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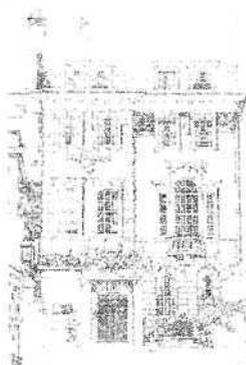
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## THE SOCIETY'S ADDRESS

Postal: 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS; Web-site: [www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk)

Fax: 020 7286 0194

## THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Alan Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale,

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

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

## THE RUDYARD KIPLING SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

David Watts, Box 421, Wyong, NSW 2259, Australia

Tel: 02 43927180. Fax: 02 43511109. e-mail: [dwatts@pacificlabels.com.au](mailto:dwatts@pacificlabels.com.au)

## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 13 February 2008**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Rodney Atwood**, " 'Across our Fathers' Graves' – Kipling and Field Marshal Earl Roberts".

**Wednesday 9 April 2008**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Prof T. Pinney** on "Where to Find Kipling: A User's Guide to North American Collections and Collectors".

**Wednesday 7 May 2008**, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, **the Society's Annual Luncheon. Guest Speaker: Rear-Admiral Guy Liardet, C.B., C.B.E.** on "Personal Observations on Religion in Kipling's Asia". For details and advanced booking for tickets; see December flyer.

**Wednesday 9 July 2008**, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **A.G.M.** after which (5.30 for 6 p.m.) **Lorraine Bowsher** will give her talk on " 'Uncle Crom' and 'Uncle Rud' – Kipling and the Price family". Details to be announced later.

**Wednesday 10 September 2008**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Speaker to be announced.

**Wednesday 12 November 2008**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Speaker to be announced.

*December 2007*

JANE KESKAR & ANDREW LYCETT

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## EDITORIAL

### KIPLING CONFERENCE 2007

The Conference organised by Dr Jan Montefiore and Dr Kaori Nagai which took place in September at the University of Kent was a great success. There were almost 100 delegates from around the world, nearly one-third of them being members of our Society and I understand that several of the attendees have also now joined or rejoined us. This can only be an excellent thing for Kipling scholarship.

The presentations of the 50 papers were arranged into thematic groups with two sessions being run simultaneously over most of this two-day event – choosing which sessions to attend was not easy, since all the papers looked to be of great interest, and indeed proved to be so. Abstracts of the papers are already on our website in the New Readers' Guide section and the full papers are being published there as they become available. A personal view of the Conference can be found on the website of one of the speakers, George Simmers at:

<http://greatwarfiction.wordpress.com/2007/09/09/the-kipling-conference-at-canterbury/>

### *CONAN DOYLE: The Man Who Created Sherlock Holmes*

This new biography of Conan Doyle by Andrew Lycett, our Meetings Secretary, has just been published by Orion Books (Hardback, £20.00, ISBN-13: 978-0297848523). With a total of 544 pages, it is on a par with his superb 1999 biography *Rudyard Kipling*.

The various reviews that I have seen are all very favourable, and dwell on the fact that previously unseen archive material has been used to analyse and present a more thorough and complete picture of Conan Doyle than has been achieved by any other biographer to date.

### THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM Exhibition – "MY BOY JACK"

The Imperial War Museum, London, has mounted the first exhibition to tell the full story of Rudyard Kipling's only son John who was killed in the Battle of Loos in 1915. The exhibition, running from 6 November 2007 to 24 February 2008, was launched to coincide with the screening in November of ITV1's drama, *My Boy Jack*. This two hour production, directed by Brian Kirk, is based on David Haig's stage play, and stars Daniel Radcliffe as John, David Haig as Rudyard Kipling, Kim Cattrall as Carrie Kipling, and Carey Mulligan as Elsie.

Rarely seen archive material being displayed will include the moving correspondence between Rudyard and John; Rudyard Kipling's wartime passport; John's commission and last letter; and letters of condolence from Conan Doyle and Theodore Roosevelt, both of whom also lost sons in the war. A section of the exhibition will display

material from the ITV drama including the uniform worn by Daniel Radcliffe, along with other costumes for Rudyard and Carrie Kipling, designs, scripts, props and other production material.

Items from the Imperial War Museum's archives will include a bugle used by the 1st Gordon Highlanders at Loos and played on Armistice Day at the Museum during the 1920s and '30s, as well as a section of the bullet-damaged Lone Tree which stood in No Man's Land at Loos and a fragment of a sketch map showing where John is thought to have died.

The Kiplings were among the millions of parents who lost sons in the war. From Britain alone over 700,000 men serving in the British Army were killed. Over half of these, like John, had no known grave. However, in 1992, over seventy years after John's death, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission announced that the grave of an 'unknown Irish Guards Lieutenant' was in fact that of John. The exhibition will conclude with an examination of new evidence that strongly disputes this.

The Imperial War Museum  
6 November 2007 – 24 February 2008  
Lambeth Road, London SE1 6HZ  
10.00 a.m. – 6.00 p.m., Admission Free.  
Enquiries 020 7416 5320/5321  
[www.iwm.org.uk](http://www.iwm.org.uk)

**UPDATED BIOGRAPHY by Major Tonie and Mrs Valmai Holt**

An updated edition of the biography of John Kipling, *My Boy Jack? The Search for Kipling's Only Son* by Major Tonie and Mrs Valmai Holt in which the new evidence is presented, will be published by Pen and Sword Books to coincide with the exhibition launch. Their address is 47 Church St, Barnsley, South Yorkshire S70 2AS or <http://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk>

**ITVI DRAMA on DVD**

The ITVI drama, *My Boy Jack*, should have been released in the UK on DVD on 19 November, priced £17.99. The DVD features this gripping World War drama plus "The Making Of My Boy Jack", including exclusive interviews with Daniel Radcliffe, Kim Cattrall and David Haig.

No release date has been set for America or the rest of the world, so if you decide to buy a copy of the DVD from the UK, make sure that your DVD player will work with Region 2 discs.



Standing: BUXTON: ARMY OFFICER'; LONDON. Reclining: RALPH: GWYNNE  
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## A MATTER OF IDENTITY

By JANE KESKAR (Hon. Secretary)

Replying to the many queries is one fascinating aspect of the Secretary's role, and researching my replies, with the help of kind Kipling scholars, is an education in itself!

Early this year, I received a query from Sarah MacDonald, Curator of the Radio Times Hulton Picture Library (the collections are now called Hulton Archive and were bought by Getty Images in 1996). She drew my attention to this photograph of Boer War Correspondents and asked if I could identify which of them was Kipling. Not recognizing any of them. I consulted Roger Ayers, our Membership Secretary, who reminded me that the picture had been used a number of times in works on Kipling, but that the best annotation was in Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*. There, plate 61 is credited to the Radio Times Hulton Picture Library and is captioned:

War correspondents at Glovers Island: Kipling *right foreground* with Julian Ralph, US correspondent (?); Perceval Landon, *Times* correspondent, later a tenant at Bateman's; Gwynne, one of Milner's young men and later editor of the *Morning Post*.

Roger explained: "This is slightly confusing but comparison with the full plate photo (3) in Tom Pinney's *Letters*, Vol.3, of the correspondents who briefly formed the staff of *The Friend* in March/April 1900, it is clear that Ralph is sitting to the left of Kipling and Landon and Gwynne are standing behind him. The unnamed correspondent standing left may be a 'US correspondent' but it is not clear whether the term is meant to describe him or Julian Ralph, who was American and had worked for the New York *Sun* before the war but was actually the *Daily Mail* correspondent when the picture was taken."

I passed this on to Sarah MacDonald, whose immediate reaction was that she was now perhaps even more confused as her query had been in response to recent feedback about the picture which had named the same set of correspondents but in different positions in the image yet strongly denied Kipling's presence. She quoted Charles Allen who had commented: "Radio Times Hulton have been using this wrongly-captioned image for zonks. The two men lying on the ground are from left to right Julian Ralph (an American journalist reporting for the *Daily Mail*) and H.A. Gwynne (Reuters); the three men standing are from left to right F.W. Buxton (*Johannesburg Star*), an unknown Army officer and Perceval Landon (*The Times*). Gwynne, Ralph, Landon and

Buxton set up and ran *The Friend* in Bloemfontein in March 1900 and Kipling joined them for two weeks. The photo was taken on Glovers Island either before or (more likely) after Kipling had gone back to England in April 1900. If you want to compare Kipling and Gwynne in the same photo from that period there is such a print among the Kipling Papers in the University of Sussex Library Special Collections. Alternatively check out the photo in Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, 1999. I hope that helps but it does make me sound like a pedant."

David Page threw more light on the subject. He had previously looked through copies of *The Friend* at the British Library Newspaper Archive and noted that on 16 March 1900, the Editorial had been signed:

"For the Committee of Management  
P. Landon  
E.W. Buxton  
H.A. Gwynne"

*The Friend* also carried a notice that:

"Mr Arthur Barlow has resigned his position as Editor of *The Friend*". This certainly corroborated Charles Allen's opinion.

Convinced that none of these gentlemen were Kipling, I checked with Tom Pinney, who replied: "I am glad that somebody has at last challenged that picture. The unnamed correspondent (Charles Allen) is right: that is not Kipling in the right foreground. I am not sure that it is Gwynne, but it is highly probable. As to Buxton, I have never heard of him, so I have no opinion about that identification. But the main thing is that Kipling is not part of the photograph in question."

Roger agreed, explaining that he had answered in haste and now must repent at leisure! He explained "When you passed on Sarah McDonald's question 'Is Kipling in this photograph?' I regret that I treated it as '*Which* is Kipling in this photograph?' without realising, despite you voicing your own feeling that he was not depicted, that his presence had been called into question." Roger referred to the caption used by Angus Wilson in 1978 and continued, "It should be noted that Wilson was not the first to say that it showed Kipling, Kingsley Amis having captioned it in 1975 as 'Kipling with other war correspondents at Glovers Island c1900' but without identifying Kipling." Roger continued: "I have to admit that long ago I did have some doubts about Wilson's caption. Not seriously about Kipling's presence, which I came to accept, but about the central standing figure being a war correspondent, since he was wearing medal ribbons and what was officially known at the time as the 'Forage Cap for Active Service and Peace Manoeuvres', introduced in 1883. However, a picture of Winston Churchill as a war correspondent in 1900 (see

virtual-museum.org/media/GHavacGI6gN0.jpg as I cannot find the book I used) shows him with medal ribbons and the well known one of him as a Boer prisoner <http://www.churchill-society-london.org.uk/Prisoner.Jpeg> shows him almost identically dressed as that central figure, so I accepted that as well. On close inspection of the Getty image, I agree that the left seated figure is Ralph and the right standing figure is Landon. The left standing figure I do not know.

"The bespectacled right hand reclining figure might just be Kipling but on closer inspection of the larger reproduction in Gross, I accept that it is more likely to be Gwynne. Moustache shape and, above all chin shape, are closer to him than Kipling. The tight clothes and boots also look un-Kipling and, when enlarged, the just visible neck scarf looks as though it might be the one Gwynne is wearing in the *Friend* photo used by Tom Pinney and also Andrew Lycett and David Gilmour. The helmet is inconclusive there is a photo of Kipling in a helmet in Wurgaft's *The Imperial Imagination* (Wesleyan University Press, Connecticut, 1883) credited to Harvard's Houghton Library, although that might be a montage."

Sarah MacDonald's query was solved. She replied:

"Many thanks, Jane – our original day books also just says 'Boer War correspondents.' I suspect an over zealous librarian has incorrectly identified one of these as Kipling and like Chinese whispers it has got onto all our captions."

However, one question still remains unsolved. Where was "Glovers Island"? Roger had not been able locate it in South Africa in his world gazetteer, nor on Geonames on the Internet.

Charles Allen also commented further on the incorrect caption to the photograph. He had asked the *Guardian* to correct it, when they had used it and the photograph on the Anniversary of Kipling's birthday, 30 December 2006. In spite of his badgering them, the *Guardian* never issued a correction, thus perpetuating a false image of Kipling with the public. Gwynne, mistaken here for Kipling, gives the impression of a softer more youthful man than Kipling would have been at the time. For Kipling, though empathetic and essentially kind, had also steel and determination. It is interesting to compare Kipling and Gwynne in the photograph, already mentioned, of colleagues on *The Friend* in Andrew Lycett's, *Rudyard Kipling*, 1999. Here Kipling is the central seated figure and Gwynne stands behind.

## RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD OF THE GREAT WAR

By MICHAEL AIDIN

[Michael Aidin is an amateur historian fascinated by memorials commemorating those who lost their lives in war. After leaving university Michael became an accountant with work involving visits to many countries. On his travels he realised that war memorials all over the world were occasionally distinguished works of art, sometimes poignant, and often interesting footnotes to history and changing attitudes to war. Michael's interest in war memorials guided him to Rudyard Kipling's work for the Imperial War Graves Commission and stimulated his curiosity into Kipling's complex and very private character. – *Ed.*]

Rudyard Kipling's work in the commemoration of the dead of the Great War took many forms. Perhaps the most important and least known was the speech he prepared for King George V for his Pilgrimage to the war cemeteries in Flanders in 1922. The King's speech was a major oration commemorating the war dead, and comparable to Abraham Lincoln's dedication to the Civil War cemetery at Gettysburg. The King said:

For the past few days I have been on a solemn pilgrimage in honour of a people who died for all free men. . . . Never before in history have a people thus dedicated and maintained individual memorials to their fallen, and, in the course of my pilgrimage, I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth through the years to come, than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war. And I feel that, so long as we have faith in God's purposes, we cannot but believe that the existence of these visible memorials will, eventually, serve to draw all peoples together in sanity and self control, even as it has already set the relations between our Empire and our Allies on the deep-rooted bases of a common heroism and a common agony.

Rudyard Kipling's biographers generally accept that Kipling wrote this speech, but it seems doubtful whether it was all Kipling's work.<sup>1</sup> No paper trail exists of drafts from Kipling to the Imperial War Graves Commission and then to the Palace.

This article describes how Kipling's earlier life affected his reaction to the Great War, his war-time activities, his contribution to the work

of the Imperial War Graves Commission, the circumstances in which he came to write the King's speech, and his later memorial activities.

On 4 August 1914, the day war broke out, Carrie Kipling's sole entry in her diary was 'My cold possesses me'. Rudyard added in his own writing, 'incidentally Armageddon begins'.<sup>2</sup> By the end of the war, Kipling's world was in ruins; his only son was dead, and his daughter, in a country which lost a generation of its young men, was therefore unlikely to find a suitable husband to give him the grandchildren he so desired. Simple patriotism and pride in Empire were out of fashion, and Kipling's literary reputation was in an eclipse which would last for half a century.

Kipling was a prophet of doom. He foresaw a struggle which would last for three years, and in which Germany would suffer about five million casualties. In fact it lasted four years, by which time Germany had lost six million dead and wounded. Even then the war might not have ceased unless Germany had recognised that defeat was inevitable with large fresh armies arriving from the United States, and the steady tightening of the British naval blockade.

When war came, Kipling absorbed himself in war work – recruiting speeches, visiting troops in training and at the front, correspondence with friends and contacts overseas.

Kipling's life seemed to have been a preparation for war with his stories and poetry of the British Army in India, his work as a journalist in the South African War and his campaign for rearmament. Rudyard's war memorial work began in South Africa with his and his father's contribution to the Rand Memorial in Kimberley designed by Herbert Baker. Lockwood Kipling designed the metal reliefs for the memorial whilst Rudyard contributed the inscription. This was his first major war memorial work. The inscription reads:

This for a charge to our children in sign of the price we paid.

The price that we paid for freedom that comes  
unsoiled to your hand.

Read, revere, and uncover, here are the victors laid.  
They that died for their city being sons of the land.

After the loss of his son John at the Battle of Loos in 1915, Kipling tried to come to terms with the slaughter of John's generation of young men and to living in a country in which nearly every family suffered bereavement. Enquiries about John Kipling's fate after his disappearance in battle and the erection of memorials to his memory dominated Kipling's life for many years. During the war Kipling's health deteriorated. He had constant stomach pains. These began with John's army

service and the anticipation of his death. Kipling lived in constant pain for many years, seeing many doctors until a duodenal ulcer was diagnosed and treated.

Kipling had an extensive correspondence with former President Theodore Roosevelt. At the beginning of the war a rumour circulated that Kipling might go to the United States on a propaganda mission. This was opposed by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, who feared Kipling's strident anti-German views might alienate the German-American community. However, this story seems improbable, as Kipling's distaste for the United States was so great that he never visited the country again after the death of his daughter Josephine in 1899. His mother-in-law had to cross the border to see her daughter and grandchildren when they visited Canada in 1906.

In the years before the war Kipling had campaigned for many causes, against home rule for Ireland, for rearmament against the German threat, and after the war against the transfer of power by the British in India. While generally recognised as a great poet and a superb writer, Kipling is not regarded as a wise political commentator. Michael Brock, former Warden of Nuffield College Oxford, in a talk to the Royal Society of Literature in 1986, said:

Creative writing demands great energy of soul, an exceptionally vivid imagination and an intensity of response to people and situations. . . . Someone of that kind may have unusual imaginative insight into the workings of society; but political judgment is likely to be denied him. That needs a cooler, more analytic temperament. Effective writing about politics and political systems, even if for entirely partisan purposes, requires study, and reflection, and the ability to stand back and weigh possibilities. Kipling was incapable of such an approach or indeed of seeing the need for it.

Dr Brock went on to quote from *Something of Myself* where Kipling wrote "When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait and obey."<sup>3</sup>

From their youth Rudyard and Carrie Kipling had been aware of what war meant. Rudyard was born in Bombay in 1865, eight years after the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and would have been aware of the constant anxiety among the tiny British community in India of the need to maintain iron control over the native population lest the mutiny recur. Kipling did not write directly about the fighting of 1857 in India, except for a semi-historical piece in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of 14 May 1882 "In the Year '57" listed in Kipling's Scrap Book, University of Sussex. Casualties in fighting on the North West Frontier

are a background in the school stories, *Stalky & Co.*, with a quotation from Newbolt's "Clifton Chapel". As a young reporter in India, Rudyard knew Frederick Roberts (1832-1914) (C-in-C India, later Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar) who had won the Victoria Cross at the Siege of Delhi in 1857. Roberts encouraged Kipling in his career and, as a general, appreciated the importance of good relations with the press. During the war in South Africa Roberts asked Rudyard to apply his journalistic skills to an army newspaper.

Carrie was born in 1862 at the beginning of the American Civil War. She grew up with memories of the heavy casualties in that terrible war (comparable to those suffered by the British in the First World War) and of the Southern States laid waste. Rudyard and Carrie made regular winter visits to South Africa, during and after the war, staying at a house provided for them by Cecil Rhodes. Kipling worked as a war reporter during the South African War and saw some action in the field.

In a letter to her mother written in October 1914, Carrie said:

One mustn't let one's friends' and neighbours' sons be killed in order to save us and our son. There is no chance John will survive unless he is so maimed from a wound as to be unfit to fight. We know it and he does. We all know it, but we all must give and do what we can and live on the shadow of a hope that our boy will be the one to escape.<sup>4</sup>

When the news came that John was missing, the Kiplings in public maintained a brave face, optimistic that he would be found, but in private the position was different. Julia Depew, an American friend, saw them in their London hotel in December 1915. As she left, Rudyard said, out of Carrie's earshot, 'Down on your knees Julia, and thank God you have not a son.'<sup>5</sup>

Kipling appears to have left his business management to Carrie. We do not know how many letters he actually composed himself. Harold Macmillan, Kipling's publisher and later Prime Minister, said Carrie often visited the Macmillan offices but Rudyard never came. Distancing himself from business matters was taken to great lengths. One day, needing to cash a cheque, Rudyard visited his bank, where staff did not recognise their most distinguished customer.

During the war Kipling had a notable correspondence with Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), the former President of the United States, who sympathised with the Allied cause but responded cautiously to Kipling's stories of German atrocities, asking for evidence. Roosevelt's hesitations were correct – German atrocities took place early in the war in Belgium, but were not as terrible as Kipling suggested – hostages were

shot but surgeons' hands were not amputated.<sup>6</sup> Roosevelt despised President Woodrow Wilson who was determined to keep America neutral. Wilson had been a child in Virginia at the time of the American Civil War and had no illusions about the destructiveness of modern warfare. America did well out of the war, with limited casualties and great economic advantage. Wilson, in terms of American *realpolitik*, was a success, while at all times claiming the moral high ground.

Kipling and Roosevelt were old friends who had first met in Washington in 1895 when Roosevelt was Head of the Civil Service Commission. Both were writers and intellectuals. Roosevelt, while President, complained at a party at the White House to his cousin, Edith Wharton the novelist, that not one member of his Cabinet knew Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*.<sup>1</sup> Roosevelt, however, was a calculating political animal while Kipling was ruled by his emotions. Both men encouraged their under-age sons with defective eyesight to enlist in the War and both were devastated when they were killed. Roosevelt sat in a rocking chair in which he had nursed Quentin as a baby saying: "Poor Quinikins, poor Quinikins".<sup>8</sup> He reserved the proceeds of his Nobel Peace Prize for a memorial to Quentin in France. When John was reported missing, Roosevelt wrote to Kipling saying

From the papers I cannot tell what has befallen your son. I earnestly hope he has been found and is all right. Yet at the worst while I would mourn with his mother and with you it would be mourning that goes with respect and admiration, for there are so many things worse than death. Kermit [then serving with the British Army] – and all my three other boys will feel exactly as I do.<sup>9</sup>

Kipling received many other letters of condolence, including one from Lord Curzon who was well known for the sensitivity with which he wrote on such occasions. One would have expected to find letters of condolence from Henry James, who gave Carrie away at her wedding, or Edmund Gosse, who was one of the few guests at the wedding. Presumably they existed but have disappeared because of the family passion for the destruction of records, and perhaps because they were too distressing to keep.

I have failed to trace a letter of condolence from Kipling to Roosevelt when Quentin was shot down in France in 1918. Letters of this kind are usually handwritten and in the days before Xerox copies could not easily be kept by the sender. However few of the many letters of condolence Roosevelt received can be found. In general the Roosevelt family kept full archives – perhaps also again the memories were too painful.

The brutal reality of war came quickly for the Kiplings. In September 1914, George Cecil, the 18-year old son of their neighbour Lady Violet Cecil and grandson of Lord Salisbury, the Victorian Prime Minister, was reported missing while serving in the Grenadier Guards. Violet Cecil made extensive searches, and with Clemenceau's help visited Villers Cotterets in France, the scene of the fighting where George was lost, to try to discover his fate. She asked Kipling to question British soldiers who had survived the battle, and Lord Milner, who spoke fluent German, to interrogate prisoners of war. When no information was forthcoming, Lord Kitchener asked the American Ambassador to make enquiries through the American Embassy in Berlin for news of George. Eventually, George's body was found and all hope disappeared. A telegram from the Kiplings said: "We are thinking of you always and desolate to think we can no longer help, Rudyard and Carrie". George Cecil's fate was a tragedy which would come to haunt the Kiplings.

Violet Cecil endowed a rifle range in George's memory at his old school at Winchester. This was opened in December 1915 by Rudyard Kipling, who fired the first shot and scored a bull's eye, a not inconsiderable achievement for a man with such poor eyesight. Speaking of George Cecil, he said to the boys: 'He died as many of you too will die, but he died knowing the issues for which he died'.<sup>10</sup> This must have been a traumatic occasion for Kipling. In September 1915 John had been reported missing at the Battle of Loos, and Rudyard and Carrie were desperately anxious to discover his fate. Rider Haggard, a close friend and the author of *She* and other best sellers of the period, talked to a survivor of the fighting who told him that he had seen John Kipling in tears from the great pain, seeking medical attention (almost blind without his glasses) for a serious wound to his face on which he had placed a field dressing, Rider Haggard did not feel able to pass this terrible story on to Rudyard and Carrie. The Kiplings spent many months searching for John, who was reported missing, presumed killed. No body was discovered. Great efforts were made by the Kiplings without success to find out what had happened to John in the hope that he had been wounded and taken prisoner. One of Rudyard's fears was that John might as a prisoner be killed by the Germans because of his father's anti-German propaganda. Eighty years later, the War Graves Commission decided that the unidentified remains of an officer in the Irish Guards were those of John Kipling. The tombstone was altered with John's name carved upon it. John's name is also to be found on a memorial to the Missing of the Battle of Loos. In fact, it is doubtful whether John's remains were discovered.<sup>11</sup> Perhaps DNA techniques would today enable a positive identification to be made, but as the Holts say, why disturb two bodies Elsie in Cambridgeshire and John in France.

Kipling wrote of his loss in the haunting poem "My Boy Jack", put into the mouth of a mourning mother of a young seaman:

"Have you news of my boy Jack?"

*Not this tide.*

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

*Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.*

Kipling arranged for the Last Post to be sounded every night at Loos Cemetery. The *Kipling Journal* reported that Kipling arranged for this in perpetuity,<sup>12</sup> but provision was not made in his will and it ceased in 1939 and was not renewed after the war.

As a labour of love to John's memory, Kipling wrote *The Irish Guards in the Great War*. Five-and-a-half years of hard work were needed to produce this detailed account of the regiment's wartime actions. This book, written by someone without direct experience of the First World War, lacks a sense of the tension and terror of the conflict. Kipling wrote in 1922,

I've done the first volume, and nearly all the second, of the history of the Irish Guards; and never was I so thankful to put a thing behind me. God knows it isn't much *qua* book, but it was done as one fidgets a sore tooth (or turns a knife in a wound) and each day, almost each hour, was pain and grief to me. But, in sum, it's done.<sup>13</sup>

Edmund Blunden, the poet who was a literary adviser to the War Graves Commission, wrote in a review in the *Nation and Athenaeum* that Kipling did not perfectly understand the pandemonium and nerve strain of war.<sup>14</sup>

Major Alexander of the Irish Guards, later commander of the British rearguard at Dunkirk in 1940 and eventually Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, visited Bateman's several times to help with Rudyard's researches. The book is a detailed account of many actions, and Kipling's literary skills emerge only occasionally. Of Colonel Morris, killed at Villers Cotterets in the same engagement as George Cecil, Kipling wrote:

He called to his men: "D'you hear that? They're doing that to frighten you." To which some one replied with simple truth: "If that's what they're after, they might as well stop. They succeeded with *me* hours ago."<sup>15</sup>

Kipling wrote of the small Guard's cemetery, 'perhaps the most beautiful of all the resting-places in France, on a slope of the forest off the

dim road, near the Rond de la Reine, holds our dead'. The book ends with an account of the regimental Christmas dinner in Cologne in 1918. 'They sat them down, twenty-two officers and six hundred and twenty-eight other ranks, and none will know till Judgement Day how many ghosts were also present.'<sup>16</sup>

In 1917, Kipling became a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission, which had been established to register, mark and tend the graves of British soldiers. Planning started while the war was in progress, and the Commission sent Edwin Lutyens and Herbert Baker, the two leading architects of their generation, to France to advise on the design and layout of the cemeteries. Until the First World War, arrangements for the burial of British soldiers killed in war had been haphazard and irregular. At the beginning of the war, there was no official organisation responsible for the burial of men killed in action. At first this duty was handled by a Red Cross organisation headed by Fabian Ware, a former journalist without military experience. As the scale of the casualties became apparent, the army provided personnel for the recording and burial of the dead. Bodies were buried where possible, in individual graves marked with temporary wooden crosses. Ware, with the rank of Major General, became head of the Army Graves Service.

Kipling's main contribution was the drafting of inscriptions used by the Commission. On the graves of those for whom a name could not be found, he produced "A soldier of the Great War known unto God". On the Great Stone of Remembrance placed at military cemeteries, he chose the phrase from *Ecclesiasticus* 44:14 in the *Apocrypha*, "their name liveth for evermore". For those whose burial places had been destroyed by shelling, he chose from the previous verse, "their glory shall not be blotted out". Kipling did not want to use the language of Christianity because he felt this might be offensive to Hindus and Muslims who served in the Indian Army, and perhaps this would also conflict with his own position as a non-believer. Kipling's phrase "Lest we Forget", used in a different context in his "Recessional", was often used on war memorials, particularly in the United States, but less commonly in Britain.

Kipling's style of concise epitaph was in great demand for memorials all over the British Empire. Not all were suitable for use on war memorials – some were – but others were bitter. A few examples are:

#### Actors

*On a memorial tablet in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon*

We counterfeited once for your disport

Men's joy and sorrow: but our day has passed.

We pray you pardon all where we fell short—  
Seeing we were your servants to this last.

Journalists

*On a panel in the Hall of the Institute of Journalists*

We have served our day

The Coward

"I could not look on death, which being known,  
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone"

Common Form

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

Kipling drafted papers for the Commission, explaining its policy to the public on the design of war cemeteries and other matters. He was able to use his relationship with his cousin Stanley Baldwin, later Prime Minister, to secure adequate funds from the Treasury for the work of the War Graves Commission.

After the war, Rudyard and Carrie Kipling made many tours of inspection of the Commission's cemeteries, as recorded in his motoring diaries. A visit to the cemetery at Rouen led to one of his most powerful stories, *The Gardener*, about the grieving mother seeking the grave of her secret illegitimate son killed in the war.

The "Motoring Diaries" are an easy read. A modern tourist can follow the Kiplings' routes in France, staying at some of the hotels which they used. The "Grand Monarque" in Chartres is one where he and his family frequently stayed, at least from April 1914. He also began writing "The Gardener" there on 14 March 1925, although he occasionally had complaints about it. Now it is a pleasant, old fashioned, provincial hotel, with an excellent dining room where François Mitterand once entertained John Major.

Kipling had his tensions at the War Graves Commission. He clashed with Alfred Mond, the first Commissioner of Works, who subsequently had an important ministerial career. Mond was a Jewish Liberal MP of German origin, an industrialist. He combined qualities distasteful to Kipling. Mond's family business became part of Imperial Chemical Industries. Kipling wrote of him to his Aunt Louisa Baldwin:

Allah, for his own purposes, has created a pig called Mond, Head of the Public Works, an 'Ebrew whose mere voice and presence is enough to put up the back of any and every committee that he presides over. Consequently, when Mond is trying to get anything done or passed on a parliamentary committee, he—just doesn't. That's all . . .

Well, the story as I got it, was of a particularly dead deadlock between Mond and one of his Committees over some breach of Treasury accounts. "And then," said my informant—"we send for Baldwin if we can get him." It appears that Stan turns up in response to an S.O.S. signal, smiles upon the assembly, explains the situation in that wonderful voice of his and smoothes the whole show out, on his personal popularity: . . ." <sup>17</sup>

Kipling's anti-German feelings were extreme and were reflected in attacks on Haldane, Secretary of State for War, who had said that his spiritual home was in Germany. Kipling called Haldane a Hunnonite and helped Beaverbrook drive him from office. Haldane's army reforms before the war enabled the British quickly to train and deploy an army in France. General Haig on his return to England, tired and ill after riding with the King in the Victory Parade in 1919, personally delivered a copy of his last Despatch to Haldane at his home in London as a gesture of his appreciation and thanks, inscribed "To the Greatest Secretary of State for War England ever had" <sup>18</sup>

During the war it had been decided that the bodies of the army dead should not be repatriated to Britain. The Americans took the bodies of their dead back to the United States for burial if the next of kin so desired. The French, after the war allowed next of kin to rebury their dead and bodies of the military dead were sometimes placed in special plots in cemeteries near their homes. The Commission maintained the principle of equality of sacrifice. No bodies should be repatriated and all ranks should have uniform headstones.

In the post-war period there was pressure for the return of the war dead for burial in Britain. Additionally, families wanted to erect their own monuments in military cemeteries. On this point the Commission was clearly correct. The regular lines of graves crossing the fields of Northern France are a moving sight which would have been disrupted with the introduction of early twentieth-century cemetery architecture.

The work of the Commission was controversial. The Commission's policy was to have gravestones upon which emblems might be engraved rather than crosses. The Christian lobby, led by the High Church Cecil family, pressed for crosses – five of the ten grandsons of the Victorian Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, including George Cecil, had lost their lives. Lord Hugh Cecil, described by Ian Gilmour as 'a liturgical gendarme who spent much of his career making it more difficult for people to divorce or remarry,' attacked the idea of erecting a Mosque and a Hindu temple for the Indians who had died in France and criticised the Commission for employing Kipling, ("Not a known religious man") to choose its inscriptions. <sup>19</sup>

Deep passions were aroused by these disputes. Kipling gave evidence to a Committee of MPs in April 1920, and a letter from him to the Commission was read out in the House of Commons debate on 5 May 1920. He said 'You see we shall never have any grave to go to. Our boy was missing at Loos. The ground is of course battered and mined, past all hope of any trace being recovered. I wish some of the people who are making this trouble realise how much more fortunate they are to have a name on a headstone in a known place'. A hitherto obscure Conservative Member of Parliament, W Burdett-Coutts made a brilliant speech defending the Commission's policy of equality of treatment and uniformity of the design of memorial stones,<sup>20</sup> after spending considerable time at the Imperial War Memorials Commission offices. Perhaps Kipling helped with this speech just as he assisted his cousin Stanley Baldwin and later King George V.

Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, spoke strongly in support of the Commission. Its policy triumphed. In the post-war years revolutions had broken out in many countries, including Russia and Germany. Britain was unstable and there was anxiety over the risk of civil disturbances. National unity, it was felt, was at a time of great social unrest assisted by the Commission's principle of equality of sacrifice. Nearly a century later this great debate recedes into history.

In the current wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the army dead are brought back to their homes for burial or cremation. The great twentieth-century programme of military cemeteries has ceased.

A great loss is that Kipling did not compose the inscription in Westminster Abbey for the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, because the clergy perhaps influenced by the Cecil family, would not accept help from a man who in a letter to his friend Lady Violet Cecil had described himself as 'A God fearing Christian Atheist.' Violet had distressed her Cecil in-laws when she said she was not a Christian and was sent for instruction by Dr Winnington-Ingram, future Bishop of London. 'I spent some hours with him' she wrote, 'and was not asked to go again.'<sup>21</sup>

The words on the tomb are banal and prolix, beginning, "Beneath this stone rests the body of a British warrior, unknown by name or rank, brought from France to lie among the most illustrious of the land. . . ." This inscription compares badly with the elegant and concise words on the grave of the French Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris "Ici repose un soldat français mort pour la patrie" or the American Unknown Soldier's grave at Arlington "Here Rests in Honored Glory An American Soldier Known but to God."

Kipling, although he accepted the existence of a God, was not a conventional Christian with a belief in the Resurrection of Christ or the

## KIPLING SAILS FOR ENGLAND.

Author and His Family Depart, Taking the Ashes of the Daughter Who Died in February.

Rudyard Kipling, the author, looking wan and pale from his recent illness, sailed for England yesterday with the members of his family and some friends, taking with him the ashes of his daughter Josephine, who died here in February, while her father was hovering between life and death. The members of the Kipling party, who sailed on the White Star Liner Teutonic, were Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, J. Lockwood Kipling, the author's father; the two Kipling children, John and Elsie; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Doubleday, and Miss Josephine Doubleday. The Doubledays have been the closest friends of the family during Mr. Kipling's long illness, and will spend several weeks as guests at the Kipling home, at Rottingdean.

The party, accompanied by nurses and servants, reached the pier a short time before the vessel sailed, and went directly to their staterooms, where Mr. Kipling retired to his berth. The author walked with the step of a semi-invalid, and despite the warmth of the day, wore a light overcoat buttoned tightly about him. He refused to submit to an interview, Mr. Doubleday taking that responsibility off his shoulders. Mrs. Kipling said good-bye for the family to a score of friends assembled at the pier.

"Immediately upon our arrival in England," said Mr. Doubleday, "we shall go to the Kipling home in Rottingdean. Mr. Kipling is anxious to get back home and resume the English country life to which he is accustomed. He is still weak, and is unable to receive callers for more than a few minutes at a time. He staid in bed this morning until we were ready to start for the steamer. It can safely be said, however, that his condition is improving constantly, and his ultimate recovery is assured."

The ashes of little Josephine Kipling were incased in a porphyry urn and carried by Mrs. Kipling in a black traveling case. The ashes will be interred in the family plot at Rottingdean. A close friend of Mr. Kipling said the author departed with the kindest feeling toward America and Americans, and goes away with the greatest reluctance.

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afterlife. As the Archbishop of Canterbury said, ' . . . he sometimes believed passionately and sometimes disbelieved equally passionately . . . ' in his address at the 2006 Service of Commemoration in Burwash.<sup>22</sup>

John Kipling was not christened as a child and it is doubtful if his sisters were christened either. Josephine's body was cremated without a religious service in January 1899. Her ashes were brought to England, according to a report in the *New York Times* of 15 June 1899, for interment in the family plot at Rottingdean.

The background to the King's Pilgrimage to the War Cemeteries appears to be as follows. The full story is not set out in any of the biographies of Kipling which I have read and the following is based on information from the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle.

For some time Kipling had refused to accept the Order of Merit. In December 1921 Lord Stamfordham wrote on behalf of the King again offering the Order of Merit, the King's personal gift, and Kipling replied on 17 December declining the honour. In January 1922 Kipling was approached by several newspapers asking to confirm or deny whether he had been offered the OM. Carrie Kipling wrote in her diary, 'Rud upset by wires from newspapers about the report of OM.' On 16 January Lord Stamfordham wrote to Kipling taking responsibility for the newspaper reports. (This part of the story is set out in Appendix B of Lord Birkenhead's biography of Kipling).

What is not described in the biographies is Kipling's meeting with Lord Stamfordham on 2 February. An extract from Lord Stamfordham's note in the Royal Archives (by permission of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II) of the meeting, reads as follows:

He (Mr Rudyard Kipling) then proceeded to say how important it was that the King should visit the grave-yards in France and Flanders. Mr Kipling is in touch with republican propaganda and knows what capital is made out of this omission in unfortunately criticising the King, especially in Australia and South Africa, but generally throughout the Dominions and Crown Colonies. I mentioned this to the King.

This memorandum presumably followed the embarrassment over the leak to the press and it seems that Kipling's idea of a visit by the King to the cemeteries may have been accepted partly as a peace offering. Subsequently Carrie Kipling wrote in her diary, 'Rud . . . is glad he proposed it and it was acted on.'

Members of the Kipling Society probably will recall the words of the great speech made by King George V at the end of his visit to the

war cemeteries. The King said: "Never before in history have a people dedicated and maintained individual memorials to their fallen and in the course of my Pilgrimage I have many times asked myself whether there can be a more total advocate of peace upon earth through the years to come, than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of War".

Wonderful words – it is generally accepted that Kipling wrote the King's speech. Certainly this is the view of his biographers. Carrie in her diary recorded that Rudyard was working on a speech for the King. Fabian Ware in sending the final draft to the Palace said it had been discussed with Kipling, but does not mention Kipling's authorship. Ware wrote to Kipling, 'With altogether minor alterations the speech is approved [by the Palace] they can hardly find enough words to say how beautiful they think it is.'<sup>23</sup>

The King's speech is a wonderful oration, even comparable with Lincoln's Gettysburg address, but the statement that: "Never before in history have a people dedicated and maintained individual memorials to their fallen" is quite wrong, as anyone who has been to Arlington, Gettysburg or the other American Civil War cemeteries would have known. One feels that Kipling would not have made such a mistake. Married to an American, he had lived in the United States and was keenly interested in history. When the Kiplings were living in Vermont, Civil War memorials were being erected all over the country. Kipling was familiar with Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and said Lord Birkenhead's speech, as Secretary of State for India, at the dedication of the memorial for the Indian Army soldiers at Neuve Chapelle, was the finest funeral oration since Gettysburg. Kipling visited Washington and he might have gone to the National Cemetery at Arlington. It seems curious that Kipling as an inveterate tourist did not visit Gettysburg, which in the 1890s was not a difficult train journey from Washington. However, I have failed to find any trace of a visit to Arlington or Gettysburg by him.

It is puzzling that Kipling, with his journalist's care for detail, should have included such an inaccuracy in the speech. Winston Churchill, who was Secretary of State for War, had an American mother, was a keen historian, and should have noticed the slip. Lord Curzon, former Foreign Secretary, had been married to two American women and was involved in the commemoration of the war dead. Curzon devised the Armistice Day ceremonies which are still used every year at the Cenotaph and throughout the Commonwealth. Many soldiers who were present, including Field Marshal Haig, studied the American Civil War as part of their military education yet no-one seems to have commented on this mistake. In the American military

cemeteries of the Civil War, rows of graves were laid out in a very similar manner to the British and French cemeteries on the Western Front. The Americans used plain headstones with symbols rather than crosses carved upon them, as the British still do. In later wars the Americans used crosses on the graves of Christians. An explanation for the King's Speech might have been an editorial amendment by the King's Private Secretary Lord Stamfordham or others, but in fact the words used appear in the text sent to the Palace by Fabian Ware and discussed with Kipling. Curiously, no comment seems to have appeared at the time.

The visit to the war cemeteries was followed by a book, *The King's Pilgrimage*, not written by Kipling but edited by him. Kipling contributed a poem:

Our King went forth on Pilgrimage  
 His prayer and vows to pay  
 To them that saved our heritage  
 And cast their own away.

\* \* \* \* \*

*All that they had they gave—they gave; and they shall not return,  
 For these are those that have no grave where any heart may mourn.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Father and mother they put aside, and the nearer love also—  
 An hundred thousand men that died whose graves shall no man  
 know.*

A comment from the Palace was that perhaps not sufficient prominence had been given to the role of General Haig in the Pilgrimage. A photo in the book shows Kipling speaking discreetly to the King at Vlamertinghe Military Cemetery with Haig at a distance apparently carrying his papers on a clip board. Haig's body language is fascinating. Haig was considered a political intriguer, exploiting his relationship with the Royal family in dealings with politicians, and was perhaps wondering what Kipling was saying confidentially to the King. Kipling felt that Haig's tactics were one reason for his son's death, and shared the general critical view in England of his generalship. Indeed, when asked to compose an epitaph for the cross of Sacrifice to be erected near Haig's grave at Dryburgh Abbey, his non-committal inscription was, 'This Cross of Sacrifice is identical with those which stand above the dead of Lord Haig's Armies in France and Flanders. 10 July 1929'.<sup>24</sup>

The Pilgrimage to the war cemeteries was the beginning of Kipling's friendship with the King and his role as a royal speech writer.

Kipling became a regular visitor to Buckingham Palace. He also wrote speeches for other members of the royal family and helped his cousin, Stanley Baldwin, with his speeches. According to Stanley's son, the famous phrase Baldwin used of newspaper proprietors, 'Power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages,' came originally from Rudyard's pen.

In 1927 Kipling attended the dedication of the memorial at Neuve Chapelle designed by Herbert Baker for the Indian Army. Herbert Baker was an architect to the Commission and responsible for some of its most important memorials in France, including the Tyne Cot cemetery near Ypres as well as the memorial at Neuve Chapelle. This design was inspired by Baker's knowledge of Indian architecture and based on his work in New Delhi. Kipling had known Baker in South Africa at the time of the Boer War. Baker designed the house at the Cape provided for the Kipling family by Cecil Rhodes and they had worked together on the Kimberley Memorial.

Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, said in his autobiography:

I saw Kipling for the last time in France. We had been attending the unveiling by Generalissimo Foch of the Indian Memorial to the Missing at Neuve Chapelle, for which I had carved two tigers guarding the base of a tall column. After the ceremony, a formal luncheon was given at Bethune. As we were gathering together, many of our French hosts asked me to point out Kipling. They were not interested in Lord Birkenhead, the Secretary of State for India, nor in his speech, the most important of the occasion, but they were eager to see the poet and became entranced – we all did – by the words of Rudyard who, though not on the Speech List, was called to his feet and spoke without notes briefly and movingly about the bravery of Indian soldiers fighting on European soil. His earnest words silenced the restless feet and impatient murmurings so that you could hear the proverbial pin drop till he sat down to tumultuous applause".<sup>25</sup>

Kipling's speech was reported in a special Memorial Edition of *The Times* of 11 November 1927. He said:

Lord Birkenhead has touched on the material difficulties and bewilderingments that met them [the Indians] in their adventure to the West. Have you ever thought what they endured on the spiritual side when they voyaged forth over oceans, whose existence they had never conceived, into lands which lay beyond the extremest limits of their

imagination, into countries which, for aught they knew, were populated by devils and monsters? Columbus and his men, seeking new worlds, did not confront half the dread possibilities which these men of India prepared themselves to meet. And in that mood they came to France, and presently wrote letters home to their relatives and their friends trying to make clear to them the spirit of this new universe. Some of these letters I have read. I can testify it was not long before the essential humanity, honesty, good will, and the sane thrift of France as an agricultural nation soothed their hearts and set their minds at rest.

One young man, whose letter I can almost quote textually, wrote, to reassure his mother, in these words: 'Oh my mother, do not be afraid. These people are as civilized as ourselves, and, above all, the women are as good agriculturists as the men. I have seen it. Their land passes from father to son on payment of the necessary taxes, precisely as it does with us. They buy and sell in the streets, too – portions of fowl and meat, with needles, thread, scissors and matches, just as we do in our bazaars at home. Have, then, no more fear for they are in all respects like ourselves.

Kipling was greatly moved by Herbert Baker's War Memorial Cloister at Winchester College and wrote to him saying:

We were at Winchester the day before yesterday: being there of purpose to see your War Memorial. A perfectly clear, Italian-skied day and no-one except a small party of schoolgirls about the place – and through the far end, a framed picture of the boys playing against the background of a wall. So you see, it was about as perfect a setting as one could wish. And the thing itself is as near perfection to my mind as human work can be – in all ways and under all considerations. One could see when one had admired it, how it will weather and how it will arrange itself a hundred years hence. Not being any sort of expert in harmony, proportion and so forth, I hadn't anything to do except delight in it wholeheartedly – the colour, the idea, the balance, the layout of the whole thing and the air that flooded it and the sun that adorned it. (What must it be by moonlight!) I think – indeed I know that so far as my own experience goes, it is incomparably the best of all the War Memorials.<sup>26</sup>

Eighty years later, the Memorial Cloister is at the centre of school life at Winchester. Every boy passes through it several times each day on his way to and from his boarding house to his lessons. It must have its effect on each of them as they move through the school.

Kipling was also concerned with a monument to his son. John is commemorated at the village war memorial at Burwash. This is an unusual memorial, as a light is illuminated on the anniversary of the death of each man whose name is recorded. After much involvement in planning the memorial, Kipling did not attend the dedication ceremony, probably because he could not face the emotional strain. As a representative of the Imperial War Graves Commission, he was present at the dedication of the cemetery at Loos but was so overcome that he could not speak.

The Kiplings wished to erect a memorial to John in the church near his home. Charles Wheeler recounted that one morning there was a knock at the door at his studio in Chelsea. When he opened the door, he saw a short man standing in morning dress and wearing a tall silk hat.

My first thought was – here is someone selling encyclopaedias, and then he handed me his card. On looking, I was so astounded that I handed it back to him. It read 'Rudyard Kipling'. I've ever since regretted my stupidity for his card would have been a thing to treasure.

Baker had sent Kipling to commission from Wheeler a bronze memorial for his son. Although Rudyard and Carrie Kipling were pleased with the clay design, the cast, when it came back from the foundry, was defective and the work had to be redone. Wheeler was very innocent if he thought Kipling would have accepted a sub-standard piece of work. Notwithstanding embarrassment at the delay, it would have been better not have shown it to his client until it was in a reasonable state. The inscription reads: "*Qui ante diem periit*" " *Who died before his time*". These are the same words as occur in Newbolt's poem "Clifton Chapel", immensely popular at the time, with the inscription "*Qui ante diem periit. / Sed miles, sed pro patria.*", "*Who died before his time, / Yet a soldier and for his country.*"

Newbolt's poem is quoted in "A Little Prep." a story in *Stalky & Co.* referring to old boys who lost their lives in the Second Afghan War of 1878/1880. Ironically Britain is now engaged in its Fourth Afghan War.

In spite of the difficulties over John's plaque, his parents asked Wheeler to make a bust of the young soldier from photographs. They said they would inspect the work as it progressed. In due course, Wheeler asked them to come up to London to see the maquette, but his letter received no answer, nor did a second sent some weeks later. In a third letter, guessing the reason, Wheeler suggested that perhaps they found it hard to face up to the sculptured image and if that were the case, he would destroy the work and call the whole thing off. This

proved to be right. Wheeler said that poor Kipling was utterly undone by his son's loss and never got over it.

We are left wondering about imponderables and uncertainties. If by the chances of genetics, Kipling had had three daughters and no son, would the war have affected him with the same intensity? What would have happened with the development of Kipling's work if the war had not taken place? Would his duodenal ulcer have developed without the stress of war? Would he have become a rich middle-aged writer with a passion for constant travel?

Kipling was a great artist who commemorated the tragedies of his time. Due to the contradictions and complexities of his character he has continued to fascinate and puzzle generations of readers.

#### NOTES

1. Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling*, p.296.
2. *ibid.*, p.258.
3. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, Ch. VIII, "Working-Tools", p.210.
4. University of Sussex papers.
5. Tonie and Valmai Holt, *My Boy Jack*, p.122, (Leo Cooper, 1998).
6. Hugh Brogan, "The Great War and Rudyard Kipling", *Kipling Journal*, No.286, June 1998, p.18.
7. R. W. G. Lewis, *Edith Wharton a Biography*, p. 145.
8. Edward J Renehan Jr., *The Lion's Pride*, p.198, (OUP 1998).
9. Letter, 10 October 1915, Sussex University.
10. *The Wykehamist*, No.548, Dec.1915, p.473-474.
11. Tonie and Valmai Holt, *My Boy Jack*, p.122, (Leo Cooper, 1998).
12. *Kipling Journal*, No.35, Sept. 1935, p.73.
13. Letter to Sir Andrew Macphail, 30 April 1922.
14. Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, p.514.
15. Rudyard Kipling, *The Irish Guards in the Great War,: The First Battalion*, p.38. (Spelmount 1997).
16. *ibid.*, p.290.
17. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. T. Pinney, Vol.4, p.562, 19 July 1919.
18. Duff Cooper, *Haig*, (Faber & Faber 1936).
19. Ian Gilmour, *The Long Recessional*, p.280, (John Murray 2002).
20. Tonie and Valmai Holt, *My Boy Jack*, p.146, (Leo Cooper, 1998).
21. Violet Milner papers, Bodleian Library.
22. *Kipling Journal* No.318, June 2006, p.13.
23. Tonie and Valmai Holt, *My Boy Jack*, p. 148, (Leo Cooper, 1998).
24. *ibid.*, p.153.
25. *High Relief: The autobiography of Sir Charles Wheeler, Sculptor*, Country Life Books, p.44.
26. Herbert Baker, *Architecture and Personalities*, p.97.

## RUDYARD KIPLING AND HISTORY

By HUGH BROGAN

[Prof Hugh Brogan has been a member of the Society for very many years, and has had several articles and more than a few letters printed in the *Journal*. He is a Research Professor in the Department of History of the University of Essex, and is the author of *Mowgli's Sons: Kipling and Baden-Powell's Scouts*, and also *The Life of Arthur Ransome*. He gave this talk to us in London on 17 February 2007. – Ed.]

Jane Kesar wanted a title for this talk; it seemed safe and obvious to offer "Kipling and History." Not only am I by profession an historian, but I have been asked to write on the 'Puck' books for the new Readers' Guide; and there can be no doubt about the importance of history to Kipling himself and with regard to his work. No historian of the British Empire between the Indian Mutiny and the First World War would dream of ignoring the views and information or, perhaps above all, the vision to be found in the great mountain-range of Kipling's writings; no sensitive reader can have failed to notice Kipling's lifelong interest in the past, or his belief in its importance; nor can anyone forget that he was, in his way, a shaper of that past, of our past; some things in life happened differently because of him. In short, the theme of Kipling and history is an important one and, leaving aside the question of whether I am fully qualified to tackle it, it was one that I was going to have to deal with anyway, when I settled down to Puck. So Jane got her answer.

But when I started to work things started to look a lot less straightforward. To begin with, I did not want to discuss Kipling *in* history: Kipling as a shaper of the imperial and national outlook, or Kipling as a reporter of his times in India, the United States / South Africa and England. The subject was simply too vast and, I think too familiar. My topic was to be Kipling on history, which seemed to be quite large and definite enough. But as I approached it it started, disconcertingly, to vanish. I was like a traveller in wild country who sees what he thinks is thick woodland ahead; but as he gets nearer he sees that the trees are fewer than he supposed; there is more scrub and moorland; in fact, after he has gone a few miles, it seems to him very doubtful if there is anything which can be called a wood at all. He has been the victim of some sort of mirage.

As I say, I was disconcerted, and had to take thought. My conclusion was that a certain fact must be faced: Kipling dealt with the past in a manner which professional historians cannot recognise as historical at all. He was not one of us. I saw Eric Hobsbawm (I think it was)

quoted recently as saying that an historian should not be a judge or an advocate, but a detective. This entails the most scrupulous possible respect for evidence, and a refusal to impose patterns upon it. The truth must emerge from facts duly ascertained and explained; and if the explanation is defective, it must be challenged. As another great historian, Pieter Geyl, once said, history is endless argument. And as A.E. Housman proclaimed in a different context, accuracy is not a virtue but a duty. None of this applies to Kipling. It would be too much to say that for him inaccuracy was a duty, but he certainly found it a useful tool.

To give you one, very small example: one of the memorable characters in the 'Puck' books is a Norman baron, Gilbert De Aquila. The name, you notice, is partially Latinized, for what reason I do not know; in actuality the man, who really existed, was called Gilbert de l'Aigle (l'Aigle being a place in Normandy); it was his grandfather, not his father, who was killed at the battle of Hastings; and he had a wife and several sons, one of whom, Richer, you may read about in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, where you will find that his career precisely illustrates the sort of problem that led Kipling's Gilbert to cry (very implausibly for a Norman baron) 'a pest—a pest on Normandy, for she will be our England's curse this many a long year!'<sup>1</sup> Richer rebelled against King Henry I, King Stephen and King Henry II, was twice deprived of his lands in Sussex and had his castle in France burned down. He was a pious man, a great benefactor of monasteries, but on the whole his career seems to have been markedly disruptive of the public peace, both in England and France. None of this information is of much importance in itself, but no historian would have treated it in Kipling's cavalier fashion: that of an imaginative writer, claiming the same liberty as would a composer of opera, a dramatist, a painter, or a screenwriter for a movie. He has taken a pardonable liberty; but an historian cannot quite approve, for it is often in the small, inconvenient fact that the interesting discovery can be made; and wilful inaccuracy leads to trouble.

Or take what is probably everyone's favourite section of *Puck of Pook's Hill*: the tale of Parnesius. Here it is not a question of small inaccuracies but of comprehensive misrepresentation. The historian must commend Kipling for presenting the Emperor Maximus to his readers, for Maximus is an important figure in British history of whom otherwise most of us would never have heard. And allowing for the fact that there has been much first-rate archaeological work on Hadrian's Wall since Kipling's day, it may fairly be said (even in the light of the Vindolanda tablets) that he made a wonderful job of evoking the life of the garrisons there:

. . . the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. . . the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather, woods and ruins where Picts hide, and on the other, a vast town—long like a snake, and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall!<sup>2</sup>

This is imaginative writing of a high order, and it serves the great historical purpose of bringing the past to life and interesting us in it. For such an achievement we may forgive all the unavoidable inaccuracy. But for the rest, the picture of late Roman Britain is almost wholly misleading, in general effect and in details large and small (Kipling even repeats the notorious error that the Saxon invaders wore metal wings on their helmets, and calls them 'the Winged Hats.')

Yet none of this, if we consider Kipling's actual purposes when writing of Parnesius matters in the least. Perhaps this is the moment to indeed assert, that he loved the past for its colour, its intricacy and its strangeness; but that too is, in a way, beside the point. In the years between the Boer War and 1914 he grew increasingly alarmed about the fragility of the British Empire and the vulnerability of the British Isles to enemy attack; he was obsessed with the notion that the Liberal government was failing in its duty and that the people themselves were falling away into greed and frivolity. It was at this time that he wrote the remarkable uncollected poem, "The Coin Speaks", which was printed in the *Kipling Journal* not long ago (the coin in question is a Roman one) [June 1991, No.258, pp.16-17 – *Ed.*]:

Warmed against and worn between  
Hearts uncleansed and hands unclean,  
What is there I have not seen?

Not an Empire dazed and old,  
Smitten blind and stricken cold,  
Bartering her sons for gold;

It was in this vein that he had tackled Parnesius. I cannot do better than quote Charles Carrington: "The story of the centurion's task is told as a panegyric of duty and service, which press their claims all the more urgently when leaders fail to lead and statesmen study only their own careers. It strengthened the nerve of many a young soldier in the dark days of 1915 and 1941 and, if that was [the] intention, it mattered little

that Rudyard's Roman soldiers of the fourth century too much resembled subalterns of the Indian Army.<sup>3</sup> Faced with such an assessment (one which Carrington, the veteran of the Great War, could make with particular authority) what can a pedantic historian do but turn his head away in shame?

And even a pedant must concede that in many respects Kipling had the root of the matter in him. He was, after all, the author of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, a work of meticulous scholarship if ever there was one, of informed original research (how cold the phrase sounds!). And it is my impression that as the 'Puck' stories multiplied Kipling grew less slapdash. One of his most palpable traits, in all his work, was his love of significant detail, and there is plenty of evidence that from "Hal o' the Draft" onwards he was anxious to strengthen and decorate his stories with authentic historical fact. It was very much his way, or one of his ways, of getting at truth. In *Something of Myself* we are told how Lockwood Kipling, on first hearing "Hal o' the Draft", 'closed in with fore-reaching pen, presently ousted me from my table, and inlaid the description of Hal's own drawing-knife.'<sup>4</sup> it is worth reminding you of that description. After (I infer) some adjustment, it runs:

Presently the man took a reed pen from his satchel, and trimmed it with a little ivory knife, carved in the semblance of a fish.

'Oh, what a beauty!' cried Dan.

"Ware fingers! That blade is perilous sharp. I made it myself of the best Low Country crossbow steel. And so, too, this fish. When his back-fin travels to his tail—so—he swallows up the blade, even as the whale swallowed Gaffer Jonah."<sup>5</sup>

Lockwood also liked, and helped with, "The Wrong Thing"

which latter he embellished, notably in respect to an Italian fresco-worker, whose work never went 'deeper than the plaster.'<sup>6</sup>

This is the Pre-Raphaelite way of bringing the past to life (I am reminded of somebody's remark, when Laurence Olivier's film of *Henry V* appeared, that William Morris — who was of course one of the Kiplings' close friends — would have loved it). In Rudyard Kipling's work the most triumphant application of this method, in my opinion, is the story about Nicholas Culpeper, "A Doctor of Medicine", in *Rewards and Fairies*. Kipling, as his letters show, loved Culpeper as a writer, even if he 'couldn't cure for nuts,'<sup>7</sup> and I doubt if he ever took greater trouble with anything than he did with "A Doctor of Medicine"

where he went to the length of inventing an astrological diagnosis of an outbreak of the plague which happened to lead the way to appropriate treatment.<sup>8</sup> As most of what I know about astrology is gleaned from this very tale, I can't judge its accuracy, but Kipling's account is at least extremely plausible, one such as only a man deeply versed in his subject could have written; and it unquestionably brings the past to light from an unexpected angle. What more can a mere historian do?

Kipling stuck to this approach all his life. Thus in volume 5 of the *Letters* we find him taking enormous trouble about getting right ships and their cargoes for his story of St Paul, "The Manner of Men":

Your notion of wheat in the ear as cargo is fascinating but I won't venture on it till I know a heap more. Clay amphorae are obviously impossible. Tell me what you can about bagged wheat (100 lb. bags) and hides. Spain produced both.<sup>9</sup>

Even a pedant might wonder if all the trouble was worth it, but it was how Kipling's imagination worked, it was part of his joy in his craft, it helped to produce excellent work. We must salute it.

It is by now clear (and I expect it was clear to all of you before I began to read this paper) that Kipling had a real love, one might almost say a passion, for the past, and had a subtle sense of how to make use of it in his fiction and verse. While he was at work on *Puck of Pook's Hill* he explained to a correspondent :

My child-stories . . . are part of a scheme of mine for trying to give children *not* a notion of history but a notion of the time sense which is at the bottom of all knowledge of history and history rightly understood means love of one's fellow men and the lands one lives in.<sup>10</sup>

It is tempting to let him have the last word; after all, he executed his programme beautifully in the 'Puck' books, and why quarrel with success? But historians have professional consciences quite as much as poets do, and although I heartily endorse what Kipling says, I cannot let certain failings in the 'Puck' books, and in some of his other treatments of the past, go without comment. For the picture of English history which he presents to his readers is in some respects highly questionable, largely, I think, because he was not entirely faithful to the method that I have been discussing. Again and again Kipling does not let his pattern emerge from his fascinating material: he imposes it. To some extent this is inevitable in all historical writing, and it is almost a definition of fiction; and Kipling, in 'Puck' as in so much else of his

writing, was (like his Methodist grandfathers) a preacher, whose stories were sermons, when they were not fables, each, too often, sporting unambiguous morals; we must make allowance for this trait; nevertheless, I am bound to utter a word of caution. Like so many writers who retreat to the countryside, Kipling fell in love with it. The hero of the 'Puck' books is Hobden the hedger, whose line persists from century to century, keeping English life on a steady course:

His dead are in the churchyard—thirty generations laid.  
 Their names were old in history when Domesday Book was made;  
 And the passion and the piety and prowess of his line  
 Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the Law calls mine.<sup>11</sup>

This is all very well, so far as it goes, and it would be absurd to ask too much of a children's book, the theme of which is some aspects of English history as it touched the Dudwell valley.<sup>12</sup> All the same, a filter seems to have been at work, which excluded not only all urban history but also much of rural history as it deeply affected Hobden over the centuries. Class relations, for instance, are almost invisible.

But this is only a nuance of doubt where the 'Puck' books are concerned, and would scarcely rate a mention in a consideration of Kipling and history were it not for certain manifestations elsewhere, of which the most lamentable is *A School History of England*, by C.R.L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, to which it is appalling that Kipling ever gave his name.<sup>13</sup> He contributed twenty-three sets of verses to it, including some of his finest: I am particularly fond of "The American Rebellion", which begins,

The snow lies thick on Valley Forge  
 The ice on the Delaware,  
 But the poor dead soldiers of King George  
 They neither know nor care—

[It occurred to me at this point of revising my paper that it would have been interesting, and perhaps more valuable, to have discussed history solely as the theme of so much of Kipling's verse. Too late to change course, but I hope someone will take the hint.]

Taken all together the poems read like a supplement to the 'Puck' books; but it was his collaborator who wrote the prose parts of the book, and they are dreadful. For Fletcher's life and character I refer you to the demurely devastating article in the ODNB [see Note 16 – *Ed.*]; the book reflects them faithfully. It is opinionated and patronising. For instance, Fletcher thinks it was a pity that the Romans did not conquer Ireland:

So Ireland never went to school, and has been a spoilt child ever since; the most charming of children, indeed, full of beautiful laughter and tender tears, full of poetry and valour, but incapable of ruling herself, and impatient of all rule by others.<sup>14</sup>

He ends his share of the book, after a few remarks about the benefits of steam, the telephone and chloroform,

In the common sense of the word 'happy', these and a thousand other inventions have no doubt made us happier than our great-grandfathers were. Have they made us better, braver, more self-denying, more manly men and boys, more tender, more affectionate, more home-loving women and girls? It is for you boys and girls, who are growing up, to resolve that you will be all these things, and to be true to your resolutions.<sup>15</sup>

After this you will not be surprised to learn that at Oxford, although Fletcher was kind to individual women students, 'he refused to admit women to his lectures.'<sup>16</sup> His book stands as a horrid warning of what may happen when you treat the historical record unprofessionally – that is, as a convenient compilation on which to exercise your personal, social and political prejudices. Such observations scarcely apply to the 'Puck' books, but the *History* is dedicated to 'all boys and girls who are interested in the story of Great Britain and her Empire.'<sup>17</sup> Its vices illustrate all too well why that Empire fell, and deserved to fall; and, unfortunately, how so many of Kipling's political judgements (after all, he deliberately identified himself with Fletcher and his views) were, in his later life, extreme to the point of paranoia. But even though I believe that the patient discipline of professional history can, and perhaps usually does act as a prophylactic against prejudice, I must admit that it does not always do so. There have been crazy professors too. Fletcher, for example.

Kipling undoubtedly shared almost all Fletcher's views, but unlike his collaborator he was a great artist, and his poems in the *School History* are infinitely wiser and more restrained in judgement than the prose of his collaborator. All the same, it would be surprising if, with such pronounced views, his own prose works did not occasionally suffer, and in my opinion the last story in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, "The Treasure and the Law", did so suffer, from Kipling's morbid anti-semitism, which led him into a travesty of mediaeval Jewry. The curious thing is that it is so difficult to think of other examples. The three late historical tales – "The Eye of Allah", "The Church that was at Antioch", and "The Manner of Men" – are without any taint of such

vulgarity. "The Eye of Allah" has been much admired – in a way, I admire it myself – but it is a sin against history all the same. The message is that in an age of obscurantism (*'hora novissima, tempora pessima'*) it may be necessary to suppress advances of knowledge – in this instance, the microscope – in order not to make the times even worse. I have no difficulty with this theme: which of us has not wondered whether the technological innovations of the last seventy years are more productive of evil than of good? – but I must deplore Kipling's choice of period for its discussion. We can date the action of the story quite precisely: it must occur between 1261 and 1264; and it is far from clear that at that moment of burgeoning universities, the springtime of scholasticism (symbolised by the figure of Roger Bacon) and the rediscovery of Aristotle, the microscope would have been either contentious or dangerous. Kipling does not try to argue or persuade; we are required to accept the judgement of his Abbot Stephen, and that is not good enough. Beside this great fault the invention of a monastery where the abbot openly consorts with a concubine, though vastly implausible, seems relatively insignificant; as insignificant as the blunder (I suspect, deliberate) in "The Church that was at Antioch" which refers twice to Constantinople although that name was not coined until nearly three hundred years after the imagined date of the story. But that story is so strong and well-executed, and so characteristic of its author in his Parnesian vein (it may also be read as a story about Jews which tries to atone for "The Treasure and the Law") that I scarcely dare to read anything in it as a blunder or a blemish. "The Manner of Men" seems to me even finer, and here, for the last time, Kipling exhibits his wonderful skill at drawing us into the daily life of the past.

What I have tried to do in these, I fear, disjointed remarks is to indicate some of the questions raised by a look at a part of Kipling's *oeuvre* in relation to the study of history. As in all such investigations, the conclusion is inconclusive. But I don't want to end on an ambiguous note. Kipling was a great writer, and deserves our respect and praise in this as in so many other of his aspects. The poet and the professor may represent very different responses to the fascination of the past, but the fascination is still there; whatever their destinations, they start from the same point. This is well shown on the first page of one of Simon Schama's books, *Landscape and Memory*. That is an immensely ambitious treatise on the role which, over the millennia, the physical landscape has played in the human imagination and, therefore, in human society. It begins by evoking Kipling; and with that evocation I will end:

It was only when I got to secondary school that I realized I wasn't supposed to like Rudyard Kipling. This was a blow. Not that I much minded leaving Kim and Mowgli behind. But *Puck of Pook's Hill* was a different story – my favourite story, in fact, ever since I had been given the book for my eighth birthday. For a small boy with his head in the past, Kipling's fantasy was potent magic. Apparently, there were some places in England where, if you were a child . . . people who had stood on the same spot centuries before would suddenly and inexplicably materialize. With Puck's help you could time-travel by standing still. On Pook's Hill lucky Dan and Una got to chat with Viking warriors, Roman centurions, Norman knights, and then went home for tea.

[Since I have made such a fetish of accuracy this afternoon, I ought perhaps to interpose here to say that I am well aware that Professor Schama, quoting from memory, is not quite accurate about Dan and Una's experience.]

I had no hill, but I did have the Thames . . . It was the low, gull-swept estuary, the marriage bed of salt and fresh water, stretching as far as I could see from my northern Essex bank, towards a thin black horizon on the other side . . . When the tide was out, exposing an expanse of rusty mud, I could walk for what seemed like miles from the shore, testing the depth of the ooze, paddling my feet among the scuttling crabs and the winkles, and staring intently at the exact point where, I imagined, the river met the sea. For it was there that my maritime Puck, perhaps an imp of Mercury, would meet me.<sup>18</sup>

To be plain, I cannot conceive of a worthier tribute to Kipling's power than this; not least because it is the work of such a distinguished and imaginative historian. I therefore leave him the last word.

Thank you.

#### NOTES

1. Rudyard Kipling, *Puck of Pook's Hill* (London: Macmillan, 1906) p.107.
2. *ibid.*, pp.173-4.
3. Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work* (Macmillan, 1955) p.381.
4. Kipling, *Something of Myself*, ed. Thomas Pinney (Cambridge University Press, 1990) p.110.
5. *Puck*, p.232.
6. *Something of Myself*, p.110.
7. Thomas Pinney (ed.), *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, Vol.4, p.234, Rudyard Kipling to William Osier, 10 May 1914.

8. Rudyard Kipling, *Rewards and Fairies* (Macmillan, pocket edition 1952) pp. 247-76.
  9. *Letters*, Vol.5, p.495, Rudyard Kipling to Percy Bates, 15 August 1929.
  10. *ibid.*, Vol.3, p.189, Rudyard Kipling to Edward Bok, 28 July 1905.
  11. Rudyard Kipling, *Verse: Definitive Edition* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1941) 'The Land', p.603.
  12. *Something of Myself*, p.187. "The Land" is closely related to the 'Puck' books, though not written until 1916.
  13. C.R.L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, *A School History of England* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1911). Pictures by Henry Ford.
  14. *ibid.*, p.21.
  15. *ibid.*, p.248.
  16. *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol.XX, p.98.
  17. *School History*, p.3.
  18. Simon Schama, *Landscape and Memory* (London: Harper Collins, 1995) pp.3-4.
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## GRIBAYEDOFF PORTRAIT OF KIPLING

By ROGER AYERS

This portrait of Rudyard Kipling on the opposite page was reproduced as the frontispiece to the English, Australian and American issues of J.B. Lippincot's *Monthly Magazine* of January 1891, which carried the first, 'happy-ending' version of *The Light that Failed*. The etching appears to have been taken from one of the *carte de visite* photographs of Kipling taken in Simla by Bourne and Shepherd about 1888. The artist was Valerian Gribayedoff, a Russian immigrant to New York and one of the pioneers of newspaper illustration. He and cartoonist Walt McDougall had been hired by Joseph Pulitzer in 1884 to improve the sales of his recently purchased New York *World*. Pulitzer's mix of scandal, sensation and illustration was so successful that by 1889 the *World* drove its greatest rival, the *Daily Graphic* out of business. In August 1891, Gribayedoff contributed a long article on "Pictorial Journalism" to *The Cosmopolitan*. He died in Paris in 1908.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

FROM LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE - JANUARY 1891

## AN UNFAMILIAR KIPLING STORY

By PROF THOMAS PINNEY

[Prof Pinney, one of our Vice-Presidents, really needs no introduction, and so I just leave him to bring us another 'lost' Kipling story. *Ed.*]

The story called "The Hill of Illusion" is known to the bibliographers, who note that it first appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* for 28 September 1887 and that it was then reprinted in *The Week's News*, 21 April 1888. After that it was included in *Under the Deodars*, which came out in January, 1889. Probably none of the bibliographers – including Flora Livingston, Admiral Chandler, R. E. Harbord, and James McG. Stewart – had ever actually seen the item from the *CMG*, for if they had they would have grasped at once the truth of the matter: "The Hill of Illusion" is the title not of one but of two wholly different stories. Kipling's latest bibliographer, David Alan Richards, has set the matter straight: in his yet-unpublished and eagerly-awaited bibliography he tells us, in describing the contents of *Under the Deodars*, that "The Hill of Illusion" is there reprinted from *The Week's News* and that another, earlier, story of the same title appeared in the *CMG* and has never been reprinted. So, to rescue it from the confusion that has long obscured it, that earlier story is now reprinted here. Its authenticity is established by the fact that it is in the scrapbooks of his own writings kept by Kipling in India and now in the Kipling Papers at the University of Sussex, where it is KP 28/3, pp. 145-46. It is also known that the signature "S.T." was used by Kipling in several other stories published in late 1887.

The two stories called "The Hill of Illusion", though quite distinct, nevertheless have some interesting connections. The hill in both stories is Jakko hill in Simla and in the later story there is at least a strong hint of the perception that rules the earlier story: that ordinary life follows the archetypes of myth and legend (in the later story the legend is that of Lancelot and Guinevere).

Kipling no doubt wrote the first "The Hill of Illusion" in Simla, where he spent August and September of 1887, his fourth visit there since his arrival in India. And Simla furnished the immediate materials. But the idea of the "Hill of Illusion", that heroic, legendary, or mythical story may be embodied in and repeated in ordinary contemporary life has always been one of the standard items in the repertoire of the story-teller, and many instances of its application will occur to every reader; one need only mention Joyce's *Ulysses*. The idea was thoroughly familiar to Kipling, as this early story makes plain, and one may

observe it at work more subtly and imaginatively in any number of other stories by him. As he wrote to Brander Matthews in 1905, "the blessed streets and squares and groves of today are shouting aloud the ancient tragedies" (*Letters*, III, 176). What this perception means for the artist is a subject so large that I don't dare even touch upon it in this brief note. Evidently it was something of a burden for Kipling, at least when the possibilities are seen through the medium of catarrh, whisky and honey. But he obviously had great pleasure in exploiting the sensational contrasts that the method offered: "Tristram with the ruby carcanet for Iseult's throat in his left coat-tail pocket." And there are many other, and different, responses possible. One of them is expressed in Kipling's poem about Shakespeare's sources:

#### THE CRAFTSMAN

Once, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,  
He to the overbearing Boanerges  
Jonson, uttered (if half of it were liquor,  
Blessed be the vintage!)

Saying how, at an alehouse under Cotswold,  
He had made sure of his very Cleopatra,  
Drunk with enormous, salvation-contemning  
Love for a tinker.

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,  
Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight  
Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet  
Rail at the dawning.

How at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens  
Winced at the business; whereupon his sister  
(Lady Macbeth aged seven) thrust 'em under,  
Sombrely scornful.

How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate—  
She being known since her birth to the townsfolk—  
Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon  
Dripping Ophelia.

So, with a thin third finger marrying  
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,  
Shakespeare opened his heart till the sunrise  
Entered to hear him.

London waked and he, imperturbable,  
 Passed from waking to hurry after shadows . . .  
 Busied upon shows of no earthly importance?  
 Yes, but he knew it!

[*The Years Between*]

## THE HILL OF ILLUSION

By "S.T."<sup>1</sup>

When the Pandavs<sup>2</sup> held their last Council on the summit of aged Jacatala they laid a blessing upon the mountain so honoured; and, though the Pandavs have long since fought their way into Heaven, and a meaner generation has taken possession of Jacatala<sup>3</sup>, defiling it with smoke and sewage, and calling it Jakko, the blessing remains. Once in the year, by day or by night, the Pandavs move among the pines, and to one man among the twelve thousand folk of Simla declare the secrets of the hills. It is characteristic of these Antique Essences that the recipient of the revelations of which they are the agents should see phantasms of the more gracious golden ages of belief.

On the fated day of this year there walked round Jakko a man smitten with a grievous catarrh, and filled, in vain hope of cure, with whisky and honey, strongest and sweetest of their kind, boiled together and absorbed at the highest temperature that the human inside may endure. High over head, where the monkeys chatter round the old *faquir*, the Five Pandavs in the form of five fleecy clouds lay stretched upon the mountain-top, and, far below in the valley, the barking of their great dog echoed among the gorges like the roar of a hundred rain-fed streams. And the Pandavs, in their great and primeval innocence believing that The Man had drunk *soma*, showed him the truth of so many men and women as passed under the shadow of the five fleecy clouds that day; and they were all who walked or rode round Jakko—mean people and of no importance except to fill Government House lists and to crowd ball-rooms.

First—and the hollow road rang under horse's hoofs—came Cleopatra robed and crowned in a riding habit and terai hat, mourning that Antony, with whom she could have bowed the world to her feet, had escaped from her power, and meditating how best she should convey the asp to his breast. But all that she said, to Caesar riding on the off-side, was:—"I think my horse is a little tired. Let us pull up." This then was the first insight granted by the Pandavs, and The Man who saw wondered, for he knew Mrs. Toveney for an insignificant and homely woman with four children in England.

The lamentation of Andromeda calling upon Perseus, for help against the Monster, came as loud and as shrill as the wind, from under

the Infernal Rocks; but all that could be seen were two figures seated on a bench looking towards Sanjaoli, and there was no sign of Perseus on hill or road. Nor was Miss Derring clothed like Andromeda, and the man with her was pink and newly shaven.

"So sorry you were out when I called" said The Man to an approaching rickshaw; for decency and custom demanded the apology. It was heard and acknowledged by none other than the most terrible Jael herself, fresh from the slaying of Sisera, straight-browed, firm-lipped and heavy-eyed. The Man stammered and fell back, being almost minded to ask the Pandavs what Sisera Mrs. Vanness, model of all wives, could have killed. But he knew that a word spoken to them would destroy the charm.

So he passed on, and was nearly ridden over by Penelope and all her suitors—for the most part untrustworthy Greeks, standing in great awe of Ulysses. "This is as it should be," quoth The Man, "and needs no interpretation." Out of the shady glades below the Convent spurred Paris, "evil-hearted Paris," with a smile on his lips, and in his heart the knowledge that the Helen for whom he had burnt and wasted his city had, all the while, been safely shut up in a far town; the Gods giving him a wraith of a woman in her stead. "I'm sorry for you," said The Man aloud; but Paris took the remark to refer to an abortive call just made, and, merely saying "Yes. It is a nuisance when the box is up," went his way.

A little farther on, Orpheus was striving to rescue Eurydice from Hell; but Eurydice preferred to stay where she was, and poor Orpheus' pleading was of no avail. "She'll go down-hill fast enough" said The Man, but Orpheus answered from the back of his waler mare:—"No she won't. Her forelegs won't stand it;" and The Man was angry with himself and the whisky and honey within him. Later his eyes opened with horror, for, in the full sunlight, Lancelot was patting King Arthur between the shoulders and calling him "old fellow;" while Guinevere watched him with wicked, wicked eyes. When Arthur turned and looked at Lancelot the great knight did not fall down and die, but cantered away singing a song and Guinevere waved her little gauntleted hand after him. To these, rightly enough, succeeded Tristram with the ruby carcanet for Iseult's throat in his left coat-tail pocket. Mark had passed him hurrying to office, and Tristram's sinful soul was at ease.

A light after dark and unpleasant things, walked little Ruth the newly chosen of Boaz with a smile on her lips. "My best congratulations Miss Cassaty," sputtered The Man. Ruth turned a delicate carmine. "It was only settled half an hour ago, and isn't to be made public till the cold weather" pleaded Ruth. The Man departed hastily with jumbled allusions to the Scriptures and the Pandavs, all luckily lost upon Ruth. "It's a most inconvenient faculty," thought the Man as

he came upon the broader and more populated Mall. The first glance overwhelmed him. Medea was giving Jason a clue to some tangled maze in which that young hero's feet were hopelessly blundering; Dido, in a doolie by the Bandstand, was mourning for Æneas as she looked towards the desolate grey seas of the plains; Althœa, watching Meleager's flirtation with Atalanta, was nervously fingering in her bosom the *billet*<sup>4</sup> that was to destroy the happiness of both boy and girl. "It isn't fair" said the Man hastily, "you aren't his mother, and the play says nothing about any other woman's lighting the blaze." Mrs. Blandandershin, favoured the rash speaker with a look of unutterable scorn and contempt and withdrew herself stately. "Cut for the rest of the season and no wonder," murmured The Man ruefully, "I wish I hadn't spoken." The Mall seemed to choke with all the grotesqueness of classic, mediæval, and scriptural history, as Simla flew abroad to call on its neighbour.

Boadicea, Queen of Men, hurrying from Peliti's<sup>5</sup>, all but collided with Delilah, and the look that passed between the occupants of the rickshaws showed there was no love lost between them. Orson and Thersites, a worthy couple, trotted side by side behind Fair Rosamund bending over her list of calls, and Galahad, fresh from Lower Bengal, was learning anything but innocence from the bright eyes of Lamia. "This is depressing," said The Man. "Never again will I take whisky and honey—at least not equal bulk." Final and crowning horror of all, rattled round the corner the car of Draupadi<sup>6</sup>, and as the man saw the face within he collapsed. "Five! Two, or three I believed in, but five husbands! Oh it's too horrible. Let me die or get sober." And as one word of death breaks every charm woven by the Pandavs, who are immortal, the spell was snapped, and the one day, on which the Hill of Illusion reveals the utmost truth, came to a premature end.

#### NOTES

1. "S.T." Kipling used these initials to sign at least four other stories in late 1887: "Jews in Shushan," *CMG*, 4 October 1887; "The Recurring Smash," *CMG*, 13 October 1887; "The Dreitarbund," *CMG*, 22 October 1887; and "The Vengeance of Lal Beg," *CMG*, 3 November 1887. I have no clue as to what they stand for. All of these stories must have been written in his last days at the *CMG*, just before his transfer to Allahabad and the *Pioneer* in November, 1887.
2. Pandavs, or Pandavas: In the *Mahabharata*, the five sons of Pandu, endowed with various powers and virtues. [See also *Letters of Marque*, V – Ed.]
3. Jacatala: The hill that dominates Simla, popularly known as Jakko.
4. *billet*: Here both the French meaning of "note" or "letter" and the English meaning of "stick of fire wood" (as in the myth of Meleager) are present.
5. Peliti's: The confectionary and cafe where all Simla gathered in the afternoons.
6. Draupadi: The wife of the five Pandavas.

## A DRAWING OF A TIGER'S HEAD

By THE EDITOR

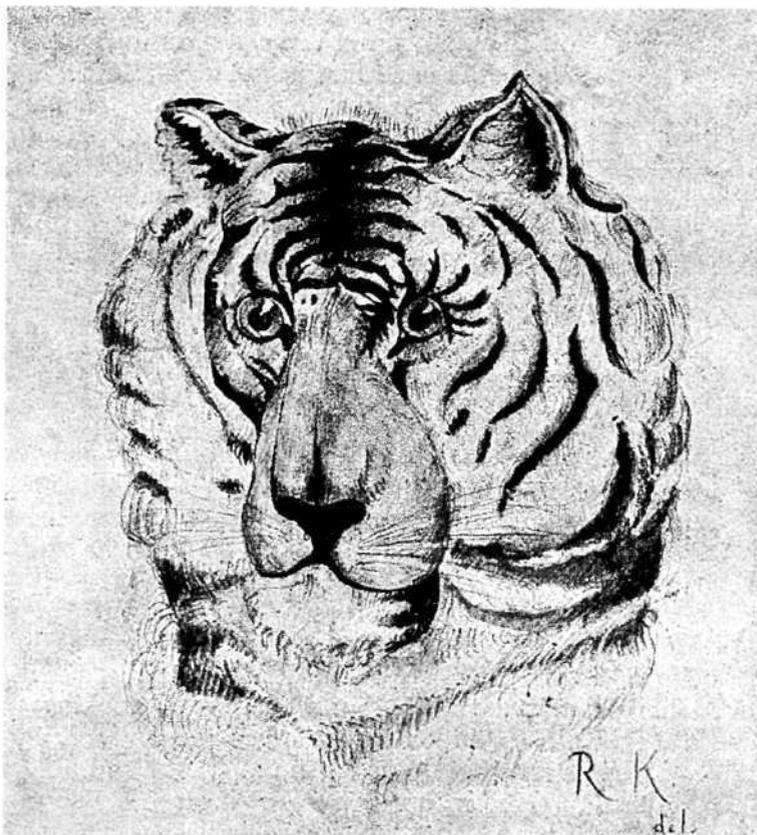
The *Strand Magazine* for September 1906 carried an article by Ronald Graham, an occasional contributor to the magazine in the 1900s, entitled "Pictures by Famous Amateurs". He identifies and shows examples of artwork by Thackeray, Dickens, Mendelsson, Hugo, Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, Kingsley, Ruskin, Hardy, and finally, Rudyard Kipling. Writing of Victor Hugo, there is one comment that I am sure would have pleased Kipling:

Of Victor Hugo as an artist we may express ourselves in less guarded terms [than the references to Mendelsson]. In his productions, even those achieved with cigar-ends dipped in ink, there is an unmistakable genius. He is as little conventional as Gustave Doré or Rudyard Kipling. There is an impression of vigorous strength, a suggestion of mystery in his slightest sketches.

In this same issue of the *Strand*, just 20 pages on, there appeared " 'Dymchurch Flit' " as part of the series from *Puck of Pook's Hill* which was being published in the magazine. This makes it almost certain that Kipling would have seen Graham's article and I have not found any reference to him disclaiming the drawing. Certainly the initials look similar to others that are definitely his, and although the "del." (short for "delineavit", i.e. he drew it) could be in almost anyone's hand, I have no reason to doubt the attribution. However, if any member does have information about the who, when and where of the original, I do hope that they will let me know so that any corrections can be made to the record.

Mr Graham's text accompanying the drawing is as follows:

Readers of the "Just So Stories" do not need to be told that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is an artist of quite an uncommon order. Yet, although his father was a painter and art-master by profession, "Ruddy" is said to be wholly untrained. "He liked doing things his own way," writes one who knew him at school, "and if he wanted to make a hill square and cover it with vermilion grass he would do it." Yet the study of a tiger's head, belonging with three other drawings accompanying this article to Mr. R. J. Jephson, shows that he could at times observe convention and nature at the same time. It is an open secret that Mr. Kipling has other drawings of the "Just So" pattern in store for the public at no very remote time.



The *Strand Magazine* for September 1906

## RUDYARD KIPLING AS KNOWN TO THE FAMILY OF EDWARD KAY ROBINSON

By JANETTE KAY ROBINSON

[Mrs Robinson is the granddaughter of Kipling's *CMG* Editor and friend, E. Kay Robinson. She has recently returned to England having lived in Switzerland for almost forty years, and has written this article for us based on the recollection of events passed down through her family. *Ed.*]

My great grandfather, the Rev Julian Robinson, was born in 1819 and went to India in 1845. He was a Chaplain in the Honourable East India Company's Service but changed to journalism as he said he felt he could thus teach the English in India more about India and its people. He was the first Editor of the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, the founder of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, then India but now Pakistan, and the *Englishman* in Calcutta. He remained a clergyman but ceased to officiate. He returned to England in 1873 but in 1876 accompanied the Prince of Wales – later King Edward VII – as his private Chaplain on his tour of India.

His youngest son, Edward Kay Robinson (E.K.R.), was born in Naini Tal in India in 1855. He was educated at Gresham's School in Norfolk (where Charles Darwin went to talk to him about protective colouration in British moths!) and Cheltenham College, but returned to India in 1884 to be Assistant Editor of the *Pioneer* and then Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*.

When he was introduced to his new place of work in Lahore by his predecessor, Stephen Wheeler, Mr Wheeler pointed Rudyard Kipling out to him, saying that Kipling was 'a very lazy chap who spent the whole day scribbling rotten verse'!

My father was E.K.R.'s youngest son, Warham Kay Robinson, who was born in 1900, was the Natural History Correspondent of *The Times*, writing their "Course of Nature" articles, was at one time the Natural History Editor of the *Field*, and was on a B.B.C. nature panel series in Bristol. He wrote nature articles for several other newspapers, and three natural history books.

I can remember being told by my father that my grandfather had related that one had to protect oneself from ink when near Kipling as he would splash it over everyone and everything. I have found two references to this fact, the first from a document entitled "Stuff and Nonsense" which reads:

Kipling, of course, became a close friend of the family. The one he knew best was the second son, Kay, who was at the time Editor of

the *Civil and Military Gazette*, because the eldest, Phil, had gone off to be a war correspondent in an Afghan war. Kay always kept a large black umbrella in his office. This was because Kipling would suddenly have a brilliant idea and would rush into the Editor's room waving his pen. Pens in those days were full of black ink, and the Editor was always dressed in whites. The umbrella was opened wide as soon as the brilliant idea got through the door.

The second reference reads:

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work, which I really must mention, namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly.

When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off"; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me.

Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object. [*Pearson's Magazine*, June 1896, "Rudyard Kipling in India", E. Kay Robinson.]

My father also told me that Kipling and my grandfather used to play games with their initials, using "RK" and "EKR" sometimes on the work of the other.

I believe my grandfather was the first person to recognise the quality of Kipling's work and he encouraged him by giving him extra space in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. This is why some of Kipling's books are dedicated to him. In Kipling's autobiography *Something of Myself* he says that his relations to Kay Robinson 'were genial' and writes of his 'joyous reign'!

I have an article printed in 1905 about my grandfather which says:

His one English assistant was Rudyard Kipling—a very small, very untidy and very mousey-looking young man with exceedingly bright eyes shining watchfully behind round spectacles, and with a somewhat annoying habit of tapping with his fingertips on tables, chairs and desks. He appeared to be a quiet enough creature and if by chance his slovenly appearance and his mustard-coloured clothes shocked the discriminating eye of his new editor—why, Mr Robinson did not say so. Instead, the chief studied his assistant's work. Some of it was poor—the merest journalese—some of it was rankly bad, from the point of view of good taste—and some of it was startlingly, wonderfully, splendidly original. Mr Robinson began to study his assistant with interest. Here in India working on a paper which was far from flourishing, he discovered a journalist who had the power to make the fortunes of a London newspaper. He encouraged Mr Kipling to write more and more ballads, and further, pointed out to him how the merest hack work and padding of the paper might be made bright and entertaining if the youngster would only treat it from his own point of view and not struggle to copy the ancient methods of dull and orthodox journalism.

E. Kay Robinson returned to England in 1895 to the *Globe* in London and founded the British Empire Naturalists' Association (B.E.N.A.) and its magazine, the *Country-Side*, in 1905. The B.N.A. (now minus the Empire!) and the *Country-Side* have recently celebrated their 100th Anniversary. He gave the B.B.C.'s "Nature Talks to Schools", wrote the article "The Country Day by Day" in the *Daily Mail* and countless books on natural history. He died in Hampton Wick in 1928.

The reason for the lack of contact in later years between Kipling and Robinson was explained to me in that my grandfather thought that Kipling had become "above himself when he became famous. I was told that when Kipling became very ill he wished that E. Kay Robinson would come and visit him instead of several of the people who did.

I myself was born in 1945 so never knew my grandfather though his memory is kept active by the B.N.A. and his many nature books. In my living room I have a large portrait of him constantly observing me!

I loved and admired my father, who died in 1974, but as is the way with children and adolescents, I very infrequently spoke to him about my family. I might well have known more.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**RUDYARD KIPLING: *The Books I Leave Behind*** by David Alan Richards with an essay by Thomas Pinney, published by Yale University Press. New Haven and London. 2007. (ISBN 978-0300126747. Hardback, US\$30.00. UK£16.99) 145 pages including 80 colour illustrations.

Review by THE EDITOR

Members may recall that in the December 2006 issue of the *Journal* (No.320), there was an announcement about a forthcoming Exhibition in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University. One of our Vice-Presidents, David Alan Richards, is the Guest Curator of the Exhibition consisting in a large part of Kipling material that he has donated to the Library over the years.

The book described here is the Catalogue of that Exhibition, and what a feast it provides. Of the objects displayed, the Catalogue contains illustrations of almost one quarter, the quality of these full-colour images being quite outstanding. Just a small sampling shows the range: the ephemeral – the U.S.C. list of pupils for the Spring 1881 term (Beresford in the Lower Fifth, whilst Dunsterville and Kipling are in the Upper Fourth); the arcane *Year-Boke of the Sette of Odd Volumes* 1890-91; the work-in-progress – draft manuscripts or type-scripts, several with corrections by Kipling – "The Recruits Progress" (later retitled "The 'Eathen'"), "Gehazi", "The Coin Speaks", "London Stone"; first publications or editions – Lippincott's *The Light that Failed*, Methuen's *The Years Between*, Wheeler's Indian Library Editions; Copyright Editions; Pirated Editions; drawings of Kipling, illustrations for his books; film posters; speeches; etc. The list goes on, with every turn of a page exposing a new gem.

So far, I have concentrated on the visual delights, but there are just as many textual pleasures in store. The book begins with two essays on collecting, and specifically on collecting Kipling. In the first, David Allan Richards explains how he became interested in collecting, and why he chose Kipling. The second, by Prof Thomas Pinney, explores the problems of collecting Kipling, one of the most prolific authors whose long working life and widely published editions in many countries around the world created a nightmare (or joyous opportunity) for the collector. Then for each item on Exhibit, David Richards has prepared a bibliographic note, whilst for each of the 33 Sections of the Catalogue he has written a description of that part of Kipling's Life and Work which is relevant to the illustrations. This book gives all of us at least a taste of the richness and variety to be found there in the collection – as Prof Pinney concludes – "Lucky Yale!".

**RUDYARD KIPLING** by Jan Montefiore, published by Northcote House Publishers Ltd. Horndon. Tavistock. Devon. PL19 9NQ. 2007. "Writers and their Work" series (Hardback £40.00. ISBN 978-0746310694; Paperback £12.99. ISBN 978 0746308271) xiii+189 pages including Notes. Select Bibliography, and Index.

Review by THE EDITOR

This is a critical study of Kipling's work and not a biography, although Dr Montefiore calls upon details of his life to help in her analysis. From the very beginning of her "Prologue", she takes her stand from the viewpoint that Kipling was, as he acknowledged, a 'Divided Man', that his works in general exhibit a 'bewildering diversity', and that the man himself was just as divided in his love for children, his hatred of the 'hun', and like his contemporaries, his sometimes casual disregard for what have, in the last 50 years, been construed as the 'lesser breeds'. Her quote from Randall Jarrell that 'Kipling was a great genius; and a great neurotic; and a great professional' illuminates her own attitude. Her 'book attempts both to introduce readers to the scope and qualities of Kipling's genius and to clarify its contradictions . . . whilst highlighting that his readers are also 'Divided'. Dr Montefiore treads 'the Narrow Way' between the adulatory and condemnatory views with singular success. Nor does she hesitate to express her agreement or disagreement with her critical precursors.

The chapters of the book are organised in such a way as to more-or-less follow the Kipling timeline, but also to allow for the examination of the less-usually quoted works. The first chapter concentrates on the tales that were written in India and on the travel reports in *Letters of Marque*. I found this to be the least satisfactory section of the book – it felt to some extent as though it was an academic exercise and used too much of the speculations promulgated by Zoreh T. Sullivan.

Chapter 2 however is particularly interesting on the subject of Kipling's use of the Indian and Demotic vernaculars. After reading the section on Kipling's development and use of his 'Indian vernaculars' built up from archaic phraseology, my immediate thought was 'So that's how he did it!'. Understandably, *Kim* demonstrates the most complex interweaving of what can be described as Urdu, Hindustani, Pushtu, the English of the educated Bengali, and the standard English of the white Anglo-Indian – to keep all of these distinct and believable is indeed a work of genius. As Dr Montefiore comments, this 'appears to undo the curse of Babel by making its hero change languages as easily . . . as he changes garments and identities. Conversely, 'the demotic language of *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the prose tales of soldiers, sailors and Cockneys', leads forward to what in part has become known as 'Modernism', with techniques admired and used by Bertolt Brecht and T.S. Eliot.

In her chapter "The Day's Work", Dr Montefiore concentrates on '*Captains Courageous*' and "The Bridge Builders" but also ranges widely over the poetry and other prose works. I was surprised that she felt it useful for her analysis to state that fishing is 'butcher's work' and in Kipling's view did not 'count' – Kipling was an ardent angler as he describes time and again, but his reaction to the Chicago stockyards and abattoirs set out in *From Sea to Sea* shows very clearly his opinions on what did count. Her conclusion is that for Kipling, 'labour is not so much a process of human creativity . . . or of growth, as of discipline and defence . . . And because he prizes work for its harsh training of men . . . his celebration of labour also belongs to the idealization of masculinity.'

Chapter 4 on "Being a Man" discusses the two different meanings of the word 'man' – man as opposed to woman, and man versus animal. "His Private Honour" and "The Brushwood Boy" together with a return to '*Captains Courageous*' provide the examples for the first whilst Mowgli and *The Jungle Book* tales are used for the second – Dr Montefiore concludes that 'this fantasy children's book seems, strangely, to manifest the more adult and complex notion of "Man" ' than do the males in the other stories.

We then come to a delightful chapter discussing *Kim*, both story and character. Zoreh Sullivan and Joseph Bristow are both excoriated for their one-sided readings which mean 'neglecting this novel's exceptional pleasure and serenity'. Dr Montefiore discusses both Kipling's attitudes and those of the post-colonialists in a very even-handed way that is free of the bias so often shown, and like *Kim* itself, is a pleasure to read.

In the section on "Kipling's Poetry: Victorian to Modernist", her discussion ranges to great effect through "The Epitaphs of War", the 'Puck' poems, "The Muse among the Motors", "Minesweepers", the 'hymns' and many more. The following one on "Communications, Modernity and Power" emphasises Kipling's lifelong interest in systems of communication from the heliograph, the telegraph, ships, and railways through to the car and wireless; she also highlights how Kipling benefited not just from his talent but from the large-scale printing press and the concomitant expansion of new journals, mass-produced newspapers and the demand for new 'authors'.

"Kipling and the Great War" draws deeply on *The Irish Guards in the Great War* together with some of its effects which are described in the stories of Lodge "Faith and Works 5837". She discusses his handling of mourning and bereavement set out in "Mary Postgate", "The Gardener"; then from "Epitaphs of War" concentrates on "A Drifter off Tarentum", "The Refined Man", and some very persuasive comments on "Common Form".

Lastly, in her "Epilogue: The Final Years", Dr Montefiore concentrates on "His Gift", "The Wish House", and "Dayspring Mishandled". Her conclusion on his work in this 1919 to 1936 period is that it 'displays extraordinary energy and variety, especially coming from a ageing man often in severe pain . . . For all their much greater literary and narrative elaboration, these late stories have much in common with the early, powerful "Indian Tales".'

Despite a few cavils, this book shows a warmth and a degree of understanding of what Kipling was attempting, even when he failed, that I found distinctly appealing. Although principally aimed at the academic market, I am sure that non-academic members will find considerable interest and value in this book, just as I did.

*THE NARCISSISM OF EMPIRE: Loss, Rage and Revenge in Thomas De Quincey, Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling and Isak Dineen* by Diane Simmons, published by Sussex Academic Press, Brighton and Portland. 2007. (ISBN 1 84519 157-9 Hardback £59. Paperback £17.95) x+148 pages including b/w illustrations, notes and index. Distributed by Gazelle Book Services, tel: 01524 68765.

Review by THE EDITOR

If this book is to be of any interest to you, you will need to accept the validity of various psychoanalytical speculations, particularly those of Heinz Kohut on "narcissism" and "grandiosity". Dr Simmons's first sentence in chapter one of her book probably gives, as succinctly as is possible, an explanation of what this is all about: 'The modern portrait of narcissism—a grandiose sense of superiority alternating with feelings of loss, rage and revenge—gives us a model for thinking about imperial relationships.' As I understand her argument, the damage suffered by children as a result of what in our times is considered by some to be bad parenting but was then good and required much personal sacrifice, is offset in later life by their revenging themselves on other people. Support for Empire, and the 'imperial project' is seen as a prime result for those who are said to have suffered under the Victorian system of either being handed over at an early age to servants/employees or sent to boarding school.

Of her five examples, De Quincey, Stevenson, and Kipling were handed over to employees, Conan Doyle (Stonyhurst) and Kipling (U.S.C.) went the boarding school route whilst the upbringing of Karen Blixen (Isak Dineen), being female and Danish, does not really seem to fit in with the pattern of the four men at all. However, they are all claimed to have become raging imperialists as a result.

De Quincey wrote 'mad screeds against the Chinese' and supported Britain in the opium wars. Stevenson 'helped to create the format for

what would become a flood of imperial propaganda. . . *Treasure Island* may serve this need so well precisely because it does not offer justification for imperialism . . .' From Conan Doyle, 'the Sherlock Holmes stories, however, are not overtly about empire; rather empire is a background taint, constantly seeping into British life'. For Kipling, 'the leading poet of imperialism', there is a transfer over the years from an 'obsession in these stories [*Plain Tales* and *Soldiers Three*] not with what empire does to those who are ruled, but what it does to those who are charged with the nigh impossible task of ruling' to "A Sahibs' War" in which the Sikh narrator is used by Kipling 'to express a sadistic hatred for those who would challenge – and, as the Boers have done, temporarily defeat – the British. . .' Finally, Blixen shows herself as performing a variety of paternalistic roles, acting as a judge to the people on her farm, taking it as her role to keep the peace, though she knows nothing of their law'.

Since our main interest is Kipling, I will concentrate on the 19 pages devoted to him under the chapter heading, "Black Sheep". Dr Simmons has nothing new to say about the "biographical" material drawn from *Something of Myself*, "Baa Baa, Black Sheep", *The Light that Failed*, and "The Potted Princess" although she gives more weight to the dark side of the story and avoids mention of the light side of 'the family square' and the close relationships between Kipling and his parents for which there is ample documentary evidence. Of the stories and verse displaying his 'rage' and 'revenge', we are pointed to "The White Man's Burden", "A Sahibs' War", "A Song of the White Men" and finally *Kim* where '. . . we see Kipling succumb completely to the grandiose fantasies that mark the victim of narcissistic disturbance'.

Everyone is entitled to their own viewpoint, but the texts presented to the reader to explain and support those views should not be peppered with inaccuracies. There are typographical errors but much graver however are the following that I noted:

The statement that 'the *Morning Post* editorialized that Kipling "contributed more than anyone, perhaps, toward the consolidation of British Empire" ' claiming that it was drawn from Angus Wilson's biography. Wilson notes quite clearly that this quotation comes from an editorial in the *Friend*, Bloemfontein, of 21 March 1900, which incidentally had a three-man Committee of Management (H.A. Gwynne, E.W. Buxton and P. Landon) acting as Editors, the Editorials being unsigned.

For "Lisbeth", the Christians do not 'bring about her death by lying to her for what they take to be her own good'. Lisbeth 'was a very old woman when she died. . . and when she was sufficiently drunk could sometimes be induced to tell the story of her first love-affair.'

REVIEW *continued on page 60.*

## THE SURVEY OF MEMBERS' VIEWS: A BRIEF REPORT

By JOHN RADCLIFFE

As members will recall, we enclosed a questionnaire in the June 2007 issue of the *Kipling Journal*. The aim was to gather the views of members about the current work of the Society to assist future decisions by Council. There were 123 responses, nearly a quarter of the membership.

### THE MEMBERSHIP

A fifth of the respondents were from outside the UK, thirteen in North America, ten in Europe, and three in Australia or New Zealand. This growing proportion of the membership can only rarely attend meetings in London, and depends mainly on the *Kipling Journal* and the web-site.

Members were asked to indicate their age, and nearly everyone did so. Over 40% of the respondents were over 75, and nearly 70% over 65. There were no respondents younger than 36, and only 11% younger than 56. One is aware that membership of the Society is more likely to appeal to people near or past retirement, and that Kipling's works are probably more likely to be familiar to an older generation. However, these figures reinforce the case, already agreed by Council, that we need to reach out to the young and middle-aged, and take vigorous steps to recruit more younger members, if the membership of the Society – and its income is not to diminish relentlessly as we move further into the 21st Century. These could include more publicity for our meetings and other activities, closer contacts with schools, colleges and universities, international conferences like the very successful event in September at the University of Kent, and contacts with publishers to encourage new editions and critical commentaries.

### PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Currently we are able to handle subscriptions paid in Sterling, US dollars and shortly in Euros; by cheque, Standing Order, or International Money Order. We are often asked by new members whether we can accept payment by credit card. Members were asked whether they would like to use payment by credit card through the post or over the Internet in preference to the current methods. Of the 123 respondents, 90 (73%) are happy with the present system, but a substantial minority (33, 27%) would prefer to use credit cards or electronic payment; of these 14 preferred to use the post, while 19 were happy to use the Internet. This suggests that these options may be worth considering for the future as optional alternatives to the present system.

### AREAS OF INTEREST

Members were asked which areas of Kipling's life and work were of greatest interest to them. It is clear that the greatest interest is in the works themselves. Kipling would have approved of the finding that four fifths of our members are mainly interested in the poetry and prose, the poetry coming out as strongly as the prose. However about half are also strongly interested in his life, personal, literary, and to a lesser extent political. There is less interest in the criticism, and in collecting. These preferences will be useful in considering future plans for KJ articles, meetings, and web-site content.

People were asked whether they had a professional interest in Kipling's life and work. Nearly four fifths did not have a professional interest, while of the 26 (21%) that did there were twelve teachers or students, nine writers, two librarians, a bookseller, and two stewards at Bateman's.

### MEETINGS

There are currently five meetings a year, at the Royal Overseas League in Central London, starting at 6 p.m. and normally finishing by 7.30. We have seen this timing as a reasonable compromise between the needs of members from outside London to get home at a reasonable hour, and the needs of those who are working full time to get to meetings at the end of the working day. Members were asked whether there should be more frequent or less frequent meetings, and whether meetings should be held earlier or later in the day. A substantial number of members who live far from London or overseas are unable to get to meetings, and did not answer these questions.

Of the 67 who commented on the frequency of the meetings, a solid majority (60) felt that the present frequency was satisfactory. Of the 65 who commented on their timing, 56 felt that 18.00 was satisfactory, and 9 (14%) would prefer a rather earlier time. Only one respondent would have preferred a later time – *'not before 6.30'*.

No respondents asked for specific subjects to be tackled more or less frequently. There were, however, a number of suggestions for future subjects or speakers, including Freemasonry, the poetry and the background to specific poems, Kipling's India, the 'Great Game', Kipling's South Africa, Kipling and the Great War, the travel writing, Musical settings and recordings of the verse, Kipling and Work, and a number of aspects of his life and family.

Members were also asked, if occasional meetings were to be held outside London, where they should be held. Answers ranged widely across the United Kingdom, with strong support for a meeting in a northern city.

**THE KIPLING JOURNAL**

We asked if Members felt that the *Kipling Journal* was fulfilling its role of providing a direct link with all members, while entertaining and informing, and the response was encouragingly positive. Of the 113 respondents who answered this question, 111 answered in the affirmative, and there were many tributes to the quality of the Journal. One member described the Journal as '*a gem, which I devour from end to end*'. There were a large number of specific suggestions for future articles, too many to list here, and enough to keep the Editor busy for some years to come.

**THE SOCIETY'S WEB-SITE AT [www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk)**

Members were asked if they had access to the Internet, if they made use of the Society's web-site and if they were registered for access to the Members' pages.

Of the 123 respondents, 87 (71%) had access to the Internet, 58 (48%) made use of the web-site, and 48 (39%) were registered for access to the Members' pages. A number of those with access not currently using the site expressed their intention to do so, and a number of those using the site but not the Members' pages expressed a similar intention. The most popular parts of the site were the Members' pages, which include the *Kipling Journal* archive, and the New Readers' Guide.

People were generally happy with the design and content of the web-site, and there were a number of positive suggestions for enhancing and extending it.

**THE KIPLING LIBRARY**

Members were also asked if they had used the Library, and when; whether they had experienced any problems in using it; whether they had any suggestions for improving the service it provides; and whether they would be interested in attending a meeting designed to tell Members more about what the Library has to offer.

A significant minority (16%) of the respondents had used the library, in years ranging from 1985 to 2007. Only one reported any problems in gaining access. Another would ideally like the Library to be open to Members at any time, but recognised that this is an impracticable request.

Of the 103 who had not used the Library, as many as 39 would be interested in attending a meeting about what it has to offer, preferably in mid-week. This suggests that a substantial number of members would be interested in a special meeting about the Library, held on a Wednesday or Thursday.

## CONCLUSIONS

In conclusion, the survey results suggest that members are broadly happy with the present activities of the Society, and the services it provides, though there are a number of issues, including recruitment of new members, that we need to address. We have been extremely grateful to everyone who responded to the questionnaire, which has yielded a good number of practical suggestions for the future.

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## BOOK REVIEW *continued from page 56.*

Muhammad Din dies of a fever, despite being supplied with quinine and an English Doctor. He does not die as a result of a 'shattered belief in the benevolence of the world'.

The pattern of misreading, or at the least misreporting, continues for "Thrown Away", and with the ending of *The Light that Failed*. As for "A Sahibs' War", although Carrington's biography is cited, she seems to have completely missed the reference to Kipling's letter of 8 March 1905 to Edmonia Hill, stating that most of the story 'was taken down from the mouth of a native officer up country during the war.'

Whether this is also true for the other four authors that she discusses I cannot say, but the sources drawn upon for Stevenson and Conan Doyle seem to be highly selective. As a consequence of the above flaws, I have no faith in any of the hypotheses set out in this book – also, there is rather too much of "Tomlinson" about it.

**KIPLING SAHIB: *India and the Making of Rudyard Kipling 1865-1900*** by Charles Allen, published by Little Brown Book Group. November 2007 (ISBN: 978-0-316-72655-9. Hardback, £20.00), xxii+426 pages including Maps, Notes, Glossary, Select Bibliography and Index plus illustrations.

Unfortunately Charles Allen's latest book arrived too late for a review in this issue of the *Journal*, but it is planned to do so in that of March 2008. After a quick glance however, and knowing his past work, I have no doubt that it will prove to be an excellent addition to members' libraries. *Ed.*

**REVIEWS** *continued on page 63.*

## MEMBERSHIP NOTES

### NEW MEMBERS

Mr Mike Ashley (*Chatham, Kent*)  
 Dr Howard Booth (*Glossop, Derbyshire*)  
 Mr David Buttery (*Stoneygate, Leicester*)  
 Captain D.C. Jeffords, USNR (*Santa Fe, New Mexico, U.S.A.*)  
 Ms Alice Lock (*Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire*)  
 Dr Tricia Lootens (*Athens, Georgia, U.S.A.*)  
 Mrs Wendy Morgan (*Cobham, Surrey*)  
 Mrs Judith Preston-Rouse (*London, NW2*)  
 Ms Annabel L.M. Rutherford (*Toronto, Ontario, Canada*)  
 Mr Martin Scott (*London, NW3*)  
 Ms Lexi Stuckey (*Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, U.S.A.*)  
 Ms Barbara K. Thompson (*Victoria, London SW1*)  
 Ms Elizabeth Welby (*Norwich, Norfolk*)  
 Ms Debra Wynn (*Washington DC, U.S.A.*)

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A reminder that for 2008 the new rates are:

UK (payment by Standing Order)	£22	Joint £32
UK (payment by cheque)	£24	Joint £34
(Joint – two members, same address, one <i>Journal</i> .)		
Surface mail, worldwide	£26	US\$52
Europe (airmail)	£26	€40
Airmail worldwide	£30	US\$60

Universities and libraries are £2 more than the corresponding individual rate.

Cheques are accepted on British banks in pounds, on US banks in dollars and on European banks in Euros. All other payments should be in pounds by Bank Draft or by Bank Transfer. Details of how to transfer will be on the subscription reminder sheet which accompanies the last *Kipling Journal* before renewal is due.

For those who pay by British bank Standing Order, new Standing Order forms have been sent to all whose payment is due in the first quarter of 2008, those for later payments are following. Prompt completion and return will be appreciated.

Roger Ayers, Hon. Membership Secretary

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### KIPLING'S PASTORAL (A)VERSION

*From: Lt-Col R.C. Ayers. 295 Castle Road. Salisbury. Wiltshire SP1 3SB*

Dear Sir,

In his interesting article on the pastoral in Kipling's early published verse, [No.322, June 2007, pp. 10-20] Dr Albano refers to the Orderly Officer in the poem "The Shut-Eye Sentry" as 'an intoxicated officer on sentry duty', which is not quite right.

The Orderly Officer, or 'officer of the day' would have been a junior officer of the regiment or battalion nominated for one day to carry out a series of routine duties on behalf of the Adjutant. These would have included mounting the guard, inspecting meals, being on call during off-duty hours and doing the Rounds of the camp or cantonment during the night.

Rounds, the timing of which was normally unannounced, would have included visiting the guardroom and individual sentries to check on readiness and alertness, so the Orderly Officer was essentially outside the guard 'team'. However, he had a team of his own, being assisted by the Orderly Sergeant and Orderly Corporal, perhaps Kipling's Junior Orderly Sergeant, who had similar duties at a lower level. In the days before the telephone there would also have been a number of Orderlies, private soldiers doing a one-day duty as messengers under the control of a senior soldier, the Senior Orderly Man.

The Orderly Officer would have taken his own meals in the officers' mess where wine and port would have been served at dinner and drinking more than was wise only too easy. In the poem, the Orderly Officer's own team rallied round him, the sergeant says 'the best we may go wrong' and the Senior Orderly Man, the most reliable and experienced of the orderlies, is sent ahead with the message that the Orderly Officer's behaviour is to be overlooked. In this case the 'we' of the poem does include the man in command.

Being a temporary duty, there were no orderlies on the establishment of a cavalry regiment or infantry battalion in the 1880s and in "The Young British Soldier" it was the recruits who, when they had learned proper behaviour, were to be rewarded with beer and in "The Jacket" the Captain invites his gunners, not orderlies, to draw the beer.

I find Dr Albano's presentation of the pastoral in Kipling's early 'soldier songs' persuasive but I do differ from him over "Gentleman-Rankers". I hear no trace of 'ludicrous affectation' in the opening lines but detect throughout an element of sympathy for the condition of the gentleman ranker, even though he has undoubtedly brought it upon

himself. I cannot believe that Kipling used any phrases 'without discrimination' and feel that the Biblical motifs are introduced to make clear just how complete the fall has been and, like the curse of Reuben, how permanent.

The refrain, based on the nursery rhyme 'Baa, baa, black sheep' I take to be the gentleman ranker mocking society's view of him but ending with the final 'Baa's of a compliant black sheep turning to his bitter rejection of society with 'Yah!' and ending with a 'Bah' of frustration in being unable to do anything about it.

Yours sincerely  
ROGER AYERS

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**BOOK REVIEWS** *continued from page 60.*

**THE DANGEROUS BOOK FOR BOYS** by Conn Iggulden and Hal Iggulden, published by Harper Collins Publishers Ltd. 2006 (ISBN: 978-0-00 723274 1. Hardback. £20.00). 400 pages.

Review by JOHN MCGIVERING

Measuring some 19.5 cm by 25.4 cm, handsomely bound in red with black and gold lettering with the appearance of a boys' book of the Nineteenth Century the authors not only share the name of the old countryman who is the caretaker at Friar's Pardon ("An Habitation Enforced", *Actions and Reactions*) but also recommend "If—" as the first of five poems that every boy should know, others include "Ozymandias" and "Vita Lampada" ("The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead . . .") Books to read include *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Kim* and the *Jungle Books* – obviously a cultured and well-read pair. The Laws of Cricket, Rugby and Association are included, together with how to be polite to girls, catching, skinning and cooking a rabbit; Famous Battles, English grammar, and many more indoor and outdoor activities. This splendid compilation is indeed, as it says on the back cover, '. . . The perfect book for every boy from eight to eighty'.

## 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, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB**,
- 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 online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to [jwawalker@gmail.com](mailto:jwawalker@gmail.com)**

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 0AB, England or email to [davpag@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:davpag@yahoo.co.uk)**

