



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

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**KIPLING SOCIETY**



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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

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

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

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# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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VOL. XXIII. No. 117

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## Notes

**N**ATURALLY, our first word must be about the Carrington "Life." As it is reviewed on another page, little need be said about it here, save to record pleasure at its appearance. Long awaited, it is at last before us, and we hail it as a fitting tribute to an author whose modest reticence in these days of 'blare' calls to mind his own line—"But the English—ah! the English—don't say anything at all." This reticence, a praiseworthy and rare virtue in public men, was admired, though at times regretted, by all members of our Society; it was, however, recognised as a measure of defence against the intrusion of the vulgar. Legitimate curiosity will now be allayed by the excellent volume which Professor Carrington has produced.

### "At the Ends of the Earth"

Just before Christmas I received a greeting card, couched in the true Kipling vein, from Sir Archie Michaelis, President of our Melbourne Branch. This pleasant token of good wishes brought to mind the energy and interest displayed by this and our other flourishing Branches, such as New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, which have also sent greetings. It is good to know that Kipling's memory keeps green "at the ends of the earth." How many modern writers, it may be asked, exercise such a world-wide influence? In fact, all over the globe we find the numerous, active admirers of our Author, both in and out of our Society, who might be

termed the "Legion that never was listed." It is largely a silent force, one that works rather than talks, but it counts, all the same.

### Kipling Phrases

A well-known scholar and writer said to me recently: "You know, I've been reading a good bit of Kipling just lately, but I never understood till now what a deep impression he has made on the English-speaking world. You can hardly pick up a newspaper or journal without coming across quite a number of Kipling phrases. These are generally used without acknowledgment, because those who write or speak them think that they are, or ought to be, sufficiently well-known to be recognised without any source being given." This, as a very short experience will demonstrate, is a simple truth; there has been nothing like this almost unconscious quotation since the days of Dickens. No one asks who created Mrs. Gamp, nor does anyone confess to ignorance of Private Mulvaney.

### Wanted: A Small Book

There is, however, much of Kipling's best work that is almost unknown, even to the elect. Most readers of the daily papers have heard of "If" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and they all can misinterpret the stanza beginning "East is East" by omitting the last two lines. Yet those very beautiful little poems of rural England, something of the character of "A Shropshire Lad"

(but rather more cheerful) seem to be missed, even by those who cherish byways rather than highways; it is to this type of tourist, the one who seeks to avoid the beaten track, that those verses which breathe the real atmosphere of our lovely countryside ought to appeal. Perhaps, if one of Kipling's publishers had the enterprise to issue a small book, akin to "Twenty Poems," containing only this type of poem, these 'pastorals' might be discovered; surely such an anthology would be warmly welcomed by most circles of readers, as well as being of educational value to others. Also, it would be a much-needed rebuke to the lesser breeds without the law not to criticise without knowledge. Imagine the charm of a bigger edition, illustrated after the style of E. Waite's pictures for "The Roadmender"! Did not the old (and efficient) Great Western Railway put forth a slogan about seeing one's own country first? And did not Kipling himself comment on our lack of knowledge of our great English Literature?

### First Editions

Some thirty years ago there was a mania for collecting first editions of books by living authors; Kipling's works were eagerly sought by these 'hunters,' and some of the high prices realised at a New York book sale in 1928 were listed in the *K.J.* No. 5, when a 'first' of "Plain Tales" (Indian, with dedication by R.K.) brought 5,000 dollars. For this, as for several other Kipling items, there was some reason, for many of the 'firsts' differed in minor details from their successors. There cannot, as a rule, be much interest in the first issue of a modern book, when all subsequent editions are absolutely identical; but

when there are considerable changes, either in text or format, it can be understood that buyers may be keen. It is, however, more exciting to seek for some of the American editions, among which may be found several variants of "The Light that Failed." In other cases we are given illustrations—not always appropriate—which were *tabu* in Britain; this also applies to certain French and German printings. Until the famous and now rare Sussex Edition appeared, it was always worth while to look through sets such as the English Edition de Luxe, the American "Outward Bound" (this had many original plates from the clay models of J. Lockwood Kipling), and the neat little Swastika Edition, brought out by Doubleday in 1899, which last contains the first issue of "From Sea to Sea"; in these three, and some others, will be found a number of extra tales. "Abaft the Funnel," never printed in Britain, though it made many appearances in both the U.S.A. and France, contains things which are not to be seen in the Uniform English Edition. All the above, and some others, came out in book form; but the really fascinating quest is to try to find the original issues of those stories and poems which were first brought out in magazines, or in weekly or daily newspapers. This is a task which needs a good deal of application and patience, owing to German destruction and the inevitable wastage of two great wars; the search, unlike that of the Lama, is by no means sure—more difficult than it was before 1939—but it has its reward, particularly as few of us are likely to be able to obtain a Sussex set.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

*NEW MEMBERS of the Society recently elected are:* LONDON—Birmingham Public Libraries, Miss J. Cooke, Mrs. E. C. Fossick, VICTORIA, B.C.—Miss I. G. Facey. *Vice-President*—Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E.

# Kipling the Visionary

By PROFESSOR BONAMY DOBRÉE

*[The following article, which appeared in 'The Daily Telegraph' of January 19th, 1956, is reproduced by permission of the Editor and of Professor Dobrée. The twentieth anniversary of the death of Rudyard Kipling prompts this re-assessment of his contribution as storyteller, poet and Imperial idealist.]*

AT the end of the 1880's a young writer already known in India appeared in London. His first book, "Plain Tales from the Hills," was described in a weekly journal as giving "hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the east."

He astonished and dismayed; he pleased and he shocked. His books, in prose and verse alike, dealt in a new relentless realism. It was no doubt very clever, the aesthetes said, but was it art?

As the newspaper, *The World*, noted, he did not write with rose-water; but how lively, how entertaining his stories were! Regrettably coarse, alas! but then, according to Mr. Kipling, human nature was not altogether pleasant. And as the old Victorian world began obviously to crumble—the Dock Strike took place in 1891—and the reformers began constructing a world which assumed that everyone was perfectible, this young man more and more showed his disagreement with them.

He was to go so far as to say:

"The raw fact of life is that mankind is a little lower than the angels . . . but if you begin by the convention that men are angels, they will assuredly become bigger beasts than ever."

Yet he was deplorably popular. Even his verse, much of it in brisk vernacular, was spoken, recited and sung by thousands. And before long

it came to be seen that this man was no common entertainer; he really had something to say, something disturbingly contrary to the main "liberal" movement from 1890 to—well, the present day.

## Picture of Empire

For Kipling was a man with a vision, not a very easy one to grasp, and far more subtle than the liberal intellectuals who saw him as "the enemy" were ready to admit. What to a casual view might look like vain-glorious jingoism was actually an idea of the Empire based on strenuous work, self-abnegation, a faithful carrying out of responsibilities.

Significantly, both his grandfathers were Methodist ministers, though they might not have approved of his saying that to get anything done "one must always risk one's life or one's soul, or one's peace—or some little thing." Thus he insisted that, if men have power, they must never forget that

It is not given  
For goods or gear,  
But for the Thing,

whatever the Thing might be. For Kipling at that moment this was the Empire, which, however, was admirable only so long as it honestly carried out its tasks: then it could provide that something a man needs to devote himself to, when knowledge tells him that "The game is more than the player of the game, And the ship is more than the crew."

Now that the shouting and the tumult have died, what can we make of Kipling the visionary? He dreamt of government by technocrats, as set out in that amazing, if now out-dated,

piece of science-fiction, " With the Night Mail."

For him the ideal state of affairs was one where men would be left alone to work out their self-hood, in a world held together by a free-masonry of men, whatever their race or creed, who would obey, not enforce, the Law—the Law of loyalty, self-giving and craftsmanship of the utmost integrity; the Law which alone separates that brittle affair we call civilisation from ruthless barbarity.

### Outfacing Despair

Self-hood was essential, ensuring thought that leads to action, the spirit that outfaced despair, and the humility that " can meet with Triumph and Disaster, And treat those two impostors just the same." Kipling may have seemed at one time the brash, jaunty, cock-a-hoop know-all, but he had been down into the pit, knew the horror of the void, had learnt that

Even the everyday affair of business,  
meals and clothing  
Builds a bulkhead 'twixt Despair  
and the Edge of Nothing.

It was not an easy lesson, for a whole man must suffer, and " for the pain of the soul there is, outside God's Grace, but one drug, and that is a man's craft, or other helpful motion of his own mind."

Luckily, part of God's Grace is the divine gift of laughter, granted surely by " the self-same power that went to shape His planet or His rose." The relentless moralist, the man who would not compromise with facts, who could dream without allowing dreams to become his master, found immense relief in outrageous farce.

These things are implicit in his stories, which some maintain are the best in the language. But the vital spirit that makes us read them now is his enormous delight in the endless diversity of human creatures, their

queer doings.

Kipling's extraordinary genius for making people talk, to tell him about what most concerned them, gave matter for his romantic imagination to work on, creating stories, sometimes of almost ghastly realism, sometimes of wildly improbable yet somehow convincing adventures of body or mind.

No one can forget the details or the atmosphere of, say, " The End of the Passage," a tale of men who had come together once a week to make sure that each was alive, in which Kipling expressed his admiration for the underlings of government who give their whole selves, even their lives, to doing their jobs, unnoticed, unthanked, unrewarded. Or, in the other realm, the fantastic adventure of Peachey Carnehan and Daniel Dravot in " The Man who would be King." Or, combining his prophetic sense of technological achievement with his apprehension of the mysteries, that eerie story " Wireless," in which the ether waves abolish not only space but time also, so that the spirit of Keats enters into another consumptive chemist.

Again there are the earthly human stories, light shot with dark, of the three soldiers. And who can ever forget the riots of laughter in " Brugglesmith " and " The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat," and the sailor stories with the inimitable, Puck-like Pycroft?

The variety is tremendous; and as Kipling grew older in experience and suffering, his probings went deeper into humanity, his intuitions spread wider, till in his last two volumes, " the Kipling that nobody reads," he gave us the supernatural fables with their emphasis on healing, and the profound compassion which appears only occasionally in the earlier volumes.

Intermediately there were the tenderly serene "Kim" and the rebellious "Stalky & Co.," as also the books that arouse and sustain the historical sense, "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies," enthralling children and imparting wisdom to grown-ups.

Then there is the Kipling that everybody reads, the verse, which sometimes, especially towards the end, becomes poetry. He is more than the writer of ballads, grim as "Danny Deever," stirring as "The Ballad of East and West"; more than the hymn-writer of "Lest we forget," that warning against imperial pride, or "For all we have and are."

Only fools mock at "If," only prigs decry "Mandalay"; and no one has approached that superb monologue, "M'Andrew's Hymn," the first great song of steam chanted by the Calvinist Scotch engineer.

### The English Urge

These things may pass; but what

may last so long as this country endures are the poems which express the Englishman's hankering after other scenes, balancing his love of home, which Kipling also sings, with his drive to taste all that can be offered in this entrancing world in which life is "curious—sudden—and mixed."

Kipling was one of the last of our verse-writers really to sing, to carry the reader away on a compelling rhythm, built with the words and phrases that everybody speaks.

One ventures to think that he will always be read, because in treating of the common aspirations and passions, the longings and despairs of all men, he energises the spirit, releases the imagination. He exists still as the free man speaking to men who prize freedom but who acknowledge the necessity of the Law, who know that they have the will, when all seems lost, to rise up and build anew.

## R. K. : His Life and Work

**RUDYARD KIPLING : his Life and Work.** By Charles Carrington. *Macmillan*, 25s.

**A**FTER reading Professor Carrington's book most lovers of Kipling will feel that their anticipations have been realised: that this is the book for which they have been waiting so long. Yet, while reading it, we can understand why it was not written before: a decent interval must elapse before a dispassionate account can be given of any great man. In another twenty years, probably, there will be what the papers call "further revelations" of certain matters which, as some of the persons concerned are still living, cannot be given publicity now. In spite of these inevitable omissions, most of which are of minor

importance, we get a faithful picture of a quiet, lovable man, devoted to his wife and children (indeed, to all children), without malice but severe in his likes and dislikes, and hating 'film-star' prominence. This last quality, though it prevented us from gratifying a certain legitimate curiosity, was necessary as a means of defence against the more blatant forms of publicity.

All the artist in him revolted from the glare of searchlights on his private life; the late Sir William Rothenstein, in a letter to me, said how much he admired this characteristic in Kipling, whose own view was that a writer should be judged by his writings—not by his personal appearance or habits; he had no wish to pose, like two of

his contemporaries, as a sort of Dr. Johnson. All these attributes receive adequate consideration from Prof. Carrington; he marshals them for us, not like a sergeant-major on the parade ground but by displaying them, without purple patches, in their proper context, as they fit in with the narrative. This method of treatment makes the book easy and pleasant to read; at the end we are left with the desire for more.

### New Matter

In writing on the considerable amount of new matter regarding Kipling the man, his biographer has had access to many letters and, as he says, to much information privately communicated. There are many references to Kipling's bad health; his very delicate digestion debarred him from most of the pleasures of the table and compelled him to lead a retired life, quieter, perhaps, than he would have wished; all his ailments he bore with admirable fortitude. The religious side in Kipling's nature will be found absorbingly interesting; pervading his inmost heart there is a sense of toleration and charity, bearing out his lines in "The Children's Song":

Forgiveness free of evil done,

And Love to all men 'neath the sun.  
A good example of his tolerant attitude was his refusal to attack contemporary writers; the compliment was not returned, and one or two had the bad taste to indulge in vituperation in their obituary notices. Something of this spirit must have inspired Kipling's Imperialism; here he is given credit for setting up an ideal and endeavouring to bring about its realisation in government and commercial circles. In his attitude to what is abusively termed "Colonialism" he was a realist; he saw no good gained by a freedom that soon degenerated into cruel and corrupt

despotism. His views were regarded as 'die-hard' by some and as Utopian by others; he saw that it was unwise to apply theoretical ideas of citizenship to "sullen peoples, half devil and half child," that to grant liberty all of a sudden to such folk is no true kindness—it only plays into the hands of the demagogue or dictator. These views earned him the abuse of many who ought to have known better and of others who wilfully misunderstood his message. These critics spilt much ink in their diatribes, but, as Professor Carrington points out, they did not succeed in their attempts to discredit him, for the sale of his books, without any aid from cheap editions, kept on mounting. Perhaps the reason for this is that people who liked his ideas were better at deeds than words; they disliked proclaiming their secret thoughts, even in defence of the author who had managed to put their thoughts into words in unforgettable language.

Kipling's disinclination to receive a title or honour, save from a University or learned society, is discussed at length; knowing the facts, we cannot imagine him as any kind of 'lord.' The same may be said about the Laureateship; a true poet cannot write to order at all times, even if he be lucky once or twice in his inspiration. Naturally, this empty honour offered no attraction; he would have considered his acceptance of the office as laying himself under an obligation to the political party which conferred the appointment—perhaps pandering to cheap notoriety. It was this hatred of being personally in the public eye that had much to do with leaving his home in Vermont, of which he was very fond; we learn that he had intended this move long before his abusive brother-in-law brought matters to a head. Here Professor Carrington



ton gives us the facts, properly documented, correcting certain critics who have been misled. We are told the reasons for Kipling retaining some early and less distinguished pieces that came from his pen; their retention was necessary for copyright; had this not been done there would have been pirated publication of work which the author did not deem his best.

### Love for Children

A very delightful side of Kipling's character was his love for children. He never seemed to tire of their company and gave limitless time and trouble to give them pleasure; his account of Japanese children makes an even stronger appeal when we read the lines he addressed to J. W. Riley, the American writer of children's books:

Because in the hearts of the children

There is neither East nor West.

There is much of this affection dealt with here, and it makes most delightful reading.

No adequate appreciation of Kipling's literary attainments has yet appeared in English—nothing on a level with Chevillon's study. Prof. Carrington does not attempt this on account of space limitations, save where certain work has obviously been inspired by Kipling's own background—he was always influenced by his surroundings; we see this in the effect produced in him by residence in England in the early years of this century, which inspired the beautiful poems

attached to the "Puck" stories. Professor Carrington quotes a letter from Kipling which says that "England is a wonderful land. It is the most marvellous of all foreign countries that I have ever been in." The same sentiment is expressed in a letter in Filson Young's "The Complete Motorist." It has often been stated *ex cathedra* by many who could not plead ignorance that Kipling's powers declined in his later years: first, after the Boer War; secondly, after the loss of his son. Professor Carrington, speaking of a group of the later stories, says that "it would be hard to find such variety of subject, such richness of treatment, in the work of any contemporary." He also mentions that the antepenultimate book of stories, "Debits and Credits," steadily rose in favour with students of literature.

We may sum up by asking, does this book tell us what we expected and wanted to know? Most certainly, yes! The chronological order adopted makes it easy to follow; the House of Macmillan has issued it in admirable format. We would have liked a few more illustrations, especially the portrait of Kipling by G. L. Manuel Frères of Paris, the frontispiece to *Inclusive Verse* of 1933. The Memoir by his daughter, Mrs. George Bambridge, which forms the "Epilogue" to this valuable biography, is a most welcome addition to our knowledge of the personality of the greatest British writer of modern times. B M B

## MEMBERS LIST

IN response to a wide demand, we are preparing a new list of members and their addresses. The printing alone will cost £26 0s. 0d., which would place a great strain on our budget for the year. A Council member is subscribing £5, to which I have added £10. Subscriptions from members, however small, to make up the difference would be most gratefully welcomed.

March 6th, 1956.

C. H. LYNCH-ROBINSON,  
Hon. Secretary.

## R. K. and Rider Haggard

*[This is the first part of a talk to the Melbourne Branch of the Society by Mrs. G. Broughton.]*

RECENTLY I came across, quite by chance, a book in my library entitled "The Cloak that I Left."

My guess was that it would be a tale of St. Paul, who had left his cloak at Troas and reminded Timothy to bring it to him in Rome.

The intelligent librarian undeceived me. It was a biography of Rider Haggard, written by his daughter, and well worth reading.

On her recommendation I took it home and, to my delight, found in it many interesting facts relating to the lifelong friendship that existed between Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling.

### First Meeting

Kipling and Haggard met first in London at the Savile Club for Authors and Writers—which Kipling had joined when he settled in London after leaving India for good.

Among the many well-known members of this Club then were such men as Walter Besant, Andrew Lang and Thomas Hardy.

On this first meeting, Kipling says this of Haggard: "I took to him at once, he being the stamp adored by children and trusted by men at sight; and he could tell tales, mainly against himself, that broke up the table." Later on he writes that whenever Haggard visited his family at Bate-man's the children would follow him everywhere begging for tales about South Africa.

It was abundantly evident to the Savile Club coterie that there would always be a close bond between these two youthful members, so that when Kipling first burst upon literary London, shortly after Haggard had made

his debut with "King Solomon's Mines," some amusing verses, poking sly fun at the young authors and their meteoric rise to fame, were written by J. K. Stevens—one verse of which ran:

"The world shall cease to wonder  
at the genius of an ass,  
And a boy's eccentric blunder shall  
not bring success to pass,  
When there stands a muzzled strip-  
ling, mute beside a muzzled  
bore,  
When the Rudyards cease from  
Kipling, and the Haggards  
Ride no more."

Kipling in his biography says he would have given much to have written these lines himself.

Very much later in their lives, after the First World War, when the Literary League was appealing for funds for distressed authors the first two names on the list of subscribers were Kipling's and Haggard's, and this moved a wit to pen the following lines:

"'Every Bolsh is a blackguard,' said  
Kipling to Haggard.  
'And given to tipling,' said Hag-  
gard to Kipling.  
'And a blooming outsider,' said  
Rudyard to Rider.  
'Their domain is a blood yard,'  
said Rider to Rudyard.  
'That's just what I say,' said the  
author of 'They.'  
'I agree! I agree!' said the  
author of 'She.'"

The first great bond between the two friends was the remarkable fact that they could write together without either being irked by the other. Kipling writes in his biography: "We found by accident that we could work at ease in each other's company. So he would visit me and I him with work in hand and between us we could even hatch our tales together—a most exacting sympathy."

### Planned Plots Together

In a letter of Rider's to his wife we find almost the same words : " It is, I think, good for a man like I am of rather solitary habit now and again to have the opportunity of familiar converse with a brilliant and creative mind. Also we do not forget each other. Only last year Kipling told me he could work as well when I was sitting in the room as though he were alone, whereas generally the presence of another person when he was writing would drive him almost mad."

So it was that many of Haggard's later books went to Kipling for criticism and they planned plots together, discussed their methods for attack together and soon, so that the visits of Rider to Bateman's were the greatest joy and refreshment to both men.

It extended beyond their literary work together, too, for Rider (who came of farming folk in Norfolk) had a practical knowledge of farm work and could give valued advice to Rudyard, who, despite what he had learned of farm life in America, was really more of a town man than a country-man.

Kipling writes : " Rider Haggard would visit us from time to time and give us of his ample land wisdom. I remember I planted some new apple trees in an old orchard, then rented by an Irishman, who at once put in an agile and hungry goat. Haggard met the combination suddenly one morning. He had gifts of speech and said very clearly that one 'might as well put Satan in an orchard as a goat.' I forget what he said about tenants, but I know I acted on it."

Reverting to the writing bond between Kipling and Haggard, further proof is afforded by Kipling attributing the inspiration of the *Jungle Books* to Haggard. The stories appeared

anonymously first and many were the guesses as to the authorship, Haggard being mentioned as a possibility.

This caused Kipling to write as follows : " This made me chuckle a little and reminded me that this guess was nearer the mark than the guesser knew, for it was a chance sentence of yours in 'Nada the Lily' that started me off on a tack that ended in my writing a lot of wolf stories. You remember in your tale where the wolves leapt up at the feet of a dead man sitting on a rock? Somewhere on that page I got the notion. It's curious how things come back again, isn't it? I meant to tell you when last we met, but don't remember if I did."

This bond of being able to write in each other's company lasted all their lives, and when in 1923 Haggard had the idea of writing a history of world religions in fiction form (to be called "Wisdom's Daughter"), Kipling planned the whole thing out for him, bringing in all the main happenings from the beginning of time down through the ages. He ends his accompanying letter: "Dead easy, isn't it? But you won't do one little bit of this, though it may stir you up to block out the first rough scenario in the interests of answering demands of idle idiots and helpless imbeciles, to which cheerful task I am about to address myself for the next hour. Ever thine, R.K."

Kipling was right : it was never done. The time grew too short ; in another three years Haggard had died—a worn-out old man.

### A Further Bond

A further bond between these two unusual writers was their love for and knowledge of South Africa. Rider probably knew the land better than did Kipling, for he had acted as Secretary to the then Governor of Natal before he was twenty-one, and his love for

and understanding of the Zulu character made him the most trusted Britisher in Natal.

Kipling's association with South Africa began when he went there as a free-lance journalist during the Boer War, to which happening we owe several short stories of war-time conditions observed during his stay. His happiest days in South Africa were, however, those of his later life, when he and his family used to spend the winter months at Cape Town in the country house not far from Cecil Rhodes' place, "Groote Schuur," to which they were given free access.

So far I have not been able to find in any story of the lives of the two friends any mention of meetings in South Africa; but surely there must have been some record in either of their diaries of some such. We can picture the delight of the Kipling children in taking Uncle Rider on a personally conducted tour of the wonderful zoo that Rhodes had collected next door to them, and where all sorts of African native animals roamed in peace and comfort—almost tame enough for pets.

(To be concluded)

## AN HONOURED GUEST

A BOUT forty members of the Kipling Society and friends attended a private luncheon at the Lansdowne Club, London, on January 17th, at which Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson was the Guest of Honour.

The occasion marked the completion of his twenty years' service to the Society as Hon. Secretary.

Lt-General Sir Frederick Browning, who was to have presided, was called away on official business as the proceedings were about to begin, and his place as Chairman was taken by Sir Roderick Jones, who, in presenting two handsomely bound volumes of *Nouveau Larousse Universel* as a memento of the occasion, paid high tribute to Sir Christopher and his

work for the Society during many difficult years, to which Sir Christopher replied in a characteristically witty speech.

Generous subscriptions were received from 47 friends, and from Branches of the Society, including members in the United States—particularly from Mr. Naumburg, the Hon. Secretary in New York; the Melbourne (Australia) Branch (represented by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Batten); and the Auckland (New Zealand) Branch, represented by Mr. J. J. Gillespie.

Among those present were Lady Lynch-Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Niall Lynch-Robinson, Mrs. Bambridge, and Sir Brunel Cohen.

## BATEMANS VISIT, 1956

THE annual visit to BURWASH will take place this year on Monday, June 18th, provided that a minimum of 20 members and friends notify us not later than Saturday, June 2nd, of their intention to **go by coach**. This special coach will leave Charing Cross **Underground** Station at **10.30 a.m.**, returning at about 5 p.m., arriving back in London by 7 p.m.

Charges for the excursion, including two meals, will be 25s. for those going by coach, and 15s. for those using other forms of transport

**Members wishing to attend must notify the Hon. Secretary, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.I., enclosing the appropriate fee, not later than the first postal delivery in London on Saturday, June 2nd.**

**BOOK THIS DATE CAREFULLY.** As ample notice is given this year, no post-cards will be sent out.

## Kipling Society Discussion

### "RUDYARD KIPLING, HIS LIFE AND WORK"

THE discussion on Charles Carrington's biography of Kipling was held, as planned, on February 1st, 1956, at the Lansdowne Club. The arrival of winter at its worst was no doubt mainly responsible for the small attendance, but for the 15 of us present it was well worth the effort, for it proved a most absorbing subject. In order to simplify the tackling of it, a list of headings was distributed as a guide. This included 'Surprising Things We Didn't Know,' 'The Real Man, and 'The Book Itself—its best features and its shortcomings (if any).'

Members were keen to talk, so time passed all too quickly. Someone said she was glad to know at last who "Maisie" was, and this led to the Author reading out a remarkable letter which positively identified the "Red-haired Girl." This is particularly interesting in view of the Author's own comment (p. 171) that she was "surely drawn direct from the life." We also discussed Kipling's surprising change of outlook from anti-militarist to patriotic, which took place about the time he wrote "Ave Imperatrix"; also his level-headedness over success, and his constant refusal to over-write

—a possible cause of his never seeming to be short of something to write about. A feature of the book itself that was specially mentioned was its full-length portrait of Mrs. Kipling—a lively discussion on this lady's qualities followed, the majority opinion being that R.K. was indeed lucky to have such a wife. The only criticism of the book was its lack of illustrations—entirely due to the essential need to keep the price down.

Though only a fraction of the subject could be covered in the time available, the discussion undoubtedly "opened the book wider" for all of us, and when we eventually broke up for tea the matter was pursued by huddled groups for a good while longer. The presence of Mr. Carrington himself added greatly to its value, and we were pleased to hear from him that the work is selling well.

As regards the programme of future meetings, which appears elsewhere in this *Journal*, special attention is drawn to the subject for the May meeting, and to the revised time of starting (2.30 instead of 2.45).

A.E.B.P.

### KIPLING SOCIETY DISCUSSIONS (to May, 1956)

At the LANSDOWNE CLUB, Fitzmaurice Place, Berkeley Square, W.1, at 2.30 p.m. Cost, including tea, 5/6d. per head for Members and Guests, payable at the time. Prior notice of attendance is NOT required. These discussions need YOUR support; please come and bring your friends.

		<i>Remarks</i>
Wed., Mar. 21.	The "English" Stories.	"An Habitation Enforced." "Friendly Brook." "My Son's Wife."
Wed., May 16.*	Your Favourite Poem.	Please come prepared to say what it is, and why.

*\*Last meeting of this season.*

## The Tender Achilles

[Below we publish a further section of the *Readers' Guide to Kipling's Works*, prepared by Mr. R. E. Harbord and a group of friends.]

First published in *London Magazine* of December, 1929, there illustrated by Albert Bailey. Collected in *Limits and Renewals* in 1932, where it was accompanied by the poems "Hymn to Physical Pain" (Mr. C. R. Wilkett's version) and "The Penalty."

All the main notes on this story were prepared in 1954 by a well-known Harley Street surgeon. He was himself a surgeon in a Casualty Clearing Station in World War II (1939-1946).

The chief characters in the story are men trained at St. Peggotty's Hospital: Sir James Belton (Howlieglass), "Head" of the hospital; Sir Thomas Horringe (Scree), of Wimpole Street, London, W.1 (not, however, a St. Peggotty's man); Robert Keede (Robin), "M.R.C.P., Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur" (he also appears in two other stories, all three of them dealing with the healing of men whose war service had left wounds in their minds—"A Madonna of the Trenches" and "Fairy Kist"); C. R. Wilkett, Bacteriologist.

We have the authority of the late Victor Bonney, M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.O.G. (1873-1953), a 'Middlesex' man, for stating that the Middlesex Hospital is the one Kipling had in mind when he wrote this story, with Sir John Bland-Sutton (1855-193?) as the so-called "Head." His autobiography, "The Story of a Surgeon," has a Preamble by Kipling. Dr. Bonney was Chairman of the Kipling Society, 1946-1947.

### The Title

Achilles, the Grecian hero of the Trojan War, was plunged by his

mother into the Styx and so made invulnerable, except in the heel, by which Thetis held him.

The implication of 'Achilles' is obvious as the story unfolds, but why 'tender'? The main tendon in the heel, the strongest tendon in the body, is known to surgeons as the "*tendo Achilles*." It would seem that Kipling chose the adjective as a play on this word.

Page 347, line 1.—Most teaching hospitals have an Annual Dinner about Christmas time, to which all past students and present staff are invited. Thus all branches of medicine would be represented.

Page 348, line 2.—Pharmacopoeia Britannica is the well-known standard list of drugs.

Line 3.—Galen was a famous Greek physician of the second century, who embraced all branches of medicine, and was thus comparable to the modern 'G.P.'

Page 348, line 20.—Sir Thomas "specialised in tripe," *i.e.* he was an abdominal surgeon.

Lines 27 *et seq.*—Revive the old argument between surgeons and physicians: carpenters and medicine men. It is still sometimes heard in medical circles, but less and less as we realise that the two should work as a team and not in opposing camps.

Page 349, line 18.—Maldoni—a fictitious name.

Line 25.—"Bug-run" is slang for bacteriology laboratory.

Page 350, line 11.—"Agar-agar" is a jelly used for culturing bacteria.

"Guinea-pigs" are used in bacteriological laboratories because of their extreme susceptibility to tuberculosis (T.B.) and are thus useful in proving or disproving the presence of

this organism in tissues, where the microscope has failed to do so.  
" Slices " of pathological material for examination.

Line 13.—*The Lancet* is a well-known weekly periodical.

Line 23.—"Any other post-war assassin"—In wartime there are not enough surgeons to 'go round' and men like Keede would be put to doing emergency surgery. After the war some of them would try to set up as surgeons in civil practice without the proper qualifications or experience. This is the implication of the paragraphs following line 23.

Page 351, line 7 *et seq.*—Surgery is regarded, anyway by the lay public, as the highest form of medical art and practice. Many medical men not doing surgery believe that, given the chance, they could have been brilliant surgeons. Wilkett's "bleedin' vanity" made him believe that because he was a good bacteriologist he could also be a good surgeon. How often have we met this type and how wrong they usually are, as was Wilkett.

Page 352, line 1.—"Lambeth has spoken." This phrase implies that the highest authority has given final orders. Lambeth Palace, London, is the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Head of the Church of England; from that address all important pronouncements are made to the clergy and to the Church.

Page 352, line 28.—C.C.S. : Casualty Clearing Station, the nearest point to the front line where major surgery is performed.

Line 32.—"E.P. tents." This was the usual abbreviation in India for E.P. (I.P.), which is itself the abbreviation for European Privates (Indian Pattern) tents. Possibly it was a slip of Kipling's to use this

name in this particular connection.

Page 352, line 33.—"Tarpaulins that have—been in use"—all in a mess from previous use for the same purpose: dirty from the muddy boots and from the blood of earlier operations, stains that will not wash off the canvas.

Page 353, line 6.—"Tagged and labelled"—*i.e.* as 'abdominal,' 'fracture of bone,' or whatever the nature of the wound; also the amount of morphia injected by the Regimental Medical Officer in the front line and the time it was given, lest it should be repeated too soon at the C.C.S. Line 16.—"Shrapnel"—shell filled with bullets, which scatter in the air when the shell bursts, causing a large proportion of head wound. "Five-point-nines" (5.9's)—calibre of the guns firing high explosive shells (five and nine-tenths inches). In these cases the wounded were hit by shell splinters.

Line 23.—Second-Vermuizendaal—one of the battles in Flanders during the offensive of 1916.

Line 26.—"In our tea bucket"—there is no water laid on at a C.C.S. and a bucket of water is used over and over again for surgeons to wash in.

Line 28.—"Trephining"—*i.e.* opening the skull. This operation in civil practice occupies four to five hours.

Page 354, line 12.—"Dope"—here the word means anaesthetics.

Line 15.—"Egg"—shell from the enemy's guns.

Line 24.—Mesopot—abbreviation for Mesopotamia, now known as Irak.

Line 32.—"Duodenum"—the junction of stomach and small intestine. Perforating abdominal wounds would puncture the coils of intestine in as many as a dozen places and much of the intestine might have to be removed for this reason.

Page 355, line 15.—Someone in authority must have known he had proved to be "no surgeon" and so gave him the S.I.W. hospital to look after.

Line 19.—"Blown off their big toes"—this is the easiest wound to inflict on oneself with a rifle in order to escape military duties.

Page 356, lines 1 to 9 *et seq.*—In fact, he had a mental breakdown.

Page 357, line 7.—See St. Luke XII, 48. Line 19.—"Nervous" hospitals—*i.e.* for the 'shell-shocked,' which included all men who had broken down mentally under the strain of war.

Page 358, line 7.—Gynaecologists, as they deal exclusively with women's complaints, are said to acquire a very smooth manner when dealing with that sex.

Page 359, line 3.—In those days anaesthetics were dripped on to a pad held over the patient's mouth.

Line 10.—"Formed a sinus"—*i.e.* a track leading from the exterior to a deep-seated abscess.

Line 33.—Many sinuses leading down to bone, as in this case, are due to tuberculous bone disease.

Page 360, line 7.—"Knife-wallah"—surgeon.

Line 29.—"British Riviera"—the Cornish coast resorts.

Page 362, line 3.—Syme—Dr. James Syme (1763-1831), a well-known Scottish surgeon. Joseph Lister (afterwards Lord Lister and the founder of modern aseptic surgery) married his daughter.

Line 7.—Bob Sawyer was the medical student in "Pickwick Papers" who delighted in shocking the innocent Mr. Pickwick by talking about corpses at breakfast-time. His opening remark to Mr. Pickwick was :

"Nothing like dissecting to give one an appetite." Mr. Pickwick shuddered. One can imagine Bob folding over a sandwich to illustrate a Syme amputation (where a flap of skin from the sole of the foot is folded over to cover the amputation stump).

Line 23.—"I operated"—Scree was at the dinner as a guest and, therefore, was not a St. Peggotty's man. Even so, he would be allowed to operate in the private wards under certain circumstances.

Page 363, line 29.—"Something scandalous"—syphilitic infection.

Page 364, line 29.—"An operative mason, not a speculative one." This sentence indicates that the narrator, Keede and Scree were all three Freemasons.

Page 365, line 1 *et seq.*—Kipling goes wrong here. A surgeon would not do an amputation, because a G.P. told him to do so, on a foot reported as tuberculous. He would make sure of the facts for himself and make his own decision.

Line 6.—K.C.B.—Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

Line 11.—Gamaliel—see the Acts of the Apostles XXII, 3 : "I am a man—brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel . . ." (St. Paul.)

Line 17.—"The tiny muscle that twitches . . ." is the orbicularis oculi muscle.

Line 28.—"Spirochetes"—the organism that causes syphilis.

Page 367, line 10.—"Taxi-cup"—no doubt Kipling's adaption for 'one for the road,' as hunting people use 'stirrup-cup.'

A.S.P.  
R.E.H.



## Letter Bag

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

### Fact and Fiction

Colonel Barwick Browne takes me "at the foot of the letter," just as George Cottar took Mrs. Zuleika, "Stalky and The Brushwood Boy" sets out to prove that Georgie was at school with Beetle—not that he was at school with Kipling. He was head of the school in 1884; I ask whether we must equate him with Flint or Carson—not with F. G. H. Davies or A. F. Young. We are exploring a world of fiction, "hard by the Sea of Dreams," which beats upon the Pebble Ridge as well as the "mile-long Atlantic rollers."

To answer particular points: Colonel Browne says that it is socially impossible for Georgie to have been at the "Coll." since he was "the only child of a very wealthy county family where the father does not appear to have had anything to do with the Army." That to be the son of a big landowner was no disqualification is shown by M'Turk, who "was viceroy of four thousand naked acres, only son of a three-hundred-year-old house, and the idol of his father's shiftless tenantry"—to say nothing of "that very Infant" who "inherited an estateful baronetcy." Moreover, it is nowhere suggested that Cottar senior represented "a very wealthy county family": to live as the Cottars lived would mean considerable wealth today, but Colonel Browne forgets the spaciousness and leisure of even the smallest country squire's life sixty years ago.

In "The Brushwood Boy" we are nowhere told that Georgie's father had *not* been in the Army (any more than we are told whether M'Turk and Beetle came of service families). Referring to the story as it appeared in *The Century Magazine*, we find, however, that Georgie's father "had retired when the Martini-Henry was a new thing and the Maxim unborn"—between 1871 and 1884, in fact: and Georgie was at the "Coll." from 1874 till 1883, or thereabouts.

Finally, the map no more proves that Georgie's dream-experiences were really Kipling's own than does the Sherd of Amenartas show that Rider

Haggard paid an actual visit to Kôr. A recurring dream, or even a single vivid experience, may have given Kipling the *idea* for the story—a question which perhaps Professor Carrington can answer for us—and there are several tantalising echoes from the stories and poems which Kipling read as a child: but, I repeat, we are dealing with fiction, with happenings in a land which Kipling calls "the world's fourth dimension."—ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, Poulton-Lancelyn, Bebington, Wirral.

### R.K.'s Early Publisher

Browsing in some old numbers of my school magazine, I came across cue (the May 1937 issue of 'The Franglinghamian') which I had not seen before, as it arrived here while I was on holiday in England. In it is an obituary notice of E. E. Moreau, C.B.E., an Old Boy, who died on February 20th, 1937, aged 80. The following-extract may be of interest:—

Born on 11th July, 1866 . . . Mr. Moreau first went to India more than 60 years ago. He became very widely known as an East India merchant, and from 1891 to 1911 was a partner with Lord Cable in Messrs. Bird & Co. of Calcutta, and also became senior partner in Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. of Bombay, Allahabad and Calcutta, and in Messrs. Arthur H. Wheeler & Co. of London . . .

Few of Mr. Moreau's friends in his latter years knew that as a young man he had published a number of Rudyard Kipling's books. In a letter which appeared in *The Times* on 26th February, Mr. Edward E. Long wrote: "I met Moreau first when I was Director of Eastern Propaganda, during wartime. Later, when I was staying with him at Withead, Brighton, he showed me a contract between himself and Kipling, dated 7th March, 1889, relating to the publication of 'Soldiers Three,' 'Wee Willie Winkie,' 'Under the Deodars,' 'The Story of the Gadsbys,' 'In Black and White' and 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' and signed by Kipling in a very characteristic manner. The two men met

first when Kipling was on the staff of *The Pioneer* in Allahabad. Moreau had noted Kipling's stories in *The Week's News*, the weekly edition of *The Pioneer*, and offered to publish them in book form, taking all the risk, and paying him £200 and a royalty of £4 a thousand copies after the sale of the first 1,500 copies, for the entire right of publication of the six books. Kipling consented, with the £200 went on a trip round the world via the Far East and America, and arrived in London to find himself famous. Moreau had sent a set of the six books to London and they had been taken to Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., whose reader, Andrew Lang, at once recognised their merit. Many years later Moreau sold to Kipling all his publication rights except those for India, which Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co. still hold."

A letter in *The Times* on 2nd March by Mr. J. F. Parker, questioned that Messrs. A. H. Wheeler were Kipling's first publishers, and mentioned an edition of "Departmental Ditties" at Lahore in 1886, and another at Calcutta in 1887. In a second letter (4th March), Mr. Long replied to this criticism, and added: "Mr. Moreau, for his firm, Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co., was the first to finance an edition of Kipling's works; this, I think, is indisputable."

Kipling himself refers to the transaction in "Something of Myself," his autobiography published this year, and enumerates among his assets at that distant period of his life: "A set of six small paper-backed railway book-stall volumes embodying most of my tales in the *Weekly*—copyright of which *The Pioneer* might well have claimed. The man who then controlled the Indian railway bookstalls came of an imaginative race, used to taking chances. I sold him the six paper-backed books for £200 and a small royalty." In a later chapter he recalls buying back, apparently in 1892, "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales," and the six paper-backed books that I had sold to get me funds for leaving India in '89."

An O.F. who recently examined a set of these early Kipling editions writes: "They are rarities now, and collectors' pieces. Emile Moreau planned and published a series which was called 'A. H. Wheeler & Co.'s

Indian Railway Library,' and the first six numbers were (1) 'Soldiers Three,' (2) 'The Story of the Gadsbys,' (3) 'In Black and White,' (4) 'Under the Deodars,' (5) 'The Phantom Rickshaw' and other eerie tales, (6) 'Wee Willie Winkie' and other stories. Another Kipling volume was added after an interval; it was 14—'The City of Dreadful Night.' They were announced as: 'In specially designed picture cover. Price—One Rupee. Now procurable at all Railway Book-stalls or from A. H. Wheeler & Co., Allahabad.'—E. C. KALSHOVEN, P.O. Box 1401, Bulawayo, S.R.

### Adam-Zad

On page 15 of the December 1955 number of the *Journal* Mrs. Barclay asks the meaning of Adam-zad, the bear's name in "The Truce of the Bear." It simply means 'Son of Adam'; compare Shah-zada, King's son or Prince. There is a legend in the Himalayas, which I heard many years ago from my shikari, that bears are the descendants of human beings who were changed into that shape as a punishment for refusing hospitality to a holy man, the only trace of their human ancestry left them being their footprints in the snow (which do closely resemble a man's). I imagine that Kipling must have known this legend and that the name Adam-zad is a reference to it.—B. J. BEWLEY (Lt.-Col.), Mayfield, Bishopsteignton, Devon.

[Mr. J. H. C. Brooking writes: "With reference to Mrs. Barclay's query as to Adam-zad, Ralph Durand's Handbook to R.K., page 169, says—'Owing to the resemblance between the anatomy of a man and that of a bear, the shikaris of Kashmir call the latter Adam-zad, the son of Adam.'"

*The Grolier Club Summary of R.K., page 294—'A protest and warning against the adoption of a proposal advanced by the Russians in 1898 that all European nations should disarm, with an impugment of the good faith of the proposal.'*

A Dictionary of R.K., by W. Arthur Young (who was our Hon. Secretary at one time, since dead)—'. . . the poem carries with it a political significance.'

The above, in addition to an explanation of zad, is yet another of R.K.'s correct prognostications."—Ed., K.J.]

### " Relating to the House "

Mr. J. G. Griffin, M.I.E.E., once sent me the following quotations from Kipling as applicable to household matters, and I think that other members may like to see them.—J. H. C. BROOKING, Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, Sussex.

#### A DOZEN QUOTATIONS FROM KIPLING RELATING TO THE HOUSE

*Lest we forget, lest we forget.*—  
Shopping list.

*There is nothing left today.*—The  
post.

*Winds of the world give answer.*—  
Garters.

*I travel with the cooking pots and  
pails.*—Lids.

*They tell it all to the weary wife.*  
—The golf round.

*It harpit the salt tear oot o' his e'e.*  
—Onions.

*Till someone mixed a powder which  
. . .*—Eno's.

*Why do you thrill when you hear  
it?*—Dinner gong.

*Man's timid heart is bursting*

*With things he must not say.*

— "Cold mutton again ! "

*But at least they hear the things I  
hear.*—Wireless.

*Gifts have we only today.*—Birthday.

*We that were bred overseas and  
wait and would speak with our kin.*—  
Telephone.

### When "Beetle" Looked Back

From "Stalky" and "M'Turk" we had spoken and written accounts of conditions in the "twelve bleak houses by the shore when they held the occupants of Number Five Study." The two accounts often differed, sometimes widely, both as to times and manners.

As part of the true story was told when "Land and Sea Tales" was published in 1923, it is strange that its last section, "An English School," was not cited more often. It will bear re-reading, not only for its facts but also for its allusions to phrases and foundations previously used by the author.

Take this passage : " Men who write about what they think about what other people have done "—it's " Tomlinson " over again. Following this comes a denial that " a man's life is given him to decorate with pretty things as though it were a girl's room, or a picture-screen "—that's part of Sir Anthony Gloster's monologue watered down. But was not " Number Five Study " decorated thus ?

Again—" Besides, scholars are apt, all their lives, to judge from one point of view only, and by the time that an Army officer has knocked about the world for a few years he comes to look at men 'by and large,' as the sailors say. No books in the world will teach that knack." This dictum, expanded, ended in "A Conference of the Powers" ("Many Inventions"). Incidentally, sailors did not say "by and large," but "full and by," which means to steer, in a sailing-ship, as near to the wind as possible, yet keeping the sails full, not shaking.

Follows the custom of allowing the Army class to smoke pipes. This was used (and illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg in Nash's *Pall Mall Magazine*, June 1924) in "The United Idolators" ("Debits and Credits").

The privilege of an old scholar to a night in his former dormitory is affirmed, as is the general reluctance to "play at soldiers" by joining the Volunteer Cadet Corps.

We are told of a big, fat scholar who, in the Army, waxed bigger and fatter, and killed a Burmese dacoit by taking a flying jump upon him. This feat is, of course, the genesis of "The Ballad of Boh Da Thone" ("Barrack Room Ballads"), with a fictitious Babu Harendra taking the place of the Westward Ho ! old boy.

A close reading of this reminiscence, with a remembrance of parts of Kipling's other works, outside of "Stalky & Co.," will reveal how much of it was either drawn from, or flashed back into it, by the author of the last part of "Land and Sea Tales."—T. E. ELWELL, Regent House, Ramsey, I.O.M.

**THE KIPLING SOCIETY SALES DEPARTMENT** is able to supply the following to Members interested : POSTCARDS of Batemans, Rudyard Lake, or Kipling's Grave, 9d. per doz. ; BOOKPLATES, 1d. each ; Members' List, 6d. ; and extra copies of *The Kipling Journal* at 2/6d. per copy—except for certain rare numbers. Enquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, Kipling Society, c/o Airborne Forces Security Fund, Greenwich House, 11 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

# The Kipling Society

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