story of the Roman officer left

on the Wall.

My interest in the Society dates from the letter the Founder wrote in the *Sunday Times* of the start of the Society and my card of membership signed by 'Stalky' is endorsed No. 1 Africa. I hope to write later of what R. K. has meant to me over a number of years."

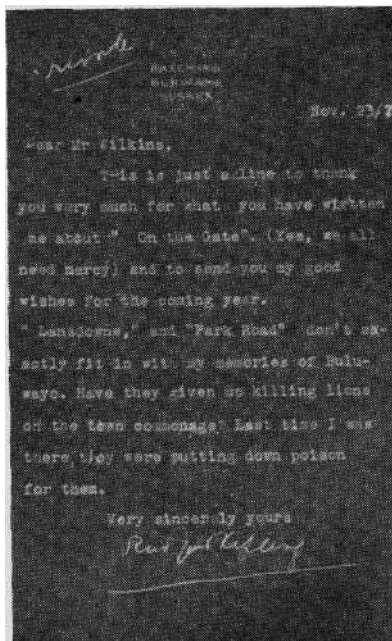
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TO NEW READERS

THE Kipling Society exists to honour and extend the influence of Rudyard Kipling in upholding the ideals of the English-Speaking World. We invite all readers of Kipling who are not yet members to join our Society. The ordinary membership Subscription is One Guinea per annum. New readers are especially invited to correspond with us at 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Members who are changing their address are invited to notify the Hon. Secretary, The Kipling Society, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C. 1, so that their copies of the **Journal** and other literature may reach them safely.



"Dear Mr. Wilkins,

This is just a line to thank you very much for what you have written me about 'On the Gate.' (Yes, we all need mercy) and to send you my good wishes for the coming year.

'Lansdowne' and 'Park Road' don't exactly fit in with my memories of Bulawayo. Have they given up killing lions on the town commonage? Last time I was there, they were putting down poison for them.

Very sincerely yours,
Rudyard Kipling."

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, London Road, 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."

Mrs. Fleming's Visit

By C. W. PARISH

IT was not long after our arrival in 1940 as the tenants of Bateman's that we learnt that Mr. Kipling had a sister, and we wondered what manner of lady she might be, little expecting ever to meet her.

Judge then of our pleasure, when last July, five years later, a letter arrived from Mr. Brooking, founder of our Society, saying that Mrs. Fleming, whose home was in Edinburgh was on a visit to London and had expressed the wish to see Bateman's again, and that he would escort her. The date was fixed for August 10th, and at midday I met them at Etchingham station. Now how better can I describe this most charming little lady than by saying that she was exactly what you would wish a sister of Mr. Kipling to be?

Her effect on us would have been described in other eras as "overwhelming" or "devastating"; the adjective to-day is "atomic." Seated by my side, with her escort, Mr. Brooking seated behind us, we drove gaily away from the station and, "to open the ball," I said "So you live in Edinburgh?" "Yes," she replied, "Edinburgh is like a beautiful woman with a bad temper," and I realized at once that this was no ordinary visitor to Bateman's. As we passed it, she admired Etchingham Church, and said she had never been inside, and as it so well repays a visit—rebuilt in 1388 with its original richly carved choir stalls—we entered for a few minutes.

Bateman's looked very lovely in the sunshine as we walked across the lawn, happily newly mown, to the front door, and Mrs. Fleming eagerly pointed out an old friend in the fine open-work iron bell-pull from her uncle Sir Edward Burne-Jones's house at Fulham. Of this R. K. wrote:—

"When I had a house of my own, and The Grange was emptied of meaning, I begged for and was given that bell-pull for my entrance, in the hope that other children also might feel happy when they rang it."

At our next meeting Mrs. Fleming told me that she was born at The Grange, and also that, in earlier days, it had been the home of Samuel Richardson. If Defoe (1661-1731) be taken as our first, or earliest, English novelist, then Richardson (1681-1761) may be placed second, and it was in the garden of The Grange that we know that his *Pamela*, *Clarissa* and *Grandison* received their birth. To what interesting visitors must our old bell-pull have responded? Callers first on Richardson, a century later on Burne-Jones and finally to ask "Is Mr. Kipling at home?"

Entering the hall Mrs. Fleming told me that the first picture on the right was of the Burne-Jones' dining room at The Grange, painted by Rook, a pupil of Burne-Jones.

This was indeed to be a chance to barn something of the history of the treasures of Bateman's.

The two fine water-colour sketches of the south side of the house that also hang in the hall were painted by the uncle Sir Edward Poynter. "Uncle Edward Poynter," I was told, was for many years President of the Royal Academy and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's. This honour was also offered when "Uncle Edward Burne-Jones" died in 1898 but his widow knew he would prefer his ashes to lie in the little green churchyard of St. Margaret's, Rottingdean.

I showed the grand "Sussex Edition" of Kipling's works that MacMillans so kindly gave me for Bateman's in 1940, and opening Volume I, "Plain Tales from the Hills," I pointed to the dedication "To the wittiest woman in India I dedicate this book." Proudly smiling, the little lady exclaimed "My Mother."

These 35 beautiful volumes exactly fill one shelf of the bookcase by the hall door; and in front of them stands a fine painted chest which Mrs. Fleming said had belonged to the King of Oudh. This sovereign she described as "a Mutiny gent," and explained that he was deposed by the British

Government and his possessions—which included "some many lions and tigers"—were sold. Lockwood Kipling recognised this chest as a museum piece of period about 1620, Chinese design, Indian workmanship, so bought it and in due course it found its way to Bateman's.

On the right, on leaving the hall, is the large brass tray of fine Benares workmanship. This, Mrs. Fleming said was her wedding present to R. K. and that it was always used for tea on the hall table at Bateman's.

Ascending the stairs we paused at the half-landing where the long, low window gives on to the garden with its pleached avenue of limes and background of yew hedges, the lily pool and rose beds with the immense willow tree rising as sentinel over all—a view unsurpassed in England—and Mrs. Fleming, pointing to the cushioned window seat said "I have seen three of my aunts sitting together in that window." These were Lady Poynter, Lady Burne-Jones, and Mrs. Baldwin. One can picture Burne-Jones feeling for his sketch-book!

We had hardly entered the study when I was called away, but Mrs. Fleming was deeply moved to see it all unaltered and exactly as her brother left it on the last day he used it. She said the round painted ruler on his desk was given him when he was eight years old.

All too soon the visit ended, but not without a promise to come again next summer and then to tell us more about this dear old house and its precious belongings which give such dignity and importance to my proud title—self bestowed—"Custos Batemani."

MRS. FLEMING'S LETTER.

Little had we done that summer day to earn the reward of the following letter which arrived from Edinburgh later:—

6 West Coats,
Edinburgh, 12.
17th Sept., 1945.

My dear Mr. Parish,

At last, at Jong last, I have the chance of thanking you for that Golden Day at Bateman's. A joy at the time, a jewel in memory.

I have been tiresomely busy and an

accident to my husband's eldest sister shortened my holiday. Her nursing home is at quite the other side of Edinburgh. "It takes a watch to steer her and a week to shorten sail"; and when I return I spend the rest of the day writing letters to her numerous relations.

I often thought of sending you a hasty note, but, like a greedy child, I saved the plums of your letter till I had really time to write.

Of course the first thing that struck me that Golden Day was that I had never seen Bateman's gardens looking so beautiful. In Rudyard's time they were never up to "Hampton Court standard" as they are now. I hope he sees them: I feel sure he does.

"For a loving Shadow that brings
no gloom
Broods in the dead man's favourite
room,
O'er his well loved books the spirit
lingers
With wistful eyes and caressing
fingers."

I had an almost overwhelming sense of his *being there* and even more in the house than the garden. It was all I could do not to tell you of him, very especially in his study.

Yet, though C. K. died there I was not at all conscious of her except for a moment in the dining room when I looked at your wife's sweet face in Carrie's chair. Strangely enough during my last visit to Bateman's after his death, I could not feel him at all. I felt lost and lonely; now, you have, as it were, given him back to me and I am unspeakably grateful. How have you brought back the very essence, I wonder: I suppose by those master magicians, Love and Sympathy. It was not only that the things were there in their old places, but the old spell was there too. I thought it had died with him; even Mick, his old Aberdeen lying on my feet could not bring back any shadow of Master in that last sad visit. But now you and yours have swept those mists away and how can I thank you enough?

I am so glad that your girl is making a beautiful young marriage. "New prows that seek the old Hesperides." I am making bold to send her a small

gift (an Egyptian scarf, white and silver, the kind that never tarnishes. I think they don't make them now) as a luck bringer. The pattern will show her how large and prosperous a household I wish her, so many camels and attendants.

kindest regards,
 Yours very sincerely,
 ALICE FLEMING.

Come again, Alice Fleming. Come to Bateman's. Here is his loved land of "Oak and Ash and Thorn;" here, in sight of Pook's Hill, you will find us keeping watch and ward over this his home: the home for thirty-three years of one of England's greatest sons—prophet, patriot, seer.

Keep Ye the Law

By JAMES McG. STEWART, K.C.
BRAEMAR, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

SHORTLY after World War No. 1, a number of Canadian Engineers came to the conclusion that the standards of their profession would be improved if entry into its ranks were made the occasion of a ceremony similar in purpose to those performed in the case of the Church, the Bar and the Medical Profession. Naturally their thoughts turned to him from whose pen and brain had come *M'Andrew's Hymn*, *The Sons of Martha*, *The Bridge Builders*, etc.

A RITUAL.

Kipling showed the keenest interest in their problem and enthusiasm in their solution. He produced for them a Ritual, simple, beautiful and impressive. The text was delivered into the keeping of Seven Wardens, each of whom had been at one time President of the Engineering Institute of Canada. The Wardens were authorized in their discretion to establish local Camps, each with their own Wardens, to whom the text of the Ritual is entrusted. The Camps meet from time to time as candidates are ready for their Call.

While in no sense a mystery, the Ritual is definitely not a matter for the public or the press. One part of it is, however, readily accessible. This is the "Obligation" subscribed to by the candidates and certified by the Camp Secretary. A copy of the Obligation may occasionally be seen framed and hanging on the wall of the office of a Professional Engineer.

The Ritual glows with the sure Kipling magic and its every phrase awakens memories of the best in his poetry and prose. In strength, simplicity and restraint it is the Master of English at his best.

There can be little doubt that the preparation of the Ritual was in turn the inspiration for one of Kipling's last poems, the *Hymn of the Breaking Strain*—("Daily Mail;" *The Engineer*, May 15th, 1935), published less than a year before his death. It is included in *Verse Definitive Edition*.

THE OBLIGATION.

The text of the Obligation is as follows:—

"I.....
in the presence of these my betters and my equals in my Calling, bind myself upon my Honour and Cold Iron, that, to the best of my knowledge and power, I will not henceforward suffer or pass, or be privy to the passing of, Bad Workmanship or Faulty Material in aught that concerns my works before men as an Engineer, or in my dealings with my own Soul before my Maker.

My Time I will not refuse; my Thought I will not grudge; my Care I will not deny towards the honour, use, stability and perfection of any works to which T may be called to set my hand.

My Fair Wages for that work I will openly take. My reputation in my Calling I will honourably guard; but I will in no way go about

to compass or wrest judgment or gratification from any one with whom I may deal. And further, I will early and warily strive my uttermost against professional jealousy or the belittling of my working-brothers, in any field of their labour.

For my assured failures and derelictions, I ask pardon before-

hand of my betters and my equals in my Calling here assembled; praying that in the hour of my temptations, weakness and weariness, the memory of this my Obligation and of the company before whom it was entered into may return to me to aid, comfort and restrain."

Letter Bag

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

THE FLAT EARTH THEORY.

I REMEMBER reading, nearly forty years ago, a series of magazine articles relating to a curious sect, known as the Zetetics (seekers), who zealously upheld the contention that the earth is flat. There can be little doubt that these peculiar people provided Kipling with the idea for his story, "The Village that voted the Earth was flat." The utterances of their protagonists certainly had their amusing side. For example, one of them declared that Commodore Peary's claim to have reached the North Pole was preposterous, "because it wasn't there."

Other adherents were nothing if not serious. They did not put forward the theory of the earth's flatness purely as an article of faith, but claimed to have proved it. The 'proof' was provided in this manner. A long straight stretch of water was selected in the Fen country; floating objects were placed on its surface, and it was then demonstrated that these floats were visible, on the water level, at a greater distance than would have been the case if the surface of the water corresponded with the superficies of a sphere of the same size as the earth. It is not for me to say whether there were any flaws in this experiment, as I have no knowledge of it at first hand. Even if we admit that this particular piece of water is flat, we cannot absolve the experimenters from the accusation of having broken

the Eighth Rule of Logic. A universal conclusion must not be assumed from a particular premise.—(Dr.) A. J. C. TINGEY, 55, Church St., Epsom, Surrey.

"KIPLING'S WORST SLIP."

I always feel that Kipling's reference to "knots per hour" was the error referred to by him, and there is at least one other instance of his using this expression besides that given in M'Andrew's Hymn, namely, in "A Fleet in Being."

In your December issue, however, you quote :—"what really would make a seaman shudder would be for a Novelist to say, for example, one ship was two knots away from another."

Kipling does use almost an identical expression in "Their Lawful Occasions" (my edition is dated 1904), when Mr. Hinchcliffe is asked—"what's her extreme economical radius" and the answer is "340 knots, down to swept bunkers." A couple of pages later in the same story Kipling says "the following wind beat down our smoke and covered all things with an inch-thick layer of stokers." Is this correct, or is it a slip for ashes or coal dust?

Incidentally Hinchcliffe was "prouder of having taken part in the Hat Crusade in his youth than of all his daring, his skill, and his nickel-steel nerve." Does any reader know what was the Hat Crusade? —ARCHIE MICHAELIS, Parliament House, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

The Kipling Society

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