



*The*  
**KIPLING JOURNAL**

Published quarterly by the

**KIPLING SOCIETY**



**JUNE 1973**

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## THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was — Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

### THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—

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# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## Forthcoming Meetings

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### COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, at 2 p.m.

Wednesday, 13th June, 1973 (N.B. NOT now 20th June).

Wednesday, 19th September, 1973, after A.G.M.—see below.

Note change of time to 2 p.m.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At 50 Eaton Place at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, 19th September, to be followed by Council Meeting, as above.

### DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

**Wednesday, July 18th, 1973:** Mr. W. J. Craig, C.B.E., will speak on "Why did Lockwood Kipling go to Bombay?"

**Wednesday, Sept. 19th, 1973:** Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will speak on "Kipling's Love Stories".

**Wednesday, Nov. 21st, 1973:** Mr. Michael Curtis will speak on "The Engineer and the District Officer".

### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, on Tuesday, 30th October. The Guest of Honour will be John Gross Esq., Editor of "Rudyard Kipling, the Man, his Work, and his World".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### "THE GANGES PILOT"

It will be remembered that on page 137 of *The Light that Failed* the Nilghai sings a song called "The Ganges Pilot", which is quoted in full; and when Dick asks 'Where in the world did you get that song?' the Nilghai replies, 'On a tombstone in a distant land. I made it an accompaniment with heaps of bass chords.'

On 24 October 1972 two letters from Kipling to a Mr. Wynne dated 6 and 31 October 1916, were sold at Sotheby's for £20, one being autograph and the other typed. According to the Catalogue (I was unable to see the actual letters) these are thanking Wynne 'for sending a copy of "The Ganges Pilot", discussing problems about verses said by Busted in his *Echoes of Old Calcutta* to be on a tombstone dated 1738 and to refer to an episode in the life of Job Charnock, but thought by Kipling to be of later date.' And a quotation from one of the letters is given: 'I do not believe for one instant that these verses are eighteenth century work, as Busted implies. May I ask from what source you got them? . . . Was Busted misled: were they a deliberate fake? Was there a tombstone at all . . .?'

As not all Members have complete runs of the *Journal* easily available it seems worth quoting here a note on the subject contributed to No. 24 (Dec: 1932) by Kipling's first bibliographer, E. W. Martindell:—

'The author of the poem "The Ganges Pilot" was Dr. Norman Chevers, of the Medical Establishment in Calcutta in 1869, the year in which the poem first saw the light of day. Sir Joseph Fayer referred to Dr. Chevers as "a man of erudition and experience, famous alike as physician, a medical jurist, and an antiquarian, a man of wide and varied culture, and of a most amiable disposition." The late Dr. H. E. Busted, author of *Echoes of Old Calcutta* [1882], has definitely proved that the poem appeared in *The Englishman* [a Calcutta newspaper] in July 1869, immediately below an announcement regarding a tombstone with an epitaph relating to one Joseph Townsend, Pilot of the Ganges, which had just been unearthed, but the poem did not form any part of the inscription on the tombstone. Dr Busted was in Calcutta at the time, and saw the tombstone in St. John's Graveyard, on which the only inscription was as follows:—"Here lyes the body of Joseph Townsend, Pilot of the Ganges, Skillful and Industrious; A Kind Father and a useful friend, who departed this life 26th June 1738, Aged 85 years."

'On the same day that he saw the tombstone, Dr Busted went up to see Dr. Chevers at the Medical College and spoke to him about the verses, when Dr. Chevers smiled and said, 'Of course they are merely a gloss on the times in which the old fellow lived, and on the moving accidents by flood and field, which he and his companions may have

encountered—and on the stories more or less traditional which have come down to us".'

It would be interesting to know if the verses appeared in Busted's book, and if and when Kipling read it, and if not, how he came to know them. He does not mention Joseph Townsend, "The Ganges Pilot"—or Busted and his book—in *The City of Dreadful Night* in which, in the chapter called 'Concerning Lucia' he actually quotes two genuine poems from tombstones in the Calcutta cemetery which he apparently transcribed on the spot. But he acknowledged a debt to Sir William Hunter in a letter dated 15 January 1897 in which he says: 'It is curious, on looking back, to think how your essays, 'Some Calcutta Graves', sent first myself and then my sister over the same ground. There is a marvellous fascination in that Park Street Cemetery, where all the used-up machinery of the Empire is put away.'

Hunter's essays do not seem to have been published in book form until 1897, but must have been available many years earlier in periodicals which the Kiplings had at Lahore—unless Hunter, who was a family friend, lent them the manuscript.

### "OUR LADY OF MANY DREAMS"

Dr. Ian Jack, Fellow and Librarian of Pembroke College, Cambridge, writes that his College Library has been presented with an interesting early Kipling manuscript, the first three stanzas of this poem which subsequently appeared (with an additional stanza) in *Echoes* (1884). It is signed by a monogram of JRK and dated 1882, and Dr. Jack describes it as looking 'a little like a home-made Christmas card. It is lettered in black ink on a semi-stiff glossy card, and the flowers on the left seem to be hand-coloured.'

It is accompanied by a note from the donor, Mr. David Collet, an elderly member of the College, which describes its provenance so far as he knows it. It was given to him by his mother who was the daughter of a judge called Drysdale who spent most of his life in India. She was born there in 1873, and in about 1894 she was engaged to 'Willie Patterson in the I.C.S.', who died suddenly of typhoid fever. 'My mother', writes Mr. Collet, 'who had nursed him in his illness, was grief-stricken, and a friend of Patterson's, by name S. Levett Yeats, consoled her and befriended her at this time. Yeats was a literary man and a friend of Rudyard Kipling.' Apparently he was one of a group of young men interested in literature 'and at some time Kipling had given him this manuscript poem. I do not know whether Yeats's intentions were to replace Patterson in my Mother's affections—but he certainly meant something to her at this time, and he gave her the manuscript as something that he treasured . . . Towards the end of her life she gave me the manuscript, telling me the above story, and saying that some day it would be of considerable value.'

No evidence seems to be available about Kipling's friendship with the Levett Yeats family. The man in question was Sidney Kilmer Levett Yeats, a minor novelist, author of *The Honour of Savelli* and *The Heart of Denise*. His brother, Gerald Aylmer Levett Yeats (1863-1938) was an I.C.S. in charge of Opium in India from 1885 to 1920 and author of books on Indian birds. Although not mentioned by name, it may have been G. A. Levett Yeats who was responsible for Kipling's visit described in 'In an Opium Factory' published in *The Pioneer* in April of

either 1888 or 1889 (the Bibliographies differ).

It would be interesting to know whether the original "Our Lady of Many Dreams" was written with any particular girl in mind: if Flo Garrard, how did Levett Yeats come to have it? And if one of the many maidens in India who stirred the susceptible heart of the young bard—who was it?

### SOME KIPLING MEMORIES

On 20 January 1936, a few days after Kipling's death, *The Statesman*, an Indian paper with a very wide circulation on the sub-continent published a long article made up mainly of recollections by an anonymous writer who obviously had known him well. It is too long and rambling to reprint in full, but some anecdotes do not seem to have appeared elsewhere and are worth quoting.

About *Plain Tales* we learn that as the first edition 'was small and running out of print rapidly, a second edition was issued, the history of which is curious. The publishers thought with good reason that it might do well in England; so, with this idea they shipped a thousand copies to London in sheets to be bound and published in the metropolis. This small issue was the foundation of Kipling's fame. At the time, he was scarcely known at all outside of India. The only person of any note who had noticed him was Andrew Lang; and it was in part owing to a personal letter from him that Kipling decided to launch his craft in the old country.

'The London office of Thacker, Spink and Co. had the greatest difficulty in finding a market for the thousand copies of *Plain Tales*. In this case a prophet was certainly without honour. No one would look at it. But—and this is another story—the *Saturday Review* had its attention drawn to the book and published a very fine review, which at once opened out the market.' [This review, which appeared on 9 June 1888, was by the Editor, W. H. Pollock. See *Kipling: the Critical Heritage* (1971) p. 36]. 'Kipling arrived in England to find himself on the borders of fame. And it is curious that one of the first letters he opened on his arrival was a note from India to say that the account of his travels published there was a failure! This series was afterwards published [as] *From Sea to Sea* . . .'

' . . . *The Light that Failed* was issued as a special supplement to *Lippincott's*. This last was written under peculiar circumstances. A representative of *Lippincott's* approached him with the offer, but it was coupled with the proviso that the manuscript should be delivered in a week. It was assumed, of course, that he had a long story ready for delivery. Kipling had always been in doubt whether he could last over the "long course". He had nothing at all to suit at the time, but he accepted the offer and also the stipulation. Then he worked day and night, finishing the book in four days from receiving the commission. The effort was more than he could stand and he was seriously ill in consequence. There is another phase to this episode and that is how he came into possession of the plot. But that is a sacred confidence . . .

'It is natural that Kipling should have possessed the eccentricities of genius. In his chambers [in Villiers Street] he had a huge roll-top desk at which he did his work. He probably picked it up second hand. He also had a Gurkha *kukri*, a particularly fine one with a razor edge.

With this same *kukri* he carved on his desk in letters at least six inches high "oft was I weary when I sat at thee". When he was thinking out details of a story, he would sit in a chair and chop at the sides with his *kukri*, reducing his furniture to fragments.

'Kipling's unpublished stories of his experiences in America were often rather priceless. He landed in San Francisco an unknown man. But of course the ubiquitous interviewer got on his track. To Kipling's original mind this was a beautiful opportunity for a "scoop" and before the luckless young man could get back to the paper with his story, Kipling had weighed in with an interview with the interviewer, which so charmed the Editor that the interviewer's own manuscript had a back seat . . .

'A man of strong personality, his conversation bristled with aphorisms. "No man can write until he has loved and suffered". "A good writer absorbs experiences as he goes through the world and spews them out as an owl does the remnants of his food, the hair and bones of the rodents he has assimilated . . ." Kipling had a poor idea of his own powers as a poet. His contention was that poetry was a useful medium for expressing forceful ideas where they could not be so expressed in prose. His method as he told the writer many times was to get a tune in his head and fit words to it . . .

'He loved Sir Henry Irving, and although he could have had seats for the asking, always preferred to crowd into the pit, where he would wait for an hour or more so as to get a front seat. There was a distinct method in this madness, as he gained much character study from his entourage on such occasions.

'Kipling was not a person who attracted at first sight. But the charm of the man was irresistible when one got to know him. His brilliant talk, his intense family love, and enthusiasm over what he considered right; and, moreover, his curious capacity for making the acquaintance of interesting people. There was the outstanding case of the amiable giant of Babbacombe. But that again is another story !'

The author of this article is not named, but an account of his interview with W. H. Pollock, too long to quote here, proves that it was by C. F. Hooper who was working in the London branch of Thacker Spink & Co., in 1889, and who tells the same story almost verbatim in a signed article in *The Saturday Review* of 7 March 1936.

## THINGS AND THE MAN

The *Times Literary Supplement* of 23 March contains the following query by Helle-Marit Osterud of Korshojen 21, 8240 Risskov, Denmark: 'In Arthur Claude Simon's *La Route des Flandres* the following remark is made: "Where in Kipling's works did I read this story about a bird encumbered with a beak so terrible . . ." that it damaged its own body; information about this reference wanted for a thesis.'

It is a pity that the whole quotation is not given, but from what is there it may possibly be a slight misrecollection of the Adjutant Crane in 'The Undertakers' who had 'a beak a yard long, and the power of driving it like a javelin.' But perhaps some Member may be able to identify the exact quotation.

Admiral Brock asks me to correct a slip which he made in his Obituary of Admiral Corson in the last *Journal*: the ship of which Corson was navigating officer throughout the Prince of Wales's tour was

*H.M.S. Renown*, and not her sister ship *H.M.S. Repulse* as stated. 'Like the Rector of Huckley, I am no scholar but a lover of accuracy, and have no objection to admitting my mistakes', he writes.

The Brighton Festival from 9 to 20 May makes a special feature of 'The British in India'. It includes 'A Rudyard Kipling Evening' on 13 May in the Royal Pavilion Music Room, 'devised by Roger Redfarn, with Dame Flora Robson, Ian Wallace, Derek Godfrey, Barbara Murray and others.' The Kipling Society received no notice of this, and by the time your Editor had discovered about it, all tickets were sold for the Kipling evening and it was too late to give any advance notice in the *Journal*. It is to be hoped that some Member of the Kipling Society has proved more fortunate and will supply an account of the Evening for the next number of the *Journal*.

Many papers have commented—some with surprise, but none that I have seen with disapproval—on the fact that Kipling is one of the best represented poets in the new *Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*, edited by Philip Larkin. T. S. Eliot gets 29 pages, Hardy and Auden 24 each, Yeats 21 and Kipling 19, with Betjeman a surprising sixth with 18—two to three times as many as such runners-up as Masefield, De La Mare and Robert Graves. The Kipling poems chosen are: "Tommy", "My Rival", "McAndrew's Hymn", "Danny Deever", "The Sergeant's Wedding", "The 'Eathen'", "Cities and Thrones and Powers", "The Way through the Woods", "If", "Dane-Geld", "The Gods of the Copybook Headings", "The Last Lap", and "The Storm Cone"; it is curious to note that over half of these were first published before 1900.

R.L.G.

## THE HON. SECRETARY'S 70th BIRTHDAY

On Tuesday 30 January 1973 a private dinner party was given by Members of the Kipling Society to honour Lt. Col. and Mrs. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy on the former's seventieth birthday. The President of the Society presided, and Colonel Purefoy returned thanks in a most enjoyable speech from which the following extract is taken:—

'Perhaps you might be interested in one or two little happenings over the years. Mr. Kipling, as we know, suffered from so much correspondence that he once had his own Post Office. I can't quite claim that, but it's not stretching Truth very far to say I've got my own Pillar Box. When we moved house in 1960, it only took a couple of days to discover that you couldn't post a letter for a quarter-mile in any direction. As I was often posting more than a dozen a day, an immediate cry for help had to go to the nearest Postal Chief. He was very helpful—as I've found these chaps always are—and for 12 years a fine specimen has sat 30 yards from my study window—and, believe me, she earns her keep!

Becoming Secretary as late as 21 years after our Master's death has meant that I've not met many people who knew him, nor heard much about the period of his Heyday. But I can recall one vivid picture of an Event that took place solely because of something he'd done. A lady sent me an account by her mother of an experience at the turn of

the Century when she was at a West-End theatre. During an interval the curtain suddenly went up, and the Leading Lady strode on. She must surely have been related to Miss 'Dal Benzaguen of "The Village that Voted", for without any preliminaries she launched into the song—the *Song*—of "The Absent-Minded Beggar"—catchy music as you know; written by Sullivan. In half a minute the audience had gone mad, yelling out the Song, jumping and stamping till the Circles shook. And then, as the girl shouted the final "Pay Pay Pay!" things began whizzing through the air: not turnips or rotten eggs but handfuls of Cash, Gold Sovereigns, Fivers crushed into paper balls—and more than *that*: Bracelets, Necklaces and Rings! And this, I've always understood, didn't only happen at one theatre on one night in London. Just like Bat Masquerier boasted, as well as 'Dal at the Trefoil, "Winnie Deans had it in Manchester and Ramsden at Glasgow", every night during the weeks that the Song was a Hit—and I've always been grateful to that lady who let me have her mother's recollections of it.

I've had great luck in finding our members good-tempered and hardly ever rude. But I can remember two little incidents that were out of the ordinary. I'd been given the name of a possible new recruit, so I wrote him one of our celebrated Sales Letters, and sent him a joining-form. This came back quite soon, plus a cheque, but also plus a letter which, for sheer condescension, beat anything I'd seen before or since. He was willing to give us a trial, but, my hat, we ought to be flattered—and we'd better be pretty good. I believe he edited a magazine on cricket, and I've since seen letters from him in the *Telegraph* using much the same insufferable tone. I heard no more of him till, a year later, I sent him our usual polite reminder that his sub. was due. He must have been waiting for the chance; the card was returned torn in half, plus a school report on the Society and on me. He accused me, in particular, of deceit, in that I carefully avoided telling people till after they'd joined that if they came to meetings we'd have to ask them to pay a small charge towards the cost of the room. As for *The Kipling Journal*, it was shoddy, cheaply produced, with worthless contents. All I felt able to do was return his letter at the cheapest, unstuck rate, having written at the bottom: "See last line of 'The Comforters'." As of course you will all know, that line's only five words long: "For God's sake Go Away". I hoped he'd come back at me, but probably a wife vetted his worst efforts, for we heard no more of him.

The other little episode was far more tickling. Our good friend Sir Archie Michaelis, in Australia, sent me details of a lady in Sydney, whom he'd persuaded to join, and whose first sub. he enclosed, paying it himself. Overseas subs., as whoever of you succeeds me will quickly discover, are the very devil to collect. Our rule is that three reminder cards go out, a month apart, and anyone who hasn't paid two months after the third one, has to be struck off. Although this good lady lasted seven years, never once did her sub. arrive till a full two months (*and* a bit over) after Reminder No. Three. Then at last came the long-expected envelope containing *no* sub.—she'd resigned, and, just to help me along, she added a word of advice. "I think you would lose far fewer members if you stopped sending out those little reminder-cards that are so annoying to get." Collapse—hardly of *Stout* Party, but of *Long*, Long-Suffering Party!

I'm sure you'll expect me to finish by taking a peep into the possible

future of our Society—on almost exactly its 46th birthday. If you delve into past Journals, you'll find at least three attempts to do this. The last, in 1954, was by my predecessor, and he called it "How Much Longer?" He was a bit cynical but, although exasperatingly vague, he did express the belief that a Society of 500 or so Diehards might last quite a long time. What he did *not* foresee—nor did *any* of us at that time—was the mounting demand for Kipling as a subject for *Study*. I don't mean only demand by private individuals—I mean, as well, by University and College *Libraries* (many of them abroad) who join us so as to get our Journal. There are certainly far more of these College Library Members than there were 15 years ago, which, besides being a large feather in our Editor's cap, must also mean that the average age of people who are interested in Kipling for one reason or another, is coming down. And this can only be Good News for us! I receive a lot of requests for help, from teenagers and also from older students. So I'm not alarmed about the Membership—not just yet, anyway. Our danger, as I see it, lies nearer home: We are extremely busy, and *my great fear* is of not being able, in an emergency, to replace *quickly* any of the existing team who work for us: Editor, Treasurer, Secretary and Assistant. . . Not so much the first two, who are still Young, which the last two certainly are not. No more about that now, on this lovely occasion; the vital words are 'Emergency' and 'Quickly', so let's not forget that Pillar-Box and how much it has to swallow, still nearly every day.'

Among various tributes and messages, that from the Hon. Secretary of our United States Branch, Mr. Joseph R. Dunlap, may be quoted:—

'Fellow Members of the Kipling Society: If it were possible for me to be with you and join in toasting the Hon. Secretary on this very special occasion, you may be sure that I would book space With the Night Mail and constitute myself a flying, rather than a Walking Delegate from the United States Branch to do him honor. Failing that I shall send my spirit as substitute for the more substantial part of me, and if it cannot be as visible as the children in "They", no Error in the Fourth Dimension can keep it from finding its way to the Lansdowne Club to join in the Conference of the Powers assembled there.'

'For a long time I have known of Bob Purefoy's unflinching devotion to Kipling and the Kipling Society and all its works. My first glimpse of it came during the research leave from my Day's Work which I spent in England, when I had the pleasure of attending meetings of the Society and going on the visit to Burwash one glorious sunny day. During The Years Between, particularly since I took over the reins of the United States Branch, I have become even more aware of his high standards, and of the meticulous care and earnest attention he bestows on everything having to do with the welfare and enhancement of the Kipling Society. Now as he reaches "Pier Number 70", as Mark Twain called it, I wish to raise a glass to a good friend, an immensely helpful colleague, and a gentleman of both energy and knowledge, for whom I wish the wish of the Psalmist—that the works of his hands be established upon him.'

'With every good wish for the years ahead.'

## WOODHOUSE GROVE IN JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING'S DAY

By James Craig

In June 1845, a few weeks before his eighth birthday, John Kipling<sup>1</sup> was sent to Woodhouse Grove School at Apperley Bridge on the Aire near Bradford<sup>2</sup>. This school, originally named The Wesleyan Academy, had been opened in 1812 as the northern counterpart of Kingswood School, Bath, to provide a boarding education for the sons of Wesleyan Ministers, whose calling necessitated removals every two or three years which made it difficult for them to have their sons educated from home. The school continued to serve its original purpose until 1883 but it never reached anything approaching prosperity and was then forced, through shortage of funds, to undergo a reorganisation and admit the sons of laymen. A history of the first seventy years by J. T. Slugg FRAS (who was at the school 1822-28) was published in 1885. This, entitled *Woodhouse Grove School: Memorials and Reminiscences*, is a pious record, almost an obituary notice, by a loyal son who based his account largely on a number of personal reminiscences of various dates which he collected from other old boys. These, for all the patchiness inherent in such compilations, provide a vivid and fairly comprehensive record. Of especial relevance in the present context are those of W. F. Moulton, later Headmaster of The Leys School, Cambridge, and a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, whose years at the Grove, 1846-50, fall wholly within John Kipling's time there.

That John Kipling was unhappy at the Grove is well attested. He himself is quoted as having said in later years that he was 'a timorous child' sent 'much too early'<sup>3</sup>. Eight to fourteen was, however, the age range for which the school provided and he was only a few weeks under these ages in going and leaving<sup>4</sup>. His time overlapped with that of his younger brother Joseph who was there 1848-54, so his father and mother were presumably reasonably happy about the school. Two generalisations may be affirmed with some confidence from the evidence in the *Memorials and Reminiscences*: first that the school was run on a shoestring—it could hardly have served its purpose otherwise—and secondly that a representative number of old boys were proud of having been there and felt considerable affection for it, warts and all<sup>5</sup>.

After an initial, unsuccessful, attempt to combine the two posts, the Grove followed Kingswood in having dual control, exercised by a Governor and a Headmaster, both resident on or near the estate, the former appointed by the Wesleyan Conference and the latter by the local committee. The Governor carried overall responsibility while the Headmaster was in charge of the teaching. The Governor in John Kipling's day was the Rev. William Lord, who was described as being 'easy and erratic': the Headmaster was a layman, William Gear, a good teacher within his limits but those limits pretty narrow. The combination was not a happy one and their failure to agree on the extent of each other's authority was apparent. This had its lighter side: in hay-time, for instance, 'all at once Daddy Lord would enter the old school-

room, pass through to the "classical room", and order out the senior boys to make hay. To this Mr Gear used to demur, and we enjoyed hearing Daddy Lord and Gear—Gear assuring Daddy that *in school* he was headmaster; and Daddy asserting that as Governor he could take the lads when required.' An occasional flare-up such as this might have been harmless enough; but the trouble was much deeper. Both men were obviously weak; Lord popular with the boys but lazy and shirking responsibility; Gear showing his weakness by inflicting 'unmerciful castigations'. There are a number of forthright comments by old boys: 'the school was in a rather demoralised condition'; 'nothing was done to raise the boys or to appeal to their better nature'; towards the end of Gear's time 'teaching was at a very low ebb'; 'the domestic arrangements as to feeding and clothing also at this time left great room for improvement.' If Rudyard had written home from Lorne Lodge to say he had had 'Liar' pinned to his back, his father could have replied that this was a punishment which the headmaster at Woodhouse Grove used to inflict. Gear was eventually dismissed, but that was not till 1854, well after John Kipling had left.

There were ten classes at this time, but seemingly only four classrooms in one of which, the School Room, there were five 'ranges'. Gear took the top two classes. 'He was a good classic within a moderate range; he knew next to nothing of composition, but was good at translation; weak in mathematics, but with great enthusiasm as a teacher' (W. F. Moulton). He introduced a system of monthly reports and one which survived from 1846 showed the subjects as: English Grammar; English Composition and Dictation; Spelling; Latin; Greek; French; History; Geography; Arithmetic; Algebra; Mensuration; Book-Keeping; Writing; Scripture Reading; Conference Catechism; Evidences of Christianity; Scripture Antiquities. A line was added for General Conduct: and Place in Class at Commencement, Place at Close, Average Rank, Diligence and Proficiency were to be recorded. Both Headmaster and Governor signed. Wednesdays and Saturdays were half holidays but otherwise class work went on almost without a break for six days a week and forty seven weeks a year. On 5 May began the single holiday away from school and this lasted for five weeks.

Time out of class must have been fairly bleak also. There were daily prayers at 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.; breakfast followed the former, bed the latter. The playground consisted of the Square, round which were numbers for assembly, and the Grass Plot on which no grass grew. Cricket was played on half holidays in summer; but football was considered too hard on clothes and so in winter the recreations were 'marbles, whip top, chestnut splitting, and sliding'. Breaking bounds was 'the worst crime known to the Grove code of laws'. There was a small sweet shop; and on Saturday afternoons, at what was called Court, the pocket-money was given out, nominally three halfpence per week. The amount was reduced to a penny by a tax levied for the Missionary Society. Besides this the missionary collector came round to extract *voluntary* subscriptions! Then there were fines to pay and we were expected to give something in class. At the same time, the Governor, who took all our loose cash into his hands when we came to school, told us we ought never to be without sixpence in our pockets!' (W. F. Moulton). Another old boy, who was at the school in the fifties, recorded that bullying was in full force 'and we had a hard and tearful education in

the ways of boys to each other.' And there was, of course, official caning, which at one period of Lord's Governorship, was administered publicly in the School Room about once a quarter by the baker. Small wonder that running away was not uncommon and that when a report on the school was submitted to the 1872 Methodist Conference, the system was described as too close and repressive. One of John Kipling's few recorded personal recollections was that he 'used to get licked at school for what the Head used to call stoical apathy'<sup>6</sup>.

Sundays were at any rate different and so, no doubt, gave some relaxation. There was morning and afternoon chapel. Rather surprisingly the words 'Be short and lively', inscribed by a waggish boy under the bookboard in the pulpit, were not erased and passed into the school's saga. One old boy, the Rev. Edward Gibbons, recalled that sermons were indeed very short—'sometimes no longer than 15 or 20 minutes'. On occasion the broad Yorkshire speech and unpredictable simplicity of local preachers provided light relief. And there could be a jam tart for lunch.

Meals in general were Spartan. There were three a day. Breakfast, after 8 o'clock prayers and Supper at 6 o'clock were the same: a thick slice of dry bread and half a pint of milk in a tin mug. One compassionate visitor thought cold milk in winter was rather severe and in consequence it was subsequently diluted with hot water. 'Butter, tea and coffee we never saw', recalled one old boy. 'Nothing is better than dry bread and milk for healthy lads', comments J. T. Slugg (and in fairness we should remember that bread in those days was far superior to the modern product); 'and with meat, vegetables and pudding in the middle of the day, and plenty of exercise, such a diet is calculated to keep growing lads in good health'. Dinner in the middle of the day was indeed a two-course affair, with a tin plate as well as the tin mug: only one plate, though, the pudding—sometimes Yorkshire pudding—being served first. Conversation was forbidden but reading was allowed. 'Our fare was homely, but generally wholesome', wrote W. F. Moulton; 'our greatest hardship was being compelled to eat puddings which had been "turned" during thundery weather. The badly cooked rice, which was our substitute for potatoes during the Irish potato famine of '48, was another grievance'. 'My stomach rebels at this moment at the thought of the rice', wrote another; and a third recalled that 'in 1849, when agitation was abroad, our meals if not scanty were subject to attenuation' and that when the Governor put the question of where economies might be made, the boys replied in unison 'The masters' supper, sir; the masters' supper, sir.' Parkins on 5 November were a highlight which another remembered.

Sleeping was, of course, in dormitories. There were two large ones with 45 beds apiece, and a small one with only ten. This was an improvement on the situation when John Kipling first went, for W. F. Moulton, who went a year later, wrote: 'The first and most painful incident in my Grove life was the death of four of my schoolfellows . . . three of brain fever and one of typhus. I have no doubt that the small, ill-ventilated dormitories of that time were responsible for this terrible mortality.' It was after this that a new wing was built (completed January 1848) which provided more sleeping room<sup>7</sup>.

The school uniform (of which three suits were provided over a period of two years) was a 'sealskin cap, dark blue cloth jacket, and

corduroy trousers—corduroy being the corded material which is now often worn by railway porters for trousers. The sealskin was a reddish-yellow material, which had a curly sort of finish, and the caps had a large flat crown, slanting peaks, and were rather heavy.' 'An important functionary living in the premises was the tailor who had our cloth clothes in his charge. When an accident on the playground made repairs necessary, we had to apply to him—Greenwood was his name—for an exchange of garments. The fit and quality of the substitute depended very much on Greenwood's partiality for the applicant, and boys were there ore anxious to be on good terms with him. He had a thirst for knowledge, and I was fortunate enough to win his favour and a good fit by teaching him a little Hebrew' (W. F. Moulton). Greenwood was also a local preacher; 'to get into his room and sit by his fire and hear him talk was a coveted treat', (M. Hartley, 1855-61).

Another comment by W. F. Moulton touches a wider aspect: 'I am often struck with the remembrance of our isolation from the world, in which the stirring events of our time were happening. A newspaper seldom reached us, and the French Revolution was little more than a rumour. I do remember that the cholera panic of 1849 extended to us, even in the absence of newspapers, and a grim memory it is.' The boys were indeed almost wholly confined to the school buildings and their acre or so of playground. There was no teaching on Christmas Day or Good Friday and there was a special holiday on 28 August, the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British Dominions. But the single occasion on which the boys were regularly taken outside the premises was the annual outing to the Chevin, the moor above Otley between Airedale and Wharfedale, some four or five miles to the north of Apperley Bridge. The rich boys would hire donkeys for the day at a shilling apiece but the poor ones had to walk, except that the juniors were taken in carts.

Such then was John Kipling's schooling, indeed almost his whole life, from the age of eight until he was nearly fourteen. From a distance of over a hundred years it is easy to see the bad side of such schooling and we may not be easily convinced that the results—and the Grove can show a very respectable and solid achievement in the careers of its old boys—justified the system. Perhaps all would agree, however, that the school, if not humane, was very human: and it is certain that John Kipling, for all he may have suffered while there, did not emerge with any lasting chip on his shoulder. The 'stoical apathy' stood him in good stead and he grew into a singularly sane, balanced, even-tempered man. Children, and they were still hardly more than children when the time came to leave, will accept almost anything provided it is seen as normal; and many still alive can assuredly parallel from their days at expensive Preparatory Schools in this century many of the restrictive practices of the Grove. All of which makes it easier to understand John Kipling's views and feelings when the time came twenty years later to decide on the education of his own children. To leave a boy of nearly seven with guardians at Southsea while he and his wife returned to India was not all that different from what he had had to face himself: nor did it lie outside his wife's experience, for her father had been at the Grove in an earlier day (1815-20) as also had Thomas Pinder, her husband's one time employer in Burslem (1822-27). That boarding school was both rigorous and narrow was perfectly familiar in the Kipling/Macdonald

Methodist world. Even when, in 1885, J. T. Slugg came to write the school history, he saw no call for excuse or apology, but rather reason for pride that so much was achieved with such limited means. What Hope House, the day-school at Southsea to which Rudyard was sent probably at the age of nine, was like, we do not know<sup>8</sup>. No useful comparison can be made between Westward Ho!, to which he went at the age of twelve, and Woodhouse Grove which his father had left when less than two years older. They were different kinds of school.

## NOTES

1. Since it is probable that he had not yet taken the name Lockwood, it seems best to use simply John in the present context (see Earl Baldwin's article in *Rudyard Kipling, the man and his work*, ed. John Gross).  
 2. In his history of the school, J. T. Slugg describes the situation of the Grove as follows: 'It is situated on the slope of a hill overlooking the valley of the river Aire, and past its gates the high road to Bradford descends with a steep slope to Apperley Bridge, which crosses the Aire at the foot of the hill. On ascending from the railway station, you will not proceed more than forty or fifty yards before having your attention attracted to the remarkably fine and park-like entrance to what apparently is some gentleman's seat on the left, but which is, in reality, Woodhouse Grove. On passing through the entrance, before you is a fine gravelled carriage-drive sweeping round the foot of an eminence on the left which is covered with tall beech and other trees. On proceeding along the drive a beautiful scene opens out to view on the right, where the vale of Apperley is stretched out in all its magnificence with the Aire flowing at the bottom. On the other side of the river is a hill, whose side is covered by a wood known as Calverley Wood. On looking to the right, you see, crowning another hill, the village of Idle, whilst up the side of the hill the road to Bradford is seen winding, leading to that town over Bradford Moor.'

3. A. W. Baldwin, *The Macdonald Sisters* (1960), p.111.

4. It is a fair assumption that John Kipling both went to and left the school at the time of the annual holiday in May. This would fit both with his going before he was eight and with his visiting the Great Exhibition when no more than thirteen (Carrington: *Rudyard Kipling: his life and work* (1955) Ch. 1). The Exhibition opened on 1 May 1851 and he could have travelled from Leeds after leaving school and before going home to Gateshead where his father was then stationed.

5. There is a list of old boys in J.T. Slugg's book, but it gives only date of entry, not that of leaving, and is full of inaccuracies. The Kipling brothers figure as

1845—KIPLING, JAMES

1848—KIPLING, JOSEPH, civil service, India

The only reliable list is in *The History of Kingswood School; also Registers of Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove Schools, and a List of Masters*. By Three Old Boys (1898).

6. Baldwin, *op. cit.* p.132.

7. Another improvement (this in 1849) was the introduction of gas lighting in place of oil lamps. The gas was manufactured on the estate and the railway at once applied for the station also to be supplied.

8. All that is known of Hope House is to be found in R. Lancelyn Green, *Kipling and the children* (1965), pp.44/5.

## REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

15 Nov: 1972. *Roger Lancelyn Green: 'In Quest of Kipling's India'*

A year ago, Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green and a party of fellow enthusiasts paid a visit to India to see some of the places connected with Kipling, either in his lifetime or in his writings. The trip would appear to have been entirely successful and, for those unfortunates who stayed behind, Mr. Green brought back a quantity of slides made from photographs taken on the tour. A selection of these was shown to the Society at their November meeting, with a commentary by Mr. Green.

Those members who had served or lived in India were deeply interested; those, like the writer, who had never been there, were equally fascinated. The Taj Mahal, Kipling's old office, carvings, buildings, people; the impression given, at any rate to me, was that India may have changed somewhat since the Indian stories were written, but not all that much.

Whether the credit is due to the photographer or his apparatus, the result was, technically and artistically, excellent and a delight to see. The presentation (which on these occasions is not always successful) went off with hardly a hitch; the operator (Mr. Scirard Lancelyn Green) is to be congratulated. Altogether a most successful meeting.

21 Feb: 1973. *J. H. McGivering: 'Kipling's Army and Navy'*

Although given by a sailor, Mr. McGivering's talk reflected the relative distribution of Kipling's work between the Services, being mostly about the Army, less about the Navy and with a mere passing reference to the Marines. The earlier stories are, naturally, of nineteenth century soldiers (and their wives and children) living and serving in India, with all that that meant, ninety years ago. An interesting point, which had not occurred to me, although I have read the story 'Her Majesty's Servants' a number of times, is that the transport depicted, all of it carried or pulled by animals, is much the same as that which Hannibal had. In similar fashion, the "folk-lore" of the Services, handed down from generation to generation may have a longer history than one would imagine. There may even be some truth in the theory that our tactics go back to Hannibal, and those of the Germans to Alexander!

But in spite of this weight of tradition, Kipling was remarkably modern in many of his views, one of the audience suggesting that 'The Army of a Dream' was remarkably like the real Army of today, in its relations between officers and men. Although Mr. McGivering had suggested that Kipling, on his sea trips in ships of the Royal Navy, would have found it difficult (being the guest of the Captain and hence "of the quarter deck") to have mixed freely with the seamen, this was refuted by another sailor, who cited an instructor, at the beginning of the first World War, who had served in one of these ships and had found otherwise.

The discussion ranged far and wide, from the pronunciation of "launch" to Orwell's views on Kipling, attributed by one of those present to the fact that Orwell was an Etonian and Kipling was not . . . Altogether, an entertaining evening.

T.L.A.D.

## LETTER BAG

### A KIPLING MUG

Recently I found in an antique shop a cup with a facsimile of Rudyard Kipling's signature and the first 12 lines, in his handwriting of "The Absent-minded Beggar". On the other side of the cup there is a picture (sepia colouring) of a rifleman ready to attack (or perhaps to defend?). The cup has the mark of Macintyre of Burslem, a firm that was in business from 1860 to about 1920.

I should be interested to know whether many sets were made, and whether they were for fund-raising purposes. If any collector of Kipling items cares to make me an offer over £3 I will give the money to the Ex-Services Mental Welfare Association.

I see that the word Kharki is spelt with an 'r' and underlined, and should like to know the reason, as I understood the word was derived from Khaki (dust?).

(Miss) A. M. D. ASHLEY

### KIPLING AND NORTHIAM

1. Why did Kipling take such an interest in Northiam?
2. How did he pick names for his characters?
3. How did he group his short stories? Gloriana is certainly Northiam; 'Marklake Witches' might be as the squire might be a Frewen who had a daughter Philadelphia. No record of Welling-ton visiting Northiam but it was a threatened point of invasion by Napoleon—i.e. the marshes.

I cannot trace any story about Rye but there is the poem of Eddi preaching to the Ox and the Ass in Fairfield Church on the marsh. As to names, in Sandhurst Church—next parish to Northiam—is a memorial to Col. d'Aquila, Coldstream Guards, an old family in Ewhurst for many generations named Dawe and recently I read in a history of Brede Parish that a new Methodist Chapel was opened by "The Rev. George Browne Macdonald, grandfather of two famous men, Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin. Brede is next to Northiam South—another source might well be tombstones, what decided Kipling to move from W. to E. Sussex?

Why not stop off at the "Six Bells", Northiam, after Bateman's—not far off beat? The oak under which Queen Elizabeth was fed from Hayes Farm Kitchen is still there, so is the kitchen.

ROBERT COULDREY

### KIPLING AND A GHOST

The following story, which I came across recently in "*Ghosts, Witches and Murder*" by Fred Archer (1972), Chapter 7, pp 99-100 is new to me, and may also be unknown to other Members:—

' . . . Rudyard Kipling had a more unpleasant experience than anyone would wish for in a wood near his home in Sussex. Kipling liked to describe the Sussex Downs as "haunted landscapes", and had a poetic notion that he was able to differentiate between benevolent and malevolent areas of land. His encounter with "a spirit of some kind . . . a very unpolite fellow" in Glad Wish Wood was of a very definite and dramatic order.

"... one evening something suddenly gripped me and despite my attempts to walk forward I was gradually forced back. I felt some unseen, unknown power just pushing against me, and in the end I was compelled to turn around and leave the wood in a most undignified manner—just as if someone was ejecting me with the command 'Now then—out you go!'"

Kipling spoke of his experience to R. Thurston Hopkins, whom he knew as president of the Society of Sussex Downsmen, and a member of the county committee for the preservation of the South Downs. Even more pertinent to the matter, Thurston Hopkins was a well-known writer on the occult.

Soon afterwards Hopkins organised a ghost hunt in Glad Wish Wood. One medium in the party claimed to see the apparition of a man, who was choking and plucking at his throat as he walked. His neck was exceptionally long, the head nodding on it "like a daffodil shaken by the wind".

The clairvoyant, understandably on the evidence of such a vision, thought that the man had died by hanging.

When Hopkins checked the records he learned that a man named David Leany had, in fact, been executed for a murder committed in the wood. He had protested his innocence to the very end. And his last words to the chaplain, before climbing the scaffold, had been a promise to return and haunt the people responsible for his execution. Kipling, whatever his summary ejection from the wood might suggest, was not among them.

But David Leany may have had a very just grievance) Thurston Hopkins, in his book *Ghosts over England*, declared that after the execution new medical evidence was put forward that the victim had died of a seizure. He gives no reason for it taking so long to come to light.'

ELIZABETH A. COXON (S. Africa)

## HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

"*Merlin's Isle of Gramarye*". This is the title of a second record of songs from "Puck" and "Rewards", following on "Oak, Ash and Thorn" described in Journal 177. Fifteen songs are on the record, the main work both of composing and singing being competently performed once again by Peter Bellamy, this time with a rather larger company. Among the best are: "Puck's Song", "A Smuggler's Song", "Song of the Men's Side" (The Naked Chalk), "St. Helena" and "A Truthful Song".

Details : Stereo Record Argo ZFB 81; obtainable through any good record shop. Post-free price about £1.70.

*Assistant Secretary.* There may soon be a vacancy for an Assistant to the Hon. Sec., for part-time work in the Office. We can only offer a small salary, but much of her work can be done at times that suit herself, and some of it is good fun. Please address enquiries to the Hon. Sec.

A.E.B.P.

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NEW MEMBERS : We are delighted to welcome the following : U.K.: Mrs. F. H. Adams; Dr. N. Goodman; Messrs. C. M. Ardley, D. B. Chance, H. J. D. Ricketts, P. A. Thomas. FRANCE : C.N.R.S. Paris. MALAYSIA : Mrs. E. C. Brown. U.S.A.: Bell Telephone Labs, N.J.; Denver U.L., Colorado; E. Carolina U.L., Greenville; Prof. N. C. Sager; Seton Hall U.L., NJ.; S. Carolina U.L., Columbia; U.A.L.R. Liby, Arkansas. VICTORIA B.C.: Mrs. P. Hokanson.

## THREE NOTES

### 1. 'MR. HAUKSBEE'

Everyone now knows that Mrs. F. C. Burton was the original of 'Mrs. Hauksbee', but who knows (or cares) who was her long-suffering husband? While searching old Army Lists for something else, I noticed: F. C. Burton, born 1844; Cornet in 9th Lancers, 1865; transferred to 38th Foot; Lieut. 1867; Bengal Staff Corps, 1869; Captain, 1877; Brigade-Major in the Afghan War, 1879-81; Brigade-Major, Bengal, 1883-7 [while his wife, we suppose, was mostly at Simla]; relinquished appointment, 30 Sept. 1887 [and returned to England with his wife?]; Lieut. Col. 1891.

[*Note by Editor:* Apparently Major Burton returned to England in Sept. 1887 without his wife. Kipling was writing to her in Peshawar that October, and she sailed for England on *s.s. Sutlej* on 27 April 1888. See Betty Miller's notes in *K.J.* 126, p. 14, June 1958.]

### 2. SNARLEYOW

I am obliged to General B. P. Hughes for information about 'Snarleyow', which is derived, as has been noticed before, from Sergeant N. W. Bancroft's book, published at Calcutta in 1885, *'From Recruit to Staff Sergeant'*, a History of the Bengal Horse Artillery. The name 'Snarleyow' is taken from a formerly popular novel of Captain F. Marryat (1837), and the incident described is based upon an episode observed by Bancroft at the battle of Ferozeshah, 21 December 1845 in the First Sikh War. Kipling follows Bancroft's account in general, but the original story is even more horrifying if not quite so dramatically rounded. Bancroft first served in the Horse Artillery and the East India Company which, he says, was manned largely by Irish volunteers. He tells many tales of their exploits, in Irish brogue which anticipates the style and language of Kipling's 'Mulvaney'. They had 'stocks beneath their chins' several inches high or more and had to polish ninety-one buttons up-and-down; and went through India 'like the Devil through Athlone, in standing leaps' and killed a fowl with a sergeant's sword. Later, Sergeant Bancroft re-enlisted in the Royal Artillery and served through the Mutiny. He was living retired in Simla when young Kipling was there in 1885.

3. THE GARDENER is not a problem story like *Mrs. Bathurst*. We have no doubt what happened or what was the relation of the principal characters. With a skilful accumulation of detail, Kipling gradually reveals that Michael is the illegitimate son of the unmarried Helen Turrell; and the power of the story lies in the inhibition that obliges her to live a lie, even if she knows that her neighbours, perhaps even her son, know the truth. She must still cover herself and, even more, she must conceal her lost lover. The unseen, unrevealed, father of the love-child is the unsolved mystery of this story. Obviously, the tale of the NCO's daughter is a mock-up that no one believes; there was no such person. Then, who was Michael's father? The only person Helen admits to a weakness for is her own ne'er-do-well brother and the boy resembled him. If Michael was the child of an incestuous love, Helen's secrecy, reserve, and sense of guilt are explained.

C. E. CARRINGTON

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