

THE
KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 61

MARCH 1987

No 241



When in London
on innumerable visits between 1892 and 1936
RUDYARD KIPLING stayed at BROWN'S HOTEL

The traditional English style and impeccable service
that made BROWN'S famous is still maintained
at the same premises, Albemarle Street, Mayfair

The KIPLING Room, intimately associated with him,
can be reserved
for Luncheons, Dinners, Receptions, Conferences



Brown's Hotel

Dover Street/Albemarle Street, London W1A 4SW
telephone 01 493 6020

THE ILLUSTRATED KIPLING



Edited by Neil Philip

Selections of Kipling's vivid writing, from storyteller to poet, are matched in this book by over 100 intriguing illustrations. Rare photographs from the Kiplings' own family albums, drawings from the sketchbook of his artist father, Lockwood, all enlarge and explain the worlds of Kipling's experience and imagination.

March

Collins

£12.95



BATEMAN'S

Rudyard Kipling's home from 1902 until his death in 1936. The rooms, including his study, are left as they were in his lifetime, and contain much that is of great interest.

The house was built in 1634 in one of the Weald's most beautiful valleys. From the garden there are fine views to 'Pook's Hill'.

Location: half a mile south of Burwash in East Sussex, on the A265.

Open: from April till the end of October, daily except Thursdays and Fridays, in the afternoons.

THE NATIONAL TRUST

Tom Driver Agencies

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

A short list of books for sale from our
KIPLING COLLECTION

is issued each month: please write to join our mailing list

THE OLD STABLE BOOKSHOP, 2 TARRANT SQUARE, ARUNDEL, WEST SUSSEX BN18 9DE

telephone: Arundel (0903) 882367

The Bookshop, Faversham

Antiquarian & Secondhand Books

We buy and sell

Works of Rudyard Kipling and related critical volumes
and we issue Lists:

write today and join our mailing list

1A Gatefield Lane, Faversham, Kent ME13 8NX. telephone (0795) 532873

*Lat holie Seintés sterve as bookés boast
 Most mannés soule is in his bellie most.
 For, as man thinketh in his hearte is hee,
 But, as hee eateth so his thought shall bee.
 And Holie Fader's self (with reveraunce)
 Oweth to Cooke his port and his presauce.
 Wherbye it cometh past disputison
 Cookes over alle men have dominion. [Kipling]*

Khyber Pass Restaurant

18 The Broadway, Woking, Surrey

also now at

54 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

We specialise in *Tandoori* (cooked on charcoal in a clay oven) but also offer a wide range of *Biriyani*, Curries of all kinds and delectable Persian dishes

Fully licensed. For reservations (or take-away service) ring Woking 64710/22950 or Walton-on-Thames 225670/231328.

THE ARMY QUARTERLY AND DEFENCE JOURNAL

has over 140 pages in each issue and was established in 1829. A discount on subscriptions is offered to members of the **Kipling Society**.

Issues in recent years have included: "General Dyer and the Punjab Disturbances", "The Maiwand Disaster and the investment of Kandahar", "Amritsar and the massacre that ended the Raj", "The Maharajah of Alwar's Christmas Banquet" and "The Sangu River".

Our correspondents write about defence issues; historical articles and profiles of military leaders make up a balanced and international content. Each issue includes a quarterly defence diary, a digest of international defence news, recent appointments, defence contracts and an extensive Book Review section.

Annual subscription 1985 £24.00; members of the **Kipling Society** £21.60. To subscribe send your remittance to ARMY QUARTERLY AND DEFENCE JOURNAL, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.



THE KIPLING SOCIETY NEEDS

YOUR

subscription payable if possible by Banker's Order, and also, if you are a U.K. taxpayer, by Deed of Covenant. Both these methods are very helpful to us. If you already use them, we thank you. If not, please consider it. Forms from the Secretary.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

PRESIDENT

Sir Angus Wilson, C.B.E.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Mrs M. Bagwell Purefoy

Joseph R. Dunlap, D.L.S.

Peter Bellamy

R. Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., MA.

Rear-Admiral P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O.

Mrs Ivy Morton

C. E. Carrington, M.C.

John Shearman

Mrs Anne Shelford

COUNCIL: ELECTED MEMBERS

G. C. G. Philo, C.M.G., M.C. (*Chairman*)

Richard O'Hagan (*Deputy Chairman*)

M. W. R. Lamb

Mrs Ann Parry

J. H. McGivering

J. M. Patrick

Spencer Maurice

J. R. Young

COUNCIL: HONORARY OFFICIAL MEMBERS

T. S. Bittleston, *Treasurer*

Mrs G. H. Newsom, *Librarian*

Mrs L. A. F. Lewis,

Sir Derek Oulton, K.C.B., Q.C.,

Meetings Secretary

Legal Adviser

G. H. Webb, C.M.G., O.B.E., *Editor of the Journal*

Norman Entract, *Secretary* [home telephone Haslemere (0428) 52709]

OFFICE

at the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue,
London WC2N 5BJ (*telephone* [on the R.C.S. exchange] 01-930 6733)

(The Secretary most usually attends the Office on Fridays.)

Honorary Auditor: Brendan Connolly, F.C.A.

MELBOURNE BRANCH, AUSTRALIA

President: Mrs Rosalind Kennedy,

26 Blake Street, Caulfield 3162, Victoria, Australia

Treasurer: D. P. Wallace *Secretary:* Walter Walker

VICTORIA BRANCH, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

President: Captain D. H. McKay,

Mizzentop, 10995 Boas Road, Sidney, British Columbia, Canada V8L 3X9

SECRETARIAT FOR NORTH AMERICA

Secretary: Professor Enamul Karim, Ph.D.,

Department of English, Rockford College, 5050 East State Street,
Rockford, Illinois 61101, U.S.A.

SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS, 1987

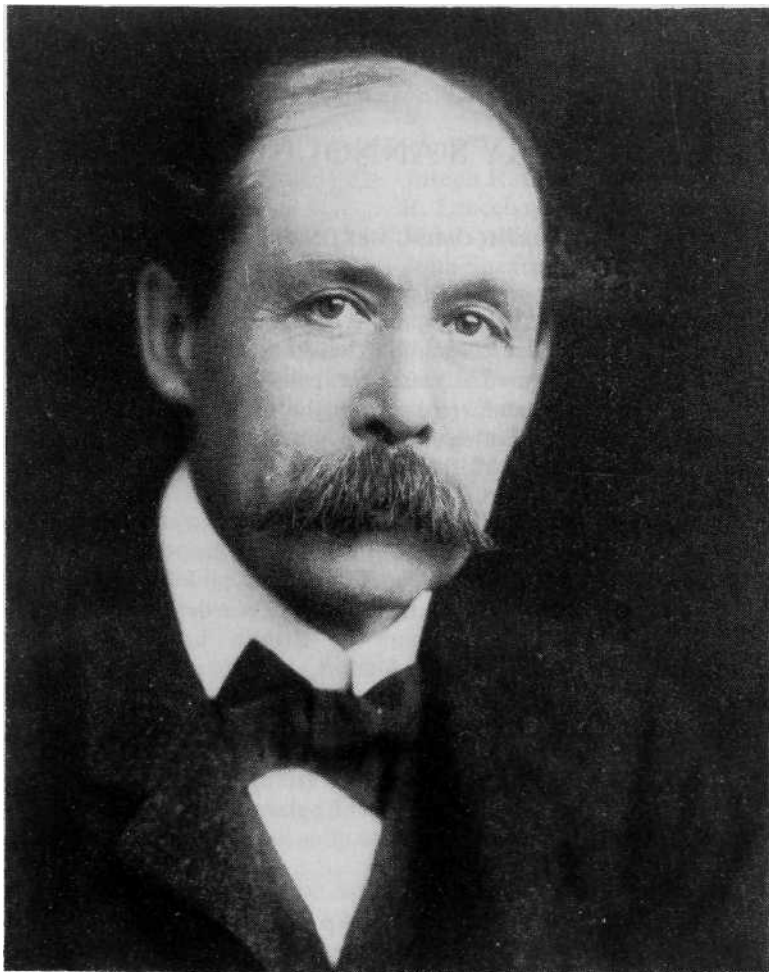
Tuesday 7 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly (left-hand side of the Royal Academy courtyard as you enter from the street) **Mr G. H. Webb, CMG, OBE.** (Editor of the *Kipling Journal*) on *Kipling's Japan*. Coffee and wine will be available.

Wednesday 6 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Overseas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London W1, the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest of Honour, and speaker, will be **Dr M. G. Brock, CBE.**, Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford. Members in Britain have received application forms with the *Journal*.

Wednesday 8 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, **Commander M. B. S. Higham RN. (retd)**, Grand Secretary, the United Grand Lodge of England, on *Kipling and Freemasonry*.

Wednesday 9 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, **Mr D. L. W. Ashton**, Chairman of the G. K. Chesterton Society, on *Kipling, Chesterton and Patriotism*.

Wednesday 11 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Westall Room at the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2, **Dr Daniel Karlin** on *Kipling as an American Writer*.



F. J. MIRRIELEES

Mr (later Sir) Frederick Mirrielees (1851-1914), head of the Union-Castle Line, and chairman of the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town. Our series based on family papers, entitled "The Mirrielees Connection", which we ran in 1984-86, and which we resume in the present issue, describes how the Kiplings met him on board the *Kinfauns Castle* sailing to South Africa in early 1900. Through Mirrielees they met his brother-in-law H. M. Bernard, whose friendship with Kipling is a major theme of the series.

This photograph, dated 21 March 1906, has been kindly supplied by Mirrielees's daughter and granddaughter. It has the added interest that it is the work of G. C. Beresford, the "M'Turk" of *Stalky & Co.*, who was for many years a fashionable 'Artist Photographer' (as he liked to be called) at 20 Yeoman's Row, Brompton Road, London SW3.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
and sent free to all Members worldwide

Volume 61

MARCH 1987

Number 241

© THIS ISSUE OF THE *KIPLING JOURNAL* IS THE COPYRIGHT OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Officers and Branches of the Kipling Society	4
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	5
<i>Frontispiece</i> : F. J. Mirrielees	6
EDITORIAL	8-9
MR WARDROPS PROBLEM by <i>C. E. Moorhouse</i>	10-22
<i>Illustration</i> : The Undamaged Engine	15
<i>Illustration</i> : How the Damage was Done	17
BOOK REVIEWS: <i>Kipling and "Orientalism"</i> by B. J. Moore-Gilbert, reviewed by Ann Parry; <i>Indian Railway Library Facsimiles</i> , a note	23-26
<i>Illustration</i> : A Decorated Initial	26
THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [7]	27-30
<i>Illustration</i> : The Threatening Crocodiles	30
<i>Illustration</i> : John Kipling, 1913	31
UNCLE RUDDY, REMEMBERED [8] by <i>Lorna Howard</i>	32-37
<i>Illustration</i> : In 'Astley Week', 1913	33
<i>Illustration</i> : "But who shall return us the children?"	35
JOYCE TOMPKINS: A TRIBUTE by <i>D. P. Varma</i>	38-40
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: <i>Tchin?</i> [3] (Professor D. H. Stewart); <i>The Monkish Hymn</i> (Mr F. A. Underwood)	41
POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS: <i>Administration of Bateman's</i> (Mr J. M. Wiltshire); <i>H. R. Tedder</i> (Miss H. M. Webb); <i>Biting on the Bullet</i> [2] (Dr R. J. Mack); <i>do.</i> [3] (Mr J. H. McGivering); <i>do.</i> [4] (Mr R. B. Appleton); <i>Economy & Truth</i> (Mr P. G. P. D. Fullerton & Mr D. S. Cottrell); <i>Dalbiac & "The Jacket"</i> [2] (Mr M. M. Chapman)	42-46
SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS	47
A Note on the Kipling Society and its <i>Journal</i>	48

EDITORIAL

On 27 December 1986 Dr Joyce Tompkins, a distinguished Vice-President of this Society, died in her ninetieth year. Many of our readers, who never had the good fortune to know her, think of her with liking and respect as the author of a wise, profound and singularly attractive book, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*. This made a refreshing critical impact in 1959 and, notwithstanding a subsequent plethora of books about Kipling, retains a powerful claim to be read and re-read, particularly as a guide to the intellectual and spiritual complexity of Kipling's later writing.

Dr Tompkins, however, was not a mere Kipling specialist. As she once told me with conviction, "I don't believe in specialisation". One reason why she wrote so soundly about Kipling was that his books, though she had absorbed them in depth and detail, were only a small fraction of the field of letters over which her catholic interests had ranged in decades of academic work. In that wider field she will be remembered as an acutely perceptive yet invariably unassuming writer, with the gift of distilling her subtle understanding of English literature into critical interpretation, authoritatively researched, beautifully expressed and highly persuasive.

To mark her eighty-fifth birthday, I placed in our issue of September 1982 a summary of her career, a photograph, and her previously unpublished article on "The Variety of Rudyard Kipling". Now, hearing of her death, I planned a full-dress obituary, but before it was ready a tribute to her came in from an admirer in Canada. This appears on pages 38-40 of the present issue, enabling me to make my own comments less compendious and more personal.

Not that I knew her well. Our acquaintance was confined to her later years of ill health and fading eyesight, but we did correspond, and once or twice talked on the telephone. She approved my editing of her article in 1982, and later agreed to my writing up her inconclusive thoughts on Kipling's extraordinary poem, "To the True Romance", which I hope to do shortly. Even in this posthumous scrap of literary criticism her hallmark can be detected: originality of insight, breadth of learning modestly displayed, and a knack of elucidation.

On Kipling she had no more to say, no other unpublished pieces. However I am delighted to hear that her last major work, *An Approach to the Poetry of William Morris*, was recently accepted at last for publication, and that she knew it before she died. She had told me in 1982 that the Oxford University Press liked her completed

draft, but doubted if it would sell. "I don't really worry", she added. "Think what my generation lost [in two wars] in unfinished books, pictures, compositions, etc. My book *was finished*. I enjoyed it. In some mysterious way it will, as William Morris said, be taken into the life of the world."

This almost mystical sense of the ultimate significance of pure work never tempted her to disregard the readers for whom she wrote: that was inconceivable for someone as devoted as she had been, through her working life at Royal Holloway, to the interests of her students. Though immune from the pettier vanities of authors, she was touched, in old age, when she heard that the writings of her prime were still read with profit. In a letter to one of our members [Brigadier Jervois] in 1984 she wrote:

When one is old. . .nothing is so cheering as evidence that one's careful work is still alive, and still, after a quarter of a century, retaining some of its use and attraction. [*The Art of Rudyard Kipling*] has served me well. . . I have certainly received my full stint of praise—sometimes of a rather surprising nature—and have specially enjoyed the approval of such readers as a retired forest officer from India, a rear-admiral, an auxiliary nurse of the first War and a farmer who kept my book on his writing table. Their comments make me feel that I have been making sense. . .

This down-to-earth attitude was surely an ingredient in her skill in interpreting Kipling. It catered for the paradoxical fact that he was at the same time a sensitive and complex man of formidably wide reading, and one who tried to describe the real world for a readership of ordinary unintellectual people—and not at all for academics, whom, on the whole, he never did much please. Conversely, he did not care for *their* opinions (particularly disliking the 'higher cannibalism' of intrusive biography). What he would have thought of the critical jargon taught in some English faculties today can hardly be imagined: it betokens a 'scientific' approach to literature equally alien to Dr Tompkins, and she told me she was glad her academic career was over before she had to face adjustment to this kind of change. I suspect that Kipling would have had no quarrel with the coolly sympathetic approach which marked her great study of his work, and which, in 'seeking not to question other than the books he left behind', interpreted those books with such judicious feeling for their artistry.

MR WARDROP'S PROBLEM

EXCERPTS FROM A TALK ON

KIPLING AND TECHNOLOGY

by Professor C. E. MOORHOUSE, AM

[Professor Charles Moorhouse is an Australian engineer of great distinction, which was recognised in 1981 by his appointment as a Member of the Order of Australia. In 1984 he delivered an address before the Melbourne Branch of the Kipling Society, and the fact that it has had to wait till now to appear illustrates the congestion of material awaiting publication in this magazine. Nor, indeed, does it now appear in full: Professor Moorhouse readily agreed with my proposal that I should edit and publish some excerpts, and then deposit the whole text in the Society's Library. He had not, he explained, written it with a view to its being published verbatim as it stood, nor had he adhered to it strictly himself; but he had used his notes, and certain diagrams accompanying them, as the basis for his informal address.

He was born in 1911 in Melbourne, and educated at that city's Grammar School and University before taking employment with the British Thomson Houston Company in Rugby, and later the State Electricity Commission of Victoria. He was then for nearly thirty years Professor of Electrical Engineering at Melbourne; after which he played a leading part in the foundation of Deakin University, Geelong, where he was also appointed a Visiting Professor in Engineering and Architecture.

He firmly believes that engineers, "because of and not in spite of their training, can contribute to other fields of human interest and endeavour", and he has certainly displayed a wide versatility in his own career. Besides serving as President of the Australian Institution of Engineers and writing a textbook on electrical engineering, he has written on education and graphical communication skills and Aboriginal art, and has played a part on Melbourne University's Council and in the affairs of the Victoria National Gallery, and in UNESCO consultancies in Latin America—to name a few of his activities.

When lecturing to engineering students on communication skills, he has made a practice of commending Kipling as a model of clarity in descriptive writing. When addressing our Branch, it was on Kipling's superb descriptions of engineering detail, in various stories and poems, that he focussed. He paid particular attention to the account of the marine engine and the prowess of the chief engineer Mr Wardrop in "The Devil and the Deep Sea" [*The Day's Work*]. Accordingly it is on that remarkable narrative by Kipling, here elucidated by Professor Moorhouse's comments and sketches, that I have concentrated below.—*Ed.*]

(1) KIPLING AND TECHNOLOGY: INTRODUCTION

G. F. Monkshood in *The Less Familiar Kipling*¹ makes some comments which can well act as my introduction:

In such stories as ".007", "The Ship that Found Herself" and "The Devil and the Deep Sea", the author cannot, owing to the nature of the subject, escape writing in a merely professional language; and so hosts of words become unintelligible to the ordinary reader. . .

Another critic, Richard Le Gallienne², also comments on the unintelligibility of "The Devil and the Deep Sea":

Mr. Kipling has given intemperate rein to a boyish passion for machinery. . . Yet such lore, while it may be useful in a shipping office. . . must be used very sparingly indeed in literature. . . Mr. Kipling however has. . . veritably debauched in it. . . wallowed in technical terms, as a miser bathes himself in gold pieces. . .

Monkshood however goes on to say:

Nevertheless, we cannot but acknowledge that Kipling has succeeded in giving a highly poetical presentment of the great spectacle of modern machinery, and that perhaps it might be worth while to learn the technical words in order to be capable of enjoying this kind of contemporary romance.

Speaking of romance, consider a few lines from Kipling's poem "The King"³:

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
He never ran to catch His train,
 But passed with coach and guard and horn—
 And left the local—late again!
 Confound Romance!". . . And all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
 His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
 His whistle waked the snow-bound grade,
 His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;
 By dock and deep and mine and mill
 The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Then too, in "The Secret of the Machines"⁴:

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write! . . .

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,
We are not built to comprehend a lie,
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.
If you make a slip in handling us you die!

This is an all-embracing statement of belief which still holds good, the only change being in the efficiency of the 'machine'. From recent study of Kipling's works I have concluded that his greatest mechanical interest was in steam engines of various kinds—marine, railway and motor-car. Thus, in the opening of ".007"⁵ we find:

A locomotive is, next to a marine engine, the most sensitive thing man ever made; and No. .007, besides being sensitive, was new.

Again, we know that among Kipling's minor distinctions was the fact that he was one of the earliest English motorists. An example of his stories about early cars, in this case a steam car, is "Steam Tactics"⁶.

My own introduction to the works of Rudyard Kipling came at about the age of six, when my father used to read one of the *Just So Stories* to my brother and myself at bedtime. Later I graduated to *The Jungle Books*, and at the age of ten I was introduced by my grandparents, who had noticed my mechanical interests, to the short stories which I shall discuss. I have been reading them, and others, at irregular intervals ever since. I found much in them to confirm my ambition to become an engineer rather than a linguist, and as a result I embarked on a course in mechanical engineering with a well-developed interest in the steam engine, particularly the steam locomotive.

While still at school I had visited the Newport Workshops of the Railways, and, on holiday excursions down the Bay, had spent some time in the engine-rooms of the paddle-steamers *Hygeia* and *Wuroona*, and had gone many times to the Technological Museum in Swanston Street. As a result, the vocabulary problems to which Monkshood

refers never crossed my mind as existing, when I first read the stories he specifically mentions.

The "modern machinery" which Monkshood refers to had not changed too much by the time I embarked on an engineering course, and I feel it is worthwhile to use my knowledge of the subject to explain some of the problems which the general reader encounters—and which, for that matter, are likely to be encountered by the technologists of the future. (It is worth noting that Engineering Societies are beginning to take an interest in what has been described recently as 'Engineering Archaeology', and some books on Engineering History have been written, for instance Dunsheath's *History of Electrical Engineering*.)

When preparing this address and deciding that some drawings would be helpful, the thought occurred to me that—curiously enough, at a time when it was common to have illustrations in novels—the various editions of Kipling that I have seen were not helpfully illustrated. It has been a useful exercise, to prepare drawings for "The Bridge Builders" and "The Devil and the Deep Sea", because it enabled the details to be checked: I have concluded that Kipling's technical descriptions are generally soundly based and indicate direct knowledge, or expert advice, or a combination of the two.

In "Wireless"⁷ for example, Cashell's nephew, "the electrician", explains that at Poole a wire is charged with Hertzian waves "which vibrate, say, two hundred and thirty million times a second". This, which implies a very short wavelength indeed, seemed at first reading highly unlikely, but Dunsheath's *History of Electrical Engineering* records the Poole experiments from 1897 onwards, and also Hertz having obtained frequencies of a hundred million in a second by an oscillatory discharge. The diagram of Marconi's first receiving circuit is very like the one that Kipling describes in this story.

The relevant works of Kipling with which I am most familiar seem to me to fall into the following groups:

(1) Those in which a knowledgeable description of the behaviour and characteristics of an engineering product, or system of some sort, is incidental to the main theme, e.g. *Captains Courageous* (for railway operation), "Steam Tactics" (for the steam car) and "Wireless".

(2) Those in which engineering products are treated as living and thinking entities, whose structure and characteristics are important, e.g. ".007" (for locomotives and railway operation), "The Ship that

Found Herself"⁸ (for ship construction) and "Below the Mill Dam"⁹ (for water-mill modernisation).

(3) Those in which the behaviour and characteristics of the engineering product are important, if not central, to the main theme, e.g. "The Bridge Builders"¹⁰ (for bridge construction), "McAndrew's Hymn"¹¹ and "The Devil and the Deep Sea" (both for marine engines).

(4) Finally, those which would nowadays be described as Science Fiction, e.g. "With the Night Mail"¹² (for transatlantic flight) and "As Easy as A.B.C."¹³ (for aerial oversight of world government).

In what follows, however, I am principally going to explain some of the technical detail which seems to me necessary for appreciating "The Devil and the Deep Sea"; which I feel needs the most attention.

(2) "THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA"

The engine described in this story was probably an arrangement of two cylinders, like that shown in the first sketch, with cranks set at right-angles, so that one of them would be in a maximum torque (turning effort) position when the other was in a zero torque position.

By means of valves—operated by 'eccentrics' from the main revolving shaft—steam is admitted, first to one side and then to the other side of the piston in each cylinder, pushing it up and then pushing it down. [See the lateral arrows in the second set of sketches.]

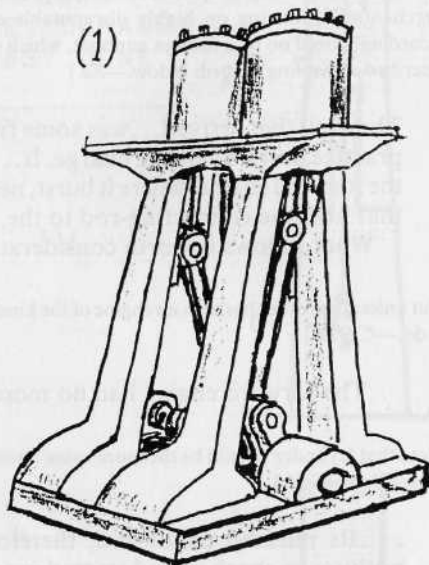
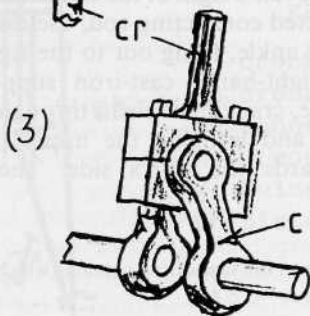
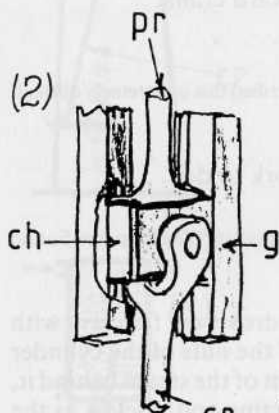
This backward-and-forward ('reciprocating') motion is transformed by piston-rod and connecting-rod and crank, into a rotary motion [which turns the propeller shaft].

Incidentally, in "The Ship that Found Herself" there is a definite reference to 'triple expansion'—meaning that steam went successively from one cylinder to another—but in "The Devil and the Deep Sea" this seems doubtful, although there is a later indication in Mr Wardrop's "lecture on repairing compound engines".

(2a) Catastrophe

["The Devil and the Deep Sea" is a magnificent story, which can be enjoyed by readers with no mechanical knowledge. This, however, is not the place to summarise the whole plot. Professor Moorhouse is concerned with three episodes of most direct relevance to

THE
UNDAMAGED
ENGINE



KEY

- c crank
- ch crosshead
- cr connecting-rod
- g guide
- pr piston-rod

Professor Moorhouse's sketches above illustrate:- (1) The outline configuration of a two-cylinder marine engine such as the *Haliotis* in "The Devil and the Deep Sea" might be supposed to have, clearly showing how the up-and-down motion of the connecting rods was transformed into a rotary motion capable of turning a propeller-shaft. (2) The top of a connecting-rod and the linkage with its piston-rod. (3) The foot of the connecting-rod, and linkage with the crank: the position of the two vertical retaining bolts in this assembly can be seen: these were broken by the shell—whence all else followed.

the engine of the ship in question, the *Haliotis*. She was a privately owned British merchantman, moving on highly disreputable errands in the Far East. She was accordingly fired on by a foreign gunboat, which caused episode (a), the catastrophe described in Kipling's words below.—*Ed.*]

The shell that arrived.. .was some five inches in diameter, with a practice, not a bursting, charge. It.. .dropped directly in front of the forward engine, where it burst, neatly fracturing both the bolts that held the connecting-rod to the forward crank.

What follows is worth consideration. . .

[But unless the reader has seen an engine of the kind described this is extremely difficult to do.—*C.E.M.*]

. . .The forward engine had no more work to do. . .

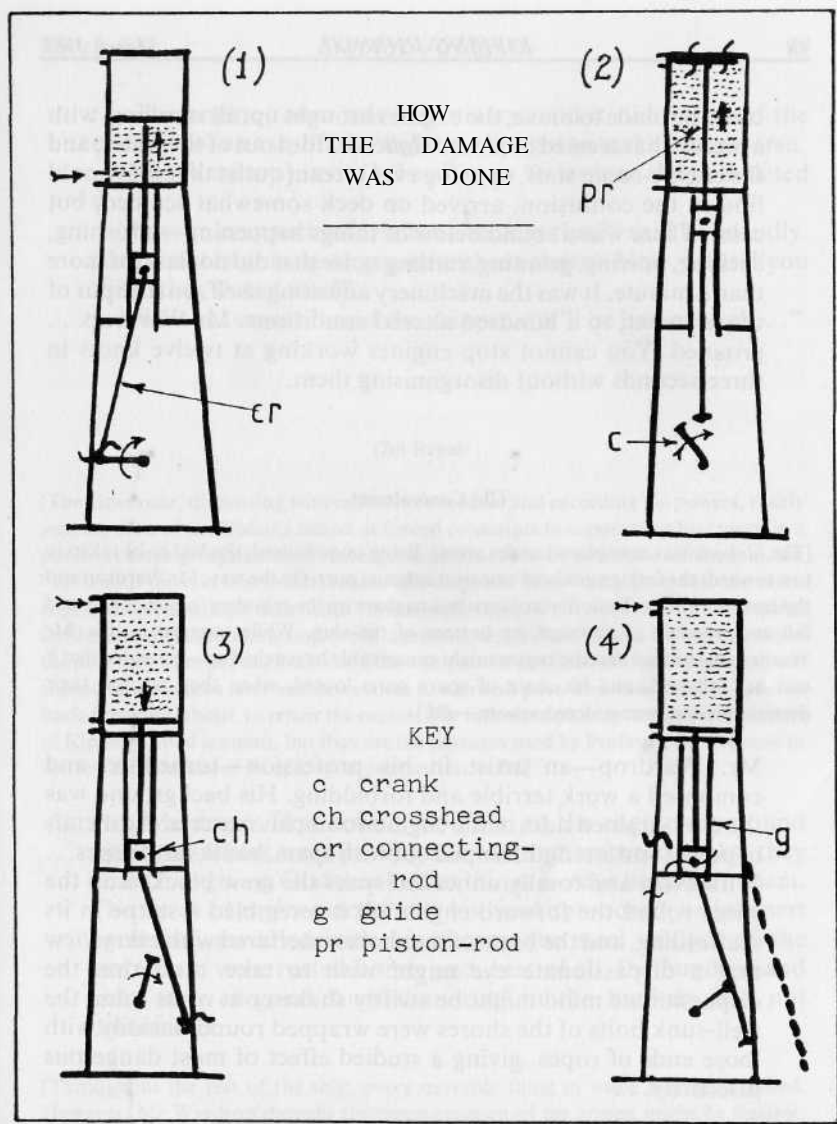
[Note that 'cylinder' would be the more usual term: it is used in "The Ship that Found Herself".—*C.E.M.*]

. . .Its released piston-rod, therefore, drove up fiercely, with nothing to check it, and started most of the nuts of the cylinder cover. It came down again, the full weight of the steam behind it, and the foot of the disconnected connecting-rod, useless as the leg of a man with a sprained ankle, flung out to the right and struck the starboard, or right-hand, cast-iron supporting-column of the forward engine, cracking it clean through about six inches above the base, and wedging the upper portion outwards three inches towards the ship's side. There the connecting-rod jammed. . .

[Note that cast-iron is a brittle material, and the supporting-columns which look so heavy in the sketch would have been hollow.—*C.E.M.*]

.. .Meantime, the after-engine, being as yet unembarrassed, went on with its work, and in so doing brought round at its next revolution the crank of the forward engine, which smote the already jammed connecting-rod, bending it and therewith the piston-rod cross-head—the big cross-piece that slides up and down so smoothly.

The cross-head jammed sideways in the guides, and, in addition to putting further pressure on the already broken starboard supporting-column, cracked the port, or left-hand, supporting-column in two or three places. There being nothing more that



Professor Moorhouse's diagrams illustrate Kipling's well known but little understood account of what happened when the shell fragmented on impact with the forward cylinder, "fracturing both the bolts that held the connecting-rod to the forward crank". Marks like a letter 'S' indicate damage. (1) The impact was on the link between the connecting-rod and the crank. (2) The piston-rod, now unrestrained, jarred the cylinder cover. (3) The disconnected connecting-rod, coming down again, cracked the right-hand supporting-column. (4) The crank, continuing to revolve because of the other cylinder, "smote the already jammed connecting-rod". Hence three results:- the crosshead jammed in the guides; the additional pressure pushed outward part of the case of the right-hand supporting-column; higher up, the left-hand supporting column was also cracked.

could be made to move, the engines brought up, all standing, with a hiccup that seemed to lift the *Haliotis* a foot out of the water; and the engine-room staff, opening every steam outlet that they could find in the confusion, arrived on deck somewhat scalded, but calm. There was a sound below of things happening—a rushing, clicking, purring, grunting, rattling noise that did not last for more than a minute. It was the machinery adjusting itself, on the spur of the moment, to a hundred altered conditions. Mr Wardrop. . . groaned. You cannot stop engines working at twelve knots in three seconds without disorganising them.

(2b) Concealment

[The *Haliotis* was now placed under arrest. Being immobilised, she had to be taken in tow towards the foreign gunboat's nearest colonial port. On the way, Mr Wardrop and the crew were busy. Their first concern was to shore up the cylinders in case one should fall and possibly go through the bottom of the ship. While engaged in this, Mr Wardrop calculated that the engine might conceivably be patched up—provided that it was not stripped, and his store of spare parts looted, when they reached their destination and were ordered ashore.—*Ed.*]

Mr. Wardrop—an artist in his profession—turned to and composed a work terrible and forbidding. His background was the dark-grained sides of the engine-room; his material the metals of power and strength, helped out with spars, baulks and ropes... With extra and totally unneeded spars the crew blocked up the space round the forward engine till it resembled a statue in its scaffolding, and the butts of the shores interfered with every view that a dispassionate eye might wish to take. And that the dispassionate mind might be swiftly shaken out of its calm, the well-sunk bolts of the shores were wrapped round untidily with loose ends of ropes, giving a studied effect of most dangerous insecurity. . .

[They] took off the nuts of two of the great holding-down bolts that serve to keep the engines in place on their solid bed. An engine violently arrested in mid-career may easily jerk off the nut of a holding-down bolt, and this accident looked very natural. . .

[Mr Wardrop's concealment manoeuvre, which Kipling describes at considerably greater length, thus consisted of propping up the cylinders, removing some parts and breaking some, loosening and removing bolts, and covering up with scaffolding.—*C.E.M.*]

. . . The engine-room was a cemetery, and it did not need the contents of an ash-lift through the skylight to make it any worse.

[Mr. Wardrop] invited the skipper to look at the completed work.

"Saw ye ever such a forsaken wreck as that?" said he proudly. "It almost frights *me* to go under those shores. Now, what d'you think they'll do to us?"

"Wait till we see," said the skipper. "It'll be bad enough. . ."

(2c) Repair

[The Governor, dispensing with normal procedures and exceeding his powers, rashly sent the crew of the *Haliotis* inland as forced conscripts to supplement his troops in a punitive campaign against native insurgents. In their absence he tried to sell the ship, but "his countrymen in that moist climate had no spirit. They would peep into the silent engine-room, and shake their heads." Meanwhile the crew were lost to view for months, until eventually diplomatic steps were taken to arrange their release. On their return to the port they were put back on board their ship, to be confined there until the gunboat should return weeks later and carry them to a British port. This interval they spent in back-breaking labour, to repair the engine. The following extracts are only a small part of Kipling's vivid account, but they are the passages used by Professor Moorhouse to convey the outlines of an epic of improvisation.—*Ed.*]

Mr. Wardrop's first bound took him to the engine-room; and when the others were patting the well-remembered decks, they heard him giving God thanks that things were as he had left them. The wrecked engines stood over his head untouched; no inexpert hand had meddled with his shores; the steel wedges of the storeroom were rusted home; and, best of all, the hundred and sixty tons of good Australian coal in the bunkers had not diminished. . .

[Throughout the rest of the ship, every movable thing of value had been looted. However, Mr Wardrop thought the reconstruction of the engine might be feasible.—*Ed.*]

He went into the engine-room, and the others stared. They were used to the accidents of the sea, but this was beyond their experience. None who had seen the engine-room believed that anything short of new engines from end to end could stir the *Haliotis* from her moorings.

The engine-room stores were unearthed, and Mr. Wardrop's face, red with the filth of the bilges and the exertion of travelling on

his stomach, lit with joy. The spare gear of the *Haliotis* had been unusually complete, and two-and-twenty men armed with screw-jacks, differential blocks, tackle, vices, and a forge or so, can look Kismet between the eyes without winking. The crew were ordered to replace the holding-down and shaft-bearing bolts and return the collars of the thrust-block. When they had finished, Mr. Wardrop delivered a lecture on repairing compound engines without the aid of the shops. . . The cross-head jammed in the guides leered at them drunkenly, but offered no help. They ran their fingers hopelessly into the cracks of the starboard supporting-column. . .

[The replacement of the parts that had been removed was completed, and next, in Kipling's words, "the work of reconstruction began".—*C.E.M.*]

It has been explained that the foot of the connecting-rod was forced against the foot of the starboard supporting-column, which it had cracked through and driven outward towards the ship's skin. To all appearance the job was more than hopeless, for rod and column seemed to have been welded into one. But herein Providence smiled on them for one moment to hearten them through the weary weeks ahead. The second engineer—more reckless than resourceful—struck at random with a cold chisel into the cast-iron of the column, and a greasy, grey flake of metal flew from under the imprisoned foot of the connecting-rod, while the rod itself fell away slowly, and brought up with a thunderous clang somewhere in the dark of the crank-pit. The guide-plates above were still jammed fast in the guides, but the first blow had been struck. . .

[The cargo-derricks had been looted, and the problem was how to lift off the cylinder cover and then to remove the piston-rod. This was achieved by employing a faulty donkey-engine and improvised tackle.—*C.E.M.*]

The donkey-engine worked—at a price—the price of constant attention and furious stoking—worked long enough to allow a wire rope (it was made up of a funnel and a foremast-stay) to be led into the engine-room and made fast on the cylinder-cover of the forward engine. That rose easily enough, and was hauled through the skylight and on to the deck... Then came the tug of war, for it was necessary to get to the piston and the jammed piston-rod. They removed two of the piston junk-ring studs, screwed in two strong iron eye-bolts by way of handles, doubled the wire rope, and set half-a-dozen men to smite with an extemporised

battering-ram at the end of the piston-rod, where it peered through the piston, while the donkey-engine hauled upward on the piston itself. . .

[Finally the piston-rod slipped free. The cylinder was then shored up, so that there was no weight on the supporting-columns. These were then repaired by fastening hot-shaped $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch boiler plate over the cracks, with rivet-holes drilled by hand. This was good enough to hold the guides in an approximately correct position, but supports for the cylinder were now needed. For this, 3-inch diameter columns were used, which had to be cut by hand, with files, from an anchor davit.—*C.E.M.*]

They had kept the hardest work till the last.. .and, worn though they were, Mr. Wardrop did not dare to give them rest. The piston-rod and connecting-rod were to be straightened, and this was a job for a regular dockyard with every appliance. . .

[This was eventually achieved, by heating and hammering by hand, but when it was done Mr Wardrop had another task to impose on his men.—*C.E.M.*]

He pointed out that.. .the piston-rod cross-head—the thing that had been jammed sideways in the guides—had been badly strained, and had cracked the lower end of the piston-rod. He was going to forge and shrink a wrought-iron collar on the neck of the piston-rod where it joined the cross-head, and from the collar he would bolt a Y-shaped piece of iron whose lower arms should be bolted into the cross-head.

[At last this too was done, and in the end the engine was started, and the ship, "trailing a fathom of weed", crawled slowly out to sea.—*C.E.M.*]

.. .Mr. Wardrop wiped away a tear as he listened to the new song. "She's gibberin'," . . . he whimpered. "Yon's the voice of a maniac."

And if engines have any soul, as their masters believe, he was quite right. There were outcries and clamours, sobs and bursts of chattering laughter, silences where the trained ear yearned for the clear note, and torturing reduplications where there should have been one deep voice. Down the screw-shaft ran murmurs and warnings, while a heart-diseased flutter without told that the propeller needed re-keying.

[The important thing was that, against all odds, she moved, and was able to sail slowly away to a surprising dénouement. But the engineering epic was over, and it was on that,

and not on the overall story, that Professor Moorhouse had been dwelling. That prolonged struggle in the engine-room reflected extraordinary credit on the skill and thoroughness of Mr Wardrop. I hope that any readers who have hitherto been daunted by the technicality of the story will now agree, in the light of Professor Moorhouse's introduction and illustrations, that the narrative reflects similar credit on the skill and thoroughness of Kipling, who, though in no sense an engineer himself, was able to present with mechanical integrity the consequences and implications of a bursting shell, when it broke "the bolts that held the connecting-rod to the forward crank".—Ed]

REFERENCES

1. *The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingiana* by G. F. Monkshood, *alias* W. J. Clarke (Jarrold, 3rd edn, 1936), p 141.
2. *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism* by Richard Le Gallienne (John Lane, 1900), p 122.
3. Published 1894, collected in *The Seven Seas*.
4. Published 1911 in *A History of England* by Kipling & C. R. L. Fletcher.
5. Published 1897, collected in *The Day's Work*.
6. Published 1902, collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*.
7. Published 1902, collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*.
8. Published 1895, collected in *The Day's Work*.
9. Published 1902, collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*.
10. Published 1893, collected in *The Day's Work*.
11. Published 1894, collected in *The Seven Seas*.
12. Published 1905, collected in *Actions and Reactions*.
13. Published 1912, collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*.

SALE PRICES. Sotheby's, in their 1986 *Market Report* on sales of books and manuscripts, list among notable recent records £2,600 paid for a 1st edition (1902) of *Just So Stories* with the dust-jacket. In effect, this is the highest known auction price for any dust-jacket. The book itself might possibly (they say) fetch £100.—Ed.

BOOK REVIEWS

KIPLING AND "ORIENTALISM" by B. J. Moore-Gilbert
(Croom Helm, 1986); hardback; 198 pp+ 30 pp
bibliography & index; ISBN 0-7099-3505-6; £18.95.

[This book, a sustained academic essay, is unusual in its duality of purpose, (a) to scrutinise Kipling's view of India, and (b) to relate it to another book. *Orientalism* by E. W. Said (Random House, New York, 1978), which is a fierce intellectual attack on traditional condescending Europe-centred attitudes to the Orient, in which Kipling is rather marginally mentioned.

Perusal of Moore-Gilbert's book, and acquaintance with Said's, persuaded me that the most appropriate reviewer would be another academic. I therefore approached Mrs Parry, author of a much appreciated article on "The Bridge Builders" in our issues of March and June 1986, and now a member of our Council. I knew she wholly understood the rather opaque specialist jargon in which much current literary criticism is wrapped, but that she did not employ in her own writing more of it than was needed! Also, without of course offering suggestions as to how she might approach the book under review, I did show her a justifiably indignant letter from one of our members, Mr Paul Beale, criticising *the format* of the book—which explains her concluding remark.—*Ed.*]

At the outset of this book the author declares two aims which are closely linked. He intends to explore the relationship of Kipling's work to the characteristic literary and political 'discourses' of Anglo-India and, in doing so, to offer a critique of Edward Said's notions about 'orientalism'. Our estimation of the work must, therefore, to a large extent be determined by how well Mr Moore-Gilbert has achieved the aims he set himself.

Clearly, he has read widely in works of fiction and other writing produced by the Anglo-Indian community since before the Mutiny. It leads him to the conclusion that ultimately Anglo-Indian discourses were shaped by the insecurity felt by the exiles who believed that the nature of life in India was little known or cared about in Britain. This insecurity produced an orientalism that was distinct from its metropolitan counterpart. It systematically debunked notions of a gorgeous East, stressing instead the ennui that could give way to despair and suicide; it showed the killing climate and disease that was

responsible for an alarmingly high mortality rate; and it pointed to the enormous difficulties, in these circumstances, of human relationships.

The Anglo-Indians viewed with disquiet the ways in which both evangelists and those set on economic 'development' carelessly affronted the traditions of the Indian people. However, their greatest contempt was reserved for travellers who visited the subcontinent for a short time and then, on their return home, paraded a 'specialist' knowledge of it. A reader of Kipling's early work will know that these themes are often present, and it is Mr Moore-Gilbert's opinion that he should be recognised as a writer of the Anglo-Indian tradition who continued and modified it.

Anglo-Indian orientalism is illustrated with an impressive wealth of examples, but we are told, rather than given textual evidence of, the characteristic emphases of metropolitan orientalism. This makes it difficult to estimate the validity of the author's next claim, that these "relative tendencies" were sometimes in sympathy, sometimes in tension (page 26).

The author here is drawing on discourse theory, according to which any statement, in one way or another or to one degree or another, asserts an agreement with or negation of something else; a particular area of language use, such as the literary or the political, therefore defines itself against another area. If we are to accept Mr Moore-Gilbert's argument we need to see how, in this process of definition, there emerged parallel and conflicting emphases.

The failure to consider how Anglo-Indian and metropolitan orientalism existed in relationship to one another—whether we are to think of co-existence, domination or the transformation of one tendency by the other—means that there can be no analysis of their referential power in Victorian society. Said constantly emphasises that orientalism is about the way in which authority is exerted over the East by the institutions of cultural hegemony. He calls for the study of what he terms the "strategic formation" of texts, which in this case would involve examining the relationship of Kipling's work to that of imperial writers of the metropolitan tradition, and consideration of the political directions involved in the critics' reception of both types of orientalism.

The absence of any real formulation of metropolitan orientalism is compounded by a failure to discuss the problems that arise from designating Kipling as an Anglo-Indian writer, and from considering his orientalism in a very narrow range of his work. If the designation is to be made good we need to know, for example, how and why Kipling's Anglo-Indian outlook superseded, or dominated over, the

metropolitan version that his school had inculcated throughout his most impressionable years. Kipling, we must remember, lived in England from the age of six until he was sixteen. If he was Anglo-Indian in outlook this was not something which ceased when the boat left Bombay, and the important question we must then ask is how this tendency in his orientalism affected the work he produced throughout his career. Did it modify, or exist in tension with, the metropolitan orientalism of the later writing?

Mr Moore-Gilbert, however, resolutely confines himself to the Indian stories and, occasionally, *Kim*, so that he can neither raise nor answer these important questions about Kipling's orientalism. Said reminds us that the real Orient at most provoked a writer to his vision, it rarely guided him, so that if we are to understand its role in Kipling's work it has to be seen alongside his other ideological preferences. In a very real sense India could be regarded as Kipling's 'favourite foreign country', and it is clear to many readers that it was often the internal constraints and tensions within his orientalism that were productive in his writing.

After he had made his home in England the idea of Europe which, as Denys Hay says, is never far from orientalism, took on increasing importance for Kipling as he became anxious over the relationship between England's European status and having and holding on to the Empire. In brief, the only way to study Kipling's orientalism is to see it in an ideological context and in a continuum over time. It is when we see the changes and modifications it underwent that we can appreciate its nature at any one point in his life and work. Mr Moore-Gilbert has located a crucial area of interest for Kipling scholars, and we must be grateful to him for this, but more of this author's work must needs be discussed before a book can justifiably be called *Kipling and "Orientalism"*.

A final comment must be made on the disservice done to author and readers alike by the publishers of this book. Perhaps in an effort to distract the potential buyer from the shortness of the text, it is set in large characters of the draft quality type from a word processor—the distances between words are unequal, some pages are darker than others, and the letters are composed of dots. It is shabby to look at, trying to read, and the price of the book is prohibitive. As one discontented purchaser has already commented to the editor of the *Kipling Journal*, "The whole product is a sorry mess that the perpetrators, Croom Helm, should be ashamed of."

THE INDIAN RAILWAY LIBRARY: FACSIMILES OF KIPLING

Many of Kipling's early Indian short stories, when first published in book form, appeared in slim grey paperbacks in A. H. Wheeler's 'Indian Railway Library' series, at one rupee each. These are now rarities, and the first editions are valuable.

The R. S. Surtees Society (a book reprint society, the range of which now extends well beyond the works of Surtees) has had the idea of republishing these works of Kipling in something approaching facsimile form, and the first two (*Soldiers Three* and *The Story of the Gadsbys*) are now on sale at £2.95. They are *not* exact facsimiles, because although they do accurately reproduce the covers and texts of the original edition they gratuitously add a little extra material—e.g. a few illustrations, one or two poems by Kipling which were actually written later, particulars of the R.S.Surtees Society and its other productions, and a foreword. In strict bibliographical terms, of course, these are intrusions, and there is room for two opinions as to their suitability. However the forewords, written by Philip Mason with his usual objectivity of vision and lucidity of style, can be regarded as an enhancement of what is in any case an interesting set of books.

Anyone interested in obtaining the first two volumes (or the other four: the next two. *In Black and White* and *Under the Deodars*, are due out shortly) should write to The Hon. Mrs Robert Pomeroy, The R. S. Surtees Society, Rockfield House, Nunney, near Frome, Somerset.—*Ed.*]



A DECORATED INITIAL

One of many illustrations by Lockwood Kipling in Flora Annie Steel's *Tales of the Punjab, Told by the People* (1894). This one formed the initial 'O' of "Once upon a time. . ." in the popular folk-tale, "The King of the Crocodiles".

THE MIRRIELEES CONNECTION [7]

based on papers passed to the Editor by FAITH ROBINSON

[We published the previous instalments in this series in 1984-86. The sixth, in our issue of March 1986, brought the Kipling/Bernard relationship up to the summer of 1900, when the Kiplings were in Rottingdean between two winter visits to South Africa. They were on the friendliest terms with H. M. Bernard, a brilliant biologist who was also an idealistic socialist, a lapsed clergyman and a very highly strung and sensitive man. Readers may remember that Bernard had been introduced to the Kipling family by his brother-in-law F. J. Mirrielees, head of the Union-Castle Line (see frontispiece), when they had all sailed together to Cape Town in early 1900.

I have been given access to a substantial typescript volume, which is an unpublished biography of Bernard by his daughter Una Sait: this was by the kindness of Mrs Faith Robinson, one of our members, who is Bernard's granddaughter and Mrs Sait's niece. It is an important source without which I could not have produced this series—which aims to extract and reproduce everything of substance about what might be thought (by anyone holding a stereotyped view of Kipling) to have been a somewhat surprising friendship.

The seventh instalment, below, relates to the period 1900-03, and is taken verbatim from the biography, except for Editorial passages in square brackets.—*Ed.*]

MRS UNA SAIT'S TEXT

My father went to Southampton to see the Kiplings off on their annual winter trip to South Africa [on 8 December 1900]; and he visited them again in 1901, soon after their return [which was in early May 1901]. Kipling would often read his unfinished stories aloud to my father who told my mother [in a letter],

He appealed to me to settle final questions. He always told his wife afterwards that it was *I* who settled the vexed points... Yesterday R.K. read me a brand new story which showed such a mastery of detail in an entirely new line that it quite carries me away with amazement at his powers. [Unidentified, but possibly "Wireless", on which Kipling is known to have been working in the late summer.]

On another occasion Kipling was working on the manuscript of *Just So Stories*. With my father for audience he chanted, in the manner of an Indian story-teller,

a lot of funny stories about animals and how they came to be what they are. I told him that was a hobby of mine, what I call 'the mechanics of evolution'. . . He calls them *his* fooling, I call mine philosophizing. But I have admitted that mine may be folly, and his the philosophy.

[In the autumn of 1901 Bernard suffered a serious breakdown of health, probably attributable to overwork and heart strain occasioned by his concentrated labours in biological research at the National History Museum and by a temperament always inclined to anxiety and over-conscientiousness. He had financial problems too, and was quietly but crucially helped at this juncture, as before and after, by Mirrielees. In 1902 he was sufficiently recovered to embark on a new domestic venture, an experiment in running a co-operative household jointly with two other families, and to this end the Bernards moved into a house called Sagamore, in Ashted, Surrey, not far from Pasture Wood, Mirrielees's Dorking home. Meanwhile the Bernard/Kipling link was maintained.]

A great many friends visited Sagamore, most of them for the day, some for longer. . . [One] visitor of special interest was Augustine Birrell [1850-1933, literary critic, professor of law, later a Liberal minister] who had a double reason for coming now that his sister Olive and our family lived in the same house. Filson Young [friend of the Bernards and Kiplings: see our issue of December 1985, page 58 and footnote] had recently married, and he and his wife often drove over from Epsom. He was the first of our friends and relatives to drive his own car instead of employing a chauffeur.

But, alas, one promised and eagerly expected visit did not materialise! The Kiplings had bought an automobile and planned to drive over from their new home, Bateman's, at Burwash in Sussex. Kipling had written to my father on October 28th, 1902, urging him to "get down and see our new place before we go out this year [to South Africa]. With our united love and good wishes. Ever thine, Rudyard." But my father's first visit to Bateman's was not to take place till June 1903. Writing to Ida [a younger sister of Una's], he told her:

When the train reached Tunbridge Wells, 18 miles from the real station, suddenly Mr Kipling himself came and dragged me out of the carriage. They had come in their motor, to try it, and to make purchases, and caught my train, in order to get me out, and so we all went to Burwash by motor. It's frightfully hilly country, up tremendous slopes and down again. I once tried it on a bicycle. It was very slow work. But last week in the motor, the hills were nothing. We glided up and down the steepest hills in the new 18 horse-power Lanchester car, and did the 19 miles in about 1 hour and 15 minutes!

In a letter to me, Dad wrote:

The perfectly splendid motor car was swung more comfortably than any cradle; it made no noise and we swept through the air as if gliding on oil, although we went now and then over thirty miles an hour... They have a beautiful, very large old house of mossy stone and tiles with tall chimneys. . . The date over the porch is 1634. Inside, three storeys, all of oak black with age and the walls panelled to the ceiling and the dark oak beams showing everywhere. The floors are all slippery black oak, all out of the level. I slept in an old oak four-poster with a carved oak canopy and with a small electric light hanging down near the pillow, which I could switch on at night and read by. [There was] a great old fireplace, and 2 diamond-paned windows. . . and outside a great rose tree in full bloom, the blossoms and buds pressing in at the window all round.

I had a very pleasant time. Mr Kipling, who is just publishing a volume of verses [presumably *The Five Nations*, first English edition, October 1903], recited several of them. We spent most of the time out of doors... Mrs Kipling asked after you all and says she and Mr Kipling will motor over to Ashtead when you are at home, to see you both.

But in September a letter arrived from Bateman's:

Dear Barney

We said to ourselves, "We will go over to Ashtead on Monday," and gave orders for Amelia [the car]. . . On Saturday, Carrie overdid, walking and climbing about the farm and spent Sunday and yesterday in bed, very far from well. She is rather a worm today and bids me tell you how angry and disgusted she is at the plan falling through. I am awfully sorry because Monday would have been a divine day for the excursion. Now, goodness knows when we shall get away.

Please convey my regrets to Mrs Bernard and your maidens (I wanted to see them particularly for psychological reasons), and this leaves me as ever

Yours,
Rudyard.

My father evidently sent him my photograph on December 1st, for Kipling wrote:

Dear Barney,

Thanks very much for the portrait of your maiden. I seem to detect a faint likeness to you in the upper part of the face, but the eyes must be all her own. It's an awe-inspiring thing (I feel it when I look at Elsie) to be responsible for a woman who again, in spite of all our love, must be responsible for herself. I hope the Gods may send her all that which she most desires and above all the One Man at the proper time.

Who am I to presume to address directly the Head of St. Andrews? [Una was now head girl of St Leonard's School at St Andrews, Scotland] but if you find her in an approachable mood (the prefects of my youth were mostly austere) please tell her that here are two people at Bateman's that will always keep an affectionate eye upon her orbit. You'll bring her down won't you next year to Bateman's?

We leave on the 12th all being well [from Southampton, for Cape Town], and I only wish we could find you aboard. Next time you see Filson Young give him my congratulations on his Irish book, and with best love from us all

Ever yours,
Rudyard.



THE THREATENING CROCODILES

Another illustration (see p 26) by Lockwood Kipling for "The King of the Crocodiles" in Flora Annie Steel's *Tales of the Punjab*. Here the reptiles are threatening to eat a farmer. He entreats them to desist—which they do, but on condition that he gives his beautiful daughter in marriage to their King, in the nearby river.



JOHN KIPLING. 1913

A previously unpublished photograph from Lady Lorna Howard's private collection. It shows the Kiplings' only son John, in the garden at Bateman's, in the summer of 1913 when he would have been just turning sixteen. That was the summer in which John was ill and made a rather slow recovery, as recounted in an earlier item in Lady Lorna's series of reminiscences (September 1985). This picture is unusual in showing him wearing a monocle: like his father, he suffered from poor eyesight.

'UNCLE RUDDY', REMEMBERED [8]

by LORNA HOWARD

[This continues our series of Lady Lorna Howard's recollections of her close relatives, the Kiplings. As Lorna Baldwin, a daughter of Stanley Baldwin, she was a favourite and privileged cousin of Rudyard Kipling, and her fond memories of him stretch back with extraordinary clarity, and great consistency, to 1900 and earlier. Together they contribute to a fuller understanding of Kipling and his family, while also authentically and entertainingly recreating the atmosphere of an age which, though so close to us, seems now remote.

We have been presenting these sketches not in chronological sequence but as unconnected vignettes. They are based partly on Lady Lorna's own written notes (to which she continues to add) and partly on many interviews I have had with her; some of them are helpfully supplemented, as this one is, by photographs she has been good enough to supply for the *Kipling Journal* from her private collection.—Ed]

'ASTLEY WEEK' BEFORE THE WAR

My mother was a marvellous hostess, not just for her contemporaries but for us teenagers. Every year in early September, at our home in Worcestershire, Astley Hall, she arranged an event that we called 'Astley Week'. The very name had an allure that lasted through our schoolroom years and led us to count the summer days till it came round. We would have a tennis tournament, and the climax of the week was a dance, wonderfully organised by my mother and enjoyed by all of us, with our long hall and the adjacent drawing room cleared of furniture, and a band seated among potted plants by the connecting door.

Astley Week would see a gathering of the clan: for instance the two younger Mackails, Denis and Clare¹; the two Kiplings, Elsie and John; and at least four Baldwins, Diana, Margot, Oliver and me.² (My brother Oliver,³ whom my mother—not my father—had sadly spoilt, was a great friend of John Kipling's: John seemed to be the only person



IN 'ASTLEY WEEK', 1913

Elsie Kipling (*left*) and Lorna Baldwin, both aged seventeen, in the garden of the Baldwins' Worcestershire home, Astley Hall. The occasion was 'Astley Week', described by Lady Lorna in the accompanying article. The stencilling on the marquee is the name and designation of its Worcester supplier. (The dresses are only ankle-length but unfortunately, in the small, faded, original snapshot the girls' feet were virtually invisible, and, short of bold re-touching, must in this reproduction remain so.)

The game being played is a French one called 'Diabolo'. It is now presumably as extinct as the yo-yo, but Lady Lorna has vivid memories of playing it endlessly with Elsie. Each pair of sticks was joined by a cord, on which the aim was to spin a kind of waisted top (visible in this picture). On achieving this, a player could toss the top (the 'diabolo' itself) to another player to be caught on the string and kept spinning. Cheap tops were of wood, better ones of celluloid and rubber. The latter, if dexterously gyrated, would hum agreeably.

who could deal with him on easy terms.) Among others who came—certainly in 1913, as I remember—were E. W. Hornung's⁴ son Oscar and Bonar Law's⁵ son Charlie.

We were all fond of Elsie Kipling, 'the Bird' as some of us called her. I remember how one evening we younger ones had been playing paper games before going to bed—'Consequences', telegrams in verse, and other such pastimes now sadly defunct. When we looked in at the dining room door to bid our elders good night, the dear impulsive Bird made a dash to my mother's place at the head of the table and in throwing her arms around her neck knocked the champagne out of the glass she was holding.

"Sorry, Aunt Cissie, I'll bring you some more!", but she was gently restrained from that.

As we left and closed the door behind us, Denis drily remarked to her, "A *very* good exit, dear Cousin".⁶

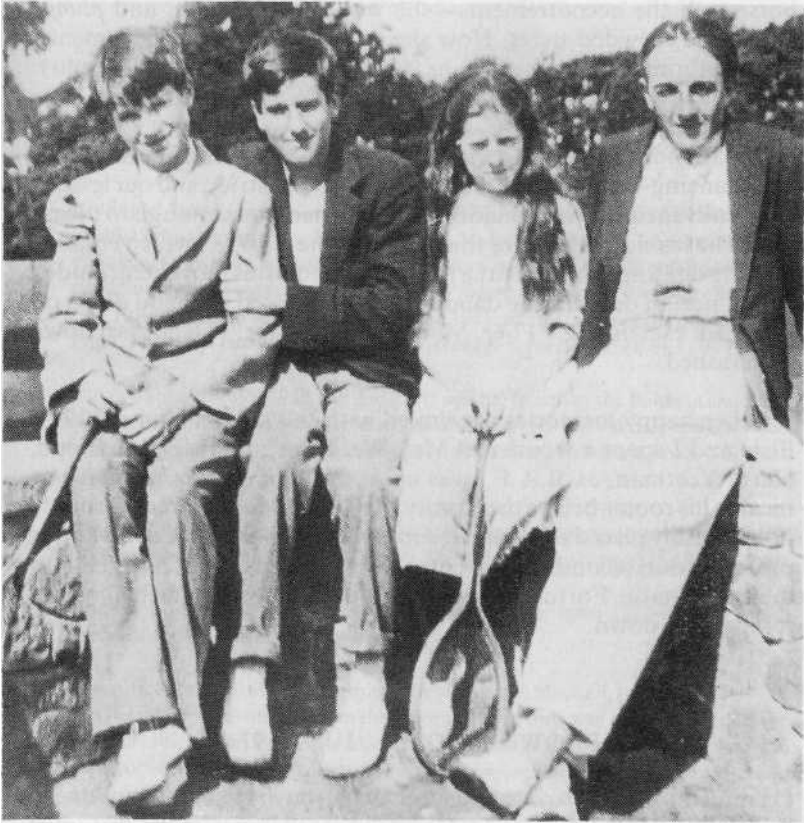
Bird did have the unenviable gift of falling flat for no obvious reason, then rising again unhurt. Her prize effect was after the dance in 1913, when she brought her partner round to bid my mother good night. Suddenly, as they were standing before her, Bird fell to the floor with a thud, pulling her partner with her. This provoked gales of laughter, especially from Denis. Indeed if Denis heard any sudden and unexplained loud noise he was apt to comment, in his friendly but sarcastic way, "Elsie falling down again, I presume".

1913... How young we were, how happy and carefree. No one could imagine that this was the last of the Astley Weeks, and that three of the young men of the party, mere boys, would before long be dead.

PARIS, SPRING 1914

In the last spring before the War, Elsie Kipling and I, with my sister Margot and our French/German governess, were all installed for some weeks in a flat in Paris, in the Rue Poncelet off the Avenue Wagram. We read and studied, we went to selected plays and opera, and we visited everything that a young lady is supposed to.

I liked our governess, who was intelligent and, if you worked hard enough, kind. However, she had one alarming habit. Someone had told her that if she saw a funeral procession it was good luck to cross the road just in front of it. Accordingly, at the sight of a cortège—black



"BUT WHO SHALL RETURN US THE CHILDREN?"

Another photograph from Lady Lorna's private collection, showing members of the house-party gathered for 'Astley Week' at the Baldwins' in the late summer of 1913. In this group are (*left to right*) Charles Law (son of the future Prime Minister Andrew Bonar Law), John Kipling (son of Rudyard Kipling), Betty Baldwin (born in 1902, a younger sister of Lorna Baldwin) and Oscar Hornung (son of the writer E. W. Hornung). In the course of the Great War, which broke out the next year, all three boys were killed, Hornung and Kipling in 1915, Law in 1917.

horses, all the accoutrements—she would abandon us and *plunge* across the crowded street. How she escaped death or disablement I never fathomed. However the hearse-drivers enjoyed her little ploy: "Allo, la grandmère!" they would bellow. We were *mortified*.

We attended a weekly dancing class, run by a mincing, theatrical little dancing-master. He was a good teacher but strict, and our lessons were enlivened by Bird's inability to bend her knees enough to please him. The fashionable dance that year was the *maxixe*⁷, which entailed dipping one knee almost to the floor. Somehow this movement eluded Bird: once, in despair, the dancing-master pressed his hand down on her head, exclaiming, "Pliez, Mademoiselle. *Pliez!*" Of course, down she crashed.

Other happy memories are linked with this. Years later, in 1919, Elsie and I spent a wonderful May Week in Cambridge.⁸ A friend, Harry Yeatman, ex-R.A.F., was up at the University and gave us a meal in his rooms before the Trinity May Ball. Being short of furniture he had rashly placed some of our supper-to-be on the floor of his sitting room. Within seconds of our entry Bird excelled herself: she fell into the mayonnaise. Fortunately we all saw the comic side, and laughingly scraped her down.

BROWN'S HOTEL, JUNE 1914

On returning from Paris to England, Elsie, much to her joy, was due to 'come out'—to be presented at Court in accordance with the custom of the day. I, to my relief, was not due till the following year.

On the day of her presentation,⁹ I was invited to Brown's Hotel, which was virtually the Kiplings' London home, to view my cousin. My French *bonne*, Marie Combanère, took me along. There, on a white sheet in the middle of the sitting room, stood the Bird in all her plumage, white from top to toe, and her bouquet likewise. After walking round her and admiring her we were allowed to do the same to Aunt Carrie, also on a sheet, in their bedroom: I can remember her now, in dark mauve, looking her very best. Dear Uncle Ruddy was there too, of course, in velvet Court Dress, with shining steel buttons on his jacket, knee-breeches, and gleaming buckled shoes.

NOTES

1. Kipling's 'Aunt Georgie' Macdonald (1840-1920) had married Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-98); their daughter Margaret (1866-1953) married J. W. Mackail, O.M, and they had three children. The eldest was Angela (later Thirkell) who by 1911 was married to her first husband J. Campbell MacInnes. The two younger children were closer to Lorna Baldwin's age.
2. Kipling's 'Aunt Louisa' Macdonald (1845-1925) had married Alfred Baldwin, M.P. (1840-1908); their son Stanley (1867-1947; 1st Ead Baldwin, K.C.) married Lucy Ridsdale (known to younger relatives as 'Aunt Cissie', 1869-1945) and they had six children. The four named here were the four eldest; they were followed by Betty (b. 1902) and Arthur Wyndham (1904-76; the 3rd Earl and father of the present, 4th, Earl). These last two were not part of the teenage scene described by Lady Lorna.
3. Oliver Baldwin (1899-1958; the 2nd Earl) was the fourth of the Baldwin children, some nineteen months younger than John Kipling. He was a writer and for some years a Labour M.P., and served briefly as Governor of the Leeward Islands (1948-50).
4. Ernest William Hornung (1866-1921) was a writer now best remembered for the 'Raffles' series of stories, starting with *The Amateur Cracksmen* in 1899.
5. Andrew Bonar Law (1858-1923) was Prime Minister from 1922-23, and was a friend of the Kiplings.
6. A significant as well as a witty remark. Denis George Mackail, F.R.S.L. (1892-1971) was for many years interested in the stage and for a time was a stage designer. He was a prolific writer, turning out between 1920 and 1950 a large number of novels and short stories; they were light, and highly popular. He was also the close friend, and official biographer, of J. M. Barrie.
7. The *maxixe* (the word is from Brazilian Portuguese) was a Brazilian dance in duple time, a precursor of the tango.
8. Mrs Kipling noted in her diary on 6 June 1919 that Elsie had departed for the Cambridge May Week.
9. According to her mother's diary, Elsie went to her "first big dance", at Mrs Saxon Noble's, on 15 May 1914; she was presented on 4 June, but the occasion was marred, according to her mother, by a demonstration by a suffragette.

JOYCE TOMPKINS: A TRIBUTE

by D. P. VARMA

[Dr Varma, Professor of English at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, knew the late Dr Tompkins well. Therefore, though I myself had planned a full obituary of Dr Tompkins as my editorial for the present issue, I was very pleased to receive this article about her, just in time to be printed. It has enabled me to restrict my editorial largely to what I wanted to say about Dr Tompkins's qualities as an authority on Kipling, and the perceptive way she wrote about him. This is admirably complemented by Dr Varma, who as a fellow-academic places her work in a wider literary perspective, and as a friend depicts her as the attractive person she certainly was.—*Ed.*]

Joyce Marjorie Sanxter Tompkins, D.Lit., author of *The Popular Novel in England, 1770-1800* and *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, was the daughter of a distinguished Cambridge-educated teacher of classics, Albert James Tompkins (1862-1929). Her mother, who had a beautiful singing voice, came from a family of hosiery manufacturers in Leicester. Joyce inherited good looks, high intelligence and a capacity for hard work from her parents.

Dr Tompkins was born on 3 November 1897 in London. She entered Bedford College, University of London, in 1915, and received her B.A. in 1918, coming first in the university in English Honours; she secured a M.A. with distinction in 1921. She served on the teaching faculty of Bedford College from 1921-28, prior to her D.Lit. in 1933. She taught for over thirty years at the Royal Holloway College, University of London (1934-65), where she was also Vice-Principal from 1948-51 and again in 1959-60. In 1948 she became University Reader in English. After her retirement in 1965 the fine Kipling Collection of Dalhousie University drew her to accept the offer of a Visiting Professorship in 1967-69. As a Canada Council Visiting Professor and then as Isaak Walton Killam Senior Fellow, she drew the attention of other scholars to this best Kipling Collection in Canada.

Having written on *Ann Radcliffe* (1921), Dr Tompkins first tried her hand at original play-writing. Her one-act play *The Deathless World* (1924) was published by the Baker International Play Bureau

in Boston, had scattered amateur performances in the U.S.A. and England, and won the praise of critics. Her pioneering work, *The Popular Novel* (1932), earned handsome tributes in the press and the academic world as "a serious and original work of criticism". Full of sidelights on literary fashions of the period, it explored the crepuscular realms of neglected fiction, covering the reading tastes and the rise and fall of "sensibility".

From this admirable study grew an entertaining volume, *The Polite Marriage and Other Eighteenth Century Essays*. It contained six studies of forgotten worthies, a scholarly treatment of characters in the by-ways of literary history in the late eighteenth century. Graham Greene, in the *Spectator* of 2 September 1938, called Dr Tompkins a living authority on the minor novelists.

Her essay on Meredith's *Evan Harrington* came out in a collection, *Meredith Now*, edited by Ian Fletcher. Another important piece, on *Kipling and Nordic Myth*, appeared in *English Studies*. She did the Oxford Press edition of Inchbald's *A Simple Story*, to which is prefixed her brilliant introduction. But her other major work was *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*. She thought that "Kipling is going to be like Shakespeare; we clamp our own images on his genius, and love ourselves in him". Before her death she completed *A Study of Morris's Poetry*, which is being published this year.

She was sceptical of the results of the "scientific" study of literature, and thought that the scientific approach needed to be supported by a humane imagination and a sensitive understanding of language. Clapping on labels was not criticism. Nor did she believe that every so-called Ph.D. was really fit to handle precious special material, either intellectually or morally. Intellectual interest, according to her, was a great resource in times of anxiety and trouble, because one could not worry or grieve while one was finding something out.

Dr Tompkins was not a rushed or pressurised writer. She let her ideas and phrases simmer a little while, for, according to the culinary metaphor, it is the best way to bring out flavours. And one must not, as one gets older, overdo things too much, for it bruises the resilience and agility of the mind. She believed that whole-hearted and honest work was never wasted, even when, like seed, it disappeared into the ground.

She disliked today's combination of brilliance of intellect and vulgarity of sensibility—the inability to feel delicately and finely. Political Science, Chemistry, Sociology, Physics, etc, get bigger grants today, and get them more often and easily, than the humanities. It is their era. "The time was", she said, "when Classics

was the best bid for eminence and fortune, Sociology did not exist, and Science was a miserable Cinderella. Now the situation is reversed, but not permanently," she thought. "The balance will swing again."

She grew up before travel was an accepted part of academic life, but she often went to Ghana and Nigeria as an examiner, and lectured in Finland, Germany, Hungary, Argentina and Barbados. Endowed by nature with a robust constitution, she never suffered from depression, and enjoyed remarkably good health. She pursued her daily work with astonishing zeal, indomitable spirit and a rare force of will. She inherited this energy from her mother who lived to be ninety-five, after a hard-working life firmly refusing to leave the cottage and garden, yet keenly interested in the wide world and her family, reading solid books in the early evening, and enjoying a "spoonful of romance" before going to bed—and writing her long and remarkable letters every evening.

A domestic character, Dr Tompkins enjoyed fetching wood, coal, oil; kindling fire; cutting down dead vegetation. "I have always believed in living *close to the earth*—making my fires, my clothes, cooking, gardening and so on. I like handling the basic materials, and get satisfaction out of it." She found these activities composing. "We need to cultivate quiet and serenity in a world where so many values are displaced," she said. "Perhaps men would be wiser and healthier on their feet or on bicycles."

She derived satisfaction from the fact that she was not brought up to great comfort, and above all, that her generation and class never equated their successes, their personal dignity or professional status with the size of their salaries. "My brain feels quite alive; I enjoy age," she said. "One cannot put the clock back, but every age is good in its time. Growing old has its pleasures as well as its restrictions, but I don't like the loss of lifelong friends. It is not only the separation, which anyway one takes more quietly when one grows older—it is the submergence of shared memory, the disappearance of large areas of one's life from all except one's own mind."

Gentle, courteous and self-sacrificing, Dr Tompkins was both learned and gracefully feminine, a model of unobtrusive, disinterested and authentic scholarship.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TCHIN? [3]

*From Professor David H. Stewart, Department of English, Texas A&M University,
College Station, Texas 77843, U.S.A.*

Dear Sir,

Concerning *Tchin* (*Kipling Journal*, September 1986, page 47): when I first saw the word in "Georgie Porgie" I assumed it was Russian, *chin* which means "rank" or "grade"—as in *chinovnik*, an official, civil servant, bureaucrat. It was the *raznochintsi* (people of various ranks outside the aristocracy) who made up the dissident movement in 19th century Russia.

Sincerely,
D. H. STEWART

[Professor Stewart's letter, which agrees with that from Mr Falla (December 1986, p 56), was written before the latter appeared in print. I am sure they are right.—Ed.]

THE MONKISH HYMN

*From Mr F. A. Underwood, The Coplow, 44 Station Road, Winterbourne Down,
Bristol, Avon BS17 1EN*

Dear Sir,

As the reviewer in the December 1986 *Journal* wrote, the 'Kipling' numbers of *English Literature in Transition* contain much of interest, though the authors of some of the critical papers seem to have little sympathy with, or basic understanding of, their subject. It is sometimes difficult for the ordinary reader to decide, because the current jargon of English Literature is as impenetrable as that of Science.

Amidst all the learning displayed, I was amazed to see the writer on "Dayspring Mishandled" stating that the Monkish Hymn in that story "discloses nothing" when read downwards [page 63, footnote 9]. I remember my delighted discovery as a schoolboy that the first two letters of each word produced *lames A Manallacefecit*. 'T' was often used for 'J' in Latin inscriptions, and Manallace's Christian names were James Andrew.

Yours faithfully,
F. A. UNDERWOOD

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

SELECTED AND SUMMARISED BY THE EDITOR

ADMINISTRATION OF BATEMAN'S [2]

From Mr J. M. Wiltshire, Administrator (National Trust), Bateman's, Burwash, Etchingham, East Sussex TN197DS

Following our recent note (December 1986, page 64) concerning the departure from Bateman's of Mrs Taylor, we have just heard from her successor, Mr Wiltshire, who has now moved in with his wife and taken charge. He is clearly looking forward to a close association with the Kipling Society; he attended our February meeting at Brown's Hotel, and expects to be at our Annual Lunch in May, when he will have the opportunity of meeting many more members.

This is an encouraging portent: so is the expressed interest of Mr and Mrs Wiltshire in literary research—both having read English at university. We wish them a happy tenure.

H. R. TEDDER, LIBRARIAN

From Miss H. M. Webb, M.A., A.L.A., Librarian, The Athenaeum, 107 Pall Mall, London SW1Y5EP

Following my editorial of December 1986, about Kipling's sonnet "To a Librarian", the Librarian of the Athenaeum has sent me some supporting particulars.

First, she has drawn my attention to her general source of information on Tedder, an unpublished thesis of March 1974 by R. J. Busby, A.L.A., submitted for Fellowship of the Library Association, entitled *H. R. Tedder, F.S.A.: A Study of Libraries and London Institutional Life*. Incidentally I learn from it that Tedder's brother was Sir Arthur Tedder, C.B., who devised the Old Age Pensions Scheme, and whose son became Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder.

Second, a bibliographical point regarding the previous publication of Kipling's sonnet, this was evidently in the *Library Association Record*, XVII, May 1915, page 15, and again in the *Library Journal*, volume 40, No 7, July 1915, pages 481-82. The mysterious author, of

course, was not named. As already explained, authentication of "To a Librarian" as Kipling's work hinges on his recognisable signature, coupled with all the circumstantial factors—which combine to render the attribution a certainty.

BITING ON THE BULLET [2]

From Dr P. J. Mack, Senior Lecturer in Restorative Dentistry, University of Western Australia Dental School, 179 Wellington Street, Perth, Western Australia 6000

Following up his own letter (December 1986, page 56), and answering one from me, Dr Mack writes as follows.

First, the action of biting on a soft object must have been a standard means of preventing inadvertent dental damage during non-anaesthetised amputations. Lead bullets have been found on historical battlefields with tooth marks in them.

Second, using artificial jaws in an experimental rig, Dr Mack is measuring the forces required to produce such indentations. These loads can be compared with the known maximum contractile ability of human jaw muscles, and so give some indirect evidence of the pain causing the contraction.

Third, he also expects soon to receive some comparative evidence from pseudo-medical work carried out during the last war in Nazi concentration camps, and assistance from some local anaesthetists interested in the study of pain thresholds.

BITING ON THE BULLET [3]

From Mr J. H. McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton, East Sussex BN1 4AB

Mr McGivering writes citing Eric Partridge's *Slang: Today and Yesterday* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 4th edn, 1971), in a passage on page 254 which in turn cites Captain Francis Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (3rd edn, 1796):-

Nightingale. "A soldier who, as the term is, sings out at the halberts. It is a point of honour in some regiments, amongst the grenadiers, never to cry out, or become nightingales, whilst under the discipline of the cat-o'-nine-tails; to avoid which, they chew a bullet."

BITING ON THE BULLET [4]

From Mr R. B. Appleton, The Barn, Gelli Farm, Cymmer, Port Talbot, West Glamorgan SA13 3NN, Wales

Mr Appleton writes to point out that the quotation from *The Light that Failed* (1890), cited by Dr Mack, was not in fact the first use of the term by Kipling. Mulvaney, in "The Big Drunk Draf", first published in 1888, addressed an insubordinate soldier as described below:

"I tuk a peg an' jammed ut into his ugly jaw.—'Bite on that, Peg Barney,' I sez; 'the night is settin' frosty, an' you'll be wantin' divarsion before the mornin'. But for the Rig'lations you'd be bitin' on a bullet now at the thriangles, Peg Barney,' sez I."

ECONOMY AND TRUTH

From Mr P. G. P. D. Fullerton, Hydon Heath Corner, Godalming, Surrey GU8 4BB;

also Mr D. S. Cottrell, 147 Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, London N1 1BZ

During court proceedings in Australia in late 1986 which generated much press publicity in Britain, a witness is said to have conceded that in giving some sensitive evidence he had been "economical with the truth". This phrase attracted some ironic attention, and two of our readers wrote about its origin—if indeed it can be said to have any identifiable origin.

Mr Fullerton said he understood it was coined by Kipling, and he asked for confirmation.

Mr Cottrell said he had traced it to an almost identical phrase in "The Comprehension of Private Copper" (1902, collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904), when the unpleasant young man with the "well-kept Lee-Metford" was taunting his prisoner on the South African hillside:

"What's your name—eh?"

Private Copper thought for a moment of a far-away housemaid who might still, if the local postman had not gone too far, be interested in his fate. On the other hand, he was, by temperament, economical of the truth. "Pennycuik," he said, "John Pennycuik."

DALBIAC AND "THE JACKET" [2]

From Mr M. M. Chapman, 35 Boscombe Road, Wimbledon, London SW19 3AX

Mr Chapman, Senior Librarian at the Ministry of Defence Library in Whitehall, has taken a great deal of trouble, and written at length and very helpfully, although negatively, on the subject ventilated on page 60 of our December 1986 issue.

This was the mystery attached to an alleged episode in the 1882 campaign in Egypt: an officer of the Royal Horse Artillery, always thought to have been H. S. Dalbiac, is said to have carried out a recklessly unorthodox military manoeuvre under fire. It seems to have stemmed from a shortage of ammunition occasioned by the improper substitution of bottles of liquor for shells, and to have ended in a successful charge by unsupported British guns against an Egyptian redoubt. It has been believed to be true, at least in outline. However, not only did Kipling write two mutually incompatible accounts (a story, "X²—R.H.A.", and a poem, "The Jacket") but there are crippling deficiencies in the historical evidence. Attention was drawn to these when General Chapple, in our last issue, sent us a short article on Dalbiac by J. P. Kelleher which had appeared in a military history magazine.

Mr Chapman first looked out W. Corner's *Story of the 34th Company (Middlesex) Imperial Yeomanry* (Unwin, 1902), which Kelleher had mentioned, and sent me photocopied excerpts. This was the unit in which Dalbiac, who had rejoined the Army for the South African campaign, was killed in action in 1900. On pages 15 and 58-59 are glowing accounts of his superb demeanour in action, "an example of entire regardlessness of danger, of reckless daring and unconquerable gallantry".

More relevantly, Mr Chapman found, and referred me to, an anonymous article in the *Army Quarterly* of January 1942, describing Dalbiac's career. Sadly, as an overall performance, his life was hardly a success: his almost crazed impetuosity and lack of self-discipline led him into endless trouble as an irresponsible rake and spendthrift: his retirement from the Army in 1888 had been precipitated by bankruptcy. However, as a soldier, he was conspicuously brave, a dashing leader of men; indeed a mystique attached itself to his name. The article asserts, though without evidence, that the Dalbiac legend made him Kipling's model for "The Jacket"; also that the Egyptian incident, "which has earned him immortality", was "substantially, true".

However, in Mr Chapman's words, "despite careful scrutiny of the official War Office history of the campaign, and the printed

correspondence of senior officers of the Expeditionary Force, I have been unable to discover any factual basis for Kipling's delightful story. Putting aside the substitution of liquor for ammunition, which would be hardly likely to appear in any official report, I cannot identify any incident in the campaign when an isolated field artillery unit without cavalry support charged and overran enemy positions. Dalbiac certainly served in Egypt, but was apparently attached to the 'FF battery, a unit without guns which acted as a reserve ammunition column. He also acted for a time as A.D.C. to Brigadier-General Goodenough, G.O.C. Royal Artillery in Egypt, which won him a mention in despatches, and was severely wounded at Tel-el-Kebir."

"Incidentally", continued Mr Chapman, "Kipling's reference in his story to 9-pounders was anachronistic for that campaign. The horse artillery units in Egypt had all been equipped with the more modern 13-pounders, though 9-pounders were still used by the field artillery battery in the Indian contingent."

Next Mr Chapman wrote to Brigadier R. J. Lewendon, Historical Secretary at the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich, who duly replied with three items, which Mr Chapman passed on to me:-

(a) A letter (January 1987) answering Mr Chapman's and saying that there was no authoritative evidence in the Institution's archives that Dalbiac was the original for Kipling's story or poem.

(b) A copy of an earlier letter (October 1986) from the Brigadier to the Editor of the *Bulletin* of the Military History Society. It referred to Kelleher's article, in which Dalbiac was said to have joined The Queen's Troop, R.H.A., in 1876. The Brigadier asserted that no R.H.A. unit had ever been called "The Queen's Troop". In 1947 King George VI had given the "Riding Troop" of the R.H.A. the title "The King's Troop", and the present Queen had decreed in 1952 that it should retain that title in memory of her father. As for Dalbiac, he had been posted in late 1877 from 'M' Battery, 5 Brigade R.A., to 'A' Battery, 'A' Brigade R.H.A.—the one which in 1902, by command of King Edward VII, was given the title, "The Chestnut Troop", R.H.A.

(c) Photocopies of relevant pages from the Royal Artillery Institution's *List of Officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery* (4th edn, 1900, covering the period 1716-1899). Here Dalbiac's career is summarised, with dates of promotions and appointments and postings abroad, but nothing of relevance to the mystery regarding "The Jacket" can be found.

There the matter rests.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new members:

Mr R. H. Ashworth (*Sussex*); Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Baynes (*Shropshire*); Mrs N. C. Kempson (*Sussex*); Mr L. King (*Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mrs J. Leeper (*Surrey*); Dr G. Sheehan (*County Kerry, Ireland*).

AN EVENT IN VENICE

Mr Norman Entract (Secretary of the Kipling Society) who, with Mrs Lisa Lewis (Meetings Secretary) and her husband Mr Peter Lewis, recently fulfilled an interesting engagement in Italy on behalf of the Society, has sent us the following account.

"A Commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kipling's death was held recently in Venice. It was organised by our member Professor Bernard Hickey (Chair of Commonwealth Literature, University of Venice) under the auspices of Professors Giorgio Miglior and Giulio Marra, and was attended, for the Society, by Mr and Mrs Lewis and Mr Entract.

On 17 November 1986, at the Circolo Italo-Britannico, in the presence of Sir Ashley and Lady Clarke (the latter its patron), Mr Entract gave a presentation on Kipling's life, with slides (kindly provided by a U.S. member, Miss Matilda Tyler, and by the Administrator at Bateman's) and with readings from *Something of Myself*: other quotations were read by Mrs Lewis. The programme was completed by a shortened version of the excellent talk delivered to the Society by Mr Lewis last year on Kipling's 1917 visit to the Italian front. (Later one of the audience, Contessa de Scarpis, revealed that the Italian colonel in charge of arrangements, mentioned by Kipling in letters home, was her father.)

Next day there was a 'Round Table' (Tavola Rotonda sul tema *Rudyard Kipling*) at the Ateneo Veneto, well attended by students of the University and members of the public. Four members of the panel (Ernesto Guidorizzi, Giulio Marra, Giorgio Miglior and Angelo Righetti) spoke in Italian: the three London representatives repeated their joint programme.

On 20 November there was a Kipling Book Exhibition organised by Dr Sergio Corradini at the University Library. Later Mrs Lewis and Mr Entract read some Kipling poems to students on the course on 'Letteratura dei Paesi di Lingua Inglese'.

The visitors from England were royally entertained by members of the Circolo Italo-Britannico and of the University staff. (Incidentally Signora Jean Del Bianco, Secretary of the Circolo, which is a lecture society meeting weekly from October to May, cordially invites any Kipling Society member visiting Venice to participate: particulars obtainable from Mr Entract.) For their part, the visitors gladly returned to the University an honorarium kindly given to them against some of their expenses, to be converted into a prize for a student essay on Kipling. They also presented to Dr Corradini for the University Library a copy of *Cosa di me*, a translation of *Something of Myself* into Italian by one of our members in Turin, Dr Andrea Cane."

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Head Office at 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was very eventful. The period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of huge and dramatic change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. About a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, Norman Entract. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly *Kipling Journal* is sent free to all members. On various pages in each issue, information on the Society's functions is provided. More can be obtained from Norman Entract or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are most welcome: the Society and *Journal* depend heavily on such support.

MINIMUM ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	<i>Britain</i>	<i>Overseas</i>
Individual Member	£12	£14
Junior Member (<i>up to age 24</i>)	£5	£5
Corporate Member	£20	£20

LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he will always allot some space to the Society's business, including at least a few of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one in the world specialising in this subject.

We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more*, to improve our variety and quality. *It should invariably be sent to the Editor.*

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but must remind contributors of a factor which inevitably influences selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. *Book Reviews*, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible *illustrations*, *news cuttings*, *book excerpts*, *catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Kipling touched the literary and practical world at so many points that our terms of reference are broad.

Advertisements. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements which are compatible with the style of the *Journal*: for current rates, please enquire of the Editor.

The Editor's address is *Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ.*



18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2

Enjoy the benefit of a renowned club.

- Magnificent location in the heart of London.
- Unique timber panelled dining and public rooms.
- Buttery buffet, bars and lounges.
- Bedrooms from £22 a night including VAT & breakfast.
- World famous library for research and information.
- Wide-ranging conference and meeting room facilities.
- Excellent programmes of lunchtime speakers from all parts of the Commonwealth.

Subscriptions are very competitive — as little as £80 per year, or even £53.50 if you live 50 miles outside London (and special rates for those under 25).

We are offering a FREE 5 day membership so that you can see for yourself the impressive facilities available.

For further details of our special trial membership plus full particulars, please contact

The Membership Secretary, Royal Commonwealth Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
Telephone 01-930 6733

