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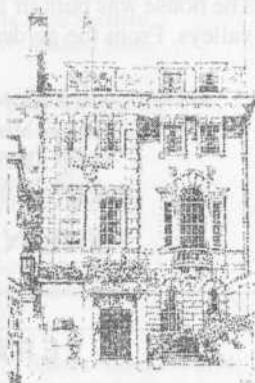
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 7 September 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Barbara Fisher** on "Trix: Kipling's Neglected Sister". Dr Fisher, a New York based writer and scholar, has a Ph.D. in English Literature from Columbia University and is currently working on a biography of Trix Kipling.

Friday & Saturday 21 & 22 October 2011, an **International Conference** at the Institute of English Studies, London, on "Rudyard Kipling: An International Writer", organised by **Prof Jan Montefiore** and **Dr Kaori Nagai** of the University of Kent, Canterbury.

Wednesday 9 November 2011, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Harry Ricketts** on "Kipling and the War Poets".

Wednesday 22 February 2012, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Simon Heffer**, journalist and historian, on a subject to be announced.

Wednesday 11 April 2012, 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Fiona Maccarthy**, biographer of **Sir Edward Burne-Jones**, on "Links between the Kipling and Burne-Jones families".

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EDITORIAL

KIPLING AND BUNDI, RAJASTHAN

Earlier this year I received a letter from Richard Maidment, a member of the Society for more than 30 years, enclosing a letter that he had received from a friend of his, Mr Barry Williamson. Mr Williamson and his wife had just returned from their first one-month holiday visit to Rajasthan (Rajputana), though no strangers to India since some years ago they had both taught at the Bishop Cotton School in Shimla. Knowing of Richard's connection with the Kipling Society, Mr Williamson told him about their visit to Bundi (Boondi) and the information that they were given by their local tour guide:

Next morning [the guide] arrived early and said he would take us first to the Jait Sagar lake, visiting the royal cenotaphs and then Kipling's house. We eventually arrived at two most attractive pavilions on the edge of the lake, looking across the water to steep hills on all sides. The guide explained that Kipling had lived in the pavilion on the left and that he was one of India's greatest writers. He had in fact written *Kim* while staying in Bundi. No dates, no details.

We asked to see inside the pavilion. A chowkidar was summoned and generously tipped and produced a bunch of keys. None fitted so a boy was sent for another chowkidar. Eventually the door was opened and we were shown the inside – Kipling's bed, his table and chairs and his bathroom, all looking out across the lake. The perfect place for a writer to write. We wondered what Kipling would think to be remembered in this way.

I found the guide's description a most interesting blend of fact and fiction. Kipling did visit Rajputana in November/December 1887, just after being transferred from the *C&MG* to the *Pioneer* in Allahabad. He wrote a series of articles about this tour which was published in the *Pioneer* between 14 December 1887 and 28 February 1888, later collected in 1899 as *Letters of Marque* in *From Sea to Sea* vol.1. He describes his visit to Boondi, where he stayed for two nights at the Sukh Mahal, in chapters XVI to XVIII. His tonga carried him thither

till it arrived at a pavilion on a lake—a place of two turrets connected by an open colonnade. The 'house' was open to the winds of heaven and the pigeons of the Raj; but the latter had polluted more than the first could purify.'

He then went on to describe the room that was created for his comfort where

two youths had twisted canvas round some of the pillars of the colonnade, making a sort of loose-box with a two-foot air-way all round the top. There was no door, but there were unlimited windows. Into this enclosure the chowkidar heaped furniture on which many generations of pigeons had evidently been carried off by cholera, until he was entreated to desist.

I have not seen anything to suggest that he ever returned to Boondi., although the town is also mentioned in the poem "The Last Suttee" (January 1890, collected in *Barrack-Room Ballads*, 1892).

Turning to *Kim*, Kipling is thought to have started to write this in 1892, despite speculation that the unfound novel *Mother Maturin* which was conceived in 1885 is a precursor to *Kim*. There is a letter to Mrs Mary Mapes Dodge [of 21 October 1892], suggesting that he write "the tale of the Thibetan lama and Kim o' the Rishti" for the *St. Nicholas* magazine, although it eventually took eight more years before it appeared in its final form of *Kim*.

As you will appreciate, the stories about Kipling and Bundi are now well-embroidered for the tourist market. I have found the statement published in the *Lonely Planet Guide to Rajas than, Delhi and Agra* that

On the southern shore of the Jait Sagar lake, the stately Sukh Mahal is a small summer palace surrounded by terraced gardens where Rudyard Kipling once stayed and wrote part of *Kim*.

This is also used in many websites for Bundi although the official Rajasthan Tourism website in its section on the Sukh Mahal only claims that it "evokes memories of Rudyard Kipling who not only stayed here but found inspiration for his famous work 'Kim'."

Although some of the tourism comments are clearly wrong, they are not harmful, and they do help to keep Kipling's name and work alive in the sub-continent. But I do wonder why they don't quote his final comment as he was leaving Boondi in 1887?

The peculiarity of Boondi is the peculiarity of the covered pitfall. One does not see it till one falls into it. A quarter of a mile from the gate, town and Palace were invisible. But the Englishman was grieved at heart. He had fallen in love with Boondi the beautiful, and believed that he would never again see anything half so fair.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2011

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon was held on Wednesday 4 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was the Right Honourable Lord Cope of Berkeley. Lord Cope's wife sent her apologies. At Lord Cope's table were Field Marshal Sir John Chappie, President of the Kipling Society, Lady Chappie, Mr Sharad Keskar (Chairman), Mrs Jane Keskar (Honorary Secretary), Professor Hugh Brogan and Professor Leonee Ormond (Deputy Chairman).

The occasion was a great success, attended by:

Admiral Sir Peter Abbott, Ms Isobel Allpress, Mr John Ashwin, Mrs Mary Ashwin, Lt-Col R.C. Ayers, Mrs Leslie Ayers, Dr J. Axe, Dr Phylomena Badsey, Brig R. Baddeley, Mrs Sue Baddeley, Mr Derek Balls, Mr Muhammad I. Bhatti, Mrs Bhatti, Mr R. Beck, Mrs E. Beck, Mrs Kathy Bell, Professor Hugh Brogan, Major K. Bonny, Mrs Diane Bonny, Mrs Barbara Casely-Dickson, F.M. Sir John Chappie, Lady Chappie, Mr Michael Clark, The Rt. Hon. Lord Cope of Berkeley, Mr Bryan Diamond, Mr Andrew Dodsworth, Mr M. Fairey, Mr D.J. Fuller, Mrs Hélène Gray, Mrs Jenny Habib, Ms Mary Hamer, Miss Anne Harcombe, Mr David Harcombe, Mrs Jean Hayes, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Mrs Julia Hett, Mr Sharad Keskar, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr Jonathan King, Mr J.P. Lambert, Mrs Mary Lambert, Dr S.F. Langley, Rear Adm. G.F. Liardet, Mrs J.A. Liardet, Dr T.W. Liardet, Mrs G. Liardet, Dr Jeffery Lewins, Mrs Judith Lewins, Miss Rachel Lewis, Mr Andrew Lycett, Mr David Major, Mr N.S. Mayhew, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs Janet Mitchell, Mr J. Nicoll, Professor Leonee Ormond, Mr David Page, Miss Ailsa Pain, Mr R.S. Parker, Dr Jonathan Patrick, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs A. Plowden, Brig R.B.C. Plowden, Mrs R.P. Plowden, Mr J. Radcliffe, Mr Greshan Rasiah, Mr J.M. Rayner, Mr Nils Regan, Mrs Doreen Regan, Mrs J. Robertson, Mr R. L. Sadler, Mrs B.M. Sadler, Col Guy Sayle, Miss Laura Smith, Mr M. Sowton, Col G.T. Spate, Mrs P.J. Spate, Mr Ivan Stewart, Mrs A. Stewart, Mr J.G. Taylor, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Ms Lizzy Welby, Mr R.H. Whatmoor, Cdr A.J.W. Wilson.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen

A warm welcome to Lord Cope, our Guest Speaker; to Sir John Chappie, our President, to Lady Chappie, and to our regular Army and

Navy friends. Also to John Ashwin, a childhood friend I lost track of when I was nine, only to catch up with him three years ago. I also welcome Colonel Guy Sayle of the Cavalry and Guards Club and Andrew Dodsworth our new Financial Advisor. I am particularly happy to see Professor Hugh Brogan. I could go on. Many here deserve mention. To them, and to all, thank you for coming.

Rudyard Kipling, who, as you know, twice refused a knighthood and twice the Order of Merit, was the first Englishman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. A greater accolade was his regard for the young. He wrote for them and cared about their education and well-being. So, we are proud to mark this, the 84th Annual Luncheon of the Society with a major departure. Today we welcome in our midst, youth on the threshold of Higher Education and winners of The John Slater Memorial Kipling Essay Prizes.

We had a good response this year and as the judges had difficult decisions to make, we agreed, in addition to the winners, to give six other students Certificates of Merit, book tokens and a year's free membership to the Kipling Society. These have been sent by post. But the winners are here. I will announce them in reverse order and ask the student and school representative to come up together.

2nd Runners-up Prize of a £100 each goes to Gresham Rasiah & Merchant Taylors' School. Gresham's prize includes a year's free Membership to the Kipling Society. The school prize is being collected by his English teacher Ms Laura Smith.

The 1st Runners-up Prize, also of a £100 each goes to Muhammad Ibrahim Bhatti and Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet. Muhammad Bhatti's prize includes a year's free membership to the Kipling Society. The School has asked Muhammad's Father to collect its prize.

Now, I will ask Dr Jonathan Patrick, Head of the English Department, St Paul's Girls' School, to collect the First Prize of £500 for the School for the winning Essay by Rachel Lewis. Her prize is £250 and a year's free membership.

Sir John Chappie, who presented the prizes, then asked the Secretary of the Kipling Society to say Grace.

GRACE: BY JANE KESKAR

First these words by Rudyard Kipling:

Oh, veiled and secret Power
Whose paths we seek in vain,
Be with us in our hour
Of overthrow and pain;

That we—by which sure token
We know Thy ways are true—
In spite of being broken,
Because of being broken,
May rise and build anew.

And now the grace:

For good food,
Good wine
And great company,
We thank you Lord.

THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION: GUEST OF HONOUR

Before I introduce our Guest Speaker, here is something about the Society.

Sadly I have to report the death of Sir Henry Feilden, who lived in Burwash and there as a boy met Kipling. I first met Sir Henry, ten years ago, and once every June since, when he in his wheel chair was a familiar sight at Bateman's on Kipling Day. We've also lost one of our oldest members, Alan Underwood, who travelled from Bristol to faithfully attend meetings here, and whose contributions to the New Readers' Guide, our On-Line Editor, John Radcliffe has painstakingly placed on our web-site.

In June last year we had a Kipling Study Day at Bristol University. Members can read all about this in the special issue, our Editor, David Page, produced this April.

Last October, Col. Guy Sayle invited members of the Kipling Council, on the instigation of the President of the Society for Army Historical Research, who is also our President, to an illustrated lecture on the activities of Dunsterforce, led by none other than Kipling's school-mate, General Dunsterville, the Stalky of *Stalky & Co.*, and First President of the Kipling Society.

Finally, an advance notice of a Conference, sponsored by the Kipling Society, to be held on the 21-22 of October at the Institute of English Studies, London. The subject: "Rudyard Kipling: an International Writer". Chief among the speakers are Amit Chaudhuri and Charles Allen, author of *Kipling Sahib*, and member of our Council.

Now to the highlight of this afternoon: I have to say how grateful I am to Lord Cope for agreeing to address the Society, and Jane and I apologise for taking so much of his time. The Rt. Hon. Lord Cope of Berkeley, Member of Parliament from 1974 to 1997, was a member of

Margaret Thatcher's Government from 1979 to 1990, first as a whip, then Small Firms Minister and then Security Minister in Northern Ireland. Under John Major he was Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party and later Paymaster General of the Treasury. Made a Privy Counsellor in 1988, knighted in 1991, he became a life peer in 1997, and in the House of Lords was Opposition Chief Whip from 2001 to 2007. There is a lot more to say, and much is in the flyer most of you received. Chiefly I envy his 1939 Bentley motor car.

John Cope was born in Leicester in 1937 and in 2009 he and his wife celebrated their Ruby Wedding. The subject of his talk "To Sing the Song o' Steam—the Engineers' Poet and Pioneer Motorist" for which Lord Cope says he has drawn heavily on the extensive archive of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club.

Ladies & Gentleman, Lord Cope.

"TO SING THE SONG O' STEAM" THE ENGINEERS' POET AND PIONEER MOTORIST

By THE RT. HON. LORD COPE OF BERKELY

[Unfortunately there is only space to show four of the 34 slides exhibited by Lord Cope. – Ed.]

It is a daunting privilege for me, a mere member of the congregation, to speak to you, the keepers of the flame at the shrine of Rudyard Kipling. Yet there is another band of followers of Kipling who in each of the last ten years recruited to their ranks between 10 and 12 thousand new members. They are Canadian Engineers.

In 1925 some leading Canadian engineers, wishing to stimulate the professional nature of their craft, wrote to Kipling, who they saw as the engineers' wordsmith, asking him to devise an oath, akin to the Doctors' Hippocratic oath, to be taken by newly qualified engineers to fix in their minds their higher duties to the profession. Kipling wrote back quickly, setting out not just an oath, but a whole ceremony of *The Ritual for the Calling of an Engineer*. This ceremony has been followed in Canada ever since.

The management of the matter is entrusted to seven wardens. In 2010 the 25 camps in the various University cities organised ceremonies across Canada. The ceremonies are not secret, but they are private. Attendance is only for those about to undertake the Obligation at the heart of the ritual and those already initiated in years past. No uninitiated guests are allowed.

The ritual, devised for them by Kipling 85 years ago, includes two of his poems, "*The Song of Martha*" and "*The Hymn of Breaking Strain*":

The careful text-books measure,
 (Let all who build beware!)
The load, the shock, the pressure
 Material can bear.
So, when the buckled girder
 Lets down the grinding span,
The blame of loss, or murder,
 Is laid upon the man,
 Not on the Stuff—the Man!



THE COLLAPSED QUEBEC BRIDGE, 1907

It must have come as a particularly sharp reminder to those original senior Canadian engineers, because a few years before, in 1907 the largest cantilever bridge in the world, being built across the river in Quebec, collapsed while being constructed with the loss of 74 lives. It was restarted and collapsed again in 1916 with the loss of 10 more lives. It was finally successfully completed in 1917.

The Obligation can only be undertaken by graduate engineers and confers on them no extra status. It is voluntary, but 98% of those graduating in Canada last year, in engineering of all kinds including, for example, computer engineers, have undertaken the obligation in Kipling's words. Initiates wear a multi-faceted steel ring – formerly an iron ring. It is worn on the little finger of the working hand. So when you do a drawing, or when you sign a contract, the ring strokes the paper and reminds the wearer of the Obligation. On the death of an engineer their ring is returned to the Corporation of the Seven Wardens. It is all wonderfully Kipling and alive and well in Canada, the Dominion he loved. The Canadian engineers saw, and see, Kipling as the Engineers' Poet. And so do I.

* * *

I do not mean to claim him as exclusive to engineers. His genius is far wider than that, far more multi faceted, as you well know. But he is special to engineers as to others, and it is on this facet of his brilliance that I want to flash a brief light today.

He had, as we know, a remarkable ability to get inside the people he wrote about, particularly people who were often, in those days, unnoticed by literary folk and their readers – private soldiers – Indian servants – Gentlemen Rankers – and Engineers. Many of his stories are tales told in the first person, by such unregarded members of the human race. He often wrote about them fulfilling themselves at work, which literary figures didn't do much in the 19th century.

He also had a feeling for machines. He loved the technical detail. He was not an engineer himself, any more than he was a soldier or a sailor, and not a practical man – he knew nothing of DIY! But he knew a lot about engineering and other callings and often cross questioned technical experts about the details of their expertise. After one two hour session a consultant mining engineer who was involved with the most up-to-date gold mines in Witwatersrand, said he had never had such a grilling in his life.

In some of Kipling's best known works animals talk and think like humans, *The Jungle Books* or "*The Maltese Cat*" for example. Often Kipling gave life, character and voice to machines. There is a good example in the story ".007" where railway engines discuss their life

and work in the engine shed at night, with all the personalities and petty snobbery of people. The new boy, -007, has a hard time, but goes to rescue a wrecked train and earns his spurs. I particularly like the short song as they dash to the site of the wreck:

Oh, the Empire State must learn to wait,
And the Cannon-ball go hang,
When the West-bound's ditched, and the tool car's hitched,
And it's 'way for the Breakdown Gang (Tara-ra!)
'Way for the Breakdown Gang!

Incidentally, there is the charismatic number seven again, made more striking by the two noughts. Does anybody know if Ian Fleming knew of Kipling's short story when he selected the number for Commander James Bond?

In *"The Ship that found Herself"* the parts of a new ship talk among themselves to find the ship's soul. It is this feeling for the personality of individual machines that makes Kipling the engineers' poet, as well as his deep understanding of the hopes and stresses of the engineer's own life seen for example in *"The Bridge-Builders"*.

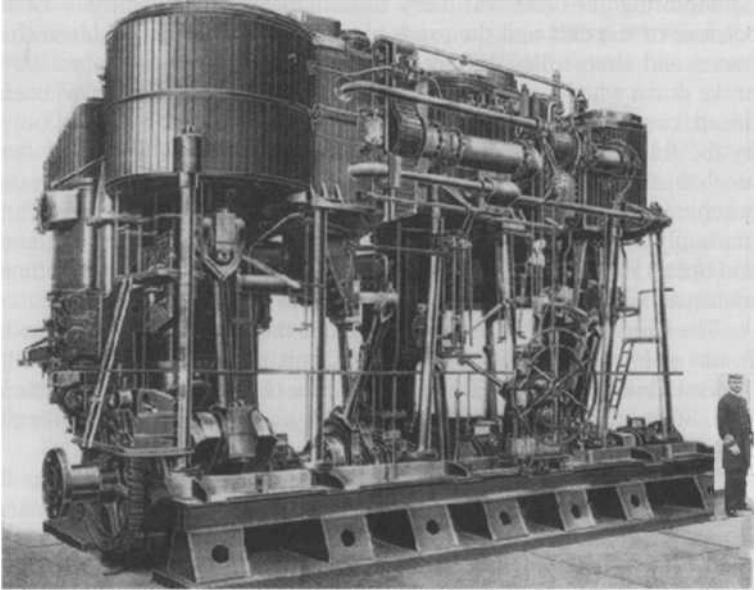
He also believed in engineering progress, particularly to aid the movement of goods and people. Kipling famously said 'Transportation is Civilisation' and he was right and much quoted. These days we might update it to 'Communication is Civilisation'.

Throughout Kipling's lifetime and since – engineering and technology advanced at an ever accelerating pace – first of all because of steam power and its use for both manufacturing and transport. Samuel Smiles – the great Victorian populariser of engineers and engineering – reported that in 1866, the year after Kipling was born, over 300 million passengers were carried on railways in Britain. That was only 40 years after the first passenger railway had been created.

But railways were only part of it. Railway steam engine design was always – throughout its life – constrained by the limitations of the rail gauge and the loading gauge. That is why the layout of Stephenson's Rocket in 1830 was essentially the same as the layout of the last steam engine produced by British Rail in 1960 or the new "Tornado" built recently. The marine steam engine, being in ever larger ships, was not limited by size or weight considerations like railway engines, and evolved time and again.

This is one of the two engines in H.M.S. *Prince George*, built in 1896. These engines must be fairly similar to the engines of which McAndrew sings. Those are the 'cranks three inches off my nose' of which he speaks when going through a manhole into the mechanism on his back to check

for trouble. Kipling remained fascinated by these marine engines, both on the many passenger ships he went on (27 have been counted) and during his many visits and trips with the Royal Navy which he loved.



LARGE MARINE ENGINE (H.M.S. *PRINCE GEORGE*)

Shortly after the Kiplings moved to Bateman's in 1902 he embarked on an engineering project of his own – to convert the Water Mill to generate electricity – with suitable advice of course, in this case from Sir William Willcocks a great Indian, later Egyptian Government engineer who had designed the first Aswan Dam. At Bateman's they took out the large old water millwheel and substituted a turbine which charged up batteries in an outhouse (now the tea room). This worked fine and generated enough to light Bateman's by ten 60 watt light bulbs for about 4 hours each evening.

* * *

Just before that Kipling had taken up a wholly new engineering related interest – motor cars. In 1888 when Kipling was aged 22 Karl Benz had produced the first motor car with an internal combustion engine. In 1895 the first motor car came to England. Kipling embraced the concept early and warmly. In 1899 Lord Harmsworth came to call on

Kipling in Rottingdean in a motor car and gave him a ride. Kipling was entranced and said 'The poison worked from that hour'. He immediately started his own motoring career by hiring a car and driver fulltime. It was a fixed ignition Embryo.

Motoring in 1900 was very unfashionable, noisy, dirty – both because of the cars and the roads, unsociable in that it frightened the horses and almost illegal. Cars were the subject of ridicule when they broke down which was often. The speed limit had recently (1896) been raised, controversially, to 12 m.p.h. But Kipling was hooked, not only by the freedom it gave him to roam the countryside, but also by the mechanism itself. He became involved in the struggle to get cars accepted. As usual he saw the future clearer than most people. But unusually for him he was not on the side of the establishment and law and order. He was a campaigner. Look at "*Steam Tactics*" where some motorists kidnap a policeman and dump him in a private zoo!

The car portrayed in "*Steam Tactics*" is the first car Kipling owned. It was delivered in 1901 and was a steam powered American built "Locomobile". Such cars are still to be seen taking part in the Brighton Run. Steam cars seemed at that time to be a real alternative to internal combustion engine ones.

The Locomobile ran on petrol, but it was used to boil the water. It was highly temperamental. Those of you who remember "*Steam Tactics*" will know that in cross winds the flame was likely to blow out and be difficult to relight so the whole thing went off the boil. I gather they have that trouble still on the Brighton Run. Another trouble (also immortalised in "*Steam Tactics*") was that every 20 miles they had to find somewhere to fill up with water! I understand that Kipling's own Locomobile was finally dismantled about 25 years ago, but the engine is still supposed to be in existence, probably powering another car now.

Before long the Locomobile had let them down too often. The other car which came to the rescue in "*Steam Tactics*" is described there as the "Octopod", but it was really a Lanchester.

Dr Lanchester, who designed it, became a friend of Kipling and he bought the 16th Lanchester to be built in 1901. There is a similar one now part of the Jaguar Heritage Collection which may apparently have been Kipling's own, but the paperwork is not certain. It had tiller steering like the Locomobile and innovative features such as preselector gears – the forerunner of automatic gears in some respects. She also had a detachable, interchangeable body (see "*The Horse Marines*" and "*A Tour of Inspection*"). Dr Lanchester respected Kipling's technical knowledge and used to send experimental vehicles over for his inspection and appraisal. Kipling always spoke of them as female and never as having broken down. It was 'she fainted' or 'she laid down'.

In 1904 Kipling's motoring enthusiasm led him to publish "*The Muse Among the Motors*". . . . and a short play "*The Marred Drives of Windsor*". All Kipling's cars had names and personalities. He was not alone in that – between the two world wars my grandfather had a car called "Stanley" after Kipling's cousin Stanley Baldwin because, like Baldwin, it was very reliable in the days when most cars were not. Kipling's Locomobile was called the "Holy Terror" and his second Lanchester was called "Amelia".

Then in 1903 the Wright brothers first flew in a heavier than air machine. The following year Kipling wrote "*With the Night Mail*" about a regular airship crossing of the Atlantic in the year 2000. It is an astonishingly complete forecast, including radio communications, navigational beams, wide-ranging weather forecasts and international air traffic control – all concepts which took many decades to realise. Of course, being written just one year after the Wright brothers' flight the story is set in an airship, not an aeroplane. At that stage and for many years after, it was not clear which would be the model for mass travel. Indeed airships continued to develop until 1937, the year after Kipling's death, when the Hindenburg disaster effectively killed them off.

Until now that is. I see that dirigible airships are again being marketed for both civil and military purposes. They are now called Hybrid Air Vehicles, and, among other things, they are flying over Afghanistan observing for the American military. Kipling would have understood both the concept and the war on the North-West Frontier.

Kipling never, as far as I know, ever flew in an aeroplane or airship. But he continued to take an interest in them. In 1910 for instance, not long after Charles Rolls was killed in an air crash, he set out in an article for *Autocar* the design for a protective suit with inflatable panels to protect the vital areas of the body if one's aeroplane crashed.

In March 1910 the Kiplings went by train to Vernet-les-Bains in the French Pyrenees. There they met Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (father of the present Lord Montagu) who was one of the leading pioneer motoring enthusiasts. He seems to have been an admirer of Kipling. I noticed the other day that when Kipling was proposed for membership of the Beefsteak Club, Montagu, inadvertently one must assume, signed the Candidates' Book twice over in support of Kipling's election. Anyway in 1910 Montagu took the Kiplings for a ride in his new Rolls-Royce and from that day onwards there was no other make of car for Kipling.

* * *

Rolls-Royce was the creation of three men. The Hon. Charles Rolls was the aristocratic motoring and aviation enthusiast with all the right connections, but, later in 1910, he was killed in a flying accident while

showing off an aeroplane. Henry Royce was the genius of an engineer. The third man was Claude Johnson who joined the pair in business and became the General Manager. He was an innovative and resourceful marketing man (to use the modern term). He became known then, and is known today in the fancy, as "The Hyphen in Rolls-Royce".



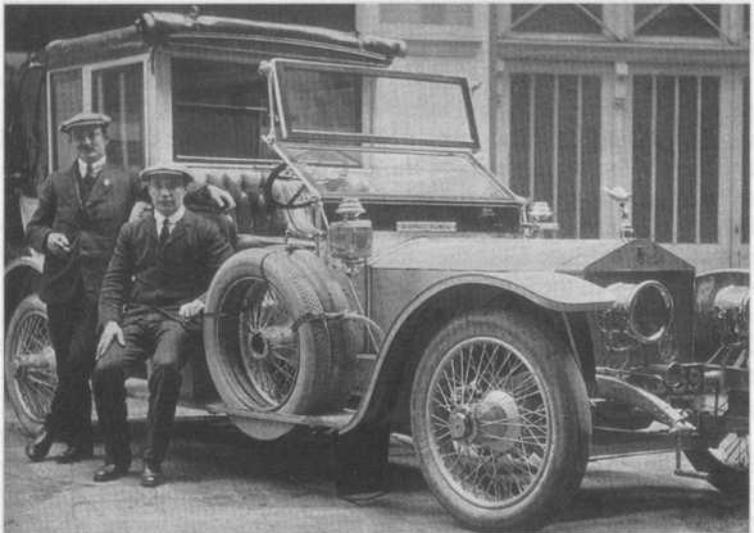
CLAUDE JOHNSON AT THE WHEEL OF A ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER GHOST, 1910
[Photo copyright of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club and kindly reproduced with their permission.]

He had a demonstration car (number AX 201) painted silver and with silver plated fittings. He called it "The Silver Ghost" and drove it almost silently, on a 14,000 mile public trial – all round Britain without trouble. It soon gave its name to the whole class of 40/50hp Rolls-Royce cars. That car today – THE Silver Ghost – is in immaculate, entirely driveable condition and belongs to the successor company Bentley Motors. She is now said to have been driven over 500,000 miles and to be worth more than any other car in the world, probably £30 or £40 million. She it was who was first called by the press "The finest car in the world".

Claude Johnson was also in Vernet-les-Bains in 1910 and at once saw Kipling as a potential celebrity customer. He promptly lent the Kiplings a Silver Ghost with his driver, called Harry Fleck, to take them to Paris, their next point of call 700 miles away. The drive went beautifully and Kipling ordered a Silver Ghost of his own.

In those days (and indeed until 1946) Rolls-Royce did not make car bodies. They made the chassis, engine and so on and it was delivered to the coach builder of your choice to have a body fitted to your taste.

Kipling's was delivered to Barkers who also made noblemen and gentlemen's carriages. Unfortunately they had a disastrous fire in February 1911 and Kipling's new car was almost destroyed before it was finished. So Claude Johnson lent our hero another 40/50 known as "The Silver Sceptre", complete with Harry Fleck.



HARRY FLECK (LEFT), AUXERRE, 1911

[Photo copyright of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club and kindly reproduced with their permission.]

From 1911 to 1928 Kipling owned four Silver Ghosts in succession; each an improvement on the last. Most years, except during the war, they toured in them through France and latterly Switzerland. It was not always easy. The tyres of those days punctured easily, so they carried two spares and puncture repair kits.

Each of Kipling's cars had a green Landauet body which could open at the back. The chauffeur's compartment was open at the sides. At least two of Kipling's four Silver Ghosts still exist today. But his first one was exchanged with Rolls-Royce for a new one in 1915. It was sold on by Rolls-Royce to the War Office and probably became an armoured car or maybe a staff car. Either way she has gone off the radar. Kipling called his third Ghost "The Duchess" and the name has stuck. She has been rebodied with an open tourer body of a style known

as "Roi des Belges". It has belonged for nearly three decades to a German author, Phillip Vandenberg who much values the connection.

Kipling's fourth Ghost is also still in existence, but she has a much more curious later history. When Kipling sold it back to Rolls-Royce in 1928 they shipped it out to their Bombay office (Mumbai these days). It was bought by the Howra Temple Trust in Calcutta. They removed the back part of the body and replaced it with a miniature temple so that the car could carry the image of a God on pilgrimage once a year a total of eight miles.

It did this duty each year from 1928 or 29 until at least 1982 when an English Rolls-Royce specialist was asked to go to Calcutta and service it for the first time since 1928. He found that the foot brake had been stuck for some time and the engine had stopped running, so in recent years the car had been pulled by bullocks on its annual outing. However nothing too serious was wrong and he was able to return it to running order. Since 1983 therefore it has returned to duty as before. I am told it is still there.

In 1928 this car was exchanged by Kipling for one of the successors to the Silver Ghosts known as "New Phantoms" by RR. Kipling called his car "The Duchess of Tours". As before she had a green and black limousine body by Hooper with the chauffeur's compartment open at the sides.

This is fundamentally the car now in the garage at Bateman's. But in the meanwhile the original body has been changed for a fully enclosed body by Windovers and it is painted entirely black. I am sorry to say the car at present is never driven, but is shown by the National Trust behind glass, like a stuffed dead animal. But these splendid cars have an ability to survive which is quite phenomenal and I am working on the National Trust to get it going again so it could take outings now and then.

Finally in 1932 as an economy measure Kipling bought a slightly smaller Rolls-Royce – a 20/25 model, although it was specified that Kipling must be able to sit in the back in a top hat. The body in this case was built by Abbots of Farnham. Abbots evidently did an excellent job, because Shane Chichester, the Rolls-Royce inspector who looked after the Kiplings said in a memo to a colleague: "This car has given Mrs K and ourselves greater peace than we have ever known with him before." He was not an easy customer. After one service in 1935 he complained that she would only go 70 MPH, but she was soon back to 80MPH again. The Kiplings had wanted an open chauffeur's compartment as before, but were eventually persuaded by Chichester to have it able to be enclosed in the modern manner – provided no actual window was fitted. Otherwise said Mrs Kipling who conducted all the business "the chauffeur will only close it" and they did not consider that safe

even if a signalling slot were provided. After Rudyard Kipling's death she kept that car until she exchanged it for another Rolls-Royce not long before she herself died in 1939.

One surprising thing to today's mind is that in spite of owning all these fine cars and, as Rolls-Royce's files testify, knowing a great deal about cars and how they work – Kipling never learnt to drive. He always had a chauffeur. But that is a sign of those times and the fact that by the time the motor car was invented Kipling was a rich man.

* * *

I have described his enthusiasm for cars because it demonstrates his interest in machines and engineering generally. Some biographers have rather sneered at this aspect of his work.

Lord Birkenhead in his erudite biography of Kipling describes the writing of "*McAndrew's Hymn*" and "*The Ship that Found Herself*." Then says:

"Many will find *The Jungle Books* which appeared in 1894-95 in delightful and refreshing contrast to this obtrusive expertise and will turn with relief from locomotives and tappet valves to these enchanting stories."

The Jungle Books are wonderful – but the most important point about Kipling is his quite astonishing range of work and of understanding.

I am among those who admire and love his engineering stories and poems. He has, more than any other great writer, a feel for such matters. He gives life to machines. Through him they talk to us, just as the animals do in *The Jungle Book* and elsewhere. This is called Anthropomorphism in respect of animals and machines too I suppose. There is at least one charming example by Kipling of "Machinomorphism", or whatever the word is, when a man talks of himself as a machine. It is "*The Dying Chauffeur*" one of "*The Muse amongst the Motors*" poems. It is a little gem from the great jewel box of his work:

WHEEL me gently to the garage, since my car and I must part—
 No more for me the record and the run.
 That cursed left-hand cylinder the doctors call my heart
 Is pinking past redemption—I am done!
 They'll never strike a mixture that'll help me pull my load.
 My gears are stripped—I cannot set my brakes.
 I am entered for the finals down the timeless, untimed Road
 To the Maker of the makers of all makes!

For me that poem is perfect Kipling. Its rhythm and rhyme flow naturally. The authentic voice of the chauffeur blends with Kipling's wonderful word play.

It was "*McAndrew's Hymn*" which first led to Rudyard Kipling being called "The Poet of the Engine Room" in 1896. And there is plenty in his later life and work to justify the description. This sometimes unregarded aspect of his work is one reason he is loved and respected by many – including me a

Lord Cope then proposed the toast to
The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling.

REPORT ON THE VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN CHAPPLE, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.L.

The President, in thanking Lord Cope for such an interesting, informative and knowledgeable talk, commented on the fact that despite owning such memorable motor-cars, Kipling did not have a driving licence – and that he always referred to these motor-cars as the female of the species. The President said that he had discussed with Lord Cope that at one point in their careers they had both 'worked for' three women. The Queen was a very straight-forward manager; Mrs Thatcher was at times a bit difficult to manage; the third, the wife, we never managed to manage – neither did Kipling.

Continued from page 7.

SIR PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR, K.B., D.S.O., O.B.E.

It is with great regret that I record the death of Sir Patrick Leigh Fermor on 10 June 2011 at 96 years of age. He has been a member of our Society since 1985, shortly before his book, *A Time of Gifts*, was published, the second of a planned trilogy describing his walk through Europe from 1933 to 1939.

Sir Patrick was a traveller, a writer of both elegant and erudite prose, a linguist, a raconteur, and a soldier, well known for his exploits in Crete under the aegis of the S.O.E. during WWII. Perhaps one of his most illuminating characteristics was his ability to make and keep friends, even General Heinrich Kriepe, the German Commander in Crete whom he helped to capture in 1944. He was an ardent philhellene and, when not travelling, spent most of his post-war life at his house in Kardamyli on the Mani peninsula of south-west Greece.

He will be sorely missed.

THE JOHN SLATER MEMORIAL KIPLING ESSAY PRIZE 2011

By SHARAD KESKAR
(Chairman)

We had an excellent response this year. Sixth-Form Students from schools in Greater London and the Home Counties were invited to enter the Competition with essays on:

Study "Danny Deever" and "Tommy" in Barrack-Room Ballads and show why Kipling deserves the title: 'champion of the ordinary soldier',

or

Name your three favourite Kipling poems and explain your choice.

The prizes were awarded on 4 May 2011 by Field Marshal Sir John Chappie, President of the Kipling Society.

The winner of the 1st prize was **Rachel Lewis**, of **St Paul's Girls' School**. (£250 and a year's free membership of the Kipling Society, and £500 for the School.)

1st Runner-up was **Muhammad Ibrahim Bhatti**, of **Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet**. (£100 and a year's free membership of the Society and £100 to the School.)

2nd Runner-up was **Greshan Rasiah**, of **Merchant Taylors' School**. (£100 and a year's free membership of the Kipling Society and £100 to the School.)

The general standard of all the essays was good and it was agreed to award the six other students who took part with a Certificate of Merit, a £20 book token and a year's free membership of the Kipling Society. They were:

Cleo Parker, Colchester County High School for Girls
Julija Stukalina, also from Colchester County High School for Girls
William Bordell, Merchant Taylors' School
Alice Charlotte Hart, St Paul's Girl's School
Nikos Yerolemou, Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet
Imogen Carr, Chelmsford County High School for Girls.

THREE FAVOURITE POEMS "GUNGA DIN", "WE AND THEY", AND "IF—"

By RACHEL LEWIS
(St Paul's Girl's School)

Two of my three favourite Kipling poems, "Gunga Din" and "We and They", are ones whose attitudes I was astonished to find in poetry that comes from such a different time to our own. I was surprised by how much I agreed with their sentiments. Thus these poems reminded me of poetry's ability to share how we see the world, even across centuries. My third choice is "If—". Incredibly, when I chose the poem I was utterly oblivious of its renown. However, knowledge of its fame does not make me appreciate it any less. Poems are great when they are famous – "If—" has become so well-loved that it is a part of our culture. My chosen poems each take very different voices, demonstrating the breadth of Kipling's skill. And all three are a masterful blend of the serious and the amusing, done in such a way that the serious message or poignant moment is made more powerful by the ridiculous element and vice versa.

I enjoy reading "Gunga Din" for its strong narrative and incredibly characterful speaker, who has a story created purely by a monologue that brings another character, Gunga Din, to life as well. Kipling alters the spelling of words to mimic the speaker's accent: 'o'(1)', 'heat' becomes "eat"(26) etc. He also uses colloquial phrases and profanities such as 'wopped'(29) and 'bloomin'(6)'. This style of speech gives the speaker a strong, memorable personality. And the Indian slang, which is incomprehensible to most readers, makes the narrative intriguing, exotic and gives it a certain authenticity. Idiomatic speech and description in this poem bring a place and identity I might never otherwise have heard to life. By giving the narrator of "Gunga Din" such a distinct voice, Kipling has preserved something of a vanished country, British India. The poem also creates an exciting narrative. Its plot could be that of a story: the narrator opens with an opinion, describes the setting and the main character, brings in the action (the battle), works to a climax and ends half in tragedy, half in comedy. I find this coherent story one of the most enjoyable things about the poem. And the speaker's relationship with Gunga Din is my favourite aspect of that story. Insults are followed by high praise: "is dirty hide"(44), juxtaposed with 'white, clear white, inside'(45). This occurs again in lines 10-11 – Gunga Din is 'Of [. . .] the blackfaced crew'(10) (both a literal and derogatory description) and 'The finest man I knew'(11). These contrasts reveal the complexity of the

speaker's feelings towards Din, a lowly water-carrier who saved his life. The description of Din when he saves the speaker – 'our good old, grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din'(57) – uses matter-of-fact language to convey the soldier's rough, emotional joy. And the prosaic way in which Gunga Din's death is related only adds to the pathos of the event, which is then tempered by the amusing suggestion of where the two characters will meet again. However, it was the Imperial soldier's acknowledgement that Gunga Din is the 'better man'(85) that surprised me. It struck me as very open-minded for its time. That message still applies today – it makes the reader consider how they view the people who work for them. So I love this poem for its story to make you smile and cry, the point it makes and how it captures a time and a place so vividly.

Despite "We and They" being aimed at children, it, like "Gunga Din", combines entertaining, lyrical telling with a moral point. It is a teaching poem, mocking of the ridiculous notions of 'we' and 'they'. Kipling definitely takes the voice of 'We', not 'They', which he might have tried to do – consider the Indian slang in "Gunga Din". Typically English phrases such as 'simply disgusting'(14) and 'over the way'(6) make the poem accessible and familiar to children, as does the light-hearted neologism 'kitcheny'(25). The very personal tone of address, which includes the reader in 'we' and addresses them as 'you'(7), makes the poem engaging. Hyperbolic exclamations (e.g. 'utterly ignorant They!(24)) are amusing and dramatic. And the phrase '(Isn't it scandalous?)(15), in parentheses and full of sibilants, sounds both conspiratorial and comical, thus further engaging the reader. Kipling also includes jokes, such as the play on words 'Their full dress is un-'(19) and the line 'They like Their friends for tea'(21), where Kipling's matter-of-fact turn of phrase contrasts with his meaning amusingly. Jokes both entertain the reader and force them to think, as their meaning is not immediately obvious.

The regular rhythm is chant-like, especially in the first four lines, where rhythm makes this received wisdom sound like dogma that children swallow and chant back. The simple ABABCD CD etc. rhyme scheme recalls a nursery rhyme and is suitable for reading aloud. Kipling has essentially written a new nursery rhyme, by using /parodying the style. Does he too want children to parrot his ideas? I think this poem is almost satirical of nursery rhymes, which are conveyors of traditional wisdom. "We and They" aims to break down the barriers of narrow-mindedness: 'But'(7) is the key word that distinguishes the narrator as a voice separate to what 'Father [. . .] say'. (1-2) Thus the poem is suited to its target audience without patronising them.

Kipling carefully places words to reinforce his message, which I again feel is unusually open-minded for its time. The poem is full of anaphora, with 'they' and 'we', and their associated effects, occupying the same points in the rhythm. Lines 4-5 are just one example:

'And They live over the sea/ While We live over the way'

These structures suggest that We and They are interchangeable and that there are parallels between the lives of both. So when Kipling repeats the argument in the last stanza, after all the comparison showing how 'We' and 'They' are interchangeable terms, it seems very closed-minded. And the closing statement of the poem – We are only a sort of They – is a profoundly important one. If everyone truly understood that, there would be no more war in the world.

The poem "If—" has a different but equally significant message. What it says most strongly to me is how hard it is to be a good person and how much we ask of our heroes and ourselves. But it also inspires the reader to be as great as humans can be. In "If—", Kipling emphasises the importance of our actions in defining who we are. The poem is full of verbs – 'If you can . . .' begins ten of the thirty-two lines in the poem. This repetition of the beginning of a conditional sentence creates a kind of cumulatō, building up how much we ask of people. Verbs are turned around in the same line – e.g. 'being hated [. . .] hating'(7). The change in sound is small, emphasising the fine line between being hated and hating. And the word order suggests how one can lead to the other – further examples are 'dream' leading to 'dreams'(9) and 'think' to 'thoughts'(10). These natural progressions are separated by negatives (e.g. 'and not'(10)), showing that to be 'a Man'(32) we must struggle against our natural inclinations. This poem also has a narrative aspect. It emotionally involves the reader in brief stories which create excitement and make its suggestions less abstract. The enjambment between lines 18-19:

'And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss/And lose',

creates tension, as the reader wonders what the result will be, and pathos for the 'character', when they lose. Enjambment is used again to emotionally involve the reader in lines 23-24:

'hold on when there is nothing in you/Except the Will

We wonder how one can endure with nothing, which emphasises the answer – 'Will' – in the next line. Thus the reader is inspired to admire

those who 'can'. And as these examples are unspecific and addressed to 'You', everyone can identify with them. Finally, there is a humorous side to this poem. The last line is almost a punch-line. Kipling, by piling up challenges we must overcome just to be worthy of the title 'Man', points out the ridiculousness of what we ask, as well as asking us whether we can rise to the challenge. We also wonder whether the speaker of the poem, the one who is judging, has done all that he is asking of us.

For the reasons I have explained above, I love each of these poems individually – their characters, humour and power made them stand out from other Kipling poems that I have read. However, I love them collectively for what they all have in common. In each, Kipling has skilfully conveyed an important idea persuasively, and, more impressively, in an accessible, entertaining way. These three poems contain thoughts that, despite being personal to a nineteenth century journalist from colonial Bombay, resonate with everyone, even today, and are, of course, beautifully expressed.

THREE FAVOURITE POEMS "IF—" "HYMN OF BREAKING STRAIN", AND "THE THOUSANDTH MAN"

By MUHAMMAD IBRAHIM BHATTI
(Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet)

Rudyard Kipling is an outstanding poet because his poems go beyond basic anecdotes and narrative, and instead teach fundamental lessons of morality and decency, that humanity, especially recently, has been all too prone to forget. In my opinion, his best poems are "If—", "Hymn of Breaking Strain" and "The Thousandth Man", as they all hold up a sparkling candle against the dark gloom which so often shrouds life when we are exposed to the bitterness of hate, loneliness and failure. These poems are beautiful because they have stood the test of time, remaining as true to life today as they did just over a century ago, providing a powerful, upbeat and positive outlook on life that is so desperately needed by today's society.

Aspirations are the fuel which people use to live their lives, however far too often do people lose sight of reality in pursuing these dreams. In "If—", Kipling reminds us that 'If you can dream—and not make dreams your master', you will be free from blindly obsessing over a single and inevitably restrictive desire. This message is incredibly important so as to stop ambition becoming obsession, or else leave humanity running the risk of being trapped by a void in life that may never be fulfilled. Kipling gives this advice without any patronising undertones and with a magically paternal quality supported by the steadiness of the iambic pentameter in which it is written, making it very reassuring. This, however, is made even more powerful by the acknowledgement of failure, as Kipling advises 'If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster, and treat those two imposters just the same' you will never have to experience the misfortune of disappointment again. Disasters and triumphs have a paradoxical similarity, in that they can both ruin and give birth to life. To treat a disaster as a triumph is akin to having achieved a triumph itself, whilst a triumph may become a disaster if it is achieved through morally questionable means, or should it give rise to arrogance. As a result, Kipling successfully demonstrates that the outcomes of situations are entirely dependent on their interpretations. The personification of the two events is also effective in encouraging the reader to consider them as friends, to greet and welcome them as either a success or lesson. The "Hymn of Breaking Strain" is equally as compelling, in its creative take on the concept of

'If at first you do not succeed, try and try again'. It has a spiritual but not solely religious aspect to it, through a repeated mention of God, which makes it relatable to a much wider audience. In reference to the undeserved blame that so often befalls our lives at some point or another, Kipling's heartening statement 'The Gods have no such feeling, of justice toward mankind', reminds us our moral stance and to 'Stand up and build anew!' is of the utmost significance when it comes to failures. The verb 'build' helps to remind us of that 'in spite of being broken,' piecing together the remaining components of our lives is always possible, and as such, the poem is a wholly uplifting piece to behold. Kipling provides a refreshingly distinct perspective on the overwhelming frustration of failure in these poems, instead welcoming failure as education, whilst maintaining that honour in success is equally as important. This helps to achieve a perfect balance between dreams, reality and fear that contributes heavily to their strong impacts.

Recognising the value in all humanity, especially in oneself, is arguably the most valuable of all traits a person could have. Kipling aptly describes the crucial and beautiful face of friendship in "The Thousandth Man", presenting the rarity of true friends, as only 'One man in a thousand, Solomon says, will stick more close than a brother', whilst maintaining the magnificence behind them through the illustration of the fraternal bond with the strikingly familiar and impactful term 'brother'. He successfully manages to capture the stunning beauty behind the concept of a friend, portraying the loyalty in 'the Thousandth Man' who will 'sink or swim with you in any water', where the devotion in friends who will as readily fail with you as progress is illustrated in a brilliantly simplistic metaphor applicable to all aspects of life. Kipling equally, however, counsels against the abuses of enemies in "If—", illuminating to the reader the higher ground of moral standing, where despite denigration or hatred, they should not 'deal in lies' or 'give way to hating'. The bluntness and principles upon which this advice is based gives an almost child-like aura to the poem, reminding us of the innocence humanity has since lost and that it is so crucial we recover. However, expanding upon this is the message of independence, as Kipling explains 'If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,' you will be saved from the petty manipulations of an increasingly Machiavellian society. Whilst respect for friends and enemies is important, pride and self belief are presented as the two key instruments of happiness. Kipling reiterates this throughout his poem, wisely advising that 'If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you', the confidence will give you the strength to see yourself through their bitterness and disbelief. Kipling's advice on the complex matter of human relationships in these poems has a beautiful

integrity to it, successfully depicting the morality and decency that is unfortunately so uncommon in modern society. He manages an optimistic outlook in the face of a world being dragged down by mindless loathing and slander, which attributes an inspiring sense of virtue to these already powerful poems, and furthers their effectiveness.

Maturation and the development of 'a man', is however, the central and most emotive theme which lands these poems their significance in meaning. "Hymn of Breaking Strain" emphasises 'being broken' as a result of 'loads we cannot bear' is vital in the development of faith and manhood. Through repeated mention of material such as 'stone and steel', with connotations of strength and power, Kipling effectively associates the traditionally feminine concept of emotions with the might of men to present the concept that only through struggle in testing commitment and endurance can the status of 'man' successfully be achieved. Similarly, "The Thousandth Man" highlights the beauty and emotion behind comradeship in men 'Because you can show [them] your feelings', which demonstrates the importance of feeling and mental turmoil in the transition from child to man, equating it with friendship, in the end, the horror of death in 'To the gallows-foot – and after!'. "If—", however, is the strongest of all the poems under the umbrella term of 'development', as it encompasses all the moral standards behind adulthood and the idea of becoming a man, through a constant stream of relatable circumstances that are emotionally evocative and moving to the point it becomes an entire philosophical thesis by which you could readily live your life. It clearly references the evolution of a child to a man by answering the previous hypothetical scenarios it posed 'You'll be a Man, my son!', where the cross-generational link sums up the transition in an appropriately poignant way. Kipling addresses the theme of maturation in a touching and impressive comparison between human ideals and reality, providing his poems with an undeniably compelling morality that completes their overall effectiveness.

Kipling achieves a standard of excellence in these three poems which few poets I have ever encountered have been able to even nearly emulate. The relevance of aspirations, relationships and maturation to life is overwhelming considering their fundamental importance in our development as human beings, and Kipling presents them in a virtuous and enlightening manner. "If—", "Hymn of Breaking Strain" and "The Thousandth Man" had a profound impact on me because they represent the main conceptual emotions that the majority of humanity, and I personally, have struggled with, and hence they have not only become my favourite poems, but an entire philosophy towards life that I am unlikely to ever forget.

"DANNY DEEVER" AND "TOMMY" KIPLING AS THE 'CHAMPION OF THE ORDINARY SOLDIER'

By GRESHAN RASIAH
(Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood)

Rudyard Kipling was a pioneer in evincing the experiences of the common soldier, and it is indeed the case that his messages ring true today. His poems "Danny Deever" and "Tommy" brilliantly portray the trials and tribulations of a soldier which do not normally gain the public's full attention. The bitterly morbid experience of death in "Danny Deever" complements Kipling's notion in "Tommy" of the undeservedly low social status of the Private during peacetime given all that he has undergone. It is this cloud of ignorance and degradation through which the public so often perceive the ordinary soldier that Kipling seeks to eradicate.

"Tommy" is a critique of the demeaning manner in which the 'red-coats' were treated by their fellow citizens during times of peace, in contrast to periods of war. By capturing the egotistic and almost callous attitude of civilians who 'laughed' at the common Private, moreover from the viewpoint of a "Tommy" himself, Kipling seeks to kindle a sense of injustice in the reader at this iniquitous and unacceptable behaviour, and evoke pathos for the unmerited status of the ordinary soldier in the social hierarchy.

Tommy Atkins was the name used to refer to a British Private. The fact that the common soldier is not even referred to by their real name, but instead a collective one, has a dehumanising effect. In taking away a person's real name one robs them of their identity. In doing so, Kipling illustrates the fact that the treatment the ordinary soldier receives is based on stereotypical notions, and not on the character of the soldier himself. This concept is clearly demonstrated in the second stanza when the protagonist, despite being 'as sober as could be', is not even granted the same seat in the theatre as a 'drunk civilian'. The juxtaposition of the two men and the undue treatment of the former serve to evince the inequality that the ordinary soldier underwent when not needed on the front line – a characteristic no society should accommodate.

Even the act of going into a 'public-ouse' to buy a 'pint o' beer' is a privilege the common Private cannot fully enjoy during times of peace. The declamatory statement, ' "We serve no red-coats here" ', brilliantly captures the second class citizen status of the ordinary soldier – a concept Kipling wanted to see eliminated. The fact that the Private is 'giggled' at (harshly suggesting a mindset of vindictive

arrogance in the perpetrator) illustrates his status bereft of respect or eminence. The reader as a result feels a deep sense of sympathy and injustice at the unwarranted position of the Private in the society.

The poem is a ballad, a poetical form described by Stephen Fry in his *The Ode Less Travelled* as "pub poetry". This informal style of writing enables Kipling to truly encapsulate the ambience of the common soldier. Moreover, the ballad's irresistible lilt eradicates any form of boundary that may exist between the reader and the protagonist, resulting in the proceeding content to seem conversational and almost universal. The reader can therefore relate to the fluctuating experiences of the soldier as both a "Saviour" and a "brute" much more readily and understand Kipling's desire to see their contemptuous treatment removed from the norms of society.

"Tommy" is written in iambic heptameter. This is often said to mimic the marching of a battalion or indeed a drum roll. The meter may also represent the soldier monotonously trudging through life with this overwhelming sense of frustration (this being signified by the stressed syllables) at his unmerited treatment. The latter reading provides an explanation for Kipling's use of pyrrhic. The strictness and disciplined manner of the soldier is symbolised metrically by the constant use of iambic heptameter. However, in line eight the use of 'O it's', which is pyrrhic, represents the protagonist struggling to control his frustration and being on the verge of losing his militaristic composure, symbolised metrically by the fact that the two unstressed syllables are on the verge of disrupting the strict meter of the poem.

Yet the fundamental plea of the soldier is not to be treated in the "special" way that he is 'when there's trouble in the wind'. Instead the Private, rather movingly, claims that he and his fellow comrades are 'most remarkable like you'. It is this desire for the soldier to live in equality that permeates throughout "Tommy", a right that all men and women are entitled to.

"Danny Deever" is a dialectic poem regarding subject matter that would have been almost unimaginable at the time² – the execution of a British soldier for such an unpatriotic deed seems far from the content that would be expected of by the man George Orwell coined as the "prophet of British imperialism". Yet the purpose for this was to illustrate to the British public at home (sources claim that the poem is based on the execution of a Private Flaxman in India) of the many aspects of war that they were not aware of, and the disturbing consequences they could inflict on the common soldier.

From the physical reaction of a person whom one would expect to be familiar with the works of the military, the reader is able to understand the severity that the sight of death poses. The 'Colour-Sergeant', despite being an experienced N.C.O., is described as turning 'white' on

'dreadin' ' what he has 'got to watch'. It is no wonder then that the inexperienced men are so overwhelmed that they 'fall down' to the ground. What makes the occasion all the more poignant for the young Private is that he knew the man to be executed. Files talks of how his 'cot was right-'and cot to mine' and how he 'drunk 'is beer a score o' times'. The reader is therefore moved to feel pity at the loss and bereavement that the common soldier would have experienced whilst in action.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the entire ballad though is the meter, and how Kipling manipulates it in order to illustrate different mindsets. For the majority of the poem, lines are written in iambic heptameter. What is particularly intriguing about iambic heptameter is its ability to be recited as alternating lines of tetrameter and trimeter - this after all would be more appropriate if the poem is to be sung, as Kipling often did with his, since it provides time for the performer to breathe. In the case of "Danny Deever", the first four lines of each verse are written as tetrameter followed by trimeter: ' "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.' However, the proceeding three lines are for the most part written as trimeter followed by tetrameter: 'For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play'. This metrical inversion signifies the change in tone of the voice of the Sergeant; his need to breathe earlier demonstrates his difficulty in managing the sight of 'Danny fightin' 'ard for life'. Moreover, the last line of each paragraph shifts into a new metrical foot; iambic pentameter. This, combined with the weak or feminine ending (that is a word with an unstressed final syllable) of 'mornin' ', superbly captures the Sergeant incapable of maintaining his normally disciplined composure (signified by the strict iambic heptameter) and succumbing the traumatic event – illustrated by the metrical shift to iambic pentameter.

The common soldier undergoes experiences that few civilians will ever be able to comprehend. The execution of a fellow comrade as in "Danny Deever" is without doubt phenomenally perturbing. Yet despite his privation, "Tommy" clearly illustrates how the ordinary soldier is scorned on by the very people he seeks to 'guard'. The notions that Kipling represents transcend the bounds of culture, gender, and time. They apply to the common soldier whether he be from the Colonial armies in India or whether she be from the frontline in Afghanistan. Surely, this achievement of universality is one to be marvelled at in itself. Yet it is his desire to ameliorate the life of the soldier that is most plausible. Kipling acts as a figurehead of the common soldier, encompassing their collective views and representing them to the citizen; fittingly gaining him the title of "champion of the ordinary soldier".

NOTES

1. *The Ode Less Travelled* by Stephen Fry
2. Reader's Guide - "Danny Deever", from the Kipling Society

"AN ACTIVE ACTING SUB-LIEUTENANT"

By CHRIS BILHAM

[As Mr Bilham explains in his article, he is now a collector of medals, which led him to the very interesting information set out in his article. He has lived and worked in Hong Kong, and is now in New Zealand. – *Ed.*]

My grandmother was an exceedingly patriotic old lady. Although she emigrated to New Zealand in the 1920s, even fifty years later she still referred to England as Home. When I was at an impressionable age she gave me a volume of *Barrack-Room Ballads* and I was soon spending my pocket-money on the cap badges of some of the distinguished regiments which had fought on the North West Frontier and in Afghanistan. When I finally had an income I graduated to medals and often thought of Kipling as I added to my collection, medals awarded to members of such units as the Guides and the Indian Mountain Artillery.

Years later, my collecting interests changed to the Royal Navy in the First and Second World Wars and, here again, I was delighted to discover that Kipling had preceded me. After returning to England in 1900, he became very interested in the Royal Navy and wrote a number of short stories and articles on naval themes. Shortly after the Battle of Jutland he wrote a series of sketches called "Destroyers at Jutland", later collected in *Sea Warfare*. The stories are largely based on the official reports of the battle, and the ships can be identified easily enough.

The first story in the collection is called "Cripple and Paralytic". The cripple was H.M.S. *Defender*; as a result of damage sustained in the battle she could steam no faster than 10 knots whilst H.M.S. *Onslow*, the paralytic of the title, could not steam at all.

Earlier in the battle *Onslow* launched an attack on an enemy light cruiser. Then, observing the approach of enemy battle cruisers, she attempted to fire two more torpedoes at them. Kipling narrates:

She possessed an active Acting Sub-Lieutenant, who, though officers of that rank think otherwise, is not very far removed from an ordinary midshipman of the type one sees in tow of relatives at the Army and Navy Stores. He sat astride one of the tubes to make quite sure things were in order, and fired when the sights came on.

But, at that very moment, a big shell hit the destroyer on the side and there was a tremendous escape of steam. Believing—since she had seen one torpedo leave the tube before the smash came—believing that both her tubes had been fired, the destroyer turned away "at

greatly reduced speed" (the shell reduced it), and passed, quite reasonably close, the light cruiser whom she had been hammering so faithfully till the larger game appeared. Meantime, the Sub-Lieutenant was exploring what damage had been done by the big shell. He discovered that only *one* of the two torpedoes had left the tubes, and "observing enemy light cruiser beam on and apparently temporarily stopped," he fired the providential remainder at her, and it hit her below the conning-tower and well and truly exploded, as was witnessed by the Sub-Lieutenant himself, the Commander, a leading signalman, and several other ratings. Luck continued to hold! The Acting Sub-Lieutenant further reported that "we still had three torpedoes left and at the same time drew my attention to enemy's line of battleships." They rather looked as if they were coming down with intent to assault. So the Sub-Lieutenant fired the rest of the torpedoes, which at least started off correctly from the shell-shaken tubes, and must have crossed the enemy's line.

[*Sea Warfare*, pp. 158-9]

As I read this, it occurred to me that Kipling must have been referring to Sub-Lieutenant Roderick Larken Moore whose medals I had purchased not long before. They were part of a lot consisting of a tin trunk which had turned up in a house-clearance in Wales. As well as the medals and miniatures, there were various items of uniform, a portrait in pencil dated 1915, navigation logs, a photo album from 1918, and numerous other items. The medals themselves consisted of the cased insignia of a Commander of the British Empire (C.B.E.), 1914-15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal with an emblem to show that he had been mentioned in despatches, Defence Medal, War Medal 1939-45, Jubilee Medal 1935 and Coronation Medal 1937. The last two had been engraved "Comr. R.L. Moore RN."

I sent off for Commander Moore's service papers and discovered that the medals I had bought belonged to an officer with a very interesting career:

* * *

Born in 1895, Moore joined the Royal Navy at the age of 12 and was educated at Dartmouth. On being appointed a Midshipman in January 1913, he had a plum posting – appointment to the newly-completed battle cruiser *Lion*. On the outbreak of the war she was the flagship of the Battle Cruiser Squadron, flying the flag of the dashing Admiral Sir David Beatty. She took part in all three of the main naval battles in the North Sea and was undoubtedly the most famous British warship of the Great War.

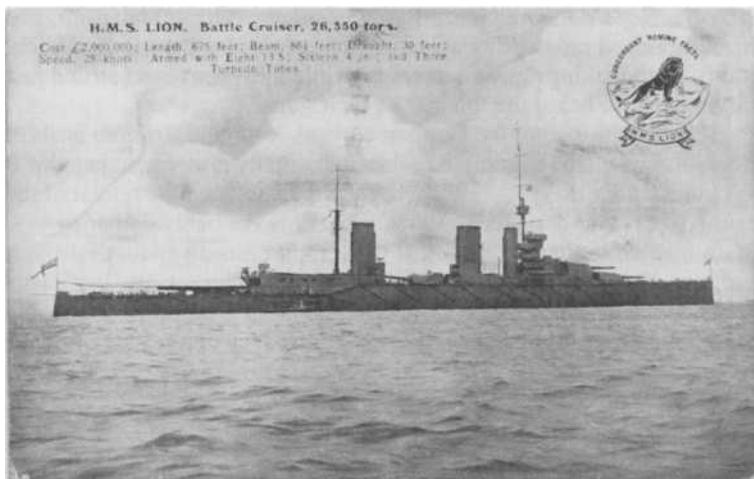


SUBLIEUTENANT R.L. MOORE, R.N. (1915)

THE BATTLE OF HELIGOLAND

The first of these actions took place in the first month of the war and came to be called the Battle of the Heligoland Bight. Early on the morning of 28th August 1914, a force of British destroyers and light cruisers attacked the German destroyers patrolling the approaches to

Germany's main naval base. The Germans quickly sent out a number of cruisers and the British forces found it difficult to disengage and withdraw; every minute that passed made it more likely that German battleships would emerge from their base and overwhelm them.



H.M.S. *LION*

The five battle cruisers were about 40 miles to the northwest, monitoring the signals with increasing concern. Even so bold a commander as Beatty hesitated to risk the Battle Cruiser Squadron in the confined waters of the Bight, and he asked his Flag Captain for his opinion. "I ought to go forward and support Tyrwhitt, but if I lose one of these valuable ships, the country will not forgive me". His captain replied, "Surely we must go". Beatty nodded, and at 1135 hrs *Lion* and the other four battle cruisers swung around to the south east and steamed in a single line at 27 knots into the Bight.

It still took an hour for the battle cruisers to reach the scene of battle and by the time they arrived, the British were hard-pressed. An officer on one of the cruisers described their arrival as follows: "Suddenly, out of the haze to westward, the shadowy form of a large ship loomed up. She was coming at high speed, black smoke was pouring from her funnels, and a huge white wave was rolling back from her bow. Alarm and dismay were followed by relief and joy when the oncoming giant was identified as H.M.S. *Lion*. One by one, out of the mist astern of the leader, four more huge shapes came into view. Following in each other's wake, they emerged . . . and flashed past us

like express trains. Not a man could be seen on their decks; volumes of smoke poured from their funnels; their turret guns, trained expectantly on the port bow, seemed eager for battle". Another officer described the same moment; "There straight ahead of us, in lovely procession, like elephants walking through a pack of dogs, came *Lion*, *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal*, *Invincible* and *New Zealand*. Great and grim and uncouth as some antediluvian monsters, how solid they looked, how utterly earthshaking ... we went west while they went east. .. and just a little later we heard the thunder of their guns".

Beatty's ships sunk the German cruisers *Koln* and *Ariadne* in short order, and would have sunk the other four enemy cruisers engaged if it had not been for the misty weather. They then covered the retreat of the light cruisers and destroyers, some of which were badly damaged.

In this battle the Germans lost three light cruisers and a destroyer, with casualties of 1,242; none of the British ships were lost. This defeat within sight of their own coastline was a humiliation for the Germans and prompted the Kaiser to adopt a very defensive policy for his fleet.

THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER BANK

On 15 January 1915 Moore was promoted to Acting Sub-Lieutenant. Nine days later he participated in the battle of the Dogger Bank. The Germans sent their battle cruisers to attack the British fishing fleet on the Dogger Bank; Naval Intelligence intercepted their signals, and at dawn on January 24, 1915 Beatty intercepted them with the Battle Cruiser Squadron.

The British sighted their enemies at 0750; the Germans immediately steered for home, and a chase developed. The stokers made superhuman efforts until, by 0854, *Lion* was making 29 knots. By that time the rear-most enemy ship, the armoured cruiser *Blucher*, was 20,000 yards away – just within range – and *Lion* opened fire. Before long the British ships were obtaining hits.

By 0945 four of Beatty's five battle cruisers were in range and they each engaged the corresponding ship in the German line. *Lion* fired on their flagship, *Seydlitz*, and one of *Lion's* 13.5 inch shells pierced the armour of the aftermost turret and set fire to the cordite charges. Fire flashed down to the magazine, then spread to the adjoining magazine and upwards to 'C' turret. The entire crews of both turrets were killed and *Seydlitz* narrowly avoided destruction.

Most of the German ships concentrated their fire on *Lion* and at 1018 she was staggered by a massive blow so violent that at first it was feared that she had been torpedoed. One shell pierced the 6 inch armour belt near the waterline, resulting in extensive flooding. In addition, a

shell splinter cut a fresh water pipe, allowing salt water to contaminate the system and eventually closing down the port engine.

As his flagship fell behind, Beatty sent a confusing series of signals which were misinterpreted by Admiral Moore in the *New Zealand*. The British ships turned back from the fleeing German battle cruisers and concentrated their fire on the crippled *Blucher*, which eventually capsize and sank. Her end was captured by a photographer and became one of the best-known images of the Great War.



H.M.S. ONSLOW

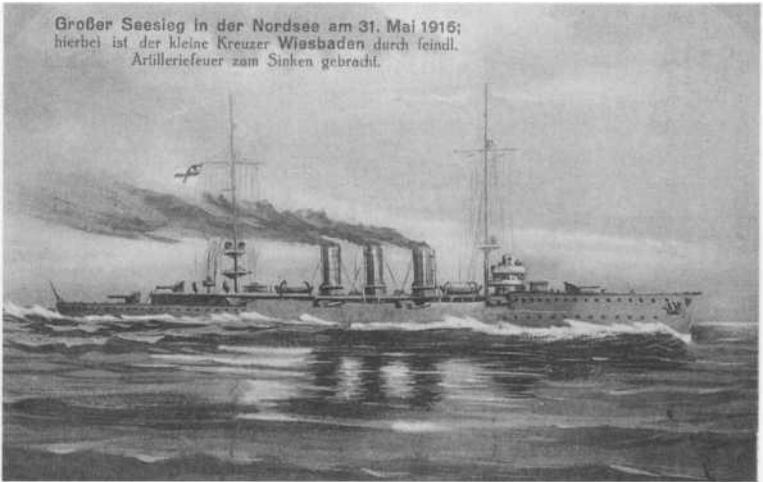
H.M.S. ONSLOW AND THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

Moore left the *Lion* in July 1915 and served briefly in two other ships before being appointed to the newly-commissioned destroyer *Onslow* in April 1916. She formed part of the 13th Destroyer Flotilla based at Rosyth, with the Battle Cruiser Fleet. *Onslow's* captain was Lieutenant Commander John Tovey, later Admiral of the Fleet Lord Tovey, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet during part of the Second World War. On the night of 30-31 May 1916 the Battle Cruiser Fleet sailed from Rosyth and, on the afternoon of the following day, intercepted their German counterparts in the North Sea. At this stage of the battle *Onslow* was not with the remainder of the 13th flotilla, having been detached to escort the seaplane carrier *Engadine*.

Onslow rejoined the battle cruisers just after their turn to the north at 1645, and took a position about three miles off the engaged-side bow

of *Lion*. Observing the German battle cruisers which appeared to have no cruiser screen, *Onslow* made a torpedo attack but, before coming within range, four enemy cruisers appeared and opened a heavy and accurate fire. Tovey decided to wait for a more favourable opportunity and turned back.

Then, on the junction between the Battle Cruiser Fleet and the Grand Fleet, *Onslow* sighted an enemy cruiser (*Wiesbaden*) which, although disabled, was in a position to fire torpedoes at the battle cruiser line. *Onslow* closed to within 2,000 yards and fired 58 rounds of 4 inch ammunition at her.



S.M.S. WIESBADEN

The enemy battle cruisers then made a turn which brought them into an ideal position for *Onslow* to launch a torpedo attack. Unfortunately, just as she was turning to bring the sights on, the ship was struck amidships by a heavy shell, and enveloped in clouds of escaping steam. In the confusion only one of the torpedoes was fired, although the Captain understood that all four tubes had gone. He sent Moore aft to check exactly what had happened. Moore, finding that there were still three torpedoes left, and sighting at that moment the much-battered *Wiesbaden* a couple of miles away on the beam, himself aimed and fired a torpedo at her. The torpedo hit the light cruiser and exploded. *Wiesbaden* later sank, there was only one survivor. Moore then returned to the bridge and reported to Tovey that there were still

Two torpedoes left. Although the ship's speed had dropped to only ten knots, Tovey decided to deliver a final attack on the enemy's line of battle, which at that time was re-appearing out of the mist about 8,000 yards away. This gallant attack was observed by the Admiral commanding the 3rd I.C.S. and quoted in Jellicoe's dispatch: "Here I should like to bring to your notice the action of a destroyer (name unknown) which we passed close in a disabled condition soon after 6pm. She apparently was able to struggle ahead again, and made straight for the *Derfflinger* to attack her".

Moore was sent aft again to supervise the firing of the torpedoes which were directed at the *Kronprinz*. *Onslow* was hit twice more by 4.2 inch shellfire, and a substantial section of the ship's deck and side was torn away. The previous hits had exploded in the boiler-room and, after a few minutes, she lost way and lay stopped, still within range of the enemy. Fortunately the battle moved away and soon *Onslow* was alone, drifting silently on an empty sea.

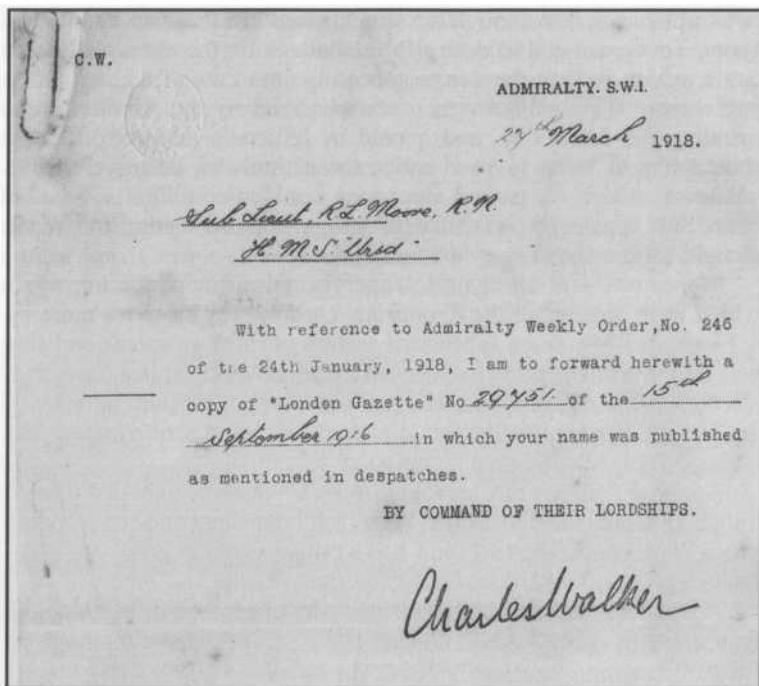
At about 1915 hrs the destroyer *Defender* came in sight and offered a tow, although she herself had been badly damaged and reduced to a speed of 10 knots. The two ships had a difficult voyage home but eventually arrived off Aberdeen on the afternoon of the 2nd June.

It was later ascertained that *Onslow* had been struck by three 5.9 inch shells from the *Lutzow*, and two 4.2 inch shells from the *Rostock*. Casualties were surprisingly light; three killed, of whom two were buried at sea.

As a letter from The Admiralty of 27 March 1918 shows, Moore was mentioned in despatches for his services in the battle "reported by his commanding officer to have been of invaluable assistance, taking charge of the torpedo armament with excellent results . . ."

LATER SERVICE

Moore went on to serve in two more destroyers, *Ursa* (October 1917 to April 1918) and *Wolfhound* (April 1918) before joining the battleship *Marlborough* in May 1918. On 21 November 1918 *Marlborough* was present at the dramatic surrender of the German Fleet. Shortly after dawn, 370 ships of the British, French and American navies steamed out of the Firth of Forth. Contact was made at about 0930, forty miles east of May Island: the light cruiser *Cardiff* led a line of 70 German warships, including nine battleships and five battle cruisers. Although the turrets were trained fore-and-aft the crews of the British vessels were at action stations and the ships flew every white ensign they possessed, as if going into action. They took up station on each side of the German line and escorted them to Rosyth and, later, to Scapa Flow.



THE LETTER FROM THE ADMIRALTY

In March 1919 *Marlborough* was commissioned as flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet and preceded to Gibraltar and then Malta. On 2 April she reached Constantinople, then under Allied occupation.

On 4 April 1919, a cold and misty morning, *Marlborough* left for Sevastopol. Her captain was entrusted with a letter from the Royal Family to the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia (mother of the late Czar Nicolas II) urging her to escape from Russia before it was too late. At the request of the Empress, *Marlborough* proceeded to Yalta where, on 7 and 8 April, she embarked twenty surviving members of the Romanov family, 25 members of the Court, 36 servants and about 200 tons of luggage. She sailed on the afternoon of 11 April : one of her officers recorded : "Our passengers stood for long on deck gazing astern with full hearts as the beautiful coastline of the Crimea faded from their view. We did not know it at the time, but with our departure all members of the Imperial Family then alive had left Russia forever . . ."

From April to December 1921 Moore was at *Dryad*, the Navigation School at Portsmouth. This was followed by a one year tour as Navigation Officer of the sloop *Espiegle* in the Persian Gulf. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander in 1924.

Moore received consistently good reports throughout the 1920s. Senior officers noted that he was conscientious, reliable and possessed of a sense of responsibility. He took the trouble to master all branches of his profession and had exceptional skill as a navigator. He displayed zeal and energy, and considerable organizing ability. He possessed distinct powers of command and leadership – he handled the men with tact and firmness, and was both popular and respected. He had a pleasing personality, being quiet, unassuming and even-tempered. One officer noted his sense of humour, although another recorded that he seemed to take life rather seriously. He was of average height and a wiry build, and fond of sport and games, including golf.

After his promotion, courses at shore establishments alternated with postings on various ships as Navigation Officer. He was promoted to Commander on the last day of 1929 and between 1930 and 1935 he had a further series of appointments as Navigation Officer: the cruisers *London* (1930-31) and *Devonshire* (1931-32), the battleships *Revenge* (1933) and *Resolution* (1934-35), and the cruiser *Effingham* (June to September 1935, as Fleet Navigation Officer). In January 1932 he attended the Staff Course.

In September 1935 he began a two year posting as Commander of the gunboat *Cockchafer*, an Insect-class river gunboat on the Yangtse River. He spent the period patrolling the river between Shanghai and Hankow, with occasional trips up to Chungking in the summer, when the water level was high. He left late in 1937, just as the Sino-Japanese War was breaking out.

Although only 45 on the outbreak of the Second World War, Moore served ashore throughout that conflict, as Deputy Superintendent and King's Harbourmaster at Sheerness Dockyard (1938-40), then at *Skirmisher*, the R.N. base at Milford Haven, Wales. In August 1942, acting in the rank of Captain, he joined *Drake*, the R.N. Barracks at Plymouth, where he remained for the remainder of the war. Moore was placed on the Retired List on 4 August 1945, his 50th birthday, with the rank of Captain, and awarded the C.B.E.

Such was the life of Captain R.L. Moore, R.N. By recording his youthful exploits, Kipling gave him immortality of a kind as "an active Acting Sub-Lieutenant".

THE INSPIRATION FOR "IF—"

By STEPHEN BERTMAN

[Stephen Bertman, Ph.D., is Professor Emeritus of Classics at Canada's University of Windsor. He is the author of *The Eight Pillars of Greek Wisdom* (Barnes & Noble) and *Handbook to Life in Ancient Mesopotamia* (Oxford University Press), as well as "Dante's Role in the Genesis of Dickens's 'A Christmas Carol,'" *Dickens Quarterly* 24.3 (September 2007) 167-175. He can be reached at Profbertman2@aol.com – Ed.]

What inspired Rudyard Kipling to write "If—arguably the most inspirational of all his poems?

Commenting upon the poem's universal popularity over a quarter of a century after its publication, Kipling himself in his autobiography, *Something of Myself* seemed to provide the definitive answer to this question.

Among the verses in *Rewards*² was one set called 'If,' which escaped from the book, and for a while ran about the world. They were drawn from Jameson's character, and contained counsels of perfection most easy to give.³

The 'Jameson' Kipling referred to was Leander Starr Jameson (1853-1917), a physician and charismatic patriot who, as a close friend of Cecil Rhodes, had supported the cause of British imperialism in South Africa. Tried in England and briefly imprisoned for having led a failed and politically embarrassing raid against the Boers in the Transvaal, Jameson stoically endured his role as scapegoat and, with wide popular support, went on to a distinguished public career capped by his service as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.⁴ In a letter written eight years before Jameson's death, Kipling referred to him as 'head and shoulders the noblest Roman of them all'⁵ and in another letter later recalled his personal magnetism.⁶ Indeed, the Jameson Raid itself may have served in large part as the inspiration for Kipling's poem "Hymn Before Action," published only months after.⁷

Before Kipling identified Jameson as the model for the portrait of character in "If—", many had speculated that the author had had another patriot in mind – an American one, George Washington. This, they inferred, from the location of the poem in Kipling's *Rewards and Fairies* anthology: coming immediately after the story "Brother Square-Toes", which prominently features a resolute President Washington willing to defy public opinion if necessary rather than go to war again against England.⁸ Indeed, Washington is also referred

to – as 'the Father of his Country' – in the poem "Philadelphia" that precedes the same story.

Though Kipling's own testimony identifies Jameson and not Washington as the historical inspiration for his poem, literary evidence points in an additional direction – to the land of India, Kipling's birth-place and long-time home, the inspiration for so many of his other works.

The personal characteristics praised in "If—" bear a striking resemblance to qualities celebrated in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the spiritual centrepiece of the great Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*.⁹

In Kipling's time, the *Bhagavad Gita* had already appeared in at least two English prose translations: the first by Thomas Wilkins (originally published by the East India Company's Court of Directors in 1785)¹⁰ and another, as part of the entire *Mahabharata*, translated by Pratap Chandra Roy (originally published in Calcutta in 16 volumes between 1883 and 1896).¹¹ But the most popular English version would prove to be a translation in verse entitled *The Song Celestial*, which appeared in 1885.¹² Its author was the distinguished editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and student of India, Edwin (later *Sir Edwin*) Arnold, already famous for his 1879 best-selling poetic biography of Buddha, *The Light of Asia*.¹³

Even as the speaker in "If—" instructs his son in virtue, so in the Twelfth Discourse, or chapter, of the *Bhagavad Gita* the god Krishna gives the young warrior Arjuna advice, enumerating the traits appropriate to the ideal man. Here, in Arnold's translation (with my own italics), is an extract from the conclusion of that chapter:

Who *hateth* nought
 Of all which lives, living himself benign,
 Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,
 Exempt from *love* of self, unchangeable
 By *good* or ill; patient, contented, firm
 In faith, *mastering* himself, *true* to his *word*,
 Seeking Me, *heart* and soul; vowed unto Me,—
 That *man* I love! Who troubleth not his kind,
 And is not troubled by them; clear of wrath,
 Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,
 That *man* I love! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,
 Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,
 Working with Me, yet from all works detached,
 That *man* I love! Who fixed in faith on Me,
 Dotes upon *none*, scorns *none*', rejoices not,
 And grieves not, letting *good* or evil hap

Light when it will, and when it will depart,
 That *man I love!* Who, unto *friend* and *foe*
 Keeping an equal *heart*, with equal mind
Bears shame and glory; with an equal peace
 Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain; abides
 Quit of desires, *hears* praise or calumny
 In passionless restraint, unmoved by each;
 Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in Me,
 That *man I love!* But most of all *I love*
 Those happy ones to whom 'tis *life* to live
 In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
 Drinking the blessed Amrit [nectar] of my Being!

The chief virtues praised here in the *Bhagavad Gita* are those of composure, detachment, and equanimity in the face of trial and temptation—virtues central to Hinduism and Buddhism, where they are signified by the terms *upeks* (in Sanskrit) and *upekkh* (in Pali). These are the very same virtues that are celebrated, albeit humanistically rather than theologically, throughout Kipling's "If—", most clearly in the couplet 'If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster/ And treat those two impostors just the same.'

"If—" and its ancient Indian archetype are roughly similar in length, the selection from the *Bhagavad Gita* having 28 and the poem "If—" 32 lines. Moreover, the two passages have particular words or their variants in common (italicized above), including 'hateth', 'hated', or 'hating', 'love' or 'loving', 'good', 'mastering' or 'master', 'true' or 'truth', 'word', 'heart', 'man', 'none', 'friend' or 'friends'; 'foe' or 'foes'; 'keeping' or 'keep', 'bears' or 'bear'; 'hears' or 'hear'; and 'life'-besides sharing the same simple prepositions, conjunctions, and pronouns. The word 'Man', which dramatically closes Kipling's "If—" ('You'll be a Man, my son!'), occurs an emphatic five times as part of Arnold's recurrent refrain, "That man I love!"

Strikingly, however, not a single "If—" occurs in the entire Arnold passage! Yet in the 17 verses of *The Song Celestial* that precede it, four 'if's' (italicized below) do indeed occur:

..... But *if* thy thought
 Droops from such height; *if* thou be'st weak to set
 Body and soul upon Me constantly,
 Despair not! give Me lower service! seek
 To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will;
 And, *if* thou canst not worship steadfastly,
 Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me!

For he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, *if in* this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure! find
Refuge in me! let fruits of labour go,
Renouncing hope for Me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation –very near–
Dwelleth Eternal Peace!

If Kipling was, in fact, familiar with all these verses from Arnold's *Song Celestial*, the repetition of 'man' and "If—" may well have sunk into his subconscious and ultimately influenced his choice of words for his own poem.

As Sultan Syed Azfar Husain has written:

Of all aspects of Indian culture the one which fascinated Kipling most was probably religion. Indian items falling into the realm of religion can be seen in almost every one of his works.¹⁴

Kipling's affinity for the spiritual sensibilities of Hinduism are perhaps most evident in his short story "The Bridge-Builders" where man's effort to build an enduring bridge over the Ganges is viewed as an illusory and ultimately futile gesture when measured against eternity's span and the capricious will of the gods. Similarly, as R. Thurston Hopkins has observed,¹⁵ the final release of *Kim's* old Lama from the ties of the material world resonates with Arnold's moving version of the *Bhagavad Gita's* Fifth Discourse.

Yet, how likely is it that Kipling was sufficiently familiar with the text of the *Bhagavad Gita* for its spiritual message to have had such an effect upon his creative imagination?

His first encounter with the *Mahabharata* occurred when he was 21 years old, a quarter of a century before the publication of "If—". The young Kipling was seemingly unaware of the hard-to-come-by Wilkins translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* and had instead perused the early chapters of the Roy version of the entire *Mahabharata*, which were just then reaching England. Ridiculing poet William Morris for having ranked the Hindu epic among the hundred best books in the world, the young Kipling called it a 'monstrous midden', saying 'a more hopeless, aimless, diffuse drivel (tempered by puerile obscenity) it would be hard to come across'.¹⁶ As to 'the golden mines of Oriental Literature', he concluded 'there are one or two things worth the reading but to get at

them one has to wade through a muck heap, and the vast bulk of the stuff that is as a matter of duty belauded and extolled to the skies is so much waste of paper and ink'.¹⁷ At this point in his life, Kipling appears unacquainted with Arnold's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which had only come out the previous year.

By 1892, seven years later, Kipling seems to have had some of Arnold's work at home – *The Song Celestial* and /or the earlier *The Light of Asia*.¹⁸ Writing from Vermont where he was then spending part of his honeymoon, Kipling apologizes for not having 'some of E. Arnold at hand' after attempting to parody some of the latter's verse from memory.¹⁹ Indeed, he had already alluded to Arnold's *The Light of Asia* in a letter composed in 1889.²⁰

As he was building a career writing about India, Kipling had viewed Arnold as a literary rival ('We'll smash Arnold into his own lights of Asia yet', he once wrote).²¹ Eventually, Kipling would dismissively classify him as a 'lesser poet'.²² One may speculate that, had Kipling been consciously aware of his literary debt to Arnold, he would have been loath to acknowledge it publicly.

As for Arnold himself, he seems to have been gracious in his estimate of Kipling's writings. When asked by a reporter in 1891 to say where the element lay that accounted for Kipling's success, Arnold, then on a lecture tour of America, replied: 'In the magic of his style. The style is all. Everybody writes, and everybody writes well, and what they write is printed in the same kind of type, but the style is all that determines whether what is written shall live or not. I admire Kipling. I delight in the photographic accuracy of his Indian sketches. I believe in him. . .'²³

With these words, Arnold may well have touched upon the quality that transcendently separates "If—" from all the various sources that in one way or another may have contributed to its composition, a quality that has allowed it to endure in people's minds and hearts to this very day: a power of rhythm and rhyme, a vividness of imagery, and a mastery of rhetorical design that together forcefully transmit its universal message.

One further source of inspiration remains to be noted, one much closer to England than the world of ancient India and young prince Arjuna. It is Kipling's own son, John, who had just turned thirteen when "If—" was published in October 1910. Of the 39 letters given to Pinney that Rudyard Kipling addressed to his son John (or jointly to John and his sister Elsie), the earliest dates to 1907 when John was not quite ten. It commends him for his good behaviour as a house guest, but scolds him for mailing his parents only brief post-cards.²⁴ The next year, when John was eleven and at boarding school, his father

chastises him for only getting 'very fair' grades,²⁵ but four months later writes again to express his and his wife's delight at learning that their son's place in his class had now significantly moved up.²⁶ The following month, Rudyard Kipling asks for an accounting of his son's expenditures, pointing out to the eleven-year-old, 'This is the first time, my dear old man, that you have been, so to speak, out on your own and we want you to behave well and make no trouble. Not that I think you will because as you know I always trust you at a pinch.'²⁷ Later, commenting on an arbitrary change in John's room-mates at school, Kipling sympathizes with his son's frustration, saying he himself had had the same experience when he was John's age, concluding: 'So buck up: it's all in the day's work.'²⁸ When John was about to turn thirteen, he commiserates with his son on a low grade in Greek,²⁹ but later tells John how distressed he was to learn from the school's headmaster that 'you were inclined rather to shirk difficulties when you come to 'em. *Don't* do that', he writes, 'It isn't a good habit and it grows on one.'³⁰

These bits of fatherly advice and counsel, mingled with expressions of genuine affection, are not in themselves the stuff of poetry, but they give us insight into Rudyard Kipling's parental mind-set: that of a man determined to instil in his young son a sense of self-reliance, duty, and responsibility. Had the 13-year-old read "If—" when it was first published – and Kipling doubted that he would³¹ – the boy would probably have been too young to fully appreciate its meaning. Nevertheless, in writing the poem, Kipling may have hoped that some day in the future his son would both read and understand its verses, and take them to heart on his journey to manhood.

Kipling's letters of affectionate advice and of fatherly pride continued until John was killed in battle in France at the age of eighteen, serving in the Irish Guards as a Second Lieutenant, a commission his father had ironically striven to secure for him. The last but one of those letters from Rudyard Kipling to his son, written a month before John died, poignantly concludes: 'Well, forgive a fool's scrawl but I've nowt [nought] to tell save that I love you and that I shall probably continue to do so . . . Ever your Dad.'³²

NOTES

1. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself: For My Friends Known and Unknown*, London: Macmillan, 1937, 191.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *Rewards and Fairies*, London: Macmillan, 1910.
3. *Something of Myself*, 191. See also Elizabeth Longford, *Jameson's Raid: The Prelude to the Boer War*, 2nd ed., Johannesburg: Jonathan Ball/London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1982, 44.

4. For a concise survey of Jameson's life and career, including a discussion of the Jameson raid, see Longford (above) and the Wikipedia article, "Leander Starr Jameson" (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Leander_Starr_Jameson).
5. To Lady Edward Cecil, 2 August 1909 (Thomas Pinney, ed., *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, 6 vols., Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1990-2004, Vol. 3, 384).
6. To Sir Herbert Baker, 22-23 February 1934 (Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 6, 251).
7. See Kipling's letter to Moberly Bell, 3 March 1896 (Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 2, 233 and 234, n.1).
8. See James McG. Stewart, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue*, ed. A. W. Yeats, Toronto: Dalhousie University Press and University of Toronto Press, 1959, 268. For evidence on the Washington hypothesis both *pro* and *con*, see "Concerning Tf" (*Kipling Journal*, 101 [19 April 1951], 15).
9. The similarities have been observed before, notably by John Algeo, *The Bhagavad Gita: A Study Course*, Wheaton: Illinois: The Theosophical Society in America, 2000, 15. Though such a comparison does not appear in his published writings (*The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda*, Calcutta: Advaita Ashrama, 1996), Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902) is said to have called Kipling's poem 'the English Secular version of the Bhagwat Gita' (quoted by Purveen J. Manekshaw [<http://quotations.about.com/b/2004/08/26/>]).
10. Charles Wilkins, trans., *The Bhagvat-Geeta*, facsimile reproduction, Delmar, New York, 1959.
11. Pratap Chandra Roy, trans., *The Maharabata of Krishna-Dwaipayana Vyasa*, Calcutta: Orienta Publishing Co., 1962.
12. Edwin Arnold, *The Song Celestial; or, Bhagabad-gita (from the Mahabharata): Being a Discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being under the Form of Krishna*, London: Trübner (later Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner), 1885.
13. For an edition with illuminating notes on the poem's Sanskrit references, see Edwin Arnold, *The Light of Asia: Being the Life and Teaching of Gôtama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism*, with notes by Mrs. I.L. Hauser, Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally, 1890.
14. S.S.A. Husain, *The Indianness of Rudyard Kipling*, London: Cosmos Press, 1983, 188. See also his "The Religion of Rudyard Kipling" in the *Journal of King Saud University*, Vol. 3 (1991), Arts, 141-164.
15. R. Thurston Hopkins, *Rudyard Kipling: A Character Study*, London: Simpkin, Marshall Hamilton, Kent, 3rd ed., 1921, 131.
16. Letter to W.C. Crofts, 18-27 February 1886 (Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 1, 121).
17. *Ibid.*
18. At the time of Kipling's death, neither book was in his study. His library did, however, contain two of Arnold's other works: *India Revisited* (1886) and *Pearls of Faith, or Islam's Rosary* (1894). A penciled inscription on the title page of the former shows that it was first owned by Kipling's American brother-in-law, who then gave it to his sister Caroline, Kipling's future wife. The absence of other books from Kipling's personal library may perhaps be explained by his comment at the very end of his autobiography: 'My treatment of books, which I looked upon as tools of my trade, was popularly regarded as barbarian. There were books that I respected, because they were put in locked cases. The others, all the house over, took their chances' (*Something of Myself*, 231).

I am indebted to Gary Enstone, manager of Bateman's, Kipling's home, for examining the original 1946 inventory of the library's holdings made at the time the house was passed on to the National Trust and also for inspecting the two volumes cited above on my behalf.

19. Letter to William Ernest Henley, 26 October 1892 (Pinney, *op.cit.*, Vol. 2, 64): '*Ôm arataya!* Lo the sage is bust!/ Tune us the zither neither low nor high...' In this letter, Kipling makes fun of a potential candidate for the post of Poet Laureate. The word '*Ôm*' is a Sanskrit mantra also used as a solemn introduction at the beginning of a Hindu prayer or sacred scripture. The word '*arataya*' (*sic!*) is not, however, a genuine Sanskrit word. In the absence of his books, Kipling attempted to reproduce—incorrectly as it turns out—an opening phrase from the eighth book of Arnold's *The Light of Asia*: '*Om, Amitaya*' ('*Om, Amitaya, measure not with words/ Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought...*'), *amataya* being the Sanskrit word for 'Immeasurable,' here capitalized as a divine personification.
20. Letter to Edmonia Hill, 3-25 December 1889 (Pinney, *op.cit.*, Vol. 1, 373).
21. *Ibid.*
22. Letter to Lady Rayleigh, 1 August 1922 (Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 5, 126, where Kipling attempts to identify the source of a quotation he used in *From Sea to Sea*, London: Macmillan, 1900, Vol. 1, Part 1, 4).
23. *The New York Times*, October 23, 1891, 9.
24. Letter of 27 June 1907 (Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 3, 242).
25. Letter of 20 October 1908 (*ibid.*, 341).
26. Letter of 10 (?) February 1909 (*ibid.*, 360), adding 'I always said that you had an intellect somewhere up your sleeve' (361).
27. Letter of (late March) 1909 (*ibid.*, 373).
28. Letter of 7 May 1909 (*ibid.*, 375).
29. Letter of 15 July 1910 (*ibid.*, 443).
30. Letter of 3 October 1910 (*ibid.*, 453).
31. See Kipling's letter to Anna Smith Balestier, 25 December 1911 (Pinney, *op.cit.*, Vol. 4, 80): 'He has just discovered that his Father is a sort of public man—a fact that he didn't realize before—and he is very funny about it. They ask him at school whether he has read any of his father's books and when he, quite truthfully, says 'no,' they don't believe him.'
32. Pinney, *op. cit.*, Vol. 4, 336.

THE ELUSIVE 'MRS HOOPER':
KIPLING, HOOPER,
AND THE LADIES OF WARWICK GARDENS

By HEIDI PIERCE

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Throughout the latter half of the twentieth century, a number of scholars in the *Kipling Journal* have questioned the identity of the mysterious 'Mrs Hooper' and her connection with Rudyard Kipling. The June 1960 edition of the *Kipling Journal* records that Gilbert Murray (1866-1957) remembered meeting Kipling (presumably) in 1881, when,

a Mrs Hooper told us that her nephew Ruddy was rather lonely in the holidays and would like to meet another boy. Ruddy came round once or twice, and we walked in Kensington Gardens and talked about books. His surname, I should mention, was Kipling. ("Notes" 3)

Three months after this piece was printed, W. L. Murray Brooks, intrigued by Murray's reference to Mrs Hooper and her nephew, Ruddy, asked 'What is known of Mrs Hooper?' (Brooks 15). Brooks observes that Kipling probably acquired a number of adopted aunts and uncles during his stay in England and thought that 'Mrs Hooper' might be one of them. But, although Brooks made some guesses about Hooper's identity and her connection with the 'three dear ladies' of Warwick Gardens, his information was patchy and incomplete. Now, fifty years after Brooks' question, I hope to offer an answer, not only to Mrs Hooper's identity, but to the ways in which she fits into the literary and artistic circle of 26 Warwick Gardens.

Ironically, much of the information that we have on the Kiplings' connection with Mrs Hooper and the Warwick Gardens set comes not from Kipling, but from his sister, Alice Fleming. In 1942, the *Kipling Journal* published Fleming's "Rough Notes" (submitted by Colonel C.H. Milburn) in which she recalls:

The three kind ladies, Miss Winnard, Miss Mary and Miss Georgiana Craik, lived at 26, Warwick Gardens, Kensington....My

mother had the good fortune to hear of them from her friends the George Hoopers, ('Waterloo' Hooper), for Miss Winnard was Mrs Hooper's sister. She lived with her lifelong friends, the Misses Craik...[and] they took charge of schoolgirls and young students. (Milburn 12)

It was to these women that Mrs Lockwood Kipling eventually committed the care of her two young children. The George Hoopers, to whom Fleming refers, were among the Lockwood Kiplings' 'limited circle of literary friends' in India (Lycett 59). George Hooper (1824-1890) was a journalist who wrote for several Liberal papers¹ before going to India in 1868 to edit the *Bombay Gazette*, where he would have met the Kiplings, who had moved there in 1865. George Hooper also wrote a number of military histories, including *Waterloo: the Downfall of the First Napoleon* (1862), from which his nickname "Waterloo" was drawn.

His wife, Jane Margaret Hooper (1819—c.1907), the 'Mrs Hooper' to whom Murray referred, was a novelist in her own right.² Writing primarily during the mid-Victorian period, most of her novels were directed toward young women and emphasized the importance of morality and Christian virtue, a theme that likely contributed to the positive reception of her early works. *Arbell: A Tale for Young People* (1847) was called an 'interesting and improving story' (*Christian* 152), while *The House of Raby, or Our Lady of Darkness* (1854) was 'exceedingly well-written' according to the *Examiner* (*Literary Examiner* 20). Indeed, Jane Hooper was applauded for the legacy that she would leave; the *Morning Chronicle* stated,

We can do no more than say that the authoress has displayed powers which are great enough to enable her to take a very lofty position amongst writers of romance... "The House of Raby" is one of the few romances of the day that will live. (Hooper *Raby*)

Given such praise, Brooks' question about the identity of Mrs Hooper less than one hundred years later is a sad irony. Her arguments about class privilege, particularly those in the *House of Raby*, were quite progressive for the period; but like many female authors of the Victorian period, she has been largely buried in time and is rarely read today. As a novelist and with her interest in social reform, however, it is little wonder that she eventually found herself among the literary visitors of Warwick Gardens.

As Milburn noted, Jane Hooper was the sister of Miss Hannah Winnard, one of the three women who ran the boarding house where Rudyard and Alice Kipling stayed upon their mother's return to India.

In his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937), Kipling records the beginning of his relationship with Hannah Winnard and the Craik sisters in 1878:

[Mother] confided my sister and me to the care of three dear ladies . . . in a house filled with books, peace, kindness, patience and what to-day would be called 'culture' . . . One of the ladies [Georgiana Craik] wrote novels on her knee . . . beneath two clay pipes tied with black ribbon, which once Carlyle had smoked. All the people one was taken to see either wrote or painted pictures or, as in the case of a Mr and Miss de Morgan [sic], ornamented tiles...Somewhere in the background were people called Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti, but I was never lucky enough to see those in good spirits. And there was a choice in the walls of bookshelves of anything one liked. (Pinney *Something* 15)

Andrew Lycett has argued that the De Morgans' presence at Warwick Gardens 'emphasizes its position as an outpost of second-generation Pre-Raphaelitism' (Lycett 60). Kipling's humorously ironic suggestion of Rossetti and Ingelow 'in the background,' identifies the prominent circle of authors and artists in which Hooper and the ladies of Warwick Gardens moved.

In addition to having a wide range of literary and artistic friends, Winnard and the Craiks apparently treated Kipling kindly, as he remembers them fondly throughout his autobiography. When he visited during school vacations, they would listen encouragingly while Kipling shared his early writings (Pinney *Something* 22), and nearly ten years after his introduction to them, Kipling's feelings toward these women were as warm as if they were family: 'There were the beloved Aunt and Uncle [Burne-Jones], the little house of the Three Old Ladies' (Pinney *Something* 47). According to Lisa Lewis, Kipling remained in contact with the Craiks and Winnard even after his return to India, a testimony to the strength of this childhood bond. Annie White, who boarded with the women after Fleming left,

wrote to tell Kipling how much she and a friend had enjoyed hearing his letters to the Ladies read aloud. She recalled. . . [visiting] Miss Winnard and Miss Craik often when they went 'to live with the Hoopers' (Lewis 31).

The fact that Mary Craik and Hannah Winnard went to live with the George Hoopers lends some credence to the close relationship that subsisted between Hannah Winnard and her sister. It is no surprise,

then, that between Kipling's arrival at Warwick Gardens in 1878 and his departure for India in 1882, Jane Hooper was probably a frequent visitor to the boarding house in Warwick Gardens and was well known to Kipling during his residence there.

Kipling's return to England in 1889, provides further evidence of his continued relationship with the Hoopers. His December 1889 letter to Edmonia Hill records a series of visits with members of the Hooper family, and on December 15, 1889, Kipling spent most of the day with them. He writes,

[I] lunched with [Wynnard] Hooper, Money editor of the *Times* ____ After tea (6 p.m.) still at Hoopers. Old Hooper his father of the Spectator took me home to a quiet dinner among the old maids with whom I lived in the holidays when I was fourteen years old. They were friends of Leigh Hunt and Carlyle so they be no spring chickens. A nice dinner only drawback having to repeat every remark 3 (three) III times – once for Mrs Hooper, once for Miss Wynnard, once for Miss Mary. The daughter of the house is a Socialist-artist. Don't know much about her socialism but her art is bad enough. Played cribbage with Old [George] Hooper. (Pinney *Letters I*, 371)

Despite Kipling's witty commentary on the 'old maids', he seems to have enjoyed both the time he spent with Wynnard Hooper and that passed with the rest of the Hooper family. During the seven years that had gone by since he left England for India, Kipling's relationship with the ladies of Warwick Gardens and the Hoopers had clearly remained strong.

In determining the role of Jane Hooper in Kipling's early life, the relationship between her children and Kipling becomes significant. When Brooks first asked, 'Who is Mrs Hooper?' he noted that around 1940, he purchased three books, *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892), *Life's Handicap* (1891), and *The Seven Seas* (1896), which were believed to have some connection with the ladies of Warwick Gardens. Brooks observed that *Life's Handicap* and *The Seven Seas* were both published in 1897 and signed by the owner, 'Wynnard Hooper' (Brooks 15), who was Jane Hooper's son. The third book, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, is signed 'M.L. Hooper' (15). Brooks incorrectly surmised that M.L. was the mysterious Mrs Hooper he was trying to trace (15-16); it was, in fact, her daughter, Margaret Hooper, the 'Socialist-artist' to whom Kipling refers in his letter.

Although ten years his senior, the Hooper children were friends with Kipling throughout his early career. In September 1991, Shamus O.D. Wade, published the article, "A Kipling Letter and a Carved Stick,"

which further demonstrates the familiar (and even familial) relationship between Kipling and the Hoopers. Wade's article included an unpublished Kipling letter addressed to Wynnard Hooper on October 11, 1898 – nearly nine years after Kipling's letter to Edmonia Hill:

Dear Wynn, You're a brick to like the Day's Work³ and specially "William"[.] No, she isn't Art altogether but she is grateful and comforting. . . .Yours always, Ruddy. (Wade 64)

According to Wade, *The Day's Work* had been published just four days earlier (64), which implies that Wynnard Hooper either had an advance copy of the work, or read it and sent a note of praise within two days of its publication. Either instance, taken together with the casual nicknames of both Kipling and Wynnard Hooper, suggests a well-established and comfortable friendship between the two men.

Margaret Hooper may have enjoyed a similar relationship with Kipling. Wade pairs the letter from Kipling with a stick, which is carved, "JK EK June 1906 MH RK JLK BATEMANS" (64). According to Wade, the label identifies it as a

willow stick cut for me at Bateman's by Rudyard Kipling when I was staying there. Decorated by his Father John Lockwood Kipling to show how patterns could be cut with a penknife in the fresh bark. With the initials of the two children John and Elsie (JK & EK), mine (MH), RK & JLK, June 1906. Margaret L. Hooper. (64)⁴

Although Kipling may have wittily dismissed Margaret Hooper in 1889, she was clearly on friendly terms with his family and stayed as a guest in his home in the early-twentieth century. According to Lisa Lewis, "Maggie Hooper" stayed with the Kiplings from 15 to 18 June 1906 (Wade 64). In fact, Margaret Hooper was still corresponding with Kipling about his works as late as 1910. In a letter dated from March of that year, Kipling writes to her:

In reply to your exceedingly interesting letter *re* the reference to Norse mythology in *The Knife and the Naked Chalk* – I am free to admit that when I originally wrote the tale I did not allude specifically to Thor and Fenris. But a low friend of mine from London (Her name was Maggie something or other) had the tale read to her and certain remarks which *she* made on the subject decided me, in vulgar language, to go nap on Thor and the Fenris legend!!

My dear Maggie, fancy your not remembering that *you* 'nursed the (O)pinion that compelled that steal'But more of this when we get home (about the beginning of April) and you come down to

Bateman's with your drawings. Carrie sends much love and so do I. We'll hope to see you about the time of appleblossom or nightingales if that fits Ever affectionately, Ruddy. (Pinney *Letters* III, 414)

Much like Wynnard Hooper, Margaret Hooper and Kipling retained their use of nicknames, and as this letter demonstrates, she was not only reading Kipling's work (as may be assumed from the 1892 *Barrack-Room Ballads* inscribed with her name), but was also providing feedback on some of his early stories. As urged by Kipling, Margaret Hooper did visit Bateman's in late May of 1910, and although that is the last record of the interaction between the Hooper and Kipling families, it was a relationship that probably continued to flourish. While the destruction of most of Kipling's papers makes it difficult to know the extent of the connection between the two families, what is clear is that the members of the Hooper family remained a consistent part of Kipling's life for at least thirty years, and that the important influence of Hannah Winnard and Jane Hooper, as well as the long friendship of Wynnard and Margaret Hooper speaks to the impact that the Hooper family had on Kipling.

Who was Mrs Hooper, then? Most obviously, she was the sister of Hannah Winnard, one of the 'three dear ladies' with whom Kipling formed a lasting friendship. She was also the mother of Wynnard and Margaret Hooper, both of whom were longtime friends of Kipling in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. More than this, however, Mrs Hooper was a reform-minded novelist who would have been at home among the distinguished set that frequented Kipling's early life in England. While it is impossible to tell what, if any, effect Hooper's stories and tales (which were likely not to the taste of a young, adventurous boy) may have had on Kipling, it is certain that she was a frequent member of that remarkable circle of authors, scholars, and artists that frequented Warwick Gardens and provided early inspiration to the budding young Kipling.

NOTES

1. The *Leader*, the *Spectator*, the *Globe*, the *Army-Navy Gazette*, the *Bombay Gazette* (from 1868-1871), and the *Daily Telegraph* (from 1872-1886) are among the magazines for which George Hooper wrote. His works on military history include, *The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte* (1859), *Waterloo: the Downfall of the First Napoleon* (1862), *Army Organization* (1871), *The Campaign of Sedan: The Downfall of the Second Empire* (1887), and *The Life of Wellington* (1889).
2. Some of her works include: *Arbell: A Tale for Young People* (1847), "The Strange Gentleman" (1851), *Recollections of Mrs Anderson's School: A Book for Girls* (1851), *House of Raby, or Our Lady of Darkness* (1854), *Little Maggie and her*

Brother: A Sketch for Children (1861), *Fanny and Arthur, or Persevere and Prosper: a Tale of Interest* (1862), "Prince Pertinax, or The Blue Rose" (1863), *Ma Bell's School Days* (1865), *A Young Man's Love* (1873), and *Prince Pertinax: A Fairy Tale* (1883).

3. According to Wade, "*The Day's Work* had been published on 7 October 1898, so Hooper had lost no time commending it" (p.64)
4. JK – John Kipling (1897-1915), EK – Elsie Kipling (1896-1976) MH – Margaret Hooper (b circa 1855), RK – Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), JLK – John Lockwood Kipling (1837-1911).

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BITTERS NEAT

By RUDYARD KIPLING

[This story was first published in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 19 April 1887, and was first collected in the Outward Bound edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, 1897 (Charles Scribner's Sons). The text reprinted here is from *The One Volume Kipling*, Authorized, (Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1928).

Notes to the story by John McGivering may be found in the *New Readers' Guide* section of our website as one of the works collected in the Sussex Edition. – Ed.]

The oldest trouble in the world comes from want of understanding. And it is entirely the fault of the woman. Somehow, she is built incapable of speaking the truth, even to herself. She only finds it out about four months later, when the man is dead, or has been transferred. Then she says she never was so happy in her life, and marries some one else, who again touches some woman's heart elsewhere, and did not know it, but was mixed up with another man's wife, who only used him to pique a third man. And so round again—all criss-cross.

Out here, where life goes quicker than at Home, things are more obviously tangled, and therefore more pitiful to look at. Men speak the truth as they understand it, and women as they think men would like to understand it; and then they all act lies which would deceive Solomon, and the result is a heart-rending muddle that half a dozen open words would put straight.

This particular muddle did not differ from any other muddle you may see, if you are not busy playing cross-purposes yourself going on in a big Station any cold season. Its only merit was that it did not come all right in the end; as muddles are made to do in the third volume.

I've forgotten what the man was—he was an ordinary sort of man—man you meet any day at the A.D.C.'s end of the table, and go away and forget about. His name was Surrey; but whether he was in the Army or the P.W.D., or the Commissariat, or the Police, or a factory, I don't remember. He wasn't a Civilian. He was just an ordinary man, of the light-coloured variety, with a fair moustache and with the average amount of pay that comes between twenty-seven and thirty-two—from six to nine hundred a month.

He didn't dance, and he did what little riding he wanted to do by himself, and was busy in office all day, and never bothered his head about women. No man ever dreamed he would. He was of the type that doesn't marry, just because it doesn't think about marriage. He was one of the plain cards, whose only use is to make up the pack, and furnish background to put the Court cards against.

Then there was a girl—ordinary girl—the dark-coloured variety—daughter of a man in the Army, who played a little, sang a little, talked a little, and furnished the background, exactly as Surrey did. She had been sent out here to get married if she could, because there were many sisters at home, and Colonel's allowances aren't elastic. She lived with an aunt. She was a Miss Tallaght, and men spelt her name 'Tart' on the programmes when they couldn't catch what the introducer said.

Surrey and she were thrown together in the same Station one cold weather; and the particular Devil who looks after muddles prompted Miss Tallaght to fall in love with Surrey. He had spoken to her perhaps twenty times—certainly not more—but she fell as unreasoningly in love with him as if she had been Elaine and he Lancelot.

She, of course, kept her own counsel; and, equally of course, her manner to Surrey, who never noticed manner or style or dress any more than he noticed a sunset, was icy, not to say repellent. The deadly dullness of Surrey struck her as a reserve of force, and she grew to believe he was wonderfully clever in some secret and mysterious sort of line. She did not know what line; but she believed, and that was enough. No one suspected anything of any kind, for the simple reason that no one took any deep interest in Miss Tallaght except her Aunt; who wanted to get the girl off her hands.

This went on for some months, till a man suddenly woke up to the fact that Miss Tallaght was the one woman in the world for him, and told her so. She jawabed him—without rhyme or reason; and that night there followed one of those awful bedroom conferences that men know nothing about. Miss Tallaght's Aunt, querulous, indignant, and merciless, with her mouth full of hair-pins, and her hands full of false hair-plaits, set herself to find out by cross-examination what in the name of everything wise, prudent, religious, and dutiful, Miss Tallaght meant by jawabing her suitor. The conference lasted for an hour and a half, with question on question, insult and reminders of poverty—appeals to Providence, then a fresh mouthful of hair-pins—then all the questions over again, beginning with:—'But what do you see to dislike in Mr. ——?' then, a vicious tug at what was left of the mane; then impressive warnings and more appeals to Heaven; and then the collapse of poor Miss Tallaght, a rumped, crumpled, tear-stained arrangement in white on the couch at the foot of the bed, and, between sobs and gasps, the whole absurd little story of her love for Surrey.

Now, in all the forty-five years' experience of Miss Tallaght's Aunt, she had never heard of a girl throwing over a real genuine lover with an appointment, for a problematical, hypothetical lover to whom she had spoken merely in the course of the ordinary social visiting

rounds. So Miss Tallaght's Aunt was struck dumb, and, merely praying that Heaven might direct Miss Tallaght into a better frame of mind, dismissed the *ayah*, and went to bed; leaving Miss Tallaght to sob and moan herself to sleep.

Understand clearly, I don't for a moment defend Miss Tallaght. She was wrong—absurdly wrong—but attachments like hers must sprout by the law of averages, just to remind people that Love is as nakedly unreasoning as when Venus first gave him his kit and told him to run away and play.

Surrey must be held innocent—innocent as his own pony. Could he guess that, when Miss Tallaght was as curt and as unpleasing as she knew how, she would have risen up and followed him from Colombo to Dadar at a word? He didn't know anything, or care anything about Miss Tallaght. He had his work to do.

Miss Tallaght's Aunt might have respected her niece's secret. But she didn't. What we call 'Talking rank scandal,' she called 'seeking advice'; and she sought advice, on the case of Miss Tallaght, from the Judge's wife 'in strict confidence, my dear,' who told the Commissioner's wife, 'of course you won't repeat it, my dear,' who told the Deputy Commissioner's wife, 'you understand it is to go no further, my dear,' who told the newest bride, who was so delighted at being in possession of a secret concerning real grown-up men and women, that she told any one and every one who called on her. So the tale went all over the Station, and from being no one in particular, Miss Tallaght came to take precedence of the last interesting squabble between the Judge's wife and the Civil Engineer's wife. Then began a really interesting system of persecution worked by women—soft and sympathetic and intangible, but calculated to drive a girl off her head. They were all so sorry for Miss Tallaght, and they cooed together and were exaggeratedly kind and sweet in their manner to her, as those who said: 'You may confide in us, my stricken deer!'

Miss Tallaght was a woman, and sensitive. It took her less than one evening at the Band Stand to find that her poor little, precious little secret, that had been wrenched from her on the rack, was known as widely as if it had been written on her hat. I don't know what she went through. Women don't speak of these things, and men ought not to guess; but it must have been some specially refined torture, for she told her Aunt she would go Home and die as a Governess sooner than stay in this hateful—hateful—place. Her Aunt said she was a rebellious girl, and sent her Home to her people after a couple of months; and said no one knew what the pains of a chaperone's life were.

Poor Miss Tallaght had one pleasure just at the last. Halfway down the line, she caught a glimpse of Surrey, who had gone down on duty,

and was then in the up-train. And he took off his hat to her. She went Home, and if she is not dead by this time must be living still.

* * *

Months afterwards, there was a lively dinner at the Club for the Races. Surrey was mooning about as usual, and there was a good deal of idle talk flying every way. Finally, one man, who had taken more than was good for him, said, *apropos* of something about Surrey's reserved ways,—'Ah, you old fraud. It's all very well for you to pretend. I know a girl who was awf'ly mashed on you—once. Dead nuts she was on old Surrey. What had you been doing, eh?'

Surrey expected some sort of sell, and said with a laugh:

'Who was she?'

Before any one could kick the man, he plumped out with the name; and the Honorary Secretary tactfully upset the half of a big brew of shandy-gaff all over the table. After the mopping up, the men went out to the Lotteries.

But Surrey sat on, and, after ten minutes, said very humbly to the only other man in the deserted dining-room: 'On your honour, was there a word of truth in what the drunken fool said?'

Then the man who is writing this story, who had known of the thing from the beginning, and now felt all the hopelessness and tangle of it,—the waste and the muddle,—said, a good deal more energetically than he meant:

'Truth! O man, man, couldn't you see it?'

Surrey said nothing, but sat still, smoking and smoking and thinking, while the Lottery tent babbled outside, and the *khitmutgars* turned down the lamps.

To the best of my knowledge and belief that was the first thing Surrey ever knew about love. But his awakening did not seem to delight him. It must have been rather unpleasant, to judge by the look on his face. He looked like a man who had missed a train and had been half stunned at the same time.

When the men came in from the Lotteries, Surrey went out. He wasn't in the mood for bones and 'horse' talk. He went to his tent, and the last thing he said, quite aloud to himself, was: 'I didn't see. I didn't see. If I had only known!'

Even if he had known I don't believe . . .

But these things are kismet, and we only find out all about them just when any knowledge is too late.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

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John Lambert, Hon. Membership Secretary

BOOK REVIEWS

By THE EDITOR

MAN AND MASON – RUDYARD KIPLING, by Richard Jaffa, May 2011, AuthorHouse U.K. Ltd., (ISBN 978-1-4567-8134-7, paperback, £12.00, xx+257 pages).

Richard Jaffa, a member of our Society and a Freemason of more than 40 years standing, states in his Author's note: 'Although this book is primarily intended for Freemasons, there will be Kipling devotees who may wish to gain a better understanding of this aspect of his work.' I definitely fall into this second category.

The "Introduction" sets out the reasons why Mr Jaffa undertook this work, gives a good summation of Kipling and Masonry, and concludes that this became the basis from which Kipling developed his

"Law". The first chapter is principally a biographical resume for Masons who are new to Kipling, describing his life and some of his works, pointing up some of the Masonic links embedded in his material, including the quasi-masonic 'Friendlies' club for the small group who worked on that newspaper in Bloemfontein in 1900. I suggest that non-masons first read the "Masonic Notes and Glossary" at the end of the book before going to the main body. Although they do not answer all questions, they do help.

Subsequent chapters cover "Freemasonry in India and Kipling's Masonic Career and Connections", "Kipling's Philosophy", then sections on his works: "The Early Stories", "Kim", "Debits and Credits", his Poems, "Other Masonic References" and "Other Writers' Views on Kipling's Masonry". Although the obviously Masonic stories will be well-known to members, it is likely that they will have missed some of the Masonic references where Kipling quotes from a Ritual. Mr Jaffa has made good use of the letters and articles that have appeared in the *Journal* and has also accessed various Masonic publications. As can be seen from the Bibliography, he has also researched the available literature most thoroughly.

Although Kipling seemed to have dropped Masonry after he left India in 1889, this was not the case. He joined three research Lodges at different times in his life – in Britain, the Quatuor Coronati and Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia, and the Philaethes Society in North America. There is one record of him signing in as a Visitor to Rosemary Lodge No.2851 in England on 17 November 1924.

One of the principal benefits of this book is that it brings together in one place, information on Kipling's Masonic activities and the use he made of the knowledge that he gained. For example, the *Readers' Guide* on our website has details of most of the Masonic references noted, but when reading a story one needs to recognise them as such in order to look them up. To take just one example, the skeleton used in "The Rout of the White Hussars" is actually an item peculiar to one of the Masonic Rituals. He has also unearthed documents in the Masonic archives signed by Kipling which are included in the illustrations, one of which from Lahore gives an idea of the inspiration for the character of Kim. I am deliberately not giving further details here because I don't want to spoil anyone's pleasure.

There are unfortunately too many typographical errors, usually in dates and in names, which might be an irritant to members but will probably not affect the Masonic readers. This is in fact a well-researched book on what turns out to be more than just a specialised adjunct to Kipling's life. It will be a worthy addition to any Kipling library.

AFTERWORD: CONJURING THE LITERARY DEAD, ed. Dale Salwak, May 2011, University of Iowa Press, (ISBN 978-1-58729-989-6, paperback, US\$19.95, 248 pages).

This is a collection of 20 essays by modern authors, who for this review will be referred to as essayists to distinguish them from their personal choice of deceased author. The essayists were each given the same brief – "If you could meet one deceased literary figure, who would that be, what would you ask, what would you say, what would they say, and why?" The interactions, or sometimes non-interactions, of the essayists and the authors demonstrate almost as many ways of communicating as there are essayists. Some travel into the past to meet their quarry, some bring the author into the present, some have a question-and-answer session, another eavesdrops on a conversation, others make the initial connection by telephone, and yet others place more emphasis on explaining what they would like to know rather than confronting their author.

A consequence of this approach is that the essays are rather variable in their level of interest. The direct interview technique struck me too often as presenting the essayist as impertinent and frequently prurient. Were it not for the fact that the essayist supplies the text for both author and interviewer, they could be dismissed out of hand. However, because the essayists usually acknowledge this in the exchange, I found that it was necessary to question my own reactions to what has been written. In my opinion, the majority of these essays should be described as fiction with some support from a factual skeleton, though I have seen them classified as non-fiction.

Following the *Introduction* by Dale Salwak and Laura Nagy (on literary imagination), which is an excellent summary of the exercise and its results, we have in *Crossing Over*, a fascinating dissertation on the interactions of the living and the dead, around the globe and across the millenia, by Margaret Atwood (Descent: on negotiating with the dead). She comments that 'its hypothesis is that not just some, but *all* writing of the narrative kind, and perhaps all writing, is motivated, deep down, by a fear of and a fascination with mortality—by a desire to make the risky trip to the Underworld, and to bring something or someone back from the dead.' Although this essay is extracted from her Cambridge University Press 2002 book of this title, it makes one want to read the original work.

Visitation consists of six essays: Jeffrey Meyers (on Samuel Johnson), Nora Crook (on the Shelleys), Cynthia Ozick (on Henry James), Ann Thwaite (on Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edmund Gosse, A. A. Milne, and Emily Tennyson), William M. Chace (on Ezra Pound), and Peter Firchow (on George Orwell), none of which I found of much interest.

Evocation brings together eight essays: Eugene Goodheart (on Jane Austen), Brian Aldiss (on Thomas Hardy), Francis King (on Oscar Wilde), Paul Delany (on George Gissing), Alan Sillitoe (on Joseph Conrad), John Halperin (on Edith Wharton), Jay Parini (on Robert Frost), and Carl Rollyson (on William Faulkner).

Of these, the most interesting was that on Jane Austen. The format is an interview on the topic of *Emma*, and Goodheart makes Austen's teasing defence of it most intriguing. Another that I enjoyed was Aldiss on Hardy who is discovered sketching a Wessex village church. Gissing is brought into the 21st century, the resolution showing considerable common sense by the essayist, but the remainder seemed rather a mixed bag.

Consolidation is the final section, with Colin Dexter (on Alfred Edward Housman), Catherine Aird (on Rudyard Kipling), Margaret Drabble (on Arnold Bennett), and Alan W. Friedman (on Samuel Beckett).

In these four essays, about three Englishmen of virtually the same generation and an Irishman of the early 20th century, there is no interviewing, no biographical speculation, just straightforward commentary on what the essayists would have liked to ask the authors about their works, seasoned with a little history. The approach taken is best illustrated by a quote from Colin Dexter:

First then, let it be the text; and then, if it be required, the biographical details second... let me emphasize once more that a great many poets . . . were not saying look at *me*; they were saying look at what I *wrote*; look at my works, since that is what is important about my achievements as a poet, or a classical scholar, or whatever.

Catherine Aird has used this approach in her sensitive essay on Kipling. Her particular interests include "They", "My Boy Jack", "The Way through the Woods", "The Children of the Zodiac", and "The Death-Bed". She notes all the writing on cancer and puzzles over how he knew so much about the disease since he was only about 27 years old when "Zodiac" was first published.

Margaret Drabble writes sympathetically of Bennett's interest in women and of how the changes in attitudes over the last 80 years have affected his acceptability by modern readers.

Finally, to contradict everything that I have noted as a virtue in the earlier essays, Alan Friedman spends more time on the person of Samuel Beckett than he does on the works, and succeeds in showing a very kindly, if reclusive, man. These last four essays, plus those by Margaret Atwood, Brian Aldiss, and Eugene Goodheart, are what for me really make this collection worth reading.

"Do you like Kipling ?"

**" I don't know, you naughty boy,
I've never kipped!"**



This is just one of 50 Donald McGill postcards that have been recently republished in full colour as greetings cards, the front covers of which can also be used as originally intended. They may be seen in the online shop of the Donald McGill Museum and Archive at: www.donaldmcgill.info and ordered from there at £1.99 each including VAT and U.K. postage. Alternatively, they can be ordered by post from the Donald McGill Archive and Museum, 15 Union St, Ryde, Isle of Wight P033 2DU.

McGill does as good a job as ever in raising a smile! – Ed.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"Z. 54. R.A."

From: Lt-Col R.C Ayers, O.B.E., (Late Royal Artillery, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire, SP1 3SB

Dear Sir,

With reference to Professor Pinney's article on "Kipling's Pseudonyms", the last on his list is "Z. 54. R.A.", which Kipling attached to the poem "On Fort Duty", published in the *U.S.C. Chronicle* dated 28 March 1884. Professor Pinney supposes that this pseudonym for a Gunner subaltern pining for action when miles away on fort duty was based on 'a standard sort of identification for a member of the Royal Artillery' but at that time Royal Artillery other ranks were allocated a four or five figure regimental number and officers were not referred to by number. However, the pseudonym is in the format used to identify field batteries of the Royal Artillery. Between 1882 and 1889, such batteries were lettered from A down to W in each of four administrative artillery 'brigades', numbered 1 to 4. A battery could be deployed anywhere in the world, regardless of which brigade it was in, and in 1884, when Kipling sent his poem to Cornell Price, the batteries at Mian Mir were N Bty and P Bty, 3rd Bde, R.A. and C Bty, 4th Bde, R.A. In the shorthand version of the day, these would be identified as N.3, P.3 and C.4, with R.A. added when used outside the Royal Artillery.

For his fictional battery Kipling had a choice of X, Y or Z and any number greater than 4, so suitable choices would have been X..5, Y.5. or Z.5.R.A. When Andrew Rutherford reprinted "On Fort Duty" in his *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* in 1986 he drew attention to the similarity of Z.54.R.A. to Thackery's 'Pleaceman X.54' in his "Ballads of Policeman X" in *Contributions to 'Punch'*. He refrained from making any further connection but I feel that it was quite possible that Kipling chose Z.5 and just added the 4 as a homage to his predecessor.

Yours faithfully,
ROGER AYERS

