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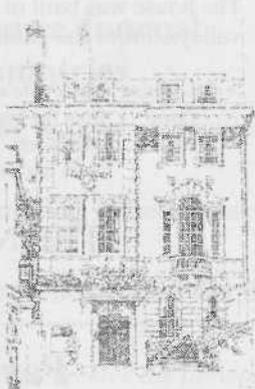
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 14 February 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Rutland Room at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1, an **Entertainment:** a video showing of extracts from the dubbed Russian cartoon film, *The Adventures of Mowgli*, lent by Shamus Wade.

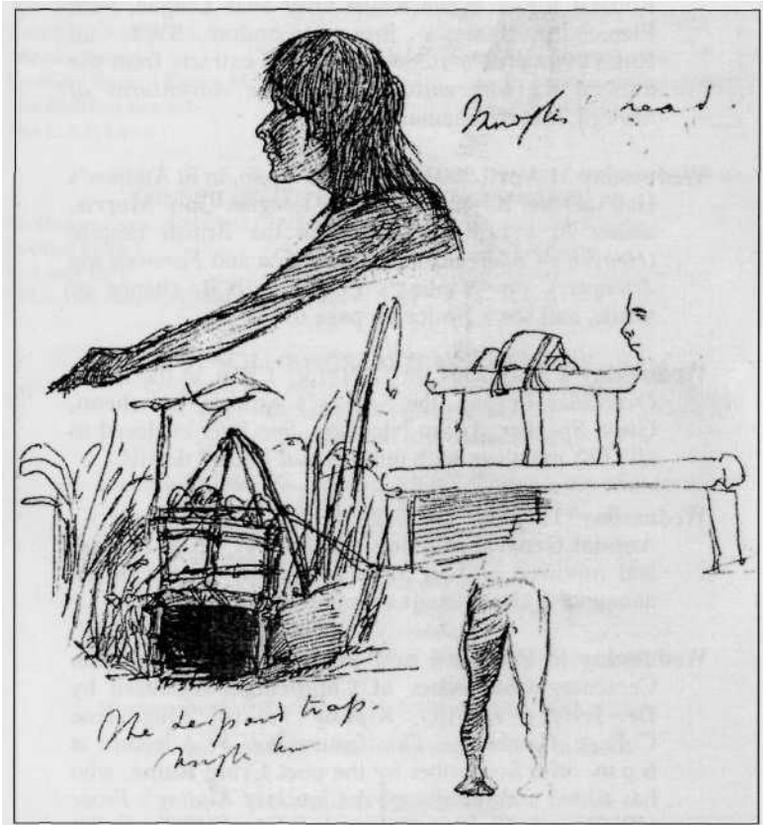
Wednesday 11 April 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in St Andrew's Hall at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Jan Morris**, author of a brilliant trilogy on the British Empire (*Heaven's Command*, *Pax Britannica* and *Farewell the Trumpets*), on "Kipling's Empire". [N.B. change of venue, and see a Notice on page 62]

Wednesday 2 May 2001, at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon**, Guest Speaker, **Adam Nicolson**. See flyer enclosed to all U.K. members with this *Journal* for full details.

Wednesday 11 July 2001, at 4.30 p.m., the Society's **Annual General Meeting**, preceded at 4 p.m. by **Tea**, and followed at 5.30 for 6 p.m. by a speaker, to be announced. (Full details to follow.)

Wednesday to Friday, 5 to 7 September 2001, the *Kim* Centenary **Conference at Cambridge**, organised by **Dr Jeffery Lewins**, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge. One feature will be a lecture at 6 p.m. on 6 September by the poet **Craig Raine**, who has edited and introduced *A Choice of Kipling's Prose* (1987) and *Kipling: Selected Poetry* (1992). Fuller details of the Conference on page 43.

Wednesday 12 September 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Picture Room at the Athenaeum Club, 107 Pall Mall, London SW1, **Professor Sir Colin St John Wilson**, on "The Question of Tradition".



A SKETCH BY KIPLING OF MOWGLI, AND OF A JUNGLE TRAP
[see page 8 for comments on this item]

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS. ETC	4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	5
<i>Illustration: rough sketches by Kipling</i>	6
A Note about the sketches on page 6	8
EDITORIAL: A Change of Editor	9-11
"UPSTAIRS /DOWNSTAIRS" AT BATEMAN'S by J.V.C. Claremont	12-18
KIPLING AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR by Harry Potter	19-43
MEMBERSHIP NEWS	44-47
The A.G.M. of 2000	44-46
New Members	47
Notice on subscription reminders	47
The Society's Library	48-49
The <i>Journal</i> Index: an up-dating by John Morgan	50
The <i>Journal</i> Index: widening its use, by John Radcliffe	51
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Lockwood Kipling and Bagshot Park (<i>Dr J. Lewins</i>); "The Gardener" and "The Burden" (<i>Mr F.A. Underwood</i>); Not here, but there (Professor N. Crook)	52-56
BOOK REVIEW: <i>Manly Pursuits</i> by Ann Harries reviewed by Lisa Lewis	56-57
A Note by Sharad Keskar, on a forthcoming book	57
POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS: Thanks, and compliments (<i>Mr Michael Smith</i>)	58-59
<i>Illustration: The old Editor, drawn by the new</i>	60
KIPLING IN 'MASTERMIND'	61

[see over]

NOTICES: Subscription Rates	62
The special venue for the April 2001 meeting	62
ABOUT THE <i>KIPLING JOURNAL</i>	63
ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY	64

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A NOTE ABOUT THE SKETCHES ON PAGE 6

At pages 10-11 of June 2000 we reviewed *The Jungle Play*, a forgotten piece by Kipling, which had recently been unearthed, painstakingly edited by Professor Tom Pinney, and attractively produced as a book. We mentioned some drawings by Kipling which Pinney had opportunely included in the book, even though (as he made clear) they were not a part of the same work. They ante-dated *The Jungle Play* by several years, and were originally intended as guidance for the illustrator (W. H. Drake) of two Mowgli stories ("Tiger! Tiger!" and "Mowgli's Brothers") published in America by the *St Nicholas Magazine* in 1894. Their provenance was thus entirely distinct: whereas the text of the *Play* had been held in England among a mass of Kipling papers at the University of Sussex, the drawings had long been in the custody of Amherst College in the U.S.A.

The Amherst connection caught the eye of one of our American members, Mr Thomas E. Woodhouse, of Berkeley, California, who as an alumnus of Amherst and a Friend of its Library takes the Friends' *Newsletter*. Having seen on pages 20-21 of a recent issue [Vol. 26] a note about the Kipling drawings and their association with *The Jungle Play*, he thoughtfully sent us a photocopy of it. This is being passed to our Library.

The gist of it is that the sketches were preserved among the papers of Samuel Chapin, who had been on the editorial staff of the *St Nicholas Magazine* in 1894 when it had published two *Jungle Book* stories for Kipling. He recalled that Kipling had been "very particular that details of clothing, furniture, etc., should be quite correct; hence these rough sketches" as guides to the artist who illustrated the stories. Chapin died in 1959, aged 100, and many of his papers, including these drawings, went to a friend, Mark Kiley, who presented them to Amherst College Library where he himself had worked in the 1920s.

EDITORIAL

[A] BY THE RETIRING EDITOR, GEORGE WEBB

On pages 12-13 of our last issue (September 2000), I reported two major changes in the Society's staffing – the regrettable retirement of our Secretary, Michael Smith (who was being succeeded by Sharad Keskar, who had in turn been replaced as Meetings Secretary by Jeffery Lewins); and my own retirement from editing the *Journal* (and the urgent consequential need to find a new Editor).

I am now relieved to tell you that after a few unproductive soundings in other directions, a new candidate, both willing and suitable, has come forward. It is the same Sharad Keskar, who nobly, and with heartening enthusiasm, undertakes for the time being to do both jobs – continuing as Secretary, while taking over from me as Editor. The phrase, "for the time being", is deliberately imprecise: Sharad is a realist, and aware that he may, in the longer term, find this dual arrangement too burdensome. However, in the shorter term, he gallantly performs a very helpful holding operation while the Council looks for a new Secretary. He is working jointly with me on this issue of the *Journal* – and it is in no way his fault that it is running late.

In September, at page 13, I summarised Sharad's background, from which members can judge that he is well qualified to be our Editor. I shall give him any help he needs while settling in. For a start, we have together visited our excellent printers, Michael Egan Associates, in Kent, for Sharad to see how the *Journal* is brought to completion.

So with this issue I bow out, leaving the editorial function in safe hands. But I have been deeply touched by some very kind letters I have received from members, expressing approval of my twenty-year stint as Editor. I am not publishing these individual testimonials, but I am not being permitted to avoid displaying a public tribute from Michael Smith [see page 58], more from Sharad himself in this issue [see below]; and even, I gather, the possibility of a portrait sketch that he has limned [page 60] – for this man of many talents is a portraitist of professional standing. I hope that, with all this somewhat embarrassing exposure, readers will not conclude that I have succumbed to a bout of self-indulgent narcissism, and am backing into the limelight in sly pursuit of a cult of personality.

It has been a privilege to edit the *Kipling Journal*, and I owe our readers grateful thanks for their unflagging support through the years, and for contributing a remarkable flow of articles and letters, which has kept the *Journal* readable, entertaining, dependable and informative, and has also made it an unvarying pleasure to produce.

[B] BY THE NEW EDITOR, SHARAD KESKAR

*Take the laurels you've rightly won, but please don't e'er forget
The plight of a stranded Eastern son, for ever in your debt.*

My plea (with acknowledgments to Kipling) has not gone unheeded. My aim of a seamless transfer has been achieved by the fact that this is a joint issue, with more than half of its contents edited by George Webb. As he explains above, his retirement, coupled with Michael Smith's, requires me to juggle with both jobs, knowing only too well that I have two hard acts to follow. But George and Michael – sounding so like a showbiz duo – will see me through this baptism of fire.

The files I have inherited from George give glimpses of the Society's history, and of his inimitable style. Ubiquitous, unmistakable, distinguished, he has edited the *Journal* since 1980, and made it the flagship of the Society, and an established institution. But flagships have to be kept afloat, and institutions maintained, and anyone taking on such an onerous task may seem (varying the metaphors) to be tilting against windmills. Not so! As the new Editor, I have, in 'computer-speak', a hard disk of wisdom and experience to tap into, and download.

George was born in 1929 in Kenya, where his father was an Inspector of Schools – having previously been a schoolmaster in Bangkok, where he was decorated by the King of Siam with the Order of the White Elephant. In 1938 the family moved to England, where George was educated, first at a Bournemouth prep school, later at Malvern College. After National Service, when he was commissioned in the 14th/20th King's Hussars, he went on to King's College, Cambridge. He enjoyed his time as a soldier, including three years with the 14th (T.A.) Battalion of the Parachute Regiment, and he might have stayed on in the Army, had he not had a fixed ambition since boyhood to return to Kenya in the Colonial Service.

This he achieved, and in 1954 began his colonial career as a District Officer in Nyanza; next as District Commissioner at Moyale on the Ethiopian frontier; and finally in the Secretariat in Nairobi. While at Cambridge he had met his future wife, Jo, and they have been happily married since 1956. Their four children were all born in Kenya.

After Kenya's Independence, George joined the Foreign Service, which gave him four rewarding postings, to Bangkok, Accra, Tehran and Washington. Tehran (1977-79) was particularly eventful, coinciding with the sad fall of the Shah. In the resultant disorder, the Embassy staff had to be unceremoniously evacuated by the R.A.F.

In 1985 he retired, to join the administrative staff of City University, London, mainly arranging professional courses for business people from London and abroad. He found the volatile state of the City, in the run-up to the deregulatory 'Big Bang' of 1987, fascinating, and in that year he wrote *The Bigger Bang*, a guide book on the City's evolving financial institutions. Retiring again in 1993, he maintained links with 'further education' as a Council member of an ancient London institution, Gresham College, occasionally lecturing there on City topics. He also joined the Worshipful Company of Scriveners, and chaired the 'Ward Club' of Candlewick in the City.

Amid all this activity, he had been editing the *Kipling Journal* since 1980. In 1989, jointly with Sir Hugh Cortazzi, he published *Kipling's Japan*. His involvement with Kipling has stayed with him as a *leitmotif*, from the time when his mother introduced him to the prose and verse, as soon as he was old enough to appreciate it. In 1964 he saw an advertisement for the Kipling Society, and joined it out of curiosity. He attended its meetings when he could, and accepted an invitation to lecture on "Kipling and France". When Roger Lancelyn Green fell seriously ill in 1979, George accepted editorship of the *Journal*, but clearly stipulated his need for a free hand. Far from being audacious, he was thinking of practicalities. He was just out of Tehran, and was due to be posted abroad again – as shortly he was, to Washington. Happily, our Council did not hesitate. In particular, Roger Lancelyn Green, a professional man of letters, gave him unconditional support – as George himself is now giving me.

CONTRIBUTIONS SOUGHT

Members are invited to contribute towards a gift which will be presented to George Webb, at the Society's meeting on St Valentine's Day, 14 February 2001, before the scheduled evening's entertainment. Donations should have an upper limit of £10. Cheques, payable to The Kipling Society, should be sent to our Treasurer, Rudolph Bissolotti, F.C.A., at 303 Beatty House, Dolphin Square, London SW1V 3PH, to reach him by early February, if possible please, but late contributions will be gladly accepted up to the end of March.

'UPSTAIRS / DOWNSTAIRS' AT BATEMAN'S

by J.V.C. CLAREMONT

[In 1999 the Society's Secretary, Michael Smith, visiting Kipling's Sussex home, Bateman's, met by chance one of the National Trust's volunteer Stewards there, Mr John Claremont, who is a retired solicitor (with two university degrees in History and, clearly, the useful knack of spotting new information which has historical potential).

Mr Claremont told him of an interesting encounter he had had in 1996 with an old lady who as Frances Cane (Cane being her maiden name) had been an under-housemaid at Bateman's in the 1920s.

Recognising the possible importance of clear-headed reminiscences that reached back so far – both for a description of the *modus operandi* of domestic service in that period, and also for privileged glimpses of the Kiplings at home – Mr Claremont had invited her to help him write something about staff conditions in the Kipling household. She had agreed, so he arranged a second meeting.

That second interview had duly taken place in the autumn of 1996, and been written up by Mr Claremont. He had at first intended to submit the text to the *National Trust Magazine*, but was told that its editor had recently accepted a rather similar article, about life in another National Trust property (Petworth House, in West Sussex), so had no immediate interest in Mr Claremont's account.

On hearing this, Michael Smith invited Mr Claremont to offer his report to the Kipling Society. He duly did so, and I was glad to accept it for the *Journal*. It is a social document of some value, conveying by the very mundaneness of its domestic detail a vivid perspective of the established below-stairs hierarchy which had prevailed at country houses like Bateman's, and of the stiff protocol of that vanished age.

There are also a few personal glimpses of the master and mistress of the house. There is no doubt about which was the more emphatic figure – at least as seen by a lowly housemaid. It was not Rudyard Kipling – with whom Frances for a long time exchanged not a word, until one day he asked her to mop up some Sanatogen 'tonic wine' he had spilt on his desk. (Incidentally she had noticed a certain untidiness on his part, at mealtimes in the dining room, when bits of meat that he gave his dogs under the table would leave greasy marks on his trousers and the carpet.)

The managing force was his formidable wife, here described as "distant but fair". She competently administered all the practicalities of the estate, while always shielding her husband from avoidable intrusions and distractions. She was a woman to be reckoned with, and incidentally (with a firmness mildly suggestive of the 'brimstone and treacle' regime of Mrs Squeers at Dotheboys Hall) she liked to treat any cases of sickness with

a favoured all-purpose remedy of "cold water and rhubarb pills", medication which, one may suppose, gave her patients an added incentive to get better.

Here, anyway, is Mr Claremont's account. – *Ed.]*

It is not often that a Steward on duty at a National Trust property has the opportunity of meeting someone who was once 'in service' there. But this happened to me in 1996, when I was on duty in the hall at Bateman's, the former home of Rudyard Kipling at Burwash in Sussex. An elderly couple accompanied by a younger lady, their daughter, approached me, and the man explained that his wife had worked at Bateman's in the 1920s. The old lady confirmed this, saying she had been a housemaid there in 1926-27.

I asked if I could meet her for a detailed consultation, since I would like to write an account of staff conditions in the Kipling home; and she agreed. When they had completed their tour of the house (which she had last visited twenty years before) I introduced them to the House Secretary, with whom they had a long chat. Before they left I arranged to meet the old lady again. Our second interview was very productive, and provided me with the following information.

Frances was born in 1910 at Wadhurst, a village near the Sussex border not far from Tunbridge Wells. When she was two, her family moved near to the Hampshire / Surrey border, where her father had obtained a job as head gardener on a local property. She grew up in that area, going to school there until 1923. Then the family moved back to Wadhurst, where she went to school for another year, leaving at fourteen as many people did in those days.

Her schooling over, Frances lived with an aunt for a couple of years, where she learned to do housework – cleaning, making up beds, etc. Towards the end of 1926 she applied for a post as under-housemaid at Bateman's. The appointment was handled through an agency, and she was interviewed by Kipling's secretary. Though this would be Frances's first employment, her up-bringing had trained her for the work, and she was offered the position. The secretary came over to Wadhurst to fetch her.

Bateman's, in the Dudwell valley near Burwash in East Sussex, was built in about 1634 by an iron-dealer, or iron-master. It is situated down a fairly long hill about half a mile from the main Heathfield / Etchingham road, which goes through Burwash. There are a couple of farms nearby, but it is a very peaceful situation, beautiful but isolated. The Kiplings had fallen in love with it, and bought it in 1902.

I asked Frances about the staff situation, and how many staff there

had been. As she recalled, the staff consisted first and foremost of the cook, Mrs Richardson (cooks were generally addressed as 'Mrs', whether or not they were married – though Mrs Kipling usually called her 'Cook'). Next in the hierarchy was the lady's-maid to Mrs Kipling, whose duties were entirely concerned with looking after her mistress's person, i.e. clothes, hair and so on. Then there was the parlourmaid, who was responsible for serving the food and wine, and waiting at table in the dining room. For a dinner party she would be assisted by the head housemaid, as the Kiplings employed neither a butler nor a housekeeper – Mrs Kipling ran her own house. There were two housemaids: the head housemaid and the under-housemaid (Frances herself); and finally the other junior, the kitchen-maid.

All these staff 'lived in', and were accommodated in the building at the west end of the house (now including the National Trust shop). This building contained the servants' hall where they ate, on the ground floor; and bedrooms for staff; who all had separate rooms, except the two juniors who shared a room. The servants also had use of a bathroom, for the Kiplings had installed bathrooms throughout when they acquired the property.

Other staff included the chauffeur, who drove Kipling's Rolls Royce: he lived in the building attached to the mill, on the river. Adjoining the mill was a converted oast-house used by the secretary (and, when the children were small, the governess) and Frances recalled that they had their own maid. In addition, there were a head gardener, and four or five gardeners; also an 'odd-job-man', without whom no house of that size could operate. He would bring in logs for the fire, and clear rubbish, and so on.

These men were all accommodated elsewhere on the estate, and as an under-housemaid, Frances would have had nothing to do with the outside staff, because they did not eat with the house staff in the servants' hall. If any further staff were required – perhaps for entertaining, or if someone was ill – they were obtained from the village on a daily basis. Senior staff were addressed by their surname by their employers, or by the secretary; but juniors were called by their Christian name; while informally among themselves they all (apart from Mrs Richardson the cook) used Christian names.

A typical day would start at 6.30 a.m., when the kitchen-maid lit the fire in the kitchen to boil the kettle for tea for the staff, and also for Mr and Mrs Kipling. At 7.30, the head housemaid would take up tea for the Kiplings as well as for any guests who might be staying. Then the two housemaids would take up hot water for washing, for the family and guests. Mr Kipling used to wash and shave in his own bathroom, but

Mrs Kipling used a washstand and commode in a small recess in one corner of their bedroom. At that time there was a passage leading from what is now a door on the left side of the landing at the top of the stairs, through the house, to a similar door at the eastern end. This door opened on to the landing at the top of the back stairs. Two bathrooms led off this passage – the one at the western end used by Mrs Kipling, and the other, at the bedroom end, by her husband.

Apparently he did not always get up early, especially in autumn or winter if he felt ill with a chest infection, when he would stay in bed till 10 or 11 a.m. Mrs Kipling was about earlier.

After delivering the hot water, said Frances, her first job as under-housemaid was to sweep the front porch and clean up the hall; and in winter to build up the fire there with long logs, as it was customarily 'kept in' all night during the colder months. The odd-job-man would bring in logs for this and other fires; and when the hall fire was allowed to go out in spring, he would use a wheelbarrow to clear the accumulated ash, which was then used on the garden. The hall fire was not the sole source of heat for the house: there was an anthracite or coke stove in the inner hall outside the parlour. (It is no longer there, but it too would have been made up by the under-housemaid.)

Breakfast was at 8 a.m. in the servants' hall, and in those days was usually a cooked meal. After her own breakfast, and while the family (and guests) had theirs (served at 8.30), the under-housemaid's task was to clean the bedrooms and bathrooms, making up the beds and generally tidying up, washing down the china wash-basins – and the commodes!

The head housemaid would supervise and help with this, but only the head housemaid was allowed to clean and tidy the study. However, before lunch at 1 p.m., Frances would do a quick tidy of the study, and take away the contents of the waste-paper basket (which is still there) for burning. She would do the same in the evening, after tea and before dinner at 8 p.m.

Unless the Kiplings were out for the day, the servants had their lunch after the family had eaten. After lunch the servants changed their uniforms. During the morning they wore a blue or pale grey cotton dress, with a white apron and cap, and black stockings and shoes. This was a working dress, but after lunch they changed into a black alpaca dress with a white collar and cuffs, and a smaller cap and apron. The afternoon dress was better fitting and of a smarter style than the morning one. When appointed, servants had to supply their own uniforms, which they had to keep in repair, but which remained their own property; and they took care to see that these fitted properly, particularly the black dresses. As far as the morning dresses were

concerned, the Mistress might want all the maids to wear the same colour or style, in which case she would supply those dresses. In the afternoons, the servants would be employed in the servants' hall, mending sheets and other household linens.

Afternoon tea was served by the parlourmaid in the parlour, which incidentally Frances referred to as the drawing-room. (I think it possible it was called the parlour either by the Kiplings' daughter Elsie, or by her mother following American usage.) Tea was sometimes served in the hall, by the fire.

At dinner, the parlourmaid served at table – helped if there were guests by the head housemaid. Dishes were put in the hatchway leading from the kitchen to the doorway in the corner of the dining room. The parlourmaid and the head housemaid cleared away the dishes after each course, taking them back to the hatch for washing-up. The stove in the dining room would also have been attended to by one of the two maids. The hot water boiler was in the scullery, off the kitchen. It was fuelled by coal or coke, which were kept in a shed which is now the restaurant – and the fuel is now oil.

The under-housemaid's duty while dinner was being served was to get the bedrooms ready for the night, turning down the sheets, drawing the curtains if necessary, and tidying up the occupant's clothes and shoes. The lady's-maid would do the same for Mrs Kipling; and Frances would then fill hot-water bottles and put them in the beds – including in the main guest room (now the Exhibition Room). She remembered that about once or twice in the summer she had to sweep up and clean the chalet on the far side of the Dudwell road, in the field where the white donkeys are today. This chalet was only used occasionally, by the Kiplings themselves, in very hot weather.

Mrs Kipling's routine was that at about 10 o'clock each morning she would see Cook in her sitting room (now used as, and called, 'the office'). They would discuss menus for the day, and what Cook needed in the way of groceries, etc, which were kept locked in the cupboard outside the kitchen (probably the one off the passage leading to the current Stewards' room). If Mrs Kipling was away, the key was given to the parlourmaid, who issued the necessary items.

The head gardener came to see Cook every morning before this interview; so that Cook knew what was available in the garden by way of fruit and vegetables, and could suggest what was ripe. Mrs Kipling would also see the Farm Bailiff every morning, about what was required on the estate.

It may be that earlier, Rudyard Kipling had administered the estate himself, but at this time, when he was not as fit as he had been, his wife appeared to have taken over. As her sitting-room was about four feet higher than the level of the hall, she could look through her two small

windows into the hall, and see everyone coming or going; and could thus protect the privacy of her husband and family.

The terms of Frances's employment were £26 per year, with all meals and board, but as already mentioned she had to provide her own uniform. She had one half-day off per week, from 2 to 10 p.m., and alternate Sunday afternoons. She had her bicycle with her, and would cycle home to Wadhurst, about ten miles each way. Once she got to the top of Bateman's Lane there were buses running hourly to Lewes or to Etchingham, but she never used them. Nor did any of the servants bother with the village of Burwash and the shops there. If her boy friend (later her husband) came on his motor cycle to see her, they met in the lane, outside the gates, and he never came into the grounds.

She recalled that soon after she first came, the Kipling family were packing up for a trip to Brazil. They departed in early February 1927, and were away some three months. Frances recalled that during this time, men were working on the central heating system – though whether they were installing it or extending it she could not remember. However she did recall that there were also electricians there, rewiring the house. The whole house was run by Mrs Kipling, who by this account was distant but fair.

It was she, not her husband, who administered all the money, and gave the orders. But the under-housemaid was never spoken to, even by her. Any orders for her came via the head housemaid. Kipling only spoke to her once: she was cleaning his bathroom, and he had spilt some Sanatogen on his desk and wanted it mopped up. His clothes were cared for by the head housemaid, and sometimes needed attention, because he would feed his two Aberdeen terriers during mealtimes in the dining room, and pieces of meat dropped down to them left marks on his trousers or the carpet. He used to take the dogs out for walks in the garden or the estate, and his almost permanent garb was a tweed suit with a waistcoat, and a grey trilby with a fixed brim – later called an 'Anthony Eden' hat.

The servants' food was plain but good: a cooked breakfast, meat and vegetables and pudding for lunch; buns or cake for tea; and a similar meal in the evening. Each servant was allowed just half a pound of butter a week, for all purposes.

There were often guests for dinner or lunch, and sometimes to stay – with dinner parties to match. Some of the guests that Frances recalled were Lord Dawson of Penn (Kipling's doctor) who came down regularly from London; Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P. (the Home Secretary) who came often, always bringing his detective; and Stanley Baldwin (Kipling's cousin, and Prime Minister) who often came,

sometimes alone, sometimes with his family, but never staying for more than a week. Rider Haggard, a great friend of Kipling's, had been a visitor before Frances had started work there, but – disappointingly – he had died in 1925. Altogether, there were often guests from London (who usually would go by train to Etchingham, where they would be met); but there were not many local visitors.

After a year, in late 1927, Frances gave notice and left. In common with many of the younger staff, she found Bateman's too desolate and lonely. As she had been there for less than a year, she was not entitled to any leave. The senior servants tended to stay longer, but for a girl of seventeen Bateman's was a little dull. There was no telephone in the house, as Kipling would not have one, regarding it as an intrusion on his privacy. Incoming messages could be telephoned to the village Post Office, where they would be written out, and delivered to Bateman's by a messenger-boy.

Frances's future husband was then serving in the second battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, stationed at Bordon, near Aldershot; and he would come over to see her when he had leave. Having given up her first job as too lonely, she next got a job in Tunbridge Wells, and later in London, always as a housemaid. When her husband left the Army in 1934 they married, and later moved to Rochester, where he worked for the local water company

In conclusion, I hope that this short account has provided a picture of what it meant, to be 'in service' in the 1920s – and particularly in the home of the Kiplings. Now that servants are a rarity, it is interesting to compare the nature of their work and pay with modern standards. Although, broadly speaking, these servants seem to have been well treated – provided, of course, that they worked satisfactorily – Bateman's, in its beautiful valley, was obviously pervaded, for some of them, by a feeling of isolation.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO 'MASTERMIND' QUESTIONS ON PAGE 61

(1) Cornell Price. (2) The *Civil & Military Gazette*. (3) Captain & Mrs Holloway. (4) St Xavier's. (5) Lalun. (6) Lord Dufferin. (7) San Francisco. (8) Robert Louis Stevenson. (9) Blastoderm. (10) Disko Troop. (11) Parnesius. (12) The Chapins. (13) Gilbert Torpenhow. (14) The River Thames. (15) "The Islanders". (16) Kitty Somerset.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR

by H. D. POTTER

[This was a valuably thought-provoking lecture, delivered at a Kipling Society meeting in London in April 2000. The fact that Professor Hugh Brogan had eloquently addressed us as recently as February 1998 on the same topic, "The Great War and Rudyard Kipling" (fully recorded in the *Journal* of June 1998), did not reduce – indeed may have enhanced for us – the interest of this second presentation.

For the First World War is a huge subject, of lasting inherent importance, but also of special significance in the context of Kipling. Long before 1914, he and Lord Roberts, sharing an anxious premonition of war, tried, without success, to alert the British people to the German menace, and to persuade them of the need to be prepared and to accept the case for compulsory military service.

When war came, and the call went out for volunteers (conscription being not yet politically thinkable), Kipling took a public part in the patriotic drive to attract recruits. Then as a war correspondent he visited the French front, and later the Italian, and reported vividly on what he saw. He predictably undertook various writing commitments for the Army and Navy: the most massive in 1918 when he agreed to write the campaign history of the Irish Guards – the regiment in which his son had enlisted in 1914 and been killed next year at Loos, aged eighteen.

As well as that one great book, at which he toiled until 1922, the war provided him with the inspiration for several fine stories – including "The Woman in his Life" (*Limits and Renewals*), "Sea Constables", "A Madonna of the Trenches", "The Gardener", "On the Gate" and "In the Interests of the Brethren" (all in *Debits and Credits*) – and a few trenchant poems, the most forceful being "Mesopotamia", and the most poignant "My Boy Jack"; but although his compelling skill as a writer would last undiminished till he died, the long calamity of that war, and in particular the loss and disappearance of his son, dealt crippling blows to his sensibility, from which he never fully recovered.

His tendency to pessimism deepened, and an unpleasant note of bitterness, sometimes savage in expression, showed in his private conversation and correspondence. Mr Potter duly notes this, and is right to deplore the grievous expense of spirit that it reveals. However, one must not assume, from a few examples, that Kipling was stuck in a chronic and futile state of despair, forever condemning the Germans for provoking an apocalyptic war, and hysterically blaming "the Jews" and other convenient and conventional targets. He continued to lead a busy, various and creative life.

Still, the speaker was right to describe Kipling's comparative demoralisation following his son's death. His *malaise* was partly physical, of course: no doubt the sporadic but agonising stomach pains that he endured from about 1915 were, though not yet diagnosed as such, an early manifestation of the ulcer that would eventually kill him. But

the problem was only partly physical. It is on the psychological plane that Kipling has to be numbered among the seriously wounded of the First World War – an ironic doom for one whose robust assurance as a young writer, and empathy with soldiers and sailors, had made him the unchallenged laureate of the Army and Navy.

However, this being so, it is all the more remarkable that his post-war writings include some of his subtlest and finest prose – like "Dayspring Mishandled" (*Limits and Renewals*) and "The Eye of Allah" (*Debits and Credits*) – and happily lyrical verse, like his "Song of Seventy Horses". Equally remarkable was his objectivity in compiling that masterpiece of military narrative, *The Irish Guards in the Great War*. And as Mr Potter willingly concedes, Kipling eventually redeemed himself by his dedication to the cause of the War Graves, even though he could never bring himself to accept that the loss of life had been futile.

The background and career of our speaker (the Reverend Harry Potter, M.A., M.Phil., Ll.B., Barrister-at-Law) is strikingly eclectic. Born and brought up in Glasgow, he graduated in History and Theology at Cambridge, proceeding to an M.Phil. in Old Testament Studies and Hebrew. He was ordained in London in 1981; served a curacy at St Paul's, Deptford; and was appointed Chaplain at Selwyn College, Cambridge. He also held prison chaplaincies at Wormwood Scrubs and Aylesbury Young Offenders Institution, and worked part-time for a law degree at what became the University of the Thames Valley. In 1993 he was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn, since when he has been a full-time criminal defence barrister in London, while serving as honorary curate of St Giles, Camberwell.

He has published many reviews and articles in various fields – on Biblical and literary subjects (e.g. the Book of Job, Sir Thomas Browne, the War Poets); has written a book, *Hanging in Judgment*, about religion and the death penalty, from the 'Bloody Code' to Abolition; and is currently working on another about the murder in 1592 of James Stuart (Second Earl of Moray – commemorated in a ballad as the "Bonny Earl" who "might have been a king").

We did well to get Mr Potter as a speaker. Here, complete with helpfully detailed notes, is his text. He was outspokenly and legitimately critical of Kipling's violent and retributive attitude to the Germans. Actually, as I imply above, there is a wider picture to take into account, one which recognises the high quality and freedom from ugly prejudice of most of his post-war output. Indeed, Madame de Staël's wise words, *Tout comprendre rend très indulgent*, apply to Kipling. He was undeniably embittered by the war, but that was understandable, given his belief that it had been an avoidable catastrophe — which only became inevitable when the Germans perceived, specially among the complacent British, a lack of resolution to outface them. But Kipling's obsessive search for scapegoats (including "the Jews") sometimes displayed him as a sadly diminished personality.

In fact, he was a greater and more balanced figure than his occasional intolerant snarls might suggest. It will be interesting to see if Mr Potter's severe judgment on Kipling provokes any reader to comment. For myself, having had the honour of writing the Introduction in the new edition of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, I am ready to let

that splendid and dignified book stand for Kipling's considered retrospect on the whole sombre cataclysm of the war. – *Ed.*]

Your Meetings Secretary [as he then was] Sharad Keskar caught me off guard last November. I had preached the Remembrance Sunday sermon at his church when, over coffee amidst the usual pleasantries, he approached me and asked if I would consider addressing the Kipling Society.

"But I know nothing about Kipling," I blurted out.

"That doesn't matter," he assured me. "You will keep us awake."

So that was all I had to do, I thought, relieved. Also he said it would not be until "some time next spring" – an age away in November. I felt it would do me good to read some more Kipling, so I breezily accepted, and – for it was Remembrance Sunday – plumped for the wide title of "Rudyard Kipling and the First World War".

However, months quickly passed – as months do – in idleness and complacency. Autumn turned to winter, winter to spring. The day for my 'Big Push' loomed; my 'Spring Offensive' was in danger of being mired in mud. The 'munitions-dump' of material on Kipling and the First World War, by the time I got there, had been thoroughly pillaged. The letters to his children and his friends, published by Elliot Gilbert and Thomas Pinney, had been extensively used in Andrew Lycett's new biography.¹ Kipling's own regimental history of the Irish Guards had recently been rescued from obscurity by re-publication.² Worst of all, every aspect of his relationship with his son, and his bid to commemorate the boy's fate, had been comprehensively documented by Tonie and Valmai Holt.³

The battlefield, much fought over in the last eighty years, lay pitted and bare – not a tree left for cover. The front was vast, and well defended. There seemed no obvious way to capture new ground. The only chance of effecting a Big Push would be by providing a purely subjective commentary on the questions that this material raised in my mind; for I had come to the project fresh. In the distant past, I had read quite a lot of Kipling, for pleasure but without system. I had also read quite a lot about the First World War, and in particular the 'War Poets', of whom Kipling was one. And by now I have read a great deal by and about Kipling. As I have done so, various questions have kept arising.

For example, why was this major popular poet merely a minor War Poet? Why had his impact on the way future generations viewed the conflict been so negligible, when he had perfectly reflected the public

mood at the time? Why did certain poets, writers and artists – far less famous than Kipling in their day – stamp their mark so indelibly on that conflict? How do they compare with him? What legacy has Kipling left, from those war years? What monument of lasting value?

With those questions in mind, I propose to examine four facets of "Kipling and the First World War":- [1] his attitude to the conflict, which I entitle "Old Men's Lies"; [2] his attitude to the Germans, which I entitle "The Hun is at the Gate"; [3] his attitude to the dead and the grieving, "Known Unto God"; and [4] his split personality, "Separate Sides to my Head". In so doing, I compare Kipling with some of his contemporaries.

[1] OLD MEN'S LIES

Kipling had never been a soldier; but the Army life, which he chronicled so well, had an indelible attraction for him, and where he himself had failed to tread he destined his son, John, to follow. The pressure of the domineering father on the unexceptional boy must have been enormous. His health was often poor; he got mumps, and had thyroid problems, almost certainly stress-related. The anxious parent praised any signs of his "dear warrior" getting tougher. But John's myopia, and his low academic achievement, made Sandhurst out of the question. Only a war could improve his chances.

And a war there came. In August 1914, Armageddon began. The Hun was at the gate, and the youth of England must answer the call. For the Kiplings, father and son, this was a righteous war against a vile foe. It was a sacrificial duty to serve one's country; and on Rudyard's part the sacrifice would be his son.

John, of course, wanted to join up. This was not just a matter of parental pressure: it was the whole atmosphere of the time. Boys wanted to go: it was often their parents who had misgivings. Vera Brittain, in her famous book, recorded that her father vehemently forbade her brother Edward, still under military age, to join anything whatever.⁴ Edward's tentative efforts at defiance were numerous, for his enforced subservience seemed to him synonymous with everlasting disgrace.

John's eyesight should have precluded him from service, but even that was set aside after his father intervened on his behalf with Lord Roberts. John got his commission in the Irish Guards. Again, this was not a case of influence peculiar to Kipling: others, by their persistence, could overcome this hurdle. Vera Brittain's fiancé, Roland, was absolutely determined to take part in this "very ennobling and

beautiful" war.⁵ Despite his poor eyesight he eventually got his commission in the Norfolk Regiment, by sheer persistence. John, Edward, Roland . . . they were all boys who willingly went to the war in an atmosphere of heroic chivalry and self-sacrificial nobility.

Like many an anxious parent, the Kiplings were enormously proud of the valour of their young son. Kipling wrote to his daughter about a recent visit by the "warrior":

Saturday, came John in full canonicals by the 5.44. He very much becomes the uniform. It was a changed John in many respects but all delightful. A grave and serious John with an adorable smile and many stories of 'his' men. I am immensely pleased with our boy.⁶

And to his son he wrote: "We are both more proud of you than words can say. [. . .] Dear love and great pride from us all, my veteran."⁷

This was another standard response. Vera Brittain's reaction to a visit by her recently gazetted and uniformed brother was similar. "With his tall figure, his long beautiful hands, and the dark arched eyebrows which almost met above his half-sad, half-amused eyes, he looked so handsome in his new second lieutenant's uniform."⁸

The Kiplings were under no delusions as to what their son's enlistment meant, but it never occurred to father, son or mother that there was any alternative to immediate service. When her mother wondered how one found courage to send a boy to almost certain death, Carrie replied resignedly that there was "nothing else to do", since "the world must be saved from the Germans . . . and one can't let one's friends' and neighbours' sons be killed in order to save us and our son. There is no chance John will survive unless he is so maimed from a wound as to be unfit to fight. We know it, and he does."⁹

Not only was Kipling fully aware that his son would die, he was brutally realistic about the sort of death he was likely to endure. He too could envisage "the millions of the mouthless dead, and say not soft things as other men have said."¹⁰

And yet, at other times, and even after his son's death, he could talk jauntily of the death of millions in the game that was afoot.

"The game is not going too badly at the front. There are not many tactics or [much] finesse on either side and so the game reduces itself to plain killing. Our losses are not light, but by the circumstances and training of the German armies the German losses are not less than three times ours – which is a reasonable proportion. They ought not to begin to weaken until they have lost a flat million of dead."¹¹

John was still but a boy, and a pretty immature one at that. He gives a *Boys' Own* account of his military frolics, and asks for carpet slippers. His father replies in kind, treating the whole enterprise as a great game:

"Dear Old Man, I hope you'll never get nearer the Boche than I did . . . I don't mind trenches half as much as going in a motor along ten or twelve miles of road which the Boches may or may not shell. . . . It's a grand life though and does not give you a dull minute."¹²

The *Boys' Own* tone of this letter was designed, he thought, to keep his son's and his own spirits up as he entered into this great adventure. He recommended boric acid in the socks to make walking more comfortable, and rabbit-netting overhead against hand-grenades. He told Carrie that he had sent John "an account of my experience in the trenches for his instruction and guidance". He had become an armchair expert in the way that only persistent non-combatants could.

And then, after a month in France, on 27 September 1915, only two days into his first and last engagement, John was killed. His father never got over the loss – but always thought it necessary. On the one hand, he seems utterly resigned. He was "sorry that all the years' work ended in that one afternoon, but it's something to have bred a man."¹³ On the other, he was incensed by a flattering obituary of John in the *Morning Post*, which referred to him as

"barely eighteen, a boy of delicate health but indomitable zeal and resolution. He was determined to take his share in the war. In assenting to his urgent pleas his father, and the mother also, offered the dearest of all possible sacrifices on the altar of their country – an only son whose youth and health might have given them a good reason for evading the ordeal. . . ."¹⁴

The remarks about John's youth and "delicacy" — for Kipling, read "effeminacy" – irked. On several occasions he asserted that John had been "hard as nails", and "as fit as a fiddle".

"I'm rather sick about it, when you remember he was in the Brigade [of Guards] which doesn't encourage unfitness. Also he was shaping excellently as an officer. I don't regret anything except the uncertainty."¹⁵

For Kipling it was not war that killed Englishmen, but incompetence and parsimony. Military incompetence and political ineptitude, if they

had not caused the death of his son, had hastened it. In an ironic passage in his *Irish Guards*, dealing with the day John died, he relates:

It was a fair average for the day of a *début*, and taught them somewhat for their future guidance. Their commanding officer told them so at Adjutant's Parade, but it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to suggest that direct infantry attacks, after ninety-minute bombardments, on works begotten out of a generation of thought and prevision, scientifically built up by immense labour and applied science, and developed against all contingencies through nine months, are not likely to find a fortunate issue. So, while the Press was explaining to a puzzled public what a far-reaching success had been achieved, the "greatest battle in the history of the world" simmered down to picking up the pieces on both sides of the line, and a return to autumnal trench-work, until more and heavier guns could be designed and manufactured in England. Meantime, men died.¹⁶

Irony turned to anger in "The Children", the searing poem bearing most directly on John's fate.

. . . They bought us anew with their blood, forbearing to blame us,
Those hours which we had not made good when the Judgment
o'ercame us.

They believed us and perished for it. Our Statecraft, our learning,
Delivered them bound to the Pit and alive to the burning . . .
That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was
given . . .

To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation
From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.
But who shall return us our children ?

And in his "Epitaphs of the War", he depicts a "Dead Statesman" at the Last Judgment:

I could not dig: I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.
Now all my lies are proved untrue
And I must face the men I slew.
What tale shall serve me here among
Mine angry and defrauded young?

It is often said that the nearest Kipling came to self-recrimination was in another of his "Epitaphs" – headed "Common Form":

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

Compare the close resemblance between these lines and Ezra Pound's litany:

Died some, pro patria
Not 'dulce' not 'et decor'
Walked eye-deep in hell
Believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving . . .¹⁷

The difference, of course, is Pound's soldiers' rejection of the notion of dying *pro patria*, a notion Kipling never forsook. This marks Kipling's distinction from the other war poets and war veterans. Their views changed with the war: his remained static. The home-leave episodes in Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*, or Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, give us lively portraits of an irreconcilable clash.

On the one hand, civilians and armchair soldiers desperately clung to their belief in an orderly world, where sacrifice was necessary, and where death could still be glorious; while on the other hand, trench soldiers rejected those beliefs altogether. Vera Brittain's brother (who also served at Loos) wrote:

The dug-outs have been nearly all blown in, the wire entanglements are a wreck; and in among the chaos of twisted iron and splintered timber and shapeless earth are the fleshless, blackened bones of simple men who poured out their red, sweet wine of youth unknowing, for nothing more tangible than Honour or their Country's Glory. Let him who thinks War is a glorious, golden thing . . . let him but look at a little pile of sodden grey rags that cover half a skull and a shin-bone and what might have been its ribs, or at this skeleton lying on its side, resting half-crouching as it fell, perfect but that it is headless, and with the tattered clothing still draped round it; and let him realise how grand and glorious a thing it is, to have distilled all Youth and Joy and Life into a foetid heap of hideous putrescence! Who is there who has known and seen, who can say that Victory is worth the death of even one of these?¹⁸

Wilfred Owen wrote one of his angriest poems on reading Jessie Pope's *War Poems* (1915), published to instil in English children a Horatian sense of patriotism. Had Pope ever seen the chaos of the trenches, Owen declared,

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory
The old lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

This was precisely the lie that Kipling continued to peddle, denouncing shirkers, stirring up xenophobia, and addressing schoolchildren on the virtues of the fight. The odd thing is, what a caricature of 'Colonel Blimp' he had become. Rather than having the writer's and artist's ability to look beyond the horizon, his eyes squinted through the ever-narrowing lenses of his glasses. His later portraits bear an uncanny resemblance to the satirical TV character, 'Alf Garnett', whose intolerant views and expressions Kipling largely shared. Those views are irreconcilable with the War Poets who had actually fought on the Western Front.

Owen might have been thinking of Kipling. The pride and obduracy and callousness of the old led to the death of the young in their millions. In re-telling the story of Abraham and his sacrifice of his son Isaac – significantly titled the "Parable of the Old Man and the Young" – Owen inverted the biblical ending:

Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,
And builded parapets and trenches there,
And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.
When lo! An angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the ram of pride instead of him.
But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

For Siegfried Sassoon, Kipling was one of the perpetrators of old men's lies; of "the discredited idea that war is purgatorial". For Kipling, the war had been a terrible necessity; for Owen, Sassoon and the rest, it had been a futile folly, and the deaths of a million sons had been in vain. Kipling would never acknowledge that. Unlike Pound's soldiers, he never lost his faith in the rightness and worth of the cause.

Significantly and sadly for one who prided himself on his ability to relate to, and write about, soldiers, Kipling seemed to lose his touch with the post-war generation. A coarse insensitivity had come to the fore. Maurice Bowra recorded an embarrassing encounter between Kipling and the demobilised generation:

"When I met Kipling, his mind was still fixed on the war. He had lost his only son in it, and he may have had bitter regrets at using his influence with Lord Roberts to send a boy of seventeen, whose eyesight was as bad as his own, into the Irish Guards to be killed in the insane massacre at Loos. Most of the young people present had been in the war and had no desire to talk about it, but Kipling brought up the subject and we had to respond. His language became cruder and cruder. He still hankered after some severe punishment for the Germans, though he did not specify what it should be, or how it should be exacted. He called the Jews 'Yids'. He gave the impression that his views were formed less on reason than on rather hysterical emotion. Despite his courtesy, there was a note of violence in what he said, and I felt that fundamentally he was less sure of his opinions than he liked us to believe, and that his over-emphasis on certain matters was necessary to counter his chameleonic adaptability.¹⁹

The writer Beverley Nichols, when President of the Oxford Union soon after the war, attacked Kipling and others, in the *Morning Post*, as elderly poets who wrote about the 'Happy Warrior':

"If you wish to think of what young men think of war today, you will not find it in the flamboyant insolence of Rudyard Kipling. . . You will find it in the verse of Siegfried Sassoon."²⁰

Kipling's great friend and confidant, the popular novelist Rider Haggard, commented in his diary: "I am not fortunate enough to be acquainted with S.S., who, from his name, I presume to be a Jew of the advanced school. Since I wrote this I have read his verses. They are feeble and depressing rubbish."²¹

Kipling would have concurred. That is judgment enough.

[2] 'THE HUN IS AT THE GATE'

In 1915 he urged the nation's manhood to

band in a great crusade to kill Germans. To kill them not for the sake of killing, but to save the world; to kill the good as well as the bad; to kill the young men as well as the old; to kill those who have shown kindness to our wounded as well as those fiends who crucified the Canadian sergeant, who superintended the Armenian massacres, who sank the *Lusitania*; and to kill them lest the civilisation of the world should itself be killed.

The "he" quoted above is not Kipling! It is A.F. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of London during the war.²² It is not Kipling, but it might have been, save only for the Bishop's concession that there was such a thing as a 'good German'. Apart from that touch of sentimentality this was the sort of religion with which Kipling could identify.

Kipling would concur with the precept that "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"; but would demur from the Christian corollary of "loving your enemies". This was an "effeminate hysteria which expresses itself in terms of indiscriminate love for mankind." He linked this to "an outbreak of intellectual lawlessness" which brought calls for "toleration" and "humanity".²³ Pacifism was for Kipling a form of perversion.

Indeed Kipling cannot be accused of being a Christian. 'Allah' was his preferred name for the Deity. And the masculine camaraderie of Masonry was his preferred setting for worship. In place of loving his enemies he called for *Jihad*, a Holy War. He castigated the

. . . Lords of Looseness
 That hamper faith and works,
 The Perseverance-Doubters,
 And Present-Comfort shirks.
 With brittle intellectuals
 Who crack beneath a strain –
 John Bunyan met that helpful set
 In Charles the Second's reign. . .

. . . The Pope, the swithering Neutrals,
 The Kaiser and his Gott –
 Their roles, their goals, their naked souls –
 He knew and drew the lot.²⁴

His sentiments, like the best tabloid journalism – he was a journalist, after all – reflected but did not challenge the public mood. At the beginning of the war his disdainful expression, "The Hun", captured the mind of the nation, the way the *Sun's*, headline "Up your Junta" captured a later one. As the war progressed, his sentiments, ever increasing in their virulence, although they may have continued to reflect the feelings of many at home, became increasingly at variance with those of the war poets and artists.

Herbert Read could write ironically of the 'Happy Warrior':

Bloody saliva / dribbles down his shapeless jacket. / I saw him stab /
 and stab again / a well-killed Boche. / This is the happy warrior, / this
 is he . . .

Kipling would have meant this seriously. By the end of the war Kipling's world was "divided into two groups, human beings and Germans", and "the Hun" has been completely de-humanised and become a "typhoid, or plague – *Pesto Teutonicus*."²⁵

His most notorious short story, "Mary Postgate" (*A Diversity of Creatures*) is often excused as the brilliant description of the frustrated spleen of an old spinster, but in many respects it is the revelation of the stunted personality that Kipling was himself. In a letter to Andrew Macphail he recounts another Mary Postgate-type story, with relish:

The drama of the last [air] raid was very fine. The great city saw the blazing star fall from heaven, and cheered as one voice. I heard of one woman whose house was a mile or two from where it fell. She and her husband slipped into their coats, started up their little car, and raced to the scene. . . she reported that the smell of burnt Huns was extremely pungent, and that she sniffed it with the deepest satisfaction."²⁶

To such a man, the notion of Christmas truces, or fraternising with the enemy, or even respecting him, was anathema. It is hard to imagine Kipling being able to read, let alone comprehend, the sentiments expressed by Edward Brittain in a letter to his sister, Vera. He was stationed near Armentières, and

"there was a grave in the wood, with a carefully made wooden cross, inscribed with the words: 'Here lie two gallant German officers'. The men who put up the cross congratulated themselves a little on their British magnanimity; but when, later, they pushed the enemy out of the trenches in front of the wood, they found another grave as carefully tended, and inscribed: 'Here lie five brave English officers.' "²⁷

Vera wished that something of that generous dignity could be reflected at home. She recalled two elderly women trying to outdo one another in recounting stories of war horrors.

"They made me feel absolutely cold. I was still too young to realise how much vicarious excitement the War provided for frustrated women cut off from vision and opportunity in small provincial towns, or to understand that the deliberate contemplation of horror and agony might strangely compensate a thwarted nature for the very real grief of having no one at the front for whom to grieve."²⁸

This surely is a most perceptive commentary on "Mary Postgate".

One cannot escape the feeling that Kipling, in his own way, had become as emotionally crippled as his dysfunctional creation. He is at his most brutal and disgusting in his jeering hatred of anything or anyone German. In September 1918, on holiday in Cornwall, he looked on approvingly when a mob had tried to attack "a dog-Hun and three bitches" who had lived for over a year in a boarding-house overlooking the sea. They were long-naturalised British citizens. Another 'Hun' and his 'bitch' were expelled from a local hotel. The 'Hun' was Sir Max Waechter, a merchant and philanthropist, who had lived in England since 1859, when he was twenty-two, and who had been naturalised in 1865. He was a magistrate, and had been High Sheriff of Surrey.²⁹

Edward Brittain had similarly been much amused to see a German waiter thrown over the wall of the Palace Hotel in Buxton.³⁰ But Edward was eighteen – not middle-aged – and the date was 1914, not 1918. As we have already seen, his vitriol soon turned to fellow-feeling. He had grown up, while Kipling had grown cold.

Kipling firmly believed that the dehumanised Huns ought to suffer, and exulted when they did.

"The Hun is having a very sickly time of it... he won't know what real pain means for a long time. I almost begin to hope that when we have done with him there will be very little Hun left. . . There is a legend that a man can get as much as eight days field punishment if his officer sees him killing Huns. On the other hand, the officer doesn't look too hard or too long."³¹

Contrast this with the experience of a nursing volunteer who had lost both her fiancé and her brother in the conflagration. Vera Brittain was put to nurse seriously wounded Germans –

pitched into the midst of thirty representatives of the nation which, as I had repeatedly been told, had crucified Canadians, cut off the hands of babies, and subjected pure and stainless females to unmentionable 'atrocities'.

The sister in charge displayed 'determination and efficiency' on behalf of her patients, but never compassion: to her they were all Huns, though she dressed their wounds with gentleness and skill.

"Nurse!" she would call me in her high disdainful voice, pointing to an unfortunate patient whose wound unduly advertised itself.

"For heaven's sake get the iodoform powder and scatter it over that filthy Hun!"³²

A young Prussian lieutenant who was being transferred held out an emaciated hand to Vera, and murmured thanks.

"After barely a second's hesitation I took the pale fingers in mine, thinking how ridiculous it was that I should be holding this man's hand in friendship when perhaps, only a week or two earlier, Edward up at Ypres had been doing his best to kill him. The world was mad, and we were all victims. These shattered, dying boys and I were paying alike for a situation that none of us had desired or done anything to bring about."³³

Vera recalled a line by Charles Sorley, killed in 1915 : "The blind fight the blind." After the war she visited Germany –

"For me the 'Huns' were then, and always, the patient, stoical Germans whom I had nursed in France, and I did not like to read of them being deprived of their Navy, and their Colonies and their coal-fields, while their children starved and froze for lack of food and fuel. . . I was beginning to suspect that my generation had been deceived, its young courage cynically exploited, its idealism betrayed. [. . .]

This, this! – ruin, cruelty, injustice, destruction – is what they fought and died for. All that expenditure of noble emotion, that laying down of life and youth, of hope and achievement and paternity, in order that German men and women might suffer indignity and loss, that German children might die of starvation, that the conquerors might stride triumphant over the stoical, enduring conquered."³⁴

The possibility of reconciliation was not in Kipling's vocabulary. He would have been incapable of writing, "I am the enemy you killed, my friend." Not for him the wider view of the French poet, René Arcos, who saw that the dead were beyond nation and class:

Leaning one against another
The dead, without hatred and without a flag,
Hair matted with dried blood.
The dead are all on the same side.³⁵

He would have viewed with uncomprehending disgust the expression of Roland Brittain, an erstwhile militarist, when he first witnessed the death of one of his men:

"I do not know quite how I felt at that moment. It was not anger – even now I have no feeling of animosity against the man who shot him – only a great pity, and a sudden feeling of impotence."³⁶

The end of the war was not to bring peace and reconciliation, but just retribution, and the crushing for ever of the German louse. "Our main preoccupation is that the Hun shall be made to suffer, and after justice [be] exposed to the hate of the whole world. . . Everyone is hoping that the terms of the Peace will be complete enough to punish the Hun."³⁷ He was soon to complain that Versailles did not go nearly far enough:

"We shan't know for many years why the Hun was let off his Sedan on the Western Front where we had him at our mercy. I suppose it was the Jews. But humanly speaking the Hun is down and out. Our folly may recreate him. So I expect we shall try. The moral surrender has filled our boys with most curious puzzled disgust."³⁸

Kipling could lapse into a disgusting parody of 'Colonel Blimp', boasting of being an ignorant 'Little Englander'. In 1919 he wrote to one correspondent:

"I praise Allah day and night that he preserved me from any knowledge whatever of the Boche tongue or literature or 'thought', and that I have never numbered among my friends or even my acquaintances one member of those accursed tribes. Do you notice how their insane psychology attempts to infect the Universe? There is one Einstein, nominally a Swiss, certainly a Hebrew, who comes forward scientifically to show that under certain conditions Space itself is warped, and the instruments that measure it are warped also When you come to reflect on a race that made the world Hell, you see how just and right it is that they should decide that space is warped, and should make their own souls the measure of infinity. The more I see of the Boche's mental workings the more sure I am that he is Evil Incarnate, and like all evil, a pathetic Beast. Einstein's pronouncement is only another little contribution to assisting the world towards flux and disintegration."³⁹

Like Haggard's comment on the significance of 'the Hebrew' Siegfried Sassoon, Kipling's dismissal of 'the Hun Hebrew', Albert Einstein, condemns him out of his own mouth.

[3] 'KNOWN UNTO GOD'

From a purely literary viewpoint Kipling, as a writer about the war, had one great limitation: he had almost no first-hand experience of that war.

Take his 1918 poem, "Gethsemane":

The Garden called Gethsemane,
 In Picardy it was,
 And there the people came to see
 The English soldiers pass . . .

The Garden called Gethsemane,
 It held a pretty lass,
 But all the time she talked to me
 I prayed my cup might pass. . .

It didn't pass – it didn't pass –
 It didn't pass from me.
 I drank it when we met the gas
 Beyond Gethsemane!

Though in many respects a sympathetic work, its imagery is trite and its impact negligible, compared with the startling immediacy of Lieutenant Owen's "Gas Attack":

"Gas! Gas!" Quick, boys! – A n ecstasy of fumbling
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
 And floundering like a man in fire or lime.
 Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning . . .

But in one respect, *bereavement*, Kipling did have direct experience of the war. Here his poetry takes on a genuine poignancy and power:

"Have you news of my boy Jack?"

Not this tide.

"When d'you think that he'll come back?"

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

"Has anyone else had word of him?"

Not this tide.

*For what is sunk will hardly swim,
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.*

*"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"
None this tide,
Nor any tide,
Except he did not shame his kind –
Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.*

*Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide;
Because he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!*

This genuinely affecting war poem stands comparison with the words of the fighters themselves.

Ironically for a writer of his stature, the most lasting and profound impact Kipling made on the way we view the Great War was in the work for which he is largely unrecognised, as a Commissioner of the Imperial War Graves Commission. In that service we find the perfect expression of his undying grief, and equally undying determination to make a monument that would befit the suffering of those who died. As a Commissioner seconded for his literary skills, he was asked to supply the legends.

He quickly rejected such suggestions as "Who dies if England live?" and "For King and Country", as inadequate and stale.

"It was necessary to find words of praise and honour which should be both simple and well known, comprehensive and of the same value in all tongues, and standing, as far as might be, outside the flux of men and things. After search and consultation with all ranks and many races in our armies and navies, as well as those who had given their sons, it seemed to me that no single phrase could better that which closes the tribute to 'famous men' in Ecclesiasticus: 'Their name liveth for evermore.' "⁴⁰

These words were to be carved on the 'Stone of Remembrance' in each cemetery. They had an added poignancy for Kipling when the preceding lines are recalled: –

And some there be which have no memorial; Who are perished, as though they had never been; And are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them.⁴¹

On each grave, the regimental or Corps badge, and the name, rank and date of death were added above the cross; and the parents' inscription beneath. 'Their glory shall not be blotted out' was the inscription he chose for those graves of identified soldiers which were later obliterated by bombardments. This was known as a 'Kipling memorial' and was inscribed on 42,000 graves.⁴² On the graves of the unknown dead, Kipling himself devised the simple line, 'A Soldier of the Great War, Known unto God.'

He bulldozed these proposals through, against a vociferous opposition to the "tyranny of the Commission", from those who wanted a cross to mark the resting-place of their loved ones. Kipling was resolute – perhaps a manifestation of a bullying nature? – and championed the Commission's proposals in print and in Parliament. In a highly personal appeal quoted in the debate, he wrote:-

"You see, we shall never have any grave to go to. Our boy was missing at Loos. The ground is of course battered and mined past all hope of any trace being recovered. I wish some of the people who are making this trouble realised how more than fortunate they are to have a name on a headstone in a named place."⁴³

At the same time, he took his duties to the bereaved very seriously. Many of them wrote to him at the Commission, and "those damned mothers are too heartbreaking sometimes not to answer."⁴⁴ A typical letter came from a Mr and Mrs Weller of Southfields. They tendered their

"Sincerest thanks for the kindness and trouble you have taken regarding the additional inscription on the headstone of our son's grave. It has been a great comfort to us to see the care and attention that is being so nobly rendered to assuage a little the many broken hearts. We feel proud, sir, of having had the honour and pleasure of meeting you, and wish you every reward for your unselfish and humanising labour."⁴⁵

Even when visiting Loos to see where John had met his fate, the Kiplings travelled miles out of their way to go to another cemetery, so that Rudyard could take a photograph of her son's grave for an old woman of Durham they had met the previous night.⁴⁶

Out of this personal experience came "The Gardener" (*Debits and Credits*), his answer to, and apology for, "Mary Postgate". It is the tale of another frightened, conventional woman, Helen Turrell, and her so-called 'nephew', Michael. [Ambiguity about his status is central to the

story.] Michael joined the Army early in the war, and was killed on the Western Front. It is no accident that some details of the story relate to John Kipling. Michael had been given an immediate commission in a new battalion which after a year in Britain was "hurled out" to France, "to help make good the wastage of Loos". He was killed by shellfire, which also buried him, so Helen initially heard he was 'missing'. Eventually his body was identified, and after the war, at his cemetery, she faced reality and was given some consolation.

Indeed, in his tireless work for the War Graves Commission, Kipling had begun to breathe a fresher air. He was aligning himself with a form of commemoration that encouraged reconciliation, not recrimination. In his journeying round the battlefields he may well have met Monsignor Julien, Bishop of Arras, who never ceased to remind the Commission that "in the sight of God the dead of Germany were the equals of the dead of France."

This irenic view prevailed. Nothing was allowed to be said in any inscription which might propagate international ill-will; and enemy graves in British military cemeteries were planted and tended with the same care as those of our own soldiers. Fabian Ware later recorded:

As the years have gone by, the old hatreds, never so intense in the trenches as behind the lines, have been merged in a common pity and common recognition of heroism, until at last the Commission have been able to unite France, Germany and the British Commonwealth in an organised movement of common remembrance of the dead of the Great War.⁴⁷

In 1922, on a suggestion by Kipling, King George V decided to make a solemn pilgrimage to the war graves, on behalf of the whole nation. Kipling was asked to write the address; and his draft was delivered practically unaltered. The King spoke Kipling's words 'with splendid delivery and dignified bearing':

"Standing beneath this Cross of Sacrifice, facing the great Stone of Remembrance, and encompassed by these sternly simple headstones, we remember, and must charge our children to remember, that as our dead were equal in sacrifice, so are they equal in honour. . .

In the course of my pilgrimage I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth than this massed multitude of witnesses to the desolation of war."

The King expressed the hope that

"the existence of these visible memorials would serve to draw all peoples together in sanity and self-control, as it had already set the relations between our Empire and our Allies on the deep-rooted basis of a common heroism and a common agony."⁴⁸

It seems that in his shared grief Kipling regained a shared humanity – a neighbourliness – that encompassed even the Hun. In his grieving, he reaches a maturity, and has a lasting worth, which far outweighs his jingoistic rantings.

Yet even in this, the arena of his redemption, he is over-shadowed by another figure – a woman, and a German, Kathe Kollwitz. They never met, nor would Kipling have wanted to: it is a pity, because they shared so much. Both lost an only son to the war. Both devoted much of the remaining years of their lives to their work on war memorials. She was responsible for that at Roggevelde German war cemetery in Belgium. The simple stone sculpture is of two parents on their knees before their son's grave, surrounded by the dead, "like a flock of lost children."⁴⁹

Kathe Kollwitz was the daughter of a Lutheran pastor, and Lutheran spirituality suffuses her work. Her pre-war work included more than one celebrated secular *pieta*, including one in which the dead child was modelled on Peter, her son. Peter volunteered early in the war, and was killed on 30 October 1914, in Flanders. He was just eighteen. By December 1914 she had formed the idea of creating a memorial to him and his fellows:

"My Peter, I intend to try to be faithful. To love my country in my own way, as you loved it in your way. And to make this love work. To look at the young people and be faithful to them. Besides that I shall do my work, the same work, my child, which you were denied. I want to honour God in my work too, which means I want to be honest, true and sincere. . ." ⁵⁰

She first visualised a sculpture of her son with his body outstretched – 'the father at the head, the mother at the feet' – to commemorate 'the sacrifice of all the young volunteers'. But this would not do; and she wrestled for several years with a number of designs which she felt were inadequate.

Her commitment to it remained undiminished. In June 1919 she noted in her diary: "I will come back; I shall do this work for you, for you and the others." Five years later, she kept her word, and completed it in April 1931, noting in her diary: "In the autumn – I shall bring it to you." This was the offering to a son who had offered his life for his country, which took eighteen years to realise. The two figures, of

herself and her husband, were placed to kneel for ever before the grave of their only son.

What gives her mourning an added dimension is her sense of guilt, of remorse over the responsibility the older generation had for the slaughter of the young. This feeling arose over her reaction to Peter's decision to volunteer. She had been apprehensive but positive. She knew her son had volunteered with "a pure heart" filled with patriotism – "love for an idea, a commandment", but still she had wept bitterly at his departure. To find, as she did later in the war, that his idealism had been misplaced, that his sacrifice had been for nothing, was terribly painful. In 1916 she asked herself if it was "a break of faith with you, Peter, if I can now see only madness in the war." He had died believing: how could his mother not honour that belief?

But to feel that the war was an exercise in futility led to the even more damaging admission that her son and his whole generation had been betrayed. This recognition was agonising, but she did not flinch from giving it artistic form. That was one reason why it took her so long to complete the monument, and why she and her husband are on their knees before their son's grave – to beg forgiveness for their failure to look beyond conventional norms, to prevent the madness of the war cutting short his life.

This was the great horror that Kipling never faced: that he and his whole generation had been wrong, and wilfully so: and that in their stubbornness and pride they had sacrificed their children for nothing. The fathers had sinned, and the children had perished. In this, her Christian faith sustained her. Kipling in the end lacked her courage and lacked her faith. 'Allah' and Freemasonry were no substitute.

[4] 'TWO SEPARATE SIDES TO MY HEAD'

Kipling is that strangest of literary phenomena, a split personality of such distinct halves that it is hard to reconcile the two. It was something he had seen in himself.

Something I owe to the soil that grew –
More to the life that fed –
But most to Allah who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.

It was something that became all the more pronounced during and after the war. That other flawed genius, T.E. Lawrence, summed up Kipling succinctly, as "a very wonderful fellow, and a very mean fellow".⁵¹

In his attitude to the conflict, his bullying hectoring and his intolerant certainties are now an absurd and distasteful curiosity, superseded utterly by the perspective of war poets and writers, and war artists, of far greater stature: Owen, Sassoon, Rosenberg, Graves, Blunden, Remarque, Kollwitz and others of many nationalities. It is through their eyes that we see that war, not through the spectacles of Kipling. Orwell was right in his assessment, that Kipling belongs very definitely to the period 1885 to 1902. The Great War and its aftermath embittered him, but he shows little sign of having learned anything from any event later than the Boer War.

In his gloating over the Hun, he is so unattractive as to be obscene. His feelings – unlike those of the poetic participants – did not change: his hatred for the Hun began before the war, lasted throughout it, and persisted after it. It is mean bullying stuff, lacking the humanity and nobility we expect of any artist with claims to greatness.

But in his grieving – of which he had personal experience – he is masterly in his writing, and literally monumental in his work for the I.W.G.C. In those creations of his sorrows he has built a monument "more lasting than bronze", and one which puts his unworthy outpourings in the shade.

I have in mind a picture: Kipling, looking remarkably like 'Alf Garnett', drinking whisky and smoking cigars with his old friend Rider Haggard. Their talk is half obscene and half absurd, with Haggard rubbishing the Jew Siegfried Sassoon, and Kipling dismissing the 'Hun Yid', Einstein. This is the nadir of Kipling, the slough into which he propelled himself, and which almost swallowed him.

But another picture emerges, of Kipling penning "My Boy Jack", taking photographs of the graves for bereaved mothers, answering the countless letters they send him, devising tirelessly the memorial for the 'million mouthless dead'. In this picture he is the Gardener, not the Avenging Angel. In his grieving, and in the fruits of that grieving, he redeems not only the dead but himself. In this period of Lent, Kipling may not be our guide through Golgotha; but through Gethsemane he may.

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31. Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978), p 271, (letter, R.K. to Col Dunsterville, September 1916).
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36. Brittain, *op. cit.*, p 156.
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38. *Ibid.*, p 520 (letter, R.K. to Hugh Clifford, 18 November 1918).
39. *Ibid.*, p 592 (letter, R.K. to A. Chevrillon, 10 November 1919). [The reference is to Einstein's "Theory of Relativity", published in stages over several years, from 1905 to 1916, before its experimental 'verification' in 1919 made its author world-famous. Initially, its reception, even by some scientists of note, had been highly sceptical. Professor Ernst Mach (1838-1916) the eminent Austrian physicist after whom 'Mach numbers' are named, declared that he could "accept the Theory of Relativity as little as I can accept the existence of atoms and other such dogmas." Kipling's facetious view of Einstein, and the anti-semitic terms in which he expressed it, do him no credit; but it would have been most surprising if, as a non-scientist, he had grasped the revolutionary significance of the new idea. – *Ed.*]
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THE KIM CENTENARY: CONFERENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

[See page 5, both of this present issue of the *Journal* and of the last.]

Dr Jeffery Lewins tells us plans are well advanced. Lectures will be in the Winstanley Hall of Trinity College; but accommodation and meals will be at Magdalene College, close by. Magdalene was the College which gave Kipling an honorary fellowship, of which he was very proud – it is "St Martin's" in the story "Aunt Ellen" in *Limits and Renewals* – and it is where Dr Lewins, our Meetings Secretary, is the Kipling Fellow. As Secretary of the Conference, he welcomes enquiries, by post at Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG; or by phone on (01223) 276285; or fax on (01223) 363637; or via the Society's web pages.

Over thirty papers have been offered, by contributors around the world – Japan, New Zealand, Canada, U.S.A., Syria, the Netherlands – on subjects as various as Kipling in Translation, Kipling and Women, The Background to *Kim*, Post-Colonialism, and "Kipling, Film and Fancy". The Society is sponsoring the first Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture (named to honour a generous benefactor), which will be delivered on 6 September by the poet and critic, Craig Raine [see page 5]. It is open to all members of the Kipling Society, free; but a ticket is needed for admission, and application for that should be made to Dr Lewins. It will also be possible to attend the subsequent Conference Reception and Dinner in Magdalene, at a cost, including wines, of £30, though the seating capacity of the Hall could be a factor, depending on the number of applicants.

During the Conference, arrangements have been made to view the 22 MSS of Kipling's verse held by Magdalene. In addition, the University Library is mounting a display from its own holdings, such as MSS of *Rewards and Fairies* (including "If –") and loans from the Fitzwilliam Museum. The British Library in London has also agreed to put the MS of *Kim* on display. (The Library is close to King's Cross, so this item might conveniently be viewed by anyone coming to the Conference by rail from London.)

Other delights in prospect range from a reception by Cambridge University Press to some post-prandial music set to Kipling's words, and, so rumour has it, a visit by a certain Mr Rudyard Kipling. The registration and accommodation fee (for 3 lunches, 2 dinners, 2 nights b & b) will be £210, or £200 if paid by 15 May. Forms of application, and a 'preliminary programme', are obtainable now from Dr Lewins. Do get in touch.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 2000

The 73rd Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society, with Sir George Engle (Chairman of Council) in the chair, was held on 12 July 2000 at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. It was well-attended, and the following members, who were unable to be present, had sent their apologies:

Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers; Mr G.V. Cole; Mr J.H. Davie; Mr P. Gibson; Dr L. Hall; Mrs E. Inglis; Mr A.M.D. Lycett; Brigadier R.B.C. Plowden; Miss J. Wallwork-Wright; Commander A.J.W. Wilson.

A full record of the meeting was kept by the Secretary: the following is a summary of salient features. .

[1] **The Chairman**, opening the meeting, said the Society had had an enterprising year, and its success had been due to much hard work done by the Officers. (He added that while they so competently sailed the ship, he as Chairman could afford to act as a figurehead, attached to the prow for decoration.) He spoke briefly about the achievements of the year, and also paid tribute to the late Lord Annan, one of our Vice-Presidents, who had recently died. [See obituary, March 2000, pages 9-10. – *Ed.*]

[2] **The Minutes** of the last A.G.M. (summarised on pages 51-53 of the *Journal* of September 1999) were by general agreement taken as read and approved; and were signed by the Chairman. He then called for the Reports by the Officers.

[3] **The Secretary's Report**. Mr Michael Smith said that the Society's year had been as active as ever, and had included a strengthening of its links with the Sir J.J. School of Applied Art, Mumbai [see report in the *Journal*, March 2000, pages 73-74 – *Ed.*]; and with the H.M.S. *Kipling* Survivors' Association [see June 2000, pages 56-58 – *Ed.*]. The Society had continued to respond helpfully to a great number of literary requests and enquiries from the public, and had given practical advice to two television producers – one British, one French; and also through its new e-mail facility had put many members in touch with each other, in pursuit of factual information. He specially thanked his office-bearing colleagues for their tireless work for the Society: it would be hard to find anywhere such a talented and dedicated team.

In conclusion, he said it was with great regret that he felt unable to stand for re-election as Secretary, owing to a serious illness in the family, which had given him and his wife some heavily time-consuming responsibilities. [On the Secretaryship, see the *Journal*, September 2000, pages 12-13 – *Ed.*] The response of the meeting was one of regret, but of sympathetic understanding, and Mr Smith was warmly thanked for all he had achieved as Secretary.

[4] Membership Secretary's Report. Colonel Ayers, who was unable to attend this meeting, had submitted a written report which was presented by the Secretary. In it he stated that the Society currently had 532 individual members, and 112 'Journal-only' subscribing institutions. (This represented an overall increase of 8 since the last A.G.M.) Sadly, we had lost some distinguished members through death, while a few more had resigned. But he was able to report that the new system of reminding members who did not subscribe by banker's order, when their payment was due, was working well. Finally, he emphasised his gratitude for the Secretary's help in getting the new post of Membership Secretary smoothly set up.

[5] Treasurer's Report. Mr Biscolotti commented on the Society's Accounts for the calendar year 1999. [See *Journal*, September 2000, pages 80-82. – *Ed.*] He said the results for 1999 showed a much smaller surplus than for 1998. Income was some £1750 up. (Incidentally, income from overseas branches would in future be shown under Subscriptions.) However, Expenses were up by some £3800 – due mainly to an increase in printing costs of some £1400, and the setting-up and running costs of the web-site (£1215), as well as an additional £1000 on administrative costs—largely caused by all the additional activities generated by the success of the web-site.

The Society's financial position had been much strengthened by the generous and most welcome legacy of £15,000 from the estate of the late Mrs Eileen Stammers-Smith.

He added that Council had for some time been considering the need for an increase in the subscription rate, unchanged for some eight years. It should still be possible to defer this if members who were standard-rate UK taxpayers would take advantage of a revision to the rules on charitable donations, in the recent Budget. They could do so by signing a 'Gift Aid Declaration', acknowledging their subscriptions to the Kipling Society as charitable donations. This would enable the Society to reclaim the standard rate of tax (22%) on many more subscriptions than it could currently reach through Covenant-makers (who numbered only about a third of UK members). A Gift Aid Declaration Form could be picked up in the room where the A.G.M. was being held. It would also be sent to members as an enclosure with the September 2000 *Journal*. [See also Mr Biscolotti's note on Gift Aid, at page 89 of that issue. – *Ed.*]

Finally, he proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Georges Selim who for a number of years had served as the Society's Honorary Auditor, now designated as its Independent Financial Examiner. [See the *Journal*, September 2000, page 82, for Professor Selim's report on the Accounts for 1999. – *Ed.*]

[6] Report by the Meetings Secretary. Mr Sharad Keskar said that the programme of forthcoming events was now arranged up to the end of 2001, with a number of well-known and stimulating speakers. He added that, as part of several impending changes in the appointment of the Society's Officers, with himself standing for the post of Secretary, he was glad to say that Dr Jeffery Lewins, the Kipling Fellow at Magdalene College, Cambridge, was willing to replace him as **Meetings Secretary**.

[7] The Librarian's Report. Mr Slater spoke about progress in his on-going and important task of cataloguing the contents of the Library.

[8] Report by the Editor of the Journal. Mr Webb said that production of the *Journal* was up-to-date, but it had been slightly marred by a very small but irritating number of 'rogue' copies, in which the pagination was jumbled or otherwise defective. This was caused by freak miscarriages in our printers' highly automated collation and stapling process; the printers profoundly regretted it, and were trying to eliminate the chances of recurrence. It was important that anyone receiving a defective copy should promptly inform the Editor, who needed to know, and who would at once replace it.

He went on to say, regretfully, that on account of ill-health he would be unable to carry on much longer as Editor. He would certainly produce the next issue (for September 2000), and would aim to assemble the bulk of the material for December 2000, as well; but he hoped that a successor could be found, to take over before the end of the year. In response, members spoke approvingly of the standards set and maintained by the *Journal*, which they were sure could bear comparison with any other literary society's magazine. [See page 13 of September 2000 for fuller comments, and my appreciation of the Society's tolerant support throughout my twenty years as Editor of its *Journal*. – *Ed.*]

[9] Report by the Electronic Editor. Mr John Radcliffe reported that since its launch the Society's web-site had attracted 60,000 visits. There had been a steady stream of messages from all over the world. Many enquiries were about quotations, valuations and authentications. Responses, if not immediate, were usually sent within 24 hours. Roughly 8 to 10 enquiries about membership of the Society were received each month; about half of these might lead to an enrolment.

He added that he was always concerned that the site should meet the need of its callers. Suggestions for improving the service were welcome. The Society's forthcoming meeting, in September at City University, would provide an opportunity to solicit members' frank views on the value of the various sections, dealing with collecting, library information, the *Journal* Index, book buying, the service to education, etc.

[10] Appointments. Sir Derek Oulton (**Legal Adviser**) and Professor Georges Selim (formerly **Honorary Auditor**, now '**Independent Financial Examiner**') were confirmed in their appointments.

[11] Election of Council Members. It was noted that Professor Sandra Kemp and Mr Andrew Lycett were due to retire at the expiry of their terms of office. Mrs Elizabeth Inglis and Commander Alastair Wilson were elected in their stead, to serve for three years.

[12] Election / Re-election of Officers [who serve *ex officio* on the Council]. The following honorary Officers were elected / re-elected:- **Secretary** (Mr Sharad Keskar); **Membership Secretary** (Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers); **Meetings Secretary** (Dr J.D. Lewins); **Treasurer** (Mr R.A. Bissolotti); **Librarian** (Mr J.F. Slater); **Electronic Editor** (Mr J. Radcliffe); **Editor of the Journal** (Mr G.H. Webb).

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, as listed in early December by Roger Ayers, our Membership Secretary:-

Col William D. Badgett (*Lexington, Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mr Trevor Borgman (*Enfield, Middlesex*); Mr George Clarke (*Ballyclare, Co. Antrim*); Mr Kenneth A. Cohen (*Montcito, California, U.S.A.*); Mrs S.M. Craig-Daouk (*London SW19*); Miss Jane E. Doyle (*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.*); Mr Gerald Early (*St Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.*); Mr A.W. Grimshaw (*Bedford, Bedfordshire*); Lt Col Michael Hyde (*Halesowen, West Midlands*); Mr Martin Jucker (*Dietlikon, Switzerland*); Mr Robert McCarthy (*Headington, Oxford*); Mr Greg Packer (*Littleton, Colorado, U.S.A.*); Mr P.N. Petchey (*Buckhurst Hill, Essex*); Professor Judith Plotz (*Washington D.C., U.S.A.*); Mr Peter Saunders (*Grays, Essex*); Ms Gini Seeley (*Heath, Texas, U.S.A.*); Mr G.A. Siphthorpe (*Hounslow, Middlesex*); Mr Peter Thorogood (*Sudbury, Suffolk*); Mr John Wusteman (*Bromley, Kent*).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, AND REMINDERS

Members will see, from a notice on page 62, that it has eventually been necessary to increase some subscription rates, with effect from 1 January 2001, but that these increases have been adjusted to favour members who subscribe automatically by banker's order.

Those who prefer to pay annually by cheque or cash will find a renewal date printed on the address label of the envelope containing their copy of the *Kipling Journal*. This is only a helpful reminder of the date on which their subscription expires: it is not a demand for payment. A subscription and a reminder may cross in the post, in which event the reminder should be ignored. No other reminder will be sent until the subscription has expired, as we hope the member will renew it without being prompted at extra expense. Will any member who does not intend to renew a subscription kindly inform the Secretary or Membership Secretary, to save the Society unnecessary correspondence and expense.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

by JOHN SLATER

[John Slater, our Honorary Librarian, has during the past year done a great deal of valuable and constructive work, listing, cataloguing and rearranging the contents of the Library. This, as our members are aware, is a large, precious and irreplaceable resource, securely located in City University, London, under the kind and helpful supervision of the University Library staff. Here is John Slater's report. — *Ed.*]

The catalogue consists basically of two sections (listing works *by* Kipling, and works *about* him); with numerous subsections. Here is the outline of it. A fuller tabulation is available on the premises, showing on what page in the catalogue, and where on the shelves, individual books and other items should be looked-for; together with a straight alphabetic catalogue, and miscellaneous practical information for visitors, about opening-hours, facilities for photo-copying, the physical security of the collection, etc.

A revised catalogue will shortly be accessible electronically through the Society's web-site, and also, in printed form, in the Library.

BY KIPLING

Collected editions
 Standard editions, prose
 Wheeler's Railway Library
 Early editions, mostly unauthorised
 Verse
 Kipling anthologies
 With other writers
 Critical editions, prose
 Critical editions, verse
 Critical editions, letters
 Critical editions, miscellaneous
 Critical anthologies
 Adaptations, drama
 Adaptations, films, TV etc
 Adaptations, musical
 Miscellany
 General anthologies
 Translations

ABOUT KIPLING

Biography
 Kipling's reading, and sources
 Family background
 Guides to Kipling
 Individual criticism
 General literary criticism
 Linguistics etc
 Bibliography, Catalogues etc
 Contemporary memoirs etc
 England
 India
 North America
 Rest of the world
 United Services College
 Freemasonry
 Horace
 Parody and humour
 Miscellaneous
 Recordings, musical
 Recordings, speech
 Working papers
 Critical collections

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Rudyard Kipling: A Study of the Short Fiction. A sympathetic work of criticism by Helen Pike Bauer (Twayne Publishers [an imprint of Macmillan totally independent of Macmillan, London] 1994), 172 pages, with bibliography. Second-hand copies available on the Internet.

The Illustrated Kipling (ed. Neil Philip, William Collins, 1987). A large, lavish and imaginatively produced anthology, 191 pages, with scores of unfamiliar pictures. Presented by Mrs Trixie Schreiber.

Childhood Lost: a boy's journey through war. By Patrick Gibson, 1999. A moving account of the author's wartime experiences, largely in India, where at fourteen, arriving as a fugitive from Sumatra, he found himself isolated from his parents, who were in Japanese hands. Presented by the author, a member of the Society.

Kipling's *Jungle Play*. See the Editorial of our June 2000 issue.

Minds at War. See Hugh Brogan's strongly worded review in our issue of September 2000.

FINDS

Cataloguing can produce exciting discoveries. A recent one was a letter, undated but probably of late December 1888 or early January 1889, from Kipling at the N.W.P. Club, Allahabad, to his parents in Lahore, about the health of Edmonia ("Ted") Hill, probably written after he had moved out of the Hills' house to the Club, to make room for a living-in nurse. Professor Pinney believes it is the only surviving prose letter from Kipling to his parents written while he was in India.

Mr Richard Andrews presented it to the Society, among other items, in 1987. His uncle, Fred Andrews, had been Vice-Principal of the Mayo School of Art, under Lockwood Kipling, and had stayed with the Lockwood Kiplings on first arrival in Lahore in February 1890. By that time the letter was over a year old, so it seems unlikely that it was still casually lying about. We can only speculate as to how Fred Andrews found and acquired it. (Perhaps a comment by Richard, the nephew, is relevant, that at the time of Fred's death at 92, he had been living in a thirteen-room maisonette, and it was apparent that he "had never thrown anything away". This suggests a magpie tendency.)

In term-time our Library is open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday to Thursday; but to 8 p.m. on Fridays. During the university vacations, the hours of opening are shorter. Members who would like to use the Library, or who have any Library-related problem, can contact me at home by telephone on 0207 359 0404; or atjssaki@aol.com via the Internet.

AN UP-DATE ON THE *JOURNAL* INDEX

by JOHN MORGAN

Since I last wrote about the *Journal* Index [September 1998, pages 34-36], there have been new developments. Initially, only a printed copy was envisaged, until John Radcliffe, as it were, put his electronic 'cat' among my relatively manual 'pigeons'. Clearly, as long as the *Journal* continues to be published, there can be no 'complete' Index; and as my database, compiled with the RISC Operating System, is incompatible with Microsoft, John Radcliffe has to convert it before he can produce it on the web-site. However, the comprehensive Index of the *Journal* nos. 1 to 292 (March 1927 to December 1999) with 7,234 entries is now, I am told, available to members on-line; but anyone can buy a printed copy from John Slater, our Librarian, for £15 plus postage. Subsequent indexes to the *Journals* issued from no. 293 onward, will then be available for some years, for little more than the cost of postage.

Users will find the Index is in two parts: [**a**] MAIN (A to Z), listing works by Kipling; titles and headings of articles, books, topics and correspondence; appropriate cross-references; Kipling Society activities; *Journal* and Library developments; and [**b**] NAME (A to Z), listing authors, illustrators, editors, reviewers, composers, and names linked with Kipling but omitted in part [**a**].

The usefulness of the Index cannot be over-emphasised. It reflects almost 75 years of the Society's history, with unique contributions to the Kipling canon from its world-wide membership. For me and my wife Marian – an invaluable proof-reader – compiling it has been a labour of love. Incidentally, users of the Index may like to know that back numbers of most issues of the *Journal* are still available at very reasonable prices from the Society's former Secretary, Michael Smith, at 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6LB (telephone 01273 303719).

[The Council of the Kipling Society is deeply grateful to John Morgan and his wife Marian for the *Journal* Index, which they have assiduously compiled, and regularly updated since 1997. – *Ed.*]

WIDENING THE USE OF THE *JOURNAL INDEX*

by JOHN RADCLIFFE
ELECTRONIC EDITOR

The Index created by John Morgan is indeed, as he has said, a comprehensive resource for those wishing to study the articles, reviews, letters, detailed accounts of Kipling's life and work, and the history and interests of the Society over the years since its foundation in 1927. The Index can now be found on the Society's web-site, under 'Journal Index'. It is in the members' area, and is thus 'password-protected'.

We have made the 'Main' and 'Name' sequences available for viewing, or down-loading for printing. The 'Main' Index can also be viewed by *number*, providing a chronological list of its contents. On-line indexes are updated quarterly; and we intend to make a CD-ROM version for off-line search, if the demand is sufficient.

Sharad Keskar and 'the three Johns' (Morgan, Slater and I – the designation dates from page 52 of the September 2000 Journal) met to discuss the possibility of selling the Index in printed and/or compact disk form. Users will certainly see the advantage in opting to have this resource at their finger-tips. There is nothing to prevent the distribution of electronic copies, but there is still a market for a printed or CD version for those without computers, and for the 112 corporate (or 'Journal-only') members, who include many libraries in North America.

As an initial financial investment is involved in producing a CD version, we need a minimum guaranteed sale. We need to test the market, for both printed and CD versions, by contacting at least twenty librarians of large institutions, to ask them which they would find more useful, and whether they would wish to subscribe regularly to up-dated versions. A four-page leaflet to those libraries would cost about £120 plus overseas postage.

I am already in touch with David Alan Richards, the Society's representative in North America, for contacts there. Agents such as Blackwells could also help, as may the University Librarian at City University. Suggestions are welcome, and with the Council's blessing, our Librarian (John Slater) and I will be happy to pursue these issues.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor is very glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are usually received than can in practice be printed, he must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise – the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". The new Editor's address is given on page 4.

LOCKWOOD KIPLING AND BAGSHOT PARK

From Dr Jeffery Lewins, The Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG

Dear Sir,

Though many U.K. readers may have seen recent references in the media to Bagshot Park, not far from Windsor, as the home allotted to the newly married Earl and Countess of Wessex [the Earl being the Queen's son, Prince Edward], not all will be aware of a close connection with Rudyard Kipling's father, Lockwood Kipling.

The house was built for Arthur, Duke of Connaught, a younger son of Queen Victoria, and his bride. The Duke had met Lockwood and his family on social terms in India – he had danced with Rudyard's sister, Trix – and had become interested in Lockwood's work of promoting Indian craftsmanship. A consequence of this contact in India was that Lockwood was commissioned to design a billiard-room for Bagshot Park, and, after executing the carvings for it in India, to instal it in Bagshot as an 'Indian Room', using craftsmen associated with the Mayo School of Art in Lahore, of which he was Principal.

Panels beside the fireplace commemorate both Lockwood Kipling and a Master-Craftsman, Ram Singh. An article by Mildred Archer in the *Apollo* magazine (April 1986) has described the room as being in the eighteenth-century Punjabi style, with 241 carved sandalwood panels, a carved ceiling, and carved window-frames, door-frames, mouldings, fireplace furniture, and billiard-cue racks.

Work was also done on the next door smoking-room, an ante-room, and the passage approaching it. This passage to the Billiard Room has an exquisite door, marquetry on one side, carved on the other, with brass handles in the form of birds with extended wings. Preparation in Lahore took several years; and then Ram Singh, with a team of joiners, worked in Bagshot Park to complete the task; and Lockwood visited Bagshot to supervise it. But although Lockwood's work brought him to the attention of Queen Victoria, it is not thought that he personally

supervised the subsequent installation of the 'Durbar Room' in the Queen's house at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. This was done solely by Ram Singh.

Bagshot Park is still being restored by the Office of Works, after extended use by the Army Chaplains' Department as its headquarters and a training establishment; during which period the Billiard Room served as a chapel. The original Burroughs & Watts billiard table, its legs elaborately carved to Lockwood's design, is said to be in store at the firm, and awaiting re-installation.

I hope that when the restoration is complete it may be possible to arrange for a visit by members of the Kipling Society to Bagshot Park, to see the work of Lockwood Kipling and Ram Singh.

Yours sincerely
JEFFERY LEWINS

"THE GARDENER" AND "THE BURDEN"

*From Mr F.A. Underwood, The Coplow, 44 Station Road, Winterbourne Down,
Bristol BS36 1EN*

Dear Sir,

I must have read Kipling's story, "The Gardener", and the accompanying poem, "The Burden", several times, fully realising that the verse heading to the story was repeated as the final (fourth) stanza of the poem; but not noticing that the repetition was imperfect until I saw it pointed out on page 3082 in volume 7 of the *Readers' Guide*.

The heading reads:

One grave to me was given,
One watch till Judgment Day;
And God looked down from Heaven
And rolled the stone away.

*One day in all the years,
One hour in that one day,
His Angel saw my tears,
And rolled the stone away!*

In the final verse of the poem, the eight lines are put together, and some differences, both of words and of punctuation, occur:

*One grave to me was given –
 To guard till Judgment Day –
 But God looked down from Heaven
 And rolled the Stone away!
 One day of all my years –
 One hour of that one day –
 His Angel saw my tears,
 And rolled the Stone away!*

The differences, small though they may be, puzzled me at the time, and still do. I find it strange that the two versions differ at all. Is there some subtle hint (which has escaped me) in the variations? Or did the author happen to use an earlier draft for the heading, and then forget to alter it when the final version of the poem was added to the story for book publication in *Debits and Credits*?

I suspect that the latter is the case, because the differences in words and punctuation would then be amendments which improved the sound and made more sense – especially the substitution of "But" for "And" in the third line. Can anyone offer a better solution?

Yours sincerely

ALAN UNDERWOOD

NOT HERE, BUT THERE

From Professor N. Crook, 20 Defreville Road, Cambridge CB2 5LH

Dear Sir,

Thank you for reprinting David Stewart's essay, "Kipling, Joyce and the 'Bitched Line'" [September 2000, pages 74-79]. Not only is it stimulating on the relationship between the visual and the oral – at last I have learned the origin of '*shrdlu*' and the term 'bitched type'!

I have noticed before, in a casual way, how Kipling plays with typographical possibilities. One of the best examples I have found is the name of the boat in *Captains Courageous*, the *We're Here*. Daniel Karlin gave me the germ of the idea, when, some years ago, in a wonderful address to the Kipling Society [published on pages 11-21 of September 1989], he pointed out the poignant irony that the story is about the past; people like Disko Troop are about to become as out of date as knights in armour; the future belongs to mechanised industry like the railways. Harvey Cheyne and Dan Troop are speaking at the gates of Cheyne's mansion in San Francisco; "sadly but inevitably in Kipling's reading of where America was heading, they are not *here* but *there*."

This made me suddenly see that the difference between the temporal presence of the *We're Here* and its extinction is but an eye-blink – now

we see it: now it's gone. What divides "*We're here*" from "*Were here*" is that little, little thing, the merest of typographical marks, the apostrophe.

There is a similar effect in Kipling's wartime story, "Sea Constables" (*Debits and Credits*), though syntax rather than typography is involved – the small change of letters that marks the difference between presence and absence.

"What's happened to his – I shall forget my own name next – Belfast-built two-hundred-tonner?"

"*Goneril*", said Portson. "He turned her over to the Service in October. She's – she was *Culana*."

"*She was Culana*, was she? My God! I never knew that. Where did it happen?"

To go off on something of a tangent – I think Kipling was borrowing an effect used by an author well known to him: Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs Craik). Though I don't think there is strict proof that he read this particular book, it seems very likely to me. In *The Little Lone Prince* (1870?), a fairy story with a tragic beginning and a not very happy ending, the Queen unexpectedly dies in childbirth while the people, outside the palace, are joyfully awaiting the birth of an heir. This is how the stunning news is announced, both to the reader and to the happy public:

"Do you not know" [a citizen rebukes an ignorant foreigner in the crowd], that the name of Her Majesty the Queen is Dolores?"

"*Was Dolores*", [interposes an official]; and a great bell begins to toll.

The poor little heir is born lame, named Prince Dolor, and shut up far away in a great round tower: it is a grim tale. I quote from memory; I have not seen the book since 1947, and some of the above will only be a rough approximation; but I am sure about 'is / was Dolores'. Kipling was apt to save memories of effects like this from his childhood reading, like *Aunt Judy's Magazine* and Jean Ingelow's poems.

On another topic, your correspondent Liz Breuille [*Journal*, September 2000, page 88] writing about "The Manner of Men" and "The Church that was at Antioch", wonders whether there were many examples before Kipling, of writers taking a Bible story and re-working it from a different point of view. Well, a few have occurred to me. In the works of Browning, who was probably Kipling's favourite poet, there

is "Saul", about David going to harp to Saul, told from David's standpoint. And there is "Karsish", a long poem about the raising of Lazarus from the dead, recounted as a curious, rather mystifying, medical case, by an Arab physician searching for medicinal plants in Palestine.

Another example is a once-famous story, "The Procurator of Judaea" by Anatole France (1844-1922). Pontius Pilate, in retirement, is reminiscing about his stint of service in Judaea; and the subject turns to a certain insurrectionist, Jesus Christ.

"Jesus Christ?" ponders Pilate, "I . . . do not. . . remember. . . his name".

Perhaps the *genre* can be traced back to an origin in medieval mystery plays, where the dramatisation of Bible stories involved creating characters from scriptural hints, e.g. Noah's wife (who wants to stay at home and spin); or the carpenters crucifying Christ (doing a really good job of work). The tradition continues with seventeenth-century epic and dramatic versions of the Bible (e.g. Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, where we hear Delilah's point of view); and it is given a Romantic, blasphemous twist by Byron in his 1821 drama, *Cain: a Mystery*.

Pre-Raphaelite paintings such as Holman Hunt's "The Scapegoat", and "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop" by Millais, can also be seen as embryonic 'Bible stories from a different point of view'.

Yours sincerely
NORA CROOK

BOOK REVIEW

by LISA LEWIS

[Lisa Lewis has submitted the following useful and shrewd review of a recent book, *Manly Pursuits* by Ann Harries (London: Bloomsbury, 1999) 341 pages, hardback, £15.99 (and recently paper-backed). – Ed]

This novel describes a house-party at Cecil Rhodes's estate near Cape Town, in 1899, just before the outbreak of the Boer War. According to the South African-born writer, it is "narrated by practically the only person in the book who exists only in my imagination."

He is an eccentric Oxford don, an ornithologist who has been commissioned to bring out a collection of English song-birds to be released in Rhodes's garden (apparently this attempt was really made).

The Kipling family are also of the party, which otherwise consists of

high-powered bachelors, engaged in such 'manly pursuits' as diamond mining, big game hunting, and particularly empire-building. Also active in the story are two determined women. Olive Schreiner, author of *The Story of an African Farm*, is not of the house-party, but desperately seeks access in an attempt to prevent the coming war. Mrs Kipling, meanwhile, behaves as a 'Mother Wolf, or as Teshumai Tewindrow in *Just So Stories* – warmly maternal, but utterly ruthless when she feels a child is in danger. She is less enchanted than her husband by Rhodes, and she voices the novel's central paradox.

That is, that Rhodes, Jameson, Milner and their staff toast the British race as the pinnacle of evolution, with a Darwinian duty to colonise as much of the earth as possible: yet none of them is raising a family. One of the secretaries is even given notice because he is engaged to be married. The inconsistency is further stressed by frequent references to the lives and works of fellow-Oxonians Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and Oscar Wilde.

This is an odd but very readable book. Whatever the historical validity of the plot, it fits all these real personalities into an exciting and not too implausible story. Though the overall tone is anti-imperialist, the fictional narrator is a political innocent, who reports but does not judge, allowing ambiguities to slip in – a very Kipling device. We all know what will happen, but the end is still surprisingly suspenseful.

A NOTE BY SHARAD KESKAR

Some members will have noticed, perhaps with surprise, in the *Observer* of 26 November 2000, an article by Amelia Hill, "The cruel side of Kipling". It concerned a forthcoming book, *The Hated Wife*, in which its author, Adam Nicolson, would evidently condemn Kipling as a thoroughly callous and unloving husband. I am also quoted in the article, and members should know that statements attributed to me are inexact. My tempered and qualifying words were ignored.

I disagreed with Mr Nicolson, but not in those words. I believe – and I said so – that the Kiplings' marriage was strong and happy enough to survive severe bereavements, and the stress of a painful family lawsuit in Vermont; and was one in which Carrie's protective and devoted loyalty to her husband did not go unappreciated. I am also assured by Mr Nicolson that the strength of his own criticisms was exaggerated in the article. The fact that he has accepted our invitation to be the guest of honour at our next Annual Luncheon clearly shows that opinions have been polarised. *C'est la vie!*

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

THANKS, AND COMPLIMENTS

From Mr J. W. Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6LB

Michael Smith, who recently retired as Secretary of our Society, and in whose honour members contributed to a farewell present to mark their appreciation of his tireless work in that post, has written in the warmest and most grateful terms to say that our present, a case of superior pink Champagne, has been delivered to him. He is "overwhelmed" by the gift, and modestly (but characteristically) insists that it is more than he deserved – though we know better. He emphasises that he greatly enjoyed working for the Society, and particularly values the many friendships he made through the job. It is a matter of deep regret to him that a heavy family commitment has necessitated his retirement, but he is determined to stay closely in touch with the Society; and he will raise a celebratory glass to us whenever he broaches a bottle of that fine wine.

Michael has separately written a handsome tribute to George Webb, the retiring Editor of the *Journal*, hoping that Sharad Keskar, the succeeding Editor, will find space for it in this issue. He writes:-

"It has been my good fortune and privilege to work closely with George Webb over the past decade. It would be hard to find a more considerate colleague; his friendship has been, and will continue to be, something to treasure.

The Society has been very fortunate that since its foundation over seventy years ago, only five men – all talented and dedicated – have occupied the editorial chair. They were W.A. Young (1927 to 1930); B.M. Bazley (1931 to 1938); E.D.W. Chaplin 1939 to 1956); R. Lancelyn Green (1957 to 1979); and now G.H. Webb (1980 to 2000). The last three between them spanned 61 years.

Each Editor in turn developed the worth of the *Journal*, by building up its structure, and introducing new ideas of format and construction, without losing the homogeneity of the series. This extraordinary record of continuity ensured that the quarterly treat was eagerly awaited, and cumulatively became an invaluable archive, now made even more effective by John Morgan's important Index of the whole run of the magazine.

An established literary figure of Roger Lancelyn Green's calibre – in the judgment of most observers when Roger was forced by serious illness to retire as Editor – seemed to be a formidable predecessor to live up to, or – in the words of a somewhat

hackneyed cliché – a 'hard act' for George Webb to follow. Not that Roger himself shared that misgiving; in his last issue (December 1979, page 5) he generously declared. "I look forward eagerly to seeing what new treasures my successor will lay before us, down what new paths he will guide us."

In the event, any misgivings were laid to rest when George's first issue appeared. It had more pages, less flimsy paper, and a redesigned (and colour-coded) cover. But of course it was the content that mattered most, and here the new incumbent soon created a recognisable style.

For instance he presented Editorials which captured the essence of a topic of the moment; he prefaced each article with a biographical note about its author's background; he introduced illustrations, which illuminated the text; and he encouraged a flow of excellent 'Letters to the Editor' which might either be published in full or trimmed into 'Points from Other Letters' – with a topiarist's skill which he employed likewise in shaping, where necessary, the growing number of articles submitted for publication. The resultant pattern found instant approval, and the clouds which, not long before, had threatened the very existence of the Society were soon dispersed, as its membership expanded, directly reflecting an increase in appreciative *Journal* readers.

This magazine, which was maintained and developed by George's four predecessors, has now been raised to a standard of excellence unsurpassed by any other English literary journal devoted to a single writer.

But George has had many other interests, as described by his successor [see joint Editorial in this issue] and I know he would be the first to acknowledge the active support and dedication of his wife, Jo, in all his endeavours. A 'clubable' man *par excellence*, a number of institutions owe him debts of gratitude, none more so than the Kipling Society, whose members will ever be glad to raise a glass to toast a 'wordsmith' and friend so in tune with the Kipling tradition.

Some words that Kipling applied to "old Mus' Hobden" (in "The Land") are equally appropriate – though without the 'poaching' connotation – to George:

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird that flies,
Would I lose his large sound counsel, miss his keen amending
eyes."



THE OLD EDITOR, DRAWN BY THE NEW

George Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E, under whose editorship of 21 years the *Kipling Journal* came of age, and whose inimitable style established it as the flagship of the Kipling Society. [see the Editorial in this issue]

KIPLING IN 'MASTERMIND'

Mr Christopher Munroe, a recent contestant in the long-established and closely competitive 'Mastermind' quizzes on BBC Radio 4, chose "The Life and Works of Rudyard Kipling" as the subject on which he would initially be tested. Michael Smith, our then Secretary, kindly kept for us a record of how Munroe fared. Here are the questions he was asked, while on page 18, to reduce any temptation to cheat, will be found the correct answers. He got one wrong (No 7) and 'passed' on two (Nos 12 and 16). He easily led on his first round, but was unable to sustain his lead when questioned on other subjects in the second. – *Ed.*]

1. What was the name of the headmaster of Kipling's school, the United Services College, at Westward Ho! in Devon?
2. What was the name of the newspaper that Kipling worked on, as a young man in Lahore?
3. What was the name of the family the young Kipling lived with at Lorne Lodge in Southsea, as described in the story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" [in *Wee Willie Winkie!*]
4. In the novel *Kim*, what is the name of the school in Lucknow to which the young orphan is sent?
5. What was the name of the cultured Indian prostitute in the story, "On the City Wall" [*Soldiers Three!*]
6. Which departing Viceroy is the subject of the poem, "One Viceroy Resigns"?
7. When Kipling travelled to the United States in 1889, what was the first city he visited?
8. Which writer was Kipling intending to visit, when he left England to travel by sea to Australasia and the South Pacific in 1891?
9. What is the nickname of the club bore, Aurelian McGoggin, in the *Plain Tale*, "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin"?
10. What is the name of the skipper of the fishing schooner "We're Here" in *Captains Courageous*?
11. What is the name of the young Roman centurion who meets Dan and Una in *Puck of Pook's Hill!*
12. What is the name of the American couple who come to live in an English village in the story of "An Habitation Enforced" [*Actions and Reactions!*]
13. In whose arms does Dick Helder die, when he is shot at the end of *The Light that Failed!*
14. Of whom or what did Kipling write: "I walk my beat before London Town, five hours up and seven down"?
15. What poem refers contemptuously to "the flannelled fools at the wicket, or the muddied oafs at the goals"?
16. In "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness" [*Life's Handicap*], what is the name of Parrenness's fiancée, whom he leaves behind in England?

NOTICES

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Since 1992, despite significant increases in the cost of producing and mailing the expanded *Kipling Journal*, the annual subscription to the Society has been held down at £20. This has only been made possible by cutting administrative costs, and encouraging U.K. members to pay their subscriptions by standing order, thereby reducing correspondence and postage. Also, generous donations from members, and moneys recovered from the Inland Revenue, have helped our efforts to avoid raising the rates.

However, no one can reasonably have expected such a situation to last indefinitely; Council now finds it necessary to raise the basic sterling subscription, from 1 January 2001, to £22. However, this is only for those who renew annually each year in sterling. For those who pay by banker's order in sterling, the subscription is still £20. For those who pay in U.S. dollars, the subscription remains \$35, as set in 1997: this is because they will have been adversely affected by exchange rates.

The increased subscription of £22 also applies to universities, libraries and other institutions, except where payment is made in U.S. dollars. The additional postal charge to all subscribers for posting the *Journal* outside Europe remains at £7 or U.S. \$10 per annum.

Standing order mandates are obtainable from the Membership Secretary – name and address at page 4.

THE MEETING IN LONDON SCHEDULED FOR 11 APRIL

[See the 'announcement' on page 5.] We have booked St Andrew's Hall, a large room at the Royal Over-Seas League, for the meeting on 11 April, which is to be addressed by the well-known writer, Jan Morris. We expect a larger-than-usual attendance, and are conscious that when our numbers exceed about 45, medium-sized rooms like the Mountbatten can seem disagreeably claustrophobic. St Andrew's Hall can comfortably seat up to 120, while also providing space to meet and mix around the drinks bar; and we mean to use the occasion to promote the Society and recruit new members. We hope to air the talk on radio, quoting its time and place; and members are asked to advertise the event. Jeffery Lewins has 75 printed tickets for free admission of non-members who wish to attend; but no one will be turned away. Current membership forms will be strategically placed, as also a display of back numbers of the *Journal* for sale.

ABOUT THE KIPLING JOURNAL

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all our currently subscribing members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data. (The entire run since 1927 has now at last been comprehensively indexed.) Scores of libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive the *Journal* as corporate 'Journal – only' members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS.**

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity (No. 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. There is a large membership in North America; and an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB, England. (The Society's Internet web specification is: <http://www.kipling.org.uk>)

The Society's annual subscription rate has just been revised, which does not necessarily mean increased. For details see the Notice on page 62, and please note that what is specified is a 'minimum' rate. Some members very helpfully pay a little more, and we are indeed grateful.

