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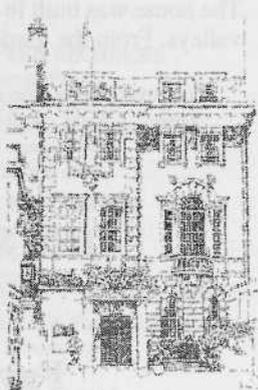
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## THE SOCIETY'S ADDRESS

Postal: 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS; Web-site: www.kipling.org.uk

Fax: 020 7286 0194

## THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Alan Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale,

New York, NY 10583, U.S.A.

Tel: (212) 609-6817. Fax: (212) 593-4517. e-mail: drichards@mccarter.com

## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 9 July 2003**, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. A cash bar will serve drinks at 5.30 p.m. before **David Gilmour's** talk "Kipling and Imperialism" at 6 p.m. **Afternoon tea will be served in the Wrench Room from 4 p.m., and will be free to members. If you would like tea, please book by telephoning the Secretary between now and Saturday 5 July 2003.**

**Wednesday 16 July 2003, Society Visit to Rottingdean** arranged by **Jeffery Lewins**. Details were on the flyer in *March Journal*, and Members can book using the reply slip.

**Wednesday 17 September 2003**, 5.30 for 6 pm, in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Overseas League, **Boyd Tonkin** on "Kipling and the British idea of Afghanistan".

**Wednesday 19 November 2003**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr. Michael Brock, C.B.E.** on "Rudyard Kipling: a Major Prophet?".

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL

## GRAVES, KIPLING, KNOX, GODLEY AND ALL ...

The letter from Susan Treggiari (this issue pp.56-7) reminded me of how little I knew about the *Odes* of Horace, and the uses that Kipling made of them.

Starting with the Index to the *Journal*, that magnificent work by John and Marian Morgan, I found that, recently, we have published relatively little on Kipling and Horace – most of the early references are fairly minor, the most significant being in No.97, pp.3–4 (Apr 1950) which carries "The Preface to the Fifth Book of Horace's *Odes* translated by S.A. Courtauld". An excellent overview appears in No. 124, pp.8-11 (Dec 1957) with an article by Roger Lancelyn Green entitled "Kipling and Horace". After this, there is "Kipling's Classics" by Susan Treggiari in No.181, pp.7-12 (Mar 1972), and finally, several references to the publication in 1978 of *Kipling's Horace* by Prof C.E. Carrington with a review of this by Mrs P.E. Easterling in No.224, pp.31-36 (Dec 1982). These have all been quarried for this Editorial.

Although aware of *Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Liber Quintum*, I had not looked at it, nor followed up the references made in *Something of Myself* (p.33), nor those by the various biographers – hence a visit to our Library was called for. Although Kipling wrote several poems which he attributes to *Book V*, only three of the *Odes* and one prose version of "The Pro-Consuls" in the 'fake' fifth book are by Kipling – Ode 1 "A Translation" (collected as Ode 3 in *A Diversity of Creatures*), Ode 6 "The Pro-Consuls" (collected in *The Years Between*), and Ode 13 "Lollius", the only one written specifically for the collaborative work.

Charles Graves, who contributed the remaining twelve odes, wrote in a letter on 10 September 1941 that

It occurred to him [Kipling] about the blackest time of the last war, end of 1917 and early months of 1918, as a means of keeping up one's spirits and distracting our thoughts from present troubles, and he wrote to me outlining his plan and making many admirable suggestions for subjects of the sham odes ... he was "the begetter" of the scheme. His next step was to secure a band of scholars to translate them into Latin, and he could not have got a better-equipped company, [Arthur] Godley, [Monsignor Ronald] Knox, [Alan] Ramsay and [John] Powell.

The Preface was written in Latin by Knox and Godley, and contains some delightful 'authoritative sources' – for example, the codex preserved in the 'Grossspaniandrumpinacotheca' – another in the 'Padovienensium Museum Trentunosettembre'. By chance, I found that Godley was no mean versifier in his own right, as illustrated by this extract from his poem titled "After Horace" [*Lyra Frivola* (1899)], found in *The New Oxford Book of Light Verse*, edited by Kingsley Amis, O.U.P., 1987, pp. 168-9:

What asks the Bard? He prays for naught  
 But what the truly virtuous crave:  
 That is, the things he plainly ought  
 To have.

.....

Let epicures who eat too much  
 Become uncomfortably stout:  
 Let gourmets feel th' approaching touch  
 Of gout —

The Bard subsists on simpler food:  
 A dinner, not severely plain,  
 A pint or so of really good  
 Champagne—

Grant him but these, no care he'll take  
 Though Laureates bask in Fortune's smile,  
 Though Kiplings and Corellis make  
 Their pile:

Contented with a scantier dole  
 His humble Muse serenely jogs,  
 Remote from scenes where authors roll  
 Their logs:

Far from the madding crowd she lurks,  
 And really cares no single jot  
 Whether the public read her works  
 Or not!

Kipling clearly found congenial co-workers for this project.

The poems that Kipling attributed to *Book V* were composed in English – but he did other work which started from the Latin. The translation of Book III Ode ix "Donec gratus eram" into pure Devonshire dialect whilst at U.S.C. is described in "An English School" [*Land & Sea Tales*, p.268] and can be found in Charles Carrington's

*Life* or Rutherford's *Early Verse*. But the true delights of his translations are to be found in the 55 epigrams which capture the essence of the original Horace, and which Kipling wrote down in the margins of his own copy of the *Odes* [edited by E.G. Wickham, 1910]. This he acquired in 1912. Eleven of them are given in Mrs Easterling's review, fourteen in R.L. Green's *The Freer Verse Horace*, three in CE. Carrington's biography, *Rudyard Kipling*, and all in his *Kipling's Horace*, published in a Limited Edition of 500 (Methuen & Co, London, 1978), then in facsimile as a private printing of 100 in 1980. Here are three examples of the lighter variety which have not appeared in the *Journal* before – the full translations of Horace are by Prof John Conington, M.A., abstracted from the Project Gutenberg ebook of his *Odes and Carmen Saeculare of Horace* (c. 1863).

Book III, xxvi. VIRI PUELLIS

For ladies's love I late was fit,  
 And good success my warfare blest,  
 But now my arms, my lyre I quit,  
 And hang them up to rust or rest.  
 Here, where arising from the sea  
 Stands Venus, lay the load at last,  
 Links, crowbars, and artillery,  
 Threatening all doors that dared be fast.  
 O Goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway,  
 And Memphis, far from Thracian snow:  
 Raise high thy lash, and deal me, pray,  
 That haughty Chloe just one blow! (*Horace*)

I once was a joy to the Ladies  
 But, now I am laid on the Shelf,  
 I'd like to see Chloe get Hades  
 Before I descend there myself! (*Kipling*)

Unfortunately, no space for the original Horace with the next one.

Book I, viii. LYDIA, DIC PER OMNES.

Naughty Lydia with a kiss  
 Ruined poor old Sybaris.  
 He can neither ride nor swim—  
 Lydia's been too much for him! (*Kipling*)

And one last sample – (*Continued on p.65*)

## COMMENTS ON "THE BULL THAT THOUGHT"

By JEAN MALER  
Adapted by MAX RIVES

[Jean Maler is a retired psychiatrist, a member of the *Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie de Villeneuve les Avignon*, as is Max Rives, who is also a member of our Society (see the *Journal*, Sept. 2002, p.47). Jean Maler is also a recognised specialist of bull fights, and having translated "The Bull that Thought" into French, M. Rives submitted it to his criticism. As you will see, this turned out to be very interesting, as the comments he wrote reveal a well balanced blend of positive and negative judgements, as well as details on the meaning of what might wrongly be considered as a brutal massacre. – Ed.]

Reading Kipling's tale "The Bull that Thought" [*Debits and Credits*] induces both admiration and resentment in the *aficionado*.

Admiration because everything makes him feel that an essential side of the *corrida* has been well understood; resentment, because an important principle of the *corrida* has been overlooked.

Let us briefly explain what the *corrida* is about and maybe admiration and irritation will become clearly justified.

The technique of the *corrida* involves mastering the bull's rush, who, from instinct, attacks and charges against whatever moves. The charge of the bull is invited by the hands of the *torero* who moves the cloth in front of him while staying motionless. The horns of the bull attempt to reach the cloth; the charge is mastered by the *torero* who handles the cloth in such a way as to prevent the horns from reaching it, thus channelling them into following the cloth all the way past his body.

As in every technique, bullfighting involves appropriate manoeuvres, any mistake in implementing which can lead to an accident. When he is carrying these out properly, however, the *torero* is able to build up an ascendancy over his fighting opponent, the bull.

An important aspect of this mastering of the bull's rush is that it does not merely consist in representing the *torero* as the winner in the fight, who has shown his ascendancy, his dominion over a bull before killing him with the sword; this mastery must at the same time be used to present the bull as the partner in a ballet, with the '*passages*' of the horns received and accompanied in a casual and graceful manner, thus forming an emotional contrast to the obvious danger. The sword driven into the body of the bull means the victory of the fighter, or it symbolises the final embrace in the dance. Indeed, it is frequent that the *torero* sends a kiss to the dead bull at his feet, when he feels that he has made possible for him to best express in the ballet

what he wanted to signify. Picasso, when he intended to paint the fantasies of the *torero* at the moment of stepping into the arena, represents him with the sword in the place of his sex, while a hand caresses the breast of a woman, as a prelude to the delicate brushing of the two bodies, that of the man and that of the bull, in the choreography. Simon Casas, the director of the arenas in Nîmes and in Saragossa, sees in the *corrida* 'a crime of passion'.

Following Kipling's story, let us say that a *torero* who feels that the bull he has just met displayed the behaviour ideal for the beauty of the *corrida*, can apply for his being spared; if the *président* of the *corrida* agrees, he will go back to his pastures where he will reign at stud.

From what we have just said, one may understand our admiration for Kipling, as he perceived a good deal of the ballet we have described, in the complicity that he suggests between Chisto and Apis.

Moreover, the qualities of heart and of respect that he attributes to Chisto do indeed exist in the *toreros* who enjoy the best artistic gifts, while others face the bull more with the haughtiness and arrogance of the gladiator, only to look clumsy during the ballet phase. The mercy that Chisto requests at the peak of their complicity conforms to reality.

The *aficionado* does not care for Kipling's sources: whether he actually watched bullfights or relied on reports from specialists, he only notes with delight how good was his perception of the essence of the *corrida*.

What then of the *aficionado's* resentment?

There is a fundamental law in '*tauromachy*': a bull that enters the arena must do so for the very first time in his life, and he should never have seen a cloth, never had the opportunity of 'thinking'. A bull who has already lived through the '*passages*' close to the body of the *torero* while following the cloth will soon be spotted by the professionals and they will not agree to meet him; moreover he will be a public disgrace to his breeder. Indeed, his behaviour is now to charge against whatever there is in front of him, so that the *corrida* technique that is based on waving the cloth while the body is kept motionless cannot be implemented.

The *aficionado*, however, who in his turn is 'thinking', is led to feel that his irritation is that of a fan who resents the profane intruding in the formal order as a sacrilege and he forgets that the writer is entitled to use fantasy for the pleasure of the reader. In this tale, it is useful to underline it, fantasy results from an amalgamation of dispersed facts, that are individually true, the combination of which, however is not true. To quote: sparing a bull, as we said, is a fact that occurs several times a year throughout the bullfight world. It can also happen that a bull comes into an arena after having known the play with the cloth, somewhere in the farm, as in this story. Then it would be a professional offence from the part of the breeder, as we have seen.

[Another point, that Kipling apparently overlooked, is that whenever a man is severely wounded or killed in a *corrida*, the performance is immediately stopped. – *Translator*]

In Camargue, there is also a spectacle called '*capea*', the progress of which is identical to that of the *corrida*, with the difference, however that there are no *picadores*, and no kill: the *torero* merely laying a bundle of ribbons at the anatomical point where the sword would have been driven, and the bull goes back to his pastures following the show; he will then be able to be used in another type of show, called '*course a la cocarde*', in which a rosette is fitted between the horns, to be taken out by men, called '*razeteurs*', who reach for it in the course of a calculated, athletic and dangerous run ahead of the bull. However, after one *capea*, the bull cannot be used in such shows as *capeas*, nor of course in a *corrida*: what he has learned beyond the first instinct – his having 'thought' – biases the game, as we have said.

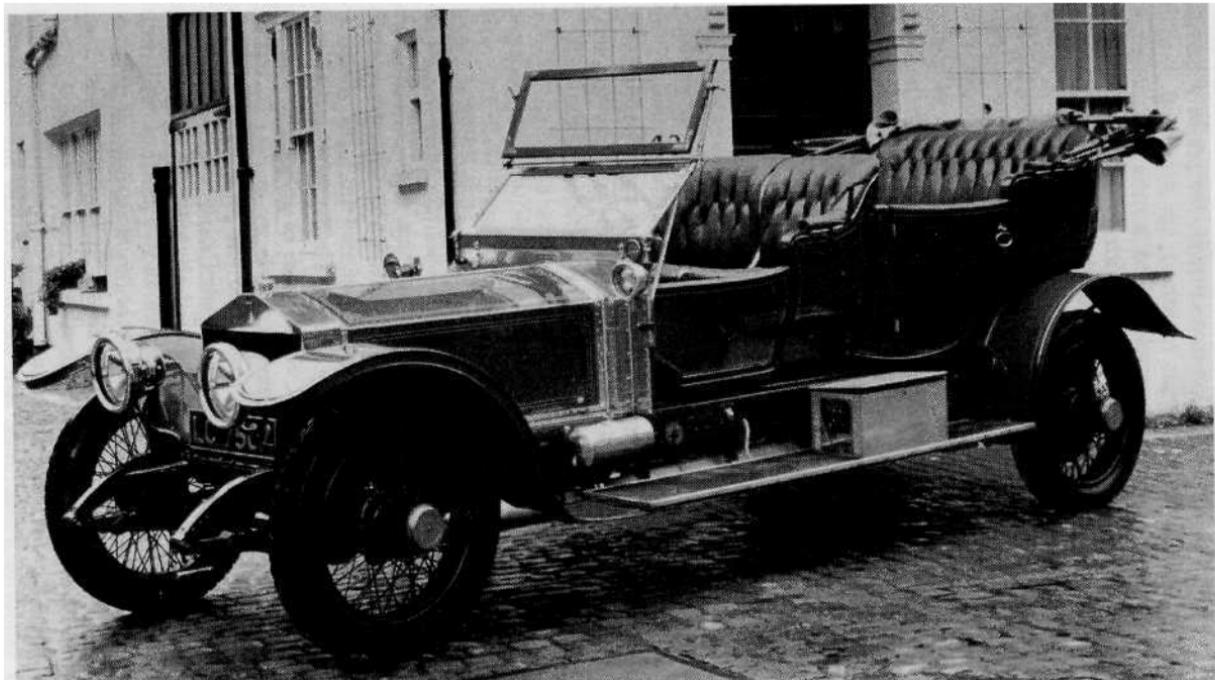
Lastly, the relaxation that Kipling describes at the peak of the harmonious communion between Apis and Chisto is also to be found in an other type of show in the arena: the bullfighting clowns. There, a specialised clown will grasp the tail of a young bull to play like a child, or puts his arm around the bull's back, playing two friends who are going arm in arm to drink to the health of someone.

As he proceeds, the *aficionado* realises that, reading the tale, in which he expected to read about bullfight matters, he is drawn towards a growing interest in Kipling's character and his literary techniques.

#### A NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR

As usual Kipling must have queried some people to obtain technical information on his topic. But he also proves again to be a master at catching atmospheres and local peculiarities. His Monsieur Voiron is a masterful portrait of the French *notable* of the time: his style of speech in French, as it is miraculously rendered in English by Kipling, is a mastery in mimicking the model. Along with Bodelsen, who alone among the critics did notice it, we may note the pun in French on the name of the small city: 'Chambre', for 'Salon', at the head of this 22 miles stretch of straight road across Crau (not Camargue).

Reading Jean Maler's comments, it is obvious that Kipling gathered information on most of the various kinds of shows that involve bulls (or cows in some of them), besides the bullfight proper. It is also obvious that he made a synthesis of these, to obtain the 'fantasy' as Maler says, that brings the tale its drama. In doing so, however, he made mistakes that can pass unnoticed to the layman, but are bad enough to be termed 'sacrilege' by the *aficionado*. Just think of M'Turk's reaction to Colonel Dabney's keeper shooting a vixen!



Rudyard Kipling's 1913/14 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost 27 NA, Registration no. LC7507, with its post-Kipling "Roi des Belges" body. (see pp.20-22). With acknowledgements to Coys of Kensington.

## KIPLING AND THE MOTORING DIARIES

By MERYL MACDONALD BENDLE

[Meryl Macdonald Bendle, a first cousin once removed of Kipling, is well-known to Members. Five of her articles, generically titled "Kipling the Globe-Trotter", were printed in the *Journal* in 1997 and 1998, and her biography *The Long Trail: Kipling Round the World* (Tideway House, 1999) was reviewed in the March 2000 issue of the *Journal*. She gave this talk to a London meeting of The Society on 13 November 2002. – Ed.]

Almost twenty years ago I wrote a pamphlet for the National Trust which I called *Kipling the Motoring Man* and, some years later in my biography, *The Long Trail*, I named the sections of the book after the four strokes of the internal combustion engine – because I felt they fittingly described those periods of his life better than any words of mine. And now here I am this evening offering a talk on Kipling and his "Motoring Diaries".

But why should I, a mere female, take such an interest in motoring and motor cars of the past? And what are my credentials for doing so?

It was on a day last summer that I was reminded just why and how it was, when my son Roderick asked me if I'd like to drive down to Wiltshire with him for the day. We'd be dropping in on my daughter for lunch and – almost as an afterthought he added – 'we'll be towing The Special. She needs something done to her down there.' Adding with a grin: 'It'll take you back a few years, Mum!'

It did. Over fifty years ago in the aftermath of WW2 I discovered that I was not the only love in my new husband's life. And – that one of them was called *Salome*. He was, of course, a motor sports enthusiast with some weird-looking pieces of machinery lurking in his garage, to be used for local sprints and hill-climbs. And it wasn't difficult to see how *Salome* came by her name. Her chassis and all her vital parts were exposed to view – with a single seat overall. Not a scrap of bodywork impeded the eye.

Then there was the Special which my husband was working on in his spare time. If I ventured into the garage to see what he was up to, I was likely to be commandeered to lend a hand: for instance helping to lap the cylinder head – back and forth, to and fro, for as long as you like. Or until I remembered an urgent job elsewhere. Our regular form of transport was a 1932 MG two-seater with crash-type gearbox, in which more than once I acted as ballast as we skidded round corners during muddy hill-climbs.

I recall a day when I was passenger in the Special and we were driving to Castle Combe for an event. In the open car and without a

windscreen, I discovered that at speed along the A4 one's breath was literally taken away – or as Kipling put it in "A Tour of Inspection"<sup>1</sup>: 'Conversation was blown out of our mouths.'

So that trip to Wiltshire with my son last year stirred memories for me: for a start, the sight of the Special after so many years; and above all, the sound of her engine ... I was standing behind her on my own tour of inspection when she was started up, suddenly, before being driven onto the hired trailer. I'd forgotten that earsplitting crackle which even after five decades sent a shiver down my spine – and my hand reaching for the off switch on my hearing aid. Before we finally set off Roderick asked me to keep a look-out behind during the drive – to make sure we were still being followed. (That was a change of tune: in the old days with his father it was, make sure we're not being followed!) I was still digesting his remark and no doubt looking a bit concerned, when the owner of the trailer who'd been helping to secure the Special on board, said reassuringly: 'You only need to worry – if you see her overtaking you!'

All went well, and some two hours later she was ripping up the peaceful countryside giving joy rides to grandson and friends, by turns, before she was delivered into the hands of the Special-ist.

So you see, like it or not, I came to understand something of the fascination these cars held for their owner-drivers. And when, many years ago, I discovered that Rudyard Kipling had been one of the earliest pioneer motorists – I knew I had to follow it up as best I could.

Kipling's earliest adventures in motoring would have put off all but the most desperate pioneer: from his first 'very-own' but disastrous Locomobile, his steam car. 'It is true. . . she is noiseless, but so is a corpse . . . [And] as a means of propulsion she is a nickel-plated fraud...'<sup>2</sup>

Next came a series of Lanchesters. And where would "The Muse Among the Motors" have been without those temperamental machines (and the officious police) to inspire their author: for a start – 'The Advertisement (In the manner of the earlier English)', [first published in February 1904 in the Daily Mail.]

Whether to wend through strait streets strictly,  
Trimly by towns perfectly paved;  
Or after office, as fitteth thy fancy,  
Faring with friends far among fields;  
There is none other equal in action,  
Sith she is silent, nimble, unnoisome,  
Lordly of leather, gaudily gilded,

Burgeoning brightly in a brass bonnet,  
 Certain to steer well between wains.

The three Lanchester brothers had frequent brushes with the law – and often got away with it, by swapping cars and drivers. Immortalised, of course, in "Steam Tactics" [*Traffics and Discoveries*], and – in the manner of Byron – 'The Tour'

Twelve as thirteen my Murray always took.  
 He was a publisher. The new police  
 Have neater ways of bringing men to book,  
 So Juan found himself before J.P.'s  
 Accused of storming through that placid nook  
 At practically any pace you please.  
 The Dogberry (and the Waterbury) made  
 It forty mile—five pounds. Which Juan paid.  
 [Original version]

It was George, the youngest brother, who used to cock his leg over the tiller, if only to scare the police, as he turned round to look at them. So the brothers did invite trouble, but who could blame them, in the circumstances? As the "Muse" also put it (after Herrick) 'To Motorists'

Since ye distemper and defile  
 Sweet Herè by the measured mile,  
 Nor aught on jocund highways heed  
 Except the evidence of speed;  
 And bear about your dreadful task  
 Faces beshrouded 'neath a mask;  
 Great goblin eyes and gluey hands  
 And souls enslaved to gears and bands;  
 Here shall no graver curse be said  
 Than, though y'are quick, that ye are dead!

Now, moving on to the "Motoring Diaries". What do we know about them – apart from the fact that they were recently discovered – some 65 years after their author's death – at the back of a drawer in one of Macmillans' perambulating desks?

The first thing that strikes one is their very ordinariness. Although for anyone who has studied Kipling, a plain man with simple tastes (with the possible exception of motor cars!), that shouldn't surprise us. They certainly don't merit the word 'journals' as they were sometimes referred to, sight unseen. Indeed, they are not so much notebooks as

cashbooks with columns for LSD [pounds, shillings, pence – *Ed.*], size approx 6½ inches by 4 inches – pocket-sized, to be instantly accessible when motoring. I am told there are seven, of which I have seen five; all with shiny covers, one red-backed and the rest black. And they cover the years 1911 to 1926.

To anyone unfamiliar with Kipling and his handwriting the diaries would appear to be the work of several hands. But, from experience, we know better. Some pages are written in pencil and entirely in capitals; others in the familiar small hand which can be quite illegible at times; with the occasional sketch or 'doodle' to illustrate a point.

The more I studied the "Diaries", in the limited time at my disposal, the more I took my hat off to whoever it was transcribed that tiny writing. There's no date on either transcription – the second was corrected from the first – nor clue as to which of his tireless secretaries had worked on them. It seems most likely that it was either Miss Walford or her successor Miss Nicholson. Both of whom, in turn, subsequently lived with the widowed Elsie at Wimpole for some years.

I met Miss Walford (or Mrs Ley, as she was) in 1976 when I was cottage-hunting in Dorset and her cottage, over the border in Devon, was up for sale. Thanks to an introduction by letter, we each knew of the other's Kipling connection, and so a date was soon arranged for me to visit Mrs Ley and her cottage. By then I had started researching Kipling and motoring, but hadn't heard of his motor tours journals or diaries. It was Mrs Ley herself who mentioned them to me, speaking of his 'red-backed diaries' containing his travel/touring notes when motoring in France. Further, she told me that she had never seen them at Wimpole when she was there as Elsie's secretary from 1943-1949. She had gone through everything there with Elsie and had free run of the library where the Kipling Papers were housed. In fact it was there that she read her employer's books for the first time. And that in all the years she had known Mr and Mrs Kipling she had never been found out, as she put it!

Mary Walford was the Kipling's secretary from 1927-1931. She left in order to breed Aberdeen terriers in the Cotswolds, and Rudyard himself had at least two of her puppies, and probably more. After she had left Bateman's, Carrie wrote to her saying she was the best secretary they'd ever had. And Miss Walford would stay with them at Bateman's from time to time.

Now if we look at Carrie's diary for 1 October 1935 – that is, four years after Miss Walford had left their employment, she writes: 'An instalment of the "A" [*Something of Myself*] sent to Miss Walford to be typed.' Rudyard had started to write his autobiography just two months' earlier.

It seems certain that Miss Walford transcribed some of the "Diaries", if not all of them. (The red-backed diary covered the periods August 1924, when he was visiting the cemeteries in France, and February/March 1926 after his serious illness when they were staying in the South of France).

But why should he go back to a previous secretary when he already had Miss Nicholson (1932–40) to call upon? Was it because their current secretary was already fully occupied with an ever-increasing amount of mail for her ailing and ageing employers? Or was it that Miss Walford was more accustomed to deciphering Kipling's handwriting than were later secretaries who only had his bad typing to cope with?

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So – in March 1910 Rudyard and Carrie went by train to Vernet-les-Bains to take the waters. There they met Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the pioneer motorist, who took them for a drive in his 'enormous 6 cylinder Rolls-Royce.' The upshot of that was that Claude Johnson, the man known as the hyphen in Rolls-Royce and an old friend of Kipling's, lent them a trials car, the Silver Phantom, complete with chauffeur for their return journey to Paris. That did the trick. But it would be December 1911 before Kipling was able to take delivery of his first Rolls, as he explained to a young friend: 'We were going to have a new R-R by the summer (1911) but Barker who was building the body for it managed to burn it. Incidentally, the Company also burned the King's Coronation Coach but that didn't bother me so much.'<sup>3</sup>

In the meantime for his spring tour in France, the company loaned him The Spectre with Fleck, their Number One driver. Their Sales Department specialised in approved potential customers being allowed, even encouraged, to have extended trials, with a R-R chauffeur – and this was Fleck's forte. His most notable success in this line was as driver to King George V throughout the Delhi Durbar, 1910. All eight R-R cars were subsequently sold and Fleck's contribution was significant, and his abilities fully appreciated by 'CJ', Claude Johnson. (All Company personnel were known by their initials within the firm; and Kipling was referred to informally as 'Kip.') 'CJ' frequently lent Kipling Fleck as well as a car, whenever he needed one. Harry Fleck was not the easiest of men to get on with, but his qualities as a resourceful driver and chauffeur were fully appreciated by 'Kip' who borrowed him on a number of occasions, some of them adventurous and occasionally even hazardous. 'Kip' dubbed him the Admirable Fleck, and Harry was *persona grata* with 'Kip' and his family.<sup>4</sup>

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So Kipling's motor tours diary kicks off modestly on 26 March 1911 where they're in the south of France ('after six weeks of glorious winter' at Engelberg in January.). And now they're setting off on a similar – but not the same – journey to the north as they had taken just a year earlier; also in a loaned R-R, but this time it is the Spectre, not the Phantom, and the driver is Harry Fleck.

In his opening paragraph Kipling covers the first day's journey from Nimes to Montpellier, from 'a vile lunch at... Arles', until '... in evening light. . . took an accursed short cut through little street at Marsillargues. Got stuck for 3 hours. Saved by Joseph Coste Electrician . . . with 4 horses. Left at 8.30, arrived Montpellier (dead) at 9.30.'

At Perigueux a few days later 'saw one appalling cathedral restored by our friend Viollet. . .' [This was the French architect, well-known for his restoration work on historic French buildings.] And at Poitiers that afternoon: 'The land full of Joan of Arc to whom statues are now being put in churches.' At Chartres he visits the Cathedral where 'the architect in his office gave me key to triforium. Saw backsides of glass windows.' No other comment then, but 22 years later in *Souvenirs of France* there's a wonderful description of the 'reverse of the windows'.

Kipling was keeping daily tally of mileage and kilometres . . . 1200 miles in total, as he informed Claude Johnson; and for the RAC he was supplying details of their overnight hotels *en route*. To Johnson he added: Car 'a terror on Tyres. She busted four all in the wall.' He also regaled him with their to-do with a French tram in Paris which suddenly crossed the boulevard diagonally in front of them without warning. ' . . . the rails being sunk one can't see when the damned thing swerves . . . Fleck got us out of it with nothing worse than a bent axle . . . a glorious bit of driving but I'm only sorry we didn't harm the tram.'

There are no entries in his motoring diary for 1912, but their chauffeur picked them up at Dover early in the year on their return from France, after which he writes to John as follows: 'By the way the new car goes like a dream and is beautifully sprung. Never wish to sit in a better.' It's the long awaited 1911 Silver Ghost (chassis no: 1723) with a Hooper body, finally delivered to Conduit Street on 18 December 1911: his Green Goblin – the second car he ordered but the first he received, its number plate LC7507 (LC was the prefix for London) transferred from the original burnt motor. And the same number would again be transferred to his next Rolls. But not thereafter.

However the Green Goblin was soon being tried out nearer home:

to visit his sister Trix at Andover, and in September to Devon and Cornwall, including a visit to Westward Ho!

Then early in 1913 they are seeking the sun in Egypt and on the Nile, but finding it elusive. Returning to Marseille on 19 March where Perceval Landon meets them with their car and Moore, the chauffeur, for a trip north and the resumption of his motoring diary.

25 March 'After a bad lunch at Limoges . . . [they stop] for chocolate at Chateauroux where one Jules (son of Jules who kept Jules Restaurant) asserted he knew Landon well.(from L's demeanour thereafter fear this only too true.) Thence to Bourges, where hotel was still in candle stage – we noticed it but bath was good . . .'

The next day. ' . . . damp wet overcast or continuously raining day which we spent alternately in Bourges Cathedral and at the telephone making love to Cook . . .' [He doesn't explain whether he's referring to Cook the travel man or the cook at Bateman's. Both essential to their well-being.] 'None the less saw the Cathedral in morn, where met *highly* intelligent young French priest who knew all about *The Jungle Book*. Gratifying to notice spread of civilisation in Gaul

Less than three months later Carrie notes in her diary that: 'Rud sacks Moore the chauffeur after 6 years' service. His hot temper makes him do impossible things.'

In the autumn of 1913 Kipling ordered a new Rolls. Writing to John that October: 'New motor going to be lined with grey corded cloth. So don't put your foul feet up on the cushions.'

In February 1914 they both cross to France and take the cure at Vernet-les-Bains. Where on 18 March their new chauffeur, Eaves, arrives with the car from Bordeaux, unperturbed, apparently, by the sea voyage aboard a 2000 ton steamer during the worst gale of the winter, which had been making headline news. As Kipling wrote to a friend the next day, 'having no knowledge of the sea... he took to his bunk . . . and remained there until nearly the end.' . . . 'Had a bad time?' Kipling asked him. 'Didn't notice anything unusual, Sir. Only the Captain *he* was sick an' the officers *they* was sick.' 'And you?' asked Kipling. 'Oh *I* was sick but then *I* wasn't on duty,' the young man replied, adding reflectively: 'Well, I *am* pleased. It didn't do the car a bit of harm.'<sup>5</sup>

Three days later, on 21 March, they left Vernet before 9 a.m. and pushed on thro' cold winds and threatening skies, 'and reached Avignon at 5 precise. Note that young proprietor of Hotel de l'Europe is doing his military service, but he comes in of an evening to look at the hotel from barracks.' And we shall hear more of that young man later. . . The next day they do a round trip, find Roman remains and an amphitheatre, 'ride among olives and almond trees in bloom. . .

and pluck thyme and lavender roots for Bateman's and Keylands garden.'

Arrived at Orleans a few days later 'at 5 exact and went to cathedral at once for the sake of the Joan of Arc windows. Much liked single forlorn statue of forlorn Joan behind the high altar.'

Then to Paris where they stayed for two weeks, joined by Elsie and John, before all heading for home on 14 April, 1914. 'Left Hotel Brighton, Paris at 3.30. John as guide. He made a bad mess at Versailles ably assisted by Elsie. Found road at last. . . and so to Chartres . . . John guiding not so badly. To Cathedral as light was failing . . . As usual bathroom hot was cold.'

Next day: 'Carrie, Elsie and I go to Chartres Cathedral again. John shirked going. Chartres still to my mind the loveliest. Left hotel (bill 69/-) [69 shillings, or £3.45 – *Ed.*] at 10. Landlady asked me for autograph. John piloted but panicked by Elsie got us mixed on turn from Evreux to Dreux. After that he guided well. . . ' Later that day, though, it was Elsie's turn to guide and, approaching Beauvais: 'Elsie here excelled herself by absolutely denying existence of Beauvais *and* Cathedral as we entered town from South . . . '

They reached their hotel at Amiens that afternoon and: 'thence to Cathedral unusually lovely and then bought lollipops and macaroons. John afterwards devastated family by bathing.' It was to be their last tour as a Family Square – and six years before the next entry in Kipling's motoring diary.

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A few days after their return home their new motor was delivered to Conduit Street: a 1913/14 Rolls (40/50, 27 NA) Hooper, with three-speed gearbox (special order: 4-speed boxes were standard) and with AA badge on windscreen.

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They resume their trips to France in 1920, but with one exception, his diary entries are matter-of-fact; and absent altogether during his first battlefield tour in July, when they identify Chalkpit Wood and help other mourners find their loved-ones' graves. (The exception was on 9 April. 'At Bordeaux that evening Carrie and Elsie saw woman at street door in chemise and hat only. Was arrested by police and put into cab. I alas! missed it.')

Three days later they 'arrived own hotel Beauvais 7.30 – were received with cordiality and love and reminiscences of war and tender enquiries after John.'

Then, in 1921, after having all his teeth out on doctor's orders in early February, and feeling utterly wretched for days afterwards, he starts his diary again on 23 March. It is to be Kiplings' last trip in The Duchess, his 1913/14 car, which with Taylor, their current chauffeur, was awaiting them at Marseilles, after their boat trip to Algiers. The Duchess has a broken spring and exhaust pipe knocked off on her way down from Le Havre. Not surprisingly with what Kipling calls 'vile bad roads: all pot-holes.' From then on it was inner tubes blowing or tyres bursting, about one a day on average, as they motored north.

On April 19 they 'went on to Avignon after an hour full of memories, through the quarries by the road we had taken 7 years before . . . Had the bread and ham by roadside while new tube was being fitted. Fed one cheery tramp with scraps . . . also one small but avid dog who passed by with a cart. Arrived Avignon 4.45. Much struck by prosperity of city. We were made very welcome by Guiydor whom I remember as shy boy in the uniform of his conscriptage 7 years back. Now his father is dead and he, apparently, owns this crowded English-filled hotel. Our old set of rooms given us as in 1914.'

At Bourges they had *déjeuner* at Hotel d'Europe, 'in huge salon set for Sunday déjeuner of all the local marchands de vin who would eat "about 1.30." Two bottles before each man. It looked like a hunt breakfast. Very good lunch. . .' But during the afternoon's drive Kipling 'wasn't happy last 25 km. Turned in for rest at hotel in Beaune' . . . 'and had lovely sleep (must not eat stewed olives for déjeuner.) Hotel de la Poste exquisitely clean. Grub very good, proprietor of immense affability.' [His wines were good too, resulting in their buying from him for Bateman's four dozen bottles, including a dozen Nuits St. George and dozen Montrachet.]

And so north for Strasbourg and the Maison Rouge, where they found 'very comfy rooms . . . with bath like sarcophagus.' And very good food. 'They understand belly service in Alsace.' [Also found 'two full envelopes from Miss Ponton re Bateman's and some odds and ends for me.' So a morning's work to catch up with his mail and letters to write to hotels etc for return home.]

He wanted to visit Kehl across the Rhine where, on 'a perfect spring morn', they presented themselves at the Rhine Bridge where 'formalities . . . were many and slow. When all was done the Huns of the far side gave us a dirty red ticket for a "*séjour*" and hung revolting tin number over Duchess's radiator knob. . . The whole countryside was sleek and prosperous with smoking chimneys, ground cultivated to the edge of the road, and fat children, geese, oxen and horses. New houses springing up on all hands . . . The villages seemed to lack naught. *And they were alive!*' En route for Verdun through battle area

which 'began to look like the Somme with its immense distances . . . and ruined trees. Had coffee on a rise over a young tender green forest, where heard the cuckoo, about 14 km. from Verdun, among the trenches, wire and bones of the dead . . . Town more badly knocked about than I had imagined . . .'

'May 1. To Rheims in increasing high wind across utter desolation . . . White chalk glaring trenches, fields with poor crops and furlongs of heaped barbed wire . . . Then into Rheims, more knocked about than them all put together. . . Went to see cathedral, which is being cleaned and scraped . . .' [Kipling had last seen it, bombed and desecrated, when he was war reporting in 1915] 'and on return saw small forlorn red-flag procession of remarkably fat and well-fed youths declaring "war against war," "Vive les Soviets" and so forth.'

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This was their last trip in the 1913/14 Rolls. She had cost £1350 in 1914 and was sold for £1550 in June 1921. Subsequently she was rebodied in maroon, "Roi des Belges" by Wilkinsons of Derby, adorned with brass headlamps and a given a brass plaque The Duchess on her dash. This car was shipped out to Dubai in October-November 1984 for Motor Show there. Also was the star exhibit for British week at the Hotel Metropolitan [where the doors had to be removed in order to get car into foyer.] Her then owner met Princess Anne who was in Dubai at the time, and spoke to her about the car. He told me she seemed to know more about Silver Ghosts than he did! Selling price then was about £120,000. In March 1992 the owner sold the car back to Coys, who sold it to "a German author." So, Kipling's first Duchess crossed the Rhine a second time, after an interval of 70 odd years . . .

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Rudyard's next Duchess was the 1920 (6UE) Hooper Limousine, Registration no: AP8145. Sometimes called Esmeralda. She too had an intriguing life after Kipling, being sold, appropriately, to R-R Bombay. When last heard of she belonged to the Howra Temple Trust, and was referred to in motoring circles as the 'holy ghost.' She was used once a year to carry up to 20 clerics and a 6 cwt solid silver effigy on an 8 mile pilgrimage. Fanatical followers shower her with coins and red powder. When she was given a much-needed overhaul by a Silver Ghost technical expert it was discovered that the red powder had found its way into everything, and when the car was stripped down handfuls of small coins were unearthed; thrown to appease the God of Wealth,

apparently! The technician found them useful to keep onlookers at bay. Last seen by my informant in 1982 in Calcutta.

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But now we return to 1921 when the new car had her first real test in Scotland. She negotiated the little stone bridge at the head of Loch Striven, to find that the road ran up the mountain-side like a wall. 'Rest and be Thankful was naught to it. The Duchess dropped to her lowest and scrambled up by her teeth and toenails; for there was no surface – nothing but a slither of gravel and stones clicking under her mudguards.'

Later: 'Our hearts turned over as we passed the Old Manse at Creich as it was 22 years ago.' [After Josephine's death.] And there were more memories at Skibo Castle when they were shown 'priceless drawings by Phil and the Pater when our whisky ran out at the Manse.'

The next day, on their way to Beaufort Castle he saw seven battle-ships lying at Invergordon, 'against the interminable single street that mothers and wives knew so well in the war. . . Curious how much passion and sorrow could flow through one street and leave no sign or trace . . .'

By the time they reached Inverness at seven that evening there was a hint of frost in the air . . . But there was no mention of melancholy Culloden Moor a few miles to the east where the Jacobites had been routed.

In early May 1922 Kipling was working on the King's Speech prior to the first royal tour of the war cemeteries. ["The King's Pilgrimage"]

Our King went forth on pilgrimage

His prayers and vows to pay  
To them that saved our heritage  
And cast their own away.

And there was little show of pride,  
Or prows of belted steel,  
For the clean-swept oceans every side  
Lay free to every keel.

They arrive in Calais on the 10 May where Rudyard stocks up with ham and butter.

The next day after an early lunch they set off on the Ypres road into Vlamertinghe where Mayors in sashes and gardeners from nearby cemeteries awaited the King's arrival. 'Did a lightning change into blacks and a white shirt in bedroom of cottage lent by old lady. (Not

a mirror or a chamber visible: simply two wooden boxes for beds and shutters outside in lieu of curtains.). . . King arrived 4.10 with Haig and Ponsonby and Ware. Did the usual very well and seemed really moved by the graves themselves .. Spoke to me about Saturday's speech too. Carrie sat in car up the road and looked on. Noted that the hired R-Rs were nothing very splendid.'

At the Indian Cemetery, near Boulogne, the next day, Kipling saw 'grave of Gunga Din, dooly bearer,' while waiting for the Royal party to arrive. 'Then King and Queen to Cross of Sacrifice where he made his speech, with splendid delivery, and dignified bearing . . . King spoke to Mum at the railings . . . about John . . . Was sent for and King said to me what was seemly. I praised delivery which was also seemly. He spoke about politicians. (Note: the look in the eye of a decent man who suspects he is being carted. Rather like a frightened horse.)'

After it was all over Kipling and one of the Commissioners went for a walk in the town where 'we had brioche and chocolate. Bought an aluminium box – or rather two – for butter and Mum. A red comb for Elsie.'

I'm reminded of a couple of lines of "If—":

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

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A year later, during which time he has been very ill, they are back in the south of France where he's working on the King's speech for Italy . . . And now they are once more motoring north: 'The country was in late spring plumage with abundance of blossom – may and wisteria time . . . Curious to see how each drop of water along the valley had been used for power... It was here that Elsie in fits of mirth, first saw that I was wearing a knuttish green soft hat – made in Spain and bought in an Italian shop, with a faint perfume of high-class hair oil. As the only place where I had been alone was the barber's at M.C. the evening before (and I recall a young knut being frizzed and massaged in an adjacent chair) I presume I must have swapped my old vile soft hat for his'n.'

'Reached Digne in great afternoon heat at 3.30 . . . I lay down till 5. The usual evening stroll of us three up and down the street all dirty and stale after day's work. .. gutters of mountain water and electric light hardly worth turning off – three rivers seemed to join by memorial to the dead, with great sheets of pale silver shoals and muddy water from the hills . . . very hot and to bed early. But the town was

full of summer night footsteps and voices: as these ceased one heard the water swishing through the streets. At 4 am Digne was lively awake and cleaning itself with the care of a cat. Breakfast at 8.15 in the hot little court, already carefully sprinkled. The whole of the town, so dirty the night before, had been redd up, swilled down and swept.'

At Grenoble, ' . . . to bed early and enjoyed one hell of a night punctuated by the bombs and fireworks of a local fete. . . followed from 12-2 am by the return of the revellers . . . thro the solid echoing streets . . .' At Aix the next day 'a few English wandered about in the heat looking more English than ever.' And that night: 'the early part of it [was] furnished with nightingales who sang ferociously outside.' The next day, out shopping: 'An old fat chemist – God knows why – would needs show me a medical botany book 1824, the property of his grandfather, with coloured plates . . . Once more praised be Allah for His men and women. It rained in the night but in no way quenched the nightingales.'

At Dijon he 'found time to play a little over my Botanic nonsense – the Culpeper Pastiche. Also turned over '20 leads to Bourg Madame' in my mind . . .' And at Villers-Cotterets, the scene of fierce fighting by the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, to the Brigade cemetery once more. 'I seem to have seen it all my life! It was as usual – tore the heart out.'

Then trouble with the Duchess – 'she lay down – P.M. began and was finally traced to a broken make-and-break of the magneto. Smashed spring exhibited as evidence. . . Sent wire to R-R Cricklewood, (*Silvergost*) [sic] – somehow that irritated one at such a crisis – for fresh make and break to be posted to AA at Newhaven to meet boat from Dieppe . . . and we are now committed to run via Beauvais to Dieppe tomorrow on our batteries!'

Now praise the Gods of Time and Chance  
That bring a heart's desire,  
And lay the joyous roads of France  
Once more beneath the tyre—  
So numbered by Napoleon,  
The veriest ass can spy  
How Twenty takes to Bourg-Madame  
And Ten is for Hendaye.

Broad and unbridled, mile on mile,  
The highway drops her line  
Past Langon down that grey-walled aisle  
Of resin-scented pine;  
And ninety to the lawless hour

The kilometres fly—  
 What was your pace to Bourg-Madame?  
 We sauntered to Hendaye.  
 ["A Song of French Roads"]

§ § § § §

In late September 1923 they are off to Scotland again, and once more breaking their journey at the George Inn, Stamford. They often stayed at this old coaching inn – but not once did Rudyard mention the inn's historical connection with the Duke of Cumberland stopping there on his return from the Culloden battlefield in 1746. And yet twice in his diary he mentions seeing 'the field of the freemen' there, and 'a row of cottages named (there must have been a story behind this) "Free Mans Cottages."'

Whereas, the next day at Ripon: 'Nice to hear the good meaty Yorkshire tongue again.' And later: 'It is satisfactory to see things repeating themselves year by year', on seeing evidence of the Brough Horse-fair all round them . . . 'neatly parked gipsy waggons . . . and all the other wheeled rapareedom of the road . . .'

At Carlisle he noted that: 'The Duchess was passed – at 46 – as tho' standing by an immoral light-blue two-seater with lots of luggage behind. How sinful and wrong it is to do more than 46 m.p.h. under any circumstances. We got up to fifty but even then we could not see him. . .'

They stay overnight at Hawick on the River Teviot where 'The Tower Hotel provided new experiences . . . [and] bore a plate in the wall to the effect that Scott, Wordsworth and Sister Dorothy stayed there one night. At first I admired their nerve; the interior of the establishment being black . . . The whole place simply spawned staircases and passages, all equally dark . . .' [Later they] ' . . . went for a small walk . . . to the whitewashed tower which seemed to be a belfry, a manse and a church all mixed up together . . . I climbed some steps and opened the lower door of the tower expecting to enter, under it, into the church – but it was the rope end of the belfry . . . and there came out a gust of the smell of all the ages – dry-rot, dirt, raw masonry – a most hopeless, lamentable and besetting stink – exactly, I presume, what a Scotch Calvinistic Hell would smell like. A very long time since I have been so wrought upon through the nose.' I wonder: was Rudyard harking back to the house at Southsea – with its 'buried-alive smell'?

'The meal was ordered at 6. Our impression was that it would be served out of newspapers on our knees. But as the day died and the

lights were lit the Tower Hotel showed unsuspected splendour. Down twisty passages we found a sumptuous dining-room. . . [and] The meal was a noble surprise. The 'chops' were of the most delicate and diminutive fairy mutton. The fried potatoes matched. . . Not at all a bad venture.'

The next morning: 'the aged crone who did our rooms told Carrie that Mary Queen of Scots (being chivvied as usual) had once slept in our room. "But she didna sleep in that bed. The furniture has been changed." (The Scots are unspeakable when they speak at all.)'

Then approaching Grantham on their return journey they find 'a system of insane police controls where licences were demanded and a filthy red-diamond label offered (by a man with a workmanlike pink tongue) to be stuck on the car as "protection against further inspections." This I declined not wishing the Duchess to look like the cattle labelled on their rumps . . . circulating unattended through Grantham. Police most urgent that I should so deal with her – to save themselves trouble!' Two and a half years earlier crossing the Rhine Bridge much the same thing had occurred when the Germans hung that 'dirty red ticket. . . over the [previous] Duchess's radiator knob.'

So perhaps it wasn't surprising that within a month of his return to Bateman's Kipling was working on a short story: "The Prophet and the Country" [*Debits and Credits*] in which on page one the narrator, driving through the Midlands, is stopped by the police and persuaded to have a numbered label stuck on his windscreen; and on page two the make-and-break of the car's magneto fractured – in precisely the same way as the Duchess's had earlier that year in France.

In August 1924 and the following spring, 1925, they are back across the Channel. ' . . . nice to be on the broad straight poplar-lined roads again and to smell the smell of France . . . ' He notes that all the cemeteries are different in character. . . 'when one thinks there are 3000 of them in France alone.'

"I plough deep" said the car.

"I plough old wounds afresh—

"What you thought was a scar,

"I will show you is stricken flesh."

"I plough deep" said the car.

"I tear open the well-smoothed ground

"Where the lost idols are.

"I plough near and far." <sup>6</sup>

As always Chartres cathedral was 'a glory and a wonder . . . broke up

the deeps.' That evening after dinner – 'have begun a few lines on the story of Helen Turrell and her "nephew" and the gardener.. .' The next evening 'working on "The Gardener" [*Debits and Credits –Ed.*]. Not a very bad beginning.' A few days later and he is working on 'a sonnet on Chartres windows which is coming into shape.' And "The Gardener", which three days later is 'finished enough to send to Miss G.S.[his secretary] for typing. A good job not so badly done.' But now he's getting headaches every day; and the Duchess's springs need attention.

By the end of November Rudyard is seriously ill with pneumonia, is delirious and has a night nurse until mid-January 1926. In February they go by sea to Toulon where Taylor and Esmeralda await them, 'looking very smart on edge of quay.' They drive to Cannes for tea; 'beheld Cannes in all its seasonal whoredom – very brilliant and crowded. . . Beastly muddy roads and heavy traffic to La Souco.' [Their villa overlooking Monte Carlo.] 'The motor car has made the Riviera an hell – and a noisy smelly one.'

They say goodbye to the villa after some two months, and motor north once more . . . spending several days at Tours where they are both unwell, before moving on to Paris to stay with friends. And there: 'Rud dresses for dinner the first time since November.' writes Carrie in her diary.

But for Rudyard this latest tour would be the last recorded in his motoring diary. We can only conjecture why that was. We felt his dismay at what the motor car had already done to the Riviera; and he clearly foresaw what lay ahead for all road users. Or had he just run out of steam?

#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. ["A Tour of Inspection" first published in *Windsor Magazine*, December, 1904, and not collected in the Macmillan standard editions: it does, however, appear in the Sussex edition of *A Diversity of Creatures* (Macmillan, 1938), where it replaces "Regulus". (Cmdr Alastair Wilson – New Readers' Guide). Reprinted in the *Journal* No 131, September 1959, pp.5-18 – *Ed.*]
2. R. Kipling letter published in American magazine, *The Steam Automobile*, and the *Journal*, April 1941, No 57, p.26, Letter from G.B. Heywood
3. Letter to Lieut. William H. Lewis, Royal Artillery, in India, 20 Feb. 1911, from Vernet-les-Bains.
4. From Bill Morton, "Reminiscences", *R-REC Bulletin*, No. 144, May/June 1984
5. Letter to Andrew Macphail, 19 March 1914, from Vernet-les-Bains.
6. [Thought to be unpublished other than in *The Long Trail*, p.215 – *Ed.*]

## KIPLING IN BOHEMIA

By PROFESSOR THOMAS PINNEY

[A Vice-President of The Society, a frequent contributor to the *Journal*, and the Editor of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, Tom Pinney now shares with us the serendipitous results of a visit to Marienbad last year. — *Ed.*]

On 15 August 1935 Kipling, his wife, his daughter Elsie, and his niece, Lorna Baldwin Howard, crossed the Channel, stopped briefly in Paris, and then took a train across the breadth of Germany and on to the celebrated little spa town of Marienbad in the woods of Bohemia. This, so far as is known, is the only occasion on which Kipling ventured into Germany, barring a brief excursion across the Rhine from Strasbourg that he made in 1921. As he wrote after the 1935 episode in Germany, even the little that he then saw from a moving train seemed to him ominous:

one felt even in that run, the brooding repression and unease in the air. A sort of darkening of the stage everywhere with music off—but I didn't like the suggestions of that music.<sup>1</sup>

Germany, however, was by the way: the object of the trip was Marienbad, where Kipling hoped that his wife might find relief from her arthritic and rheumatic pains, and where Mrs Kipling hoped that her husband might find some relief from the stomach pain that tormented him. Marienbad (now Mariánské Lázně in the Czech Republic) had its most splendid era at the beginning of the 20th century, when Edward VII favoured it as a place where he might do annual penance for his overindulgences. The Marienbad waters are neither hot nor sulphurous, so that drinking them is not an especially unpleasant therapy, and the setting of the town amidst pine-forested hills is most attractive. Edward's patronage helped to draw others, celebrated and obscure alike, to Marienbad, though the place had been popular before that. Marienbad is proud to number such people as Goethe, Wagner, Mark Twain, Maxim Gorki, and Franz Kafka among its notable visitors. Perhaps the high point of its renown was in 1904, when Edward VII and the Emperor Franz Joseph were drinking the Marienbad waters at the same time and regularly exchanged courtesies before a delighted throng of *Kurgäste*. The days of royal patronage were over by the time of Kipling's visit, and the depression years had diminished the traffic at Marienbad, as they did everywhere else. The place was still functioning, however, and had added such modern amenities as a golf course to its list of attractions.

GOLF-HOTEL  
MARIENBAD  
TELEFON 2712  
\*

IM GLEICHEN BESITZE:  
GRAND-HOTEL OTT  
TELEFON 2722

HÖHENHOTEL  
CAFÉ EGERLANDER  
TELEFON 2015

Aug. 24. 85 \*

Dear Michael.

Yours of the 17th comes to me in this smoggy country of black pine wood and hoots - 2400 ft in the air, with a sea that reminds me almost of Africa and the most wonderful night:-



Part of a letter from Kipling to Michael Mason (see notes 2 and 4), together with a photograph of the Hotel Golf taken by Prof Pinney in 2002. The letter is the property of Mr David Mason, to whom grateful acknowledgements are made.

Kipling's few recorded remarks on his Marienbad visit don't reveal much. He spent a little over three weeks at the Golf Hotel, in the hills outside of the town, where he found everyone 'either taking the "cure" or 'eating cream, chocolate, sticky cakes and sausages so as to qualify, later, for cure.' It was, he said, 'a land of huge pine forests and plateaux' where the three women in his party enjoyed 'mud-packs, carbonic-acid baths and unlimited ill-flavoured waters.'<sup>2</sup> Medically speaking, the visit was a disappointment. Kipling continued to be troubled, and was so bad early in September that he spent at least two days in bed on a starvation diet; at the end of their stay in Marienbad Mrs Kipling wrote in her diary that 'I had hoped so much of the visit but nothing has come of it.'<sup>3</sup> Presumably she was thinking both of herself and of her husband. But from the point of view of literature the visit was a productive one. On 1 August 1935, only two weeks before he left for Marienbad, Kipling had begun his last work, the unfinished autobiography published as *Something of Myself*. He worked at it steadily while in Marienbad, and though there are no details about the progress of the book one may guess that the first chapter, at least, is the product of his stay there.

Marienbad, after Kipling left it in 1935, shared in all the troubles of *Mittleuropa* for the next half-century. During the war it was a hospital town for the German army; after the war, under the Communist regime in Czechoslovakia, much of the town fell into decay. The decade of the 1990s saw its renewal. Some of the old hotels have been demolished, and some still stand derelict, but many others have been remodelled and renewed and again offer a full program of spa treatments. Marienbad is once again an attraction, a destination, particularly favoured by Germans, for whom it is conveniently near.

My wife and I were guests at one of the Marienbad *Kurhotels* in the late fall of 2002. While she enjoyed – or endured – the regimen of magnesium-rich waters, dry gas wraps, *Perlwasserbäder*, massage, and other treatments, I walked out one day to the Golf Hotel to pay my respects to Kipling's memory. I found the hotel still a luxurious place, and there, across the road, was the golf course where Kipling had once been amused to watch the golf pros perform their trick shots.<sup>4</sup> And that, I thought, was all that might recall Kipling in Marienbad. I was wrong.

Back at our hotel, I casually turned over the pages of a German-language brochure about Marienbad – the sort of four-colour slick that every tourist centre generates in super-abundance and in which one hardly expects to find anything resembling solid information. But there, implausibly, was the name "Rudyard Kipling" and quite a particular set of remarks about Kipling in Marienbad as well. Most surprising of all was the text of a letter from Kipling, written during his

stay. As one who has spent more than twenty years in the pursuit of all of Kipling's extant letters, I have had a number of pleasant surprises when unlikely places yielded up a letter: this was certainly one of those.

The simplest procedure will be to translate the German text, which will then require only a little comment. Here is what I read:

The most important literary hotel guest [in Marienbad between the wars] was the English writer, the winner of the Nobel Prize in 1907, Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), famous for *The Jungle Book*, which had already, in Kipling's life-time, been translated into 28 languages. His second stay at the Golf Hotel in August 1935 (the last year of his life) together with his wife and daughter lasted 32 days. Kipling was enthusiastic about the golf course and was even a member of the local golf club. He also took an interest in the natural scene, in the sights of the town, in farming and forestry practices, and, especially, in dogs.

Although he really came for the Cure, he worked long hours; he never refused his autograph to anyone when it was asked for. Czech writers and translators gave him a volume of his poems translated into Czech by Otakar Fischer under the title *Songs of Men*. The gift gave the author great pleasure. When he learned that Goethe several times visited Marienbad, he was astonished, took off his hat, and expressed his admiration. One should not forget that Kipling was a Freemason, as was Goethe, a fact certainly known to him.

In company with the hotel director, Hoffmann, Kipling made several excursions in the neighbourhood. Once they visited Podhorn-Berg and the Café Hannakam; another time, the Café Alm (today the Polom House).

At the Golf Hotel there was a bitch – a mongrel – that littered during Kipling's stay. Kipling spent much time each day with the puppies, observing them and amusing himself with them. As a celebrated animal story writer he also wrote a story about these little dogs that he gave to Director Hoffmann. Unfortunately, the story is missing somewhere in the hotel [*Leider blieb die Erzählung irgendwo im Hotel verschollen*]. In 1935 the Mayor of Marienbad, Herr Turba, sent the distinguished visitor a big bouquet with a cordial letter. In reply Kipling wrote: 'Dear Herr Turba, I would like to thank you heartily for the splendid flowers as well as for the good wishes that you have sent to me and my wife. I hope that I can visit your charming town and countryside again. With best wishes, R. Kipling.'

Kipling's wish to return soon to Marienbad remained, alas, unfulfilled. He died on 18 January 1936, shortly after his 70th birthday (30 December 1935).<sup>5</sup>

Only a few points in this account call for comment. The reference to Kipling's 'second stay' ('*zweiter Aufenthalt*') must be a mistake: there is simply no evidence that he was ever in the Czech Republic, or Czechoslovakia as it then was, before 1935. The statement that he spent 32 days in Marienbad does not square with the dates that appear from Kipling's letters and from Mrs Kipling's diary: it seems clear that they left England on 15 August and were back in England on 11 September. They were thus in Marienbad probably about 24 or 25 days. The information that Kipling wrote a story about the mongrel puppies of the Golf Hotel joins other tantalising references to stories and poems that have disappeared. The Kipling bibliography seems to be particularly rich in these. Finally, the statement that Kipling, though in Marienbad for the *Kur*, nevertheless worked steadily ('*arbeitete er stundenlang*') helps to explain how Kipling accomplished so much on *Something of Myself* in the brief span of time he had to work on it before his death. I imagine that the month in Marienbad, when the writer applied himself '*stundenlang*' to the task, saw a substantial part of *Something of Myself* written.

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#### LENINGRAD 1943 APPRECIATION OF KIPLING

The journalist, Alexander Werth in his book *Leningrad* (Hamish Hamilton, 1944), describes his visit there in September 1943, when the siege was still in progress. During a very jolly party at the Leningrad Writers' Union he records 'Heaven knows what else we talked about – Priestley and Hemingway, I think, and Kipling who for nearly three generations now has been a Leningrad favourite . . .' – *Ed.*

## 'EXCELLENT HERBS HAD OUR FATHERS OF OLD'

By GEORGE ENGLE

[Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., the President of our Society, needs little introduction to Members. Items published in the *Journal* have included "The Ilberts and the Ilbert Bill", his Address as Guest of Honour to the Annual Luncheon in 1998 "Two Sidelights on 'If—'", which Dr M.G. Brock C.B.E. welcomed as a providing a source for the poem other than Dr Jameson, and a short piece, "Images from the Eyes of the Dead", speculating on the sources of ideas for the climax of "At the End of the Passage" in *Life's Handicap*. Now he has turned his attention to "A Doctor of Medicine" [*Rewards and Fairies*], and the story of Nicholas Culpeper. — Ed.]

In 1910, when *Rewards and Fairies* – Kipling's "new book of children's tales" as he then called it – came out, he sent an inscribed copy to his medical friend William Osier, then aged 71. Osier, whose wife was distantly related to Carrie Kipling,<sup>1</sup> was a celebrated Canadian physician who was then Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. The inscription consists of a quotation – 'Excellent herbs had our fathers of old' (the first line of the poem that follows the story "A Doctor of Medicine" in the book) followed by a note which reads-

Dear Osier,

Herewith my book of tales. I wouldn't bother you with it except for Nick Culpeper and Laënnec for whom I feel you are in a way responsible.<sup>2</sup>

Nicholas (or "Nick") Culpeper is of course the author of *Culpeper's Herbal*, first published in 1652, who is brought to life in the story "A Doctor of Medicine"; while Laënnec, who features in "Marklake Witches", was a French doctor who invented the stethoscope, thus inaugurating a new era in medical diagnosis.

In "A Doctor of Medicine" Culpeper, brought to the children Dan and Una by Puck, tells them how, during the Civil War, he succeeded in ridding a Sussex village, probably Burwash,<sup>3</sup> of the plague – the killer disease known as the Black Death which first reached England in 1348 and which recurred locally at intervals in the 17th century, culminating in 1665 in the outbreak known as the Great Plague of London, in which 100,000 people are estimated to have died. Having from his knowledge of astrology worked out that the rats which infest the village are the source of the infection – thus drawing the right conclusion from a false premise – Culpeper persuades the despairing villagers to 'have at the whole generation of rats throughout the village' – a prescription which brings the outbreak to an end. To get them



Nicholas Culpeper, etching by T. Cross after an unknown artist.  
By courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London.

going he coins the slogan ' "Take a bat and kill a rat" ', explaining to Dan and Una that "a bat" is ' "[what] we call a stick in Sussex" '.

Kipling had long been interested in Culpeper when he wrote this story. Back in 1893 he wrote from Brattleboro' to the author of an American book on wild flowers: 'I've lost my Culpeper's Herbal too, but *he* is full of the most fascinating astrological nonsense about the planet that each wild flower belongs to. Maybe he would be worth quoting.'<sup>4</sup> The loss was made good in 1900, since one of the medical books from Kipling's library which were eventually sent to the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons in Melbourne is a 19th century edition with the words "Rudyard Kipling his book. vet: 1900" written in his own hand on the title-page.<sup>5</sup> And writing to Osier in 1914 he speaks of 'Nicholas [Culpeper], who could write even if he couldn't cure for nuts.'<sup>6</sup> This incidentally is unfair to Culpeper, who in his *Herbal* (first published when he was 36) records at least two successful cures – his son of the bloody flux (severe dysentery)<sup>7</sup> and his daughter of the King's Evil or scrofula<sup>8</sup> (the latter during the Commonwealth when, the King being in exile abroad, "touching" for the King's Evil was not available).

Kipling's fascination with Culpeper's style is shown in a delicious pastiche of it which he sent to Cornell Price in 1909 with a golden Christmas present of some sort –

Of Gold. (*Aurum*)

Averoes affirmeth this to be under the Sun which, Divine Astrology shows us, is the true Reason for its scarcity in England. Yet others would have the Devil its master. Herein they are beside the bridge [a favourite Culpeper expression] for Gold used according to Art abateth the sweats, easeth the mind, openeth and by Antipathy, stoppeth the roads to travail, procureth women their corsets and assists at the Expulsion of Melancholy. *Note moreover* that the mere sight of it mightly moveth Physitians.

It... growth best about the time of Christmas more especially if it be given with pure love, as – *exempli gratia* – by a Scholar, albeit unprofitable, to his one-time Master always dearly loved.<sup>9</sup>

And in 1932, when he was 67, Kipling was still enthusiastic about Culpeper. 'He was always a pet of mine.', he wrote to Samuel Courtald; 'His style is amazing.'<sup>10</sup>

What was it about Culpeper that interested Kipling so much? Mainly three things, I think – first, his wonderful style; second, his empirical and demystifying approach to medicine, backed as this was by a misplaced reliance on the doctrines of astrology; and last but not least (after the Kiplings' move to Bateman's) the fact that his childhood was spent in

Sussex – so that in the story Culpeper says of Jack Marget, the parish priest of the stricken village: 'He was a Sussex man like myself.'

Nicholas Culpeper (I'll refer to him from now on as "Culpeper" for short) was born in 1616 – the year in which Shakespeare died and William Harvey described the circulation of the blood for the first time in his lectures.

He was the only child of Nicholas Culpeper, rector of Ockley in Sussex, a member of an ancient and distinguished Sussex family who died suddenly a fortnight before his son's birth. His wife Mary, having to leave the rectory, returned with the baby to her parents' home in Isfield, Sussex (some 16 miles west of Burwash) where her father, William Attersole, was vicar.<sup>11</sup> Attersole was a scholarly man, the author of a number of biblical commentaries and religious treatises, and it was he who gave Culpeper his first schooling and familiarity with the Bible (which explains why in the story Kipling makes him frequently quote or allude to Scripture). But from the age of ten Culpeper attended a grammar school in Lewes, where he was taught Latin (essential for admission to a university) and started to learn Greek. In 1632, aged 16, he followed in his grandfather's footsteps and went up to Cambridge to study theology.<sup>12</sup> While there, he corresponded with Judith Rivers, a childhood friend, the daughter of a wealthy Sussex family who, when her parents refused their consent to her marrying a student with no financial prospects, agreed to elope with him.

What happened next is vividly described by his amanuensis William Ryves in the only contemporary account of his life, published in 1659, five years after Culpeper's early death at the age of 38 –

Mr Culpeper hastes from Cambridge. His mistress with those she dare trust were gone part of their way to meet him at the appointed place, but it pleased the great disposer of terrine affairs to order it otherwise; the lady and her servants being suddenly surprised with a dreadful storm, with fearful claps of thunder, surrounded with flames of fire and flashes of lightening, with some of which [the lady] was so stricken that she immediately fell down dead... When the lady was stripped all the marks that could be found on her fair body, was only a blue spot on her right side, about the breadth of one's hand.<sup>13</sup>

This traumatic and scandalous episode put an end to Culpeper's Cambridge career; and, says Ryves, 'Mr Attersol with the advice of his friends, consulted how to dispose of Mr Culpeper, which was to send him to London where [in 1634, aged 18] they placed him [as an apprentice] with Mr White, an apothecary near Temple Bar.' But though trained as an apothecary – thus gaining practical familiarity with the Royal College of Physicians' Latin *London Pharmacopoeia*,

with which all medicines compounded by apothecaries for physicians had to comply – Culpeper was for some reason never licensed to practice by the Society of Apothecaries.

According to his first and only modern biographer, Olav Thulesius, a Swedish doctor who comes from a family of apothecaries, students training to be apothecaries 'saw medicines compounded both for physicians and surgeons and, accompanying their masters on their rounds, gained a wider practical experience of therapy than could either a physician or a surgeon. In London, the apothecaries were soon accepted as the general practitioners, particularly since there was a country-wide shortage of physicians and, in spite of the tremendous increase in the population of London under the Tudors and early Stuarts, the number of physicians [in London] remained fixed at 30 until 1618, when four royal court physicians were added. This small number could not possibly care for the entire population, and into this void entered apothecaries, doctors with questionable background, "wise-women" and quacks. Since the lower classes could seldom afford to pay the fees of the physicians, these illegal practitioners were largely tolerated.'<sup>14</sup>

When in 1639 his friend Samuel Leadbetter was licensed as an apothecary and set up in business, Culpeper, still an apprentice, went to work with him. They soon got on the wrong side of the Apothecaries Society, whose Court book records that on 3 June 1643 Leadbetter was 'ordered and warned to put away Nicholas Culpeper who is now employed in his shop', and that only three months later he was 'warned not to employ Culpeper in the making or administering of any medicine [and] promised to obey the same.'<sup>15</sup>

At this point Culpeper ended his apprenticeship and set up shop in his own house outside the City. He had in 1640 married Alice Field who, says Ryves, was 'a gentlewoman of good extraction, so also besides her richer qualities, her admirable discretion and excellent breeding, she brought him a considerable fortune'; and with this new wealth he had built himself a house in Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, next to the Red Lion Inn, where he practised medicine for the remaining ten years of his life. Alice bore him seven children, only one of whom survived him.

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642 Culpeper sided with the Parliament and, according to Ryves, was wounded in the chest while taking part in a battle. It is not known which battle – in the story Kipling places it in Oxfordshire – but Thulesius favours Edgehill (in Warwickshire, some 28 miles NNW of Oxford) on the ground that the *Herbal* mentions herbs as growing at five places situated on the way from London to Edgehill.<sup>16</sup> Nothing is known of Culpeper's brief army career, but in the story Kipling's fictional Culpeper – whom I will

refer to as "Nick" to distinguish him from the real Culpeper – says he was 'physician to Saye's Horse' (Saye being one of Cromwell's generals) and that he was himself shot in the chest while gathering 'betony from a brookside' – that is to say water betony, said in the *Herbal* to grow 'by the ditch side, brooks and other water-courses' and to be good for treating 'wounds and hurts in the breast'.

Invalided out, Culpeper returned to his practice in Red Lion Street; and it is in the course of his undocumented journey home that Kipling sets his story. Arrived back, he began his career as an author and translator of medical books, and in 1649, soon after the execution of Charles I, incurred the extreme displeasure of the College of Physicians by publishing an English translation (with comments of his own) of their 1618 *London Pharmacopoeia* under the title –

*A Physicall Directory*, or a translation of the London Dispensatory made by the College of Physicians in London, being that book by which all Apothecaries are strictly commanded to make all their physic with many hundred additions which the reader may find in every page . . . Also there is added the use of all the simples . . .

Culpeper's explanations of the use and medicinal properties of the simple and compound medicaments – listed in the Latin original without explanation – were particularly galling to the Physicians, who had deliberately added nothing about the efficacy of their medicines in order (they claimed) to prevent this vital information from getting into the hands of 'the itinerant drug peddlers and the quacks, [who] being as ignorant as they are unscrupulous, equip themselves for their medical practice, and seizing our weapons, are responsible for the death of the sick . . . We write this book only for the learned.'<sup>17</sup>

Culpeper's book, giving the game away, earned him the undying hostility of the College of Physicians, and the following "review" appeared in the royalist paper *Mercurius Pragmaticus*<sup>18</sup> –

The Pharmacopoeia was done very filthily into English by one Nicholas Culpeper who . . . now . . . is arrived at the battlement of an absolute atheist, and by two yeers drunken labour hath gallimawfred the apothecaries book into nonsense, mixing every receipt therein with some scruples, at least, of rebellion or atheisme, besides the danger of poisoning men's bodies. And to supply his drunkenness and leachery with a thirty shillings reward, [he] endeavoured to bring into obloquy the famous societies of apothecaries and chyrurgeons.

Culpeper retaliated by publishing a second edition of *A Physical Directory* in 1650 in which he wrote –

Colledg, colledg, thou art diseased, the cause is mammon. The diagnostics [i.e. the symptoms] are these: *Ipse dixit*, seven miles about London [i.e. if a non-member has prescribed within the jurisdiction of the College], lay him in prison: five pound a month for practicing physic unless he be a collegiate. Be as proud as Lucifer, ride in state with a foot-cloth, love the sight of angels [gold coins], cheat the rich, neglect the poor, do nothing without money, be self-conceited, be angry.<sup>19</sup>

Following this spat, Culpeper remained openly critical of the Colleges of Physicians and Apothecaries (whose disciplinary powers, being conferred by charters granted by the deposed king, were unlikely to be invoked against a staunch supporter of the Commonwealth such as Culpeper), and he could never resist having a dig at them in his writings – which is why Nick is made to say that the physician attached to the Royalist regiment that took him prisoner 'could not abide me because I would not sit silent and see him butcher the sick (He was a College of Physicians man!)

In 1651, two years after this translation, Culpeper published *A Directory for Midwives*, dealing 'more with the aspects of anatomy, physiology and preventive medicine (cleanliness, diet, exercise)' than with 'the craft of obstetrics and the tricks to extract a baby from the womb at a difficult labour.'<sup>20</sup> These he left to the barber-surgeons, saying: 'I have not meddled with your callings nor manual operations, lest I should discover my ignorance. . .'<sup>21</sup> And in the dedication, which is addressed simply 'To the Matron' [i.e. the midwife] he says –

If you by your experiences find anything which I have written in this book not to be according to the truth (for I am but a man and therefore subject to failings) first judge charitably of me, acquaint me with them, and they shall be both acknowledged and amended.<sup>22</sup>

This admission of ignorance and willingness to be corrected is far from what one would expect from a charlatan.

The *Directory for Midwives* is – except for a short section on 'The formation of the child in the womb, astrologically handled' – free of astrological content; but his next book *Semeiotica Uranica* (also published in 1651) is subtitled (and generally referred to as) *An Astrological Judgment of Diseases*. This, based on a series of astrological lectures given by Culpeper in which he explained 'what planet caused . . . every disease, [and] how it might be found out what planet caused it',<sup>23</sup> goes the whole hog in applying contemporary astrology to medicine, and is of almost no medical value except for three books of 'presages' which come after the astrological part and give striking prognoses of life and death from observations of different parts of the

patient's body and of the way his bodily functions are affected by the disease. Culpeper seems to have swallowed whole the teachings of the celebrated astrologer William Lilly (1602-81), of whom, in the introduction to his translation of *Galen's Art of Physic* (published in 1652, the same year as the *Herbal*) Culpeper says –

You are all bound to bless God for raising up that famous man, Mr William Lilly, who has through God's assistance made the art of astrology so plain to you, that you may not only see your former ignorance, but be in a capacity to do yourselves good.<sup>24</sup>

Yet in the *Herbal* he writes –

I always found the disease vary according to various motions of the stars ... Then to find out the reason of the operation of Herbs, Plants &c, by the stars went I; and herein I could find but few authors, but those as full of nonsense and contradiction as an egg is full of meat. This not being pleasing ... I consulted with my two brothers DR REASON and DR EXPERIENCE... by whose advice I at last obtained my desire.<sup>25</sup>

There is no doubt in my own mind that Culpeper, like many of his contemporaries, genuinely believed in the importance of astrology for the practice of medicine; and Dr Gillian Sheehan and I are both inclined to think that, in his case, the explanation for this may lie partly in the death of his first love, Judith Rivers, struck by 'lightening' during their elopement, as if by the direct intervention of the heavens. But it is difficult to see how in his *Herbal* he was able to state confidently the planetary 'governance' of every herb; and one gets the impression that, as has been suggested by Dylan Warren-Davies,<sup>26</sup> he made this up to fit the known properties of the herb – its governing planet thus serving as an explanation and shorthand indication of its 'virtues'.

In the 'Epistle to the Reader' with which the *Herbal* begins, Culpeper justifies the appearance of yet another herbal in English as follows –

Neither GERRARD nor PARKINSON, or any that ever wrote in the like nature, ever gave one wise reason for what they wrote, and so did nothing else but train up young novices in Physic in the School of Tradition, and teach them just as a parrot is taught to speak; an Author says so, therefore it is true ... But in mine ... you shall see a reason for everything that is written.

In my opinion, Culpeper's system of placing each herb under the governance of one of the seven planets (the Sun and Moon counting

as planets for this purpose) represents a genuine attempt to put the medicinal use of herbs on a rational basis. But I have to admit that his allocation of each herb to a particular planet, usually without explanation, strikes one as pretty arbitrary; and when he does give a reason, it is rarely convincing. For example –

All the herbs which delight to grow in saturnine places [no explanation given] are saturnine herbs. But Henbane delights most to grow in saturnine places, and whole cart loads of it may be found near the places where they empty the common Jakes [lavatory] ... Ergo, it is a herb of Saturn.<sup>27</sup>

Or again, in the entry on Wormwood (one of the longest in the *Herbal*), which Kipling seems to have found particularly interesting –

Wormwood is an herb of Mars ... I prove it thus: What delights in martial places is a martial herb; but Wormwood delights in martial places (for about forges and iron works you may gather a cartload of it) ergo it is a martial herb.<sup>28</sup>

(Nick in the story says: 'Why had the plague not broken out at the blacksmith's shop ... ? Because, as I've shown you, forges and smithies belong naturally to Mars ...'). Later on in the same entry we read –

'They say a mouse is underneath the dominion of the Moon, and that is the reason they feed in the night. . . rats are of the same nature with mice, but they are a little bigger ... ergo, Wormwood being an herb of Mars, is a present remedy for the biting of rats and mice . . .'

The *Herbal* was published in 1652, its actual title being –

'The English Physitian or An Astrologo-Physical Discourse of the Vulgar Herbs of this Nation. *Being a Compleat Method of Physic, whereby a man may preserve his Body in Health; or cure himself, being sick, for three pence charge, with such things only as grow in England, they being most fit for English bodies.*'

On the title-page Culpeper calls himself 'Nich. Culpeper, Gent. Student in Physic and Astrologie' – deliberately not claiming to be qualified as a physician. The book is very much smaller than Gerard's and Parkinson's hefty folios<sup>29</sup> and, unlike them, does not contain expensive woodcut illustrations. In the 'Epistle to the Reader' Culpeper writes –

All other Authors that have written on the nature of herbs, give not a bit of reason why such an Herb was appropriated to such a part of the

body, nor why it cured such a disease ... and indeed all the Authors I could read gave me little satisfaction in this particular, or none at all. I cannot build my faith upon Authors' words, nor believe a thing because they say it, and could wish every body were of my mind in this – to labour to be able to give a reason for every thing they say or do.

This distrust of written authority is one of the main characteristics of the 17th century men of science who at the Restoration came together to form the Royal Society; and Culpeper was something of a pioneer in explicitly adopting this approach in a book aimed at a wide public. But his genuine but misplaced belief in the explanatory power of astrology prevented him from making his empirical principles the basis of his *Herbal* unless, that is, one accepts that, as I have suggested, his placing of every herb under the 'government' of one of the seven planets was his way of organising and rationalising his practical knowledge of their virtues.

Be that as it may, the Epistle to the Reader at the beginning of the *Herbal* ends with a set of 'Instructions for the right use of this book', with which Kipling was clearly familiar. These in outline are as follows –

First, Consider what planet causeth the disease.

Secondly, Consider what part of the body is afflicted by the disease.

Thirdly, Consider by what planet the afflicted part of the body is governed.

Fourthly, You may oppose diseases by Herbs of the planet opposite to the planet that causes them, as ... diseases of Mars by herbs of Venus, and the contrary.

Fifthly, there is a way to cure diseases by Sympathy, and so every planet cures his own disease.<sup>30</sup>

What, beyond his long-standing interest in Culpeper, prompted Kipling to write "A Doctor of Medicine" (which made its first appearance in print in the October 1909 issue of *The Delineator*)?

The 1907 edition of Osier's state-of-the-art textbook entitled *Medicine* noted for the first time that widespread infection and migration of rats was frequently noticed before an epidemic of plague; but the way in which the disease was transmitted remained undiscovered.<sup>31</sup> The link between plague and rats would not have come as a surprise to Kipling who, in a letter to Colonel H.W. Fielden dated 2 August 1910 wrote –

As to Rats! On Feb 6 1901 the Plague broke out in Cape Town docks and thence spread to the city. A few days before that date, I, being in my garden in the Woolsack [the house lent him by

Cecil Rhodes] . . . saw, climbing a fig tree which overhung the street at the side of the garden, a hideous old, puffy scabby *whiteish* rat – the memory of which has never left me. On thinking it over I am persuaded that it was that notion which was the genesis of my Culpeper yarn. I admit the natural history of *Mus rattus* . . . but white, sir, *white* is the colour of the Plague-stricken Rat in *my* mind.<sup>32</sup>

The first of the three rats seen by Nick creeping into the moonlight to die is 'a whiteish rat, very puffed and scabby'.

In 1908 the Indian Plague Commission published a report in which they stated that 'they were satisfied that plague was essentially a disease of rodents and that its spread was entirely dependent on the disease in rats, and that the only mode of infection was the rat flea.'<sup>33</sup> Dr. Horton in his excellent 1956 address to the Auckland branch of the Kipling Society on the subject of "A Doctor of Medicine" says: 'I am quite sure [this story] was prompted by Kipling reading the 1908 Plague Commission Report.'<sup>34</sup> It seems probable that Osier drew Kipling's attention to this report, and that this is why in 1910 Kipling told Osier that he felt him to be 'in a way responsible' for Nick Culpeper.

There are of course many echoes of the *Herbal* and Culpeper's other writings in the story. Lozenges made from white poppy heads help to thin 'Rheums in the head' against which Nick warns the children.<sup>35</sup> Told by Una that most of the village nurse's babies do beautifully, Nick replies: 'I doubt not, then, that she reads in my books' – referring of course to Culpeper's *Directory for Midwives*. Nick's remark that 'He who says I am ignorant of the plague . . . is altogether beside the bridge' forms part of the lead-in to his account of the plague in Oxfordshire and Sussex, but is justified by the occurrence in the *Herbal* of at least 35 remedies for plague or plague sores. Thus the entry for the herb One-blade describes it as 'a sovereign remedy for those that are infected with the plague, and have a sore upon them, by expelling the poison and defending the heart and spirit from danger'.<sup>36</sup> But a superficial user of the *Herbal* would find that plague does not feature in the index headed "A List of the Principal Diseases" with which the *Herbal* concludes. What is more, in *An Astrological Judgment of Diseases*, not only is plague conspicuously absent from the list of diseases caused by the moon, but 'pestilences' and 'plague-sores' are specifically listed among the diseases caused by Mars.<sup>37</sup> So it looks as if Kipling suited himself in making the Moon the cause, and Mars the cure of his fictional Sussex plague.

On their way to Jack Marget's parish in Sussex he and Nick spend a half-day in the stocks as rogues and vagabonds; but the constable

very honestly gives Nick back his Astronomical Almanack after Nick has dressed a whitlow on his thumb. Whitlows appear in the *Herbal's* "List of the Principal Diseases", with a reference to the herb Nail-wort or Whitlow-grass, whose governing planet is, for once, not stated, but which is said to be 'exceedingly good for those imposthumes in the joints, and under the nails, which they call Whitlows, Felons, And-icorns and Nail-wheals'.<sup>38</sup>

When Jack Marget shows signs of depression, Nick drenches him then and there with a half-cup of 'waters' which, he says, 'I do not say cure the plague, but are excellent against heaviness of the spirits.' He explains to Dan that these 'waters' consisted of white brandy (distilled from wine) mixed with camphor, cardamoms, ginger, two sorts of pepper and aniseed and then re-distilled. (No wonder Jack 'coughed on it valiantly'!) The chapter "Of distilled waters" in the *Herbal* explains that waters are distilled from herbs, flowers, fruits and roots, but adds: 'We treat not of strong waters, but of cold, as being to act Galen's part and not Paracelsus's'.<sup>39</sup> So Nick carries a supply of *strong* waters not catered for in his *Herbal*.

Nick cures Jack's 'loose cough' with 'electuaries according to art'. As described in the *Herbal*, an electuary is a conserve or paste consisting of dried parts of medicinal plants beaten into powder, sieved, then well mixed with clarified honey in a mortar.<sup>40</sup>

I said earlier that one of the things about Culpeper that interested Kipling was his style, which was much plainer and more direct than Kipling's pastiche suggests. A good example is his explanation of the process of distillation in a *bain marie* –

[This] is the usual way of distilling in water. It is no more than to place your glass body which holds the matter to be distilled in a convenient vessel of water, when the water is cold (for fear of breaking) put a wisp of straw, or the like under it, to keep it from the bottom, then make the water boil, so that the spirit may be distilled forth; take not the glass out till the water be cold again, for fear of breaking. It is impossible for a man to learn how to do it, unless he saw it done.<sup>41</sup>

How Kipling must have relished that last remark!

Twice in the course of the story Nick is made to explain why he stayed to help Jack Marget instead of heading back to London or, later, going on to his cousin's house at Great Wigsell beyond Jack's parish. On the first occasion he feels he owes it to his fellow-prisoner Jack who, having tended Nick's wound during their captivity at Oxford, is now 'mad distracted' at the thought that the plague may

have reached his family in Sussex; and on the second, when they reach Jack's village, simply because the plague is indeed there, and Nick is a physician. 'I could not have done less,' he says of the first occasion, and 'What else could I have done?' of the second. These two turning points are instances of the importance Kipling attached to the underlying structure of *Rewards and Fairies*, of which he later wrote that, after an uncertain start: 'My doubt cleared itself with the first tale, "Cold Iron", which gave me my underworld: 'What else could I have done?' – the plinth of all structures.'<sup>42</sup>

Was Culpeper a quack? In 1947 Charles Raven, in a book about English naturalists, called him 'a glib and largely uneducated charlatan'.<sup>43</sup> Fifty years earlier, Sydney Peel had pronounced his *Astrological Judgment of Diseases* to be 'pure quackery'.<sup>44</sup> And in his notes on "A Doctor of Medicine" in the Penguin edition of *Rewards and Fairies*, the editor, Roger Lewis says that Kipling 'here shows off intellectual canniness, or charlatanism', having earlier, in his introduction, described Culpeper, absurdly, as a 'proto-pusher' of drugs. Moreover in the story, when Puck says of Nick's chronic cough: 'I know that half your cough is but a catch to trick the vulgar.', Nick is made to reply: 'Good people... the vulgar crowd love not truth unadorned. Wherefore we philosophers must needs dress her to catch their eye or – ahem! – their ear.' The fact is that Culpeper was a lifelong heavy smoker, having acquired the habit when a student at Cambridge, and that he later contracted tuberculosis, of which he died, probably as a result of his chest-wound in the Civil War.

I have corresponded with Dr. Gillian Sheehan about this, and neither she nor I think that Culpeper was a quack or charlatan. For one thing, in the six years from 1649 to his death in 1654 he published three original medical books and English translations of four medical works written in Latin. Far from making an expensive mystery of medicine, he was consistently in favour of writing about medical matters in plain English – very much in the spirit of William Tyndale, whose 16th century translation of the Bible was a major ingredient of the Authorised Version (published in 1611, five years before Culpeper's birth). He would have wholly approved of Tyndale's famous retort to a learned man who said he valued the Pope's law above the law of God: 'If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost.'<sup>45</sup> ; and indeed in the *Herbal*, after referring exceptionally to the *Trachea Arteria* by its technical Latin name, he adds 'which is in plain English called the windpipe'. Nor did he believe in wasting words (or space) by describing plants with which his readers would be familiar. Thus in the *Herbal* he says rather charmingly of Common Wormwood: 'I

shall not describe [it], for every boy that can eat an egg knows it.' – and of the Elder tree: 'I hold it needless to write any description of this, since every boy that plays with a pop-gun will not mistake another tree instead of Elder.'

Dr. Sheehan and I are agreed in thinking that Culpeper meant to do, and probably did do, a lot of good for the common people by making medicine cheaper and so affordable by them – recommending plants readily available in England in preference to exotic plants and substances imported at great expense from abroad. In his own practice at Spitalfields his patients were mostly poor, and Sydney Peel speaks of 'his extreme activity as a practicing physician in one of the poorest, dirtiest and most unhealthy quarters of a city remarkable for dirt and poverty.'<sup>46</sup>; and in his writings he frequently criticised the College of Physicians for their love of money, and for confining their attentions to wealthy patients. On his death-bed he claimed that he had never given a patient two medicines when one would serve the turn.<sup>47</sup> Moreover his published works – both original and translations – were clearly intended to demystify the practice of medicine, and can be seen as part of the 17th century movement away from reliance on traditional authorities towards description and discussion in plain English.

In fact the only ground for regarding him as guilty of intellectual canniness or charlatanism is his wholesale acceptance of astrology as the rational basis of medicine. But in the *Astrological Judgment of Diseases* and the *Herbal* he expounds it with such obvious conviction that, to my mind, the worst that he can be convicted of is having lived at a time when the scientific understanding of medicine had hardly begun. In putting his money on astrology he was backing a loser – but this does not make him a charlatan. Kipling himself seems to have recognised this when in 1928 he ended an after-dinner speech to the Royal Society of Medicine as follows –

Suppose then at some future time, when the bacteriologist and the physicist are for the moment at a standstill, wouldn't it be interesting if they took their problem to an astronomer, and – in modern scientific language, of course – put to him Nicholas Culpeper's curious question: 'What was the aspect of the heavens when such and such phenomena were observed?'<sup>48</sup>

In conclusion, here the first four stanzas of the poem "Our Fathers of Old", Kipling's tribute to the courage of the old doctors, which follows the Culpeper story in *Rewards and Fairies* –

Excellent herbs had our fathers of old—  
Excellent herbs to ease their pain—  
Alexanders and Marigold,  
Eyebright, Orris, and Elecampane,  
Basil, Rocket, Valerian, Rue,  
(Almost singing themselves they run)  
Vervain, Dittany, Call-me-to-you—  
Cowslip, Melilot, Rose of the Sun.  
Anything green that grew out of the mould  
Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old.

Wonderful tales had our fathers of old—  
Wonderful tales of the herbs and the stars—  
The Sun was Lord of the Marigold,  
Basil and Rocket belonged to Mars.  
Pat as a sum in division it goes—  
(Every plant had a star bespoke)—  
Who but Venus should govern the Rose?  
Who but Jupiter own the Oak?  
Simply and gravely the facts are told  
In the wonderful books of our fathers of old.

Wonderful little, when all is said,  
Wonderful little our fathers knew.  
Half their remedies cured you dead—  
Most of their teaching was quite untrue—  
"Look at the stars when the patient is ill,  
(Dirt has nothing to do with disease,)  
Bleed and blister as much as you will,  
Blister and bleed him as oft as you please."  
Whence enormous and manifold  
Errors were made by our fathers of old.

Yet when the sickness was sore in the land,  
And neither planet nor herb assuaged,  
They took their lives in their lancet-hand  
And, oh, what a wonderful war they waged!  
Yes, when the crosses were chalked on the door-  
Yes, when the terrible dead-cart rolled,  
Excellent courage our fathers bore—  
Excellent heart had our fathers of old  
None too learned, but nobly bold  
Into the fight went our fathers of old.

## NOTES AND REFERENCES

*Abbreviations used in these notes-*

- Herbal* *Culpeper's Complete Herbal*, 1995 ed. published by Wordsworth Editions Ltd.
- Horton "A Doctor of Medicine" in *Kipling Journal*, Dec. 1956, pp.10 ff.
- Letters *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, edited by Thomas Pinney
- Penguin ed. *Rewards and Fairies*, edited with an introduction and notes by Roger Lewis, Penguin Books, 1991 (a reprint of the Penguin Classics 1987 ed.).
- Ryves "The life of the admired physician and astrologer of our times, Mr Nicholas Culpeper" by William Ryves, in *Culpeper's School of Physic* (1659).
- Thulesius *Nicholas Culpeper* by Olav Thulesius (1992), New York, St Martin's Press, Inc.; Great Britain, The Macmillan Press Ltd

1. *Rudyard Kipling* by Charles Carrington, Macmillan, 1955, p.421
2. "Laënnec and Culpeper as depicted by Kipling" by Louis J. Bragman MD: *Annals of Medical History* (1927), p.129
3. The story begins in the walled garden of Bateman's; and when Nick mentions the two Mills and "Munday's Lane", Dan cries 'You mean our village? I thought so when you talked about the two Mills.'
4. Letters, vol. 2, pp.97-98
5. Seen in Melbourne by Prof. Pinney in 1998. A list at the University of Sussex of the books sent to Melbourne includes the item "*Culpeper, The Complete Herbal, 1653*"; but when Pinney enquired, about this in Melbourne, no one knew anything about it.
6. Letters, vol. 4, p.234
7. *Herbal*, p.159
8. *Herbal*, p.62
9. Letters, vol. 3, p.402
10. Letter to S.A. Courtauld, 6 October 1932 (photocopy, University of Sussex)
11. Thulesius, chapter 1
12. College unknown
13. Ryves
14. Thulesius, pp.31-32
15. Thulesius, p.33
16. Thulesius, p.192, note 6 to Chap. 7
17. Thulesius (p.67) from the Introduction to the 1618 *Pharmacopoeia*.
18. Part ii, No. 21 (4-9 Sept. 1649)
19. Thulesius, p.68
20. See Thulesius, pp.82-3
21. Thulesius, p.83
22. Thulesius, p.82
23. *Herbal*, p.vii
24. Thulesius, p.35
25. *Herbal*, p.vi
26. "Nicholas Culpeper 1616-54" by Dylan Warren-Davis, on website The English Merlin [www.skyhook.co.uk/merlin](http://www.skyhook.co.uk/merlin) (where click on ENTER, then search site for Culpeper)
27. *Herbal*, p.130
28. *Herbal*, p.276
29. 259 pages, as against the 1392 folio pages of Gerard's 1st edition
30. *Herbal*, pp.vii-viii., Penguin ed., p.286 prints these instructions in full
31. Horton, p.11
32. Letters, vol. 3, p.445
33. Horton, p.11
34. Horton, p.10
35. *Herbal*, p.455
36. *Herbal*, p.37 (repeated on p.182)
37. Culpeper's *An Astrological Judgment of Diseases* (1651), Lib. II, Cap. 9, Part 1
38. *Herbal*, p.178
39. *Herbal*, p.286
40. *Herbal*, p.291
41. *Herbal*, pp.304-5
42. *Something of Myself*, chapter VII. [See also note to "Kipling and Collingwood", M.J.R.Healy, *Kipling Journal*, March 2003, p.37 – Ed.]
43. In his *English Naturalists from Neckham to Ray*, Thulesius, p.186
44. Sidney Peel, *The Nineteenth Century*, May 1898, Vol. XLIII [Jan-June], pp.755 ff.
45. Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*
46. Sidney Peel. *op. cit.*, p.759
47. Ryves
48. Official Bulletin of the Royal Society of Medicine, No. 49, p.26

## THE NEW READERS' GUIDE THE VERSE

By JOHN WALKER

*So Tomlinson took up the flesh in his home in Berkeley Square  
And syne he heard the coffin head that bumped upon the stair.  
He shifted the shroud about his mouth and garred the watchers scream  
"I have lain," quo he, "in a drouthy trance and dreamed a murderous dream;  
But whether I rise from the redfever or the redder mouth of Hell,  
By God his will, for good or ill, I'll live my life mysel'."*

These six lines originally closed the verse "Tomlinson". They were probably written early in 1891, but removed before publication in the *National Observer*, in the following year. You can find another four lines, which Harbord notes as "extra" 33 to 36, in George Engle's excellent piece for the New Readers' Guide, on the Society website. As these "pilots" grow in number, a range of questions arises, and the Project Group would welcome the comments of members on at least three of these:

The Guide must be authoritative, and as accurate as possible about dates of publication, provenance, alternate titles, variations in text, and many other things. The verse section of the New Guide will eventually include very many unpublished pieces, as well as fragments and earlier versions of the text. Should these be made available separately, perhaps for "idle browsing"? The alternative is that we work first on something over five hundred titles from the Definitive Edition. Members of the Editorial Board have suggested that publication data in the Harbord Guide needs to be checked, and the great advantage of the on-line format is that members world-wide can help with that task.

The verse varies much more than the prose in its publication history. For example, over the four editions of *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses* from 1886 to 1890, five extra "Departmental Ditties" were added, one "Other Verse" was removed and eleven more included. Will it be necessary to expand our abbreviated notes on publication to cover these variations? Expecting (and approving) the affirmative, how would readers prefer to see this done?

It has already been decided that line references will be to the verse in the Definitive Edition, and that prose contributors will be asked to annotate any "adjunct verse", such as chapter headings. Where only part of the collected verse is used with the prose, how should the verse be treated? At present, we are assuming that each verse can also have

a separate entry, to include a summary of critical comment and details of independent collection.

We would be very grateful for comments and suggestions from members, on these and other points. I can be contacted on [jwawalker@another.com](mailto:jwawalker@another.com), or 72, Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent. TN27 9RG

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## SITUATIONS VACANT

### **WANTED! This summer – a new MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY**

Roger Ayers, who has been Membership Secretary for five years, is, in the normal course of events, likely to take over as Chairman of the Society's Council this summer, so a replacement Membership Secretary is needed in the near future.

The Membership Secretary is an honorary office bearer and member of the Council, whose duties are to maintain the lists of about 550 individual members and 120 subscribing universities and libraries. A computer is needed to hold these lists, currently on Microsoft Works databases.

At present about 60 members join and a similar number leave each year. About 320 members and almost all institutions pay by Standing Order or through agents. Some of the remainder will need annual reminders. Cheques from new and renewing members have to be paid in to the Society's Lloyds TSB bank account.

The Membership Secretary is required to attend the bi-monthly Council Meetings and AGM in London, reporting to the Council on membership matters and providing lists of members and membership changes.

A fuller job description is available on the Kipling Society website at [www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk). Roger Ayers would be delighted to hear from anyone interested on 01722 500141 and answer any remaining questions.

### **WANTED! – ASSISTANT TO THE TREASURER**

Your Treasurer is looking for someone to assist him in some routine tasks required of him by the Society. A knowledge of bookkeeping is not essential; however, access to a word-processor is, and communication by email would be an advantage as would residence in the South East. The time commitment is unlikely to be more than a couple of hours a week on average. Anyone interested should contact the Treasurer either by 'phone on (020) 7834 9132 or email: [rudolph@bissolotti.u-net.com](mailto:rudolph@bissolotti.u-net.com)

## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

### NEW MEMBERS

Dr Gerald Carney (*Hampden-Sydney, Virginia, U.S.A.*)

Mr Tim Chaning-Pearce (*Draveil, FRANCE*)

Mr Patrick Clark (*Indiana, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.*)

Mr Frederick T. Lawrence (*Jericho, Vermont, U.S.A.*)

Lt Col J.M. Rayner (*British Forces Post Office 26*)

Mr Jack Skipp (*Longford, Gloucestershire*)

Mr John Venning (*Steep, Hampshire*)

Mr Massimo Vitali (*Brescia, ITALY*)

Mrs Shirley Weyman (*Portchester, Hampshire*)

### SUBSCRIPTIONS REMINDERS

The Membership Secretary is grateful to those members who pay by Standing Order or pay promptly when reminded that their subscription is due by the note carried on the address label of each *Kipling Journal*. It would be appreciated if all members who send subscriptions annually would check their address labels and pay them when due, obviating the need for further reminders. The subscriptions for those who pay in this way are still £22 (plus £7 for airmail) or \$35US (plus \$10 for airmail) and should be sent to

**The Membership Secretary, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP1 3SB, England.**

Members who cannot pay by British or U.S. cheques are asked to transfer the subscription in sterling direct to the Society's bank account, notifying the Membership Secretary by letter. If a cheque drawn in sterling on a foreign bank has to be used, please add £7.60 to cover bank charges. Our bank details are:

Lloyds TSB; Piccadilly Branch, London; Bank Sort Code: 30 96 24; Account: The Kipling Society; Account No: 0114978.

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### THE MOTORING DIARIES – EXTRACTS IN ARETÉ

Craig Raine, who presented the first Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture at Cambridge in 2001, tells us that he will be publishing extracts from the Kipling Motoring Diaries in an article by Julian Barnes. This will appear in the Autumn (late August) issue of *Areté* – UK subscription £21 to *Areté*, 8 New College Lane, Oxford OX1 3BN for three issues. Overseas subscription information can be found on [www.aretemagazine.com](http://www.aretemagazine.com). – *Ed.*

## NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

### MELBOURNE BRANCH CLOSES

By ROSALIND KENNEDY

[The activities of the Melbourne Branch of our Society have been recorded in the *Journal* since its Inauguration in 1938 (Vol.46, p.38), through its Coming-of-Age party (Vol.131, p.25) to its half-century (Vol.247, p.47) and 60th Anniversary celebrations (Vol.286, p.37). Now, with sorrow, we report its closure after 64 years of activity. There is clearly still interest in Kipling's works in Australia (see March 2003 Editorial), and although the Melbourne branch no longer meets, we are sure that members will continue to participate through Letters to the Editor and contacts with the Mailbase – *Ed.*]

The last active branch of The Kipling Society was dissolved, at its 2002 Annual General Meeting. Unable to attract nominations for an administrative committee the Melbourne Branch's closure, brings to an end, in Australia, a long and rewarding association with Rudyard Kipling.

The Ode for Melbourne's war memorial, the Shrine of Remembrance, [see below – *Ed.*] was written by Kipling at the behest of Sir Stanley Argyle, K.B.E., Premier of Victoria and later a foundation member of the Melbourne Branch. This Branch, which was granted its Charter, signed in 1938, by Maj Gen L.C. Dunsterville, President of The Kipling Society, joined other Branches operating in New Zealand, Canada and South Africa.

Blending the academic with a convivial social atmosphere, speakers, not only from across Australia, but from around the world were attracted to the Melbourne Branch. These noted speakers acclaimed the spirit which Kipling brought into English literature, and several of the papers were subsequently published in the *Kipling Journal*. Active member participation was encouraged and study and discussion meetings were always a syllabus feature.

Significant milestones in recent years were the 50th Anniversary meeting when other literary societies joined members to celebrate Kipling's writings, and ten years later the Diamond Anniversary formal dinner at the Melbourne Club. The regular publication of a Newsletter kept members informed of world-wide Kipling scholarship.

The Branch's library is housed in the Rare Books Room, Monash University, Clayton Campus, which has graciously accepted the lodgement of memorabilia, minutes books and other records.

The Melbourne Branch closed with a social gathering and a very moving final toast to 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling'.

## ODE

## MELBOURNE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE

1934

So long as memory, valour, and faith endure,  
 Let these stones witness, through the years to come,  
 How once there was a people fenced secure  
 Behind great waters girdling a far home.

Their own and their land's youth ran side by side  
 Heedless and headlong as their unyoked seas—  
 Lavish o'er all, and set in stubborn pride  
 Of judgement, nurtured by accepted peace.

[First two stanzas, *The Works of Rudyard Kipling*, The Wordsworth Poetry Library, 1994, p.189 – Ed.]

## KIPLING SOCIETY CENTENARIAN

[A report of an interview by Geoff Maslen with one of our former Members, on the occasion of her Centenary, was printed under the headline "Remembering Kipling" in the 19 December 2002 edition of *The Age*, Melbourne, Australia. Our grateful acknowledgements are made to both Mr Maslen, and *The Age*, for permission to print edited extracts from his report. Our thanks also go to Mr Nigel H. Sinnott who brought it to our attention. – Ed.]

Mrs Dorothy Mendes, an original member of the Melbourne Branch, celebrated her Centenary in December 2002. She was born in Simla, the daughter of Edward and Eliza Hearn, and lived in India for 27 years. She married Arthur Mendes when she was 21, and they lived in Simla for the next six years where her two sons were born.

During winter the family travelled to Delhi where they lived in a bungalow, a place she found deeply disturbing. In a scene that could have come from one of Kipling's short stories, Mrs Mendes met a Hindu standing outside the home one day. He told her the place was cursed and had claimed 'one victim every year'. It had, he said, been built on a Moslem cemetery above a desecrated grave.

Mrs Mendes explains how her husband returned from a hunting trip with the remains of the tiger he had shot; he then had a heart attack and became an invalid. They moved to Australia in 1930 where her family already had an association, and soon after Arthur died. To keep her sons, she worked at whatever job she could find and, looking back at those hard times, she cites:

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
Or frowst with a book by the fire;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
And dig till you gently perspire;  
*[Just So Stories]*

She also began to write poetry and became involved in literary groups. As well as being actively involved with the Kipling Society, she also became Vice-President of the Shakespeare Society.

Five years ago, when the Melbourne Branch celebrated its 60th anniversary, Mrs Mendes was there and recounted memories of India, anecdotes from the early meetings of the Society, and also mentioned personal family links with the Kipling's, as reported in the *Journal* of June 1998, p.37.

Mrs Mendes is as alert as ever and, although she is not as mobile as she would wish, she happily talks of her long life and adventures in India: 'Did I tell you about the wolf that attacked us outside Delhi? I thought, if I'm going to die I'll do it standing up, facing the creature. I was not afraid, I've never been frightened in my life! But then my husband shot it, which perhaps was just as well. . . .'

Her conversation is punctuated by verses from Kipling and passages from Shakespeare's plays. She has a memory that would do a student proud and, without prompting, recites:

They shut the road through the woods,  
Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods . . .  
*[Rewards and Fairies]*

Rudyard Kipling wrote of "Mrs Bathurst" [*Traffics and Discoveries*] that 'some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street'. He might also have had Dorothy Mendes in mind. She is a remarkable and memorable woman and has been filling the unforgiving minute for 100 years.

We send out heartiest congratulations to Mrs Mendes, and wish her continuing health at this start to her second century. – *Ed.*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**THE SWASTIKA SYMBOL**

*From: Mr D.T. Irvine, 81 Folly Park, Clapham, Bedfordshire, MK41 6AH*

Dear Sir,

The swastika symbol [see the *Journal*, December 2002, pp.16-18 – *Ed.*] was explained in a book, by a retired I.C.S. man in 1915, but unfortunately I have lost my copy. The author was Sir G.C.M. Birdwood, K.C.I.E. and the book titled *The Swastika*, was published in 1915 by Philip Lee Warner, Humphry Milford. Birdwood defined the lefthanded swastika as Feminine and the righthanded one as Masculine.

Yours faithfully

D.T. IRVINE

**"GOW'S WATCH" AND "FROM LYDEN'S 'IRENIUS'"**

*From: Prof S.M. Treggiari, 32 Chestnut Avenue, Headington, Oxford OX3 9JH*

Dear Sir,

I've always been intrigued by Kipling's 'spoofs' (such as the Horatian Odes attributed to the non-existent fifth book, which eventually led to the splendid collaborative volume of 1920). "Gow's Watch" appears in the *Definitive Edition of Kipling's Verse* (1940, pp. 617-27 ) as fragments of a play '(Enlarged from various sources including "The Prophet and the Country" and "A Madonna of the Trenches" – *Debts and Credits*)' [1926]. Two of the three 'excerpts' followed the stories named: Act V. Scene 3 is a poignant companion piece to the story of Auntie Armine; the relevance of Act IV. Scene 4 to its tale of films and Prohibition is more mysterious. (*Debts and Credits* also contains four spoof Horatian odes.)

"From Lyden's 'Irenius'" is the epigraph to "Mrs Bathurst" in *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904). It consists of dialogue in prose and verse. The characters are Gow, 'Prince' and Ferdinand. So there is overlap with "Gow's Watch", but the fragment as a whole is not inserted into the *Verse* version, I assume because it is mostly in prose and had been attributed to Lyden's 'Irenius'. It is, in any case, not clear to me how it would fit into the plot, despite various points of contact. But the tragic tone matches. Gow and Ferdinand appear in "Gow's Watch", in Act II. Scene 2 (the scene not previously published with a story) of which Gow (with a gardener, afterwards called 'the clown') appears carrying the Prince's dead body and are observed by Ferdinand and the King. The audience discovers that the Prince has

been carrying on an adulterous affair with his stepmother, the young Queen. Gow kills the gardener to cover up the adultery. When he thanks Fortune that the gardener is dead, Ferdinand makes the speech on fortune quoted below. So the verse part of 'Irenius' is re-used. The only note I can offer is on the splendidly Elizabethan/Jacobean words of Ferdinand.

In the original version, in "From Lyden's 'Irenius'", this is introduced by Gow telling how a 'groom', 'Jack of the Straw' , inadvertently condemned to be hanged by a woman who loved him, had railed 'at Fortune and woman's love'.

Ferdinand.—Ah, woman's love!  
*(Aside)* Who knows not Fortune, glutted on easy thrones,  
 Stealing from feasts as rare to coneycatch  
 Privily in the hedgerows for a clown  
 With that same cruel-lustful *hand* and eye,  
*Thosenailsandwedges, thatonehammerandlead,*  
 And the very gerb of long-stored lightnings loosed  
 Yesterday 'gainst some King.

(Italics mine.) ('Gerb' means a firework.)

The literary inspiration behind this is Horace *Odes* 1, xxxv (addressed to the goddess Fortuna). She controls the proud general at his triumph, the poor farmer, the mothers of barbaric kings and purple-robed tyrants (I select the examples relevant to Kipling), i.e. all mortal men (stanzas 1–4). The next two stanzas imagine her in procession with her attendants. I quote the fifth stanza only, in David West's translation (*Horace Odes i. Carpe diem* [Oxford, 1995]):

Always before you goes your slave Necessity,  
*beam-nails and wedges in her bronze hand,*  
 and never without her cruel hook  
 and *molten lead.*

(My Italics). The implements – which Kipling gives to Fortune herself – are appropriate for building, demolition and torture (cf. also *Odes* 3, xxiv, 5-8).

The more I look at these 'fragments', the cleverer (as parodies) and more moving (as commentary on the human condition and especially in their relation to the stories of the Great War) they seem to be. I don't recall reading in the *Journal* or elsewhere any systematic commentary on these pieces. Can anyone cast any light, please?

Yours faithfully  
 SUSAN TREGGIARI

**ELIOT, KIPLING AND SUSSEX**

*From: Mr J. Crookshank, Ivy House, Westbourne, Emsworth, Hants*

Dear Sir,

Mrs Grace M. Gazeley made excellent use of of T.S. Eliot's Introductory Essay to his *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*. This most stimulating piece of writing by an author, on the face of it so different a personality to Kipling, brings out Kipling's singular skill in the Sussex stories and poems. As Eliot says 'Having previously exhibited an imaginative grasp of space, and England in it, he now proceeds to a similar achievement in time.'

Kipling's acute sense of the past being part of the present, so well described by Mrs Gazeley was shared by Eliot and is expressed best in some of his poetry. In "Burnt Norton" he writes:

Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future,  
And time future contained in time past.

In "Little Gidding" Eliot writes:

. . . for history is a pattern  
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails  
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel  
History is now and England.

This last quotation could almost be by Kipling and one suspects that Eliot, for all his complex modernity, picked up much from Kipling. What remains so irresistible about Kipling and his Sussex, as Eliot said in his Introduction, is that "he was highly conscious of what ought to be preserved".

Unless I am mistaken, – and it is far too long since I last went to Bateman's – the garage in Burwash bears a name very like Hobden, and long may the family flourish in this special corner of our land.

Yours Sincerely  
JOHN CROOKSHANK

**KIPLING AND RAILWAYS**

Mr A.A. Turner of Bromsgrove has drawn my attention to *A Very British Railway* by Paul Catchpole (2003, Locomotives International, £15.95, ISBN 1-900340-15-1). This 84 page book with 125 b/w photographs, gives a historical account of the Santos-Sao Paulo railway which Kipling described in *Brazilian Sketches*. – *Ed.*

## REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES FOR 2002

The Kipling Society whose postal address is 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS, was founded in 1927. The Society is registered with the Charity Commissioners (No 278885) and is constituted under rules approved in July 1999.

As stated in the Rules, the object of the Society is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling.

The Society is administered by a Council comprising Honorary Executive Officers and elected ordinary members. Those serving during the year under review are listed below:

### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

<b>Chairman</b>	Mr P.G.S. Hall
<b>Deputy Chairman</b>	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
<b>Secretary</b>	Mrs J. Keskar
<b>Treasurer</b>	Mr R.A. Bissolotti
<b>Journal Editor</b>	Mr S.D.J. Keskar, M.A. (until September 2002) Mr D. Page (from October 2002)
<b>Membership Secretary</b>	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
<b>Meetings Secretary</b>	Dr J.D. Lewins
<b>Librarian</b>	Mr J.F. Slater
<b>On Line Editor</b>	Mr J. Radcliffe
<b>Publicity Officer</b>	Mr D. Fellows

### ORDINARY MEMBERS

Mrs Elizabeth Inglis	(2000-2003)
Cmdr Alastair Wilson	(2000-2003)
Mrs Anne Harcombe	(2001-2004)
Mr John Walker	(2001-2004)

In furtherance of its object, and on an ongoing basis, the Society:

1. Publishes quarterly the *Kipling Journal* which is distributed to all individual members and subscribing 'Journal only' members, it also deals with matters of interest to readers and students of Rudyard Kipling.
2. Promotes and holds meetings, film shows, visits, discussions and readings to stimulate and encourage the study of Rudyard Kipling's works.
3. Maintains in City University, London, an extensive library of books and archive material available for reference to members and any researchers.
4. Maintains a Kipling Room at The Grange Museum, in Rottingdean, Sussex.
5. Maintains a world-wide-web site ([www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk)) containing information and pictorial material about the Society, about Kipling's prose and poetry and about his life and times, including the updates to the Society's 'New Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works' (see below). There is also the catalogue of the Society's library and a comprehensive Index to the *Kipling Journal* from its inception in 1927. The web-site attracts requests for information from both members and non-members and is a good source for recruitment of new members from all over the world.

### State of the Society and Specific activities in 2002

Four issues of the *Kipling Journal* were issued during the year including the special 75th Anniversary Issue published in March.

The web-site continues to attract considerable interest from both members and the general public.

During the year there were five meetings, inclusive of the Annual General Meeting, at each of which there was a lecture given by a guest speaker. The Annual Luncheon was held on 26 June when the Guest of Honour and Speaker was the Bishop of London.

At the end of 2002 the Society had 518 individual members and 106 "Journal-only" subscribing universities and libraries in 21 countries. The last remaining self-administering overseas branch in Melbourne, Australia, was dissolved at its Annual General Meeting in 2002 after 64 years. It had been found impossible to attract sufficient nominations to form an administrative committee.

An excellent start has been made by a small sub-committee of members to revise and bring up to date the massive *Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works*. It is anticipated that the work may take up to five years to complete. Contributions to this work are displayed on the Society's web site.

Financially the results of the year 2002 show a surplus of income over expenditure of £2,601 compared with a deficit of £2,028 for the previous year. A further reduction in Journal production costs is anticipated during the year 2003 consequent on the decision taken to change printers.

The trustees will continue to expand the activities of the Society, but in doing so will continue their efforts to maintain subscription rates at the present level.

[Signed] P.G.S. Hall (Chairman)

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## THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2002

### **1. Chairman's Opening Remarks**

Patrick Hall welcomed everyone to the 75th Annual General Meeting, held on 10 July 2002, Royal Over-Seas League, London. In 1927 the society had been founded in spite of stiff opposition from Kipling himself. The Chairman would be brief, as the more important happenings of the year would be mentioned by the various office holders in their reports under item 8 of the Agenda.

The Society had once again benefited from the will of Eileen Stammers-Smith, and a final payment of £6,388 had been made recently. It would seem that at least a portion of the funds received from her estate should be used to provide some form of memorial to her.

The Annual Luncheon was well up to its usual standard, thanks to the excellent arrangements made by Jane and Sharad. They were both due our thanks for all the hard work they put in to make it the success it was.

Before proceeding with the agenda he paid tribute to the way in which all members of the Council, without mentioning particular individuals, had contributed to the running of the Society. He then requested the Honorary Secretary to advise the meeting of any apologies of absence received from members.

### **2. Apologies for Absence**

Dr Michael Brock, David Vermont, Elizabeth Inglis, John Walker.

### 3. Minutes of the 74th A.G.M.

The minutes (summarised in the *Kipling Journal* No. 302, June 2002) were taken as read, approved and signed. There were no matters arising.

### 4. Election of Council Members

David Page was duly elected as a Council Member.

### 5. Election of Officers (who serve as ex-officio Members of the Council)

Honorary Membership Secretary	Lt-Col R.C. Ayers
Honorary Treasurer	Mr Rudolph Biscolotti
Honorary Secretary	Mrs Jane Keskar
Honorary Meetings Secretary	Dr Jeffery Lewins
Honorary On Line Editor	Mr John Radcliffe
Honorary Librarian	Mr John Slater

### 6. Not standing for re-election:

The Honorary Editor requested that as his decision not to stand for re-election and his report were linked, he would like to give his report at this stage. He said that for more than six months the Council had been discussing the *Journal* printing costs. When this was raised at the November and again at the February meetings, he had been taken by surprise, because initiatives had been made over his head without consulting him – a discourtesy which had not yet been acknowledged.

It had been suggested that by using *Quark Express* and other computer skills a substantial saving could be made. He was prepared to consider this but soon realised that these skills taken together were, for him, a bridge too far. It was then suggested that he could have an assistant – even at some expense to the Society – and when the possibility of changing our printers also arose, a "pennywise pound foolish" scenario struck him: to say nothing of "too many cooks".

He informed the Council that he already had an assistant, employed by our printers, who used all the necessary electronic skills, prepared the layout and pagination, and with whom he had a happy working relationship. He saw no reason to change printers who had enjoyed the full confidence of his predecessor, and who were also prepared to offer discounts. He said that he had pointed out that expenses could be reduced by having a journal of 48 or 56 pages instead of 60 or 64 pages. Still, those who insisted on making enquiries from other printing firms were given the go ahead.

The Editor went on to say that we have had our printers since 1996 and he asked why a discussion of *Journal* printing costs had not been raised before he was Editor. He received no answer to this question, but he was told that costs were never more than £2,900 and *Journal* costs had risen. But at the April meeting he produced figures proving that this statement was wrong; and that some 1996 costs had been higher. Once again he had received no acknowledgement of the error. Further, he told the meeting that the quotations presented by other printing firms were not realistic, as they did not represent his way of working as Editor and that the whole matter was academic as our printers were prepared to give us a 20% discount – this discount had been given in June and the earlier March issue had a 10% discount. He also said that those who wished to change the way the *Journal* was produced must find a new Editor. Incidentally, he felt it was unfair to blame the printers for errors in the *Journal*. The buck had to stop with him. However, he hoped that the more generous among those present would concede that the *Journal* had shown a marked improvement since his first March 2001 issue.

Sharad Keskar said that having come to realise that he was mistaken in the belief

that as Editor he had a final say in matters regarding the production of the *Journal*; and also that since May he had been made to understand:

first, that he would be pressured into working in a manner dictated by others, second, that if he carried on as before, such interference would continue, third, this would mean his efforts would not receive the full appreciation he would like to have as Editor.

He, therefore, saw no need to take on unnecessary pressures and anxieties, and consequently had decided to stand down and not seek re-election as either Editor or Council Member. He felt certain that the Society could find an Editor with the electronic skills he did not have, and in order to enable the Society to do so, he was prepared to produce the September and December issues as an ordinary member with the present printers, in the hope that a new Editor would be found by January. He would also be happy to work alongside him or her for the March 2003 issue. He ended by assuring the meeting that the thought of resignation had never entered his head until his method of producing the *Journal* was questioned.

Following Sharad Keskar's report, there was a short discussion to which several members contributed, among them Lisa Lewis, Bryan Diamond, Shamus Wade and Rudolph Bissolotti. Rudolph Bissolotti apologised for any offence taken. Lisa Lewis said that the costs of *Journal* expenses had been raised previously but that George Webb insisted that the high standard of the *Journal* was more important.

## **7. Approval of Independent Financial Examiner and Legal Advisor**

Professor G.M. Selim and Sir Derek Oulton respectively, were approved for re-appointment by the Council.

## **8. Honorary Officer's Reports**

### **a) Secretary**

Jane Keskar said that the year had been a busy one for the Society, full of important landmarks. It began in September with the Kipling Conference in Cambridge marking the Centenary of *Kim*, for which she thanked the Meetings Secretary, Jeffery Lewins, for his superb organisation. A highlight was the first Eileen Stammers-Smith memorial lecture – a brilliant discourse on the great man by Craig Raine.

In January, the Centenary of the publication of the *Just So Stories* was celebrated by the launch of a series of delightful stamps, illustrating the stories, designed for the Royal Mail by Izhar Cohen, whose original drawings were displayed in the British Library. The stamps were launched with a number of First Day Covers, the most notable of which was Rafael Schwartz' design at Rottingdean. Michael Smith organised the event with an exhibition of art from 4 local schools at the Library, which was very much enjoyed by those present, which included Council members and our President, Sir George Engle, who presented the prizes.

In March, as part of the National Trust's programme marking the centenary of the Kipling's move to Bateman's, Michael Smith gave an illustrated talk entitled "Rudyard Kipling's 'very own house'" in the Purcell room of London's South Bank complex. Michael Smith also organised a 'Readathon' at Bateman's in May. Visitors had heard a series of fascinating readings, selected and presented by him, which traced Kipling's life. These were read by actors and members of the Society.

During the year the Society also began the massive project of revising the Readers' Guide. The project is being lead by George Webb, with John Radcliffe keeping us up to date with its progress. A report would appear in the September issue of the *Journal*.

By extending invitations to speakers outside the Kipling Society we had reached a

wider public. Jane Keskar reported a record attendance at the Annual Luncheon who enjoyed the address by Richard Chartres, the Bishop of London. We are very grateful to Tony Hamner and his excellent team who managed to fit in 14 tables and serve a superb lunch.

The press kept us busy correcting their many articles and reviews, but all publicity helped to bring Rudyard Kipling to the attention of a wider public. The most recent short piece, in the *Sunday Times* by Godfrey Smith, mentioning the Society, had already brought in two new members.

Sadly, John Morgan and his wife Marian, who have been indexing the *Journal* since 1997, now feel unable to carry on but will continue until the end of this year. John and Marian have done this work entirely voluntarily and at no expense whatsoever to the Society and I would like, on your behalf, to thank them both for their invaluable contribution.

The Secretary thanked all the Officers for their support this year.

#### **b) Treasurer**

Rudolph Bissolotti reported that the Editor had published the accounts in the *Journal* and therefore all would have had a chance to read them. There had been a change from a £1,027 surplus in 2000 to £2,028 deficit in 2001. Low bank interest rates meant that the Society was barely keeping solvent. The production of the *Journal* accounted for two-thirds of expenses and it was therefore necessary either to reduce costs or raise the subscription. Whilst subscriptions had not increased in recent years, there were concerns that our current printer's costings were not clear. Their postal charges in particular, contained discrepancies. Although our present printers had given us a discount off recent invoices, it was the Council's duty to ensure that the Society was getting a competitive price for the printing of our *Journal* and this matter was under review.

#### **c) Membership Secretary**

Roger Ayers reported that numbers had been buoyant this year, although steady bailing was necessary if membership was to increase significantly. Whilst the website brought in some 15 new members a quarter, similar numbers failed to renew their membership. There were 115 paying institutions who subscribed through agencies for each calendar year, and from next January all will be paying £24 a year.

Of the 573 paying individual members, 299 – or two-thirds of the UK membership – pay by standing order, greatly simplifying the collection of subscriptions. These members pay £20 per year. The remaining 274 members were mostly from 28 other countries. These members pay by cheque, cash, money orders, bank drafts and bank transfers in either pounds or US dollars and although they pay £22 (or more if overseas) sending out 274 annual reminders is a great deal of work. In an attempt to reduce this, such members now have their renewal date printed on the address label of each Kipling Journal, thus getting four reminders each year, at no cost and with very little effort. However, this system had not completely caught on and after relying on it for 3 issues of the *Journal* there were still some 60 members in arrears.

Roger Ayers expressed his gratitude to those members who paid promptly, without reminders, or used the Standing Order system. He also wanted to thank those members who pay over and above the minimum subscription, some very generously. He also found great encouragement in the kind comments, particularly about the *Journal*, which many members include with their payment.

He reminded members that there was a way in which all UK taxpaying members could increase the value of their subscriptions, without cost to themselves. This was to sign a Gift Aid Declaration, which would allow the Society to recover the tax paid on

the subscription from the Inland Revenue. Only about a fifth of UK members have signed Gift Aid Declarations so far.

Roger Ayers urged members present who did not use a Standing Order or had not signed a Gift Aid Declaration, to give it serious consideration and to avail themselves of the appropriate forms at the back of the room. Finally, he commented that if he did not have to remind members who wish to continue to subscribe, then he could give much more attention to persuading waverers to continue as members.

#### **d) Librarian**

John Slater announced that the problem with the use of the Library for exams was now over. He distributed a list of recent acquisitions and suggestions for possible purchases of books.

#### **e) On Line Editor**

John Radcliffe reported that the web-site had continued to develop over the past year. We have had over 200,000 visitors since the launch three years ago, and over 80,000 since this time last year. Use of the site was growing at a rate of over 30% a year. Since last July there had been over 100 applications for membership through the site, although only about half of these had finally joined. He estimated that about half the members were now on line.

He said that he does all possible to make the site interesting and useful. It is used to report on the Society's activities, publish reviews of new books, and occasional articles for collectors, as well as pieces of research like Brian Mattinson's great study of musical settings of the verse. He reported that he was still in the process of getting the papers from last year's Cambridge conference on line; but that there were already a full set of abstracts. John Morgan's Index to the *Kipling Journal* is used steadily by students, particularly since that conference. There was also a lively flow of correspondence from around the world, both to and from the mailbase, and directly to himself and Jane Keskar, and the quotations from the tales and poems that he puts up each week continued to be popular. We are of course now planning to use the site to support the project for a New Readers' Guide. This continued to be a busy and many sided activity.

#### **f) Publicity Officer's Report**

David Fellows reported on the continuing success of the Visitor's Centre at Rudyard Lake. A new web site was now up and running with links to our own web site. There had been visits from children from Chernobyl who were staying in the area and a Steam Rally. A Firework Display was planned for November 2002. A forthcoming meeting to discuss the year's programme was planned with the Lake Rudyard Trust.

A programme of talks was also planned at Bateman's with booking forms available from Michael Smith. David Fellows felt that publicity for the Society was often lacking at Bateman's and Rudyard Lake and he planned to redesign the Society's leaflet, incorporating an application form. He also suggested that identity badges for Council members would be helpful at meetings, as new members could not otherwise tell who was who.

### **9. Any other business.**

#### **a) Reader's Guide**

John Radcliffe presented a progress report on the New Readers' Guide (NRG) on behalf of George Webb. The Project Group, which meets monthly to plan and manage the project, were bracing themselves for the task ahead and making a plan of action. They were planning to recruit a General Editorial Board, determining the format of the Guide

and already had one or two 'pilot' items up on the website, to give members and others a chance of making comments. Roger Ayers suggested that the recent money from Eileen Stammers-Smith's bequest could be used for the production of the Readers' Guide. Members agreed, and John Radcliffe noted that the cost of the website would increase over the years as more pages were added and more people used them.

The Project Group would also be negotiating the use of extracts from Kipling's works with A.P. Watt. John Radcliffe also noted that the cost of publishing the Guide today in printed form would be prohibitive.

**b) Sir George Engle, the President**

asked if he could comment. He felt that all members of the Society were united in their love of Kipling and that if they did not begin as friends they soon became so. He was sorry for any perceived discourtesy and hoped that members would shake hands and make up.

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**EDITORIAL OVERFLOW** (from p.8)

Book III, x. EXTREMUM TANAIN

Ah Lyce! though your drink were Tanais,  
 Your husband some rude savage, you would weep  
 To leave me shivering, on a night like this,  
 Where storms their watches keep.  
 Hark! how your door is creaking! how the grove  
 In your fair court-yard, while the wild winds blow,  
 Wails in accord! with what transporence Jove  
 Is glazing the driven snow!  
 Cease that proud temper: Venus loves it not:  
 The rope may break, the wheel may backward turn:  
 Begetting you, no Tuscan sire begot  
 Penelope the stern.  
 O, though no gift, no "prevalence of prayer,"  
 Nor lovers' paleness deep as violet,  
 Nor husband, smit with a Pierian fair,  
 Move you, have pity yet!  
 O harder e'en than toughest heart of oak,  
 Deaf'er than uncharm'd snake to suppliant moans!  
 This side, I warn you, will not always brook  
 Rain-water and cold stones. (*Horace*)

Lyce—Lyce!  
 Won't you take me, *vice*  
 Your lawful mate?  
 I hate to wait—  
 The weather's simply icy! (*Kipling*)

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2002

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT**

	2002		2001	
	£	£	£	£
<b>INCOME</b>				
Subscriptions	15,048		14,662	
Bank Interest	1,905		2,503	
Other Income (2)	482		71	
		<u>17,435</u>		<u>17,236</u>
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>				
Print and despatch of <i>Journal</i>	10,128		12,842	
Lectures and meetings	915		2,201	
Library/Publicity	98		217	
Administration (3)	2,420		2,926	
Website	850		712	
Bank Charges	69		101	
Depreciation (4)	<u>354</u>		<u>265</u>	
		<u>14,834</u>		<u>19,264</u>
Surplus/(Deficit) for year		<u>£2,601</u>		<u>£(2,028)</u>

**NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS**

1. These accounts are prepared on an accrual basis.
2. Includes miscellaneous sums from advertising, sale of journals, and copying.
3. The Society employs no paid staff and has no permanent office. All overheads, professional fees and running expenses are allocated to the heading 'Administration'.
4. Fixed assets are depreciated over 5 years at 20% per annum pro rata, except the library bookcases which are depreciated at 10% pro rata.
5. Payments including reimbursement of expenses were made during the year to Trustees: R.C. Ayers £119; D. Fellows £98; Mrs J.M. Keskar £663; S.D.J. Keskar £82; D. Page £50; J. Radcliffe £23.

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2002

**BALANCE SHEET**

	2002		2001	
	£	£	£	£
<b>FIXED ASSETS</b>				
Library, including additions		14,562		14,562
Office Equipment – cost (including additions)	9,361		9,271	
Depreciation	<u>(7,763)</u>	<u>1,598</u>	<u>(7,409)</u>	<u>1,862</u>
		16,160		16,424
<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>				
Cash at Bank	60,166		54,433	
Debtors	<u>1,798</u>		<u>1,414</u>	
	61,964		55,847	
<b>CURRENT LIABILITIES</b>				
Creditors	<u>(1,157)</u>		<u>(4,293)</u>	
<b>NET CURRENT ASSETS</b>		<u>60,807</u>		<u>51,554</u>
Net Assets		<u>£76,967</u>		<u>£67,978</u>
<b>RESERVES</b>				
Balance at 1 January		67,978		48,006
Legacy		6,388		22,000
Surplus/(Deficit) for year		<u>2,601</u>		<u>(2,028)</u>
Balance at 31 December		<u>£76,967</u>		<u>£67,978</u>

**SIGNATORIES**

Note: The signatories were *R.A. Bissolotti* (Honorary Treasurer) and *Mrs J.M. Keskar* (Honorary Secretary).

**AUDIT**

These accounts have not yet been scrutinised by the Society's Independent Financial Examiner.

## ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at [www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk) for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

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