

## THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE PARENT SOCIETY

THE Annual Banquet of the Royal Society of St. George was held at the Connaught Rooms on the 24th April, last when the chair was taken by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P. Amongst those present were:—

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie; Captain Robert Alford; Mrs. Robert Alford; Mr. Annan; Mr. A. R. Arrowsmith; Rev. F. C. Baker; Mr. H. A. Balston; Mrs. H. A. Balston; Mr. G. Titus Barham (Member of Council); Mrs. G. Titus Barham; Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes, K.C.B., D.S.O.; Lady Barnes; Miss Bass; Mr. A. M. Batchelar; Mr. Charles F. Beadell; The Rev. W. Pennington Bickford, M.A. (Hon. Assistant Chaplain); Mrs. W. Pennington Bickford; Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.; Miss Birdwood; Mr. T. C. Bishop; Miss Bishop; Mr. A. P. Bolland; Mrs. A. P. Bolland; Mr. A. Bolton; Mrs. A. Bolton; Mr. C. S. Boreham; Mrs. C. S. Boreham; Mr. John Bowen, L.D.S.; Air Vice-Marshal F. W. Bowhill, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Mr. Cyrus Braby; Mrs. Cyrus Braby; Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C.; Lady Brooke-Popham; Lt.-Col. Dan Burges, V.C., D.S.O. (Resident Governor and Major of the Tower of London); Mrs. Burgess; Mr. G. Burley; Mrs. G. Burley; Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, O.B.E., M.P.; Mrs. G. R. Hall Caine; Miss R. Capon; Rear-Admiral Alfred F. B. Carpenter, V.C., D.S.O.; Mrs. H. M. A. Carpenter; Mr. G. Edward Carpenter (Member of Council); Mr. N. J. Carter; Mrs. N. J. Carter; Mr. W. P. Castell; Mrs. W. P. Castell; "The Central News"; Mr. Alfred S. Chovil; Mrs. Alfred S. Chovil; Mrs. Winston Churchill, C.B.E.; Major John Churchill, D.S.O.; Miss Sarah Churchill; Miss Isabel Clark; Lt.-Gen. Sir Travers Clarke, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lady Travers Clarke; Sir Cyril S. Cobb, K.B.E., M.V.O., M.P. (Chairman of the Navy League); Capt. M. H. D. Cockayne; Mrs. M. H. D. Cockayne; Lt.-Gen. Sir A. E. Codrington, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (Member of Council); Col. G. R. Codrington, C.B., D.S.O., T.D.; Mr. C. J. H. Conture; Mr. J. G. Cook; Mrs. J. G. Cook; Miss D. M. Cox; Sir Herbert Creedy, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (Permanent Under Secretary of State for War); Dr. Cullinan; The Hon. Mrs. Cullinan; "The Daily Mail"; "The Daily Telegraph"; Capt. Algernon B. Dale; The Right Hon. Lord Desborough, K.G. (Member of Council); Sir Robert W. Dibdin, J.P. (Member of Council); Miss Adela Dibdin; Mrs. Charles Dibdin; Mr. A. F. Doggett; Mr. F. C. Dorken; Mr. F. Dunstone (Hon. Gen. Secretary, The London Cornish Association); Mr. Guy Eden (The Secretary); Mr. A. A. Eden; Miss Eden; Col. Sir A. C. FitzGeorge, K.C.V.O., C.B. (Chairman of Council); Mrs. L. Forward; Miss E. B. Foster; Mr. William A. Foyle; Mrs. William A. Foyle; Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, G.C.B., M.V.O. (Deputy Chairman of Council); Lady Fremantle; Mr. H. M. Gates; Mrs. H. M. Gates; Dr. Richard Gillbard (Vice-Chairman, The London Cornish Association); Mr. Gillespie; Major Clifford Gourlay, M.C.; Mrs. Clifford Gourlay; Miss Greenwood; Mr. Reginald Grimer; Mrs. Reginald Grimer; Mr. A. L. R. Harris; Mrs. L. A. Harris; Mr. E. H. Hawkins, F.S.A.A., F.R.G.S.; Mrs. E. H. Hawkins; Mr. Edgar Hayward; Mr. B. Heaton; Mrs. B. Heaton; Mr. A. R. Heaver; Mrs. I. Hedley; Major Gordon L. C. Hill; Miss Hill; Mrs. N. Hillman; Mr. B. Dennett Holroyd, F.C.A.; Mrs. C. A. Holroyd; Mr. Adrian Dennett Holroyd; Miss Sylvia Holroyd; Mrs. O. L. Honeyball, R.R.C.; The Right Hon. Lord Horder of Ashford, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.P.; The Lady Horder; The Hon. T. Mervyn Horder; Mrs. Cecilia Hunter; Col. W. Culver James, T.D., M.D.; Sir Arthur P. Johnson; Lady Johnson; Major Lukin Johnston (Past President, Vancouver Branch); Mrs. Lukin Johnston; Mr. Derek Lukin Johnston; Mr. Cyril A. Kew; Mrs. Cyril A. Kew; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bart., G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Lady Keyes; Mr. C. B. Kitchin; Mrs. C. B. Kitchin; The Right Hon. The Earl of Lindsey; Mr. Littlejohn; Mrs. Littlejohn; Mr. F. W. Lott; Mrs. F. W. Lott; Mrs. R. E. L. Lowe; Miss Dorothy G. Lowe; Miss Rosamond Lowe; Air Vice-Marshal Sir E. R. Ludlow-Hewitt, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.; Mrs. D. Luscombe; Mr. A. MacDonald; Mrs. A. MacDonald; Mr. W. McKelvie; His Grace The Duke of Marlborough, K.G., P.C. (Hon. Treasurer); Wing-

Commander G. Struan Marshall, O.B.E.; Mrs. G. Struan Marshall; Mr. Leslie Marzetti; Major J. M. Maxwell-Lyte, F.R.G.S. (Vice-President, English County Societies Conference); Mr. Edward Meredith, F.R.I.B.A.; Mrs. Gwendolen Meredith; Miss Constance Merry; Mr. W. F. Middleton; Mrs. W. F. Middleton; Mr. Jack Miller; Mr. J. J. Mills; Mr. A. W. Mills; Mrs. A. W. Mills; Mr. E. B. Montesole, J.P.; Mrs. E. B. Montesole; Mr. Leonard P. Moore; Mrs. Leonard Moore; "The Morning Post"; Mr. Herbert Morris; Mrs. Herbert Morris; Mr. Frank Morrish; Mrs. Frank Morrish; Mr. Basil E. Moss, M.B., B.Sc. Lon.; Mrs. E. M. Moss; Capt. A. Ross Murray; The Rev. A. T. A. Naylor; Mrs. Naylor; Capt. Walter Nell; Mrs. Walter Nell; Mr. F. J. Nelson; Mrs. F. J. Nelson; Mr. H. E. Nelson; Mrs. H. E. Nelson; Miss Joan Neville; Mr. Gervase E. Newby, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., O.B.E.; Mrs. Gervase Newby; Mr. Nicholls; Major J. L. Nickisson, J.P.; Mrs. J. L. Nickisson; Mr. Stephen James Norton, A.M.I.Mech.E. (Vice-Chairman, City of London Branch); Mr. D. P. Oliver; Miss Christabel Osborn; Mr. A. E. Oxley; Mrs. A. E. Oxley; Miss J. Parker; Mr. Fred W. Parsons; Mrs. F. W. Parsons; Mr. Sydney E. Peake (Member of Council); Mrs. Sydney E. Peake; Miss Jessie Peake; Mr. A. J. Peddell; Mr. C. H. Peddell; Mr. W. A. Peddell; Mrs. D. Peters; Mr. Thos. B. Phillips; Mrs. Thos. B. Phillips; Mr. W. A. Phillips; Mrs. W. A. Phillips; "The Press Association"; Mr. Edward A. Poole; Mrs. Esther M. Poole; Mr. Richard Price; Mrs. Richard Price; Miss D. Price; Mr. L. Prideaux-Brune; Mrs. L. Prideaux-Brune; Mr. W. P. Pulley; Mr. Leonard S. Ravenscroft (Member of Council); Col. Sir Joseph Reed; Lady Reed; Miss Reeve; Mr. H. Reynolds; Miss R. Reynolds; Mr. J. Richards; Mrs. J. Richards; Miss F. H. A. Savage; Miss Mary Simmons; Capt. Stanley Smith; Mrs. Stanley Smith; Miss Iris A. C. Springfield; Mr. D. J. Sproat; Mr. J. Gillard Stapleton; Mr. F. S. Stapleton; Mr. J. A. Stapleton; Mr. Eric Stapleton; Mrs. Reta Stewart; Mrs. G. C. Street; Mr. Roy R. Stuart; Mr. G. S. Sutton; Mr. Edgar P. Sykes (Founder—Hon. Secretary, Huddersfield Branch); Mrs. Edgar P. Sykes; Lt.-Col. A. C. Tancock, C.I.E.; Mrs. M. Taylor; Mrs. H. G. Tetley; "The Times"; Mr. J. E. Thompson; Mr. Victor Thomson; Marshal of the Royal Air Force, The Lord Trenchard, G.C.B., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D. (Commissioner, Metropolitan Police); The Lady Trenchard; Lt.-Col. R. F. Truscott, O.B.E.; Mrs. R. F. Truscott; Mr. D. H. Truscott; Mrs. D. H. Truscott; Mr. T. D. Turner (Chairman, City of London Branch); Mrs. T. D. Turner; Mr. Peter Vezey; Mrs. L. E. Vezey, J.P.; Mr. Edward E. Vezey; [Mr. Peter H. Vezey, M.A.; Mr. Richard E. Vezey; Mr. A. S. Vining; Mrs. A. S. Vining; Mr. W. H. Walker; Mrs. W. H. Walker; Mr. W. Scutts Walker; Mrs. W. Scutts Walker; Miss E. E. Walker; Lt.-Col. Sir W. A. Wayland, M.P., J.P.; Guest of Lt.-Col. Sir W. A. Wayland, M.P., J.P.; Major Hugh Webb, R.A.M.C.; Miss Laureta West; Capt. Reginald White; Mr. Edward Wilshaw, J.P., F.C.I.S. (Member of Council); Mrs. Edward Wilshaw; The Rev. Harry R. A. Wilson, M.A. (Hon. Captain, Commonwealth Military Forces); Mr. Dick Wilson; Mrs. Henry B. Wilson; Col. A. H. Windsor, C.M.G.; Mr. A. H. Wood; Mrs. A. H. Wood; Mr. A. Denis Wood; Mrs. A. Denis Wood; Capt. Herbert C. Woolner; Mrs. Herbert C. Woolner; Mr. H. F. Yorke; Mrs. H. F. Yorke.

The Chairman, having proposed the toasts of "His Most Excellent Majesty the King," of "Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen" and that of "The Other Members of the Royal Family," the following telegram from Their Majesties The King and Queen, in reply to one sent by the Chairman, was read by the Secretary:—

"The King and Queen have received with much pleasure the message of loyal greetings from the Members of the Royal Society of St. George who are assembled this evening to celebrate St. George's Day. I am commanded to convey to all present an expression of Their Majesties' sincere thanks."

The Secretary then read a telegram received from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the President of the Society, in response to one sent by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, the Chairman:—

"My sincere thanks to you and to the Members of the Royal Society of St. George for your message of greetings which I cordially reciprocate. EDWARD P."

**The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P.**, in proposing the toast of "England" said:—I rise to propose the toast of "England." I am a great admirer of the Scotch and I am quite friendly with the Welsh—especially one of them—and I must confess to having felt some sentiment for old Ireland in spite of the ugly mask she persists in wearing; but this is the one night in the whole year when we are allowed to use a forgotten word, an almost forbidden word—it is the one night when we are allowed to mention the name of our Country. Usually we are told to call ourselves Britishers, a nasty word, or else we are allowed to call ourselves citizens of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Well, we can put up with that. Persons dwelling in one of the Dominions may be called citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations; British Empire would be much too "uppish," but to-night we are free, we are allowed to speak of ourselves as Englishmen and may even raise the slogan, "St. George for Merrie England."

We must be careful, however, not to presume on our indulgence. I have to be particularly careful because of this instrument here. These microphones have been placed here upon their own responsibility by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Just think of the risk these eminent men are running. We can almost see them in our mind's eye, gathered together in that very expensive building they put up with the questionable statues on its front. I can almost picture my friend Sir John Reith, with the perspiration mantling his lofty brow, with his firm tender hand upon the control switch, waiting and wondering, as I utter every word, whether it may not become his duty to protect his innocent subscribers from some irreverent thing I may say about Mr. Gandhi, Russian Bolsheviks, or even about our peripatetic Prime Minister. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to put him out of his anxiety, I am going to re-assure him. I have much more serious topics to deal with than any of those I have mentioned. I am going to tell you about St. George and the Dragon.

You know it is many years, in fact 30 years ago, since I presided at your Banquet and I have been thinking of the legend of St. George and the Dragon ever since. I have been wondering what would have happened to him and his story if he had lived now-a-days; whether he would have succeeded in his achievements in a modern world. Well, I suppose it would have been something like this. St. George would have arrived at Cappadocia accompanied, not by a horse but by a secretariat. He would have been armed, not with a lance, but with some flexible formulas. He would, of course, have been welcomed by the local branch of the League of Nations Union and, encouraged by them, he would have proposed a conference with the dragon—that would have been a round-table conference, no doubt, as it would be so much more convenient for the dragon's tail. He would have made a trade agreement with the dragon and would certainly have lent him a lot of money raised from the Cappadocian taxpayers. The question of the maiden's release, which is very important in the story, would no doubt have been referred to Geneva, it being

understood that the dragon reserved all his rights in the meantime. Finally, ladies and gentlemen, St. George would have been photographed with the dragon—that is inevitable—inset, bottom corner, the maiden, and thoroughly up to date. Well, I am afraid I prefer the legend. I doubt if our modern St. George would have achieved any feat of arms or virtue which would make us think it worth while to engrave his picture on our coins for a thousand years. So much for St. George and the Dragon.

I have also to speak of England from another aspect. We ought not to allow our thoughts on these occasions to exalt England at the expense of our past, our fellow countrymen in these Islands or in the great Dominions or possessions of the Crown across the oceans; we need them all. Neither do we wish to boast at the expense of great foreign countries, but there are a few things I would venture to say to you about England and about her civilisation. They are spoken in no invidious sense.

The first is this, England is not a bad country to live in with all her faults, and they are neither few nor small, but she is still the best country for the duke or the dustman to live in. Here, it never occurs to anyone that the banks would close their doors on their depositors; here, it never occurs to anyone to question the fairness of our courts of law and justice; here, no one would ever dream of persecuting his fellow subject, man or woman, on account of their race or their religion; here, everyone, except the criminals, looks upon the policeman as the friend and servant of the public; here, we provide for poverty and misfortune with more compassion, and more substantial provision in spite of all our burdens, than any other great country. Here, we assert the rights of the citizen against the State; or criticise the Government of the day, without failing in our duty to the Crown or in our loyalty to the King. These are considerable facts which on St. George's night we may recall.

We may also remind ourselves that within a fifty mile radius of this spot in the heart of England there dwells more people, except perhaps in greater New York, than in any other equal space on the Globe. They form the freest, the richest, the most prosperous, the most law-abiding and the most good-natured community alive. This England, this mighty London in which we are gathered, is still indeed, never more than to-night, the financial centre of the world. From the Admiralty building, half a mile away, orders can be sent to a Fleet which, though much smaller than it used to be and, I think, smaller than it ought to be, is still unsurpassed upon the seas. We have with us to-night, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who inspired us on Zeebrugge Day with the Nelson touch; we may remind ourselves without offence to anyone that nearly 90 per cent. of the sailors of the Royal Navy, by which, under Providence, we have been preserved for so many generations from so many perils, are English born and bred; more than 80 per cent. of the casualties in the Great War were English. More than 80 per cent. of the taxes are paid by English taxpayers. (We may pay more to-morrow, but we must hope for the best!) These are facts from which we should draw courage and authority. Why should we suppose that if we were to exert ourselves, England were to exert herself, we should not be able to guide the whole United Kingdom and the whole Empire into a new era of fame and power. Of course, we could not do it with the subversive doctrines and weak sentimentalism of those who would squander the substance of England's greatness. The historians have noticed all down the centuries one peculiarity of the English people

which has struck them most, and that is, that we have always thrown away after every victory the greater part of the advantages gained in the scuffle. England, so resolute, so dogged, so invincible in danger has always collapsed in spirit and in action after the danger has been warded off. It was so after the wars of Marlborough; it was so after the triumphs of Chatham; it was so after the overthrow of Napoleon, and certainly it has been so after Armageddon itself.

The worst difficulties from which we suffer do not come from without, they come from within. They come from a peculiar type of brainy people always to be found in our country, who, though they do nothing to help, take much from its strength. Our difficulties come from a mood of unwarrantable self-abasement into which we have been cast by a powerful section of our own intellectuals. They come from the acceptance of defeatist doctrines by a large proportion of our politicians. We are told to believe that patriotism is worn-out, except where paying income tax is concerned. But what have they found to put in its place? Nothing but a vague internationalism; a squalid materialism and the promise of a Utopia; that is all they offer us in a world in which the struggle for National self-preservation is every day intensified in Europe. These false guides tell us that our day is done; our sun is set; night is coming on, they declare, and some of them often show the greatest exultation when they tell us that the decline and fall of England's glory is at hand. If that be true, ladies and gentlemen, it will be our own fault. Nothing can save England if England will not save herself. If we have lost our place and our capacity to guide and to govern, if we have lost our faith in ourselves, if we have lost our will to live, then, indeed, our story is told. If while on all sides in Europe, in the East, across the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, foreign nations are every day asserting a more aggressive, a more militant Nationalism, either by trade or by arms, while we remain paralysed by our own theories, by a wonderful benevolent exhibition attributed to after-war exhaustion; if that be so, then, indeed, all that the prophets tell will come true and our ruin will be swift and final. Stripped of our Empire in the Orient, deprived of the sovereignty of the seas, loaded with debt and taxation, our commerce and carrying trade shut out by foreign tariffs and quotas, England would sink to the level of a fifth-rate Power; and nothing would remain of all her glories except a population much larger than this Island can support. Never should we accept such a fate for our country! Why should we break up the structure of British Power, founded upon so much freedom, for the sake of dreams which may some day come true but are now only dreams, and some of them nightmares.

As a race of Europe, we ought to weather any storm that blows, at least as well as any other existing system of human government. We are much more experienced and more truly united than any people in the world. It may well be that the most glorious chapters of our history have yet to be written; indeed, the very problem of danger that invades our country ought to make English men and English women in this generation glad that they have been born into the world at such a time. When we think of all we owe our forefathers of whose feats and struggles we are the heirs, whose forethought gave us the position we still hold among the nations, a position which we in our life time defended through the greatest war that ever raged, when we think of this we ought to rejoice at the responsibilities

that destiny has confided to us and we should be proud, we are proud to be the guardians and servants of our country in an age when its life is once more at stake.

I give you the toast of "England."

Sir Cyril S. Cobb, K.B.E., M.V.O., M.P., in proposing the toast of the "Royal Air Force," said:—I have the honour to propose to you the toast of the Royal Air Force. The Royal Society of St. George wishes its members and its guests to do special honour to the Royal Air Force this year. That Force has indeed proved itself worthy to stand beside the other two senior Forces. Its courage, its capacity and its resourcefulness have given it a wonderful place in the minds of all English people.

To-day we are specially asked to emphasize this occasion because the year 1933 happens to be the one in which the Royal Air Force comes of age and, therefore, the first thing I want to do in your name is to congratulate the Royal Air Force on that event. It has passed through a time of expansion under the care of the older Services; we at first knew the two branches of the Royal Flying Corps and it has justified its early promise in the way in which it has tackled that marvellous opportunity that was given to it, the conquest of the air. What enthusiasm and what a thrill that gave those young airmen in the early days when the Air Force was first feeling its wings. I remember once a distinguished Admiral said that the taking of risks was the measure of capacity for taking responsibility. Now I think that can be said more truly of the Royal Air Force than of anything else we can possibly think of. There was the enthusiasm of youth, a new weapon, a new element and that great sense of an individual duty to be done for the country which animated the young men of the Air Force in the early days of our aircraft. That spirit as I look at it was the reborn spirit of our early seamen, Raleigh, Drake and Hawkins. It was a spirit that inspired them with that love of country, devotion to the Sovereign and the feeling that "we care not what happens, we alone, individually, will tackle this job, whatever the odds may be we will go through." That has been the spirit of the Air Force.

It was established and has reached its majority and has fulfilled its early promise. It has carried out the traditions which have served throughout the centuries to breed the right kind of Englishman as we find him emerging at every crisis in our history.

During the Great War, and since those days, as the Force has grown in experience, it has taken its full share in Imperial responsibilities, carving out for itself its own sphere for defence and for the maintenance of order, especially in the Middle East.

No one can forget that wonderful occasion when the civilian population was evacuated from Iraq in 1929. No one can view the work of the Air Force without realising that in the Middle East they represent the Power of England.

Now I think, therefore, to-day, when we celebrate this festival of St. George, we may very well pay special honour to this Force which has now, as I say, reached its majority.

We have a duty towards it and that is this. If it is true that these young people have given of their best to this new Service for the Empire and for the country, then, is it not our duty as English people to see that they have adequate means to carry out those ever-increasing Imperial responsibilities which have been thrown upon them? Is it right that our Air Force compared with the Air Forces of other countries should only stand fifth in the world?

Not only when we drink their health to-day, as we shall do in a minute, but afterwards, we should think it our duty to see that the country does the right thing by the Royal Air Force, and by this time next year, when they have reached another birthday, see that they get the ten squadrons which are due to them.

I give you the toast of the "Royal Air Force" coupled with the name of Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham.

**Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.**, in responding to the toast, said:—On behalf of the Royal Air Force I wish to express my deep thanks for the kind manner in which the toast of our Service has been proposed and for the enthusiasm with which it has been received.

I notice that a little later on we are to drink to the memory of Shakespeare. Now I claim that Shakespeare, if not actually an aviator, was at least air-minded. You will remember, for instance, when King Duncan approached Macbeth's Castle, that his first remark was "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself," indicating that Duncan was an enthusiastic flier. Shortly afterwards we find Macbeth, in reference to Duncan, speaking of "the deep damnation of his taking off," from which we may infer that Duncan's skill as a pilot was characterised by impetuosity rather than judgment.

From debates that have taken place recently in other places one gets the impression that many people regard the Royal Air Force as experiments of terrorism. This idea is quite contrary to facts. If one examines the work that has been done by the Royal Air Force out in the Middle East and elsewhere in past years, one will find exactly the opposite, that by far the greater part of our activities has been directed to stopping troubles before they occur and to removing the cause of trouble by peaceful penetration. Force exists, and in a very effective form, but is kept in the background and seldom has to be employed.

For instance, take the case of Aden. Before 1927 the movements of the British garrison were limited to a few miles from the town. The hinterland of Aden Protectorate was practically unknown. As soon as a squadron went there a change took place, in fact had to take place. For you cannot tie down an aeroplane to a radius of action of a few miles like a toy which a child whirls round its head at the end of a string. It has got to go far afield. Consequently our squadron began to explore the hinterland; it marked down and made use of landing grounds. This led to visits by motor transport carrying petrol and oil, with the consequence that in a very short time political officers were able to travel by air or even by car all over the hinterland and so get into touch with the local chiefs to an extent previously unknown, to investigate and remedy their grievances; all to the benefit both of the tribes themselves and the security of Aden.

Look at the change that this has brought about. Previous to 1927 many of the places in the Protectorate had never been visited by a white man or at any rate only at intervals of many years: on one occasion when a political officer wanted to make a tour, the cost worked out at some £10,000 because of the size of the escort that was necessary. Now, visits are frequent and no escort is wanted. Only this afternoon I was talking to an officer recently on the Staff there, who incidentally is a keen butterfly collector. He used to take out political officers 120 miles and more in a single Moth aeroplane with no weapons whatever and

while the political officer was doing his business, would explore the neighbourhood collecting specimens of rare butterflies, some of which are now in the South Kensington Museum.

What further proof could be required of the beneficent influence of the air than this picture:—on the one hand the £10,000 escort, on the other, the peaceful butterfly collector.

This work is not very spectacular and does not attract as much notice as the suppression of an insurrection. Because trouble rarely occurs where the R.A.F. are in control, people are apt to lose sight of the value that is obtained from the potentialities of aircraft; they hardly realise to what extent the use of aircraft has effected a saving; in money; in lives, both of our own men and of tribesmen; in the bitterness that loss of life leaves behind.

Success in this, as in the more spectacular events such as the evacuation of Kabul, every flight of which, be it remembered, meant a journey over some 400 miles of very rugged mountains, or the winning of a world's record, or the Display at Hendon, cannot be obtained by one spasmodic effort. The foundations for the success must be sought far back, in our training establishments, in engineering workshops and in research laboratories. All honour to the pilots of the aircraft, but mechanics, chemists and engineers have all played their part and are entitled to share in the credit; amongst them I would like to mention the late Sir Henry Royce, to whom aviation and the Empire owe so much. Even this would be of but little value without esprit de corps, pride in the squadron, pride in the Service and pride in one's country. In fostering this the Royal Society of St. George has played no small part, and for your contribution to our success I thank you in the name of the Royal Air Force.

**His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, K.G., P.C.**, in proposing the toast of "Our President," said:—There have been many toasts proposed this evening but the one which has been commended to my care is the toast which I know all of you will honour with the greatest enthusiasm. It is that of our President, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The general company will notice that in spite of His Royal Highness's many duties he has not forgotten the events taking place here to-night and he has sent us a telegram of goodwill.

It was my good fortune to have the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales at an earlier period in his life than any of you in this room. I knew him in the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford and the time which he could devote away from his laborious studies he used to spend shooting wild fowl, snipe and wild game in Blenheim Park, a park which reminded him that for several centuries his forebears, the kings and queens of England, had resided there and had conducted the affairs of their kingdom from that centre. The Palace reminded him that one of these queens, in virtue of the services rendered to her by one of her subjects, had conferred as a gift that park upon this distinguished General. These days were to him happy and free from care, from the great responsibilities which would be imposed upon him. Little could he have foreseen the great upheaval of the War—those gigantic military operations in which he took no small part; he bore his share of national duty not only to the satisfaction of his brother officers but also to the esteem of his fellow countrymen. Little did he realise that after the War, owing to the



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#### THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

With the Guard of Honour—3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards—at the Annual Banquet.

economic conditions of our country, he would be called upon to perform the duties of ambassador to foreign climes in order to try and improve the trade relations between ourselves and distant countries. At a later stage he visited all our Dominions and Dependencies in order that he might familiarise himself with the administration, the aspirations and the requirements of our brothers beyond the seas, whom one day he realised Destiny would impose upon him the responsibility of ruling.

Not only has the Prince of Wales performed all these duties in the Empire but here at home he has spent his time day in and day out in lending himself to advancing the cause of all those institutions which are designed for helping those who have met with misfortune in life; the needy and helpless can always rely upon his services and everyone recognises this fact.

It may be that there are people in this room to-night who feel disposed to grumble at the position which they themselves occupy compared to the position in which their fathers and their mothers found themselves. It is true we none of us feel as secure and prosperous as those who lived

a generation before. Those who may feel disturbed and uncomfortable at their own position, let them ponder over the position of others who are more important than themselves. Just conceive, some 130 years ago every man was concerned in administering to the wants of the Prince of Wales, whereas to-day the Prince of Wales is concerned in administering to the wants of every man; and let me add this, that he does it with a cheerful countenance, a distinction of manner and an agreeable personality which wins for him everywhere loyalty and affection. Evidently he has taken the maxim to heart that "it is better to serve than to be served" and we feel that the old motto "Ich dien" still stands the test of time.

We were taught to believe that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." I dare say all of us are more or less conscious of this moral maxim, but no one can be more conscious of it than the President of our Society. But perhaps I have overstated my case. It is not quite true, the Prince of Wales has received, he has received the recognition by all that he is qualified to grapple with the problems which confront his own generation.