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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

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

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## Notes

**R**UDYARD Kipling died on the 18th January, 1936. It is a memorable day for every member of the Kipling Society and the many lovers of the novelist and poet had his memory strongly in mind this year. The worth of his message has not been dimmed by the nineteen years that have passed since he was honoured with burial in Westminster Abbey.

The last book that he saw through the press had been published in 1933, but there remained the fragment of the autobiography, *Something of Myself*, which was given to the world in 1937. Almost half a century earlier a "Spectator" reviewer had detected the promise in a paper-covered edition of *Soldiers Three* and a notice of *Plain Tales from the Hills* appeared in the *Saturday Review*, probably from the pen of Andrew Lang, another early appreciator of the novelist-poet who was to be. This was the time when Sydney Low in the *St. James's Gazette* told of his meeting with "a small, dark young man in a bowler hat, a shabby tweed overcoat, an emphatic voice, a charming smile and a pair of the brightest of bright eyes." The public career of Kipling had commenced in real earnest.

It was very appropriate that the Royal Society of St. George gave Sir Winston Churchill a bronze bust of Kipling as an 80th birthday present. The inscription linked up the work of the two men in this phrase :

"One sung of the British Empire, and the other saved it."

### The Firm of Methuen

Today, the reprinted editions of Rudyard Kipling are closely associated with the firm of Macmillan & Co., but the first publisher of Kipling's poems was Sir Algernon Methuen. Methuen was born a Stedman and under his original name he founded a school at Highcroft, Milford. As part of his schoolmastering, young Stedman wrote a series of text-books which sold so well that he was tempted to open a publishing house in Bury Street, Bloomsbury. The first book he published was by Edna Lyall and he used his Christian name of Methuen. When, in 1889, Stedman gave up the school he became Algernon Marshall Stedman Methuen, and in 1892 he published *The Barrack Room Ballads*.

Kipling's verse did much to establish the fortunes of Methuen & Co.

### An Honour Shared with Hardy

One of the most treasured honours which came to Kipling in a long life was the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, an honour he shared with Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. The presentation was made in July, 1926, by Earl Balfour, and it was followed by a happy after-dinner speech prompted by a text which Kipling improvised for the occasion, *Fiction is Truth's elder sister*.

### Truth and Fiction

Obviously, as the poet - novelist

pointed out, " No one in the world knew what truth was until someone had told a story, so fiction is the oldest of the arts, the mother of history, biography, philosophy (dogmatic or doubtful) and, of course, politics. Fiction began when some man invented a story about another man. It developed when another man told tales about a woman."

The whole of the after-dinner speech is well worth disinterring from the "NewspaPere-la-Chaise" — Kipling's own description of the all-recording files. It includes the valuable truth that fiction differs from the other arts inasmuch as it refuses to admit the truth that it is not expedient to tell everyone everything.

Says Kipling : " There is no human emotion or mood which it is forbidden to assault. There is no canon of reserve or pity that needs to be respected —in fiction. Why should there be? The man, after all, is not telling the truth. He is only writing fiction. While he writes it, his world will extract from it just so much of truth or pleasure as it requires. In time, a little more or much less of the residue may be carried forward to the general account and there, perhaps, diverted to ends of which the writer never dreamed. The utmost a writer can hope is that there may survive of his work a fraction good enough to be drawn upon later, to uphold or embellish some ancient truth re-stated or some old delight re-born."

Not many writers of fiction have dared to be so unsparing of self-criticism, yet this address explains why Kipling never was the Jingo so many of his detractors have imagined. What he taught and believed was the God-given mission of the British race. National sloth and blindness were the things which filled him with wrath and he used his gifts of poetry and

story-telling to give his anger utterance. It is good to remember this at the time of the anniversary of his death, occasions when the great men of the nation are specially recalled.

### The Wolff Collection

In the last issue of the 'Journal' Mr. W. G. B. Maitland, our honorary librarian, gave some details of this generous bequest of rare (and many first) editions of Rudyard Kipling's early works. A further contribution relating to the gift appears on a later page. The 190 items now added to the Society's library have been housed at Newgate Street.

They were collected by Colonel M. A. Wolff and owed much to the judgment of Viscount Esher, who was a noted bibliophile in his day and owned many of Colonel Wolff's possessions. One of the most treasured is a perfect copy of the *Quartette*, the Christmas annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1885. All the sixteen items were by the Kipling family, our poet's father (2), his mother (4) and his sister (1), and the remaining nine were by Rudyard. Among them is the first version of *The Phantom Rickshaw*. At the time young Kipling was earning £6 10s. 0d. a month, but the writing opportunities led to *Plain Tales from the Hills* and fame.

The booklet, *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed by Rudyard's father and mother in India, when their boy was at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, is another treasure, if only because it contains the poem *The Night Before*, telling of the thoughts of a condemned man on the night before his execution and thus a forerunner of Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. The whimsical tribute to George Putnam, the publisher, which Kipling printed on a small hand press at "The Elms," Rottingdean, in 1900,

is another item. The Wolff collection will hold its generous donor in memory, as the 190 items will help to recall the Kipling of his struggling years.

### The Readers' Guide

Mr. R. E. Harbord reminds me that a forthcoming booklet issued by the Readers' Guide team will deal with the *Just So Stories* dating from 1897. Incidentally, it will treat of the initial "H" of *The Cat that walked by Himself* which I mentioned in my Notes in the last issue of *The Kipling Journal*. Look out for this addition to "Kiplingiana."

### A Kipling Memorandum

Can you recite the names of the *Seven Seas* and the *Five Nations*? In case you do not know the answers, here they are:

THE SEAS	THE NATIONS
North Atlantic	England
South Atlantic	Australia
North Pacific	Canada
South Pacific	New Zealand
Arctic Ocean	and
Antarctic Ocean	South Africa.
and	
Indian Ocean.	

ERNEST SHORT.

## Kipling the Conservative

By Noel Annan

(Fellow of King's College, Cambridge)

I SUPPOSE no writer of outstanding ability during the past twenty-five years has been treated rougher by intellectuals and literary critics than Rudyard Kipling. It isn't merely that they are revolted by his morality and despise his imperialism, or even that they regard him as a philistine or a boor. But they persist in believing that intellectually he was insignificant. For instance, when Mr. T. S. Eliot said that Kipling belonged to the Tory tradition, Mr. Lionel Trilling was on him like a knife. Kipling, said Trilling, had no place in a tradition honoured by Dr. Johnson, Burke and Walter Scott—Kipling had none of the *mind* of the great Tories.

As an intellectual I find this odd. I think Kipling was an exceedingly clever man who was, if anything, too full of ideas. Moreover, he

had an exceptionally clear apprehension of how the world worked. A few weeks ago I tried to describe this when I compared him to a sociologist. I didn't mean that he consciously thought about individuals and society as a sociologist does—he was an artist working through his sensibilities and uninterested in abstract analysis. I meant that his work as a whole gives the impression—at any rate, to me—of a man who subconsciously apprehends human beings moving in a network of social relationships which compel them to conform to certain codes of behaviour. And I suggested that the reason why he pursues in his stories, often vindictively, those who break these codes was that he felt in his bones that society is a fragile vessel: if people do not obey the rules it will disintegrate. At any rate, he doesn't strike me as a man devoid of mind, and I would like tonight to explain his mind—not the mind of the living man, but his mind as it appears through his stories—and let us see just how much he did contribute to

\*The first part of a *Third Programme* broadcast, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Noel Annan and the B.B.C. The second part will appear in our next issue.

Conservative thought, for although the man himself was a die-hard in politics, the writer was far more subtle and interesting.

### Man's Best Weapon

Knowledge, Kipling believed, was man's best weapon in meeting all that life threw at him—to be Stalky and knowing enabled you to fit into society and learn its ways. But how do we know things? Like most Conservative theorists, Kipling instinctively acknowledged Kant's dichotomy between Pure and Practical Reason. The argument is familiar. Scientific reasoning gives us knowledge about the laws of nature, but *real* knowledge about morals, people, religion—about the inner meaning of things—is of a different order. Experience, not abstract ratiocination, is the only guide, and a tradition of behaviour is more valuable than a set of moral rules and precepts. To Kipling, the folklore of Pook's Hill was a better guide to the feelings and needs of common people than treatises on their rights and sanctimonious schemes for their improvement. Science itself was not the enemy. As the bard of the engineer, Kipling would have nothing to do with the reactionary cant which maintains that science is an evil; for him it was a marvellous craft. But he is always pointing out that what has been discovered is as nothing to what will be discovered. In the story called *Wireless* the new invention of radio is dwarfed by the extraordinary transferences in the thought of the tubercular chemist's assistant who speaks Keats' poetry. Science should never challenge "true" knowledge because it was true only for its own time—our own science would appear to future generations as astrology does to us. Again in a story called *Unprofessional* Kipling pointed out

that scientific discoveries don't solve problems—they create new ones: a woman there is cured by a new treatment of a disease and *then* tries to commit suicide. The real enemy is not science but the cocksure attitude of those who believe that the scientific method solves all problems.

It follows, therefore, that Kipling always suspected actions initiated by rational conviction. A native's conversion to Christianity could never be more than skin-deep, a sophisticated Moslem's agnosticism would vanish at the sound of a religious riot, and an American's national idiosyncrasies would always reassert themselves in England. The wisdom of the colonial servants who knew all the gossip of their district was contrasted with the false knowledge of the radical politicians: the politicians who, by their pious Act of Parliament which illegalised the medical inspection of licensed brothels, had increased the rate of venereal disease in the Army.

As a corollary Kipling suspected other Liberal panaceas such as democracy and popular education because they enabled people to cut loose from the conventions of their class. Whereas the Liberal regards class distinctions as fetters forged by society which prevents equals from shaking hands, the Conservative regards them as valuable hall-marks enabling men to recognise how they stand in relation to each other. And what is true of class is no less true, so he thought, for races. Kipling could write with sympathy in *Without Benefit of Clergy* of a liaison between an Englishman and an Indian woman: but the idyll ends with the death of wife and child and the demolition of the very house which they inhabited.

Separate cultures cannot be bridged by love, for love itself is institutionalised by marriage. Similarly, he did

not believe that the English genius for government could be transmitted to Indians by bureaucratic fiat : only on the level of the Higher Law where strength recognised strength could East and West meet. Power for him meant power-to-do-good, and he did not fear it as Liberals do when they try to restrict it by governmental checks and balances, because he thought it would be limited by the natural conflict of social forces within the State.

### The Word Happiness

Kipling enjoyed the spectacle of this natural conflict and here again he offends Liberal sensibilities. Liberals regard man's happiness as the supreme goal and the object of government and of science should be to help him to achieve that goal. The Conservative distrusts the word happiness. In his worst moments he is apt to argue that the abolition of slavery is merely a piece of legislation which in no way affected the lives of the slaves—but even when he admits that happiness is a reality he will frequently define it as a state of mind which recognises where the self fits into the scheme of things—a state of mind which recognises hard facts and knows that spring cannot forever be spring and that winter succeeds autumn. A series of Kipling's stories from *The Walking Delegate* to *The Tie* all emphasise the necessity of men and

animals to know their place and to realise that happiness is a goal which has often to be sacrificed to other goals. "The game is more than the player of the game and the ship is more than the crew," says Kipling in a rare mood of Hegelianism. But whereas the older generation of nineteenth-century Conservatives put their trust in a hierarchical society as the best means of controlling the natural conflict of interests within society, Kipling had little use for aristocracies. He thought of himself as belonging to the new classes arising in late Victorian England, the classes of experts, governors, skilled workers and technicians, and his genius lay in describing the emotions of these men. He delighted in the spectacle of a dynamic society bursting at the seams, untidy, full of rascals, and shrewd men operating on a shoe-string ready to exploit any sucker. A world without hardness, a world in which men's rights were scrupulously weighed, was for him a devitalised world. Action was good in itself, and so long as the individual was not in the strict sense of the word eccentric, the more daring his behaviour, the greater the addition of joy in the world. Stalky is the prototype of this socialised individualism. Joy in action and its re-vitalising influence outweighed the suffering it caused.

(To be concluded)

## " Talk-About-Kipling " Meeting

THE meeting advertised in the " Kipling Journal " for December, 1954, was held at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, on the afternoon of January 18th, 1955. Despite illness and icy weather, well over 30 members and guests assembled, and we had a most interesting general discussion lasting 1¼ hours, followed by a buffet tea which gave individuals the chance to continue the talk with each other.

Points discussed included Kipling the Christian ; the need for a really cheap edition of his works ; two hardy annuals : Kipling's 'mistakes' and " The Brushwood Boy " ; and some delightful personal recollections of

Kipling by one of our lady members. Needless to say, only very little could be covered in so short a time, and we were perhaps inclined to concentrate overmuch on criticism at the expense of admiration. Several members, however, expressed the hope that we might have more such meetings, and with this encouragement we should be able, next time, to delve deeper into our author's work, and demonstrate to one another not its very rare errors but its innumerable beauties. One question stumped everybody : What drinks are " L L L " and " Christopher " ? (Plain Tales — " In Error " ). Any ideas ?

A.E.B.P.

# The Chronology of Stalky & Co.

By Roger Lancelyn Green

[The first part of the following article appeared in the December 1954 issue of 'The Kipling Journal']

**H**AD Kipling left *Stalky & Co.* as published in 1899, all would be well with the chronology already described—but the four additional stories demand drastic reconsideration. *The Propagation of Knowledge* might have found place in the already overcrowded July, 1881, and *Regulus* more easily in November of the same year: but the other two stories are not so accommodating.

To begin with, Dick Four & Co. figure largely in both of them—and just to complicate matters, they are living in the study immediately under that occupied by Stalky & Co.—in other words, what was Mr. King's study in *Slaves of the Lamp*—and so neither story can have happened in the term when Rabbits' Eggs "rocked" it. All three adventures apparently happen in the Winter Term: the most obvious alternative is to fit in an extra year. One would like to put both stories back to the winter before *Slaves of the Lamp*, but unfortunately Kipling has, for some inexplicable reason, gone out of his way to date *The United Idolators* definitely and firmly as September-October, 1882. Accepting this, we cannot possibly place *The Last Term* earlier than December, 1883—and even this stretches credulity, since *Slaves of the Lamp*, Part II (p. 425), definitely implies that Stalky had already passed through Sandhurst, since he went to Egypt as a Regular Army officer in 1884!

*The United Idolators* turns on *Uncle Remus*, which was published in America in 1880. It is uncertain

whether it could have reached England by the summer of that year, definitely it could not have been until 1881 that it infected the school, since (p. 209) it followed the *Patience* craze—and *Patience* had its first performance on April 23rd, 1881.

## At Westward Ho !

To turn for a moment to the facts of Kipling's career at Westward Ho !, the basis for the story was recorded by A. A. Milne in a review of *Uncle Remus* in *The Sunday Times*, September 25th, 1949, where he says that Kipling told him that "it ran like wildfire through an English public school when I was about fifteen." This would be 1881: Kipling left Westward Ho ! when he was just over sixteen and a half—in July, 1882. The actual craze need not, of course, have taken place in the Winter Term—though it must have done so if the *Patience* reference is correct, and if Kipling was fifteen and not sixteen: Kipling may have wanted the Winter Term for his story—but why not the Winter Term of 1881?

But we cannot escape from 1882: "*Uncle Remus* was a popular holiday gift-book in Shotover's year: when Cetewayo lived in Melbury Road, Arabi Pasha in Egypt, and Spofforth on the Oval" (p. 208). Cetewayo arrived in England on August 3rd, 1882; Arabi Pasha was active in Egypt that year, being defeated at Tel-el-Kebir on September 13th, and 1882 was the only year when F. R. Spofforth, the "Demon Bowler," monopolised cricketing news.

Nor can we easily make it the same year as *Slaves of the Lamp*: **Dick Four & Co.**'s study was "across the

same landing" from Number Five (p. 71), and King's study was "immediately below" Number Five (p. 77). In *The United Idolators* (p. 208) "Dick Four . . . inhabited the study below"—directly below in *The Satisfaction of a Gentleman* (p. 361). Nevertheless, let us try to do so—and see where we find ourselves.

In *Slaves of the Lamp* the Term is nowhere mentioned: one merely assumes the Winter Term. Dick Four "had passed his Army Preliminary and hoped to enter Sandhurst next Spring" (p. 71); it is dark outside, and King is "very visible in the gas-light" (p. 89); that certainly suggests the Winter Term. Nevertheless, if we refer to *The Propagation of Knowledge* (p. 331) we find that the Army Preliminary Examination took place at the end of the Summer Term. Then again, there is no reason why Rabbits'-Eggs should not have "rocked" King's study so late in the evening that dusk had fallen—particularly as there was no "Daylight Saving" in 1882. Finally, a minor point, if we assume that Stalky & Co. had recently been smoking in the Bunkers—and pretending they had been stuffing birds (p. 94)—the summer is a more likely time for such outdoor proceedings than the winter. We must remember, too, that *Aladdin* was a private production to be given in a study and (if we may use outside knowledge for a moment) that there was an official school entertainment, with a full-length play, each December.

### The Chronology

Accepting this, it is just possible to make out a reasonable chronology for *The Complete Stalky & Co.* as follows:—

1877 Stalky & Co. came to the College—Beetle in the Summer

Term (p. 103), Stalky and Turkey the year before.

1880 Easter Term: *Stalky*. They had had "three years skirmishing against an unsympathetic peasantry" (p. 13), and the time of year (p. 5).

1881 Summer Term: *In Ambush*. "For the fifth summer in succession . . . —this was before they reached the dignity of a study" (p. 31).

1882 Easter Term: *The Flag of their Country*. It began in winter, and went on for some time (p. 297). "The island was then entering upon five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule: and the General did not like what he had seen of it" (p. 316). Gladstone had been Premier since April, 1880—but it was not until 1881 that the betrayal of the Transvaal occurred: we can hardly put it any later—in spite of the fact that most of the volunteers (but Stalky is not specifically included) were "going up for Sandhurst or the Shop in less than a year" (p. 308).

Summer Term: *Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. I*. "Six years" (p. 82)—roughly correct for Stalky—he was in his sixth year, having been at school five years and nearly two terms. The time must be late July, since Dick Four had passed his Army Preliminary—but the dating of this story is the most difficult of any (see above).

September-October: *The United Idolators*. For time of year see p. 203, and for the actual year see p. 208. Dick Four & Co. were now in King's late study, directly under Number Five (p. 208).

November : *Regulus*. For the month see p. 229—and it was the Army Class—which Dick Four & Co. would just have left, and Stalky & Co. just entered, or entered recently.

December : *The Satisfaction of a Gentleman*. It was winter (p. 361), Tertius was a Prefect as well as Pussy (p. 363)—who alone had been a Prefect in *Slaves of the Lamp*.

1883 Easter Term: *A Little Prep*. The term is given (p. 265), no other indication. But Stalky and Turkey are in the Second Fifteen—and there is no reference to Dick Four & Co.

July : *The Propagation of Knowledge*. The month is given (p. 331), and as the Army Preliminary Examination takes place that term, we can assume that Stalky & Co. were in their last year.

July : *An Unsavoury Interlude*. "It was a blazing July afternoon" (p. 9<sup>o</sup>), and Stalky says to Beetle, "You've been here six years," while five summers ago Beetle was still "a water funk" (the previous summer having been his first term)—p. 103. Beetle was thus in the first term of his seventh year.

July : *The Impressionists*. This follows the previous story almost immediately—and is two years after *In Ambush* (p. 138).

July : *The Moral Reformers*. This again follows its predecessor immediately (p. 171), and Beetle suggests that he

came to the school when he was eleven, and is now sixteen (p. 176).

December : *The Last Term*. It is winter (p. 403); it is a year after Dick Four and Pussy Abanazar left (p. 391); and they have been at the school for seven years (p. 392).

1896 Summer : *Slaves of the Lamp, Pt. II*. The season is summer (p. 422), and it is fifteen years since the *Aladdin* production (p. 423). The story was first published in May of the following year.

As far as outside facts are concerned, this final chronology almost coincides with Dunsterville's career. He was born in 1865, came to Westward Ho! at the beginning of 1876, and left in 1883—but after the Summer Term, securing his commission at Sandhurst in August, 1884.

To suit Kipling's career it would be better if the whole chronology could be moved one year back (though even so Kipling left after the Summer Term of 1882)—and this would probably put any adventures based on real facts at more nearly the dates when they actually happened, or were imagined to have happened by Kipling at the moment of writing (besides putting *The Flag of their Country* a year nearer the beginning of Gladstone's second ministry!). But to ignore the definite date in *The United Idolators* (in spite of regrettable precedents set up by the critics of Dr. Watson's narratives) would be utterly contrary to the rules of this new and fascinating form of playtime research!

\* \* \*

NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are: LONDON—Major-General Sir John Taylor, Lord Sidmouth, Mr. E. S. Moore, Mr. T. Crawford.

# R.K.'s Use of Historical Material

By Ann M. Weygandt

(Department of English, University of Delaware)

[This is the first of a series of extracts from a paper delivered at the University of Delaware in 1954, being a study of Kipling's use of historical material in "Brother Squaretoes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself." Reproduced from "Delaware Notes" by courtesy of and with acknowledgments to the University Committee on Publications and the Author.]

THERE is more than one reason why an author's use of historical material may be interesting to a researcher; some of these reasons are valid for him alone; some, he hopes, for others as well. Because I have been a Kipling enthusiast since the age of four, when *Just So Stories* was read to me, anything that concerns him interests me, and I may be said, in a sense, to have been occupied with Kipling's use of historical material all my life—or at least since I read *Puck of Pook's Hill* at eight, and asked my mother if 1066 was more than three hundred years ago. The world at large, incurious about the details of Kiplingiana, cannot be supposed to share a desire to explore Kipling's knowledge of history merely because it is his. But even those who have not an early-established devotion to Kipling" may feel the detective's interest in tracing down material in widely separated sources—in discovering, for instance, that "A Doctor of Medicine" draws upon Culpeper's *Herbal*; the Sussex Archaeological Association's publications; Antony à Wood's seventeenth-century compilation, *Athenæ Oxoniensis*; and modern findings on the way in which the bubonic plague is spread.

## The Creative Process

Yet, though the detective interest

is, I think, of general appeal, it seems to me that the most important reason for investigating a writer's use of historical material, and the one that has the strongest claim on the interest of the public, is the light such an investigation casts on the creative process—the way in which it shows the author at work, taking this bit of material and rejecting that, forming his conception of historical characters and blending fact and his knowledge of human nature to make Washington, or Talleyrand, or Henry VII come alive—catching from documents the spirit of an age or a place, and contriving to reproduce it. A study of an author's methods is always of interest, but the outsider, the literary critic, usually has, if the author deals with the present time, no means of identifying exactly any portion of the author's material—unless the author obligingly says "Matilda is a portrait of my Aunt Jenny, and the town pictured is Newark, Delaware." (I leave aside, for the moment, the question as to whether the best authors of fiction ever give detailed pictures of actual people.) Even though the critic appears to have an advantage when concerned with contemporary material, since he knows contemporary life, and may even know the region or the milieu the author is describing, he is, in a way, dealing with intangibles when he tries to assess his author's character-drawing. He knows whether he can believe in the people or not, but he does not know much that is definite or specific about the author's raw material. The critic of a historical novelist or short-story writer can hope to see precisely what his

author has done with at least part of his material, and can guess, pretty accurately, why. He cannot, of course, solve the mystery involved in the creation of plot and incident; guess, with any certainty of correctness, how it occurred to Kipling, for instance, to associate a Sussex smuggler's adventures with Washington's reasons for insisting on peace with England in 1793 and 1794; but he can see how the background was built up, and imagine, if he feels brave, what some of the author's mental processes in working up to his "inspiration" were.

### A Study of Two Stories

The points I have just made can be illustrated by a study of two short stories by Kipling—"Brother Square-Toes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself." But these tales cannot be considered in isolation. They must, in order for us to understand them fully, be allotted their place in the scheme followed in two related collections of short stories, *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. These books deal with episodes in English history seen in their relation to Kipling's own villages of Burwash and Rottingdean, Sussex. In the opening tale of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Kipling's two children act the fairy parts of *Midsummer Night's Dream* three times over on midsummer eve in a fairy ring under Puck's Hill. If the fairies had still been there in numbers, Kipling tells us, they would have come swarming out, for the children have stumbled on the process for "breaking the hills"; however, only Puck is left to come, and he promises that in lieu of seeing the People of the Hills, the children shall "see what they shall see and hear what they shall hear though it shall have happened three thousand year." First Puck himself tells them the story of Weland's Sword, made

by a forgotten god for a young Saxon; then a Norman knight who came over with William the Conqueror and was given the manor on which the children live, recounts his adventures. A Roman centurion who paused at Burwash on his way north to Hadrian's Wall explains how it feels to defend a frontier post without relief. And so on. Finally, a Jewish money-lender sees to it that King John lacks the cash he needs to defy the barons, and that Magna Charta demands that justice be denied to "none," rather than to "no free man." In the second volume, *Rewards and Fairies*, the theme is the service rendered to an unthinking and often ungrateful public by a series of men—among them Laënnec, the inventor of the stethoscope; Nicholas Culpeper, the astrological herbalist; Sir Francis Drake; and Queen Elizabeth I. In the two stories with which I am now dealing, Washington is the man who is reviled for doing what he knows to be right and best for his country.

I should not like to give the impression that this series of tales is distressingly didactic. It does not read like a collection of tracts, but principles of behaviour can be deduced from it. Kipling tells us in Chapter VII of *Something of Myself* that it was intended to be "a sort of balance to, as well as seal upon, some aspects of my 'Imperialistic' output in the past," and points out that his "underwood [underpinning?]" is "What else could I have done?" A character in each story says or implies this somewhere; the idea is that what he has done is his duty, and hence inescapable.

The two stories, "Brother Square-Toes" and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," centre around the same Sussex man, Pharaoh Lee, an Aurette from

France on his mother's side, a gypsy on his father's, and a smuggler on both. His French cousins run contraband across the channel for Pharaoh and his father to pick up and take inland. In January, 1793, Pharaoh's smack is swamped by a French frigate taking the new ambassador of the French Republic, Genet, to America.<sup>1</sup> Pharaoh, since no other means of escape offers itself, slides into a porthole on the *Embuscade* (Captain Bompard) and pretends to be a newly pressed member of her crew. (Pretence is necessary, because King Louis has just been guillotined and France is on the point of declaring war on England.) On board he hears Genet explaining to anyone who will listen that he will force the United States to join with France in the war. Pharaoh contracts a fever shortly before the frigate docks at Charleston, and, during his convalescence, acts as the surgeon's assistant. But his illness recurs, he loses consciousness, and comes to himself looking out at "a town o' fine gardens and red-brick houses"—Philadelphia. The smell of lilacs entices him ashore, where he runs after an Indian in a red blanket, and is taken by him to Toby Hirte, a fiddle-playing apothecary who specializes in Seneca Oil and Von Swieten's pills. Toby buys Pharaoh from the ship's doctor, partly because Pharaoh fiddles and partly because he knows about pills. He has secured at once an employee, a partner in duet-playing, and a new member for the Moravian Church, to which he takes Pharaoh on the Sunday following his "purchase." Early on the Monday morning they start off together for Toby's summer place in Lebanon. Later Toby returns to Philadelphia to help in the yellow fever epidemic,<sup>2</sup> and Pharaoh goes off to the reservation with Toby's Indian friends, Red Jacket and Corn-

planter, chiefs who know Washington and are very anxious that there be no war between the United States and England. In their eagerness to find out what will happen, they ride from Canasedago in New York to Mount Vernon, Pharaoh going along, and are hiding in the woods when Washington listens to Genet demanding that he join France against England. Washington is non-committal to Genet, but when Genet is gone and only his cabinet remain, they take up Genet's plea. Washington says that the United States has neither the ships nor other resources for such a war,<sup>3</sup> and that there will be peace with England on England's terms even if he is burned in effigy in every city in the country.<sup>4</sup> The Indians come up when the cabinet has gone, explain their errand, and announce that they will repeat to their tribe what Washington says. He tells them only to say that there will be no war; the rest of the talk was not meant for them. This episode concludes the first story.

(To be continued)

<sup>1</sup> "Brother Square-Toes," *Rewards and Fairies*, American Trade Edition, New York, 1910, 157. Louis XVI was guillotined on January 21, 1793. Genet, although he left Paris for Rochefort on January 23, did not sail until February 21, but this information was not readily available when Kipling wrote the story. See Louis Franklin Facio Genet, "Edmond Charles Genet," *Journal of American History* VI, Part II, 1912, 493.

<sup>2</sup> Kipling carefully represents Hirte as reading of the fever in the *Aurora*, in actual fact Hirte's favorite newspaper. "Brother Square-Toes," 170; Abraham Ritter, *History of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia*, Philadelphia, 1857, 248.

<sup>3</sup> In a letter written on June 14, 1793, to Washington about Genet, Henry Lee says he has told Genet that the United States has "no fleet, no army, no money to authorize us to take a part in the war with effect."

See Jared Sparks, *Writings of Washington*, Boston, 1836, X, 541.

<sup>4</sup> For the burning in effigy of un-

popular figures on July 4, 1795, see William Cobbett, *Porcupine's Works*, II, London, 1801, footnote on 272-273

## A Reader's Guide

IT is gratifying to learn that the work of preparation of a Reader's Guide to Kipling's Works, to which we referred in our last issue, has made further progress. The following note reaches us from Mr. R. E. Harbord, the originator of the project:

To The Hon. Editor,

### THE KIPLING JOURNAL

On behalf of my collaborators and myself, I thank you for your encouraging article in the December number of the "Kipling Journal" and for having published several letters about the proposed Reader's Guide in "Journal" No. 107 and others following it.

A considerable number of stories have now been carefully reviewed, notably the 14 *Just So Stories*, and we hope to make these reports available

shortly in booklet form. This may become the first of a series, but its immediate purpose is to enable members to express their opinions as to the idea and usefulness of the work.

The cost of this first booklet will be 2s. 6d. post free.

We hope you will be able to print this letter in the April number of the "Journal." By that time the little book will be ready and members can immediately send orders direct to The Kipling Society, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I, or to my address. Bulk orders from Branches and members will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very sincerely,

R. E. HARBORD.

Spring Grange Private Press, Wood End, Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts, England.

## Filibuster

NOW Tomlinson gave up the ghost at his flat near Edgware Road,  
 And a spirit took him by the hair, which poetically flowed,  
 And said, "Come up aloft with me to the highest court of Heaven,  
 And tell us all of good and bad, and let there be judgment given."  
 So Tomlinson put on his shoes and grabbed his Note Books three,  
 And up to the highest court of Heaven he followed cheerfully.  
 The white light shone about the throne, and a Voice said, "Tomlinson,  
 Take off your shoes and open your books and We'll see what you have done."  
 So Tomlinson laid by his shoes and he opened Note Book One,  
 And he read all the best and the worst of him which he in youth had done.  
 Then the light above the throne grew dim, and Tomlinson began  
 To fear that what he in youth had writ was unworthy of a man.  
 So he picked up Note Book Number Two, the product of middle age,  
 And he read the best and the worst of him at this rich maturer stage,  
 And the light about the throne went low, and Tomlinson took fright,  
 And feared that the poems of his middle age were not really very bright.  
 So he grabbed at his Note Book Number Three, and read in hasty alarm,  
 And the light round the throne went nearly out, and he feared eternal harm.  
 So all in a hurry he started to speak, and he spoke an extempore ode  
 As he tried to delay his doom, and he wished himself back on the Edgware Road.  
 Then the light came up about the throne, and the Voice said, "Tomlinson,  
 By this effort in emergency you have conquered; enter, son."

MARGARET MARTYN.

## Library Note

### THE WOLFF COLLECTION\*

By W. G. B. Maitland

IN continuing the survey of the "Wolff Collection," a response must be made to requests for a more detailed description of *Echoes* and *Schoolboy Lyrics*, to which reference was made in the first instalment of these Notes, and the following may be of interest :

*Echoes*, by *Two Writers* is a small book of verses by Rudyard Kipling and his sister, Beatrice Kipling. The book contains 39 poems, of which Kipling wrote 32, and most of them are parodies of various poets, namely, Browning, Cowper, Emerson, Swinburne and others. Four of the poems were written whilst he was still at school. All of them are to be found in Charles Scribner's "Outward Bound" edition and also in *Early Verse*, published by Macmillan & Co. in their "Edition de Luxe."

*Schoolboy Lyrics*, 1881 was Kipling's first book and it was printed by his parents in India whilst he was still at school at Westward Ho ! It contains 23 poems and all, except one, were reprinted in *Early Verse* and the "Outward Bound" edition. The one exception is the poem, *The Night Before*, which has never been reprinted in any other volume. It tells the thoughts of a condemned murderer the night preceding his execution.

This copy of *Schoolboy Lyrics* replaces one presented to the Society by Mrs. Fleming and which was later sold. It was described in *The Kipling Journal*, No. 80. Both of these two little books of verse are very scarce indeed.

\* *The first part of these Notes on the Wolff Collection appeared in our issue of December, 1954.*

Also amongst the rarer items is the little-known *The First Assault upon the Sorbonne*. When published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, in 1922 it was limited to fifty copies only. It contains but ten pages of text and is printed in French with the English translation on opposite pages.

It is a rather droll story of how three young French students in Paris, who, having failed their examinations at the Sorbonne, proceed to voice their displeasure in the early hours of the morning outside the walls of the Sorbonne itself and what befell them when a gendarme appeared on the scene. It is written in a style slightly reminiscent of "The Just So Stories." It has never been collected save in the "Sussex Edition," where it appears in Volume XXX, *Uncollected Prose*.

*Recessional*, as most of us know, appeared first in the 'Times' on July 17th, 1897, but what is not generally known is that it was first reprinted in a book of Kipling's verse published by William Doxey, of San Francisco, in 1897 in *The Lark Classics*, with the title *Barrack-Room Ballads and Recessional*, etc. The copy in Colonel Wolff's Collection is a fine one.

For those interested in the finer points of the various editions of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, the *Lark Classics* copy contains only 16 *Ballads* and 19 "Other Verses" from *Departmental Ditties*. *Recessional* being the last one.

The famous Pirate Edition of *Barrack-Room Ballads* was also one of Colonel Wolff's acquisitions. This "pirate" appeared in 1904 and was sold in the streets "Price One Penny."

It consists of 20 poems only and was immediately suppressed. Apart from being something in the nature of a collector's piece, it has little to commend itself.

Another item of special interest is a First Edition of *The Benefactors*. One of 91 copies printed for private distribution, it first appeared in the 'National Review' and 'American Magazine' in July, 1912. The story was not reprinted until the "Sussex Edition" was published, where it was collected in Vol. XXX. Briefly summarised, it is a tale of the development of the arts and sciences as being due to the urgent need of the weaker man to protect himself against a stronger, thus making him a benefactor to the human race, and describes a public revolt against the labour unions. The scene and action are in Hades.

*The Last Relief* — 'Ludgate Monthly,' May 1891. This copy of the long-defunct 'Ludgate Monthly' is of great rarity, and the story, *The Last Relief*, is another of the many uncollected pieces of Kipling's work. Uncollected, that is (except for certain American unauthorised versions of *Plain Tales from the Hills*), until it finally appeared in the "Uncollected Prose" volume of the "Sussex Edition."

Why it was left to remain 'on the file' is hard to say, for it most properly belongs to the "Plain Tales" series and tells of a Government official who was recalled from leave in Simla to duty in the Plains during the height of the Hot Season, and of his bitter disappointment, ending in his suicide, together with some strange events connected with his death.

Of the "Limited Editions," one, limited to 66 copies, "privately printed," is *Collah-Wallah and the Poison-stick*, collected only in the

"Sussex Edition," which originally appeared in 'St. Nicholas Magazine,' February 1893. An amusing little tale describing the cunningness of a monkey in India which had once been kept in captivity, as a collar round its neck indicates, and of how it used to climb through the windows of the narrator's house to steal things.

The copy in Colonel Wolff's Collection is unusual in that it has a misprint in the title—"Collah" being misprinted for "Collar."

Amongst the American Copyright Issues, two are worthy of special notice, namely, *The Gods of the Copy-book Headings* and the *Author's Notes on the Names in the Jungle Books*. The first of these carries the inscription: "To Hugh Walpole, from Joseph Conrad," and is of great interest since Conrad had a very high regard for Kipling's work. It is also a pretty compliment from one great author to another.

The second of these two Copyright Issues consists of a list of all the Hindustani or native names, with a note on how to pronounce them, together with the English translation.

A few examples are Akela, pronounced *Uk-kay-la* (with accent on *kay*), meaning 'alone'; Mowgli, pronounced *Mowglee* with accent on *mow*. Kipling says he made it up and, as far as he knew, it does not mean 'Frog' in any language. Nag, pronounced *Narg*, is the native name for 'Cobra.' Incidentally, these notes on the pronunciations were never included in any edition of the *Jungle Books*. A similar, but shorter, list appeared in *A Kipling Reader*, published by Doubleday, Doran, New York, 1928.

A unique item in the "Collection" is *A Life of George Haven Putnam*. It is printed on two sheets of crepe

paper, on the second sheet of which in Kipling's handwriting in the following inscription: "Printed by Rudyard Kipling on a small hand-press at his house, 'The Elms,' Rottingdean, 1900."

Although not exactly complimentary, it is in jocular vein and is intended to be an appreciation of Mr. Putnam's interest in unauthorised editions of Kipling's works. It is not mentioned in either the Martindell or Livingstone Bibliographies.

In the 'Fishing Gazette' for December 13th, 1890, appeared an account of a fishing experience Kipling had had and to which he gave the title "On Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art." It is a most amusing tale of how, when dry-fly fishing, he accidentally hooked a cow, and what happened as a result. Never collected, except in the "Sussex Edition," it was reprinted with the author's permission in 1926 by Bruce Rogers for The Rowfant Club in Cleveland, Ohio. It was limited to 176 copies. It is one of the choicer pieces in Colonel Wolff's Collection.

A very full description of this interesting item of Kiplingiana was given by Mr. Lawson Lewis in the *Kipling Journal*, December 1944.

*Kipling's Advice to "The Hat"* is a little booklet produced in the town of Medicine Hat, Alberta, in 1923. It contains two letters—one from Mr. Francis Watt to Kipling, and Kipling's reply. Mr. Watt, a leading citizen of the town, in his letter refers to two visits which Kipling had paid to Medicine Hat and of the interest he had shewn in it. Mr. Watt goes on to explain how the name "Medicine Hat" ". . . has grown warm in our hearts: here we courted our sweethearts, married, and begot our children, and have built our homes

. . ." He explains that some newcomers, 'Sons of Belial,' have risen ". . . and want to change the name of the city. It smacks too much of the Injin, etc." The "Old Timers," as Mr. Watt describes the City Fathers, have decided to put their question to the ratepayers. He concludes his letter by appealing to Kipling for help with a few words of encouragement in combating the heretics. "Your influence here is great. If it is shewn that you are against the proposition it will help us materially."

Kipling's response to this appeal was immediate and full of sympathy and understanding. He praises the name: "Let us examine the name—Medicine Hat. I seem to remember a few names across the border such as Schenectady, Podunk, Poughkeepsia, Potomac, Cohdes, etc." He continues that all of them seem rather curious to the outsider, and explains that once these places were young and new and in process of making themselves. They were ancestors with a duty to posterity—a duty they fulfilled by handing on their names intact. "Medicine Hat," wrote Kipling, "is an ancestor." His letter is a long one and he writes strongly, as the concluding words shew: "What, then, should a city be re-christened that has sold its name—Judasville?"

These letters originally appeared in the *Medicine Hat News*, December 22nd, 1923, and have never been collected.

This completes a general survey of "The Wolff Collection." Smaller, but none-the-less interesting, items will be dealt with from time to time in future Literary Notes.

*CORRECTION.* In the previous instalment of *Notes on the Wolff Collection* ("K.J." No. 112, December 1954, p. 13—'Quartette') it was stated

that eleven of the items were by Rudyard Kipling. This should read 'nine.' Also it was stated that the Kipling letter in 'The Horsmonden School Budget' had "never been reprinted." It was, in fact, reprinted in the

'Academy' of 21.5.1898, as mentioned in "Some Academy' Extracts" appearing on page 15 of the December 1954 "K.J." Our contributor was, of course, unaware of this when he wrote the first instalment.—Ed., "K.J."

## More "Academy" Extracts—1898-1901

(We thank Mr. T. E. Elwell for the following further extracts relating to Rudyard Kipling, taken from 'The Academy'—a journal devoted to "literature, learning, science and art"—of various dates from 1898 onwards.)

### 11/6/1898

"Paperknife," writing in the *Cape Times*, adds another to the portraits of Mr. Kipling. Thus: "A small man, dressed to match his old pipe—and rather fond of cutting jokes at his own expense on both scores—with prominent spectacles and prominent chin, dark moustache, keen dark eyes, keen expression, quick movements, and astonishingly quick rejoinders in talking: the distinctive note of him was keenness altogether, but sympathetic keenness. Somehow one began with an idea that he would be a rather cocksure and self-confident person. He is, of course, quite young; far younger than he looks—it was those long early years of hard, unrecognised newspaper work in India that 'knocked the youth out of him'; he is ridiculously young to be so famous and to have earned his fame by so much entirely solid work, political, or rather national, as well as literary. Nevertheless, as one enthusiast expressed it, 'he puts the least side on of any celebrity I ever met.'"

In the same article we find that Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wallace—the private soldier who wrote the invitation to Mr. Kipling in Barrack-room style—grew to be upon excellent terms together. Mr. Wallace asked advice concerning his future. Mr. Kipling advised him to continue writing "soldier things" and to continue being a soldier, and Mr. Wallace intends to do so. Mr. Kipling also copied for his pupil a stanza of the "Song of the Banjo"; and, says "Paperknife" "it is safe to guess

that Mr. Wallace's last shirt will be pawned before that scrap of paper."

### 4/2/1899

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is now in America on a short visit, recently presented a set of his works to a captain in the American Navy, accompanied by these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,  
And I do things with a pen,  
But you sit up in a conning tower  
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,  
And I take care of mine;  
But you take care of ten thousand tons  
Sky-shooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,  
And I can handle my style;  
But you can handle a ten-inch gun  
To carry seven mile.

### 11/3/1899

Mr. Kipling, we are glad to say, continues to improve in health; but his eldest child, Josephine, who was also struck down by pneumonia, died on Monday. Owing partly to the necessity for keeping this calamity from Mr. Kipling during his present state, and also from other reasons, Mrs. Kipling felt constrained to request that the papers would refrain from treating her little girl's death as a public matter, and they have unanimously complied with the wish. As Mrs. Kipling put it, her husband was the property of English-speaking races, but her daughter was hers alone.

In thinking of the death of this gifted child, whom friends of the family unite in describing as one possessed of extraordinary charm and character, some lines of Stevenson's have continually recurred to us. With a slight modification they are sadly applicable:

Yet, O stricken hearts, remember,  
 O remember  
 How of human days she lived the  
 better part.  
 April came to bloom and never dim  
 December  
 Breathed its killing chills upon the  
 head or heart.  
 Doomed to know not Winter, only-  
 Spring, a being  
 Trod the flowery April blithely for  
 a while,  
 Took her fill of music, joy of thought  
 and seeing,  
 Came and stayed and went, nor  
 ever ceased to smile.  
 Came and stayed and went, and now  
 when all is finished  
 You alone have crossed the melan-  
 choly stream;  
 Yours the pang, but she, O she, the  
 undiminished,  
 Undecaying gladness, undeparted  
 dream.  
 All that life contains of torture, toil,  
 and treason,  
 Shame, dishonour, death, to her  
 were but a name.  
 Here, a child, she dwelt through all  
 the singing season,  
 And ere the day of sorrow  
 departed as she came.

The German Emperor's telegram to Mrs. Kipling expressing sympathy for her and her husband has led the German press into a strange error. With few exceptions, the papers consider Mr. Kipling to be an American.

## 25/5/1901

Mr. Kipling has lost the suit which he brought against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for breach of copyright. Messrs. Putnam send us the following statement: "The jury was not called upon to pass an opinion upon the issues presented. The judge directed a verdict in favour of the

defendants, which means that in the opinion of the court the charges of the plaintiff were without foundation. The case has been in train for nearly two years, during which time the defendants have done what was practicable to hasten the trial. They were from the beginning confident that Mr. Kipling's action had been based on some serious misapprehensions, and that he had doubtless been misled by his legal adviser. They find renewed regret that in place of leaving his counsel instructed to take the matter into court, Mr. Kipling had not been prepared to meet the suggestion for adjustment submitted by Messrs. Putnam. Messrs. Putnam had purchased for their retail department from Mr. Kipling's American publishers a small supply of the authorised editions of his books. It did not occur to them that in binding these books for sale, exclusively for their retail customers, and with the title-pages of the original publishers, they were doing anything that would be likely to cause annoyance to the distinguished author. As soon as they learned of this annoyance they promptly offered to do anything to meet the wishes of Mr. Kipling short of a sacrifice of the property which they had bought from his authorised agents. His counsel was, however, permitted to take the position that no satisfaction would be considered short of a 'substantial payment for damages.' In the confidence that there was on their part no infringement of law, and in the further certainty that they were free from any intention of causing annoyance to the author, and were ready to do all that might be practicable to meet the author's wishes, it was, of course, impossible for Messrs. Putnam to agree to an adjustment in the form of a payment of damages, which would have constituted an admission of wrongdoing on their part."

" *THE FIRST HUNDRED MEMBERS.*" *Since the note on this subject appeared in the December, 1954, issue of the 'Journal,' we have received from the Society's Founder, Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, some further interesting lists of applications for membership sent in reply to his early advertisements of the years 1921-2 and 1923-4. Mr. Brooking finds that "of the hundred or so applicants at that time, only two are members at present—being Mr. T. E. Elwell, No. 227, and Mr. B. M. Bazley, No. 468." We take this opportunity of recording our thanks to these two staunch supporters for the help and co-operation which they have never failed to extend to the Society through the years.*

# The Kipling Society

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