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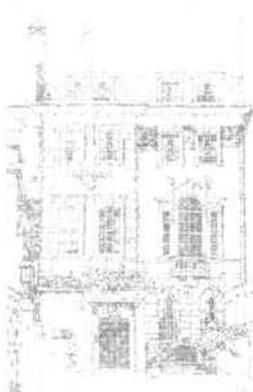
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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 19 January 2005**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Viscount John Julius Norwich** on "Kipling and the Browning Poems".

**Wednesday 13 April 2005**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Susan Walsh** on "Modern Critical Readings of Kipling".

**Wednesday 4 May 2005**, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's Annual Luncheon. For details and advance booking for tickets: see enclosed flyer.

**Wednesday 6 July 2005**, after the Society's **Annual General Meeting**, at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, the Royal Over-Seas League, "Parody, Plagiarism and Pastiche". Members are invited to bring their own choice to read or have it read for them. [A.G.M. details will follow.]

**Tuesday 19 July 2005**, the Society's visit to the University of Sussex Special Collection, hosted by **Dorothy Sheridan**, Head of the Special Collections. Further details to follow.

**Wednesday 21 September 2005**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Clara Claiborne Park** on "Reading and Teaching Kipling".

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## EDITORIAL

### SEPTEMBER 2004 JOURNAL

I do apologise for the late arrival of the September *Journal*. This was due to a problem with the production of the printing plate which had to be made again, and which added about 14 days to the process of printing and despatching the *Journal*.

### HONORARY TREASURER and MEETINGS SECRETARY

By the time that you read this we hope that these two positions, which were described in the flyer sent out in September, will have been filled. However, just in case this is not so, will any members who feel that they could help please get in touch with our Hon. Secretary Jane Keskar (contact details on page 3). In order to succeed, the Society depends on the support of its members, which must include individuals giving active help by undertaking the essential offices of the Society. This can be challenging, but it is also immensely rewarding in being part of a group of like-minded people working for the success of the Kipling Society.

### JUST SO!

This year the *Just So Stories* have appeared in several different ways – there was the Chichester Festival Theatre musical production based on them; an exhibition at the University of Sussex which included the display of the copy which Kipling gave to his own children with appropriate amendments to the title page; and the B.B.C. built a series of five radio programmes rather loosely around them titled "The Real Just So Stories" (two of the five were on animals that Kipling had not written about).

Further to this, I came across a paperback edition of some of *The Jungle Book* stories combined with *Just So Stories* (ISBN 5-8112-0055-2). The unusual thing though is that it was published in Russia in 2002 as an elementary text from which Russians could learn English. Much of Kipling's text has either been abbreviated or stripped out, but the stories still hold true and many favourite phrases have been included almost unchanged: 'the great grey-green greasy Limpopo river'; 'a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity' although the 'stute fish becomes the Clever Fish; 'he walked by himself and all places were alike to him.' As you can imagine, there are footnotes on practically every page which give explanations and translations into Russian of Kipling's choice phrases together with a set of Exercises at the back of the book, as well as an English-Russian Vocabulary. Apart from the Russian footnotes, this would not be a bad primer for use in an English school.

## DR CHARLES OWEN AND THE KIPLINGS

By NEIL MORAN

[Neil Moran was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada on October 2, 1941. He is involved in musicology, culture and history. After studies at the University of Alberta and Boston University, he went to Germany, where he completed his doctor of philosophy at the University of Hamburg. From 1977-78 he was a fellow at Harvard's Centre for Byzantine Studies at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, D.C. Since 1979 he has lived and worked in Toronto.

He is the author of numerous studies on Byzantine and Central Asian culture, and his new study, *Kipling's Afghanistan*, will be published shortly by McFarland & Co., Inc., of North Carolina.

There are two abbreviations used for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. "C.M.G." follows our usual practice, whereas "C&M" was used by Dr Owen in his papers. – *Ed.*]

Through an internet search in 1999 I came across a reference in a list of major accessions to repositories relating to Imperial History that the National Army Museum [N.A.M. hereafter – *Ed.*] in London had acquired the papers of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles William Owen. The acquisition consisted of letters and diaries from 1878 to 1900 and it now carries the accession number 1998-01-121. I had been looking for material on Dr Owen for many years in connection with a study on the Afghan Boundary Commission (1884-1886), so I immediately contacted Alastair Massie at the National Army Museum.

Dr Owen had done double duty during the campaign as doctor and ethnologist for the Afghan Boundary Commission [A.B.C. hereafter – *Ed.*] According to a report in the Allahabad based newspaper *Pioneer* on 29 August 1884, Dr Charles Owen was in charge of submitting to Government a report on the ethnography, arts, manufacture, trades and agriculture of the peoples and tribes through whose territory the Commission passed.<sup>1</sup> The same statement appeared again on 28 November 1884: 'Dr. Owen will prepare and submit to Government a report on the ethnography ... of the people and tribes through whose territory we pass, illustrating it with photographs and sketches representing the dress and types of the inhabitants.'<sup>2</sup> A young native draughtsman from the Jaipur School of Art was to illustrate the report with sketches.<sup>3</sup>

A two-page biographical note accompanies the N.A.M. material. Charles William Owen was born on 28 January 1853, in Enfield, Middlesex. He received his medical training at St. Thomas's Hospital in Enfield and studied as well in Paris and Brussels. In 1876 he was appointed surgeon with the Medical Department of the Bengal Army and the next year he became the assistant to the sanitary commissioner of the Government of India in Calcutta. During the Second Afghan War

1879-1880, Dr Owen served on the personal staff of Sir Frederick Roberts. For his work in establishing a charitable dispensary in Kabul, Owen received the thanks of the Government of India and the Afghan Medal with two clasps. After serving as the civil surgeon in Simla from 1880-81, he volunteered for the Egyptian Campaign in 1882. From 1882-83 he held the position of resident surgeon in Jaipur and from 1884-86 he participated in the Afghan Boundary Commission. His crowning achievement in India was his appointment as surgeon to the Commander-in-Chief India, General Sir Frederick Roberts, in 1889. After retiring in 1902, he lived at The Horns, Hankham, Pevensey, Sussex. He died in 1922 and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Westham.

The material acquired by the National Army Museum is organized chronologically and the entire contents have been recorded in a long 631 page single-spaced transcription. This may have been prepared for the second wife of Dr Owen, Mabel Howard Hopley, who died in 1959 at the age of 86. Alastair Massie wrote me: 'the person who sold us the letters bought them himself at auction and has no connection with the Owen family.'<sup>4</sup>

The material has been organized as follows:

1. Three letters written in June 1878 to Miss Barry. Owen's fiancée at Bush Hill House, Winchmore Hill. London (transcription, pp. 1-9)  
Owen was then in Simla. A note in the transcription indicates that Owen's letters from the Second Afghan War of 1879-80 are missing. These were apparently given to a J.S. (?) McRae in Rattray's Sikhs, who was writing about the war.
2. The Egyptian Expeditionary Force 1882 (transcription, pp.10-51 A)  
The first entry in Owen's notebook is dated August 1, 1882. He wrote 15 letters/postcards to his wife while away. During this period Mrs Owen moved into the residence of James Walker in Simla. In a letter dated August 30, he commented (p. 23): 'You seem to like the Kiplings. I quite agree with you about their intelligence but I think they are both horrid cads.'
3. 11th Bengal Lancers & Jaipur. 1882-84 (transcription, pp.52-75)  
Owen moved to Jaipur in April 1883. His diary begins on 1 May 1883 and ends 26 November of that year. His duties appear to have been more diplomatic than medical and he became involved with an exhibition of Jaipur artifacts for the Calcutta International Exhibition in 1883. He not only helped select the items for display but he also wrote the catalogue, which was published in 1883.<sup>5</sup> Six letters preserved. A letter to Mrs Owen from October indicates that she was then staying then with J. Walker at Kelvin Grove, Simla. In a commentary on this material, the compiler of the register notes

that Owen, as Civil Surgeon Simla, had access to a wide social circle and adds that 'Walker, together with a lawyer from Lahore called William Rattigen, founded the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore on which Rudyard Kipling had his first post – see page 50 –, and was a close friend of the elder Kiplings, John Lockwood and Alice. Indeed during June 1883, Rudyard stayed with the Walkers in Simla for his month's holiday from the heat of Lahore, and it is quite possible for Mrs Owen to have met him there if she was in Simla at the time.' The compiler attempts to get around the "horrid cads" remark by saying the Kiplings 'were spoken of as "kind and welcoming people" by Sir Walter Lawrence, Bart. in the early days in the Indian Civil Service.'

4. The Afghan Boundary Commission – Aug 1884 to Oct 1886 (pp.76-575) In February of 1884 the Russian captured the oasis of Merv, pushing their advance into Central Asia right up to the Afghan border. General Frederick Roberts, described the capture of Merv as 'by far the most important step ever made by Russia on her march toward India.'<sup>6</sup> The spectre of the Russians extending their field of influence right up to the border of India, prompted the British to set up a commission to demarcate the northern border of Afghanistan. The Indian contingent of the Afghan Boundary Commission left Quetta at the end of September and reached the area in dispute at Penjdeh on 4 December.

James Walker viewed the formation of the Afghan Boundary Commission as a perfect opportunity to increase his readership, so he hired two participants of the mission as correspondents for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Political officer Edward Durand was an obvious first choice. The Central Asian authority Charles Marvin described him as 'a son of the hero Sir Henry Durand, and for several years had been acting as political agent attached to the ex-Ameer Yakooob Khan, the ruler who connived at Cavagnari's murder at Cabul.'<sup>7</sup> His brother Henry Mortimer Durand was one of the most influential members of the Indian Foreign Office.

As his second correspondent for the "C&M" Walker obtained the services of Dr Charles Owen. Owen described his assignment in a letter to his wife dated 24 April 1885:<sup>8</sup>

. . . but I don't ever take any trouble about them and sometimes keep them a month without a line, anyhow it is bread and butter to me in a small way, and it does one good to have a Press connection no matter how insignificant it may be.

The efforts of the British to fix the northern border of Afghanistan ended in a humiliating disaster, when the Russians suddenly overran Penjdeh on 30 March 1885, just at the moment the Viceroy of India was meeting with the Amir of Afghanistan at a conference in Rawal Pindi. Rudyard Kipling attended as a correspondent for the C.M.G.. The retreating British troops encountered a fierce snowstorm while negotiating a mountain pass, resulting in the loss of both men and animals.

After a summer of sabre rattling, a picked group of Russian and British officers began demarcating the border on 12 November 1885. Sir West Ridgeway took over the command of the A.B.C. from General Lumsden. The work was essentially completed by 15 September 1886 and the A.B.C. returned to India via Kabul.

Owen's A.B.C. diary begins 27 August 1884 and ends on 31 October 1886. The register of the letters sent by Owen to his wife while he was with the A.B.C. comprises over 100 items. Thirty-nine letters included in the list are now in a collection in the U.S.A. (see below).

In the diary and letters Owen makes mention of Stephen Wheeler (the editor of the "C&M" Gazette), his cousins the Ilberts, J. L. Kipling, Rudyard Kipling, General Roberts, James Walker and Henry Mortimer Durand. Included is a lot of gossip about the medical profession and Simla society (e.g. letter of 19 October 1885: 'Jessie Ilbert says she detests Lady Roberts so I fear a good deal of what we heard is true') and he mentions that he had purchased Turkoman carpets for Lady Bobs, Mrs Walker and Jessie Ilbert. On 6 August 1886, he noted, 'Heard from Wheeler C&M that he goes home for 4 months from (illegible) and Kay Robinson officiates for him. Asks me to continue letters.'

Owen was overjoyed to receive a letter from General Sir Frederick Roberts offering him an appointment as surgeon to the Commander-in-Chief India. He immediately contacted his wife in England about making arrangements for the move to Simla. He sent off two bales of Turkoman carpets to James Walker in Simla for their home, contacted former servants in Jaipur and ordered new visiting cards. Their greatest expense, he told his wife, would be a piano (p.276-25 August 1885).

He soon found, however, that intrigues in the India Foreign Office were hindering his appointment. After months of planning, he was devastated to learn that he was being given the Civil Surgeoncy of Simla for four years rather than a place on the staff of General Roberts. He noted in his diary: 'Quite broke over it as I fancy all my people will think I have disgraced myself.'<sup>9</sup>

5. Surgeon to Commander-in-Chief in India, Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts. 1889-1892 (transcription pp.576-622) In April 1889 Owen was with Roberts on a tour of Kashmir. Eleven letters to his wife are preserved. In 1890 he travelled to Umballa, Bombay, Attock and Peshawar. 26 letters and postcards survive.

The material at the N.A.M. can be augmented by 39 letters of Owen to his wife, which a collector in the U.S.A., Frederic Sharf, purchased at an auction in the U.K. Five of these letters were sent from Camp Tirpul and cover the month of April, 1885. They are listed in the register of letters at the N.A.M. In a letter dated 17 April, Charles Owen expressed regret at the loss of 'all my nice things' during the retreat after the Russian conquest of Penjdeh. He also owned up to an anonymous letter in *The Times* about the disaster.<sup>10</sup>

I expect before long you will get a letter of mine to the C & M quoted in the London papers as it gives correct account of the Panjdah [... ders?]. Of course I could not give all official secrets to the public but I sailed pretty close to the wind. I count over the loss of my kit and my instruments etc. latter I am lost without and feel inclined to chuck up work & go.

Owen was particularly annoyed when some Indian journals also picked up his anonymous critique, but he received compliments as well. His diary for 26 May contains the remark: 'Heard from Wheeler about my report of Panjdeh. He notes that it is the best letter he has read since he has been in India.'<sup>11</sup>

In addition to this manuscript material, Owen wrote over 40 newsletters for the C.M.G.. Listed in Appendix A are the 34 newsletters which Charles Owen, Francis Drummond and Edward Durand sent to the *Civil and Military Gazette* between 12 September 1884 and 8 April 1885. All these pieces were of course published anonymously, but authorship can be determined on the basis of Owen's diary and letters. The last column in the following list gives the date of publication.

On 19 January Owen sent off a very detailed article with illustrations on the "customs and habits of the Turcomans," which was published in the 17 February issue of the newspaper. This document can be counted among the most valuable products of the mission to Turkestan. An introduction about how readers in India might like to fill in details about the Turkomans not covered by the literature available to them in India leads into a long excursus on the absence of veils among the women, festivities and the recipe for the preparation of *pilau*. Particularly instructive is Owen's description of the costumes of Turkoman women.

The last section of the article deals with various pieces of Turkoman silver jewellery, which are illustrated by very fine drawings. The article contains the most detailed ethnographical descriptions of any of his newsletters and Owen probably intended it as a preparatory draft for his report on "the ethnography, arts, manufacture, trades and agriculture of the peoples through whose territory the Commission passed."

When Owen's newsletter arrived in Lahore, Rudyard Kipling must have immediately shown it to his father, who realized that this was exactly the sort of material he wanted for a new journal he had founded in 1883, the *Journal of Indian Art*. J.L. Kipling shortened the text to a minimum dealing only with the jewellery and published it anonymously in his journal.<sup>12</sup> The number of illustrations was expanded from six to fifteen.

In a diary note for March 7, 1885, at Penjdeh, Owen wrote 'I heard from Kipling about Turkoman ornaments, but I sent the letter on to Durand.' Owen must have had John Lockwood Kipling, principal of the art school in Lahore, in mind, when he wrote about Turkoman rugs in a newsletter on 24 December 1885:<sup>13</sup>

For the sake of our carpet industries and schools of art in India, it is to be hoped that many specimens here will find their way to India; for I feel that rivalry will be keen to reproduce such fine carpets.

One can assume that Rudyard Kipling had to tend to the proof-reading of all the newsletters from the A.B.C. correspondents. A couple of spelling idiosyncrasies make it possible to determine whether Kipling or Wheeler was correcting the proofs. Wheeler preferred the spelling "Ameer" for the ruler of Afghanistan and "dawk" for the mail couriers in his contributions; in contrast, Kipling and Owen always wrote "Amir" and "dak". The newsletters appearing in the C.M.G. up to the one which was published on 3 March 1885 (see Appendix, no. 29), used, with few exceptions, the spellings "Amir" and "dak". In the A.B.C. report for March 3, however, "Ameer" and "dawk" suddenly appear.

According to his diary, on 24 February Kipling was stung in the eye by an ant and the next day he was blinded and couldn't see. For 26 February he wrote: 'Eye all right. W[heeler], said it wasn't and so lost my work for the day—served him right. Went to hospital . . . cocaine and was impressed.'<sup>14</sup> Wheeler must have used the opportunity to make the point that he preferred the spelling "Ameer". Such editorial interventions reveal what a miserable boss the young Kipling had to deal with. Wheeler applied the same principles to Kipling's own newsletters from the Rawal Pindi conference, when Kipling's every "Amir," as it

appears in his diary, was published as "Ameer." After Kipling had recovered from the sting, the next A.B.C. report slipped back into the "Amir" mode. Wheeler could obviously not check everything.

Although in his autobiography Kipling complained about 'one cut-and-come-again affliction ... an accursed Moscovite paper, the *Novoie Vremya*, written in French, which, for weeks and weeks, published the war diaries of Alikhanoff, a Russian General then harrying the Central Russian Khanates,' scholars seem not to be aware of how these exercises gave the youngster a far better understanding of the Afghan-Russian border conflict than almost anyone else in the Raj. Simla must have pricked up its ears, when Kipling paraphrased the St. Petersburg papers on 21 October 1884 writing that with respect to material interests 'the situation of England in Asia was a far better one than [Russia's], . . . nevertheless the success of Russia in Central Asia disquieted her.' Kipling continued, the English 'looked then for a barrier against this advance beyond her own frontiers, and found it in Afghanistan, a country which in the year 1857, had entered into a treaty of alliance with the Viceroy of India.'

The English had at first thought of setting up a "neutral zone", but in Kipling's words 'this was abandoned in the face of the many difficulties which would attend on its establishment,' so it was resolved 'to lay down a line of demarcation which should be respected not only by the two Powers, but also by the Khans which came within the range of their respective influences.' Kipling went on to say, 'particular importance had been attached to the eastern portion of the line of demarcation—that is to say, the line running from Soree-Kul lake in the Panier district to the Afghan outpost of Khodga Salekh, on the left bank of the Oxus, as it served as a boundary between the possessions of the Khan of Bokhara on those of the Amir of Afghanistan.' However, with the Russian conquest of the Tekke Turkomans, the necessity for 'a fresh demarcation of the line of limitation' between the Oxus and Persia arose.

As the negotiators in London soon learnt, the conflict had boiled down to being essentially a question about the ethnicity of certain Turkoman tribes. In discussions with the Russians, the British had been presented with the argumentation that the Salor Turkomans used Badghiz and the region around Penjdeh as pastureland and therefore the Salors, *ergo* Russia, had an ethnographical claim to the territory. In the same region, however, were also the Saryk Turkomans, who had never submitted to the Russians and they were asking for protection from the Amir of Afghanistan. For this reason Dr Owen had been asked to prepare his ethnographical report. The son of the ethnologist J. L. Kipling knew what he was talking about when he translated the

line, 'Russia sealed her right to Turcomania by the blood spilt under the walls of Geok Tepe' (C.M.G. 16 March, 1885).

In February Wheeler seems to have lapsed into a frenzy in an effort to beat the other Indian newspapers with material on the up-coming conference in Rawal Pindi. Between 3 February and 16 March, sixteen articles and "scraps" on Afghanistan were published. Already on 7 January 1885, a piece attributed to Rudyard Kipling boldly sketched the implications of the Russian advance for India: 'We may safely assume that Russia will annex, more or less formally and completely, every inch of ground in Central Asia'. Once Herat was taken, the path would be open in the direction of India. Even at that moment Russia was seen to be stirring up resentment in the Raj:

Paid agents of Russia—we seem even now, from time to time, to come across their track—would find a home in every native city, and at the court of every native chief. They would seek, and not in vain, to establish intimate relations with the various native societies, which, with more or less reputable objects, might soon become centres of disaffection. Everyone who felt dissatisfied with our rule, who was impelled by some real or fancied grievance into a feeling of disloyalty, would be tempted to hold communications with the agents of a Power which might be destined to upset our Raj.

On 10 March a long authoritative article on "Kandahar and Herat" was printed. Although anonymous, the phrases 'we are bound,' or 'This is the policy we advocate' pointed in the direction of General Roberts – what a coup for Wheeler! On the next day a long well-researched article investigated the complicated background of the "Ameer Abdul [sic] Rahman," who at the age of twelve was already a General. Kipling would have been writing, proof-reading, arranging and digesting all of this, while still performing his regular journalistic duties. Distraught that his boy Friday would be leaving him, Wheeler demanded and received five further batches of translations, which were published after Rudyard's departure on 16, 20, 21 and 27 March and on 3 April.

In a letter of 16 March 1885 Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, wrote Edith Plowden about the assignment: 'Ruddy goes to Pindi as a special. He has started his pony and tum-tum [dog-cart] thither, and although a little nervous about his first big thing, I think he will do well. He has done some capital special correspondence.'<sup>15</sup> It would have been one bundle of raw nerves that made its way in the tum-tum toward Rawal Pindi. Between 9 March and 20 March Rudyard Kipling

did not make one single entry in his diary. Over the two pages for 9-15 March he later wrote in a large hand: 'Here came in the Pindi Conference and my work thereat. Whereof I retain no remembrance.'

After sending his first article from Rawal Pindi on 21 March, Kipling hastened to Peshawar to await the Amir. No-one seemed to know anything about the Amir's schedule. When Kipling interviewed two Afghan Sirdars of the advance party, he was simply told, 'The Ameer was a *Badshah* and could come when he liked.' Kipling spent six days, from Sunday, 22 March to Saturday, 28 March, in the city. The Viceroy's careful arrangements were not going according to plan and it rained constantly. While waiting, Kipling sent off four newsletters to Lahore, including a brilliant piece on Peshawar, which he called "The City of Evil Countenances."<sup>16</sup>

On 30 March the Amir finally reached Peshawar. Kipling had a hectic day. After observing the border crossing at Jumrud at 10 o'clock on 29 March, he rushed back through the rain to Peshawar in his *ticca gharrai*. In his hotel room and at the railway station he managed to complete and send off a long two-part report about the welcoming ceremonies. After that he boarded the midnight train to Rawal Pindi. The Amir finally arrived in Rawal Pindi on 31 March.

Meanwhile on the border front in Penjdeh, all hopes for a peaceful settlement were bitterly shattered on 30 March by the announcement that the Russians had advanced to Pul-i-Khisti and that they had launched an attack on the Afghans stationed there. The Afghan forces consisting of 4,000 men with eight guns were quickly overwhelmed, resulting in the loss of 500 soldiers, the whole of the artillery, two standards and the entire camp provisions.

The Russian version of the attack was given in the *Illustrated London News* for 18 April, based on a telegram from General Komaroff published in the *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg:<sup>17</sup>

On the 25th ult. our detachment approached Dash-Kepri, on our side of the Kushk river. When near the bridge, we found an intrenchment occupied by the Afghans. In order to avoid a conflict, I stationed my troops at a distance of five verats from the Afghan position. On the 26th ult. negotiations were commenced with Captain Yate. When the Afghans were convinced that we had no intention of attacking them, they daily drew nearer to our camp. On the 27th, they dispatched against our company intrusted with covering a reconnoitring party, three companies with a cannon and some cavalry. Their audacity and arrogance were increasing little by little until the following day, when they occupied the height which commanded the left flank of the camp. They commenced to

throw up intrenchments, established a cavalry post to the rear of our line and placed a picket at gunshot distance from our ford. On the 29th, I sent to the commander of the Afghan detachment an energetic summons, giving him till the evening to evacuate the left bank of the Kushk and the left bank of the Murghab as far as the mouth of the Kushk. I received a reply from him, that acting upon the advice of the English, he refused to retire behind the Kushk. I then sent him a private letter, couched in amicable terms. On the 30th ult, in order to support my demand, I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, still counting on a pacific issue of the difficulty, but the fire of the Afghan artillery and the attack of their cavalry compelled me to accept the combat, the results of which are already known.

Alikhanoff's version given years later was that

the Afghans were mounted on stallions, which were restless, and one of their carbines went off by accident or design and wounded one of the horses of the Cossacks. An officer rode up and reported this to me and I replied, 'Blood has been shed, we must now get to business.' Upon this the Cossack cavalry screen withdrew and the dismounted Cossacks opened fire.<sup>18</sup>

With the powder for their muzzle-loading weapons wet from the morning drizzle, the ill equipped Afghans didn't have a chance against the Berdan rifles of the Tekke recruits and the Cossacks. Then began a mad rush over the Pul-i-Khisti bridge and across the river. The battle was over within 45 minutes. C.M.G. correspondent Charles Owen described the humiliating retreat of the British contingent in a newsletter to Stephen Wheeler, which later appeared in the *London Times*. The British troops were hit with a ferocious snowstorm on the way to Tirpul. In his book *England and Russia Face to Face in Asia: Travels with the Afghan Boundary Commission*, Arthur Yate described how 24 men died in the freezing cold and the baggage was strewn all over the country. The Persian muleteers and camel drivers looted the kit. Medals of the sowars of the 11th Bengal Lancers were cut off the tunics. Arthur Yate said 'the inhabitants of all the country round had promptly swarmed to the scene of the disaster and looted all they could lay hands on.'<sup>19</sup> Dr Owen's hospital was completely plundered. His surgical, meteorological and eye instruments were all taken.

News of the Penjdeh defeat immediately put a damper on the proceedings in Rawal Pindi. Kipling may have had an inkling of the disaster when he wrote in his diary for April second: 'Wild excitement

for nothing. Knocking about all over the place and wrote another special<sup>20</sup> but it seems the reporters at the conference were under strict orders from Lord Dufferin not to reveal a word of it to the public. Due to the miserable weather, the grand durbar set for Saturday, 4 April, was postponed until Wednesday, 8 April.

For his part, however, the Amir proved himself a shrewd man, who was not to let a minor battle on the furthest corner of his realm spoil the entertainments. The Viceroy's company despaired, but Kipling reported that 'both Abdur Rahman and his following are having a delightful time, and are not in the least hurry to move on.'

The various manoeuvres prepared to impress the Amir had to be postponed or eliminated from the programme. On 8 April the long awaited State Durbar between the Amir and Viceroy finally took place. After the presentation of an array of magnificent gifts, the Amir unexpectedly made a speech, which had to be hastily translated on the spot. Lord Dufferin then presented the Amir with a Sword of State embellished with gems, with which the Amir said he would 'strike down any enemies of the British Government.' With this another chapter of the Great Game snapped shut.

Kipling stayed on in Rawal Pindi for a few days, in order to see the Amir off. Commenting on the attempts to muzzle the press, Kipling wrote in his 14 April newsletter, 'Lord Dufferin—moved surely by the spirit of bitterest sarcasm—is said to have complained that affairs of State, political and military movements and the like, are too hastily made public and bruited abroad—a state of things which he is determined to put a stop to.' Owen had similarly received his reports back with large parts scored out. He told his wife that if the government had not ordered the press to be gagged 'none of the mess could ever have happened for the public would have been forewarned' (letter 3 May 1885). Kipling and Owen were of like mind when it came to matters of the freedom of the press.

In November the Russians and the British came to an agreement and the demarcation of the border began. Owen continued to supply the *Civil and Military Gazette* with newsletters and telegrams right up to the day the A.B.C. ended its mission in Afghanistan on 31 October 1886 upon returning to India. The C.M.G. that Owen came back to in 1886 was quite different from the one from which he had received his assignment as an A.B.C. correspondent in 1884. Wheeler had obtained a leave of absence to return to England for four months in the summer of 1886 and Kipling finally felt he had some breathing space with the new editor, E. Kay Robinson. The spelling of Afghanistan's ruler and the mail couriers, incidentally, was uniformly back to "Amir" and "dak." Owen's final newsletters appeared in the issues for 1, 2 and 3 November.

In his capacity of big fish in a small pond, Kipling took it upon himself to honour the visitors with a long editorial on the "Return of the Boundary Commission" for the November 4 issue. He was aware of his audience – both the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught were in the city. He began with a flourish:

It is not given to every man to represent his country against her traditional enemy, nor to every man so honoured does fate award success. Sir West Ridgeway, however, and his comrades, have the singular good fortune, having taken up a task full of difficulties in itself and rendered more doubtful by dubious sympathy from a Liberal Ministry at Home, to find their work accomplished in peace and honour.

Upon arrival in Lahore, one can be sure that one of Owen's first destinations was to the office of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in order to meet the editorial staff and probably James Walker as well. Unfortunately Owen ended his diary on 31 October, so we do not have his personal recollections for these hectic days. He certainly left the office a richer man. In a diary entry for 13 March 1885, he wrote, "Heard from C&M saying they anxiously expected my letters and that two cheques were waiting for me at their office."<sup>21</sup>

John Lockwood Kipling would have given Owen a copy of his article on "Turkoman Ornaments," which had appeared in the July issue of the *Journal of Indian Art*. Owen does not mention receiving a copy of the article in his letters and diary notes written on the Afghan border, so the presentation must have been a surprise. Owen doubtlessly showed a few examples of his Turkoman acquisitions to John Lockwood and Rudyard Kipling.

The ethnographical material collected by Dr Owen gave both John Lockwood and his son a golden opportunity to "hunt and rummage" among the fierce Turkoman tribes of Central Asia. In a letter to Kay Robinson, Rudyard admitted, "For another thing I am deeply interested in the queer ways and works of the people of the land. I hunt and rummage among 'em."<sup>22</sup>

All Lahore had been spruced up for the visit of Viceroy Lord Dufferin, the Duke of Connaught, son of the Queen herself, a gaggle of turbaned Rajahs and the A.B.C. to the city. At a ceremony at the Punjab University "His Excellency the Right Hon'ble Sir Frederick Temple Hamilton-Temple, Earl of Dufferin, K.P., G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.M.I.E., D.C.L., (Oxon.), F.R.S., Viceroy and Governor-General of India," received the degree of Doctor of Oriental Learning, *honoris causa*. Sir West Ridgeway lived his finest hour at Government House

on Thursday, 4 November, at 4:30 p.m., 'when a Chapter of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India was held to invest Sir West Ridgeway with the insignia of the 2nd class of the Order.' The solemn and imposing ceremony took place in one of the upper rooms in Government House.

The final act of the welcoming ceremonies was the dinner for the eleven officers who served under Ridgeway at the Punjab Club on 4 November. The festivities are described in the C.M.G.:<sup>23</sup>

The dining room, whose length is, as a rule, preposterously disproportioned to the few round tables at which habitual Club-diners foregather daily, was occupied from end to end with a milky way of table-cloth and glass; and the seats from end to end were filled, with only one or two invisible exceptions. The speeches were few—only two in fact—and short, very short. Mr. R.T. Burney, Judge of the Chief Court, in proposing the health of the guests, adverted to the ceremonies of the afternoon, in which they had been the central figure; to the labours of the Mission in Afghanistan, when for two years our eyes had anxiously followed them across desert, rock and river. He compared the meal they had just honoured the Club by eating beneath their roof, with the probably extremely make-shift viands that must have tried their digestions at times on the Afghan frontier; but pointed out, what was obvious to all present, that the guests looked in the best of health and condition. His remarks were received with frequent applause, which was redoubled and prolonged when he said that the honour which had been shown to them that afternoon, was only a tithe of what they deserved. As a small but fairly representative gathering of the European community of the Punjab, the opinion of the gentlemen assembled there ought to carry some weight, and it was emphatically shown that not a man present but thought the returning Mission was not being treated well enough. "If they had all, instead of their leader only been made K.C.S.I.'s" said Mr. Burney amid cheers, "we should have been better pleased." That was doubtless a figure of speech; but a figure with meaning. Colonel Bax replied on behalf of the Mission, and thanked the club cordially for their hospitality.

Among the hosts and guests listed in the C.M.G. were – E. Kay Robinson, Esq., R. Kipling, Esq., J.L. Kipling, Esq. In his autobiography, Kipling says his life at the time revolved around the 'Punjab Club, where bachelors, for the most part, gathered to eat meals of no merit among men whose merits they knew well.'<sup>24</sup> Wheeler seldom came there as he was married, but Robinson must have become a

regular guest. One can easily imagine who was behind the invitation to the officers of the A.B.C.

The final period of the A.B.C. campaign was later described by three members of the commission. Thomas Holdich's book *The Indian Borderland 1880-1900*, offers an overview of the period, even if Charles Owen said Holdich tended to see things through rose-tinted glasses. The Yate brothers Charles and Arthur both compiled their correspondence with various newspapers soon after the end of the A.B.C. Captain Charles Yate, who witnessed the affray at Penjdeh, published *Northern Afghanistan or Letters from the Afghan Boundary Commission* in 1888. A year earlier his brother Arthur collected the letters he had written to the *Pioneer*, *Daily Telegraph* and other journals for his book *England and Russia Face to Face in Asia: Travels with the Afghan Boundary Commission*. However the most colourful and personal account of the trials and tribulations by far is preserved in the unpublished letters and diaries of Dr Charles Owen. In a forthcoming study on Kipling's Afghanistan I will discuss the reasons why Owen did not wish his material to be made public.

Both Owen and Kipling moved to East Sussex in 1902. When researching the Norman conquest for his *Puck of Pook's Hill* stories, did the novelist ever visit St. Mary's in Westham, one of the first Norman churches, built in the "ham" west of Pevensey Castle? The humble warden of this church was Dr Charles Owen, a position he held for 22 years. Had the two occasion to share an evening together by the fireplace at Bateman's? Or did the now world famous Nobel prize recipient prefer to leave well enough alone? The theme is worth investigating.

## APPENDIX A

NEWSLETTERS PUBLISHED IN THE *CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE*

<u>Number</u>	<u>Written</u>	<u>Correspondent</u>	<u>Published</u>
1	Quetta, Sept. 12	E. Durand	Sep 18, 1884
2	Quetta, Sept. 18	E. Durand	Sep 25, 1884
3	Nushki, Sept. 29	E. Durand	Oct 8, 1884
4		E. Durand	Oct 13, 1884
5	Sahan, n.d.	E. Durand	Oct 20, 1884
6	Galichah, Oct. 13	E. Durand	Oct 27, 1884
7		E. Durand	Oct 28, 1884
8	Kwajah Ali, n.d.	E. Durand	Nov 10, 1884
9	(Ibrahimabad ?)	E. Durand	Nov 11, 1884
10	(Kin ?)	E. Durand	Nov 18, 1884
11	(Sir Mandal ?)	E. Durand	Nov 25, 1884
12	(Chah Gazek ?)	E. Durand	Nov 28, 1884
13	Kuhsan, Nov. 18	E. Durand	Dec 5, 1884
14	Kuhsan, Nov. 19	E. Durand	Dec 9, 1884
15	Kuhsan, Nov. 19-22	C. Owen	Dec 9, 1884
16	Kuhsan, Nov. 23-26	C. Owen	Dec 10, 1884
17	Panjdeh, Dec. 4	E. Durand	Dec 25, 1884
18	Nov.26-Dec.6	C. Owen	Dec 30, 1884
19	Bala Murghab, Dec. 20	E. Durand	Jan 8, 1885
20	Bala Murghab, Dec. 24	C. Owen	Jan 17, 1885
21	Bala Murghab, Dec. 26	E. Durand	Jan 23, 1885
22	Bala Murghab, Dec. 28	C. Owen	Jan 29, 1885
23	Bala Murghab, Jan. 5	C. Owen	Feb 2, 1885
24	Bala Murghab, Jan. 5	F. Drummond	Feb 3, 1885
25	Bala Murghab, Jan. 12	F. Drummond	Feb 9, 1885
26	Bala Murghab, Jan. 19	C. Owen	Feb 17, 1885
27	Bala Murghab, Jan. 25	C. Owen	Feb 20, 1885
28	Bala Murghab, Feb. 1	C. Owen	Feb 25, 1885
29	Bala Murghab, Feb. 8	C. Owen	Mar 3, 1885
30	Bala Murghab, Feb. 12	C. Owen	Mar 10, 1885
31	Aklochi, Feb. 25	C. Owen	Mar 23, 1885
32	Panjdeh, Mar. 12	C. Owen	Apr 6, 1885
33	Panjdeh, Mar. 21	C. Owen	Apr 27, 1885
34	Tirpul, Apr. 8	E. Durand	Apr 29, 1885

## NOTES

1. Cf. Arthur Yate, *England and Russia Face to Face in Asia: Travels with the Afghan Boundary Commission* (Edinburgh and London, 1887), p. 18.
2. *Pioneer*, 29 August 1884, pp.84f. Cf. also the same in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. 20 January 1885.
3. Arthur Yate, *England and Russia Face to Face*, pp.18, 278.
4. e-mail of 25 February 2002. I wish to thank Fred Sharf for facilitating the acquisition of a copy of the transcriptions. I am also grateful to Joy Eldridge at the University of Sussex Library and Karen Smith, Kipling Librarian at Dalhousie University, for their assistance. Joy Eldridge wrote that a search of the archives at Sussex did not uncover a single occurrence of the name of Charles Owen.
5. Cf. *Who Was Who 1918-1928*. vol.2, p.622: *Catalogue of Jeyapore Exhibits at Calcutta International Exhibition 1883*.
6. P. Hopkirk, *The Great Game* (London, 1992), p.415.
7. Charles Marvin, *The Russians at the Gates of Herat* (London, 1885), p.68.
8. Letter of Charles Owen to his wife, dated 24 April 1885. Original in the possession of Fred Sharf, to whom I am indebted for sending me a transcript of the text.
9. N.A.M., Owen transcript, p.546.
10. Original in the Owen collection of Fred Sharf, dated 17 April. In an e-mail of 22 October 2003, Fred Sharf lists the letters he has as follows: a) 11 letters from 1 October to 3 December 1884, b) 12 letters from 31 January to 2 December 1885 and c) 16 letters from 3 March to 25 August 1886.
11. N.A.M., Owen transcript, p.205.
12. "Turcoman Ornaments," *Journal of Indian Art*, 17 (July, 1886), pp.53-56.
13. *Civil and Military Gazette*, 20 January 1885.
14. Cf. T. Pinney, *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (Cambridge, 1990), p.208.
15. Thomas Pinney, ed., *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1884-88* (London, 1986), p.78.
16. *Civil and Military Gazette*, 1 April 1885, dated Peshawar, 28 March. Cf. also Thomas Pinney, ed., *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself and other Autobiographical Writings* (Cambridge, 1990), p.207 for Kipling's diary entries in March 1885. For text cf. Thomas Pinney, ed., *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1884 88* (London, 1986).
17. The same telegram is translated in *The Times*, 3 April 1885, p.5.
18. Percy M. Sykes, *The Right Honourable Sir Mortimer Durand* (London, 1926), p.44.
19. A. Yate, *England and Russia Face to Face*, p.342.
20. Thomas Pinney, ed., *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself* p.208.
21. N.A.M., Owen transcript, p.171.
22. Thomas Pinney, *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself*, p.127: Letter to K. Robinson dated 30 April 1886.
23. *Civil and Military Gazette*, 6 November 1886, p.2.
24. Thomas Pinney, *Rudyard Kipling: Something of Myself*, p.27.

## "BANTY TIM":

### A POSSIBLE AMERICAN SOURCE FOR "GUNGA DIN"

By WILLIAM P. CAHILL and MICHAEL HARRAWOOD

[William P. Cahill teaches at Florida Atlantic University, and one of his major research interests is the literature and artwork of the "illustrated press" during the American Civil War period. (It was in pursuing such research that years ago he first came across the original version of "Banty Tim" in the illustrated newspaper, *Harper's Weekly*.) Michael Harrawood is also on the faculty at Florida Atlantic University, where he teaches English and Comparative Literature. He has published essays on Shakespeare, early modern drama, and post-colonial studies. — Ed.]

An American Civil War poem by John Hay called "Banty Tim" may be a source used by Rudyard Kipling for his poem "Gunga Din." Hay's poem first appeared in the 15 April 1871 issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and it was also included in a poetry anthology published that year called *Pike County Ballads*.<sup>1</sup> The remarkable similarity of the two poems, in both style and thematic content, suggests that Kipling's story of the heroic water bearer may have been derived from Hay's poem about a black man serving with the Union Army, who also braves heavy enemy fire to save a white soldier. Moreover, Hay's use of spoken dialect in "Banty Tim" and in his other ballads may also have influenced the "barracks-style" poetry that Kipling made so famous. It is clear not only that Kipling knew Hay but also that he was quite familiar with and had great admiration for his poetry.

While several critics have sought Kipling's sources for "Gunga Din" in war legends and popular song, the question of whether the story itself may have been derived is one that apparently has never been addressed. In 1943, Sir George MacMunn made a very plausible attribution with regard to the name "Gunga Din," suggesting it may have come from a song popular among British soldiers in India called "Gunga Deen," with which Kipling would most certainly have been familiar.<sup>2</sup> Concerning this song, however, MacMunn also claimed that "except for the name, it has little to do with Kipling." The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* has pointed out several rhythmical similarities that seem to demonstrate Kipling's debt to the fireside song, but has suggested also that MacMunn's memory of the song may have been influenced by his familiarity with the poem.<sup>3</sup>

In a 1977 article, Mukhtar Ali Isani suggested that a specific historical incident might have provided the setting for Kipling's poem. Isani found in the memoirs of Lord Frederick Roberts, Commander in Chief of the Madras Army and a close friend of Kipling, an account



ILLUSTRATION BY C.S. REINHART  
*HARPER'S WEEKLY*, 15 APRIL 1871, (p.332)

from the India Mutiny of 1857 in which the men of the 9th Lancers chose a native water carrier as the man in their regiment most worthy to receive a Victoria Cross for bravery under fire. Isani cites the following account from Roberts' book, *Forty-One Years in India*:

The followers belonging to European regiments, such as cook-boys, saices, and *bhisties* (water-carriers), as a rule, behaved in the most praiseworthy manner, faithful and brave to a degree. So much was this the case, that when the troopers of the 9th Lancers were called upon to name the man they considered most worthy of the Victoria Cross, an honour which Sir Colin Campbell purposed to confer upon the regiment to mark his appreciation of the gallantry displayed by all ranks during the campaign, they unanimously chose the head *bhistie*.<sup>4</sup>

While it would appear that the origins of the title and colonial setting of "Gunga Din," along with the job role of its hero, may have been established, no source has ever been identified for the specific content and story line of the poem. However, there is good reason to believe that "Banty Tim" may have provided Kipling with the inspiration for one of his most famous poems.

"Banty Tim" shares many important elements with Kipling's poem: both are ballads, and although Hay's poem does not have the rhythmic complexity and rhyme scheme of "Gunga Din," both are "talking poems," built on iambic lines that carry the sense of their being spoken by a fictive persona. Subtitled "Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois," "Banty Tim" begins like "Gunga Din" with a soldier-narrator addressing a group of listeners:

I reckon I git your drift, gents—  
 You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;  
 This is a white man's country;  
 You're Dimocrats, you say;  
 And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,  
 The times bein' all out o' j'int,  
 The nigger has got to mosey  
 From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

As with the opening verses of "Gunga Din," these lines place a deep moral and ethical issue within the vernacular speech idiom of a common man. The speaker also establishes his power and authority by ironising his interlocutors "You're Dimocrats you say," and by para-

phrasing Hamlet, "The times bein' all out of j'int."<sup>5</sup> Sergeant Joy goes on to make the same point that Kipling's speaker makes in the opening lines of "Gunga Din":

You may talk o' gin an' beer  
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;

Just as Kipling's narrator does, Sergeant Joy marshals his combat experience to establish his status and his right to lecture those whom he addresses. The second verse makes this clear:

Le's reason the thing a minute:  
 I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,  
 Though I laid my politics out o' the way  
 For to keep till the war was through.  
 But I come back here, allowin'  
 To vote as I used to do,  
 Though it gravels me like the devil to train  
 Along o' sich fools as you.

After using combat experience to affirm his authority as a speaker, each narrator then goes on to use that experience to fashion a moral tale concerning racial identity and prejudice. Like Kipling's narrator, Sergeant Joy falls in combat and bears an intolerable thirst while suffering from a life-threatening injury. He is rescued by a black man named Tim, who crawls across an open battlefield to him, who picks him up on his back and carries him to safety while sustaining multiple gunshot wounds. It is the experience of being saved by Banty Tim that motivates Sergeant Joy to defend the rights of a black man before the Spunky Point Committee. Joy's description of his injuries and of the heat sounds very much like that given in "Gunga Din."

The British soldier says:

I sha'n't forgit the night  
 When I dropped be'ind the fight  
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.  
 I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
 An' the man that spied me first  
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

The American soldier says:

You know that ungodly day  
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped  
And torn and tattered we lay.  
When the rest retreated I staid behind,  
Fur reasons sufficient to me—  
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,  
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,  
And br'iled and blistered and burned!  
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us  
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!  
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing  
I couldn't believe for a spell:  
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me  
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

Both soldiers fell behind their comrades due to battlefield injuries – the Englishman having "a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been," and the American with "a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike." The English soldier is "chokin' mad with thirst"; the American is "br'iled and blistered and burned" by the hot sun. Both soldiers are saved by a black man who is himself shot by the enemy as a result of his rescue efforts. In both poems it is the rendering of spoken dialect, the Englishman's Cockney, the American's Western accent, that gives the story its feeling of urgency and passion. Both poems forcibly convey through common speech the sense of an important lived experience.

Also in both cases the narrator's experience leads to a reflection upon racial ethics that includes a vision of hell. The English soldier imagines meeting the black man in hell one day, and acknowledges the native Indian black man as his better:

'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Kipling's poem moves from there to its famous concluding line, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!" In a similar vein, Sergeant Joy acknowledges his debt to Banty Tim, threatening to send to hell any of the whites who might attempt to harm the blacks of Spunky Point:

He trumped Death's ace for me that day,

And I'm not goin' back on him!  
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,  
But ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,  
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

The pun on "rezoloot," which suggests that local lawmaking in the years following the Civil War was a kind of legalised theft, picks up on Sergeant Joy's earlier ironising of the "Dimocrats" in the White Man's Committee just like the English soldier's early line "But when it comes to slaughter / You will do your work on water" is picked up in the later narrative of "Gunga Din" when the black man gives him the " 'arf-a-pint o' water-green."

More importantly, the speaker of each narrative is led to reflect upon the humanity he shares with the black man and to contemplate the universal principles of right that determine the meaning of his experience. Sergeant Joy in his remarks to the Committee is defending not only the black man who saved him, but also all blacks who might have to confront the Committee's racist politics. And similarly, the English soldier's awareness that the black *bhisti* is the better man means his experience has led him to universalising principles upon which men of both races can be measured. Both ballads move from the local to the universal, from *this* black man or *this* personal experience to moral and ethical positions transcending local men and experiences. Both poems thus share similar ethical and structural elements that strengthen the suggestion that Kipling may have had "Banty Tim" somewhere in mind when composing "Gunga Din."

If the striking similarities between "Banty Tim" and "Gunga Din" argue for a connection between the two poems, then this argument is fortified and enhanced by the fact that there was a relationship between the two authors. Although almost two decades separated the 1871 publication of "Banty Tim" and the appearance of "Gunga Din" in 1890, there is ample evidence of Kipling's association with Hay and admiration of his work.<sup>6</sup> Kipling was undoubtedly familiar with Hay's poetry for quite some time before writing "Gunga Din," and shortly before the two finally met in 1892 Kipling wrote to Hay "I've been wanting to meet you for a matter of some several years and shall attend with joy." (Letters, p.48). Later, when Kipling wrote to Hay to thank him for having sent a book of his poems, he added that he already knew most of them by heart.<sup>7</sup> But perhaps the clearest evidence that "Banty Tim" was well known to Kipling at the time he composed "Gunga Din" is to be found in an essay he wrote for *The Pioneer* in 1889, one year before the first appearance of "Gunga Din," in which he quoted a stanza from

another poem by Hay that had appeared in 1871 along with "Banty Tim" in *Pike County Ballads*.<sup>8</sup>

If, as we believe, "Banty Tim" was a source for "Gunga Din," then Hay's influence upon Kipling may indeed have extended beyond this single poem. The strength of some of Kipling's most popular poems comes in part from their use of lower-class dialect, spoken by the "Tommies" who fought England's colonial wars. It is quite possible that the introduction of this powerful literary device into Kipling's poetry was influenced by his admiration of the earlier ballads by Hay, which also derived much of their impact from the dialect in which they were delivered. Also, because "Banty Tim" and "Gunga Din" were black men sharing quite similar character traits, placed in quite similar settings on opposite sides of the world, Kipling apparently recognized that both England and America shared the moral and political dilemma posed by contemporary race ideology. If Kipling indeed drew upon an American poet's commentary on racial attitudes and politics, it suggests that England's poet of empire was using its former colonies to find some of the material he would use to define the issues and problems within England itself.

This is the poem "Banty Tim," by John Hay, as it appeared in the 15 April 1871 issue of *Harper's Weekly* with the notation that it was "Written for Harper's Weekly."

BANTY TIM. By JOHN HAY

[REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S  
COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS.]

I reckon I git your drift, gents—  
 You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;  
 This is a white man's country;  
 You're Dimocrats, you say;  
 And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,  
 The times bein' all out o' j'int,  
 The nigger has got to mosey  
 From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:  
 I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,  
 Though I laid my politics out o' the way  
 For to keep till the war was through.  
 But I come back here, allowin'  
 To vote as I used to do,

Though it gravels me like the devil to train  
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,  
In all the light of the day,  
What you've got to do with the question  
Ef Tim shill go or stay.  
And funder than that I give notice,  
Ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime  
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!  
You know that ungodly day  
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped  
And torn and tattered we lay.  
When the rest retreated I staid behind,  
Fur reasons sufficient to me—  
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,  
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,  
And br'iled and blistered and burned!  
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us  
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!  
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing  
I couldn't believe for a spell:  
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me  
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,  
And the bullets buzzed like bees;  
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,  
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;  
But he staggered up, and packed me off,  
With a dozen stumbles and falls,  
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,  
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,  
And here stays Banty Tim:  
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,  
And I'm not goin' back on him!

You may rezoloot till the cows come home,  
 But ef one of you tetches the boy,  
 He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,  
 Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

#### NOTES

- "Banty Tim" appears on page 332 of the 15 April issue of *Harper's Weekly*, 1871, along with a woodcut by C.S. Reinhart showing a wounded Union soldier lying on the battlefield as a black man crawls over to save him. See also John Hay, *Pike County Ballads and Other Pieces* (Boston: J.R. Osgood and Company, 1871).
- See Lt-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, "The Original Gunga Deen," *Kipling Journal*, No.66, July, 1943, pp.3-4.
- Email from David Page to William P. Cahill, 15 February 2003.
- Mukhtar Ali Isani, "The Origin of Kipling's 'Gunga Din'," *Victorian Poetry* 15, 1977, pp.83-84. See also Frederick Sleigh Roberts, *Forty-One Years in India*, (London, R. Bently, 1897), pp. 190-91.  
 Isani also reports that after the publication of "Gunga Din" a contemporary of Roberts, General Frederick Traill Burroughs, came forward with a different account of the story, one in which the head *bhisti* was selected for the award simply because he was the only man who had actually been in combat. Burroughs recounts that Sir Colin Campbell sent four Victoria Crosses to the 9th Lancers, but that 'their commanding officer returned the Crosses sent to his regiment, saying that no one in it had had the opportunity of distinguishing himself above his fellows. Sir Colin was, it is said, very angry, and ordered the Crosses to be distributed as he had directed. The regiment, not knowing how to act, selected one of their *bheesties*, or native water-carriers, for the distinction, as having been the only man connected with the regiment who, in this operation, thus far, had been under fire, in fetching water for them and their horses. Sir Colin, on hearing this, was furious.' W.H. Fitchett, *The Tale of the Great Mutiny* (London, Smith, Elder, 1912), pp.448-49.
- Hamlet says, "The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite, / That ever I was born to set it right!" 1.5.166-67. These lines close out the first Act. Hamlet thinks his destiny is to save Denmark from the political turmoil and moral chaos that are the result of his father's murder. Sergeant Joy uses the line to emphasize his mockery of committee's political cant in the previous line, "And whereas, and seein', and wherefore." Although he is making fun of the committee through the comparison with Hamlet, Sergeant Joy's reference actually establishes his moral authority to the poem's reader, who will find in the reference the suggestion that Joy's critique of the Committee, like Hamlet's of Denmark, is intended to set right what is out of joint.
- The two poets had much in common: both were young journalists when they began writing poetry. Kipling's name became known around the world for his poems and stories, while Hay is more likely to be recognized for his work as a politician and statesman. Born in 1838, Hay spent most of his life in government, serving as a private secretary to President Lincoln during the American Civil War (1861-65), as Assistant Secretary of State under President Rutherford Hayes (1879-81), as Ambassador to Great Britain (1897-98), and as Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt (1898-1905), where he participated in negotiations for the "Open Door Policy" with China and helped to arrange construction of the Panama

Canal. Besides the *Pike County Ballads*, Hay co-authored a 10-volume biography of Lincoln and a novel called *The Bread Winners*.

John G. Nicolay and John Hay, *Abraham Lincoln: a History* (New York: The Century Co., 1890) and John Hay, *The Bread Winners: A Social Study* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1884).

7. Letter of 29 June 1895: Kipling writes: 'Your delightful note has just come in with the Poems—most of which I "have the honour to point out" I know by heart.' See Thomas Pinney, ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, Volume II (Iowa City, University of Iowa Press, 1990), p.194.
8. See "The Question of Givens," *Pioneer*, 18 January 1889. See also Andrew Rutherford, ed., *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879-1889: Unpublished, Uncollected and Rarely Collected Poems* (Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1986), pp.447-50 .

## A BIRTHDAY GREETING (TO P. LANDON)

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Tell the smiling Afric morn,  
 Let the stony kopje know,  
 Landon of *The Times* was born  
 One and thirty years ago.

Whisper greetings soft and low,  
 Pour the whiskey, deal the bun,  
 Only Bell and Buckle know  
 All the evil he has done.

From *The Friend*, Bloemfontein, 29 March 1900.

[Moberly Bell was Manager of *The Times*. Kipling had been on familiar terms with him since 1894. George Earle Buckle was Editor of *The Times*, 1884-1912. (New Readers' Guide, Notes to *Something of Myself*, p.227. These are based on the notes originally written by Thomas Pinney for the Cambridge edition of *Something of Myself* (1995), and used with the kind permission of Cambridge University Press.) – Ed.]

## ON THE TRACK OF AN EPITAPH:

KIPLING AND B.H. WALTON

By PROFESSOR THOMAS PINNEY

[Once again we are indebted to Tom Pinney for his percipience in matters "Kipling", and for his persistence in following up all leads – and this time we have the added pleasure of thanking Mrs Pinney for her transatlantic "legwork" in search of a memorial.

Readers will notice the three abbreviated verses – because there is a definite value in the first printing of Kipling's unpublished poetry, we are only permitted to publish a short extract from each, although the full versions can be found in the Colt Collection, Special Collections, Library of Congress, U.S.A.

Finally, for anyone like me who is unfamiliar with bookseller's annotations, ALS stands for "Authorgraph Letter Signed" and TLS for "Typed Letter Signed" – *Ed.*]

## I. THE BACKGROUND

Barclay Harper Walton (?-1931) is among the many minor figures who enter into the biographical record of Rudyard Kipling. Just when and how Walton and Kipling became acquainted I do not know, but by 1903 Kipling was writing to Walton occasionally and continued to do so through 1911. Some 56 letters from Kipling to Walton are now in the Colt Collection at the Library of Congress, and of course there may have been other letters that did not survive or that have not yet been found.

Walton was by profession a stockbroker with the firm of Ricardo and Company in London, and it is more than likely that Kipling first knew him in that connection: several of his letters to Walton are requests for advice about investments. But Walton's real identity was as a sailor. He owned a steam yacht of 50 tons, called *Bantam*, and every summer he spent cruising in the Channel and beyond, using the harbour of the village of Cawsand, Cornwall, as his base. According to Andrew Lycett, Walton had in fact given up the stockbroker's life to devote himself full-time to his boat, in which he sailed around the world.<sup>1</sup> I do not know Lycett's authority for this statement, but it is certainly the case that Walton spent long months on his yacht. Perhaps that was all that he did, though from the correspondence with Kipling it appears that the yacht was laid up each winter, when, I suppose, Walton may well have returned to his City life. At the time of his death he had residences both at Cawsand and at Bentinck Terrace in London, so he had not wholly given up life on the land.

Walton and the *Bantam* were an abundant source of fresh fish for Kipling at Bateman's. Many of the letters to Walton are notes of thanks for his fishy gifts: red mullet, red gurnet, salmon, salmon trout, trout,

cod and hake. And from time to time Walton would put in at Newhaven, the harbour closest to Bateman's, where Kipling might come down to see him. On at least three occasions—in 1903, 1906, and 1907—Walton was a guest at Bateman's. He always came in November, about the time that *Bantam* would be laid up for the winter and Walton would return to the land for a season.

In July 1905 Kipling appears to have gone down to Cawsand and sailed on *Bantam*, for on 12 July he wrote to Walton:

To say that the wife hooted at me when I returned with my tale of—"stiffness" is to put the matter mildly and, to crown all, I felt qualmish for a day afterwards. There's humiliation for you. John said he wouldn't have behaved that way. So I sit in ashes.

(ALS, Library of Congress).

On 15 November 1905 Kipling sent Walton the following verses:

Dear Walton:

We who have been through much together  
Wish you sunshine and fair weather  
With pleasant harbours when you want 'em  
(Signed)

B.H. Walton and  
The Bantam

I suggest that when you have it printed on your card you leave a space for the signature and fill in in your own handwriting.

\* (ALS, Library of Congress)

Walton must have had these lines printed on his card; one wonders whether any example survives? In the same letter containing the verses, Kipling sent his design for a crest for the *Bantam*: a bantam rooster inside a lifebuoy. This crest, Kipling suggested, might be put on Walton's private flag and could also be 'hammered in low relief in copper' and mounted over the saloon door of the *Bantam*.

Four years after this episode, Kipling returned to Cawsand, this time with his son John. They spent five days there, from 21 to 25 August, much of the time on *Bantam* herself. As Kipling wrote to his friend Andrew Macphail just before this trip, it was no party of pleasure for him:

I'm off in an hour or two to take the boy for a fishing trip in a yacht (sixty foot long) off the Eddystone where I shall be mortally sick and he will enjoy himself furiously. I *hate* yachts and nets of slimy fish flopping about the decks.



PHOTOGRAPH OF KIPLING AT THE HELM OF THE *BANTAM* WITH JOHN AND TWO CREW-MEMBERS – 1909? (Colt Collection, Library of Congress)

Things did not turn out so badly, though: from Cawsand, on 24 August, Kipling wrote to his neighbour Colonel Feilden, that 'John and I have been having the time of our lives at Cawsand, whipping for mackerel, etc. We are just off now for the Eddystone' (ALS, Syracuse University). Still, as another set of verses produced on this occasion shows, Kipling did not entirely escape a bit of *mal de mer*.

. . . But the Bantam in flat calm woke a wild internal qualm  
And a sense of coming grief he could not check—

\* (Incomplete letter, n.d., Library of Congress)

Despite this episode, Kipling, after returning to Bateman's, wrote to Walton that

I feel full and fortified with fresh sea air. It was an immense time in every way—for me as much as for John to whom it opened a new world. He has been eloquent on the matter ever since and I have explained at length to the wife and Elsie what a wonderful land there is in Cawsand—and how vital and imperative it is that they should go there next year.

(26 August 1909: *Letters*, III, 386).

It was probably on this occasion that one of their fellow guests on *Bantam* was a Lt-Col Charles Norman Buzzard, whom Kipling would have as a neighbour in the south of France years later. In his memoirs Buzzard remembered meeting Kipling before the war on B.H. Walton's yacht, when they "caught a lot of fish off the Eddystone Lighthouse. I can remember his nice-looking boy at the wheel of that craft."<sup>2</sup>

This experience on *Bantam* produced two more poetic effusions from Kipling. The first is written on a leaf from the *Bantam's* guest book, opposite the signatures of Kipling and John and the dates 21-25 August [1909] which begins:

If Yealm<sup>3</sup> is called "Yam"  
Then helm must be "ham" . . .

\* (MS, Library of Congress)

The second is also written on a leaf from *Bantam's* guest book, dated 25 August 1909 and followed by a small pencil sketch of the Eddystone lighthouse signed 'RK'. The first four lines are:

Walton's Bank—by the Eddystone—  
Is the safest bank that ever was known;

But though its floating balance shows  
Twice a day how its business grows . . .

\* (MS, Library of Congress)

In the enthusiastic mood of that 'immense time' in 1909 Kipling had said that not only he and John but his wife and daughter should go to Cawsand 'next year.' And so they did. All four—Kipling, Mrs Kipling, Elsie, and John—left Bateman's on 12 August 1910, arrived at Cawsand the next day, and remained until the 18th—at least four full days.<sup>4</sup> Again, as Kipling wrote to Macphail just before the trip, he feared the worst:

Allah knows I love not small steam yachts but the kids are crazy about it and the wife and I will be yellow and purple as pansies and swear we are enjoying ourselves till we collapse. A steam boat's motion has not the amplitude of *ark* of a sailing boat— moreover there are oils and the gaily is behind one's back in the saloon. The rest you can see for yourself.

(4-11 August 1910: *Letters*, III, 447-48)

As soon as they had returned to Bateman's Kipling wrote Walton to say that

It was a glorious time and one which the children will never forget and we can't thank you enough for your immense kindness to us in every way. It was a complete change and a most delightful rest for the wife who joins us in the warmest greetings to you.

([21 August 1910]: ALS, Library of Congress)

This "glorious time" seems to have had no sequel. Kipling wrote to Walton a few times in 1911, but after that the correspondence ends, nor have I found any further reference to Walton in Mrs Kipling's diary or in the Bateman's visitors book. I do not suppose that there was anything remarkable in this; the two men simply drifted apart and were, after a time, out of touch.

When Walton died at the end of 1931 he left, according to the report in *The Times*, an estate valued at £93,000—a solid fortune for those times. He had, apparently, no family. His major bequests were to charities—the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital and the National Life-Boat Institution, for example. To one of his former crew on *Bantam* he left 'all his nets, fishing lines, hooks, ropes . . . shrimp trawls, lamps, and odd stuff,' so he had evidently kept up his life at sea. *Bantam* is not mentioned, but a sailing boat called *Adele*, a motor launch, and a punt are all specified among the legacies.

## II. THE PURSUIT

All of this I knew, more or less, when last year at the Library of Congress I came across a correspondence between Mrs Kipling and a certain Mrs Moore, then living in Eastbourne. She was, no doubt, the wife of the Athelstan Moore named in Walton's will as the recipient of Walton's sailing boat, of his motor launch, and of the contents of his two houses at Cawsand and Bentinck Terrace.<sup>5</sup> The Moores were old and close friends of Walton, who knew about the friendship between Walton and Kipling and had a request to make: would Kipling consider writing something suitable for Walton's gravestone? In fact, he would. In a letter of 16 June 1932 Mrs Kipling wrote from Bateman's to Mrs Moore:

Here is an inscription which my husband hoped would answer; but he wants me to say he will perfectly understand if it won't fit with your idea and you are under no obligation to use it.

\* (ALS, Library of Congress)

The letter is accompanied by these four lines of verse, undated, typed on Bateman's notepaper:

This was a man who did not seek his ends  
In trivial honours, but, content to be  
Himself in all things, never failed his friends  
And least of all his livelong friend the sea.

Mrs Moore was no doubt excited by this—probably unexpected—response, and must have asked about publicising it. Mrs Kipling's reply was quite firm:

My husband wants me to say that on no account would he wish you to put either initials or his name in connection with the inscription, as he would like it to be as between ourselves, and it is a matter in which he would not like to take outsiders into his confidence.

(TLS, 20 June 1932: Library of Congress)

And so it was: no one, so far as I knew, had any knowledge of this particular contribution of Kipling's to the literature of mortuary inscriptions.

I filed away the information, thinking that Walton would probably never get any recognition as having been the cause of at least five verse exercises by Kipling. This year, however, I had occasion to visit

England, and it occurred to me to try to determine whether Kipling's inscription for Walton had, in fact, been used on the gravestone. But where was Walton buried?

I put my wife on to the problem, and she quickly solved it. We knew about the Cawsand connection, and it seemed highly probable that Walton would have been buried in that neighbourhood—though he might equally well have been buried in London, or, perhaps, Eastbourne, where the Moores lived. But Cornwall seemed the best bet. An e-mail to the Cornish Record Office produced the information that they did not have the burial records for the parish of Maker with Rame, in which Cawsand lies; they were, rather, in the care of the Vicar and Rector of the Parish, the Reverend Robin A. Doyle, living in Torpoint. It was now nearing Eastertime [2004], perhaps the busiest time of the ecclesiastical year, and when my wife called the Rev. Doyle he could only promise to look up the records when he got the time. We had had no answer from him when it was time to fly to London, but after we arrived my wife renewed her calls, with some embarrassment about making a nuisance of herself. Then, on the evening of 7 April, a Wednesday, the Rev. Doyle called with the information: Barclay Walton lies buried in the churchyard of St. Germanus church in the parish of Maker with Rame, and there is an inscription on the gravestone. He read it to her over the phone: the lines were those that Kipling wrote!

The Easter holidays were only a couple of days away: Cornwall, we were warned, would be overwhelmed by tourists; the roads and the rails would be crowded, and there would be no accommodation available anywhere along the coast. We decided not to wait but just to go at once to confirm our discovery. Next morning we took the train from Paddington to Plymouth, got a taxi to the ferry over the Tamar at Devonport, took the ferry to Torpoint, and there got another taxi willing to drive us down to St Germanus – the driver said he used to live in that neighbourhood and assured us that he knew the church well: some of it dated, he said, from the 13th century.

We were soon at the lych-gate of the church, where the driver let us out and waited. The Reverend Doyle had told us that we would find Walton's grave on the north side, and, after some baffled searching among obviously too-old headstones, we did. Or rather, my wife did: 'bingo!', she said. The grave is marked by a tall narrow stone crowned with a Celtic cross and carrying on its upper base a very conventional inscription: 'In memory of Barclay Walton, benefactor of the village of Cawsand and of many charitable institutions passed away 12 October 1931 deeply regretted by many.' Another inscription was just discernible on the base itself, obscured as it was by grass, weeds, and ivy.

I pulled much of this away, and there in gilt lettering, now much dulled, were Kipling's lines.<sup>6</sup> We now knew for certain that they had in fact been used. I must confess that it gave me an obscure pleasure to know that my wife and I were, for the moment, the only people in the world who knew what those lines were!

This distinction did not last long, however. The cab driver, wondering why we had not returned, had come looking for us and found me on my stomach in the churchyard grass with a digital camera in my hand. "Are you all right, sir?" he said. He must have thought me more than a little loony. I explained that we were looking at an epitaph written by Rudyard Kipling. Though he seemed to know the name of Kipling, and though he received the information politely, he was distinctly unimpressed. We returned to the cab, retraced our route to Torpoint, crossed on the ferry, took a cab to the station, and made our way back to London in good spirits. The pursuit had successfully ended.

Kipling was distinguished as a composer of epitaphs. Most readers will know the "Epitaphs of the War" in *The Years Between*. He also wrote a good many inscriptions for monuments put up by the War Graves Commission, on which he served from its beginning; and he wrote inscriptions by special request for the Rhodes Memorial in South Africa, for the actors' memorial in Stratford-on-Avon, for the war dead of the University of Edinburgh, and for the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne, to name no more. But I do not think that he wrote many private inscriptions, such as that for Walton. I know of no other, in fact. Why did he distinguish Walton thus? One can only guess. My guess is that it had something to do with the memory of John Kipling and of the halcyon days before the war, but a guess is all that is. As to the truth of the epitaph, that can't be known now either. Dr Johnson observed that no man is upon oath in lapidary inscriptions. But one may note that in one of his last extant letters to Walton, Kipling wrote: 'You if anyone have a genius for friendship' (3 November 1910: ALS, Library of Congress). 'Never failed his friends' echoes that. It is no bad epitaph.

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THE CHURCH OF ST GERMANUS  
The Parish of Makerwith Rame, Cornwall



THE EPITAPH



THE CELTIC CROSS

MEMORIAL to BARCLAY WALTON

## NOTES

1. Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*. London, 1999, p. 390.
2. Buzzard, *Shining Hours*. London, 1946, p. 21.
3. A short river flowing into the Channel south of Plymouth.
4. Dates from the extracts from Mrs Kipling's diary made by Douglas Rees.
5. As Walton's heirs, it was probably the Moores who sold the letters to Walton and the related Kipling materials at Sotheby's on 27 May 1963. Walton had an auto-graphed set of Kipling's works in the pocket edition that he kept on *Bantam*. Some volumes of this set turned up at a second hand book shop in Eastbourne (see *Kipling Journal*, No. 148, Dec 1963, p.3). Since the Moores lived in Eastbourne, it is easy to suppose that they had disposed of the set.
6. The stonemason, regrettably, has mistakenly substituted a period for Kipling's comma in the third line, making two ungrammatical fragments of Kipling's one complex sentence.

TECHNICAL NOTE on *BANTAM*

Lloyd's Register of Yachts (London) records that *Bantam* was built of steel in 1895 by J. Reid & Co. of Glasgow to their own design. She was rigged originally with a single pole mast as a screw cutter, fitted with a two-cylinder engine of 12 nominal horsepower built by D. Rowan and Son, also of Glasgow, which was her port of registry.

Her dimensions were: length 65.0 ft, breadth 13.1 ft, depth 6.8 ft; tonnage on a Thames Measurement basis was 47. Her Lloyd's survey shows her as being 100 A1, and she was also on Lloyd's Register of Merchant Ships, official number 104627, signal letters "T.F.L.C."

The first owner from 1896-97 was T. Barclay; he sold her to A. Cunliffe who kept her from 1897 to 1902. She was then sold to Barclay H. Walton in 1903 who had her re-rigged at that time as a schooner (see the "*We're Here*" for an example of this rig, but with the mainmast abaft the helm). In 1918-19, Walton sold her to Capt Reginald Terry M.P., which explains why she was not mentioned in Walton's Will.

Unfortunately Walton did not take up Kipling's suggestion for his flag – it remained the same throughout his ownership and was a red St. Andrew's Cross on a white ground with a small white circle over the centre of the cross.

There are other photographs of Kipling with John on *Bantam* in the Colt Collection (Library of Congress), and also one in the book edited by John Gross, *Rudyard Kipling: the man, his work and his world* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London 1972) or *The Age of Kipling*, (New York, 1972) that was acknowledged to R.E. Harbord. In this Kipling, wearing a hat, is again at the helm but the mainsail has been set, and John is standing behind and to his father's right, wearing a well-buttoned jacket. Harvey Cheyne said to his father '. . . I can take my trick in light winds . . .' and Kipling was clearly happy to do the same. – *Ed.*

## SEEING THINGS: REPETITIONS AND IMAGES IN " 'THEY' "

By LISA LEWIS

[Lisa Lewis, now in the process of writing notes to *Debits and Credits* for the New Readers' Guide, shares with us her thoughts on one of the stories to be found in *Traffics and Discoveries*. Lisa asked if I thought that this analytical approach spoiled the story. Having spent several hours reading and re-reading " 'They' " together with her analysis, both alternatively and consecutively, I concluded that it does not – it has made me read the story with greater attention than ever before. I don't agree With all of her comments, but accept that I am a sentimentalist at heart, and that whilst sentimental, there is nothing mawkish in this story. – Ed.]

There is general agreement that Kipling's short story " 'They' " <sup>1</sup> was inspired by the death of his "Best Beloved" daughter Josephine when she was only six years old. But it does not emerge directly until the very end that the narrator of the story is a bereaved father. Although the atmosphere is strange and the adults in the tale are variously troubled, the children are happy as they play in a magically beautiful garden. The story includes some of Kipling's most lyrical descriptions of the Sussex landscape. Bonamy Dobree considered it 'perhaps a little too crowded' with such descriptions, <sup>2</sup> but their details form a system of symbols that is an essential part of his exploration of grief.

This story is important in Kipling's development, because it experiments with a notable aspect of the "late" style. Its underlying theme is implicit in repeated words and background images. <sup>3</sup> Through these images, as seen by an imperfect narrator who gradually reaches enlightenment, we experience three stages in the process of mourning. Driving at random through the Sussex countryside, this man strays into the garden of an old manor house where he sees children are at play. Twice he revisits it, to discover at last that one of the children there is his own lost child.

The psychologist John Bowlby lists the stages of mourning (after a preliminary "phase of numbing") as "phase of yearning and searching", "phase of disorganisation and despair" and "phase of greater or less degree of reorganisation." <sup>4</sup> There are implications of a search in the narrator's wanderings of the first paragraph, where he twice says 'I found' (hidden villages, gipsies by the roadside). But his search is not consciously directed. In the second paragraph, he passes through the hills that 'called' him in the opening sentence, then into the 'confusing veils of the woods,' which close about him. A 'quick turn' plunges into 'a gloomy tunnel.' In the fourth paragraph the path leads him down till he reaches his unknown goal. It seems as if the countryside itself has taken charge.

On the second journey, it 'may have been' the car that takes the road 'of her own volition' only to break down by the wayside. He repairs her, but is still detached; he allows himself to be directed by others on an errand of mercy, involving 'cross-sections of remote and incomprehensible lives through which we raced at right angles.' But it is he himself, by an act of conscious will, who 'set the car for the third time on that known road.' So he is gradually seen to recover command of himself and his affairs. It is on this third journey that he is allowed to meet his little ghost and finally accepts that he has lost his child forever.

The introductory poem "The Return of the Children", a sentimental fantasy in which they feel homesick in heaven and beg to go home, represents the wishful thinking of the deprived father. It also prepares for the fact – only made clear at the end of the story – that the children he sees are not in this world. The importance of the perception theme is underlined by constant repetition: in 8,000 or so words, there are more than 80 references to light or shade, and as many to eyes or vision, of which 50-odd involve the verb "to see." The man sees the children, the children see the car, the blind woman who owns the magic house can 'see the naked soul,' an intrusive tenant farmer begs to 'see' her 'man-to-man like', and in the end she says 'Oh, I see,' as she understands why the narrator can never return. Readers need to look, observe and perceive, both with the narrator and beyond his vision, in order to understand what is being told. On another level, these reiterations show the mourner's state of mind, obsessed with his craving to see his child again.

The man's three journeys in May, June and September, read like a travelogue: seaside, hills, woods, gardens, villages, market towns – scene follows scene, in flickering succession. The changes in the countryside, with the ways in which the man relates to it, give hints and glimpses of the story's meaning. The car symbolises its owner's self-absorption, which cuts him off from the outside world as he travels along – surely the first example in literature of this now common experience. This is different in kind from the classic Victorian image of a ship or train, in which a traveller is kept at least partly in touch with everyday existence by the compulsions of tides, routes and timetables. In a car, as Kipling explains in the first sentence, 'at no more trouble than the snapping forward of a lever, I let the county flow under my wheels.'

There are more than 30 references to woods and trees, and a dozen different kinds of flower, progressing with the seasons. The fading of primroses, the 'full leaf' of the summer woods, the fruiting of briars and elders described on his journeys not only show the timescale of the passing year but also imply the slow completion of a process: the man's recovery from his depressed and alienated state of mind. Besides these,

they serve a third purpose, to add colour to the gloomy theme of mourning.

In another striking image, on his first visit to 'the House Beautiful,' the figure of a knight in clipped yew stops the intruder with 'a green spear laid at my breast,' suggesting that he is entering forbidden ground where he will need permission to proceed. On his last visit the topiary knights are in action: 'I could see valiant horsemen of the lawn rear and recover against the wind that taunted them.' This is the first hint that he must not come again.

Four-footed animals are seen outside the garden: a fox by the way-side, cattle in a market, Borzoi dogs on another estate. Inside its magic domain there are only birds and bees, winged creatures symbolising the spirit. The flowers by the roadside and round the garden gateway can be compared to wreaths, while the yew and box in the garden itself are like the evergreen lining of a grave, as described by the village woman whose grandchild dies between the second and third visits. This passage was inserted in red ink in the manuscript, while the clarifying word 'evergreen' was added still later, after magazine publication. The wood-panelled hall, where, after he has left his car (ego or body) and entered the house, the man finally meets his own child, recalls a wooden coffin. Thus the narrator has crossed the county to a dream world and penetrated to where his dead child lies. He feels his hand touched and experiences a final epiphany of grief. After this, he must turn back to his surviving children, who are hinted at – 'one or two reasons why I did not altogether hate them' – but not mentioned in the text.

The arch tone of this hint reads awkwardly, and its lack of clarity makes an unnecessary puzzle for the reader. The emotional content of the story can be disturbingly strong, causing such momentary discords in its telling. Another is the passage where, the blind woman having revealed her dread of certain insensitive remarks, the narrator stops to consider '—the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples, beside which the mere heathendom of the West Coast nigger is clean and restrained.' The reference is presumably both to Kipling's own sufferings as a child in the house of an over-religious and unkind foster-mother, and to his friend Mary Kingsley's recently published account of her travels on the west coast of Africa, but here it is obtrusive and distracting.

The story has sometimes been seen as sentimental. A comparison has been drawn with Henry James's story "The Turn of the Screw", in which the ghostly atmosphere is so much more sinister. This is to misunderstand what Kipling is doing: there are ghosts in the story, but it does not belong to the ghost story genre. In an age when children died young more often than they do now, " 'They' " seems to have come

home to its readers. The publishers thought it worth reprinting as an illustrated book, which must have sold well, since copies are not very difficult to find. The contemporary critic H.S. Canby wrote: 'One should be ready to rest the whole case for the short story with "They"'. It is the most exquisite and the most touching narrative written in English so far in the twentieth century.<sup>5</sup> It is apparently no coincidence that T.S. Eliot chose the same imagery (birds, flowers and evergreens, 'the unseen eyebeam', the immobilised car, the laughter of hidden children) to describe a transcendent experience in an English garden in his poem "Burnt Norton".<sup>6</sup>

Angus Wilson saw the ending, where it is not explained why the man must not return, as spoiling the story. Kipling would say in a letter that this was 'because he had really lost his child and it was not his business to continue dabbling among the shadows evoked by the blind woman.'<sup>7</sup> But we are not told this at the time, and it does not really clarify the matter. 'Why,' Wilson asked, 'does he so fudge what might have been one of his good stories and is still a delight to read?' Wilson suggested that it was because there is so much of Kipling's personal emotion involved, which was too painful for him to analyse or express. The passage about colours and psychic auras could be a reference to Kipling's sister Trix, who had (between mental breakdowns) a career as the medium "Mrs Holland." For Wilson 'the strength of the story lies in the evocation of the Sussex countryside, not in its psychic mystery.'<sup>8</sup>

Though agreeing that the story is flawed for the reasons suggested, I would nevertheless, very respectfully, argue that the psychological (not psychic) aspect is valid, and communicated with all Kipling's genius.

#### NOTES

1. First published *Scribner's Magazine*, August 1904; collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904.
2. Bonamy Dobree, *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist*, Oxford University Press, 1967, p. 102.
3. One might compare the use of iron, symbolising destiny and/or power, in various stories in *Rewards and Fairies*, and its connection with what Kipling called "the plinth of all the stories": the question "What else could I have done?"
4. John Bowlby, *Loss, Sadness and Depression: Vol. III, Attachment and Loss*, London, Hogarth Press, 1980, p. 85.
5. Henry Seidel Canby, *The Short Story in English*, New York, Henry Holt and Co., 1909, p. 341.
6. Lyndall Gordon, *Eliot's new Life*, Oxford University Press, 1989, pp. 46 and 292n. See also Lewis, *Kipling Journal*, No. 265, March 1993, p. 17.
7. Undated letter to Vaughan Bateson, quoted, Harbord (ed.), *The Readers Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work*, Vol. IV, privately printed, 1965-6, p. 1926.
8. Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, London, Seeker and Warburg, 1977, pp. 266, 269.

## OBITUARY: KEN FRAZER

By JANE FRAZER

Kenneth Malcolm Leonard Frazer, born on 5 October 1930, in Morpeth, Northumberland, went to Whitton House Kindergarten School, where he was given *Rewards and Fairies* as a prize. Thinking it to be a book for girls, he did not read it. When he did, it was to kindle an unfading love for Kipling. In 1949 he won a scholarship to Hertford College, Oxford. There he became Secretary of the Junior Common Room and the Fox Society. He played rugby and ran in the inter-college cross-country championships, finishing behind – he never said how far behind – Roger Banister and Chris Chattaway.

Ken gained an honours degree in Law but chose to be a soldier and trained at Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School. In 1953 he was commissioned into the York and Lancaster Regiment. During an army career that lasted 18 years, he served in Khartoum and the Canal Zone. Back in England, in 1955, he studied Hungarian. That year Ken met me on a train. I was doing *The Times* Crossword and, as I always say "he interfered". Two years later we were married by Ken's father (who had been ordained in 1948) and settled in Cheltenham where, in February 1958, our son Andrew was born. Ken was transferred to the Intelligence Corps and, after various postings abroad, returned to the U.K. in 1965 as Divisional Security Officer, with the rank of Major, and as G.S.O.3 served at the Ministry of Defence. In 1969 he retired, but worked for the B.B.C. till 1987. There, as Assistant Appointments Officer, he involved himself in personnel and staff training. A colleague remarked that Ken was "a wonderful mixture of strength and sensitivity".

Ken never really retired. After 1987 he used his wide experience to organise Relate for West Essex and East Herts., helped as an advisor for Bishop's Stortford's Citizens Advice Bureau, and served 2 years as Chair for Harlow Homestart. He was an active member of the Kipling Society, making literary contributions to the *Kipling Journal*. He served as a Council member, and in November 1999, addressed the Society on "Cities of Dreadful Night".

Faced with cancer of the stomach, Ken never complained. 'I don't say "why me?" I say "why not me?" ' He had a delightfully dry sense of humour and an independent mind. Kind and patient, he was indifferent to material possessions.

*E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.*

## COMMENTS ON "THE BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR' "

By Lt Cdr A.D. ROAKE

[Lt Cdr Roake served thirty years in the Royal Navy, including war time sea service, highlights of which included being in Copenhagen for V.E. Day, followed by Bergen. He had three submarine commands and was in command of the submarine H.M.S. *Turpin*, when she broke down in Jamaica, due to metal fatigue in the engine frames. As Captain of H.M.S. *Turpin* he also carried out two operational "Training Patrols" in the Arctic, the first 39 days 4,320 miles, and the second 5,537 miles for 42 days – a record at the time for a conventional submarine. After leaving the Navy, he obtained a degree in Divinity as a mature student and was invited by the then Bishop of London to be his "Lay Chaplain". When the Bishop retired, after 9 years, Lt Cdr Roake moved into the London Diocesan Administration, until he retired at the age of 65. – *Ed.*]

In my earlier days I was a submarine CO. and one of my commands was the submarine H.M.S. *Turpin*. I had been appointed to her in what we used to call a "Pier Head Jump" – very unexpected and very short notice. The story starts when I was telephoned by the Secretary to the Flag Officer Submarines as I was just about to go off on Christmas leave, and told to join her at Portsmouth on 7 January 1958, and take her out to the West Indies, together with the C-in-C Home Fleet. He and his staff had taken over H.M.S. *Maidstone*, a Submarine Depot ship.

H.M.S. *Turpin*, was one of Britain's 'latest and best', and had been converted to bring her into line with the German Type XXI, whose performance had so astonished the "pundits" at the end of the war. However her engines were ex-H.M.S. *Tradewind*, and had already completed over 12,000 hours service. This resulted in cracks appearing in the main engine frames that take the thrust, due to metal fatigue. While crossing the Atlantic, we developed a lot more, and had to reduce the electrical load, which reduced our speed, so that we eventually arrived at Kingston four days late.

After emergency repairs, we sailed to catch up with the C-in-C, who had gone off to Barbados to complete his programme. In the event we broke down again, had to return to Kingston, and anchored in the bay where we stayed, existing by courtesy of the Army and various ships which offered hospitality, until in due course it was decided that a tug would be sent out from the U.K. to tow us home. A submarine has no facilities for what we term "to freshen the nip", or change the point of chafe, so we arranged four bridles attached to one "common ring", staggered in length so as one went the other would take over. In the event two bridles went early, leaving us on the fitted one, and a big wire wrapped round the conning tower, which we couldn't slip. It was for emergency only.

Eventually we left Kingston under tow with the tug H.M.S. *Samsonia*, and arrived in Plymouth on 9 April 1958, having been at sea for 30 days. We had covered a distance of 5,200 miles, at an average speed of 7.3 knots, and it is believed that this is longest submarine surface tow. I know how the men of the *Bolivar* felt when they at last got in to harbour, having faced an enormous challenge and danger, and come through successfully.

And so, Kipling's "The Ballad of the 'Bolivar' " is a poem for which I have a great "fellow feeling". He had done his homework as always. He knows his navigation too, going down-Channel past 'Start' [Point in Devon – *Ed.*] and 'The Wolf' [Rock, off Cornwall – *Ed.*], then south across the Bay of Biscay to Bilbao in Spain. His reference to 'pully-haul' in emergency steering, the hogging and sagging as she pitches, and the 'plummer-block' (which takes the thrust) are all real technical terms. The 'greybeard' sea is also a term used in particular by "Cape Homers". 'Bluffed the Eternal Sea' also has meaning for me, and many other seamen. And there is the lovely bit of irony in the last two lines; 'Ain't the owners gay, / Cause we took the *Bolivar* safe across the Bay?' When he wrote this in 1890, ships were still sailed by unscrupulous owners and not expected to make it. The reason for the "Plimsoll Line", the marking of which was made mandatory for British Registered vessels by the 1875 Merchant Shipping Act, was because ships were frequently overloaded. I don't suppose that Kipling was very popular for exposing this racket. His 'Overloaded, undermanned' really used to happen.

Another line which brings back memories was the liner sailing past. In one submarine crossing the Atlantic, very rough and wallowing, the *Queen Mary* passed us sailing serenely on her way. In those days we had a nice liaison with the officers from the *Queens*, who we used to take to sea for their time with "the colours". She switched on all her lights for us as we wallowed in the trough. The reference to the 'Ratcliffe Highway', which often appears in sea stories of that period and a variety of folk-songs, used to be the main road to the docks, now sadly a thing of the past. The name of road itself seems to have been bowdlerised and now appears simply as "The Highway", just to the east of Tower Bridge.

When "The Ballad of the 'Bolivar' " appeared in the *St. James Gazette* on 26 January 1890, Kipling, as an adult, had several voyages to his credit. There was the passage in 1882 when he left U.S.C. and travelled to India to work for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Then in 1889, he sailed from India to Burma, China, Japan and across the Pacific to San Francisco before getting his sea-legs once again in the crossing from New York to Liverpool that autumn, effectively completing a circumnavigation. He clearly made the best possible use of his time on board.

## FIRE, THE RED FLOWER

By EZZEDINE CHERNI

[Ezzeddine Cherni is Tunisian by birth, and holds a Maitrise (equivalent to a B.A.) in English Language and Literature. His studies in Arabic and French, as well as in English, have made him interested in comparing the literature of these different cultures, and as his article shows, in finding common themes in apparently disparate sources. He is currently a teacher of English at a secondary school

Abu Bakr Ibn Tufail, a Muslim philosopher, was born in Spain in 1110 and died in Morocco in 1185. His only extant work is *The History of Hayy Ibn Yakthan* (or *Yaqzari*),<sup>1</sup> an allegory built upon the framework of an earlier eastern tale which is used to express his philosophic views.

An introductory overview of the story, necessary to appreciate the parallels developed with Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, is that shortly after Hayy's birth, in order to protect him from her autocratic brother, his mother feeds him and then places him in a box (or ark) and pushes the box out to sea. The tide carries Hayy to another island, and after he has been cast ashore, his cries attract the attention of a doe who has lost her fawn. She suckles the child and succours him until her death whereupon Hayy starts to investigate the natural world. – *Ed.*]

This is a brief overview of my insight into Kipling's *The Jungle Book* and Ibn Tufail's *Hayy Ibn Yakthan*.

Two names have long been in my thoughts as Nature has borne them joyfully, taking part in the growth of Hayy and Mowgli. Streams in which my spirit has been willingly bathing as they have been pulling to each other the East and the West, the 12th and the 19th centuries, Ibn Tufail's and Kipling's, to meet in the jungle of India.

In the Beginning, Nature bowed before two children, and the dwellers of the forest offered security from hunger and fear. Mother Deer's nipples appease the screams of the starving Hayy and Mother Wolf's cubs make room for Mowgli, away from the wicked Shere Khan.

But such protection wouldn't last forever. Mother Deer got older and older and was dying and Mother Wolf was as helpless as the leader of the pack, wise Akela, when he missed his kill and was to die.

Learning the Deer's instinctive ways of pasturing, mastering the lessons of his friend Bagheera and sensing an imminent danger, they had to react to a threat that would strip them and snatch all cover from the youngsters. How could Mother Deer be that motionless and no apparent wound? And how could that jungle be so cruel toward Akela, the upholder of the principles of virtue?

Such bewilderment and perplexity overwhelmed the playful and zestful Hayy and Mowgli! They had been naked at the beginning;

unprotected; hungry; and once again it would happen. Death or life? Fear or warmth? They had to choose. A bit early one may say but there it is!

Hot-blooded as any youngsters, they opted for the pleasure of living, a continuation of what they had already started within the jungle not far away. Different ways they trod but were at one over their target. Both sought safety. Were it only their own safety they would have left that "damned" place and fled that wickedness and obscurity. But they had to cleanse the jungle and rake out the hidden trail again. For whose sake? For that of the whole place.

It was Fire, accidentally kindled by friction in the bushes triggering flames in front of Hayy. And it was the Red Flower, from the husbandman's hearth, that was taken away in a pot by Mowgli.

Amazing, a wonder as the flames ascending devoured all attempts to stand up to them. How exhausting it was for the young minds and limbs to reach it. Hayy was to be scorched at first and Mowgli to pant on his long journey to the village. Yet at the end they mastered the burning whips, fed them with barks and twigs and kept them alive.

'Bagheera spoke truth,' panted Mowgli. . . 'To-morrow is one day both for Akela and for me.'

Then he pressed his face close to the window and watched the fire on the hearth. He saw the husbandman's wife get up and feed it in the night with black lumps; and when the morning came and the mists were all white and cold, he saw the man's child pick up a wicker pot plastered inside with earth, fill it with lumps of red-hot charcoal, put it under his blanket, and go out to tend the cows in the byre.

'Is that all?' said Mowgli. If a cub can do it there is nothing to fear'; so he strode around the corner and met the boy, took the pot from his hand and disappeared into the mist while the boy howled with fear.

He [Hayy] stretch'd out his Hand to take some of it. But when it burnt his Fingers and he found there was no dealing with it that way, he thought to take a stick which the Fire had not as yet wholly seiz'd upon; so taking hold on that end which was untouch'd he easily gain'd his purpose, and carried it Home to his Lodging (for he had found a Cave which serv'd as a convenient Abode).

How easy now to enslave the jungle and chain its inhabitants. How comforting to avenge their beloved and set fire to it in animosity. What a joy for careless children, at least to test the strength of such a new friend. But it might turn against them too. Such a thought of evil never

entered their minds. The sight of the flames and the surrounding unknown, the warmth it begot and the hostility of the future, loaded, on the contrary, their beating hearts with a burden and a responsibility mingled with love and a desire to know. Such a sweet presentiment of victory and triumph over obscurity as the Red Flower was enlightening the caves. 'A graspable light!' both children would shout.

What a wonder they now possessed and had to preserve. Respect should be the way, and caring. The audacity that had let them seize the Red Flower should be accompanied with wisdom lest it destroyed them.

Such an experience they were now going through. Both boys would compensate for a lack of knowledge and satisfy a hunger in them, either by cooking raw food (for Hayy), or protecting dying friends (for Mowgli). And both sought to regenerate a new principle: awareness and order. Instinct was fundamental but knowledge of the herbs and soul should overrule. That "celestial body" as Hayy believed, a magic wand between the knees of Mowgli, the maestro. It was high time to tear away the screen of ignorance and Hayy opened the chest of dead and living animals to scrutinize the hearts in them and the warmth if dwindling down death's claws would tear the prey. There was the soul that blazed breath and pumped blood into the veins. It then hurt the ferocious Shere Khan, the enemy of innocence and principles.

The Red Flower had, at last in the pure hands of the boys, given a meaning to life. That noble emblem, visible though, enflamed faith in the chest, displaced wickedness to establish purity.

It was nice to see warmth reigning. A truth handled differently by Ibn Tufail and Kipling, nature in its various manifestation and different elements in behalf of the body. Move eastward or westward we are one and we have to obey a law of knowledge and awareness.

Hence Hayy and Mowgli were going to tread the path of awakening to draw and print accordingly. Both of the writers had used that which already existed for a renewal and change. The solution of the problem, the claimed on the tongues of the two youngsters, was not apart from our being. It sufficed to observe and had a mere disposition to move. Nature had provided everything, just dig in and sort it out. The beginning of the change has happened and would lead to what was to come.

#### NOTES

1. There is a translation which was made by Simon Ockley in 1708, revised with an Introduction by A.S. Fulton, Chapman & Hall, London, 1929. It can be found in full at <http://umcc.ais.org/~maftab/ip/pdf/bktx/hayy.pdf>. *Ed.*

## ILLEGITIMACY IN KIPLING'S "HIS GIFT"

By BYRON BULL

[Byron Bull is new to the pages of the *Journal*, and he modestly refuses to say much about himself except that he is an avid reader and admirer of Kipling and that his favourite story is "The Gardener," which he rereads regularly along with its principal criticism. — *Ed.*]

Author's Note: This essay makes no attempt to explore in fullness all of the ramifications of the story that it deals with but simply to point out the work's main theme and to present in summary form the evidence for the theory offered herein. All of Kipling's works are multilayered and to varying degrees complex. The brevity of this analysis, therefore, should not be taken as an indication that "His Gift" is less rich in meanings than Kipling's other stories.

Although generally considered a story written to support the new Boy Scout movement, Kipling's "His Gift" (1923) is actually about illegitimacy. From the first sentence of the work onward, it is clear that the young hero, William Glasse Sawyer, is not the nephew of the man who has raised him but is in actuality his biological son. Having involved himself years earlier in an illicit affair, of which William is the fruit and his unfortunate responsibility, the "uncle," desirous of maintaining a facade of respectability for the sake of his livelihood, tells everyone that William is his nephew. He is thus living a lie and forcing William to do the same. Nothing is more telling in the story than Kipling's statement that the "uncle" had been in the "Navy" and that he was "responsible for his [William's] beginnings."<sup>1</sup> The true situation in the story, then, is as follows: a sailor goes to another country, has an illegitimate child, returns with him as his "nephew" and is, so to speak, stuck with him much to his dissatisfaction. It is for this reason that to William the man appears always to be out of humour and is described in the story as "ferocious" (p.79 [77]).<sup>2</sup>

The great irony of "His Gift," however, is that the "secret" of William's parentage is really no secret at all. Everyone acquainted with William knows that the man he lives with is not his uncle but really his father. The principal evidence for this is the opening sentence of "His Gift." It begins: "His Scoutmaster and his comrades, who disagreed on several points, were united in one conviction—that William Glasse Sawyer was . . . ' (p.79 [77]). It is clear beyond dispute that what Kipling is telling us in this first sentence of "His Gift" is that all the people around William, even his Scoutmaster and fellow Scouts, knew that William was illegitimate and that he was living in a pretend situation, his "uncle" really being his father. Kipling expects his readers to

finish the sentence as follows: they were all 'united in one conviction—that William Glasse Sawyer' *was the illegitimate son of the man claiming to be his uncle.*

With this understanding about the true meaning of the initial sentence, the story unfolds as a far different one from what it appears to be. For example, what may seem somewhat odd, that is, the cruel way that William is treated by the other Boy Scouts, now is clearly understandable. The other boys look down on William not because he is overweight and somewhat ungainly but because they know that he is a bastard. Thus by implication, Kipling's ire falls heavily on those who condemn William because of his illegitimacy. "His Gift" is one of Kipling's strongest protests against conventional morality as embodied in the Boy Scouts who scoff at William and look down upon him because of his birth. William's behaviour is also explainable after the opening sentence of the story is correctly decoded. He senses that his "uncle" is really his father and would like to call him "papa" at bedtime, but he knows that would be socially unacceptable. As a result he exists only in the vacuous limbo of his bastardy.

William's unhappy state and his repressed anger are both the result of his feeling lost, that is, without a sense of identity. At this crucial time in his existence when his pain is the most severe, he encounters a saviour figure, E. M. Marsh, who immediately recognizes the source of the boy's problem and awakens him to a new life, resulting in a sort of resurrection. Although William does not fully realize it, he has been changed drastically by his encounter with this Christ-like figure, who understands him completely and extends to him such compassion as he has never before known. That Marsh is meant to represent Jesus is plain from the fact that Kipling makes him a baker and that he is associated throughout the story with bread. One of the first questions he asks at the camp is about bread: "They don't ever let you make bread, do they, my son?" (p.85 [84]). Echoing through Kipling's linking of Marsh with bread is the statement of Jesus: "I am the bread" (John 6:35). In addition, the symbol of Marsh's identity, his apron, is referred to as "sacrificial" (p.94 [93]). He is sacrificial as was Jesus, and "the burden of his song was Power" (p.94 [93]), the power that only the Son of God possesses.

But it is not only William that is redeemed as he finds identity through Marsh. By the end of the story, the man to whom he owes his "beginnings," his "uncle," has come to face the truth about himself and his son. William's vision of what is to come pictures himself in a situation of pronounced generosity, forgiving his father for not accepting him as his son and providing the man with the sustenance of life. As a consequence, in his vision "his uncle wept with gratitude and remorse"

(p.95 [94]). He is grateful that William forgives him, and he feels remorse because of his prolonged attempts at deception, that is to say, his hiding the truth about his affair and about William's illegitimacy. In the final analysis, the gift that Kipling refers to in the title of the story is what William *receives* – relief that he no longer has to live a lie – and it is also what William *gives* – forgiveness and compassion to his father and to others.

Thus without picking up Kipling's subtle clues, such as the hidden meaning of the story's first sentence, the comment about the "uncle's" being responsible for William's "beginnings," the hint that Marsh is the Bread of Life, the description of Marsh's apron as "sacrificial," and the depiction of the "uncle" in William's daydream or vision as feeling "remorse," one finds "His Gift" to be about a Boy Scout who learns happily to cook. It becomes much more than that, however, when the reader recognizes one important but camouflaged fact, William is the son of the man he lives with, not his nephew. From that single revelation, many more follow.

#### NOTES

1. "His Gift," in *Land and Sea Tales, The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Scribner's, 1923), Vol.35, p.79 [77] (italics mine). All references to "His Gift" are to this edition and are given in the text. [Page numbers in square brackets are for the Macmillan edition of *Land and Sea Tales*. – Ed.]
2. The uncle's occupation, "French polisher" has connotations of sexuality that one need not go into here.

[*cave taurum* — Ed.]



#### "SILHOUETTES"

– a company specialising in silhouettes of famous people. That of Rudyard Kipling, in a 8" x 6" burgundy folder and display bag is £5.50 + 50p P&P. Overseas P&P is £1.50 per silhouette. Cheques payable in pounds sterling to:

Jeffery Gray, "Silhouettes", 15 Merriman's Court, Merriman's Hill Road, Worcester, WR3 8AA.

THE B.B.C. TELEVISION SERIES OF *STALKY & CO.*

Members will recall that in the June 2004 issue of the Journal, we published a letter from the, then, Chairman of The Westward Ho! Community History Project which amongst other things, asked if we had any information on a television series based on *Stalky & Co.* some years ago? Two members have responded, and extracts from their letters are set out below. – *Ed.*

*From: Mrs M. Macdonald Bendle, 11 Meryl Court, Ashgrove Road, Redland, Bristol BS66NG*

Many years ago I was a regular visitor to Westward Ho! while researching Rudyard Kipling's schooldays at those 'twelve bleak houses by the shore' (The United Services College). Towards the end of 1980 I got wind of a projected B.B.C. Television series of *Stalky & Co.* I immediately wrote to the producer and offered my services. By then I had acquired a fair amount of information, plus some original documents and copies of others to augment my knowledge of the school at that time.

The director and production manager came to see me and I corresponded with the producer. I was sent the script to study and was then able to advise them on many small but important points. In the meantime the search continued for a suitable location for filming; for Westward Ho! was OUT, at least as regards the school buildings. Similar problems were found at Weymouth and at Grenville College, Bideford. The search continued throughout Devon, Hampshire and Dorset. And I am sorry to say that I have no information on their final choice of locations. The first of six weekly episodes was screened on Sunday, 31 January 1982.

*From: Mr R.J. Kirkpatrick, 6 Osterley Park View Road, London W7 2HH*

The details that I have of this series are that it was written by Alexander Barron; directed by Rodney Bennet; produced by Barry Letts with music by Dudley Simpson, and was broadcast on BBC1 in six weekly (30 minute episodes) beginning on 31 January 1982 (and ending on 7 March).

The principal characters were played by Robert Addie (*Stalky*); Robert Burbage (*M'Turk*); David Parfitt (*Beetle*); John Woodnutt (*Mr King*); John Sterland (*Mr Prout*); and Frederick Treves (*The Headmaster*). [Mr Kirkpatrick sent the full 48-member cast list – *Ed.*]

The episodes in order were: "An Unsavoury Interlude"; "In Ambush"; "Slaves of the Lamp"; "The Moral Reformers"; "A Little Prep"; "The Last Term".

## BOOK REVIEWS

**EMPIRE FAMILIES: Britons and Late Imperial India**, by Elizabeth Buettner, published by Oxford University Press, Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP, July 2004, (ISBN 0-19-924907-5, Hardback, £30.00), xiv + 302 pages including Notes, Bibliography, Index and Photographs.

REVIEWED by JANE KESKAR

Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—

Elizabeth Buettner weaves together the sacrifice, separation and sought after status in this well researched study of "Britons" and late Imperial India. She asserts that the families which made the Raj were also shaped by it. Their rich and varied experiences inevitably formed the characteristics which separated these families, not only from Indians in India but also from their fellow countrymen in their home country. In some cases generations of families repeated these patterns of migration, separation and eventual return to the homeland. Much of the material in this book from school and library archives, is brought together and examined for the first time, and provides a fascinating insight and original study of childhood and family life in India in the latter days of the Raj.

Ms Buettner examines these formative influences from the dilemma of where to educate their children, to the return in retirement to a much impoverished life style and reduced status in Britain: "with not an elephant in sight to elevate them". The fear of disease and death motivated families to send their children back to the home country to be fostered and educated. She explains the options available to them, from foster families, relations and boarding schools. But mortal fear was not the only influence on parents. In a class ridden society there was also anxieties about the influence of Anglo-Indian (Eurasian) life styles and their "chi chi" accents. Some families did choose Indian schools for their children, but even then separation was inevitable. Children were sent great distances to sought after schools and mothers and infants spent the hottest months in the hill stations.

No book dealing with late Imperial India could omit Rudyard Kipling. Ms Buettner discusses his fictional and autobiographical accounts, which made such an impression on late Victorian Britain. She highlights the influence of his work on the "children of Empire". His own traumatic experiences in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" became the yardstick by which narrators measured their experiences of foster

homes, many of which, though less painful than Kipling's, left children bereft of the parental bond – which Kipling, despite six years in the "House of Desolation", enjoyed. She examines a wealth of material, including letters and interviews from which one might draw conclusions about family relationships, but she does not take letters at face value. Instead she suggests that the conventions of letter writing may have masked the true feelings of parents and children. Like the young Kipling at Lorne Lodge, children could not always reveal the truth of their situation, but had to write home in positive terms!

Ms Buettner looks at retirement in Britain with its frustrations and disappointments. She describes the colonial communities which took over the area around Westbourne Grove, North West of Hyde Park Corner – "Asia Minor", and Cheltenham, the "Calcutta of the Cotswolds", where shared experiences, impoverishment and mutual acquaintances set them apart from the mainstream of British life. Here retired couples welcomed Indians as guests and lodgers, as a link with the India they had left behind. To make her point she quotes: "Others seemed to pine for it more keenly than they did for England when in India. The value of water is felt when the well is dry!" (Bajjnath, *England and India*)

The varied first hand experiences, numerous autobiographical accounts, and fictional renditions of the Raj are brought together in this book to give a complex and fascinating account of Raj families. The author found that much of the material available paints a picture of labour and sacrifice in the service of India, which together with the largely glamorous and exotic picture painted by the popular television series of the eighties, such as *The Jewel in the Crown* and *Heat and Dust*, gives a one sided view of Empire.

Despite negative messages contained within these films, they also worked to highlight India's possibilities for romance, glamor, [sic] and adventure in tandem with the good works, or at least the good intentions, of Britons most directly involved there—and, by extension, of the nation as a whole.

In her opinion, the dearth of working class narratives may have created this one sided picture of the Raj that has become part of popular culture today. Finally, she feels that the nostalgia for Empire, suggesting a loyal acceptance of paternalistic rule, is one sided and hopes that a more realistic assessment of Raj history will redress the balance. With this outlook the book presents a fascinating challenge to the reader.

**PICK UP YOUR PARROTS AND MONKEYS AND FALL IN FACING THE BOAT**

by Capt J.W. (Penny) Pennington, M.C., R.A.(Ret'd), Cassell 2003, (ISBN 0-304-36564-5, Hardback, £16.99), 414 pages including maps, illustrations and glossary.

REVIEWED by ALISON VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

This is an extraordinary book which could be the memoirs of Ortheris fifty years on. The title is the order classically given on the quay to time-expired soldiers embarking on the journey home; like Ortheris with Garm, soldiers lavished affection on many pets.

Bill Pennington enlisted aged 14 in 1934, and by 1935 was serving as a boy-trumpeter with the Royal Horse Artillery in India. He came to read Kipling later in life, found there expression of his own experience of India, and even thought Kipling had been his contemporary in India (p.20).

Writing at the age of 80 after a notable military career (Fall of France with the B.E.F., commissioned, and back to India to win the M.C. during three years in the Burma campaign), in the first part he tells of an "Other Ranks" India in 1935 where the Mutiny was still remembered as the troops went to Church Parade with loaded weapons, and where the officers were remote, occupied with polo, pig sticking and tent pegging. Again he picks up Kipling on the neglect felt by the troops, kept hours on parade in 140°F, lying on their cots sweating in the evening, and the many who had nightmares and cracked, like Danny Deever. He is utterly honest about, although now a bit embarrassed by, the contempt of the soldiers for the "natives", and their brutality; he loathed much in India, but was fascinated by the hills and the romance, and admits a love/hate relationship that would last his life.

In June 1940, just before Dunkirk, he was posted back to England in order to attend the Officer Cadet Training School, being gazetted that autumn. 1941 was spent in England but then his regiment, 134 Field Regiment R.A., sailed for India with a final destination in Burma. Most of the latter part of the book recounts his, generally hazardous, experiences as a Forward Observation Officer providing artillery support for the infantry.

Pennington returned briefly to the U.K. in 1945 before being posted to Germany and an Enemy Ammunition Dump Control Unit, to handle the destruction of German munitions. In 1946 he opted for demobilisation, and with his new wife, emigrated to Canada.

You will find many apposite quotes from *Barrack-Room Ballads* scattered through this book, as well as some more ribald verses from non-Kipling sources. The author, at 80, is terribly unreliable on facts; he puts Cardigan at the battle of Waterloo, as well as Kipling in 1930s India, but I found I believed his early memories and thoroughly enjoyed reading it.

**OLIVER BALDWIN:** *A Life of Dissent*, by Christopher J. Walker, published by Arcadia Books, 15-16 Nassau Street, London W1W 7AB, 2003, (ISBN 1-900850-86-9, Paperback, £12.99), xii + 355 pages including Notes, Bibliography, Index and Illustrations.

REVIEWED by THE EDITOR

In the first third of this book, to 1923, Mr Walker has written a coherent and lucid account of Oliver Baldwin's schooling, service in the First World War, activities in Armenia and subsequent imprisonment by the Turks, which the References show draws largely on two of Baldwin's published books, *Six Prisons and Two Revolutions* (1925) and *The Questing Beast* (1932). After this however, the account seems to ramble, with jumps through the time-frames from, for example, 1929 to 1934, 1938, back to 1929, then on to 1932, all within a dozen pages or so.

Worse than these discontinuities however, is the stress that the author places hereafter on Baldwin's homosexuality. This is accentuated by repetitive extracts from personal letters of a purely domestic nature to his partner, Johnnie Boyle which do not advance the narrative. The situation really needed only one statement as a known and accepted fact by his family – not the re-iteration which is given to it. My irritation is exacerbated by the psychological jargon that is dropped in from time to time.

The descriptions of Baldwin's political and journalistic activities are interesting, particularly as he still seems to have been viewed as his father's son, even when on the opposite side of the Commons. His attitudes to the workers sound as though they are in fact very much in line with the practical approach of his forebears to their workforce, but spread over a wider area.

Mr Walker expends three pages on Baldwin's 1936 "Mary Postgate" article and on his critical appraisal of the story. One must assume that he has actually read it, although no source is given in the Bibliography or References. Similarly no references are given for his statements of what he perceives to be the views of "Kipling-devotees". He does however indicate that the subsequent breach with Elsie Bambridge was healed by the time of her husband's death in 1944, but again with no source given.

Baldwin made an unconventional Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands – although one can understand why the traditionalists wanted him out, his egalitarian approach to the residents of the islands undoubtedly smoothed the relationships between employers and employees. It is a pity that he was eased out of the job so precipitously.

Here we have a book about an interesting man of unconventional views and way of life. It is a pity that the biographer seemed to lose the track after a good beginning, and has expended more space than was necessary on the way of life rather than the events. He writes in the introduction that he was grateful for being given 'a push to finish the book.' This may be the explanation for the unevenness if such a push was necessary.

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## THE "KIPLING GROOVE"

I am indebted to Michael Smith for this information, and to Roger Ayers for biographical detail, abstracted from the internet.

An acquaintance of Michael's, who is a keen mountaineer, told him of a difficult climb in Langdale, Cumbria, called, officially, the "Kipling Groove". Its first ascent was made in May 1948 by Arthur Rhodes Dolphin (1924 – 53) and J.B. Lockwood, and is 175 feet long and graded as "Hard; very severe". It is the privilege of the "first climber" to name a particular route and Dolphin named this one. When asked why, he responded by saying "because it was ruddy 'ard". For long it was regarded as the hardest route, not only on Gimmer Crag, but also in the whole of Langdale. Dolphin completed his Langdale climbing guide in 1952 but, sadly, a year later was killed after falling on relatively easy snow slopes while descending from a solo climb on the *Aiguille de Géant*, part of the *Mont Blanc* massif near Chamonix.

Gimmer Crag is about 4 miles due west of Grasmere in the English Lake District and has been described as 'a wonderful piece of rock, but it is certainly no place for novices.' (C.F. Kirkus, *"Let's Go Climbing!"*, 1941). The summit is 525 metres above sea level, and is currently reported to have 82 known routes to the summit ranging from Difficult to Extreme 8. In layman's terms, the "Kipling Groove" is a shallow depression with a crack at the back running up part of one face of the crag. - *Ed.*

A photograph of the groove can be found on the internet at [http: www.ukclimbmg.com/images/dbpage.html?id=4028](http://www.ukclimbmg.com/images/dbpage.html?id=4028).

Further Reading:

*Lakeland's Greatest Pioneers, 100 Years of Rock Climbing*, by Bill Birkett (1983).

"100 Years of Rock Climbing in the Lake District", *Fell and Rock Journal* (1986), edited by A.G. Cram.

## THE NEW READERS' GUIDE

AN UPDATE AT SEPTEMBER 2004

By JOHN RADCLIFFE

We gave a successful demonstration of the New Readers' Guide at the National Trust's Kipling Day at Bateman's, in mid-summer.

John McGivering has nearly completed his notes on *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*, after which he plans to make a start on *Soldiers Three*. At the time of writing Lisa Lewis had just completed her most interesting notes on "The Eye of Allah", the penultimate story in *Debits and Credits*, which explain the historical background to the story and the sources that Kipling used. She has also included extracts from a number of critics who have written perceptively about this many-layered tale, including J.M.S. Tompkins, C.A. Bodelsen, Philip Mason, and John Coates.

Following his article on *Kipling and the Royal Navy* and his notes on *A Fleet in Being*, Alastair Wilson has now annotated the two parts of "Their Lawful Occasions" in formidable technical detail, drawing on the work of Admiral Brock for Harbord's Guide, extending and clarifying it, and bringing it up to date where necessary. He has also written notes on ".007" and plans to go on to annotate the remaining stories in *The Day's Work*. Peter Havholm, in Ohio, is working on *Life's Handicap*, and Harry Ricketts, in New Zealand, plans to annotate *From Sea to Sea*. We have also just started work on formatting the notes by Donald Mackenzie, of the University of Glasgow, on the "Puck" stories, which were written for the Oxford World Classics Edition in 1993. This particular volume is a rare one, currently out of print, and in republishing — with the permission of O.U.P. — we hope to be bringing these illuminating notes to many new readers.

Peter Keating has continued to work on the historical poems written for Fletcher's *A History of England*, Roger Ayers to annotate *Barrack Room Ballads*, and Roberta Baldi to work on *Departmental Ditties*. The count of poems annotated has now reached 43, and the text of over 150 poems can be found on the site, by courtesy of the National Trust. John Walker's massive index of the verse is also available on the site, which John is continuing to revise and refine.

Meanwhile, David Page has established a viable system for making the complete run of Kipling Journal back numbers available as "text-files" on the web-site and in facsimile on CD-ROM. He has already scanned the first 135 *Journals*, and we hope to make a start on the larger "George Webb" journals before too long. If any members, equipped with scanners and computers, would like to share in this task, we would very much like to hear from them. Please write or email to David at the address on p.64 of the *Journal*.

## MEMBERSHIP NOTES

### NEW MEMBERS

- Mr Christopher Blackstone (*Le Mont de Gouray, Jersey*)  
Mrs Beatrice Castellane (*Paris, FRANCE*)  
Mr Michael Ducarel (*London, SE11*)  
Mrs Jennifer C. Habib (*Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire*)  
Mrs Anne Hulbert (*Westward Ho! Community History Society, Bideford, Devon*)  
Mr Jay Johnson (*Medicine Hat, Alberta, CANADA*)  
Professor Janice Leoshko (*Austin, Texas, U.S.A.*)  
Mr John Maxtone Graham (*New York, New York, U.S.A.*)  
Dr DPJ. McCarthy (*London, SW9 9AE*)  
Mr T.A. Meldrum (*Deal, Kent*)  
Mrs Anne Miglorine (*Chelmsford, Essex*)  
Mrs Heather Norburn (*Chelmsford, Essex*)  
Maj Gen John J. Salesses (*Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A.*)  
Mr Robert Seagrave (*Ramsgate, Kent*)  
Mr Michael Taylor (*London, NW9*)

### SUBSCRIPTION REMINDERS- NEW SYSTEM

The Membership Secretary is grateful to those members who pay by Bank Standing Order or who pay promptly when reminded that their subscription is due.

It would be appreciated if all members who send their subscriptions annually would check the front of the *Kipling Journal* address carrier and should their subscription be due, pay it before the month in which the next *Journal* comes out, thus ensuring the despatch of the *Journal* and obviating the need for further reminders. If the subscription crosses in the post with the *Kipling Journal*, please ignore the reminder.

Bank drafts in sterling are acceptable from all countries. However, European members who cannot pay by British sterling or U.S. dollar cheques are asked to transfer the subscription in sterling direct to the Society's bank account as detailed on the reverse of the reminder sheet, notifying the Membership Secretary by letter. It is regretted that Eurocheques can no longer be accepted.

## 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** 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.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, England**. Back numbers of the *Journal* can also be bought. Write to; **Mr Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England**.

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 – 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 OAB, England** or email to **davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

