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[From Kipling’s “In the Same Boat”. Conroy and Miss Henschel were discussing
not curries but Najdolene tablets. It was before our day. Incidentally we
wonder—did their train, “the old 10.8”, stop at Walton and Woking?]

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THE SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

MEETINGS AND EVENTS, 1985

**Wednesday 3 April** in the Kipling Room on the first floor of Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1, near Green Park Underground Station) at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Miss A. M. D. Ashley** on *Why did he admire her so?—Or didn't he?*

**Wednesday 1 May** at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1) at 12.30 for 1 p.m., the **Annual Luncheon.** *Guest of honour:* Professor Tom Pinney. *Booking form: with this Journal.*

**Tuesday 18 June** Visit to Bateman's. For more details please write to **John McGivering** at 17 Addlestone Park, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey KT15 1RZ, telephone Weybridge 45458.

**Tuesday 9 July** at the Naval & Military Club (The 'In-and-Out', 194 Piccadilly, London W1, near Green Park Underground Station) at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Professor Enamul Karim** on *Kipling's Uncollected Writings in the Civil & Military Gazette.*

**Wednesday 31 July** at Brown's Hotel at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Mrs Lisa Lewis** on *The Cat that Walked with the Daemon*—and discussion of Kipling's animal stories.

**Wednesday 11 September** at the Naval & Military Club at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Mrs D. M. McFarlan** (of the Angela Thirkell Society) on *Angela Thirkell, Kipling's Literary Cousin.*

**Wednesday 27 November** at the Naval & Military Club, at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Sir Derek Oulton, K.C.B.** on *The Crucible of Thorney Island*—and Kipling's Commitment to the Law.

*February 1985*

JOHN SHEARMAN
The illustration above appears on the title-page (or, strictly, on the first of two title-pages) in an unauthorised American edition entitled *Barrack-Room Ballads and Ditties* (Altemus. Philadelphia: n.d. but certainly 1899; 247 pages; page size 6¼ x 4 inches; binding of blue cloth ornamented with floral motif in red and gilt).

The title was overprinted in red—falling short of perfect symmetry on what was perhaps one of the publisher's standard decorated panels. The book itself is well printed, though it contains some odd interpolations and slips. Its main interest is bibliographical. Several Altemus editions of Kipling, all unauthorised, are listed by the usual authorities (e.g. Livingston, Stewart), but this one, containing some of Kipling's best known work at that date, is not. It is yet another reminder of how sadly incomplete the published bibliography of Kipling, and particularly of the pirated editions of his works, remains.
THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

OBITUARY: JAMES CAMERON

We record with regret the death on 27 January 1985, at the age of seventy-three, of James Cameron, C.B.E., President of the Kipling Society from 1977 to 1980.

Cameron had a long, varied, colourful and distinguished career as a London journalist and as a foreign correspondent, and was held in respect by fellow-professionals. His capacity for stylish and pungent writing brought him a wide audience; he also made many effective television productions on current topics, and wrote several books, and a radio/TV play, The Pump.

He was chosen to be President of this Society in 1977 after the death of Lord Cobham. By the yardstick of some of his strongly expressed political views he might not have seemed an obvious candidate, but he had good qualifications—profound knowledge of the sub-continent, wide experience of travel and of turbulent events abroad, and a great reputation as a journalist, with what a tribute-writer in the Guardian has aptly termed a "unique combination of moral seriousness, humour and literary talent". Sadly however, ill health prevented his taking an active part in our business, and eventually in 1980 obliged him to resign. The Society's condolences have now been sent to his widow.

OBITUARY: MRS D. BROOKING

We have also learned with regret of the death on 23 December 1984 of Mrs D. Brooking, of Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, widow of Mr J. H. C. Brooking, the man who—undeterred by several earlier failures when he had encountered strong discouragement from Kipling himself—eventually succeeded in 1927 in founding the Kipling Society.

THE SECRETARY AND THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY

John Shearman is retiring as Honorary Secretary, and Norman Entract is taking over. (See page 70 for a tribute to the old incumbent and a welcome to the new.) I am grateful to John Shearman for inviting me in 1979 to edit this Journal and for leaving me
undisturbed in its management. Obliged as I am by full-time employment, and other commitments, to edit the magazine at spare moments and weekends, I would not have contemplated anything but a strictly solo function; but I was lucky to have from the outset so tolerant and understanding a colleague as he has been.

Miss Celia Mundy is at the same time retiring from the post of Assistant Secretary in our London office. We wish her well and thank her warmly for the work she has done for us.

THE SOCIETY AND MR DENIS THATCHER

Many readers of the Christmas 1984 number of the *Illustrated London News* saw, in a collection of well known people's memories of favourite childhood books, that Mr Denis Thatcher, citing Kipling, mentioned that his father had belonged to the "long since defunct" Kipling Society.

A correction seemed appropriate, and John Shearman wrote to Mr Thatcher, who replied with a courteous apology—though without sounding as if he himself was likely to apply for membership, an impression later confirmed to me between the lines of his friendly response to a complimentary copy of the *Journal*. However the *Illustrated London News* printed in January a letter from John Shearman stating that we were very much alive, and this was noted by 'Peterborough' in the *Telegraph*. In consequence, a few new members, glad to hear that reports of our death (as of Mark Twain's) were exaggerated, have come our way.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

We have agreed on a regular exchange of advertisements with the *Army Quarterly & Defence Journal*, whose 23,000 readers must include some who would join our Society if they heard of it. I am equally convinced that some of us would find rewarding reading in the *Army Quarterly & Defence Journal*, and am glad its publishers are able to offer a special rate to our Members.

I also hope that the Hakluyt Society, in which I am much involved, will get a good response to its advertisement. Its handsome annual volumes of scholarly works on travel and exploration have been appreciated by connoisseurs since the 1840s.
LORDLY OF LEATHER [7]

CONTINUING OUR SERIES ON KIPLING AND THE MOTOR CAR
WITH AN INSTALMENT OF HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL
SELECTED FOR US BY MERYL MACDONALD

[Editor's Note. As foreshadowed in our last issue, we now present—by kind permission of the National Trust—two extracts from Kipling's motoring diaries, which have been selected from among the Kipling Papers by Meryl Macdonald, author of Kipling the Motoring Man (National Trust, 1983). It gives us particular pleasure to make these diary entries, hitherto unpublished and therefore in effect unknown, available to readers of the Kipling Journal.

In the texts below, steeply reduced as they are, the introductory, linking and explanatory notes in square brackets are with few and slight exceptions Meryl Macdonald's.]

FROM KIPLING'S MOTORING DIARIES

[A] ACROSS FRANCE, MAY 1923

[In April 1923 the Kiplings travelled by sea to the south of France, where they picked up their chauffeur and car. This was the Duchess, the 1921 Rolls-Royce that had first been put to the test in the Scottish Highlands in September 1921. (In the light of its recent discovery in the sub-continent—see Kipling Journal, December 1982, page 28—this particular model must surely be known in future as the "Indian" Rolls, or "holy Ghost").

Early in May, they set off with Elsie on a leisurely nineteen-day journey homeward through France. Here are extracts from Kipling's record.

He kept daily notes of many, though not all, of his numerous motoring tours between 1911 and 1926. Initially brief reports dotted with running times and mileages, they soon burgeoned into pages-long entertaining accounts, or vivid thumbnail sketches, of happenings both on and off the highway.]

4 May

Left Monte Carlo, still, hot blue weather, at 9.30. Mist from sea hid most of Mid Corniche views but as we went up valley of Var to Puget-Theniers it got steadily warmer. The country was in late spring plumage with abundance of blossom—may and wistaria time ... Curious to see how each drop of water in valley had been used for
ACROSS FRANCE, 1923

Any readers of the accompanying extracts from Kipling's motoring diaries who need help in tracing his route across France will find in this outline map the principal places mentioned in the text.

On 31 March 1923 Kipling sailed from London (Tilbury) for Toulon, with a stop at Gibraltar. He was working at "The Janeites" (Debits and Credits) on board ship. From Toulon he went to Cannes, then to Monte Carlo where these diary extracts begin on 4 May. After a rough Channel crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven, he returned to England on 23 May—incidentally the day after the appointment of his cousin Stanley Baldwin to his first term in office as Prime Minister.
power ... (It was here that E. [Elsie] in fits of mirth, first saw that I was wearing a knuttish green soft hat—made in Spain and bought in an Italian shop, with a faint perfume of high-class hair oil. As the only place where I had been alone was the barber's at M.C. the evening before (and I recall a young knut\textsuperscript{1} being frizzed and massaged in an adjacent chair) I presume I must have swopped my old vile soft hat for his'n. But it was a curious affair.)

Our climb through the gorges began after Entrevaux [just west of Puget-Theniers]. Usual type cut or tunnel overhanging river, blinding heat reflected from rocks, and all the plants that rejoice in heat with their heads bare to the sun till it made yours ache ... Above Vergon and utterly alone, we came upon a rough stoned, windowless, apsidal chapel to N.D. [Notre Dame], chilly as the grave, and, apparently, as old as time, where men must have prayed before crossing the pass we had whirled up in half an hour. Someone had presented it with a shapeless Virgin and Child and pillars above the altar in 1675 or '57. The rest might have come from the IV cent. It was brown and wrinkled in the sun, like a tortoise ... Reached Digne in great afternoon heat at 3.30 ... I lay down till 5. Then usual evening stroll of us three up and down the street all dirty and stale after day's work. A big church with open cagework belfry and one insistent clock—a neglected Musée—gutters of mountain water and electric light hardly worth turning off—three rivers seemed to join by memorial to the dead, with great sheets of pale silver shoals and muddy water from the hills. A line of barracks on a hill-side and men playing bowls on a clear space by the river at the head of the town, with marvellous skill and judgment: shops ostensibly open but really shut: the day's work being done and the people perspiring gently at their own doors ... 

So to Hotel—very hot and to bed early. But the town was full of summer night footsteps and voices: as these ceased one heard the water swishing through the streets. At 4.5 Digne was livelily awake and cleaning itself with the care of a cat. Breakfast at 8.15 in the hot little court, already carefully sprinkled. The whole of the town, so dirty the night before, had been redd up, swilled down and swept.

5 May

Left Digne at 9 a.m. Through broad cultivated bottom lands to Sisteron. Good going. General impression of heat and verdure below and horned hills above becoming speckled with snow and then
streaked, then patched. Hills with cockscombs of limestone rock and madly contorted strata alternating with pebbles and mud dumps. A train of 41 trucks began to interfere with us at level crossings, one after the other... on one such halt we overtook heavily-loaded closed car with lady chauffeur who at that moment happened to be clutching a bottle of Black and White ...

Left at 1 and rose on good roads to the Col la Haute (1176 m) ... a hanging plantation of trees on our right and on our left at our own level, across a pasture sprinkled with cowslips, a patch of sodden, dirty but indubitable snow. Thence over Col and fell down into a stupendous panorama of snow-capped mountains and began a descent like crawling on the laps of giants.

[They go to Aix, where] the season had not begun. The flower beds were dug but the flowers weren't in 'em. The shops were all on the edge of opening but in some cases (as when we wanted gauffres [gaufres : wafers] with our ices at the little ice and cake shop ...) the goods hadn't arrived from their winter establishment ... A few English wandered about in the heat, looking more English than ever, but the overwhelming impression was of waiting for the curtain to rise—altogether the most unusual experience we had met for a long time.

7 May

Still, high, blue sky and heat, but the night was bland and balmy and the early part of it furnished with nightingales who sang ferociously outside ... To Annecy at 10.30 to explore—a dusty and save for the lake there an uninteresting drive. On our return 16 km from Aix an inner tube went (I don't blame it) and we had to sit in pure limestone-dusted grass by the road side.

After lunch took the 1.45 cog-rail up the Mount Revard [east of Aix] and were most abundantly rewarded at 4800 feet by such a view of the mountains, and specially of Mt. Blanc [near the Italian border east of Annecy], as never before had been granted ... The Saeter, for it was that, looked and smelt like New England on the edge of spring. Yet the air was warm and still. Ground filled with vernal crocus and many little gentians ... also Daphne and little hepaticas. C. [Carrie] and I wandered along the ridge to the observatory, and the huge direct drop down the face of the rock which it overlooks. The colour notes were
the blueish grey of the limestone strata, the neutral tint of the snow-pressed grass and the violent blue-black of the evergreen against and between the most tender green of birch, maple and the rest of the mountain dwellers: and the huddled, contorted snow-line behind it all. Yet truly, there are not many Himalayas but one Himalaya—and rock, snow and pine are an unchanging Trinity.

8 May

A virtuous morning (it being too hot for motoring) when I began with letters before 10 and by the time I had done a dozen lo! it was lunch time. Infernal waste but necessary ... went forth for evening stroll through the delicate air alone. Felt the town filling up and bought a combination knife and fork (5 f) against future wayside picnics. [Kipling frequently bought butter knives when touring; one wonders what became of them all.] The sale was conducted by a young lady of 13—half shy, half impudent—her mother, who was born near Thiers, where cutlery comes from, standing in the background ready to help but very proud help wasn't needed. Also, an old fat chemist—God knows why—would needs show me a medical botany book 1824, the property of his grandfather, with coloured plates and type. Once more praised be Allah for His men and women. It rained in the night but in no way quenched the nightingales.

[They stayed at Evian for a few days, visiting Lausanne by water across the Lake. When they took the road to St Julien they] accidentally made (so close is the road to the Suisses' frontier) as tho' to cross into Switzerland and were then stopped by Suisses. (As if we would.)

18 May

Left Bourg ... the Duchess romped at a steady 35 and 40 where the road had been "recharged". Whereby we found ourselves in Beaune at 10.45 and had time ... to order 6 dozen Chambertin ½ bottles @ 9 f. the bottle to be sent us at Bateman's. The three kittens of our friend the Siamese Cat of two years ago assisted at the conference, in the back room. They could not play with comfort on the polished floor but were uncannily silent throughout. Their markings, however, were good: but we decided we loved them not... Oddly enough found time to play a little over my Botanic nonsense—the Culpepper [sic] Pastiche. Also turned over "20 leads to B. Madame" ["A Song of French Roads"] in my mind.
19 May

Fled from evil Dijon [pretentious hotel with bad food] at 8.45 ... Roads good ... and the Duchess went sweetly enough. At our eleven o'clock stand-easy by a road full of orchids and one cuckoo a per se (Napoleonic epoch) loud-speaking peasant came along with a mule and a cartload of dung. We talked: a cigarette passed. He had bought the mule (fr. 1000) from the Americans when they left. It was a strong beast. In such a motor as ours one could promenade well. Whence and whither were we? He detested motors. They frightened the cattle grazing by the road sides and the children in attendance. Yes, and they could knock down a woman and bolt up to Paris and say naught about it. There was, however, a woman in an auto from Paris. She stormed along till the auto hit a tree nearby here and she was thrown out and spat out most of her teeth. Good! The local cattle (mouse-coloured) were "Swiss", and the big plough bullocks spotted red and white came from the Vosges. The local pig was a large white breed. There was a pig-farm nearby (here interpolated himself an ancient with a blank eye and a quivering under-lip, "The war finished him" said the loud speaker. So he got a cigarette and went on up the road to talk to Taylor [the Kiplings' chauffeur]. We shook hands when we parted and got into Troyes about 12 as the people were coming out of the shops. Different from '15 [Kipling's visit to Troyes in August 1915]. The old St. Laurent quite as dirty and quite as unchanged but the cooking as good as ever. The quiet streets just the same—even to a certain stand of rakes and hay-forks and a ladder which had been there nine years ago, by the gardens at the back. Took C. to the church of St. Jean and the Cathedral—both as in the old days and both full of memories that cut like hot pokers. I hated it. No pretence at a garage except a half-glazed inner court into which (the full-rigged ship in a bottle wasn't equal to it as a trick) some dozen large motors somehow managed to pack themselves, and what was more wonderful, to extract 'emselves next morn after Taylor had sworn at 'em a bit.

Nota: I'm afraid they're "restoring" both the St. Jean and Troyes Cathedral. Don't like the suspicious cleanliness of the side-chapel in either.

21 May

Off to Villers-Cotterêts to see Mayor, about possibilities of erecting Memorial Stone to 1st I.G. [Irish Guards] in the Forest. [They had...
difficulty in finding the Mayor's house, and] had to hunt about a bit behind a vast street cochère door giving into an almost oriental, or say Spanish, inner court. Room I was shown into was untouched 1870-82 in crowded decorations, wallpaper, furniture. Mem. Has the ordinary Frenchman any eye for artistic matters? I've seen many interiors and they were all on these lines ... Suggested going to see a plain memorial stone to the dead Forest Guards of V.C. Forest who had fallen in the war... first to Memorial Stone to the F.Gs made of a local stone which does not allow frost to enter ... Thence to V.C. (Brigade) cemetery once more. I seem to have seen it all my life! It was as usual—tore the heart out. Then on ... to the Rond de la Reine where is Lady Milner's statue of the mourning peasant-woman and Passant—arrête-toi! Very good and impressive ...

Then trouble by the wayside ...Duchess lay down—P.M. [post-mortem] began and after more than an hour was finally traced to a broken make and break of the magneto ... Switched onto batteries ... and were not back at Hotel till 4.30. Sent wire to R.R. [Rolls-Royce] ... and are now committed to run via Beauvais to Dieppe tomorrow on our batteries! ... What worried C. while we waited between the tall aisles of green trees while the Duchess was disgracing herself, was the sight of acres of lily of the valley not yet out and processions of cars whose occupants had bunches of lilies all out in their hands.

22 May

... reached Dieppe about 3.15. Then a clean-up and a walk round, C. purchasing a Camembert and its cousin (name forgot) but they smell richly. Never was a more delightful six days together. Tomorrow should fetch us home ...
28 September

Away at 10.10 ... Divinely warm still morn—low clouds, hint of thunder, with clinging haze—out via Golders Green, Barnet and Hatfield. Miles of trams, lorry traffic heavy at first but as we took the Great North Road more into our confidence it slackened. Nothing passed the Duchess ...

G. N. Hotel at P. [Great Northern, Peterborough]—very like any other Ry. Hotel. Not bad lunch served by largish, reddish waitress with slight double squint and big hole in her left stocking. Afterwards ... to Cathedral—huge, couchant lion brute effect of raw scraped Norman—I like it—and a most wholly damnable restored choir-stall and a still baser attempt at a Rood-screen scheme—mercifully frustrated by lack of funds. Roof ceiling very good. No verger turned up tho’ I had paid the church—2/- —and so went round by ourselves and were grateful. At end of our visit to deboshed choir stalls saw female in blue—rather like enlarged Girl Guide—armed with a key, conducting a party round, evidently a vergerin same as the Canon's wife at Glastonbury—but not so alluring. Fled out at once. Hot still afternoon; picked up Duchess in Close at 3. George Inn, Stamford 3.30...

QUERY (To be put to His Grace of Canterbury)
Should Bishops who restore Churches only be burned in the hand and the architects who do the actual sin hanged—or vice versa?

I went out to wire for rooms at Ripon and Hawick ... At 5 pm went out again down to and across the water-meadows which I think I was told are held by the butchers of Stamford—a higher level water-cut which skirts the hill under the city proper, floods them at need—walked into a queer world of old crooked stone houses past a wall aflame with Virginia-creeper which took me up hill and shot me into a highly respectable road full of middle-aged houses with old-maidish slips of gardens. Found an unmade road which took me back to my water-meadow and walked along the worn stone-strengthened embankment—got into another row of cottages named (there must have been a story behind this) "Free Mans Cottages"; saw one very handsome sluttish matron in her doorway and got into talk with a man carrying a basket accompanied by a beautiful but small blue old English sheep dog bitch with tail. He told me she was one of six—three born properly bobbed and three tailed ...
29 September

... up at eight for packing-up. On descending was tackled, sans introduction, by large, fat, Bradford man ("I'm a little worsted spinner") with demand that a fortnight hence, I should address a "Brotherhood" meeting under Wesleyan auspices at Bradford—four thousand souls at least. Told him I was main busy. Most persistent still. Annie S. Swan was one of their lights—why not me? No reason on God's earth, save that I was crowded with work. So with highest esteem we parted. He was running a Crossley—had left the Chauff at home but his wife "A very nervous lady, would not let him put on full speed." Had seen them in the lounge the evening before, and had come to precisely the same conclusion. One gets to spot the type. Got away at 9.25 ... about 10 miles N. of Doncaster I noticed wild snapdragon by the roadside.

HARROGATE 12.50 Distance 117m. Running time 3 hrs. flat. Making the average nearer forty than ought to be talked about... Not so bad for one old domestic bus.

Lunch at the Majestic, at end of season—the last fat women having their last fat taken off, with obese, expectorating, triple-jowled men to match. Struck once more by the abundant lack of grace in the younger and of charm in the elderly females ... They all suggested hens—thin or fatted. Day after lunch became even more divine—liquid golden sheets of light let down between easy, greasy, slow-moving clouds.

[They visit the ruins of Fountains Abbey, near Ripon.] All the long, broken, reddish-creamy flank of the cloisters taking distributed light on the dense but vivid turf. There were very few folk in the enormous ruinous shell of the church itself, only half a dozen English women talking in most subdued whispers as though the full congregation were present, and further towards the east end of the Chapel of the nine altars a group of nuns—one fat, one panting on a campstool (it must have been a longish walk for well-nourished piety) and another—with the cultured voice of an English lady on the social note, explaining—of all queer things—the points of the compass. "And that, of course, is the East" said she—why should a cultivated voice coming from a nun. make one jump?

We walked very slowly—saw the dull solid of the yews against the light ash-stuff, and the red boles and branches of the Scots firs
TO SCOTLAND AND BACK, 1923

Readers to whom the place-names in the accompanying extracts from Kipling's diary of his visit to Scotland are unfamiliar may find this map useful, to locate most of the towns mentioned on the journey north.
striking arrogantly up to take the sun, saw, too, a heron descend from such a fir, across the narrow valley, circle once round the biggest pond and leisurely ring up again to his perch where his long unarboreal neck suggested Pterodactyls ... 

Then out for a small walk—a penholder was my need, and the Grocer from whom—by command—I bought one penn'orth of Reckitt's Blue, hearing I wanted a Stationer's for the purpose said: "I will give you one." Yorkshire all over ... Out after dinner in warm August weather ... All Ripon bareheaded pattering off to the cinema and all the owls in the Abbey wood hooting as since the Conquest. A hot wind sprang up at nine—meaning a break in the weather.

30 September

Nothing happened. Wind blew itself out and glass rose on a warm breezy day utterly foreign to the North. Away by 9.30 having watched and heard the wife of a horn-rimmed Yankee [say] to proprietress "The Abbey here is all ruins, ain't it?", to whom the daughter of the older civilization:- "Yes, it is only a ruin", but the tone was lost on the other ... 

Two years ago we had run almost into Brough Horse-fair; the roads being full of them being brought in for the morrow. This day, the Sabbath, they were all there, in all colours, in a huge field, sacred I expect from all time to this purpose ... the neatly parked gipsy wagons, full-size caravans, tilt-two-wheelers and all the other wheeled rapareedom⁷ [sic] of the road. The women made advantage of the halt to do their washings which hung along the road fence. The men conferred in confederacies on the grass (about tomorrow's swindles); their many wise dogs poking into the circles under arm or between shoulders, with intent cocked ears ... (Mem. It is satisfactory to see things repeating themselves year by year.)

At Appleby perfect clear warm weather again and the big hills to southward lying out in it. Only the moors whence we had descended wore their table-cloths ... A few miles N. of Penrith it was as though someone had thrown a clod of mud at Taylor from behind the wall of a farm house we were passing. I saw it hit him and half knock off his cap. We stopped to investigate the outrage. Taylor searched at his feet for the missile that should be evidence. Twas a half-grown sparrow who had miscalculated our speed when, apparently, he tried to flit
between the driving screen and the front windows. Never was poor creature of God so dead. Neck, back and both wings smashed and the light of life utterly out of his eyes, in those few seconds. But if we had not found him we should have believed a boy had thrown a clod. So much for circumstantial evidence!

_Carlisle_ at 12.10 ... Note: The Duchess was passed—at 46—as tho' standing by an immoral light-blue two-seater with lots of luggage behind. How sinful and wrong it is to do more than 46 m.p.h. under any circumstances. We got up to fifty but even then we could not see him ... But, nothing, to our minds, can spoil the loveliest gate into the North—even tho' the Longtown [in Cumbria] - Cannobie [Canonbie, in Dumfries] road, and a little beyond was in strong need of repair. We followed Esk with all the autumn-touched yellowed ashes marking its bends, felt the unseen hills shut down on us before Mosspaul; picked up baby Teviot and slid into Hawick very happy about 3.10. The Tower Hotel provided new experiences ... bore a plate in the wall to the effect that Scott, Wordsworth and Sister Dorothy stayed there one night. At first I admired their nerve; the interior of the establishment being black ... The whole place simply spawned staircases and passages at different levels, all equally dark. Altogether ... a lack of geniality in the gloomy air and the view from the bedroom window embraced a whitewashed tower among the graves ... [A later investigation of the tower revealed it to be] the rope end of the belfry—I saw them going up into the darkness overhead— and there came out a gust of the smell of all the ages—dry-rot, dirt, raw masonry—a most hopeless, lamentable and besetting stink— exactly, I presume, what a Scotch Calvinistic Hell would smell like. A very long time since I have been so wrought upon through the nose...

Below us was a tributary of the Teviot—beer-coloured, but not by peat—half drain, half walled water that dived underneath a block of silent factory-like houses on its way to the main stream. The actual slope of the churchyard in which we stood was so steep one marvelled how the mourners could arrange 'emselves round the grave, much less bear the corpse to it, without upsetting. Then into the long, broad, straight-shuttered High Street, crowded on the pavement with the usual Sabbath traffic of boys and girls promenading in threes and fours of the same sex together preparatory to later splitting into pairs.

_Nota:_ The complexion of the girls generally good but their teeth uncared for, and their ankles like piano-legs ...
Then back to confer about food ... The meal was ordered at 6. Our impression was that it would be served out of newspapers on our knees. But as the day died and the lights were lit the Tower Hotel showed unsuspected splendour. Down twisty passages we found a sumptuous dining-room ... The meal was a noble surprise. The "chops" were of the most delicate and diminutive fairy mutton. The fried potatoes matched .. .

1 October

The aged crone who did our rooms told C. that Mary Queen of Scots (being chivvied as usual) had once slept in our room, "But she didna sleep in that bed. The furniture has been changed" (The Scots are unspeakable when they speak at all). The Hotel of course, had once been a big house—Drumlanrigs—and I found no end to it. One wing wrapped itself lovingly round the enormous perspective of a garage roaring full of cars. The breakfast was good and hot. Altogether, we liked the experience ...

[At this stage of the tour the diary entries start to shrink, significantly. Maximum shrinkage is reached with the following.]

9 October

... in the afternoon (worse luck) to St. Andrews and the sad duty of a rector.8

10 October

Speech. [This was "Independence", collected in A Book of Words.]

11 October

Students' Union in afternoon.

12 October

Dundee. [At University College, Dundee, "The Classics and the Sciences", collected in A Book of Words.]9

13 October

Dep. for Edin.—9.30. Arrive Edinburgh wettish day via Stirling ... Corr. proofs ... Rectorial Address.10
[Now the pressure is off, and so:-]  

15 October

This day did the Duchess break all records in holding her averages ... Two level crossings ... against us and a system of insane police controls where licences were demanded and a filthy red-diamond label offered (by a man with a workmanlike pink tongue) to be stuck on the car as a "protection against further 'inspections'". This I declined not wishing the Duchess to look like the cattle labelled on their rumps who were circulating unattended through Grantham. Police most urgent that I should so deal with her—to save themselves trouble!

[The Kiplings and Elsie call on Miss Blaikie—Elsie's old governess—and her family at Pipewell, south-west of Stamford.] Curious effect of two households having been told about each other in minute detail through so many years that we honestly could not be sure we had never met ... Had tea and left 4.30 after a heart-opening experience. Thence ... to North Road again and London with its glory of lights below us ... The most marvellous of any tour yet.  

EDITOR’S FOOTNOTES

1. Knut [k-nut, the k pronounced] was a slang term, according to Eric Partridge dating from c. 1905, for an excessively stylish young man about town.

2. While at Annecy, Kipling met Bonar Law (who on 20 May resigned as Prime Minister, to be replaced by Baldwin), and Perceval Landon who was covering the protracted Lausanne Conference on peace with Turkey.

3. Villers-Cotterêts was the scene of fierce fighting by the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards on 1 September 1914 during the Mons Retreat. This is described in Kipling’s Irish Guards, published on 16 April 1923, vol 1, pp 10-13. There the Mayor of Villers-Cotterêts, Dr Moufflers, is also mentioned, for his subsequent helpfulness over the local war graves.

4. The Brigade was the 4th (Guards) Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, British Expeditionary Force. The 1st Irish Guards formed part of it. See note 3 above: the same reference in the Regimental History describes this cemetery as "perhaps the most beautiful of all resting-places in France, on a slope of the forest off the dim road".
5. Rond de la Reine: a road junction in the nearby forest, and a position that the 1st Irish Guards briefly held during the fluid fighting on 1 September 1914.

6. Annie S. Swan, otherwise Mrs Burnett Smith, CBE (1859-1943), was an exceptionally prolific novelist, writing extensively for over fifty years.

7. A rapparee, by derivation from a term for Irish irregular soldiers, would be a bandit or robber.

8. The whole proceedings of welcoming Kipling at St Andrews and installing him as Rector in succession to Earl Haig occupied more than one day and involved more than one speech on his part. On 11 October he opened the Students’ Union and shook hands with eight hundred people.

9. Mrs Kipling's diary recorded that the ceremonies at Dundee involved more speeches and handshakes: the students chaired him to his carriage.

10. The same diary recorded that he was "rather keyed up after the strain".

11. The same diary recorded that they went (as usual) to Brown's Hotel, where there was "a very heavy post awaiting us".

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THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [3]

based on papers passed to the Editor by FAITH ROBINSON

The previous instalment in this series [December 1984, pages 34-38] had the Kiplings travelling to Cape Town on the Kinfauns Castle in January/February 1900, at an early and anxious stage in the Boer War. In this and the next instalment we focus on Henry Meyners Bernard (1853-1909) who on this voyage became their close friend. Bernard's own life was unconventional. He had been a young curate in London slums; he had lived in Germany and Russia; turning from religion to science he had gained some reputation as a biologist; he had a lifelong leaning to Fabian Socialism, and made idealistic experiments in communal living. Through the great kindness of his granddaughter, Mrs Faith Robinson, I have been given access to family papers, including an unpublished biography of Bernard by one of his daughters, Mrs Una B. Sait, A Spiritual Odyssey: this usefully describes the journey to South Africa, which arose from Bernard's brother-in-law, F. J. Mirrielees, head of the Castle Line, inviting Bernard to sail with him on the Kinfauns Castle, expenses paid. It goes on:-

There was business to be seen to in connection with the management of Mount Nelson Hotel [in Cape Town] run by the Castle Line, and also with the forthcoming purchase of the Union Line, and its merger into the combined Union-Castle Line ... Matters must somehow have been arranged with the [Natural History] Museum, for soon my
father was eagerly looking forward to collecting specimens in a sub-tropical climate …

Some months before my father and uncle sailed, the forces of the Boer Republics of the Free State and the Transvaal had invaded British territory and war had been declared. So the months they spent in South Africa were those of Lord Roberts’ successful campaign. Ladysmith was relieved on February 28th, and on March 13th Roberts’ army marched into Bloemfontein, capital of the Free State.

My father’s first two letters were sent from Madeira and gave an account of life on board the Kinfauns Castle, with its “soul-destroying luxury”. He and his brother-in-law had two of the best cabins on the ship, and their table companions were some of the most distinguished passengers. Among these were Rudyard Kipling and his wife, and Mr. Cooper, editor of The Scotsman. My father was to become a close friend of the Kiplings, and now gave us his first impression of them and of another fellow-passenger.

I think there is more laughter at our table than at any other. R. K. is sometimes very funny, but a trifle smart… Mrs. Kipling is American and a very pleasant little woman. She has two little children on board, and they are going to stay at Cecil Rhodes’, but, unless he is out of Kimberley, they will go to the Hotel…

The ’Great’ Duke of Marlborough sits at the next table but I do not think he has been in the saloon yet. It was very funny to see him walking arm-in-arm with his wife, in some bright blue costume trimmed with white fur, both of them very small people, and slowly preceded by two enormous flunkies in long coats of some peachy-buff colour and powdered hair, with their hats off in the rain, and perambulating round through the crowds on board before we started, the crowds hardly making room for them, because they could not, the ways were too narrow. I collided with them, quite accidentally, more than once. They parted just in front of me when the bell rang for all to go ashore. I felt sorry, for they are so recently married, that he has no right to go off to the wars volunteering …

1. C. A. Cooper (1829-1916), Editor of the Scotsman, 1876-1906.
2. Kimberley was besieged from October 1899 till relieved by General French on 13 February 1900. Rhodes was in the town and active in its defence. He returned to Cape Town in late February, and met the Kiplings in early March.
3. The 9th Duke (1871-1934) married Consuelo Vanderbilt in 1895. He went with the Yeomanry Cavalry to South Africa and became A.D.C. to General Ian Hamilton. At the same time (1899-1902) he was Lord Salisbury’s Paymaster-General.
'UNCLE RUDDY', REMEMBERED [2]

by LORNA HOWARD

[Our readers were introduced in December 1984 (page 41) to Lady Lorna Howard, who as Stanley Baldwin's daughter, and a favourite young cousin of Rudyard Kipling, and a contemporary of Elsie Kipling, has memories of the Kipling family which no one else now living can rival. Her recollections stretch back to Kipling's days at The Elms, Rottingdean (1897-1902), and a fragment of that vintage was printed in our last issue. We now present an extract from her many fond reminiscences of the next period, the early Bateman's years (1902-14). Incidentally Lady Lorna retains very warm memories of Elsie's brother John—of whom more will appear later—but in the account below he can be understood to be away at boarding school.—Ed.]

When forced to leave Rottingdean because of the busloads from Brighton which stopped to stare over the high garden walls, the Kiplings moved to Bateman's. Bateman's was to me a haven of rest. (This from a child may seem strange, but I was one of a large family, placed between two sisters and ahead of a sadly spoilt brother.) Uncle Ruddy had acquired the iron bell-pull at Bateman's from Aunt Georgie Burne-Jones's London house, The Grange, North End Road. Hanging outside the front door there when he was a child, it had "let him into all felicity" when he came to stay.\(^1\) His hope that other children might feel happy when they rang it at Bateman's was fulfilled in the heart of this young cousin.

Other people entering Bateman's might and did complain of the darkness of the hall, but to me it was the entrance to love, understanding, peace and laughter. Uncle Ruddy had the most infectious laugh I ever heard; when amused he would throw back his head, open his mouth and shout his laughter. And we would join in, Elsie, John and I.

In the old panelled hall there was a large open fireplace piled high with logs. On an iron spit to the left hung a silver fish with a flexible scaled tail. I loved that fish. I think it was the only thing I have ever really desired. When alone on each of my many visits to Bateman's I would stand in front of it and recite, very softly, Uncle Ruddy's poem:

`Little Blind Fish, thou art marvellous wise! Little Blind Fish, who put out thy eyes? Open thy ears while I whisper my wish— Bring me a lover, thou little Blind Fish!\(^2\)`

(I had no idea what a lover was.)
In the inner hall, in the corner against the schoolroom, stood an enormous shiny green enamel stove (whose pipe disappeared through the ceiling). This kept the house wonderfully warm, and I considered it a thing of great beauty!

I spent many weekends at Bateman's, going on my own. The one blot on an otherwise perfect weekend was that Elsie had to do lessons with her governess in the schoolroom on Saturday mornings. (This same—to us ridiculous—arrangement occurred in reverse when she came to visit us in London.) My cousin had been known in her very young days as 'Elsie Why'; she had hurled at her father's head so many *whys* and *whats* and *wheres* that the verses, "I keep six honest serving-men", in *Just So Stories* were written in her honour.

Breakfast at Bateman's was at eight o'clock. After breakfast, Uncle Ruddy sat at the hall table surrounded by newspapers. Aunt Carrie disappeared up a steep flight of stairs into her dark mysterious office (where we were not welcomed). Having strewn the floor almost knee-deep with various newspapers, Uncle Ruddy retired to his study. Elsie went to the schoolroom, and I either to the bedroom (which was mine on all occasions—the old night nursery on the top floor, with a window high up on the northern side looking over the walled garden) or out into the garden and down to the river to watch the endless flow of water by the mill wheel.

O blessed Bateman's, so full of happiness, laughter and peace. To me the sun seemed always to shine, the raspberry canes only there for the plundering by Elsie and me. In summer, after luncheon, Aunt Carrie and Uncle Ruddy—the former donning a straw garden hat, the latter a disreputable once-Homburg one, its crown rounded out of shape—would sit on the terrace bench looking along the lime tree avenue (their pride and joy) which led down the lawn to the yew hedge. Having sat there a while, they then proceeded along the stone-paved path by the pond, to the round-bedded rose garden. There and then, Aunt Carrie would begin her daily weeding session, bent double from the waist, with straight knees, continuing in that position till satisfied that that part of the garden was weedless. Elsie and I played tennis on an excellent grass court. So windlessly situated was dear Bateman's that summer evenings were spent out of doors.

See *Something of Myself*, chapter 1, for Kipling's account of the bell-pull at the gate of that "paradise" to which he was admitted for a month each year.

"The Charm of the Bisara", from "The Bisara of Pooree" (*Plain Tales*).
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ORIGINAL OF KIM?

From Mr T.C. Wilkinson, Honorary Secretary, British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia, 76½ Chartfield Avenue, Putney, London SW15

Dear Sir,

Although your readers probably know all about it, I enclose a scrap of information which has come my way. [This was the newspaper cutting, reproduced opposite.—Ed.]

Yours sincerely,

THEON WILKINSON

KIPLING AND THE FREEMASONS [v]

From Professor Enamul Karim [Secretary of our U.S.A. Secretariat], Department of English, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois 61101. U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

Rudyard Kipling's interest in Freemasonry may be seen from two perspectives:- his personal involvement in Masonic activities; and his interest in Masonic philosophy and its symbolism and mysteries as reflected in his literary writings.

His active participation may not have exceeded about sixteen months in Lahore, April 1886 to August 1887, although he remained a member of different lodges to the end of his life and attended their meetings irregularly. He was initiated at Lodge Hope and Perseverance No. 782 E. C. on 5 April 1886, eight months short of the required minimum age of twenty-one.1 Within a few months he was elected Acting Secretary of the Lodge. On 10 January 1887 he was unanimously elected Secretary at a regular meeting, and he held that position till 7 November 1887.2 From April 1886 to August 1887 when he moved to the Pioneer at Allahabad, Kipling was deeply involved in Lodge activities. He not
Who was Kim?

With a letter, opposite, came this newspaper cutting of 8 June 1935. Quetta, in British Baluchistan, was destroyed by earthquake on 31 May, with 40,000 deaths. It would be useful to know which paper this was (The Times, Morning Post, Telegraph?) and whether this over-confident identification provoked letters.

Though a feature in Kim is the eponymous hero’s identity problem—“This is the great world, and I am only Kim. Who is Kim?”—unlike Lurgan, Creighton and the Curator he probably owes little to any real person. Of course there have been attempts to identify him; here is one.
only "got the Father to advise, in redecorating the bare walls of the Masonic Hall with hangings after the prescription of Solomon's Temple" but "attended every monthly meeting up to and including August 15, 1887". On 4 April 1887 Kipling presented a paper to the Lodge on "Origins of the Craft", and three months later he read another, "Some Remarks on Popular Views of Freemasonry". J. J. Davies, a contemporary of the same Lodge, alluded to these papers in his farewell address to Kipling: "Bro. Kipling has also contributed towards the welfare of the Lodge by a series of lectures which he delivered ... of a nature both interesting and instructive." Davies's statement indicates the possibility of several such papers or lectures and also implies Kipling's deep interest in Freemasonry. Kipling moreover volunteered to be the Charity Steward of his Lodge, and in that capacity was responsible for collecting donations and contributions.

All this resulted in quick elevations in Masonic degree. On 3 May 1886, four weeks after initiation, he was passed to the Second degree. Only seven months later, on 6 December 1886, he was raised to the Sublime degree, the status of Master Mason. He was still twenty-four days short of the minimum membership age. Both R. E. Harbord and B. M. Bazley have pointed out that it was "unique" that the Minutes recording his raising were entered in his own hand, "he having acted as Secretary to the meeting at which he was raised".

Kipling was respected as "an ornament to his lodge and a bright line in the Masonic Circle". Davies paid tribute to his Masonic activities: "Those of us who have watched his conduct since his initiation feel sure that he has before him a successful Masonic career, for the thoroughness with which he conducted his duties was prompted by a lively interest in his work and by a keen desire for a deeper insight into the hidden truths of Masonry". He was also "advanced in the Mark Degree in Fidelity Mark Lodge No. 98 at Lahore, on 14 April, 1887, and was elevated in Mt. Ararat Ark Mariners' Lodge on the same day".

On leaving Lahore in autumn 1887, Kipling's active involvement decreased markedly. At Allahabad on 17 April 1888 he joined Lodge Independence with Philanthropy No. 391, known for having a "substantial proportion of non-European members". Later he would become a member of the Authors' Lodge and the Motherland Lodge in London, an honorary member of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge No. 2 of Edinburgh, and founder-member of two lodges connected with the War Graves Commission—the Builders of the Silent Cities No. 4948 in England and No. 12 in France. However, he did not play an active part in these.
His personal connection with his Mother-Lodge continued on a sentimental plane. In November 1929 he presented Lodge Hope and Perseverance with a gavel made of stone from a quarry which had supplied material for King Solomon's Temple;\textsuperscript{16} it was inscribed from "Bro. Rudyard Kipling". His name was recorded there as an "Absent Brother" till 1935 when he was elected to honorary membership; in December 1936 this lodge was given the subsidiary name of "Kipling Lodge" in memory of its most illustrious Mason.\textsuperscript{17}

Of the five Lahore lodges\textsuperscript{18} in 1886, Hope and Perseverance was best known for its mixed membership of British and Indians. It was established in 1858, soon after the Mutiny, to foster "bonds of brotherly love"\textsuperscript{19} and promote Masonic ideals among people of differing race, religion and culture. In 1886 there were at least six Indian members\textsuperscript{20} and Kipling has twice referred to them. In \textit{Something of Myself} he wrote:

In '85 [sic, evidently a slip] I was made a Freemason by dispensation (Lodge Hope and Perseverance 782 E. C), being under age, because the Lodge hoped for a good Secretary. They did not get him ... Here I met Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, members of the Araya and Brahmo Samaj, and a Jew tyler, who was priest and butcher to his little community in the city. So yet another world opened to me which I needed.\textsuperscript{21}

He also wrote a letter to \textit{The Times} [16 January 1925], which appeared under the heading, "Mr. Kipling as a Freemason : A Mixed Lodge in India":-

\textit{The following letter was sent recently by Rudyard Kipling in reply to an inquiry as to his Masonic experiences:} "In reply to your letter, I was Secretary for some years of Lodge Hope and Perseverance, No. 782, E. C. (Lahore, English Constitution), which included Brethren of at least four creeds. I was entered by a member of the Brahmo Somaj (a Hindu), passed by a Mahomedan, and raised by an Englishman. Our Tyler was an Indian Jew. We met, of course, on the level, and the only difference that anyone would notice was that at our banquets some of the Brethren, who were debarred by caste rules from eating food not ceremonially prepared, sat over empty plates. I had the good fortune to be able to arrange a series of informal lectures by Brethren of various faiths on the baptismal ceremonies of their religions." \textit{Mr. Kipling was initiated in the Lodge mentioned in the same year that he published "Departmental Ditties", before he attained his majority.}
Although his period of active participation was short, the impact of Masonic philosophy and symbolism was lifelong, as reflected in a substantial body of major writing, including *Kim*, *Captains Courageous*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Stalky & Co.*, "The Man Who Would Be King", "The Janeites", "'In the Interests of the Brethren'", "The Mother-Lodge", and at least thirty additional pieces of prose and verse. The Masonic ideals of Brotherhood, Fraternity and Charity, as practised in nineteenth century India, transcending racial, religious and social barriers of the time, seem to have functioned in apposition to his political views.

Sincerely yours,

ENAMUL KARIM

NOTES


2. *ibid.*

3. *Something of Myself*, ch III.


7. I have not yet been able to locate these papers.


18. Fidelity Mark Lodge No. 98; Mt. Ararat Ark Mariners' Lodge; Lodge Industry No. 1485; St. John the Evangelist No. 1483; Lodge Hope and Perseverance No. 782.


20. Three Hindus:- Dr Brij Lal Ghose. Assistant Surgeon; Protul Chander Chatterjee, MA. Pleader; Gopal Das. Others were:- Sirdar Bikrama Singh, a Sikh; Mohammed Hayat Khan, a Muslim Assistant Commissioner: E. C. Jussawalla, a Parsee merchant.

21. Something of Myself, ch III The date was 1886, according to the Lodge Minutes of April in that year. (Transactions, p 218.)

PRINCESSES AND SWASTIKAS

From Mr J. Pateman. 32 Petten Grove, Orpington. Kent BR5 4PU

Dear Sir,

I would like to comment on your assertion in the Kipling Journal of September 1984 [Editor's News & Notes, page 6] that it "should not be too difficult to lay hands on" a copy of A Book of Princesses, which contains "The Potted Princess" by R. Kipling.

As a public librarian I tried to track down this collection, using the information given: "Hamish Hamilton, 1963; Puffin [Penguin], 1965, reprinted later". My investigations have discovered the following further information which may be of use to fellow members. The collection was last republished in 1971 (A Book of Princesses, edited by S. P. Johnson, Puffin, ISBN 0140302492), but is now out of print. This 50p paperback edition is in stock at many public libraries, as is the 1963 hardback edition (The Hamish Hamilton Book of Princesses, edited by S. P. Johnson, Hamish Hamilton, ISBN 0241902339). The ISBN, or International Standard Book Number, is useful when tracking down particular editions.

Also, Tom Driver in his letter about the Swastika on Kipling's books [September 1984, page 37] mistakenly says that the Nazis "pinched it and reversed it". The Swastika on my 1927 edition of Barrack-Room Ballads is identical to that used by the Third Reich.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN PATEMAN
Regarding the shape of Swastikas, I partly agree with Mr Pateman. The standard pattern of Swastika adopted by the Nazis had arms pointing clockwise. This was also the most common pattern of Swastika used by Kipling for decades previously—which was why he stopped using the symbol from 1933. But there are also places in Kipling's books where the Swastika points anti-clockwise. It is likely that he regarded both forms as "correct". (It is noteworthy that in Japan the conventional sign for temples, as in maps and guide books, is the *Manji* or anti-clockwise Swastika. Very probably Kipling observed this sign when, arriving in Japan in 1889 from India, he was much struck by echoes of older Indian religion that he came upon in Buddhist temples.)—*Ed.*

**THE TOUSSAINTS OF KASAULI**

*From Mrs S. M. Peel, 21 Stonehills Court, College Road, London SE21 7LZ*

Dear Sir,

You might be interested in what I think is a little known fact about Rudyard Kipling. I spent the summer of 1938 with my parents at Kasauli in the Simla hills. There I met two old ladies, the Misses Toussaint, known locally as the Padre Miss Sahibs: their father had been an Anglican chaplain, and when he retired he bought himself a house in Kasauli instead of returning to England. He had had four daughters.

I was most interested in hearing about the life in India that they had known well before the turn of the century, and about some of the people they had met. They told me that they had known Kipling as a young man, when he had spent some leave one summer at Kasauli, and met the Toussaint sisters, and fallen in love with the youngest. He asked her to marry him; but she did not love him, and eventually married someone else, and went to live in Canada I think.

I asked what he was like. According to them he was rather brash, very sure of himself, and they had not liked him—but, they added, little did they think he would become so famous!

Yours sincerely,

SHEILA PEEL

[Though Kipling's rise to fame quickly generated (not least in India) a plethora of "memories" of him which were completely, and sometimes amusingly, untrue, it would be interesting to hear any knowledgeable comment on this story.—*Ed.*]
Dear Sir,

It is interesting to speculate on what Rudyard Kipling would have thought of the present Mineworkers' dispute. Commenting on an industrial dispute in 1912 he said:

If it weren't for the misery, one could wish that the strike would go on till the very name of 'miner' stank like 'suffragette'.

In 1926 he felt that the collapse of the General Strike should be recognised as an accepted victory for civilisation:

I see our accursed priests (who can no more keep out of the spotlight than actors) are loose already: and there will be the old dope about "leaving no bitter memories" etc.

He believed that the hardest job would come over the settlement, when our tendency would be to forget our friends in our zeal to forgive our enemies, and our fear of depriving the Unions of any of their hard won privileges.

Certain political issues of that time are re-echoed today:

And yet, the abolition of picketing, and the secret ballot before striking, are our first and most elemental needs, if the country is to be kept going.

As for the settlement:

The ruin done to the country will be lightly brushed aside as a thing for the majority to bear and pay for uncomplainingly, while the face of the minority is saved. It is our one interest to use this opportunity so that our big industries can be started up again on a basis of security and confidence, working with the genuine Trade Unions on business lines. That way we can build on the backs of these Revolutionaries double measure of the confidence they were out to destroy.

All these quotations, from the Kipling Papers, are cited in Rudyard Kipling by Lord Birkenhead (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978).

Yours faithfully,

JOHN PATEMAN
TOPOGRAPHY AND PUCK

From Mr J. Shearman, Secretary of the Kipling Society

Dear Sir,

The Journal correspondence about Pook's Hill has prompted a Member (Miss D. H. Clarke, Gowdhurst, Chart Lane, Dorking) to send the following quotation from Black's Picturesque Guide to the County of Sussex (1879), on page 44 under "Seaford":

Puck Church Parlour (from the popular Sussex 'pharisee', the fairy Puck), a curious ledge of rock jutting out beneath the brink of the cliff east of the town, can only be reached by a dangerous path from above, and is now the sheltering-place of some wise old Reynards, who have little reason to dread the huntsman or his hounds.

It may also be of interest that Terrible Down, where the Boy in "Cold Iron" (Rewards and Fairies) was "born under a shaw", is named in the current O. S. Series 1:50,000 Sheet 199 (Eastbourne and Hastings), National Grid 498 159, just off the B2192 road, some six miles out of Lewes. There is today a thicket or small wood—a shaw—visible from the road.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SHEARMAN

POOK'S HILL ON THE MAP [IV]

From Mr R. King, Rosetta, 7 Claverham Way, Tollgates, Battle, East Sussex

Dear Sir,

It seems that in the recent correspondence in the Journal on the actual whereabouts of Pook's Hill some of the evidence has been overlooked. Perhaps we should remember that the Puck stories are fiction with a foundation of truth, and that Kipling was quite capable of removing the Pook Hill of the old map to a point more suitable to the story. Incidentally we have more than one Pook Hill in Sussex.

We know that the children rehearsed the play [Midsummer Night's Dream] in the old quarry, for Elsie Bambridge says so in Carrington's biography; and I had a confirmatory story from the daughter of the
The man who was the village 'Bobby' at that time. However, if the play was to charm Puck from his hill on the Eve of Midsummer it had to be moved, and the first page of "Weland's Sword" tells us, "The Theatre lay in a meadow called the Long Slip". Bateman's fields are clearly marked and named on the Tithe Map, and the Long Slip is the first field that is reached by walking west from the millpond. If you skirt the pond and go over the sluice, leaving the Otter Pool on your right, you will come upon a shaded path: at the end of this is a stile and a gate which form the eastern boundary of the Long Slip. The little millstream still bends round one corner of it, and the banks are still overgrown with willow, hazel and so on, but the Fairy Ring has gone!

The Floodgates and the Otter Pool, the weir and the Long Pool, the Gunway, the Lower Ford and the Beacon—all these are not difficult to find; but I have never succeeded in locating the Long Ditch, Stone Bay or Volaterrae, and the forge is so buried in bramble and bracken that I have never had the courage to hunt for it.

Some Burwash folk believe—as Charles Carrington did—that the Hill is part of the long spur which runs south from Burwash Weald, but there are many reasons for disregarding this theory. I discussed this with Charles Carrington in May 1979 during the Society's visit to Bateman's, and set out all the evidence to him in a letter. In his reply he was kind enough to accept my suggestions, and to say that he would have corrected the footnote on Pook's Hill [on page 442 of the 1978 edition of "Rudyard Kipling"] had he known earlier.

Yours faithfully,
RONALD KING

KIPLING AND THE STRUBENS

From Mr D. H. Simpson, OBE. Librarian, Royal Commonwealth Society

Dear Editor,

Following your reference to the Struben family in last December's Journal [Editor's News and Notes, page 8], you may be interested in some further details on them, and other associations with Kipling.

J. H. M. Struben (1806-69) was born in the Netherlands but married a Scot, and acquired British nationality in 1841. In 1850 he emigrated to South Africa on account of his wife's delicate health, and was active in Natal and the Orange Free State (where he was an unsuccessful candidate for President) before becoming one of the early settlers in Pretoria. His son Henry William Struben (1840-1915)
had a varied career in South Africa as transport rider and farmer, but eventually, in partnership with his brother Fred (1851-1931) became one of the developers of the Rand goldfields. He settled in Cape Town and began an autobiography, *Recollections of Adventures*, which was published in its unfinished form in 1920.

H. W. Struben had four sons including Robert Henry and Charles, both of whom were active in commerce and public life. He also had four daughters, of whom Edith (1868-1936) was a noted painter, and editor of her father's memoirs.

Enid was the youngest daughter, and met Commander Dudley de Chair when he was serving in H.M.S. *St. George*, flagship of the South African station, and she was staying at Admiralty House with her friend Alice Rawson, daughter of the Admiral. De Chair wrote, "Her character and devotion to both her remarkable parents endeared her to everyone. To see a seasoned statesman like Cecil Rhodes pouring out his aims for education to her, others waiting for a chance for extra dances, roused interest too." They were later parted by his career for over four years, but the Strubens visited England in 1903, and Dudley and Enid were married at Torquay on 21 April with Charles Struben as best man, [ *The Sea is Strong* (1961) by Sir Dudley de Chair, pages 109-10 and 117-18 and portrait facing page 112].

H. W. Struben's autobiography, and the entries for members of the family in the *Dictionary of South African Biography*, do not mention the association with Kipling, but Charles Struben's autobiography, *Vein of Gold* (Balkema, 1957), apart from mentioning that Kipling had offered to edit his father's memoirs, has an interesting account of some memories of Kipling.*

*NOTE BY EDITOR. Mr Simpson sent me photostats of pp 98-99 of this book, which indeed contain interesting references to Kipling. As Mr Simpson also pointed out to me, Charles Struben's memory was obviously unreliable, to judge from some self-evident anomalies of time and space: after all, old men forget. (For example, he mentions Kipling attending a political meeting in Claremont Town Hall, Cape Town, in early 1914, when he was certainly not in South Africa. Early 1904 might have been correct.) With that caveat, the following allusions are worth the summary I give them: the Strubens were indeed friends of the Kiplings: Edith and others are incidentally mentioned (without explanation) in letters in "O Beloved Kids".

1. The Struben property, which Kipling called Strubenheim in *Something of Myself*, is mentioned as Struben Holm. (Yet Kipling, in a letter in "O Beloved Kids", again calls it Strubenheim.)
2. Charles Struben recalled going with a naval officer called Craig, then commanding H.M.S. Pelorus, to call on Kipling at his Cape Town house, The Woolsock. He described how Kipling's "brilliant imagination had been fired by the news, received that day, that Bleriot had crossed the English Channel in a machine heavier than air". [Unfortunately, Bleriot's flight was not till 1909, when Kipling, sickened by the political resurgence of Afrikanerdorj, had stopped going to South Africa.]

3. On the occasion in question (whenever it was), Kipling "described what he thought the results of this achievement would be, and drew an enthralling and prophetic picture of the coming age of the air" – with aircraft hangars, air traffic control, beacon searchlights, commercial and mail flights, and a suggestion that air travel would render frontiers, or at least customs barriers, obsolete.

4. These ideas, Struben wrote, were later, "to my intense interest", reproduced in "With the Night Mail". [Another confusion: that story was written in 1904 and published in Actions and Reactions in 1905. I would guess that although Struben later got it muddled, some such speculative conversation took place in early 1904, when (a) Kipling was in South Africa, and incidentally attended political meetings in Cape Town; (b) the Wright brothers had just made their first successful flight, December 1903; (c) Kipling may well have begun to plan "With the Night Mail", a story about airships on which he was working hard by August.

5. Struben also gave a vivid (but in historical terms unhelpful) account of what he remembered of the origins of Kipling's "Hymn of the Triumphant Airman".

6. A clue to the date of the talk about flight might be yielded by research in the log of H.M.S. Pelorus (described in the Naval Annual as a Protected Third-Class Cruiser, launched 1896, 2135 tons). On the previous day, according to Struben, Kipling had visited the ship at Simonstown. Her captain, Arthur Craig (later, with a change of surname, to be Vice-Admiral A. C. Waller, 1872-1943), was evidently astounded by Kipling's extraordinary curiosity about every detail of the vessel and of her crew, and by "the intense power of observation that made him a great journalist". "He knows more about my damn ship", said Craig, "than I do."

"THE 10.8 FROM WATERLOO"

From Canon P. C. Magee, 16A Donaldson Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP1 3AD

Dear Sir,

In the December 1984 number of the Journal there is an enquiry within the context of the Khyber Pass Restaurant advertisement on page 2 [see also the present issue, Ed.]. Following a quotation from Kipling's "In the Same Boat", a story of 1911 in A Diversity of Creatures, the question is asked whether "the old 10.8" did in fact
stop at Walton and Woking.

Alas, the London & Southwestern timetable of 1911 has no mention of this train. Indeed, the last train for the west left at 8.15, and went no further than Salisbury. A clue to the poetic licence in this story is given when the writer vividly describes the train "running under red cliffs along a sea-wall washed by waves that were colourless in the early light". But it was the line of the rival Great Western Railway which ran (and still runs) south from Exeter along the South Devon coast: the L. & S.W.R. pursued its journey to Plymouth by striking north via Okehampton, and never saw the sea. Both lines meet at Exeter St David's—and I once left that station heading north for Plymouth at the same moment that a G.W.R. train left for the same destination travelling south.

Incidentally the 1911 timetable reveals some interesting data. Only one train left Salisbury for Waterloo before 9.30 a.m.: now there are six: a sign of the times!

The timetable also warned intending travellers that alterations would be made on Thursday 22 June, for the Coronation of King George V. Not, it seems, that H.M. himself would be using the railway, for the monarch laconically notes in his diary for that day, after an account of the morning's ceremonies: "Had some lunch with our guests here. Worked all the afternoon ... answering telegrams & letters." Rather an anticlimax: H.M. would have had more excitement if the Royal saloon had been attached to the old 10.8, but no—"Rather tired. Bed at 11.45", he records.

Yours sincerely,
PAT MAGEE

[The advertisers will be apprised that there was no 10.8. We are grateful to Canon Magee for this information and for the explanation about the G.W.R. and the L. & S.W.R. (a point which was also noted in the Readers' Guide, though the latter's limited circulation makes reference to it almost irrelevant for a wider readership).

Timetable alterations for King George V's Coronation would presumably imply more trains for the occasion: by contrast, in "O Beloved Kids" Kipling writes of the railways stopping their traffic as a gesture of respect for Edward VII's funeral.—Ed.]

JUST SO [II]

From Mr J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ

Dear Sir,

Rosalind Meyer's splendid appreciation of the Just So Stories (Kipling Journal, December 1984) will be admired by all.
Some readers may not know Kipling's own explanation of 'Just So', which appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, December 1897, as an introductory paragraph to the first 'Just So' story, later entitled "How the Whale Got His Throat":-

Some stories are meant to be read quietly and some stories are meant to be told aloud. Some stories are only proper for rainy mornings, and some for long hot afternoons, when one is lying in the open, and some stories are bedtime stories. All the Blue Skalallatoot stories are morning tales (I do not know why, but that is what Effie says). All the stories about Orvin Sylvester Woodsey, the left-over New England fairy who did not think it well-seen to fly, and who used patent labour-saving devices instead of charms, are afternoon stories because they were generally told in the shade of the woods. You could alter and change these tales as much as you pleased; but in the evening there were stories meant to put Effie to sleep, and you were not allowed to alter those by one single little word. They had to be told just so, or Effie would wake up and put back the missing sentence. So at last they came to be like charms, all three of them, the whale tale, the camel tale and the rhinoceros tale. Of course little people are not alike, but I think if you catch some Effie rather tired and rather sleepy at the end of the day, and if you begin in a low voice and tell the tales precisely as I have written them down, you will find that Effie will presently curl up and go to sleep.

This was noted by the late R. E. Harbord in 1955 in the first pamphlet of what was to become the eight-volume *Readers' Guide*.

Did the Kiplings really call the beloved Josephine 'Effie'? May I also take up a minor point in Rosalind Meyer's article? She refers on page 17 to the school form known as 'the Shell'. Her interesting *carapace* theory is not quite sound. At Westminster the great former dormitory of the monks became 'the School' where all the pupils were taught from Elizabethan times till 1884. At the north end there was until 1868 a kind of alcove in the wall, which was known as 'the Shell'. (A painting showing it, about 1830, exists.) This alcove was originally made in the time of the Commonwealth (1649-60), and (quoting from "Westminster School" by L. E. Tanner in *Country Life*, London, 1934) "The form which was taught in front of it was called the Shell Form, and the name survives not merely at Westminster, but has passed thence to many other Public Schools."

Yours faithfully,

JOHN SHEARMAN
Dear Sir,

I enjoyed the article on the Just So Stories, by Rosalind Meyer in the December 1984 issue of the Kipling Journal, though I found the comparison of the characters in "The Beginnings of the Armadilloes" with those in Stalky & Co. rather far-fetched. There are two points about this paper that I would like to make, rather trivial perhaps but I hope of some interest.

[Referring to Mrs Meyer's statement that the Limpopo was once known as the Crocodile River—page 20] The Crocodile River is about 350 kilometres to the south of the Limpopo. A strip of land about 90 kilometres wide running north and south between these two rivers along the border of the Republic of South Africa and Mozambique is today the Kruger National Park. This was not established until 1926, but the very first 'Government Reserve', between the Crocodile and Sabie rivers, was proclaimed in 1898; 'reserve agreements' with the owners of land further north were made from 1902 onwards, and in 1903 the area between the Limpopo and Letaba rivers was proclaimed as a 'Government Reserve'. There was much opposition to government policies in these matters and much political discussion, of which Kipling was no doubt aware.

[Referring to the illustration on page 23 and the editorial comment that the artist VerBeck had drawn bees, not hornets, since the original text said bees] I do not think the insects on the left of the drawing are intended to be bees. Bees do not extend their stings in flight; I think the artist has emphasised the stings to suggest fierce, angry hornets; the sketches are artist's impressions and not entomological drawings, in any case. The nest on the right of the drawing is certainly not a bees' nest; it is obviously a hornets' nest (or possibly the artist drew a wasps' nest which would not look any different in view of the scanty detail shown). VerBeck clearly had the 'received text' [hornets' nest] in mind, and not an earlier version reading bees' nest.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK BRIGHTMAN

[I would not dispute Mr Brightman’s scientific judgment, that the disagreeable insects as portrayed by Frank VerBeck in the Windsor Magazine of February 1902 could not]
be bees, and that their nest was wrong too. (Artist's licence—or ignorance, shared by
this editor.) But Mr Brightman is not quite right in one bibliographical respect.
Though I have not yet checked the text in the original appearance of "The Elephant's
Child" in the Ladies Home Journal of April 1900. I know that when it reappeared with
the same illustrator's accompanying pictures in the Windsor Magazine two years later,
the text, and the caption to this drawing, read bees' nest, so I do not think VerBeck was
trying to draw hornets – which are incidentally of the wasp family. It was later that the
text was changed to hornets' nest.—Ed.]

KIPLING, SHAKESPEARE AND BERMUDA

From Mr J. Young, J.P., F.S.V.A. 34 Hendon Avenue, London N3 1UE

Dear Sir,
I have recently acquired The Works of William Shakspere, edited
by Charles Knight and published by George Routledge & Sons. It is
in one volume and is illustrated. It is a very attractive book, each page
having a rather ornate coloured border.
The interesting thing about it however is that it came from
Rudyard Kipling's library and has his bookplate inside the front
cover. He appears to have signed the flyleaf in pencil, 'R. Kipling',
and on the half-title page is the following inscription, not in Kipling's
hand:- "Rudyard Kipling his beach-book from F. W. G. Bermuda
1894". The first play in the book is The Tempest.

Carrington, in his biography of Kipling, chapter 9, refers to 1894
being a year of great content and prosperity for the Kiplings. They
visited Bermuda, and in Carrington's words "in Prospero's magic isle
Rudyard found a key to Shakespeare's art which he often pondered
over in later years. Seeing with his own eyes that the set of the beach
was congruent with the scenery of The Tempest, he conceived the
notion of a shipwrecked sailor spinning a yarn from which
Shakespeare visualised the island …"

I believe the book has been in South Africa for many years and I
would guess that it was left there by Kipling and probably never
brought back to England.

I wonder whether any of your readers can throw light on who
'F. W. G.' might be. One can imagine Kipling being on holiday in
Bermuda and talking about Shakespeare, and somebody out there
presenting him with this attractive volume literally to read on the
beach. I would be extremely grateful if anyone can throw light on
this.

Yours sincerely,
JEFFREY YOUNG
It will be interesting to see if 'F. W. G.' can be identified. Kipling was in Bermuda from 27 February 1894 for about three weeks.

His ideas on the origins of *The Tempest* are of real interest and two very relevant pieces by him on the subject are reproduced in this issue, on pp 56-61.

As to the question how books from Kipling's library came to be for sale in South Africa, readers may be interested to know that about a dozen books with his bookplate, including this Shakespeare, were auctioned in November 1984 in Pretoria, as part of the extensive Kipling Collection in the library of the late William Davis, a Scottish-born South African industrialist who had collected books seriously only since about 1965 and who died in 1982. Though tantalisingly little is known about the provenance of many of Davis's books, I agree with Mr Young, judging from circumstantial evidence, that these books which had been Kipling's property probably never went back to England from his Cape Town home.—Ed.]

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**THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING**

*From Mr Charles Allen, 46 Roderick Road, London NW3 2NL*

Dear Sir,

I wonder if any reader can throw further light on the background to Kipling's story, "The Man Who Would Be King", published in 1888, which I had long assumed to be based on Elphinstone's *Account of the Kingdom of Caubul* (1839) and the general interest in Kafiristan inspired by the covert Lockhart Mission.

In particular, can any Kipling Society member offer any information regarding the fate of one F. Wilson, adventurer, also known as 'Pahari [hill man] Wilson', 'Raja Wilson' or 'Wilson of Harsil'?

The relevant details of the Wilson story, as told to me, run as follows. There is in Harsil, a little village beside the Bhagirathi Ganga two days march downriver of Gangotri temple and tucked away beyond the Central Himalayan Range, a magnificent mansion built of stone and deodar timbers known as the 'Wilson House'. In 1979 I was taken to see this building (now a Forest Department Rest House) and shown photographic portraits of Wilson and his senior wife, Gulabai, taken probably in the 1870s when the former was in his old age. The story I was told was that Wilson had come to the valley as a deserter from the British Army in the early 1840s. Using his gun he had forced the local people to act as beaters, shooting musk deer and sending the musk pods down to Mussoorie to be sold.

He then won the trust of the people, settled down, took several
local women of low caste into his harem, introduced 'Wilson apples'
and 'Wilson potatoes' into the region, and bought land from the
Brahmin village of Muckwa on which he built his great house. He
also introduced his own coinage, and at some point provoked the
Raja of Tehri-Garhwal (in whose territory he had established
himself) into sending soldiers up to Harsil to arrest him.

Wilson replied by sending a tribute of money to the Raja, and for
the payment of an annual fee of 400 rupees secured timber rights to
the surrounding forests. By 1875 we know Wilson to have become a
very rich man. According to Andrew Wilson (The Abode of Snow)
"he made so much money that it was currently believed at Masuri,
when I was there, that he is worth more than £150,000". Wilson was
then spending his summers up at Harsil and his winters in a second
large mansion, Astley Hall, in Mussoorie.

Wilson, it seems, had two sons, Charlie and Natthu Singh. The first
was a well known character in Mussoorie at the turn of the century.
Natthu Singh, however, is said to have gone mad and shot several
people in the Harsil area—an act that led to him and other members
of the Wilson family being driven out of the valley. The temple priest
at Gangotri actually showed me papers relating to this affair, cuttings
from a newspaper of the 1880s. Was it from the Pioneer, or the Civil
and Military Gazette? Alas, my notes were lost and I cannot
remember the details! Perhaps a resourceful and energetic reader
might like to go to Gangotri (now accessible by bus, and only a three-
day journey from Hardwar) and get to the truth of the matter.

One other detail of the Wilson story seems to find an echo in "The
Man Who Would Be King": ten miles below Gangotri there is a
narrow gorge cut by a tributary of the main river. Modern-day
pilgrims have to descend about 900 feet to the foot of this gorge to
cross the river, and then have to make another steep climb up the
other side. Far above them at the very top of the gorge they can see the
remains of Wilson's bridge. It is said that when Wilson first erected
this bridge no one would cross it because of the terrifying drop below,
whereupon Wilson galloped his pony back and forth across the
bridge. It is also said that the hoofbeats of his horse can be heard on
still summer nights!

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES ALLEN

[Mr Allen, who recently joined this Society, is well known for Plain Tales from the Raj, Tales from the Dark Continent, Tales from the South China Seas and now most recently Lives of the Indian Princes (Century Publishing Co, 1984).—Ed.]
KIPLING AND BACON

From Mr P. Bellamy, 182 Skipton Road, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD21 2SY

Dear Editor,

I think you might find some interest in what I enclose—namely photocopies of a flyleaf inscribed by Kipling, and the title page, and another page, all from a bizarre book, Francis Bacon's Personal Poems, "arranged" by Alfred Dodd, which "proves" that Bacon not only wrote Shakespeare but was the illegitimate son of Elizabeth I!

Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism are central to the thesis. The big question is, why did R. K. think it important enough to give to someone? "Proofs of Holy Writ" and "The Coiner" are surely indicative that he did not subscribe to 'Baconism' ... and yet ...

Yours sincerely,

PETER BELLAMY

[The title page is reproduced opposite. Below it is a note referring to the other page (p 44) which Mr Bellamy has sent.

As to the flyleaf, it is inscribed (definitely, in my view, in Kipling's handwriting) N. S. Melsome from Rudyard Kipling Armistice day 1932. The initial "N" is not clear; at first I thought it was the word "to"; but I believe not. Information on who Melsome is or was might be of interest.

Readers will probably agree with me, on a good many grounds, that Kipling did not think Bacon wrote Shakespeare. However he was always amused, and occasionally fascinated, by things cryptic, ritualistic, enigmatic and bizarre.—Ed.]

GEORGE H. RANDALL: ARTIST

From Ms S. E. Gantt, 1318 Sheridan Street, W., Washington DC 20011. U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

I am interested in a nineteenth century American artist named George H. Randall, and have spent considerable time researching his life and works. However the Library of Congress and other places used for my research have so far yielded only small bits and pieces of information.

In 1899 seven of his etchings were copyrighted by Michael F. Tobin, a New York art publisher, and the title of one of them was the
THE PERSONAL POEMS
OF
FRANCIS BACON
(OUR SHAKE-SPEARE)
THE SON
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Arranged in correct numerical and chronological order by
ALFRED DODD.

THE DARK HORSE OF THE SONNETS?

See Mr Bellamy's letter, opposite. Here is the book's title-page.

Mr Bellamy also sent p 44 as a specimen of the book. In it the editor finds cryptic significance in the typographical layout of the 1609 Quarto edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets. For instance, he takes the first three lines of Sonnet I:-

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease ...

From the printer's capitalisation of initial letters—FR, T, B, set in larger type—he deduces Francis, Tudor, Bacon. Other more complex deductions follow, for which unhappily we lack space.—Ed.]
"Home of Rudyard Kipling". Therefore I am in hope that members of the Kipling Society may be cognisant of this composition and of the artist, and can possibly furnish detailed information relating to his life, his friends and other of his works of art. I would be most grateful for any assistance.

Respectfully yours,
SUSIE E. GANTT

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

From Colonel H. Hook, 26 North Row, Warminster, Wiltshire

Dear Sir,

Padre J. W. Adams, my great-uncle, was the first Padre to win the Victoria Cross. His citation has the date 11.12.1879, Afghanistan.

I understand he pulled some drowning 9th Lancers out of the Kabul River when under fire; and I have always wondered if this occasion was the origin of Rudyard Kipling's "Ford o' Kabul River" in the Definitive Edition of his verse.

My cousin now has the medal which Queen Victoria gave to old Adams. I would be very glad if this query could be answered.

Yours sincerely,
HILARY HOOK

[The Revd James Williams Adams, v c . who was ordained in 1863 and served from 1868-89 in the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, died as a country vicar—and a Chaplain in Ordinary to the King—in 1903. His Indian service had been wide-ranging, from Burma to the North-West Frontier, and he held the Afghan Medal with four clasps and the Star for the "Cabul-Candahar March" (1880).

His V.C., however, was not won at the Kabul River and was not connected with the tragic episode celebrated in Kipling's poem. He was recommended for it after displaying conspicuous gallantry at the village of Baghwana, in the Chardeh valley north-west of Kabul, in the course of a series of loose and scattered engagements in that area against heavy odds on 11 December 1879. His conduct is vividly described in Forty-One Years in India by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts (Macmillan, 1897), ch IV. He was "an unusually powerful man" who "by sheer strength", in total disregard of his own safety, and with the enemy at very close quarters and the nearest British troops in retreat, succeeded in rescuing two men of the 9th Lancers who had fallen under their horses at the bottom of a small but slippery and precipitous gully, from which the men could not possibly have clambered without him.

The disaster to the 10th Hussars at the "Ford o' Kabul River" in March 1879 deserves separate treatment, and receives it on pp 62-66.—Ed.]
Dear Sir,

I wonder if I might interest your readers in a corner of Kipling research which has preoccupied me for some time, and possibly also invoke their aid?

I spent a year in the Antarctic in 1977, as Medical Officer at Casey Station, one of Australia's bases there—my special field of interest being in Antarctic ornithology. It was at this time also that a lifelong interest in Kipling, dating from some primary school book prizes still in my possession, really emerged as a major passion. My luggage included most of the Macmillan edition, and I had to ration myself to one story per night so as not to get through them too quickly.

I realised with some surprise that Kipling seemed to have paid little or no attention to the Antarctic. That seems strange. During the last few years of the 19th and the first few of the 20th century there took place a whole series of celebrated and heroic expeditions, in several of which British and Empire men achieved fame. One need only mention Scott, Shackleton and Mawson as well as men from other nations like Charcot, Gerlache and Amundsen. It puzzles me that R.K., then at the full flood of his powers, and of course with his great interest in exploration, human courage, conquering the wild, the Empire, etc., should not have devoted some of his time, either in fiction or in other forms, to those immortal achievements. Especially as he knew Barrie, who of course knew Scott well.

It is true that Mawson's greatest triumphs immediately preceded, and Shackleton's ran into, the Great War, which preoccupied R.K. so heavily, even before his son's death, that one can understand how they might have been pushed from his awareness by greater tragedies; but the story of Scott and his companions was known before that war began, and the way in which many of the ex-Antarcticans served and died heroically in the war should, one thinks, have brought them to his consciousness either then or later. In "O Beloved Kids" there is a reference in a letter [of 2 March 1913] to Scott's last message; but I have found virtually nothing else.

Have any readers views or information? My enquiry is not out of idle interest only, but is to gather material on which I may be able to contribute in a modest way to the literature on two of my abiding obsessions.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN N. COWAN
KIPLING, IRVIN COBB AND "COZY" NOBLE

From Mr P. Lyman, 118 East 60th Street, New York NY 10022. U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

In a letter on page 38 of your September 1984 issue, Mr Donald Simpson refers to Irvin Cobb's autobiography, Exit Laughing, but "cannot say whether it contains any reference to Kipling". You invite readers' comments.

The answer is enclosed. [See attachment below.—Ed.]

If anyone should want the book, my bookshop has at present [late 1984] two secondhand copies.

Sincerely,

PHIL LYMAN

ATTACHMENT TO MR LYMAN'S LETTER

Mr Lyman sent with his letter (1) a photocopy of the title page of Exit Laughing, by Irvin S. Cobb, "Author of ... upwards of sixty other books, some of which never should have been published in the first place", (Garden City, New York, 1942; but there was a first edition published by Indianapolis, c. 1941); and (2) a photocopy of pages 138-39 with an interesting passage about Kipling.

That passage is too long to reproduce here verbatim, but it begins with a reference to one "Cozy" Noble, editor of a San Francisco Sunday paper, who "summarily refused to buy at prevalent space rates—approximately six dollars a column" a story offered by an unknown young man "newly arrived out of the Far East and needing the money". The date was 1889, the writer Kipling, the story (according to Cobb, quoting popular legend) "The Man Who Would Be King". It was refused as lacking in literary merit and human appeal.

Cobb then tells how in 1913 he had spent a day as Kipling's guest at Bateman's. Over lunch he asked Kipling for details of the Noble story. Kipling, "with a shading of pensive regret in his voice", replied that he would "be glad to furnish them except for the drawback that to the best of his recollection and belief the thing never happened". He had not disavowed the story before because "as a romancer himself he was reluctant to spoil a good story. Cobb added that Noble had never disavowed it either, being rather proud of sharing in "a famed Kiplingesque tradition", which had not damaged his professional reputation. "Every good marksman is entitled to one clean miss ... and Cozy had some high scores to his credit."
EDITOR’S COMMENT

The tale of Kipling’s repulse in America is an entrenched classic (though with very disparate detail in different versions), and books as various as Will Clemens’s *A Ken of Kipling* (1899) and Hilton Brown’s *Rudyard Kipling* (1945) have mentioned it. Was it a complete myth? Readers may care to comment, but I would like to think that someone with such a good title for an autobiography as *Exit Laughing* was right about this literary joke, revealed after both Kipling and Noble were dead.—Ed.

THE LANG MEN O’ LARUT

From Tan Sri M.C. ff. Sheppard, C.M.G., M.B.E., E.D. (Vice-President, Malaysian Branch, Royal Asiatic Society), Bahagia, Flat 7C, Crescent Court, Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

Dear Sir,

Can you help to identify Kipling’s 'Lang Men o' Larut' [from the story with that title in *Life's Handicap*, largely narrated by the Scottish Chief Engineer on a ship]? As he wrote in 1889, "You must understand that, exceptin' the tin-mines, there is no special inducement to Europeans to reside in Larut ..."

One of the 'Lang Men' was probably Captain Tristram Speedy. He was six feet five inches tall. He had served in the Indian Army and had twice visited Abyssinia, the second time as adviser to Napier's expedition to rescue the British Consul. Later Speedy accepted appointment in the British Police Force in Penang, but finding this lacking in excitement he resigned and [in 1873] entered the service of the Mantri of Larut (the major Malay Chief who owned the rights to the tin-mining land referred to by Kipling). He was recruited by the Mantri to take part in a civil war in which the chief protagonists were the Chinese Clan leaders and their supporters. The civil war had been a disaster, the tin mines were ruined, and the British intervened in 1874. Captain Speedy was appointed by the British to be Assistant Resident, Larut, and although the Malays murdered the first British Resident [of Perak, in November 1875], J. W. W. Birch, they did not disturb Speedy.

The second 'Lang Man' may have been Frank Swettenham [1850-1946], a junior British official serving in Perak when Birch was murdered. He was over six feet tall.

A group photograph taken in September 1875 shows the then Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir William Jervois [1821-97],
seated in the centre, with Swettenham standing rather aloof on the extreme right of the group, and with Captain Speedy, even more aloof, standing behind Swettenham on a step of the stairs (which lead up to the Resident's house at Bandar Bahru [near Perak's northern border]): he wears a small round cap and has a beard.

But I have never heard any suggestion as to the identity of the third 'Lang Man': I hope that among your readers there is someone who can throw light on this mystery.

I believe that Kipling never went nearer to Larut than Penang, but at that time (1889) Speedy would still be remembered, though he returned to England in 1877. Swettenham was a rising star, who was appointed Resident of Selangor in 1882, and of Perak in 1889, and was to be Governor of the Straits Settlements in 1901.

Thank you for the continuing excellence of your Journal.

Yours sincerely,

M. C. ff. SHEPPARD

[Larat used to be the north-western coastal district—latterly semi-autonomous—of the independent Malay state of Perak, on the western side of the Malay Peninsula south of Penang. In the late 1860s Larut achieved notoriety, and a lurid little place in the history books, when the violent rivalries of the two Chinese clan societies that dominated the rich tin mining of the district grew into a general civil war which destabilised Perak, led to related disturbances even in Penang, and encouraged a proliferation of piracy along the coast.

One result was that in 1874, by the important "Pangkor Engagement" which was to usher in the period of British administration in the Malay States, the Sultan of Perak accepted an accredited British Resident (Birch), while an Assistant Resident (Speedy) was appointed to Larut. A few weeks later Swettenham was appointed to the state of Selangor further south, though he was in Perak next year with the military operations mounted to pacify Perak after the incautiously forceful Birch had been assassinated.

Kipling's slight but amusing story, "The Lang Men o' Larut", written aboard ship sailing from Moulmein to Singapore via Penang in March 1889, was published in May 1889 in the Civil & Military Gazette, and was collected in Life's Handicap (1891). The Chief Engineer relates how, of the five Britons resident in Larut at the time of the story (understood to be miners and traders, not officials), three, whom he had himself met, were exceptionally tall men. The plot, such as it is, hinges on their remarkable height. That "the population were few but enormous" may have been pure invention by Kipling, but is likely to have contained an element of truth. Hence this enquiry as to who the originals of the 'Lang Men' were. Any illumination from our readers will be welcome.—Ed.]
See the letter, opposite. Could the man 2nd from left be a candidate? Or was "The Lang Men" just a tall story? Anyway the picture is of some interest for its own sake. Swettenham (front right). Speedy (back right) and Jervois (centre, seated) are identified. So is Birch (beside Jervois, with sword) assassinated a few weeks later (1 November 1875) in his canoe at night, on a river journey in Perak. His high-minded efforts to reduce the oppression then prevailing in that state led directly to his murder.
KIPLING ON HIS BALDNESS

From Mr G. B. Berry, Burton Grange, Mere, Warminster, Wiltshire BA12 6BR

[With a brief and informal note, Mr Berry kindly enclosed a cutting from the Salisbury-Journal of 1 November 1984, containing a reduced photograph of a Kipling letter which was shortly to be sold at Sotheby’s, and a brief accompanying article about it and about Kipling’s connection with the Wiltshire village of Tisbury.]

KIPLING’S LETTER

[Autograph; unheaded paper; undated; to Elliott & Fry. London]

Arundel House
Tisbury
Wilts

Gentlemen

I have to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of the photoes [sic] of Mr Besant & Mr Benson together with the packet of my own.

In regard to future photographs I have decided that as I am rapidly growing bald it would be best to wait till my head has finished undressing itself. That should at present rate of progress take about two years. At the end of that time I will consult my looking glass and decide upon what further steps I shall take.

Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling
Elliott & Fry

[Perhaps someone who has seen the original can confirm Besant and Benson, which were hard to read in the newspaper photograph. It would also be helpful if the letter could be approximately dated. Was it April 1894?]

The Salisbury Journal article added little of interest, and misleadingly gave the impression that Kipling lived for several years at Tisbury, whereas he merely visited it, albeit frequently. Arundel House was rented for such a visit: Kipling’s parents lived at The Gables. The article referred to Kim, and stated ambiguously that Kim was "modelled on a Tisbury schoolboy". Perhaps this alluded to Lockwood Kipling’s famous clay plaque illustrations, which were indeed done at Tisbury. "Several village shopkeepers and tradesmen", the article went on. "acted as models for the pictures [and] were draped in turbans and all sorts of Eastern attire for authenticity. The finished plaques were then snapped by a local photographer."—Ed.]
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1984

The A.G.M. of the Kipling Society was held on 31 October 1984 in the London Room of the Royal Commonwealth Society, with the Chairman of Council, Mrs L. A. F. Lewis, presiding; and was followed by a buffet supper. Twenty-eight Members and guests attended, and seven 'apologies for absence' were reported.

The full Minutes of the meeting were kept by the Secretary and may be seen on request. Some salient points are summarised below:

1. The Minutes of the 1983 A.G.M. were read and signed as correct.
2. The Treasurer being unable to attend, the Auditor spoke on his behalf to summarise the Society's current financial state.
3. It was noted that subscription income (held at a rate agreed in 1981) would shortly prove inadequate to meet expenditure, including the increasing printing and postal costs of the Journal, and that higher rates were unavoidable and must be put into effect in 1986. [These changes will be promulgated in the Journal in June 1985. Meanwhile, for background, readers should see the note about subscriptions on page 59 of our December 1984 issue: it proved to be well founded.]
4. The present office-holders [as listed in the Journal] were re-elected.
5. On the retirement of Mrs L. A. F. Lewis and Mr T. L. A. Daintith. Messrs S. Maurice and J. M. Patrick were elected to the Council.
6. The Secretary, Librarian and Editor of the Journal gave their reports.
7. It was agreed that a suitable message from the Society be conveyed to the Indian High Commission in respect of the assassination of Mrs Indira Gandhi.
8. The retiring Chairman (Mrs Lewis) was thanked and her successor (Mr B. C. Diamond) was welcomed.

Palestine & Egypt

A TWENTY-SIX DAYS CRUISE FOR 20 GUINEAS

(Return Ticket London-Marseilles included)

This is from an advertisement in the Bookman (the 'Kipling Number', January 1903), specifying some early Lunn tours. You are too late now for a berth on that cruise, but should you yourself have something to advertise you could buy space in the Kipling Journal for less than the 20 guineas. Write to the Editor for particulars.
KIPLING AND THE TEMPEST

[In a letter printed in this issue ("Kipling, Shakespeare and Bermuda") one of our readers refers to Kipling's visit to Bermuda in 1894, and the ideas which he there worked out, whimsically and yet seriously, about the manner in which Shakespeare may have derived his inspiration for the setting of The Tempest.

Later, Kipling formalised these ideas in a letter to the Spectator, published on 2 July 1898. It is well worth reading but is not easily found, beyond some obscure, private or limited printings and the rare posthumous Sussex and Burwash editions. The present seems an appropriate moment for its reproduction here, below.—Ed.]

KIPLING'S LETTER OF 1898
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR

Sir,

Your article on "Landscape and Literature" in the Spectator of June 18th has the following, among other suggestive passages:- "But whence came the vision of the enchanted island in The Tempest? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of."

May I cite Malone's suggestion concerning the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the island of Bermuda in 1609; and further may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material,—from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? Thus:-
A stage-manager, who writes and vamps plays, moving among his audience, overhears a mariner discoursing to his neighbour of a grievous wreck, and of the behaviour of the passengers, for whom all sailors have ever entertained a natural contempt. He describes, with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors, measures taken to claw the ship off a lee-shore, how helm and sails were worked, what the passengers did and what he said. One pungent phrase—to be rendered later into: "What care these brawlers for the name of King?"—strikes the manager's ear, and he stands behind the talkers. Perhaps only one-tenth of the earnestly delivered, hand-on-shoulder sea-talk was actually used of all that was automatically and unconsciously stored away by the inland man who knew all inland arts and crafts. Nor is it too fanciful to imagine a half-turn to the second listener as the mariner, banning his luck as mariners will, says there are those who would not give a doit to a poor man while they would lay out ten to see a raree-show,—a dead Indian. Were he in foreign parts, as now he is in England, he could show people something in the way of strange fish. Is it to consider too curiously to see a drink ensue on this hint (the manager dealt but little in his plays with the sea at first hand, and his instinct for new words would have been waked by what he had already caught), and with the drink a sailor's minute description of how he went across through the reefs to the island of his calamity,—or islands rather, for there were many? Some you could almost carry away in your pocket. They were sown broadcast like—like the nutshells on the stage there. "Many islands, in truth," says the manager patiently, and afterwards his Sebastian says to Antonio: "I think he will carry the island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple." To which Antonio answers: "And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands."

"But what was the land like?" says the manager. The sailor tries to explain. "It was green, with yellow in it; a tawny-coloured country"—the colour, that is to say, of the coral-beached, cedar-covered Bermuda of to-day—"and the air made one sleepy, and the place was full of noises"—the muttering and roaring of the sea among the islands and between the reefs—"and there was a sou'-west wind that blistered one all over." The Elizabethan mariner would not distinguish finely between blisters and prickly heat; but the Bermudian of to-day will tell you that the sou'-west, or Lighthouse, wind in summer brings that plague and general discomfort. That the coral rock, battered by the sea, rings hollow with strange sounds, answered by the winds in the little cramped valleys, is a matter of common knowledge.

The man, refreshed with more drink, then describes the geography of his landing place,—the spot where Trinculo makes his first
appearance. He insists and reinsists on details which to him at one
time meant life or death, and the manager follows attentively. He can
give his audience no more than a few hangings and a placard for
scenery, but that his lines shall lift them beyond that bare show to the
place he would have them, the manager needs for himself the clearest
possible understanding,—the most ample detail. He must see the
scene in the round—solid—ere he peoples it. Much, doubtless, he
discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that
those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from
Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II. Scene 2 of *The Tempest*,—a
bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's
edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's
butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within
easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently
rolled ("My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid").
There is no other cave for some two miles—"Here's neither bush nor
shrub;" one is exposed to the wrath of" 'yond' same black cloud," and
here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three
hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar,
recognised in a flash that old first set of all.

So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except
some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an
uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare
was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness.
Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his
fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of
the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of
broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a
dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the
legs—he mistook them for imps—and gave him drink. And now,
discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy
their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates
in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only
sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down
this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmettoes, and the
cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of
their officers' clothes which were hanging up to dry. But presently
they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their
officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an
island bewitched. Else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never
made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer
for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the
purest magic that honest man ever met.
A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathise with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo’s beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our manner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

Accept this theory, and you will concede that *The Tempest* came to the manager sanely and normally in the course of his daily life. He may have been casting about for a new play; he may have purposed to vamp an old one—say, *Aurelio and Isabella*; or he may have been merely waiting on his demon. But it is all Prospero’s wealth against Caliban’s pignuts that to him in a receptive hour, sent by heaven, entered the original Stephano fresh from the seas and half-seas over. To him Stephano told his tale all in one piece, a two hours’ discourse of most glorious absurdities. His profligate abundance of detail at the beginning, when he was more or less sober, supplied and surely established the earth-basis of the play in accordance with the great law that a story to be truly miraculous must be ballasted with facts. His maunderings of magic and incomprehensible ambushes, when he was without reservation drunk (and this is just the time when a lesser-minded man than Shakespeare would have paid the reckoning and turned him out) suggested to the manager the peculiar note of its supernatural mechanism.

Truly it was a dream, but that there may be no doubt of its source or of his obligation, Shakespeare has also made the dreamer immortal.

I am, Sir, &c,

RUDYARD KIPLING

Next see page 60 for the same subject treated in verse

[Separated by over thirty years but closely connected in theme is Kipling’s late poem, "The Coiner" (1931, collected in *Limits and Renewals*, 1932). Its references to Shakespeare’s company of players, and the Globe theatre in Southwark, are of course clear, and the rhythm equally clearly owes much to Stephano’s famous drinking song in Act II Scene 2 of *The Tempest* [see page 61]. The date 1611 reflects the fact that though Somers was wrecked on Bermuda in 1609, the first news of it did not reach London till autumn 1610.—Ed.]
THE COINER (Circa 1611)

(To be sung by the unlearned to the tune of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury", and by the learned to "Tempest-a-brewing").

Against the Bermudas we foundered, whereby
This Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I
(Our pinnace and crew being drowned in the main)
Must beg for our bread through old England again.

For a bite and a sup, and a bed of clean straw,
We'll tell you such marvels as man never saw,
On a Magical Island which no one did spy
Save this Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I.

Seven months among Mermaids and Devils and Sprites,
And Voices that howl in the cedars o' nights,
With further enchantments we underwent there.
Good Sirs, 'tis a tale to draw guts from a bear!

'Twixt Dover and Southwark it paid us our way,
Where we found some poor players were labouring a play;
And, willing to search what such business might be,
We entered the yard, both to hear and to see.

One hailed us for seamen and courteous-ly
Did guide us apart to a tavern near by
Where we told him our tale (as to many of late),
And he gave us good cheer, so we gave him good weight.

Mulled sack and strong waters on bellies well lined
With beef and black pudding do strengthen the mind;
And seeing him greedy for marvels, at last
From plain salted truth to flat leasing we passed.

But he, when on midnight our reckoning he paid,
Says, "Never match coins with a Coiner by trade,
Or he'll turn your lead pieces to metal as rare
As shall fill him this globe, and leave something to spare ..."

We slept where they laid us, and when we awoke
'Was a crown or five shillings in every man's poke.
We bit them and rang them, and, finding them good,
We drank to that Coiner as honest men should!
This drawing—like that of the bottle, five pages back—is by a leading Victorian illustrator, Sir John Gilbert. Here is Stephano in The Tempest. He will shortly discover another castaway, Trinculo, sheltering cravenly under the gaberdine of the prostrate and noisome-smelling Caliban (the "strange fish" or "dead Indian" of Trinculo's speculation), and will haul him out by the legs. Meanwhile he sings:

_I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die ashore ..._
This is a very scurvy song to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. _[Drinks. Sings._

_The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,_
_The gunner, and his mate,_
_Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,_
_But none of us cared for Kate._
_For she had a tongue with a tang,_
_Would cry to a sailor go hang:_
_She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,_
_Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch._
_Then to sea boys, and let her go hang._

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. _[Drinks._
"FORD O' KABUL RIVER"

A NOTE BY THE EDITOR. ON THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

In a letter on page 48 a Member enquires about the disaster that inspired Kipling's well known—but less generally understood—poem of 1890, which is reprinted on page 66. "Ford o' Kabul River". A soldier's lament for his friend is plain, but the historical circumstances underlying it have slipped almost into oblivion.

Carrington, in notes to his Complete Barrack-Room Ballads (Methuen, 1973), helpfully (as always) pinpoints the incident as occurring on 31 March 1879 when forty-seven 10th Hussars were drowned crossing the Kabul River in the Second Afghan War. He adds two literary glosses—that the original term, "bugle", was later amended by Kipling to "trumpet" (since cavalry use trumpets); and that the refrain echoes the American song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching".

For full appreciation of the poem more background is useful, including some perspective of the Second Afghan War (1878-80), which I here venture to divide, simplistically, into five episodes as follows:-

1. POLITICAL [June to November 1878] Coming after a period of acute Anglo-Russian tension, the welcome given by the Amir of Afghanistan (Sher Ali) to the Russian General Stolietoff's Mission to Kabul appeared as a threat to India; his rejection of a British Mission under Sir Neville Chamberlain was seen as a hostile act. The Viceroy (Lord Lytton) despatched an ultimatum, which was ignored.

2. MILITARY [November 1878 to May 1879] Three British/Indian columns invaded eastern Afghanistan and, without reaching Kabul or penetrating to the heart of the country, achieved substantial victories. Sher Ali, who received no backing from Russia, fled, died, and was succeeded by a son, the weak and devious Yakub Khan.

3. POLITICAL [May to September 1879] Max: Treaty of Gandamak (frontier adjustments, favouring India; British control of Afghan foreign policy; a British Resident to be received in Kabul). July. Sir Louis Cavagnari's Mission, and escort of the Guides, reached Kabul. September, they were all massacred.

4. MILITARY [October 1879 to September 1880] The reinvasion of Afghanistan. Kabul was precariously occupied but indecisive fighting continued in that area and elsewhere. Yakub Khan abdicated: no immediate successor appeared. July 1880: Sher Ali's son Ayub Khan defeated a British force at Maiwand near Kandahar. 300 miles south-west of Kabul. August: Roberts's epic march, Kabul to Kandahar, restored the situation. September: Ayub Khan was conclusively defeated.

5. POLITICAL [from mid-1880] In Simla, a new Viceroy (Lord Ripon) reviewed India's Afghan options, while in Kabul a new Amir (Abd-ur-Rahman) emerged and established himself with British recognition. This made possible a political settlement, the stabilisation of Afghanistan with British control of foreign policy, and, after September 1880, the withdrawal of all British troops.
To descend from general perspective to particular focus, what were the 10th Hussars doing on 31 March 1879? To answer this, Mr M. M. Chapman of the Ministry of Defence Library has kindly shown me Colonel R. S. Liddell's account in his *Memoirs of the Tenth Royal Hussars* (Longmans, 1891). The regiment had been on active service since November 1878 and was now at Jalalabad, midway between Peshawar and Kabul. On the evening in question two of its squadrons were being brigaded with a large force preparing to advance against the Khugiani tribesmen (whom it would defeat on 2 April at Futtehabad); but a third was detached, as Liddell explains:

... A small force, composed of one squadron of the 10th Hussars and one of the 11th Bengal Lancers, the whole under the command of Major E. A. Wood, of the 10th Hussars, was directed to cross over the Kabul River [on the evening of 31 March 1879] so as to take up a position in rear of the enemy. The officers with the Tenth squadron were Captain Spottiswoode, who had just arrived from Rawul Pindi, Lieutenant the Hon. J. P. Napier, Lieutenant Greenwood, Sub-Lieutenants Grenfell and Harford.

These squadrons paraded at 9.30 P.M. and were taken down to the bank of the river at the point selected by the staff for fording. The native cavalry led, and an Afghan guide was placed in front of them to show the line of the ford. The squadron of the Tenth received orders to follow closely on the Lancers, and on no account to leave the slightest distance between them, the peculiar and dangerous nature of the ford being apparently well understood by the Staff. Its track was somewhat similar in shape to the letter S, and the current at this part running at the rate of six miles an hour made a crossing in the dark a difficult task.

The Bengal Cavalry entered the ford in half-sections, its long column, no doubt slightly and imperceptibly affected by the strong current, having a tendency to give way to the stream till its rear files must have been near the edge of the ford, which consisted merely of boulders and a gravel bed at the head of the rapids. Two baggage mules followed, and immediately touching behind them came the leaders of the Tenth squadron, in accordance with their orders.

At a turn in the ford the two mules, giving way to the stream, were taken off their legs and swept down. The Tenth leaders, following in the dim moonlight, left the ford, and, those in rear doing the same, were carried rapidly and silently away in the dark and cloudy night. Not a sound was heard for some moments but the rushing water, and no one seemed to be aware of what was taking place.

The whole squadron, officers, men, and horses, were struggling for life in the water, but everything was against them. On account of the night march each man had a tunic on under his khaki; thirty rounds of ammunition were carried, and the havresacks [sic] were wellfilled with the next day's rations, so that although many amongst them were excellent swimmers they found it now of no avail; the water was bitterly cold from the melting snows, and the poor fellows were quickly numbed.

The night being so dark, the nature of the calamity was not at first apparent to the leaders and the few men who reached the opposite bank in safety. It was thought and hoped at first that the remainder were waiting at the other side, and the guide was sent across. The regimental call was sounded by the trumpeter, but it failed to bring in the missing men.
Five had in the meantime succeeded in reaching the shore—Privates Byatt (afterwards quartermaster-sergeant), Lynch, McIntosh, Murrell, and Parker—and this they owed to being able to get rid of their belts and arms. Some others had been able to reach the bank on the Jellalabad side. (A graphic account... was given by the two men of the rear guard who returned to camp to report... "We were riding down the bank in the rear of the column. We were talking and watching the squadron filing across the ford in half sections, when suddenly they all turned their horses to the right, galloped down stream into the darkness, and disappeared...")

In the meantime the camp was startled by the return of a large number of riderless horses, their wet saddles and kits making it apparent that some disaster had occurred. A search party was at once despatched to the scene of the accident, with elephants, under Captain J. R. Slade, R.H.A., but the darkness was so great that only one body was recovered. At daybreak the search was continued down stream, and nineteen bodies were soon discovered. That of Sub-Lieutenant Harford was soon found by some villagers about a mile below the scene of the disaster, and some others were carried as far as Dakka, a distance by river of sixty miles. In all, one officer and forty-six non-commissioned officers and men were lost, and fourteen horses.

Though this explains much in the poem, the Kabul aspect remains obscure, particularly if one pays attention to the obviously calculated structure of the verse. In each stanza the first half suggests a soldier who has reached Kabul, who loathes that dangerous and hostile town, and who still grieves over a friend who died on the way there. The second half shows a change of place and tense, and the quality of nightmare: the soldier imagines himself back at the ford, watching the disaster.

If the speaker is not supposed to be in Kabul itself, the six vivid references to the town are a puzzle (since one cannot suppose Kipling was unaware that the drowning, on which he was well informed, occurred seventy-five miles away). If he is supposed to be in Kabul, the historical fact is that the 10th Hussars, as a unit, never got that far. Admittedly, all this may be explained by poetic licence. Perhaps Kipling simply found it convenient to put the verses in the mouth of an unidentifiable cavalryman at Kabul during its uneasy occupation in late 1879; the sight and the name of the river evoke in his mind a reconstruction of a friend's futile death miles away and months before.

There is one further possibility, unprofitable though it may be to pursue it. Kipling may have been wholly accurate: he may have known that a few individual 10th Hussars did participate in the second campaign and get to Kabul. Here Liddell's account is again useful. When the second invasion force was organised in September 1879 the unit was back in India, and although "it was naturally the wish of the whole regiment that it should take part. ... owing to reduced numbers and continued sickness ... it remained at Rawul Pindi". However, four of its officers succeeded in joining the Staff of the expedition, while Sergeant J. Gibbard, Corporals W. Brown, W. Smith and W. Byatt, and Trooper J. George were attached as signallers, and helped to set up the Peshawar-Kabul heliograph link, which "owing to all telegraph wires being cut by the Afghans... was found invaluable".

The power of "Ford o' Kabul River" is in its rhythm and tragic passion, not its historical precision. However, those with a taste for that rewarding authenticity of detail that is often found in Kipling may like to imagine one of those mounted signallers (perhaps Byatt if he was the Byatt who nearly drowned at the ford) reaching Kabul, tasting the disillusionment of conquest, and brooding in his bitterness of heart.
A SKETCH MAP OF THE FORD

This map is based on one on page 213 of volume III of the Marquess of Anglesey's *History of the British Cavalry* (Cooper Secker & Warburg, 1982), in turn based on "a sketch taken on the spot" by Revd. C. Swinnerton (author in 1880 of an account of a battle at Futtehabad, with which the disaster at the ford has an indirect connection). It illustrates both Liddell's narrative (opposite) and Kipling's poem.

The troops were moving north-east, crossing from the right to the left bank of the Kabul River. (Kabul itself, not yet captured, lay 75 miles west as the crow would fly; Peshawar, in British India beyond the Khyber Pass. 75 miles south-east.)

Anglesey's account, drawing on various sources, adds some relevant points, e.g.:

1. A trestle bridge just above the ford had recently been dismantled on account of the swollen state of the river.
2. In the haste of deploying the troops on 31 March an official report that had stressed the extreme hazards of this ford may well have been overlooked.
3. The crossing had been marked with stakes, for military use, but these had recently been pulled up at the request of friendly locals who valued their dangerous ford as a deterrent to marauding hillmen.
4. Though the Indian cavalry crossed safely, their tail men may have been edging rather far down stream. It is possible too that the hussars lacked experience of fording difficult rivers, and omitted the precaution of positively inclining their horses up stream, against the swift current.
FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town's by Kabul river—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
There I lef' my mate for ever,
Wet an' drippin' by the ford,
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark,

Kabul town's a blasted place—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
'Streth I shan't forget 'is face
Wet an' drippin' by the ford!
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they will surely guide you
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark,

Kabul town is sun and dust—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
I'd ha' sooner drowned fast
'Streth of 'im beside the ford,
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
You can 'ear the 'orses threshin'; you can 'ear the men a-splashin',
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark,

Kabul town was ours to take—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake
'Im that left me by the ford,
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
'Fore I see him 'live an' well—
'Im the best beside the ford,
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots '11 pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the trumpet, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down and drowned by the ford,
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no use a-callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
BOOK REVIEW


REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR

This is an enchanting and an important book—reasonably priced, beautifully produced, packed with new and interesting information, suffused with the atmosphere and assumptions of a vanished age. Here are depicted, in the bold unequivocal colours befitting narrative to children, the routine of Bateman's and country life, the coming and going of visitors, as well as vivid incidents of travel abroad—glimpses of a whaling station in Canada, of a snowbound train in Italy, of sunbaked antiquities in Egypt, of fancy dress frivolities in Switzerland—enlivened with the spirited drawings of this most devoted and most unusual of fathers. Such a wealth of authentic impressions of Kipling en famille is only to be found in the archive at Sussex University, where this collection of letters was quarried.

When it appeared in 1983 "O Beloved Kids" made an impact, and the literate press reviewed it with much interest, though rather less comprehension. Readers of this Journal (seeing we advertised the book) may wonder why we ourselves did not review it sooner. It was mainly that I had earmarked forward space for other reviews, and wished to write this one myself: meanwhile it was being paid attention elsewhere.

We are again indebted to Professor Gilbert, a scholar of distinction, whose discerning contributions to criticism have been seen before in Kipling and the Critics and The Good Kipling. His introduction to "O Beloved Kids", essential for the general reader and useful for the specialist, is sensitive and fair (while perhaps doing little to scotch some popular misconceptions I mention later). This book deserved to be produced, and is a joy and stimulus to read. I pay it the rare compliment of wishing it were twice as long, and that we were not rationed to fewer than 100 of the more than 200 surviving letters to the children.

My general stance is so favourable that I trust one or two objections can be expressed without offence. One is, that to describe this as "the first new book by Rudyard Kipling to be published in more than fifty years" is both inaccurate (Something of Myself came out in 1937) and unworthily redolent of salesmanship. In no ordinary
sense is this a book "by Kipling": what he would have felt about having these letters—including twenty of his son’s—printed, I prefer not to think. (His cousin, Lady Lorna Howard, regards their publication as unjustifiable—a view which, held by an intimate contemporary of John and Elsie, is understandable. I myself do not share it, because I see Kipling as a major figure in the national and literary scene of his day whose private letters unavoidably command public interest.)

A worse fault is that there is no index, nor even a fully tabulated contents page. This is more than a lacuna; it is an affront. No imaginable excuse can bear scrutiny. This fascinating hotchpotch of letters, brimming with spontaneous allusions, unlinked names, and the exotica of travel, screams for an index.

Several of the book’s reviewers indulged themselves at length in disappointing irrelevancies. Some (as in the Times Literary Supplement) seized the occasion to write about unrelated work by Kipling. Others, perhaps unimpressed by the intimacy, freshness and humour of these letters, their range of mood and topic, and the kaleidoscope of people and places they contain, preferred to fix on some tendentious aspect. More than one was condescending about Kipling’s horror of homosexuality in boarding schools (evinced in warnings to John to steer clear of boys that way inclined). In fact, though he did shout the odds on this, his attitude survived into much later generations, and was familiar to my school contemporaries in the 1940s: most of us agreed with our parents in this emotive matter. Nor is it necessary to assume (like one reviewer) that in these letters, for instance in his frequent pleas to John to work harder, Kipling was talking across an unbridgeable generation gap. I suspect the gap was narrower then: certainly Kipling’s links with his children were exceptionally fond and informal. The letters are a tiny visible facet surviving from a profound relationship of great warmth, valued by all concerned.

Several reviews (e.g. the Spectator’s) hinted that having "encouraged John to enlist, and wangled his commission in the Irish Guards", Kipling was thereby responsible for his son’s death, and felt the guilt. The truth is far more complex, and demands some knowledge of the mood of Britain, and the tone of its Public Schools, in August 1914. The stampede of young men to get to the front had little to do with parental pressure. Just as, before the war, when Kipling was encouraging John about the Army as a future career, there is no suggestion that the boy wanted anything else, so, when war came, the Guards commission—not "wangled" but obtained through a then existing system of privileged sponsorship—offered a more attractive and sensible option than enlistment as a private, which
John had been determined on if necessary.

A related twist, detectable in some reviews, was the hoary old inference that Kipling was among the warmongers responsible for the war. This cruel inversion stems from prejudice or ignorance. Some day, a definitive study of Kipling and the Great War will clarify the facts, and vindicate the counter-inference that if pre-war agitation, by Kipling and some others, for military preparedness, had not been treated by the public with derision, and if war had come notwithstanding, victory would have been swifter. That was the meaning of

*If any question why we died,*
*Tell them, because our fathers Hed.*

One of many delights in this book is the way John's wartime letters endow that elusive young man with charm and vitality. In the Army his attractive personality flowered, while his parents, no longer fretting over schoolboy inadequacies, watched with admiration. He had pleasing vigour of expression too, witness his description of a preposterous cavalry adjutant who "gaped like the bloody old codfish he looked, all scent and cigar ash".

Some reviewers were patronising about Kipling's anxious eagerness to connect, to make contact, through these letters. How hard he tried (they implied), but how the effort showed, and what false notes he struck! I find this unpersuasive, and am sure that no one who propounds this line has himself taken the trouble, as Kipling did (and as I did too, by the way), to write long letters to his children, week after week, through the many years of boarding school. The "trouble" will be more than amply repaid, but meanwhile the writer adjusts his style, striving to imagine the environment to which the letter is going, and the circumstances in which it will be read (more easily when the children are at home and he is away). Helped a little by their own perfunctory letters, he will sense the way his children's minds are developing, and may hope to influence the process; but above all he will be projecting something of himself, or of the family base, and conveying cheer to the absent child he loves. Few fathers try in this way. Those who do would hate to think of what they write being printed generations later, for utter strangers to pick over. Kipling's letters to his children pass the test triumphantly. The slightest in this collection were worth preserving: the best have the very ring of literature.
THE SECRETARY : AVE ATQUE VALE

At the end of March 1985 Mr N. L. Entract succeeds Mr J. Shearman as Honorary Secretary of the Kipling Society. This is a key position, since on the Secretary's skill and effort the effectual continuance of the Society largely depends.

We have been fortunate to have the services of John Shearman since 1977. The uncomplaining manner in which he has nobly devoted endless hours of his retirement to managing our affairs does him infinite credit. In his time the Society has grown greatly, extended its activities, and acquired added stature and reputation. Few Members realise what a flood of correspondence the Secretary handles, or what multifarious chores fall to his lot; but all who have ever asked John Shearman for advice, especially with the learned enquiries that literary societies invariably attract, will have appreciated his patience and helpfulness.

He has decided that the time has come to hand over; the Council have regretfully accepted this and thanked him for time and labour lavished unstintingly on our business. Now at last he will have more leisure for his many other interests developed during a varied life, interests occasionally revealed in his contributions to discussion meetings or letters to the Journal. After Westminster School, his career began in railways, as a Traffic Apprentice with the old L.M.S., from which he moved into what was then an experimental world of documentary film making—particularly in the field of transport and civil engineering. During commissioned wartime service with the R.A.F. he also produced documentary films at home and abroad. (He was eventually to become an authority on the cinema.) After the war he worked for oil companies in the Middle East, travelled extensively in that region, and wrote a concise history of Persia (a pirated edition of which was not long ago on sale in the bazaar in Shiraz). His detailed literary knowledge of Kipling is of a piece with his other intellectual tastes, and will continue to be at the disposal of the Society.

His successor, Norman Entract, known to regular attenders at our meetings, has recently retired from the board of Argyll Etkin, leading London specialists in postal history. He would modestly deprecate being 'written-up' at the outset of his time as Secretary, but could hardly protest if commended to Members as an approachable man of catholic interests, well organised, well travelled and well read. We are grateful to him for readily accepting this arduous job, and the whole Society will wish him well.
SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome Mr Charles Allen (London); Dr F. Anderton (London), Mr J. R. Archer-Burton (Sussex); Lt-Colonel R. C. Ayres (B.F.P.O.); Mr W. A. Belden (New York, U.S.A.); Mr T. D. Bridge (Devon); Mr C. J. Brunt (Gloucestershire); Mrs F. Crosland (Kent); Mr K. J. Dillon (Yorkshire); Mrs P. Eldridge-Lusted (Sussex); Mr P. Fleming (Ontario, Canada); Miss F. Gordon-Hill (Dorset); Professor J. F. Gournay (France); Mr K. E. Harman (Surrey); Mr R. Hart (Essex); Colonel H. Hook (Wiltshire); Major E. R. B. Hudson (Chiangmai, Thailand); Professor J.-P. Hulin (Tourcoing, France); Colonel W. P. Kenyon (Shropshire); Mr J. F. Kruthoffer (Warwickshire); Mrs I. Laker (Sussex); Mr H. U. Lovibond (Ontario, Canada); Mr J. P. Magrath (Surrey); Michael Joseph Ltd (through Mrs P. Mills), (London); Mr M. J. Minihane (Surrey); Orlando Vocational Technical Center (Florida, U.S.A.); Pacific Lutheran University (Washington, U. S.A.); Mr M. Paffard (Birmingham); Mrs A. J. Parry (Staffordshire); Mr J. P. Pateman (Kent); Mrs Frida Robinson (London); Mr V. H. Robinson (London); Ms B. Rosenbaum (London); Professor Alan Sandison (New South Wales, Australia); Mr B. H. Sharma (Ontario, Canada); Mr J. Spencer (London); Mr D. Steeds (Dyfed); Mrs M. Wallace (Victoria, Australia); Miss J. Whalen (Victoria, Australia); Miss K. Wilcock (Surrey). [Correction, in the last list: Miss should be Mrs S. M. Peel.]

VICTORIA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

It is just fifty years since the formal inauguration of our Branch in Victoria, British Columbia. The Kipling Journal of March 1935 printed the message which the Society's President, General Dunsterville, had sent there with due ceremony to accompany the Charter that legitimised the Branch.

Though the Members in Victoria are now fewer, and their programme less full than at one time, their Branch has continued in existence from that day, and their unbroken connection with the Society in London has been maintained on the friendliest level for half a century. This anniversary is a suitable moment to extend our congratulations and good wishes to fellow-Members in that most serene and attractive of capital cities, Victoria, B.C.

MELBOURNE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Our Melbourne Branch has successfully held another of its celebrated Christmas parties, and has once again, with great generosity, collected and sent a magnificent donation for the Kipling Journal. The sum, too large to be worthily acknowledged here in a sentence or two, has been spent on substantially expanding the present issue, which seems as fitting a manner as any of expressing our gratitude.
This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling’s prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was very eventful. The period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of huge and dramatic change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. About a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, John Shearman.* He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly Kipling Journal is sent free to all members. On various pages in each issue, information on the Society’s functions is provided. More can be obtained from John Shearman or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are most welcome: the Society and Journal depend heavily on such support.

**MINIMUM ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

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**LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE KIPLING JOURNAL**

The Kipling Journal is essentially the Kipling Society’s publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he must always allot space to the Society’s business, including at least a few of the addresses delivered at the Society’s meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one in the world specialising in this subject.

We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like more, to improve our variety and quality. It should invariably be sent to the Editor.

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but should remind contributors of this factor which can influence selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. Book Reviews, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data and other miscellanea which might enhance the Journal’s interest. Since Kipling touched the literary and practical world at many points our terms of reference are broad.

**ADVERTISING.** We welcome regularly placed advertisements compatible with the style of the Journal: for our rates, please enquire of the Editor.

The Editor’s address is Weavers. Danes Hill. Woking. Surrey GU22 7HQ.

* Secretary till 31 March 1985: see page 70.
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