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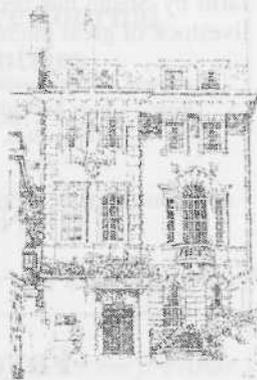
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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS: SEE ALSO THE  
'SOCIETY NOTICES' ON PAGES 46-49

**Wednesday 10 February 1999** at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1, **Lisa Lewis**, one of our Vice-Presidents, on "Rikki-Tikki Revisited".

**Wednesday 14 April** at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Tonie and Valmai Holt** on "My Boy Jack?" (See the Book Review at page 40.)

**Wednesday 5 May** at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest of Honour will be **David Alan Richards**, of New York. Admission by ticket. For U.K. members a booking form is enclosed with this issue of the *Journal*.

**Wednesday 14 July** at 4 p.m. at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly (note this venue), the Society's **Annual General Meeting**, followed by tea, and a speaker. Full details will be announced in the March 1999 *Journal*.

We hope also to arrange a meeting at Bateman's in June.



HE WENT OUT OVER THE BACK OF THE CAR

(See page 8.)

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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#### A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATION AT PAGE 6

This is a drawing by Reginald Cleaver, accompanying "The Vortex" (1914), a story collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*, and collected again, with this illustration, in *Humorous Tales From Rudyard Kipling* (Macmillan, 1931). "The Vortex" is indeed humorous, a vigorous farce narrated with great and ironic precision. Together with three other stories of the same genre ["Brugglesmith" (*Many Inventions*); "My Sunday at Home" (*The Day's Work*); and "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" (*A Diversity of Creatures*)] it was ranked by Charles Carrington as "among Kipling's greater achievements" – though Carrington admitted that all four "have been described in flatly contradictory terms by various critics", and are not "meat for delicate stomachs".

"The Vortex" hinges on a motoring mishap, when a car badly driven by a Mr Lingnam (depicted as an insufferably portentous windbag of an ultra-imperialist persuasion) unseats a cyclist in the main street of an English country town. The cyclist was transporting four hives of bees, in paper bonnet-boxes, which burst open upon impact, letting the bees escape to wreak havoc in the street and particularly in the railway station, just out of the picture.

The picture shows the car's begoggled occupants at the moment of realisation that angry bees are loose. On and under the running-board are the bonnet-boxes from which they have begun to escape. Mr Lingnam, in the driver's seat, is about to run for it – first aggravating the situation by wildly hurling the one "unexploded bonnet-box" into the railway station. Meanwhile, the Agent-General (of a Canadian Province) is urgently getting out over the back of the car, while his fellow-Canadian, the statesman Penfentenyou (in the top-hat), is desperately pulling at the doorbell of the nearest house, seeking admittance. The fourth figure is the narrator, a thinly disguised Kipling, who ("for I am an apiarist of experience") will be content to cover himself with rugs and stay in the car, to observe events unfolding.

## EDITORIAL

**MRS EILEEN STAMERS-SMITH: AN OBITUARY, AND THANKS**

I have to record, with deep regret, the death on 20 October 1998 of a keen member of our Society, and latterly of our Council, Eileen Stammers-Smith. After graduating in English Language and Literature at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, she had had a wide-ranging career as a schoolteacher; and from 1967-71 she was Headmistress of Bermuda Girls' High School. It was in Bermuda that she met and married her husband (who died in 1982); and that island held a special place in her affections. So did the works of Kipling; and in 1995 she combined these two interests in a first-class lecture to the Society on "Kipling in Bermuda". It was published in our issue of March 1996, prompting an appreciative follow-up article on the same subject by Professor Pinney (December 1997). That in turn prompted a Letter to the Editor from Mrs Stammers-Smith, which I am publishing posthumously at pages 77-78 of this issue.

Typically of the vain regrets that so often attend a death, I wish now that I had found space for her letter in our September number, where I know she would have been pleased to see it in print. She had told me in a personal note that she had cancer; but at the same time she spoke with some confidence of her intention, after medical treatment, of playing a more active role in our Council; and I misread the situation, and was surprised, as well as saddened, to hear she had died.

Readers may wonder why I go into these details. However, they will understand when I explain that shortly after her death we heard from her solicitors that Mrs Stammers-Smith, who had of course been aware of our recent appeal for funds to support the *Kipling Journal*, had made provision in her will for the Kipling Society to be a residuary legatee of her estate. Though the administration is still incomplete, we understand that our legacy should amount to some thousands of pounds.

This most handsome benefaction will be an exceedingly helpful accrual to the Society's finances: to say we are grateful is to under-state it. But although I am sorry that we cannot now thank Mrs Stammers-Smith for remembering us in this characteristically practical way, I think she knew us well enough to feel sure that when the time came our delighted appreciation of her gift would be heartfelt. R.I.P.

**MORE ON 'HOOLIGANISM'**

In my Editorial for our last issue (September 1998, pages 9-11) I wrote about the charge laid against Kipling a hundred years ago by two unfriendly critics, Robert Buchanan and Richard Le Gallienne, to the effect that he was guilty of 'hooliganism' in his writings – and, by virtue of his great popularity, was lamentably responsible for incitement to hooliganism in others. And I said I would re-open the subject in our December issue.

If we are looking for texts that suggest the writer's implicit approval of wanton misbehaviour, undisciplined and antisocial aggression and unprovoked violence, I don't think we shall find much in Kipling's prose, but odd instances do occur in his verse. The most notorious example is "Loot" (1890) which – as a celebration of criminal looting, spoken by a cynical British soldier – seems to me indefensible, both in its general theme and in individual lines such as: "An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin-rod / 'E's like to show you everything 'e owns." The best that can be said for it is that it is fortunately uncharacteristic of Kipling: in pursuit of realism, he may have plausibly reflected, in "Loot", the mentality of a certain soldier-type, but the result is a plunge into bad taste.

Another disconcerting poem is "Belts" (1890), which recounts in brutal detail an affray between men of two British Army regiments in Dublin, which began with mutual taunting and quickly got out of hand, resulting in a soldier's death – "An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun." But no attempt is made to justify what happened or to minimise the futility of such incidents.

The strongest case against Kipling *qua* hooligan comes in a sparkling piece of light verse, "Et dona ferentes" (1896). It is not about soldiers, but is a paean of praise for the English habit of restraint – "Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs – / The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark of thy sons – / Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul and unperturbed, / Till we wake our Island-Devil, nowise cool for being curbed!"

The title is derived from a line of Virgil's *Aeneid*, regarding Trojan misgivings over the wooden horse: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes", meaning, in loose translation which gives full weight to the elliptical implication of *et*: "I fear the Greeks, and especially when they bring gifts." Transferred, the meaning is: "I fear the English, especially when they become ominously polite."

The narrator said he had "drunk with mixed assemblies" around the world, and "seen the racial ruction rise, / And the men of half Creation damning half Creation's eyes." However, "it never really mattered till

the English grew polite; / Till the men with polished toppers, till the men in long frock-coats, / Till the men who do not duel, till the men who war with votes, / Till the breed that take their pleasures as Saint Lawrence took his grid, / Began to '*beg your pardon*' and – the knowing croupier hid."

The word "croupier" signals a shift in the narrative, from general to particular: a party of English tourists visiting a casino in France were provoked into a hostile confrontation with other visitors who, being foreigners, were deceived by the restrained demeanour of the English even as these attempted to make good their departure, mindful of what the narrator calls "the old casino order" – "Keep your temper. Never answer (*that was why they spat and swore*). / Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door. / Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist tells 'em how – / '*Nous sommes allong ar notre batteau, nous ne voulong pas un row*.' "

However, "some idiot went too far" and provoked the retreating English to retaliate violently. "Let 'em have it!" and they had it, and the same was merry war – / Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot – / Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse yell for loot . . . / Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, like a banner floated free; / Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay; / White, and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift – / They removed, effaced, abolished all that man could heave or lift. . .

The poem ends with a passage of pure rodomontade:- "Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen smoke-puffs float – / Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs the boat – / Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite – / But oh, beware my Country, when my Country grows polite!"

"Et dona ferentes" is good light verse, with a catchy rhythm, and some excellent images, as of the grand piano cantering down the quay. It appeals to the English male reader, with his traditional fondness for a "strong, silent" image, and for seeing his cherished (albeit exaggerated) habit of understatement romanticised, at the expense of foreigners. It was written at a time when Britain was self-consciously preening herself on her "splendid isolation", secure in her imperial and naval supremacy, untrammelled by Continental entanglements, and very ready to hear, and to believe, the flattering myth of her innate superiority. (Nor, be it said, was it wholly myth: Britain's Victorian achievement had been immense.)

But this poem reads uncomfortably today, to anyone looking behind its self-indulgent jauntiness to what we would now regard as a disturbing report of Britain's abroad (moreover members of the upper and middle classes) running amok in a French coastal town. Hooligans?

# MRS HAUKSBEE RIDES AGAIN

## PART II

by JOHN WHITEHEAD

[Part I of this article appeared in our last issue (September 1998, pages 23-33). It gave notice of the impending publication of a new selection of Kipling's writings, edited by one of our members, Mr John Whitehead. This was *Mrs Hauksbee & Co: tales of Simla life*, a collection which would for the first time bring together under one cover all ten of Kipling's short stories featuring Mrs Hauksbee in Simla. Indeed, it would contain two stories which had escaped collection in the standard popular editions of Kipling's works, and which would thus in a real sense be made newly accessible to the general reader.

*Mrs Hauksbee & Co.* was duly published on 1 October, by Hearthstone Publications, as an attractively designed sewn paperback, of xxxviii + 160 pages, containing helpful endnotes and glossary, as well as a sketchmap of Simla. Its ISBN listing is 1 900022 06 0, and it may be obtained for £14.95, either through booksellers or else direct from Hearthstone (at The Coach House, Munslow, Shropshire SY7 9ET) with an additional charge of £1.20 for packing and postage within the UK.

I thoroughly recommend the book. It justifies Mr Whitehead's claim that these stories, though originally published one by one in Indian newspapers, can be regarded as a coherent narrative, and deserve to be read as such. Also it is admirably edited: the *apparatus criticus* of introduction, map, notes and glossary enables us to recapture in authentic detail some vivid social aspects of the unique atmosphere that prevailed during the 'season' in Simla in those far-off days; and guides us through the many allusions – literary as well as local – in which the Mrs Hauksbee stories abound.

In our last issue, we printed the first half of Mr Whitehead's introduction to the book. Here, below, is the second half. – *Ed.*

The stories Kipling wrote for the *Week's News* after his transfer from Lahore to Allahabad, by allowing him more elbow-room, are much more substantial than the sketches he did for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. In the three concerning Mrs Hauksbee and her friend Mrs Mallowe ["The Education of Otis Yeere", collected in *Wee Willie Winkie*; "A Supplementary Chapter" (*Abaft the Funnel*); and "A Second-Rate Woman" (*Wee Willie Winkie*)] he was able to develop them as rounded portraits, whereas before they had been little more than preliminary sketches. The additional space also permitted the narratives to be embellished with more detail than before, giving them greater solidity and realism.

For each of the two principal stories (the other one, as the title

suggests, is a supplement to the first) Kipling employed a two-part form consisting of a long dialogue between the two ladies, followed by the story it prefigures – the first a comedy, the second a sombre near-tragedy.

By then Mrs Hauksbee had had twelve seasons in Simla, and the dialogue comprising the first part of "The Education of Otis Yeere" takes place in Mrs Mallowe's house overlooking the Mall towards the Cemetery. It is light-hearted and wide-ranging, and for the reader provides, as it were 'by the way', all the information that is needed as background to the story that follows. After the ladies' discussion of chiffons, the conversation touches on Mrs Hauksbee's current admirers: a cavalry Lieutenant referred to as 'the Hawley Boy', and the head of a department of the Supreme Government nicknamed 'the Mussuck' (that is, 'the Water-bag') on account of his obesity.

Her proposal to start a *salon* in Simla, with herself in the role of Madame l'Enclos or Madame Récamier – which Mrs Mallowe warns her would become "a glorified Peliti's, a Scandal Point by lamplight" – gives rise to a scatter of such Hindustani terms as *teapoy* (three-legged table), *darwaza band* (door shut, indicating that the Memsahib is not 'at home') and *kala juggah* (dark corner, provided near a ballroom to facilitate flirtation), for which here as elsewhere in the stories the English reader requires recourse to a glossary.

There is talk of Mrs Hauksbee rehearsing the leading part in an amateur production of *The Fallen Angel* (apparently a play of Kipling's invention) at the Gaiety; and mention of the Topham Girl whom (unlike the Hawley Boy) the reader is destined never to meet, though Kipling manages to give her absence a vivid reality. As he does Mrs Tarkass, whose murdering of a Milton Wellings song at a Monday Pop at the Gaiety Mrs Hauksbee likens to an Underground train coming into Earl's Court with the brakes on; and its ending to a long-drawn war-whoop. (From several references to Red Indians, it seems likely that Kipling had been reading Fenimore Cooper.)

Abandoning the idea of starting a *salon*, Mrs Hauksbee on Mrs Mallowe's advice decides instead to take some mature, unattached man in hand, and be his "guide, philosopher and friend"; provided only that there is to be no flirtation. Part II of the story relates the unfortunate outcome of the experiment.

Otis Yeere is a dull dog in the Bengal Civil Service, who has spent ten years in undesirable districts where life is cheap –

The soil spawned humanity, as it bred frogs in the Rains, and the gap of the sickness of one season was filled to overflowing by the fecundity of the next.

His only distinction is to have become an authority on a (fictitious) tribe of ferocious aborigines called Gullals living near Sikkim, though his notes on them remained unwritten up. Mrs Hauksbee had begun to effect a remarkable transformation in the man, when he sealed his fate at a dance by snatching an inept kiss as the two sat in a *kala juggah* before supper.

"A Supplementary Chapter" is a pendant to "Otis", and describes Mrs Mallowe's own experience as an Influence. For three years she had been giving a guiding hand to a Civilian she called the Platonic Paragon, when Mrs Hauksbee – to spite her for having laughed at her failure with Otis – introduces him at a Fancy Dress Ball at Peterhoff to the malevolent Mrs Reiver. The latter, due to her indiscretion with confidential information she could only have obtained from the Paragon, puts his career in serious jeopardy, until Mrs Mallowe chivalrously rides up to his bungalow one rainy night (thereby putting her own reputation in jeopardy) and jeeringly dictates to him the defence that gets him out of trouble. This slight tale ends in forgiveness all round.

When the events recounted in "A Second-Rate Woman" take place, two seasons after the Otis affair, Mrs Hauksbee is sharing Mrs Mallowe's house, and again the story begins with a long dialogue between the two ladies. The eponymous heroine is a newcomer to Simla, a dowdy woman called Mrs Delville, who dresses abominably, drops her final g's like a barmaid and, while her husband is absent in Madras, is often to be observed in the company of the middle-aged Mr Bent – nicknamed 'the Dancing Master' – either at Peliti's or the Library, or riding together round Jakko. In the absence of his wife, a girl who had been bred in India, he is well known for pursuing any available unattended female, including May Holt whom Mrs Hauksbee had earmarked as a wife for her current cavalier the Hawley Boy. Such liaisons were the common gossip of Simla, whose residents enjoyed about as much privacy as goldfish in a glass bowl.

Kipling as already mentioned has much to say about the Dowd's wardrobe. She looks as if, like Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, she had been tipped out of a dirty-clothes basket. Kipling is even a trifle prurient in the pleasure he takes in describing how Mrs Mallowe, woken up in the middle of the night, obligingly unlaces Mrs Hauksbee's stays on her return in some discomfort from a dance. There, in a convenient *kala juggah*, she and the Hawley Boy had gleefully listened to the Dowd berating the Dancing Master for having pretended to her he was unmarried.

So far it has been pure comedy, but with the arrival of Mrs Bent and her child to stay at the same hotel as the Delvilles the story changes

key. The second part opens with the news that the Bent baby has been stricken with diphtheria – a dreaded disease that each year added its quota to the cantonment cemeteries throughout India. Mrs Hauksbee with Mrs Mallowe's consent invites Mrs Bent to bring the sick child to stay at The Foundry; but at the crisis she breaks down, only the providential midnight arrival of the Dowd from a dance at Viceregal Lodge (of which Lord Dufferin had recently taken possession) preventing a catastrophe; the Dowd knew what to do because her own child had died of the same disease not long before. Only at the very end of the story is the irony implicit in its title revealed.

\*

Something needs to be said, by way of another digression, about the biblical knowledge displayed by Mrs Hauksbee, Mrs Mallowe and some of the other characters. These allusions would have been familiar to Kipling's contemporary readers, who will have had a Christian upbringing and regularly attended church services; not so today.

So it is worth pointing out that from *Genesis* came the references to the fashioning of Man, the Serpent in the Garden of Eden, and the curse of Reuben; from *Deuteronomy* Jesuran who waxed fat and kicked; from *Judges* the words of the preacher, and the Lord delivering somebody into somebody else's hands; from 2 *Samuel* the mothers in Israel; from 2 *Kings* Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus; from *Nehemiah* and *Jeremiah* the "son of Baruch"; from *Jeremiah* the maid forgetting her attire; from the *Psalms* such expressions as "If my mouth speak truth", "I am old who was young" and "the light of his countenance"; from *Proverbs* "Answer a fool according to his folly"; from *Ecclesiastes* "vanity of vanity, saith the preacher"; and from the *Song of Solomon* "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love." These from the Old Testament.

Most of the New Testament references come from the *Gospel of St Matthew*, which Kipling at the time must have been most familiar with. These include such expressions as the lilies of the field; bidden to the wedding; the demand for the head [of John the Baptist]; and the veil of the temple being rent in twain. In addition there are echoes from the marriage service and also from the Litany ("the world, the flesh and the devil") in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Equally important for a full appreciation of the stories are the literary references with which they abound. For example, when, in "The Education of Otis Yeere", Mrs Hauksbee speaks of poetry as the last wreck of a feeble intellect, she has in mind Milton's description of fame, in "Lycidas", as the last infirmity of noble mind. It is all the more

curious therefore that she had to be told by Mrs Mallowe that the pathetic verses that prompted her outburst were the first two stanzas of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "A False Step". However, her description of herself as "a lone, lorn grass-widow" echoes the widow Mrs Gummidge's description of herself as "a lone lorn creetur'" in Dickens's *David Copperfield*. There is another reference to Falstaff when she says she will prevent Mrs Mallowe "from sleeping on ale-house benches and snoring in the sun"; though this misquotation enlarges somewhat on Prince Hal's taunt to the fat knight that he spends his time drinking, unbuttoning and "sleeping upon benches after noon".

Ignorance of the source of a quotation can lead to misunderstanding, as when Mrs Hauksbee reports that, at the diphtheria scare, Mrs Waddy had "set her five young on the rail", meaning she had sent her own children away. In the opening lines of Robert Browning's "In the Doorway", the third poem in the *James Lee's Wife* sequence –

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,  
And looks sea-ward...

the rail is a fence, not a railway line, as the unwary reader might take it to mean in Mrs Hauksbee's version. Or did Kipling intend a pun which, since Simla in his day had no railway, fails to come off? Again, the quotation from Poe's "Ulalume" about the scoriac rivers and the Boreal Pole, in "A Supplementary Chapter", refers not only to the Hawley Boy's loud check coat but also the state of his feelings; the (unquoted) first line of the poem begins,

Those were days when my heart was volcanic...

For there is often dramatic relevance in Kipling's choice of quotation. The couplet Mrs Hauksbee applies to the Dancing Master –

If in his life some trivial errors fall  
Look in his face and you'll believe 'em all –

is a perversion of Pope's couplet in praise of Belinda, the heroine of "The Rape of the Lock" –

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all –

lines which Kipling surely intended the perspicacious reader to apply

to his own heroine. The expression she twice uses, "guide, philosopher and friend", she also borrowed from Pope.

An even more telling dramatic purpose is served when, contemplating her next victim in "The Education of Otis Yeere", she hums to herself the line, "I'll go to him and say to him in manner most ironical", which no doubt she misremembered from her performance – as Lady Jane? – in a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* at the Gaiety Theatre. It comes from the duet between Bunthorne, a Fleshly Poet, and Lady Jane, a Rapturous Maiden, in which their target is the Idyllic Poet, Grosvenor:

*Jane:* So go to him and say to him, with compliment ironical –

*Bun.:* Sing "Hey to you –  
Good day to you" –

And that's what I shall say!

*Jane:* Your style is much too sanctified – your cut is too canonical –

*Bun.:* Sing "Bah to you –  
Ha! ha! to you" –

And that's what I shall say!

The relevance of this to Mrs Hauksbee's attempt to educate Otis Yeere is obvious. She may also once have acted in *As You Like It*, for on another occasion she hums a line from the forester's song, "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?" when musing that the Dancing Master deserved a cuckold's horns.

To extract from the stories all they have to offer, the reader must be alert to the numerous biblical and literary allusions drawn from what in Kipling's day was a common cultural reservoir.

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After the harrowing tale of the stricken baby, first printed in the *Week's News* on 8 September 1888, nothing more was heard of Mrs Hauksbee for more than two years; then, in the Christmas 1890 number of the *Illustrated London News*, appeared her swansong, "Mrs Hauksbee Sits Out", which concludes the series on a happier note. Unlike the previous stories it is written entirely in dialogue form and, but for the frequent scene changes, might have been intended for the stage.

From the curtained verandah-room of Mrs Hauksbee's house overlooking Simla, the action follows May Holt riding her horse Dandy from house to house in search of somebody to lace up the back of her ball-dress. Follows a musical interlude outside the Cemetery,

consisting of a quartet of songs sung by the Pines of the Cemetery, its Occupants under ground, the Devil of Chance in the person of a grey ape, and the Echo from the Snows on the Tibet Road. On the main Simla road May encounters her suitor, the Hawley Boy, wearing his cream-and-silver dress uniform of the Deccan Irregular Horse under his riding cloak. (This is a fictitious regiment of Native Cavalry analogous to the cavalry regiments maintained by the Nizam of the central Indian princely state of Hyderabad.)

Having plighted their troth on horseback the pair ride off severally, he to the Volunteer ball in the Town Hall where they had planned to meet, she to the house of her uncle, who manages in rough-and-ready fashion to lace her up. All this occupies the first act and establishes the piece as a cross between operetta and musical comedy. The second is set entirely in the main ballroom of the Town Hall, but shifting from place to place as the camera, as it were, follows the characters around.

The fragile story-line is a variation on the theme of *Cinderella*, with May in the name part, Mrs Hauksbee in the role of Fairy Godmother, May's uncle that of Buttons, and her straightlaced aunt taking upon herself the part played in the pantomime by the Ugly Sisters. The Hawley Boy of course plays Prince Charming. As an ally in her plan to outwit May's aunt, Mrs Hauksbee enlists the help of His Excellency the Viceroy, resplendent in his diplomatic uniform, a benevolent character for whom Kipling no doubt had Lord Dufferin in mind.

The piece is no more than a Christmas entertainment, as light as a *soufflé*, but nevertheless it does give further glimpses of life in Simla in the 1880s. Where else can one learn how a girl could ride side-saddle to a ball without crumpling her frock? "A plain head hunting-saddle – swing up carefully – throw a waterproof over the skirt and an old shawl over the body, and there you are!" Besides, Dandy knows when he feels a high heel that he must behave. There is a curiously familiar ring about the comment, "It takes two to make a waltz"; and it is of interest to know that when a Viceroy arrived at a ball, and when he departed, the band struck up "God Save the Queen".

At the darkest end of a corridor speckled with Chinese lanterns, Mrs Hauksbee and the Viceroy, in yet another *kala juggah*, overhear from behind a pillar the Hawley Boy reducing May's aunt to tears and acquiescence – earning him promotion as temporary aide to the Viceroy, while the one he relieves departs delighted for the plains in order to shoot a tiger. The moral of the piece turns on its head the dictum *Si jeunesse savait: si vieillesse pouvait*, because – as Mrs Hauksbee observes to the Viceroy – youth had shown that it knew quite as much as was good for it, and – as the Viceroy counters – age had shown that it had power and had used it. The final glimpse of Mrs

Hauksbee shows her missing her absent husband and, as she reflected how during the two seasons she had been training the Hawley Boy he had never fallen in love with her, wondering whether or not the fact pleased her.

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That is almost the last glimpse the reader has of Mrs Hauksbee, as charming and enigmatic as ever. The sketches and stories in which she features are not masterpieces but early samples, of increasing sophistication and accomplishment, of a precocious literary talent. When "Mrs Hauksbee Sits Out" was published at Christmas 1890, Kipling was not yet twenty-five years old. They also provide a microcosmic view of the Indian Empire at work and at play, for although they are focused on a single Himalayan town, the reader is made constantly aware of the vast extent of the sub-continent by reference to its widely dispersed provinces – Madras, Bengal, Punjab, the Deccan – over which the Viceroy held sway. Like a magnet, Simla attracted to itself a variegated cast of characters, drawn there by duty or ambition or the mere desire for pleasure. It was most unlike what one might have expected the power-house of a vast empire to be; but then the Indian Empire was itself a most unlikely phenomenon.

It did not come into being pursuant to some deep-laid plan of conquest, but piecemeal out of sheer absence of mind. As G.K. Chesterton observed, the British were for long unconscious that they even had an empire. Its adventurers first came to India for the practical purpose of trade, but after that (Chesterton continued):

its purpose might more truly be described as fun; the satisfaction of seeing strange places – and leaving them strange. If we like to put it so, the adventurers had something nobler than greed; which was curiosity.

The words "and leaving them strange" touch upon something unique about the Indian Empire. Unlike European countries such as Portugal, Spain and France, whose quest for empire was based upon territorial ambition, the British did not come to stay; in fact few individuals did stay. When their work was done and the time for retirement arrived, most of them came home – Home, for which throughout their expatriate years they had remained permanently homesick. Particularly so the Englishwomen, the much-maligned memsahibs, who came out to share with their husbands life in a strange, often frightening, country. A dangerous one, too, for disease was rampant, as the many grave-

stones commemorating young women and children in the cantonment cemeteries eloquently testify.

In one of the stories Kipling describes India as "this desolate land". Those are the realities that lie behind the Mrs Hauksbee stories and the many others Kipling wrote in order to bring home – how the word recurs! – to his compatriots what life in India was really like. Behind the machinations of army officers and Civilians in search of lucrative appointments, and the desperate attempts of their womenfolk to keep boredom at bay, ached this constant homesickness. It is their longing for Home that casts a sombre shadow over even the most light-hearted of Kipling's Indian stories.

Several candidates have been put forward as the original on whom the character of Mrs Hauksbee was based, but Kipling chose to keep her identity secret. However, there was such an original, and she too was not immune from the pervasive homesickness that affected all expatriates sweating it out under the Indian sun or recuperating in the Hills. On 1 May 1888, not long before Kipling himself left India, he wrote from Allahabad to an American friend:

Mrs H's departure to other and better climes was postponed from the 13th to the 27th and now that I have read the passenger list of the steamer of that date I see why. Well, she was very kind to me in her curiously cynical way and I owe her thanks for half a hundred ideas and some stories. A hasty note from Bombay gives me her farewell and her opinions. She says:

*"Goodbye and cultivate humility. Your last ["The Education of Otis Yeere"] is not bad – very bad – but it lacks depth...*

*My barque is on the strand and my ship is on the shore and, please God, I shall not return. "*

This time she misquoted some lines Byron addressed to a friend before leaving England for good in April 1816:

My boat is on the shore,

And my bark is on the sea;

She did not need to remind Kipling how the stanza ends:

But before I go, Tom Moore,

Here's a double health to thee!

# THE FUTURE OF THE BOOK

## IN THE AGE OF TELECOMMUNICATION

by TIM CONNELL

[Professor Connell, a member of the Kipling Society, is Director of Language Studies at City University, London. His academic background largely relates to the Spanish-speaking world; and his current work revolves around the language-learning needs of 'the professions' – an emphasis which reflects the composition and strongly vocational tradition of City University. He has long had an interest in libraries, and what one might term the world of books; and he is active in developing on-line learning resources for students of languages.

The Kipling Society's Library (see further on page 74) has for some years, by an arrangement for which we are very grateful, been housed at City University, within the University Library's domain. Recently, with the invariably kind cooperation of the University Librarian, Mr John McGuirk and his staff, our collection has been shifted to a different room, and been substantially re-shelved. It was to mark its expansion and re-location that the Society's Council – in response to a suggestion made by our own Honorary Librarian, Mrs Schreiber, with Mr McGuirk's approval – decided to hold our September meeting there, alongside our Library.

For this occasion it was desirable to find, if possible, a speaker able and willing to address us on a specifically library-related as well as Kipling-related topic. We were very fortunate in our choice of Professor Connell: his talk was an unqualified success. In Mrs Schreiber's words: "His lecture was everything that it should be – enjoyable, topical, learned, amusing, relevant to Kipling, not over-long, and packed with interest. It will be excellent to see the transcript in the *Journal*, where it can be enjoyed by a wider audience." I agree, and here it is. – *Ed.*]

It might seem fair to assume that reading is in decline, losing the struggle against the media of film and TV. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that reading, writing, books and book production have ever remained for long in some Eden-like state of stability. From Pergamon to offset litho, from the silver screen to the corner-shop video, needs and tastes have altered within the bounds of the technology of the period; and change has probably been viewed with suspicion at every step.

Inevitably, the evolution of the book and the development of printing have shaped the way in which we think. It is therefore logical to see the advent of screen-based electronic information as a continuum, starting with the move from costly vellum and valuable parchment to disposable and re-cyclable paper; from the painstaking creation of

hand-written manuscript to the Gutenberg press. Today, by contrast, things have reached such an extreme that there is a computer program which will get the computer to print out in your own handwriting.<sup>1</sup>

A major influence on what we read in future is how we will 'access' it; and that in turn will affect how we write. Word processing and screen-based production are altering the way in which we present ideas, and even how we express ourselves – at least to judge by the way in which the new technology is 'negatively impacting upon' my students' ability to hold a pen. Kipling himself was very finicky about writing-tools:

In Lahore for my *Plain Tales* I used a slim, octagonal-sided, agate penholder with a Waverley nib. [. . .] There followed a procession of impersonal hirelings each with a Waverley, and next a silver penholder with a quill-like curve, which promised well but did not perform. [. . .] I then abandoned hand-dipped Waverleys – a nib I never changed – and for years wallowed in the pin-pointed 'styro' and its successor the 'fountain' which for me meant geysers. [. . .] I tried pump-pens with glass insides, but they were of 'intolerable entrails'.<sup>2</sup>

Since handwriting was destroyed by the biro, and the fountain pen became little more than a suitable gift on retirement, the word processor has come to the fore. Banks now refuse to accept handwritten paying-in slips; students are obliged to hand in their termly assignments on disk; and the e-mail has revived the art of letter-writing in a variety of fonts. (Or at least it has until such time as voicemail becomes more effective.) Doubtless some people mourned the passing of the stylus or the goose-wing quill; and as handwriting declines, so calligraphy will rise in popular esteem. Kipling shows a loving eye for the materials used in the Scriptorium episodes in "The Eye of Allah":

a lump of richest lazuli, a bar of orange-hearted vermilion, and a small packet of dried beetles which make most glorious scarlet, for the Sub-Cantor. Besides that, a few cubes of milky marble, with yet a pink flush in them, which could be slaked and ground down to incomparable background-stuff.<sup>3</sup>

The reality is perhaps more prosaic: originally Kipling wrote on one side of specially made writing blocks, complete with doodles. Later he typed his drafts "rather badly" and passed them on to his secretary for a top copy.<sup>4</sup> Kipling does acknowledge, however, that the professional

journalist must send press-work in ready typed.<sup>5</sup>

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Concern is apparent in any age for the preservation and transmission of knowledge; as is concern (if not dismay) over the tastes and attitudes of the next generation. Children usually know about written classics because they have seen the film (not to mention the cartoon version). By contrast, they tend not to watch the great film classics because they are "only" in black-and-white. Horror of horrors, black-and-white films can now be coloured in, by using computer enhancement techniques.

And foreign-language films rarely get a look-in, even on BBC2, with the possible exception of the works of Spanish film-producers like Carlos Saura or Pedro Almodovar who touch a common chord with their treatment of contemporary themes. The Oscar awards event this year showed clips from every single "best picture" since the awards began – and I could recognise all of them at sight. By contrast, who can even remember past Nobel Prizewinners for Literature? Or the Poet Laureate of even thirty years ago? Who, among our current authors, will still be read in fifty years' time, let alone a hundred?

Even so, there are strong arguments in favour of conserving the written form. Not only do literary works have the benefit of transmitting ideas, down whole centuries if need be; they may also be viewed as a point of access to the cultural passwords of a particular age, identifying the initiates and cognoscenti – and these (as with a classical education) may even be used as a means of exclusion. In "Dayspring Mishandled"<sup>6</sup> the authentication of a 'Chaucer' text is a focal point in the bitter contention between Manallace and Castorley.

Let us for a moment whimsically suppose that the Kipling Society came to be regarded as subversive, and members had to identify each other by oblique references to Kipling's works: well, then a howler like "The Record of Morrowbie Jukes" or "The Strange Ride of Badalia Herodsfoot" would be an immediate give-away. More seriously, questions like "Have you read . . .?" and "Do you know . . .?" identify one's cultural viewpoint and stance as much as those other great social markers, "What newspaper do you take?" and "Whom do you work for?" and "Where do you live?" They also provide immediate points of communication between people who share common interests, and possibly the same values.

There are benefits too for the foreign language learner in the close textual study of the greatest written exponents of a particular language (though some may find *War and Peace* slightly hard going in English translation – let alone the original). Literature is also beneficial for the

greater understanding of other cultures. It can constitute a neutral meeting-point for people of different nationalities, providing insights into not only how people behave, but also how they think. This also raises the question of works in translation: how faithfully can the original be conveyed? and to what extent can people understand the underlying concepts? Kipling has attracted some distinguished translators (especially in French, German and Japanese), but given the wealth of his language, the range of his technical vocabulary and the number of literary references that abound in his writings, it is doubtful whether his works could ever be translated by machine.

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The bookworm of yesteryear has metamorphosed into the computer nerd of today. From being surrounded by dusty tomes, the modern student is enveloped by software manuals, most of which are couched in language no less baffling than Ancient Greek or some long-lost Caucasian tongue. But whereas the early scholar would crow over the discovery of a fragment of papyrus, today's information freak is swamped with every sort of data on every subject imaginable – plus a few more that aren't.

Ironically of course, it is very easy to delete electronically-held information, so future generations may have less to work on than those who can sift their way through paper archives. Apart from the hostile use of shredders to edit material for some future readership, there are practical considerations such as the fact that I have a dozen inaccessible floppy disks in my archive, from the days when I used a BBC Acorn. The destructive effects of acid ink and decayed parchment have been replaced by incompatible upgrades; but this is also offset by the advent of techniques such as Norton, which will reconstruct texts from electronic "shadows".

What do all these new forms of communication imply for the serious user? So much information is being disseminated that data storage and data retrieval are recognised professional activities, and Information has become a Science. But the danger lies in information overload. Filtering is vital: the latest versions of e-mail allow you to screen incoming messages by keyword, source or named person. I suspect that this means we are working more effectively: messages arrive instantaneously, whether they are bound for Australia or our Business School (which, being located in the Barbican, is only slightly less remote). People also feel obliged to answer straight away by hitting the reply button; and time is not lost in getting through – as can happen with the telephone.

But my incoming messages every morning now take forty minutes to clear; and I could spend hours surfing for news. There is, of course, an irony here: everyone believed that the computer would create the paperless office. Certainly the Net removes a lot of surplus paper; but that is offset by the other scourge of the modern office – the photocopier. Paper consumption in this country is well above the EU average, and amounts to 420 lbs per head of population, and is rising at the rate of 6% a year.<sup>7</sup>

Other cultural forms have emerged during this century in response to the new inventions. It is difficult to dismiss the immediacy of film, or the sheer convenience of video, and they all have their uses. Kipling himself notes the potential of new media, when writing about his old Latin master:

[He] delivered an interpretation of the rest of the Ode unequalled for power and insight. He held even the Army class breathless. There must be still masters of the same sincerity; and gramophone records of such good men, on the brink of profanity, struggling with a Latin form, would be more helpful to education than bushels of printed books.<sup>8</sup>

It is curious that the Government's recent White Paper on the Learning Age also proposes that good examples of teaching should be "propagated" by using film or video.<sup>9</sup>

Does the decline of reading indicate the decline of books? The two are not necessarily synonymous, although it is difficult to measure the extent to which the pace, and quality, of learning are improved by each medium. There is also the sheer weight of data that needs to be absorbed: the Internet now generates a bulk of messages which would have been unthinkable (and ecologically disastrous) in the age of paper communication. Academic journals now sell reduced subscriptions to electronic subscribers, and participation in on-line "virtual" conferences. The Internet does provide useful possibilities for refined searches, organising by headword, and screening out electronic junk.

Yet even with the video recorder to hand, the immediacy of the message can be its own enemy: have you ever tried finding an odd clip on a C-90 videotape to show students? Or what about obtaining the book of a BBC language course when the programme is not currently being shown on TV?



The future of the book hangs, to a great extent, on the state of the

audience. Kipling was fortunate to begin writing when he did. The growth of literacy in the course of the nineteenth century, and a population looking increasingly for education and entertainment, led to a wider reading public – even if some people had misgivings. Alfred Austin (later to be Poet Laureate), writing in the *Temple Bar Magazine* for September 1874, complains that reading "has become a downright vice, a vulgar, detrimental habit, like dram-drinking [. . .] which, if persisted in, will end by enfeebling the minds of men and women."<sup>10</sup>

With the 1870 Education Act a school system emerged which was capable of creating a widespread reading public in this country.<sup>11</sup> Nor should we forget the contribution made by Andrew Carnegie to the public library system. This was the age of the 'Yellow-back' and the 'penny dreadful', a time when magazines like the *Pall Mall Gazette* ran lengthy debates on topics like "The Best Hundred Books, by the Best Judges".<sup>12</sup>

G.A. Henty produced over 80 strictly formulaic adventures for boys, which cover a vast historical spectrum, ranging from *The Young Carthaginian* to *With Roberts to Pretoria*.<sup>13</sup> Walter Besant, an acknowledged influence on Kipling, produced 19 novels with James Rice, until the latter's death in 1881, and then went on to produce 32 more of his own. They are described in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as "romantic, improbable and verbose", but were best-sellers in their time.<sup>14</sup>

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Kipling was a journalist by training and temperament, and drew heavily on this *persona* in his writing.<sup>15</sup> He was utterly professional in outlook, and jealous of his own good name; witness his reaction in 1918 to a hoax in *The Times* when an unknown hand succeeded in slipping some doggerel verse, attributed to Kipling himself, past the duty editor.<sup>16</sup> He also had a City of London connection, as a member of the Stationers, the livery company which protects the interests of printing and publishing, and which until 1911 acted as a copyright deposit.

Kipling had a firm foundation as a writer, by being unusually well-read. 'Uncle Crom' (the far-sighted head at Westward Ho!) is owed much for his guidance of the young Kipling into some fairly obscure sources, which led to quite perplexing references in his adult writing. Some indication of the egregious Beetle's reading habits appears in "The Propagation of Knowledge".<sup>17</sup> Kipling's work crackles with oblique references, ranging from the Bible, his beloved Horace and the Bard, to some very obscure sources that have sometimes baffled his

critics. It is a matter for speculation whether he expected his readership to have such broad tastes, although he did hold them in some esteem. As he says in "The Fabulists", "Unless men please they are not heard at all."<sup>18</sup> This opportunity to read widely was fortunate, as time for reading in India must have been limited by his long working hours, though it was a time of (almost literally) feverish writing.

His entree to literary London came in 1891 when he joined the Savile Club, sponsored by Thomas Hardy, the critic Edmund Gosse and Rider Haggard, who was to become a lifelong friend. The thought of such literary minds coming together leads on to the much debated question of the Canon – what people are expected to have read, going beyond the established names (sometimes dismissed as "DWEMS" – dead white European males) into whole new fields for academic study, including writing from the New Commonwealth, or such issues as gender studies, deconstruction, feminism and neo-colonialism. The content of the English degree has long since moved on from Beowulf, Chaucer and Shakespeare to encompass courses in media communications. The development of degree courses and options on film is another reflection of the academic concerns which are necessary in the age of telecommunication but which may be seen as competition for the book. Other intellectual endeavours may well come to displace reading; but then the media as a sector has now overtaken manufacturing industry as a source of employment – and television is something that we in this country can do rather well.<sup>19</sup> Nor should we overlook Kenneth Branagh's reinterpretation of Shakespeare in another medium; or the work of Emma Thompson with Jane Austen and E.M. Forster. The growing popularity worldwide of dramatising the novelists of the nineteenth century also suggests that the quality writing of the last century is simply being re-defined through the medium of film and television, so that the three-decker novel is being re-packaged as a six-episode series on a single C-90. It is therefore only a matter of time before they appear in CD format with a switch-over facility to display the text of the original against the dramatised version.

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Kipling's work is heavily involved with the changes in technology that so typify the late Victorian age. He adored what the *Daily Telegraph* still quaintly refers to as 'motoring'. His first car was a "Victoria-hooded, carriage-sprung, carriage-braked, single-cylinder, belt-driven, fixed-ignition Embryo which, at times, could cover eight miles an hour", and the hire fee (three and a half guineas a week) included the driver; which was just as well, as Kipling himself never actually learnt

to drive; and in the early days of the steam motor car the driver had to be an engineer as well.<sup>20</sup>

The motor car appears in the stories as an early accessory. It plays a pivotal role in "They", providing a stark innovatory contrast to the timeless landscape of Sussex, and a rational foil to the ghost story which gradually unfolds:

I found hidden villages where bees, the only things awake, boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches; miraculous brooks diving under stone bridges built for heavier traffic than would ever vex them again; tithe-barns larger than their churches, and an old smithy that cried out aloud how it had once been a hall of the Knights of the Temple. Gipsies I found on a common where the gorse, bracken, and heath fought it out together up a mile of Roman road...<sup>21</sup>

What is questionable, though, is how much Kipling really knew about engineering. He writes about technical subjects with verve; and much time has been given over to checking (and proving) that he is right in every point of detail – as in the famous description in "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" of the impact of a five-inch shell on the engine-room of the tramp steamer *Haliotis*:

The forward engine had no more work to do. 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...<sup>22</sup>

Kipling did, however, understand *engineers*, even if he thought (as does Morrowbie Jukes) that they lacked imagination. Evidently he spent time in the engineers' mess, "where the oil-cloth tables are", picking up small pieces of detail to work into his narratives:

He [McPhee, Chief Engineer of the *Breslau*] believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red-hot, all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal.<sup>23</sup>

He was quick to grasp a brief (like Harvey Cheyne's father with his "curious power of getting at the heart of new matters as learned from men in the street"), and to use it to his own ends.<sup>24</sup> The train ride across the U.S.A. at the end of *Captains Courageous* was actually worked out by "a railway magnate of my acquaintance"; which someone then set out, successfully, to replicate. But the idea and inspiration were both Kipling's.<sup>25</sup>

Despite this technical mastery of a brief, and his own perception of himself as a journalist, Kipling wrote very little that could be described as non-fiction – the most substantial exception being *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, which may be regarded as a tribute to his son John, who was killed in action while serving with that regiment. Despite his warnings about the slide into war, Kipling did not foresee slaughter on such a scale, though he commemorates it hauntingly in "The Children":

That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given  
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven –  
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires –  
To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes – to be cindered by fires –  
To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation  
From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.  
*But who shall return us our children?*<sup>26</sup>

Colonial battles, as recounted in *Soldiers Three*, are made to sound like a hard-fought rugby match; his naval writing, centring on Emmanuel Pyecroft, revolves around exercises and mock battles; and even a grimmer story like "Sea Constables: a Tale of '15" still has the jaunty air of *Stalky & Co.* about it.<sup>27</sup> In stark contrast, *The Irish Guards in the Great War* is a detailed account in two volumes of the regiment's exploits in Flanders. It is a monumental work, "edited and compiled from their diaries and papers", blending regimental records and eye-witness accounts. The result is unique, both a memoir and a tribute, conserving odd anecdotes that otherwise might have been lost, and giving life to the cold data of the regimental diaries, and adding that blend of horror at what the men went through, with full recognition of their courage and endurance. Kipling is also unsparing in his own criticism of the lack of preparation and the errors committed by the High Command – a theme which can be traced back in his own writing to the turn of the century.

The attack on Ginchy on 15 September 1916 is a case in point:

They cleared out, as best they could, the mixed English and German bodies that paved the bottom of the trench, and toiled

desperately at the wreckage – splinters and concrete from blown-in dug-outs, earth-slides and collapses of head-cover by yards at a time, all mingled or besmeared with horrors and filth that a shell would suddenly increase under their hands. Men could give hideous isolated experiences of their own – it seemed to each survivor that he had worked for a life-time in a world apart – but no man could recall any connected order of events, and the exact hour and surroundings wherein such and such a man – private, N.C.O. or officer – met his death are still in dispute. It was a still day, and the reeking chemical-tainted fog of the high explosives would not clear. Orders would be given and taken by men suddenly appearing and as suddenly vanishing through smoke or across fallen earth, till both would be cut off in the middle by a rifle bullet, or beaten down by the stamp and vomit of a shell. There was, too, always a crowd of men seated or in fantastic attitudes, silent, with set absorbed faces, busily engaged in trying to tie up, stanch, or plug their own wounds – to save their own single lives with their own hands. When orders came to these they would shake their heads impatiently and go on with their urgent, horrible business. Others, beyond hope, but not consciousness, lamented themselves into death.

The Diary covers these experiences of the three hours between 8 and 11 a.m. with the words:

In the meantime, despite rather heavy shelling, a certain amount of consolidation was done on the trench while the work of reorganization was continued.<sup>28</sup>

It is a matter of record (and duly noted) that fifteen decorations were received for service on a day when the 1st Guards Brigade suffered 1,776 casualties. The picture for the reader is complete.

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Arguably, cinema can be even more graphic: Stephen Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* begins with a 24-minute sequence based on the slaughter of Omaha Beach. The "gore warning" which precedes it touches on the question as to what constitutes a serious record or tribute to veterans of all wars, and what verges on what is sometimes referred to as 'warnography'. It is not (as in the film) that the Kipling extract leaves nothing to the imagination; the imagination has quite enough to work on from the written word, and somehow it creates a greater

impact.

Perhaps Kipling's taste for innovation and new technology was dampened by the developments of the First World War. He did not spot science fiction as a genre, unlike his contemporary H.G. Wells who also foresaw the effects that scientific developments would have on warfare, whereas Kipling imagined that the 'Aerial Board of Control' would make war obsolete. "With the Night Mail" is in fact often cited as one of Kipling's few forays into the future:

[Fleury's Ray] is the very heart of the machine – a mystery to this day. Even Fleury who begat it, and unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U-tube can, in the fractional fraction of a second, strike the furious blast of gas into a chill greyish-green liquid that drains (you can hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction pipes and the mains back to the bilges. If a speck of oil, if even the natural grease of the human finger, touch the hooded terminals Fleury's Ray will wink and disappear and must be laboriously built up again. This means half a day's work for all hands and an expense of one hundred and seventy-odd pounds to the G.P.O. for radium-salts and such trifles.<sup>29</sup>

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With the leading edge of contemporary technology, Kipling is more successful. He was an early user of electric lighting (1902); "Below the Mill Dam" builds on his own experience at Bateman's.<sup>30</sup> We can see a certain progression from the heliograph in "A Code of Morals" (*Departmental Ditties*) to the Marconi set in "'Wireless'", which combines speculation on the power of radio with a rather neat working-in of Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes".<sup>31</sup>

Yet again the apparent contradiction: Kipling never even had a telephone installed at Bateman's. He would probably therefore not have wished to have his own web specification – as the Kipling Society [kipling.org.uk] has. However, although he tended to reply to letters in the third person (signed by Miss Nicholson), he had stacks of autographs to be sent out when requested. Miss Nicholson recounts that he liked corresponding with children so long as he thought that their letters had genuinely come from them.<sup>32</sup> But again the contradiction: he would go to some lengths to prevent people from taking advantage of the market value of papers marked up in his own hand.<sup>33</sup>

The interesting question is, what he would have made of desk-top publishing, whether he would have mastered Microsoft Office, let

alone QuarkExpress or Aldus Pagemaker – all of which need to be in the repertoire of the modern writer or would-be home publisher. In all probability he would have passed his draft version on floppy disk in ASCII code to a skilled person for tidying up. I suspect he would have enjoyed the prospect of having no end of clean working versions; but then literary history will be the poorer for having no early draft manuscripts to compare with the finished product: a whole generation of PhD students has been lost as a result.

Kipling would have liked the finality of the delete button, as we may see from the fact that he actually burned incoming private correspondence once he had replied.<sup>34</sup> Search engines he would have appreciated; and I believe he would have liked the picture archives that can now be accessed.<sup>35</sup> Broad-based searches he might not have needed to use, having committed so much to memory since childhood; but I suspect he would have recognised the potential for finding interesting items through the use of concordances on a CD-ROM.

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As for the shape of things to come, I think we can look forward in every sense. There is a great future for the publishing media in all their forms. According to the FT500 Review, publishing is the most profitable of all sectors, worth more even than advertising. It gives employment to 40,000 people in this country. The market was worth £700m in 1996, when 53,000 new titles were published in English.<sup>36</sup> The number of new titles reflects the position of English as a world language, something which Kipling would have taken for granted, even though he was quite a fluent French-speaker, and was passionately fond of France.<sup>37</sup>

Ironically, perhaps, the strength of publishing comes not from the proliferation of new books, so much as from bringing a cold commercial approach to a particular commodity, with spin-offs and merchandising.<sup>38</sup> The film of the book is also an important element when calculating returns. Kipling advised cautious acceptance:

And, if it be in your power, bear serenely with imitators. My *Jungle Books* begat Zoos of them. But the genius of all the genii was one who wrote a series called *Tarzan of the Apes*. I read it, but regret I never saw it on the films, where it rages most successfully. He had 'jazzed' the motif of the *Jungle Books* and, I imagine, had thoroughly enjoyed himself. He was reported to have said that he wanted to find out how bad a book he could write and 'get away with', which is a legitimate ambition.<sup>39</sup>

Whether Kipling would have been quite so sanguine about the Walt Disney version of *The Jungle Book* is another matter. Although he was actively involved in work leading to the production of films based on both stories and poems, both he and Caroline Kipling were irritated by the changes made by the production team.<sup>40</sup> But perhaps it is not so odd after all: the narrative richness of Kipling would be lost on film. The items quoted above would be covered by a few seconds' sweep of the camera, to display a wrecked engine-room, a futuristic piece of machinery, or a carefully selected location which some keen researcher has spotted in the vicinity of Bateman's. Documentaries abound of life in the trenches, yet pictures of old battlefields with superimposed maps, interviews with the few survivors now in their eighties or nineties, a haunting sound-track with the cold voice of the narrator giving the stark facts and figures, may produce effective television, but they lack the hitting-power of Kipling's prose.

On the other hand, the film or the talking book is a re-interpretation of a particular work, perhaps developing a situation or taking a character one step further, although Hollywood's irritating habits of altering the story-line, adding new scenes or even characters, are all unpardonable, and so often unnecessary. It would certainly be a way of getting over Kipling's irritating use of the vernacular, which makes him less accessible nowadays to the casual reader.

Today, books of the film are an important piece of spin-off, and serve to introduce a new generation of readers to the old favourites. In March this year, Helena Bonham Carter was appearing in a piece by Henry James, and Vanessa Redgrave in one by Virginia Woolf, in adjacent cinemas in the Haymarket. Add to that any BBC course-book and some old stalwarts – gardening books, cook-books and guide-books – and the average bookseller should be in for a good year. Even so, a certain price has been paid. We have witnessed the end of the gentleman-publisher and the emergence of the great conglomerates, along with mega-advances for works which may fit in the market of hype, but which may well be of dubious merit. Mergers and takeovers have seen the fusion and even the disappearance of once great names.

On the other hand, reduced production-costs through the use of desktop publishing have increased opportunities for both small companies and unknown writers, so that all that any of us needs is one best-seller. Don't let's forget Kipling's last interview before leaving India in 1889, with William Dare, who was managing director of the *Pioneer* and "a gentleman of sound commercial instincts", who assured Kipling that he would "never be worth more than four hundred rupees a month to anyone". As Kipling so smugly remarks, "common pride bids me tell that at that time I was drawing seven

hundred a month."<sup>41</sup>

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The recent British Government announcement that schools are to get £1000 to spend on new books indicates that there is cause to be concerned over the amount that people read, though using TV soap operas as the channel for the message may raise a few eyebrows over the quality of what people may be encouraged to read. But books will never go out of fashion; even those long out of print will remain available through inter-library loan; though I sometimes wonder where all the books being published are going to be stored.

But in the same way that the advent of the motor car did not put an end to the horse, so there will always be a place for the book. Electronic mail will not supplant 'snail mail', though I suspect that even the plain-paper fax machine will soon be looked down upon as an intermediate technology. (In much the same way, I cannot even *give* away computers which were "state of the art" five years ago.) Books will be supplemented (but not supplanted) by portable small-scale video; it is only a matter of time before first-class railway carriages have video screens on the back of seats, in the way that is now commonplace on aircraft.<sup>42</sup>

Underlying sales may well have halved in ten years, but there is ample scope for development. Books will develop in three ways. Firstly, the cheap throwaway, produced in such volume that they cost no more than a prawn sandwich from Marks & Spencer. Secondly, the bespoke crafted artistic volume that some people will unwrap lovingly for Christmas (and leave untouched all year, secure in the knowledge that they have it on their shelves). Thirdly, the electronic version, which will be downloaded for a small borrowing fee (charged automatically) and which will be used for concordances and word counts by researchers or those who have a niggle about a particular phrase or word, and dread ploughing through hundreds of pages in several volumes in order to find it.

The uncomfortable sit-up-and-beg desktop computer, or the finicky palmtop with a six-inch screen, will be replaced ere long by touch-sensitive, inter-active, hand-held screens for portable use; and a flat-screen facility on the wall (disguised as a mirror or a painting) with full inter-connectivity. Both will come with integral browse facility, and the ability to switch instantaneously from the film version to the written word by means of electronic book-marks, and in more than one language.

The personal version will come with a genuine leather slip-case,

embossed with gold initials; and may even be flexible and soft to the touch – or at the very least in a mock mahogany finish. Even so, it will still be hard to replace curling up with a good book, or returning time and again to a favourite edition.

Kipling himself, ironically, was something of a Philistine in his attitude to books as objects:

My treatment of books, which I looked upon as tools of my trade, was popularly regarded as barbarian. Yet I economised on my multitudinous pen-knives, and it did no harm to my fore-finger. There were books which I respected, because they were put in locked cases. The others, all the house over, took their chances.<sup>43</sup>

But then he was a newspaperman rather than a novelist; a crafting writer who felt estranged from most other literary figures of his age. (When he died, although the urn containing his ashes was buried in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, few 'men of letters' attended the service.<sup>44</sup>) Kipling's formative years as a newspaperman in India had marked him indelibly:

I never worked less than ten hours and seldom more than fifteen per diem; and as our paper came out in the evening did not see the midday sun except on Sundays. I had fever too, regular and persistent, to which I added for a while chronic dysentery. Yet I discovered that a man can work with a temperature of 104, even though next day he has to ask the office who wrote the article...<sup>45</sup>

This is projected into the opening scenes of "The Man who would be King":

And, all the time, the telephone-bell is ringing madly, and Kings are being killed on the Continent, and Empires are saying, "You're another," and Mister Gladstone is calling down brimstone upon the British Dominions, and the little black copy-boys are whining, "*kaa-pi chay-ha-yeh*" (copy wanted) like tired bees, and most of the paper is blank as Modred's shield.

But that is the amusing part of the year. There are six other months when none ever comes to call, and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass, and the office is darkened to just above reading-light, and the press-machines are red-hot of touch, and nobody writes anything but accounts of amusements in the Hill-stations or obituary notices.<sup>46</sup>

I believe that ultimately Kipling would have approved of direct public access to press and other information sources through the Internet. "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat", in *A Diversity of Creatures*, demonstrates clearly that he was aware of the power that publicity and the media have over ordinary people – and how much it can all be worth. It is a pity that Kipling did not develop Bat Masquerier more as a character, in preference to Emmanuel Pycroft, who remains stubbornly two-dimensional, however farcical the situation created for him by the author. Unwittingly, perhaps, Kipling has looked ahead and spotted the world of pop culture, with gramophone records selling in their thousands, and their catchy tunes reaching up to ensnare even the Mother of Parliaments.

The classification, storing and dissemination of information has changed at intervals down the ages, according to the way in which it has been held. The volume of book sales, the continued popularity of paperbacks, the revival of English Literature for lavish costume dramas in film and on TV, all suggest that there is no shortage of demand for reading. Commercial realities, however, are making the underlying economics difficult. The importance of proper marketing remains unchanged, going back to the early days of W.H. Smith, the Yellow-back editions, the 'railway editions' of Kipling himself.

Even the paperback vending-machines of the 1930s (the so-called penguinubators) have been re-interpreted this year with the latest slot-machines at railway stations, which will sell stories calculated to last the length of the journey. Even further advances in technology will have an impact too, ranging from more efficient methods of printing through ultimately to on-line vending outlets, which will print your book for you electronically while you wait, in order to save on paper, distribution and storage costs.

In conclusion, we should not lose sight of the changes all these technical developments will have on the library – or should I say media-resources open-access person-based learning centre? Or, for that matter, on the staff responsible for providing learning services. Then there is the impact that the explosion of knowledge will have on degree courses – let alone the students, who are now expected to be computer-literate, capable of absorbing information simultaneously from a multiplicity of sources, and making proper use of it through a whole variety of computer packages which are constantly being updated.

The issue of copyright, which so vexed Kipling with his American editions, has yet to be resolved in the case of materials published over the Internet; and who ultimately is going to pay for what was (until recently) a free service, is a question that is only just being asked. But, as somebody once remarked, that is another story.

## NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Personal Handwriting Computer Font, by Mediatic.
2. *Something of Myself*, p 229. [In these notes, page numbers of Kipling's works (except for *The Irish Guards*) apply to the Macmillan (London) Pocket Edition.] Kipling's partiality to the Waverley recalls the lines of a familiar advertisement by McNiven & Cameron Ltd, for three nibs: "They came as a boon and a blessing to men, / The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen." This jingle is also mentioned in Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, Part 4, chapter 2 (Folio Society, p 58). For Kipling's use of the phrase "intolerable entrails", see *The Irish Guards in the Great War* (Macmillan, London, 1923), vol II, p 128: "The Mess stove was like Falstaff, 'old, cold and of intolerable entrails,' going out on the least provocation."
3. *Debits and Credits*, p 370.
4. Miss Cecily Nicholson. See *Kipling Journal*, September 1981, pp 37-8. Her recollections of working with Kipling, entitled "Something of Himself", appeared in the *Journal* in 8 instalments between September 1980 and September 1982. Dorothy Ponton, his secretary in the 1920s, published privately in 1952 a slim paperback, *Kipling at Home and at Work*.
5. *Something of Myself*, p 224.
6. In *Limits and Renewals*. For trouble at the Savile Club, see Morton Cohen, *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard* (Hutchinson, 1965), pp 14-16; and incidentally the useful footnote to p 161. See also *Something of Myself*, pp 83-86, for some kinder memories.
7. *The Daily Telegraph*, 11 July 1998, p 10.
8. *Something of Myself*, pp 32-33. See also the *Kipling Journal*, September 1980, pp 27-30, for an appraisal of William Crofts, the Classics master at Westward Ho!
9. Chapter 5, section 18.
10. In J. Jordan & R. Patten (eds.), *Literature in the Marketplace* (CUP 1995), p 170.
11. See H.G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography*, vol I, p 327; vol II, p 507.
12. Jordan & Patten, *op. cit.*, p 166.
13. For more on Henty, see the *Kipling Journal*, June 1995, pp 30-35.
14. Besant, a founder-member of the Society of Authors, wrote in 1882 *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, set in London's East End. It led to the establishment of the

People's Palace (later Queen Mary & Westfield College, London). He is acknowledged by Kipling in *Something of Myself*, pp 65-66, 83, 84.

15. See "Thrown Away" in *Plain Tales from the Hills*:

He thought for a minute, and said, "Can you lie?"  
"You know best," I answered. "It's my profession."

See also "A Matter of Fact" in *Many Inventions*: "Three ordinary men would have quarrelled through sheer boredom before they reached Southampton. We, by virtue of our craft, were anything but ordinary men."

16. *Something of Myself*, pp 224-7. See also Philip Howard's speech to the Society in the *Journal*, September 1995, pp 13-24. Incidentally, Howard makes it clear that the incident occurred in 1918, not (as Kipling recalled it) 1917.
17. *Debits and Credits*, p 278; see also *Something of Myself*, p 36.
18. Verses accompanying a story, "The Vortex", in *A Diversity of Creatures*.
19. Figures from the *Financial Times* FT500 Review.
20. *Something of Myself*, p 177. See also Cohen (*op. cit.*), p 53. Kipling's own Locomobile appears in "Steam Tactics" (*Traffics and Discoveries*), where it is renamed "the Octopod". For other examples of novel technology, see "Wireless" (*Traffics and Discoveries*), "With the Night Mail" (*Actions and Reactions*), and "As Easy as ABC" (*A Diversity of Creatures*). See also the "small autophonic reel" and the "telephone-indicator" in "On the Gate" (pp 339 & 343 in *Debits and Credits*).
21. In *Traffics and Discoveries*, p 303.
22. In *The Day's Work*, p 152. [The technicalities in the passage quoted may seem superfluous, but they are highly relevant to a later stage in that story, when the crew of the *Halotis* contrive, with enormous difficulty, to repair the engine. For a detailed exposition of the impact of the shell, as described by Kipling, see a usefully illustrated article, "Mr Wardrop's Problem", by Professor C.E. Moorhouse, at pages 10-22 in our issue of March 1987. – *Ed.*]
23. In "'Bread Upon the Waters'" (*The Day's Work*). See also Philip Mason's article on "Cold Iron" in the *Journal* of December 1994.
24. *Captains Courageous*. See also D.C. McAveaney's *Kipling in Gloucester: the writing of 'Captains Courageous'* (Curious Traveller Press, 1996).
25. *Something of Myself*, p 131.
26. Published in *A Diversity of Creatures*, 1917.

27. For example, two Pyecroft stories in *Traffics and Discoveries*: "The Bonds of Discipline" and "Their Lawful Occasions". "Sea Constables" is in *Debits and Credits*.
28. See *The Irish Guards in the Great War* (1923), vol I, pp 172-3 and 179.
29. In *Actions and Reactions*, p 123. Somehow H.G. Wells, with his scientific training, is more convincing in *War in the Air*, published in the same year (1908). The Aerial Board of Control appears in "With the Night Mail" and has a story of its own, "As Easy as A.B.C." in *A Diversity of Creatures*.
30. In *Traffics and Discoveries*. See also *Something of Myself*, p 179.
31. In *Traffics and Discoveries*. See also the *Kipling Journal*, September 1994, pp 24-38 (for John McGivering's article about "Wireless"); also, for related comments, December 1994, pp 29-30; March 1995, pp 11-12; and June 1995, pp 48-49.
32. The *Journal*, March 1981, p 28; and September 1980, p 46.
33. Miss Nicholson again: *Journal*, December 1980, p 39.
34. In Morton Cohen, *op. cit.*, p xiii. (Also the top of p 133.)
35. For example, go into a search engine like Altavista, and tap in <burne.jones>.
36. Publishers' Association figures.
37. See his poem, "Song of Seventy Horses", which begins, "Once again the Steamer at Calais..."
38. Winnie the Pooh in his Walt Disney reincarnation comes in no fewer than 112 forms. (The *Guardian*, 25 March 1998, p 17.)
39. *Something of Myself*, pp 218-9. Edgar Rice Burroughs's classic appeared in 1914, precisely twenty years after *The Jungle Book*.
40. See Alan Wolfe's article about the film versions of Kipling (*Journal*, December 1996, pp 29-37); and Professor Pinney's comprehensive check-list (March 1997, pp 50-53).
41. *Something of Myself*, p 75. For the identification of Dare see the notes to *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, ed. Thomas Pinney (CUP, 1990).
42. Singapore Airlines advertise 60 channels of in-flight entertainment.
43. *Something of Myself*, p 231.
44. See the *Journal*, March 1936, pp 2-4, for an account of the service in Westminster

Abbey. The pall-bearers are named as: Mr Stanley Baldwin (Prime Minister); Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes; Field-Marshal Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd; Professor J.W. Mackail, O.M. (Kipling's cousin); Mr H.A. Gwynne (Editor, *Morning Post*); Sir Fabian Ware (Founder, Imperial War Graves Commission); Mr A.B. Ramsay (Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge); and Mr A.S. Watt (Kipling's Literary Agent).

45. *Something of Myself*, p 41.

46. In *Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*, pp 207-8.

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## BOOK REVIEW

*MY BOY JACK? The Search for Kipling's Only Son* by Tonie and Valmai Holt (Pen & Sword Books, Leo Cooper, 1998), xx + 234 pages, illustrations, select bibliography, hardback, £19.95.

[In inviting Michael Smith, Secretary of the Kipling Society, to review *My Boy Jack?*, I was of course aware that since he had written the Foreword to the book he might be to some extent *parti pris*. That does not seem to me to matter – which is not to say that the key topic, the identification of Lieutenant John Kipling's body, is closed. I will welcome correspondence that contributes further to that subject. Meanwhile, our members will have noted a 'flyer' inserted into this issue of the *Journal*, offering a special discount on the price of the book for those who care to take advantage of it when ordering. – *Ed.*)

The title's poignant interrogative says it all. Although there seemed certainty in 1992, when the Commonwealth War Graves Commission announced that John Kipling's body had been located, analytical detective work on the part of Major and Mrs Holt has reintroduced uncertainty.

The heartbreaking anxiety over the whereabouts of John's body remained throughout Rudyard and Carrie Kipling's lifetime, and played an important part in their introspection and their view of the changed world after the Armistice. He, who had done much to assuage the anguish of the bereaved by his comforting words engraved in the 'Cities of the Dead', was unable himself to find solace.

On the identification of the body, the Holts felt compelled to try and

determine whether the riddle really had at last been resolved. The story of their enquiries unfolds effectively in this book. It is told with a fine eye for detail, and the reader is drawn along by the dedication and commitment of the joint authors (who are incidentally members of the Kipling Society). They have taken enormous trouble to seek the truth. Attribution of a single grave is given only after long and careful investigation by the War Graves Commission, whose approach has always been very conservative. Yet some anomalies were revealed in this quest, enough to make it difficult to arrive at a definitive answer. The Holts provide the facts, and wisely invite the reader to weigh the balance of probability.

To do so involves a scrutiny of a world which, with the recent commemoration of the 80th anniversary of the 11 November 1918 Armistice, has occupied our thoughts deeply. This book certainly brings the horrors of the Western Front into sharp focus, and helps us to understand more closely the agonies suffered not only by the men in the trenches but also by people at home. Few families were left unscathed by the carnage.

It would be difficult to find authors more qualified to pursue such a theme: the Holts have built a considerable reputation for their ability to place war and its consequences before those for whom it was more than simple history. The presumed discovery of John Kipling's body, as announced by the War Graves Commission, was a challenge which suited their particular expertise: they met it with the meticulous attention to detail which was ever their hallmark. The result, persuasively recorded, is of great interest, and is grounded in research that draws on many sources.

We are indebted to Tonie and Valmai Holt for putting before us, so lucidly, not only the main theme of a problematical attribution, but also the many side-issues which sprang from it. The book is a most valuable addition to the Kipling library.

MICHAEL SMITH

## KIPLING THE GLOBE-TROTTER

## PART V

by MERYL MACDONALD BENDLE

[Meryl Macdonald Bendle, as a granddaughter of Kipling's Uncle Fred – the Reverend Frederic William Macdonald (1842-1928) – is a first cousin, once removed, of Rudyard Kipling. She has been writing a biographical study, *Kipling the Globe-Trotter: A Driven Man*, from which we have already been permitted to publish four excerpts, in three recent issues of the *Journal*: Part I, "Travel, and the Celtic Inheritance" (June 1997, pages 25-33); Part II, "The more immediate Macdonalds, and John Kipling" (September 1997, pages 32-40); Part III, "Meeting Uncle Harry in New York", 1889; and Part IV, "Kipling's Activities in mid-1891, and 'The Finest Story in the World'" (both in June 1998, pages 12-17).

The fifth excerpt, below, is about a highly evocative story in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, describing an extraordinary voyage to West Africa, by a Danish pirate galley. As with the previous excerpts, this passage is extracted from Mrs Bendle's text, with minimal editing; but notes have been added for the purposes of the *Kipling Journal*. – Ed.]

In "The Knights of the Joyous Venture", the third Puck story, Sir Richard Dalyngridge tells the children how he and Hugh the Saxon were taken prisoner off Pevensey by Witt the Dane, and carried off in his galley. The pirate ship is sailing south in search of gold, guided by the 'Wise Iron', a box containing a 'magical' needle that always points to the south – a natural and wishful error which Dan is able to explain to Sir Richard with the aid of his own pocket-compass. It is 1100 A.D., at the time of William Rufus's death.

On their way south they call at a small port known to Witt, to trade Baltic amber for "little wedges of iron and packets of beads in earthen pots"; also for casks of wine, dried meat and fish, beans and dates for the voyage. Thereafter they will be venturing into the unknown, by 'No Man's road'.

"We were not young," Sir Richard said, "but I think no shame to say whenas we drove out of that secret harbour at sunrise over a still sea, we two rejoiced and sang as did the knights of old when they followed our great Duke to England. Yet was our leader an heathen pirate; all our proud fleet but one galley perilously overloaded" (there were thirty-five aboard); "for guidance we leaned on a pagan sorcerer" (the Chinaman whose magic box they steered by); "and our port was beyond the world's end. Witt told us that his father Guthrum had



THORKILD'S TACTIC

Thorkild of Borkum "had given back before his Devil, till the bowmen on the ship could shoot it all full of arrows from near by". An illustration by H. R. Millar for "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" in the standard Macmillan edition (1906) of *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

once . . . rowed along the shores of Africa to a land where naked men sold gold for iron and beads . . . and thither . . . would Witta go."

After many months' rowing they reach their destination, up a forested river in Africa, and on the bank barter the iron and beads for gold, with natives whose chief beats on his chest and gnashes his teeth as if trying to tell them something. Then suddenly, great 'devils', taller than a man and covered with reddish hair, leap out on them from the trees and are confronted by Sir Richard, Thorkild of Borkum, and Hugh. Two 'devils' are despatched by arrows from the galley; but Hugh slays his only after its teeth have left two great gouges just below the hilt of his sword (the wonderful Runic sword which Weland the Smith had crafted for him when he was a novice); it had also sunk its teeth into his right arm so that he had had to shift his sword into his left hand.

When the 'devils' are slain, the delighted villagers give them as much gold as they can carry homeward. At long last they reach Pevensey again, and the erstwhile prisoners are landed at nightfall. Then Witta, who has come to love the two like brothers, hands them wedge upon wedge and packet upon packet of gold and dust of gold, and only stops when they will take no more. He strips off the gold bracelets on his own right arm and places them on Hugh's good left arm, and embraces him.

By the time that the boat pulls out into the darkness, bound for Stavanger, Sir Richard and Hugh on the shore are almost weeping. Although Witta was a heathen and a pirate, and had held them by force for many months, Sir Richard tells the children that "I loved that bow-legged, blue-eyed man for his great boldness, his cunning, his skill, and, beyond all, for his simplicity."

It has been suggested that Kipling got the idea for this story from two fourteenth-century misericord carvings in Chichester Cathedral. The suggestion is appropriate, for wherever he went, at home or abroad, he would always visit the local cathedral. He would soak up its history, glory in its stained-glass windows, and examine the carvings in detail. (In the years to come, when he was touring in France, Chartres Cathedral was to draw him again and again like a magnet, its magnificent windows inspiring a sonnet.)

The first of the Chichester carvings shows a draped figure in mortal combat with a dog-headed but otherwise lion-like beast whose teeth are clenched on the blade of the broadsword thrust through its mouth and out at the back of its neck. The drapery suggests that the figure is a woman's, except for the strength in the bent arms (as the left hand clutches the beast's mane while the right thrusts the sword home) and the large protruding feet, which it was not customary at that time to show on female figures.

The second, cruder, carving represents a similar scene; but the figure

thrusting his broadsword down the throat of an ape-like monster is naked and left-handed. The animal's limbs end convincingly in huge claws, and the carving is flanked by two flat-headed demons.

If the two craftsmen – perhaps master and apprentice – were illustrating the same story, where would they have got *their* idea? When working on misericord carvings, they were allowed to indulge their artistic fancies in whatever manner their chisels could contrive, from the sacred to the profane.

At Chichester they mostly favoured the grotesque and the beastly, their monsters derived, we are told, either from bestiaries or from travellers' tales.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps from a story that had been handed down from generation to generation? A story about a Sussex man who had ventured 'beyond the world's end' – whether or not as prisoner of the Vikings like Sir Richard and Hugh – and had seen such a fight between man and 'devil', otherwise gorilla? It would need only one witness to return to tell the tale – perhaps "a masterless man, one who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but who was afflicted – that is the phrase – with the magic of the necessary word", and had become a "story-teller of the Tribe". (These are Kipling's words again, but this time he is describing "an ancient legend" in a speech on "Literature" in a Royal Academy dinner in 1906, just two months after the magazine publication of "The Knights of the Joyous Venture".)<sup>2</sup>

Kipling continued: "He [the story-teller] saw; he told; he described the merits of the notable deed in such a fashion, we are assured, that the words 'became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers'." Now Kipling was known as a writer who never wasted anything – especially not a quotation – that came his way; he would re-fashion it to suit his purpose, as we have already observed. So was the tale of Witta the Viking based on "honest research and legitimate inference", as were the arrows used by his Roman soldiers on the Wall?<sup>3</sup> Or did it arise from a deeper, more intuitive level of thought inspired by two carvings in Chichester Cathedral, which were themselves rooted in the words of a story-teller of the Tribe?

#### NOTES TO PART V

1. See an article by Francis W. Steer, "Misericords in Chichester Cathedral" [publication particulars, for date and fuller attribution, awaited].
2. "Literature" is the first item in the collected speeches, *A Book of Words* (1928).
3. See *Something of Myself*, pp 189-90.

## SOCIETY NOTICES

FROM THE SECRETARY, MICHAEL SMITH

[See also the Announcements on page 5]

### THE SOCIETY'S WEBSITE

Although the Society has for several years shared a website with The Grange in Rottingdean, where we maintain a Kipling Room, one of our members, John Radcliffe, who has taken on the role of Electronic Editor and joined our Council as such, has generously agreed to enlarge its range of interest. It is designed to be used from anywhere in the world, and will be open equally to Kipling Society members and to the public at large.

The site can be visited by those who have access to a telephone and a computer, for the cost of a local call. It can also be found through the main Internet search systems, by searching on 'Kipling'. Since the web is now growing at a tremendous speed, our Council decided that it would be timely to develop and expand our presence on it.

It may be that parts of the site will only be accessible to our members – although this has yet to be decided. The main area will be open to all, to find out more about Kipling and his work. Even our present site attracts numerous enquiries about aspects of his work, and about the Society itself. We hope and expect that the improved site will attract more new members.

The *Kipling Journal* will be the main continuing voice of the Society; but the web will provide a lively complementary service. It will be able to contain colourful illustrative material, and perhaps sound as well. We recognise that many of our members will not be able to access the site; but a growing number are likely to be drawn into the electronic world. The presence of the site will in no way diminish what the Society has to offer to its loyal 'non-electronic' members. In addition to the 'fact-file' material which has been produced over the past two years, directed mainly at pupils and students who wish to broaden their knowledge of Kipling and his writings, and which will now be included for a global market, the site will carry a 'notice board' to advertise Society events. It will also link with details of our own library capacity. When it comes on stream we shall advise you of the fact; and we shall welcome both your participation and your comments as to its development. Suggestions can be sent to [kipling@fastmedia.demon.co.uk](mailto:kipling@fastmedia.demon.co.uk).

### A COUPLE FOR KIPLING

One of our members, Harry Barton, is to have a play he has written, *A Couple for Kipling*, presented by the Centre Stage Theatre Company. It will open for the week beginning Monday 15 March 1999 in the University of Ulster's Riverside Theatre at Coleraine; and will move to Belfast before going on tour elsewhere in Ireland. Anyone who would like more details of the tour should contact *Centre Stage*, 99 Fitzroy Avenue, Belfast. The telephone number is (01232) 249119; and the e-mail address I have been given is [Cstage@Argonet.Co.Uk](mailto:Cstage@Argonet.Co.Uk).

The theme of the play is the mass of apparent contradictions posed by Kipling's work and character. There are three characters: the middle-aged Kipling; Strickland, a young Englishman; and Melissa, a young Irishwoman. 'Kipling' has always relished the fact that he has "two separate sides to his head"; and Strickland and Melissa represent these two sides. Strickland has nostalgic admiration for the old Empire. Melissa abhors the 'cruelty' of Kipling and the arrogance of Empire. They have their own story: they are in love, and may be caught up in an imminent desert war, he as a soldier, she as an aid worker. Their reactions to the war are related to their reactions to Kipling.

'Kipling' shepherds the two of them through the performance of extracts from his poems and short stories, taking part himself when a third actor is needed. At the end of each extract, Strickland and Melissa step out of character, move into their own area, become themselves, and argue.

For the playwright, a pleasurable bonus has been the discovery that many of Kipling's verses can be sung to popular tunes. For example, "If-" goes to "Galway Bay".

### THE SOCIETY'S MEDALLION

In the Notices of June 1998, at page 35, I asked if anyone knew of the sculptor of our medallion; but I am now in a position to answer my own question. On returning the original to our Librarian for display, I noticed a name which had not previously been visible. Janet Leech, who made the copies from it, had cleaned the surface before making a mould, and so revealed what had been hidden by the grime of age. There, clearly now, were the words, A. LOWENTAL FECIT LONDON. Perhaps someone will know of him or her?

### A GIFT OF BOOKS

One of our members, Mrs F.M. Peirson, of Seaford, who was once a volunteer steward at Bateman's, has most kindly presented the Kipling Room at The Grange, Rottingdean with a number of books by and about Kipling. They make a splendid addition to the small but growing collection already there. As soon as a bookcase comes down to us from the Society's Library in London, these will constitute a useful reference source for visitors to consult *in situ*. We are most grateful.

### ISSA

As your Secretary, I have to report the recurrence of a malady which has been periodically noted in the *Journal* over seven decades: Incipient Selective Subscription Amnesia, ISSA for short. Although it mainly affects the minority of members who choose to pay their subscriptions by annual cheque, and who have to be reminded to do so, it has chronically impaired the Society's overall financial health. However, an almost infallible cure is available: the Standing Order to the member's bank. This serves as a painless prophylactic against recurrence of the malady, and its value is enhanced by the addition of a Covenant (for members who pay Income Tax in the U.K.). A prescription form can be supplied on request.

I have already been in individual touch, earlier this year, with many members who were displaying apparent symptoms of ISSA; and I would like to thank them for their good-tempered tolerance and (on the whole) positive responses. These have had a very beneficial effect on the Society's finances, and the valuable inflow of subscription funds has been a factor in our ability to keep the standard rate of subscription (last raised in 1992) at £20 for yet another year. The malady is certainly on the wane.

There have been two other beneficial side-effects of this treatment of ISSA. One is that I have thus been able to make pleasant personal contact with a number of members who had hitherto just been names in the register. The other is that my colleague Roger Ayers, the newly appointed Membership Secretary, has been enabled to computerise his records with much more confidence than would recently have been possible.

In that connection, would members please note that the Membership Secretary now deals with all membership and subscription matters.

Renewals and related correspondence should therefore be sent not to me but to Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E., 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB. His telephone number is (01722) 500141.

#### OUR NORTH AMERICAN MEMBERSHIP

The Kipling Society is a registered Charity in the U.K., and is subject to regulations accordingly. We are now required to maintain a list of all our members worldwide. Most members in North America have hitherto been looked after by Professor Enamul Karim, of Rockford College, Illinois, whose past help we gratefully acknowledge. However, we have now streamlined the operation so that all our members in the U.S.A. and Canada will be in direct contact with the Society. To that end, we have written to all of them to explain the new arrangements; responses to date have been most encouraging.

We are delighted to report that David Alan Richards (who incidentally is to be our guest speaker at our Annual Luncheon in May 1999) has kindly agreed to act as liaison between members in North America and our office here. His address and other particulars are given with those of other Officers on page 4.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We warmly welcome the following, listed by Colonel Ayers on 9 December:

Dr Zulfiqar Ali (*High Wycombe, Bucks*); Mr J. H. Bligh (*Rochester, Kent*); Miss Ana de Brito (*Portaferry, Northern Ireland*); Mrs B. Campion (*Kislingbury, Northants*); Mrs G. M. Clampitt-Bligh (*Rochester, Kent*); Mr W. A. Dawson (*Chester*); Mrs M. H. Kelly (*Isle of Man*); Mr D. R. Major (*Congresbury, Bristol*); Mr M. J. Mates (*Karachi, Pakistan*); Mrs Rosalind Meyer (*Newbury, Berks*); Mrs G. M. Mirza (*London*); Mr Michael Norman (*Belper, Derbyshire*); Mrs E. Powell (*London*); Mr Paul R. Sizeland (*London*).

## MORE AND MORE KIPLING

by ELIZABETH INGLIS

[Elizabeth Inglis, a good friend of the Kipling Society, is curator of the Manuscripts Section of the University of Sussex Library. There she has charge of the very important collection known as the *Kipling Papers*. In the following article she describes the relatively recent acquisition of two interesting supplementary collections. It will be noted that the first acquisition, now known as the Kipling-Parker Papers, is highly relevant to another article in this issue, Lisa Lewis's "Trials of a Secretary", at pages 53 to 62. While Lisa Lewis focuses on the disaffection of Miss Parker, who was Kipling's secretary in 1902-04, Elizabeth Inglis focuses, in the first part of her article, on the clutch of documents secreted by the disaffected Miss Parker, and now acquired for the *Kipling Papers*. The two accounts, read in conjunction, provide as much background as we can ever hope to have, of a bizarre episode. – Ed.]

Readers of the *Kipling Journal* will be interested to hear of two collections of Kipling documents which made their way to the British auction rooms at the end of 1996, and which were bought by the University of Sussex to enhance the *Kipling Papers* held in care for the National Trust since 1978 when the Trust inherited Wimpole Hall on the death of Elsie Bambridge. That celebrated archive had been established by Kipling himself and enlarged by judicious collecting and purchase by Elsie, a dedicated keeper of her father's flame and a tireless custodian of his papers until her death. Since the archive opened at Sussex it has attracted hundreds of researchers from every corner of the globe. (Before it came to Sussex it had been seen by very few.) It has also attracted additional papers by gift and deposit.

\*

The first collection comprised Lot 69 which came up for auction at Stride's sale-rooms in Chichester on Guy Fawkes Day 1996. It had been brought to the attention of the University of Sussex Library a few days in advance of the event. Inspection revealed that it comprised letters and literary typescripts squirrelled away between 1902 and 1904 by Kipling's then secretary, Miss K.E. Parker, and retained by her when she left the Kiplings' service, not very happily. There is a draft letter in the Kipling-Parker Papers (as we have named them) wherein Miss Parker records her reservations and criticisms of her employers. "Mr and Mrs Kipling have changed in their manner to everyone, common civility can never be counted on now." It shows there was little love lost

between Miss Parker and Mrs Kipling, and little trust of Miss Parker by Mrs Kipling. The Editor of this Journal, George Webb, wrote an illuminating letter to *The Times* (6 December 1996) giving some additional information about Miss Parker, gleaned from Carrie Kipling's diaries.

Kipling's draft letters about motors and their shortcomings, which he directed at the Lanchester Motor Company, and which are part of the collection, make amusing reading, and illustrate that he was no slouch when it came to understanding the internal combustion engine. The jewels in the crown of the Kipling-Parker Papers, however, are the corrected typescripts of four short stories, "A Burgher of the Free State" [uncollected until inclusion in volume XXX of the Sussex Edition], "The Outsider" [likewise], "The Way that He Took" [collected in *Land and Sea Tales*] and "With the Night Mail" [collected in *Actions and Reactions*]. The last-mentioned is of significant interest, amounting to 64 pages with extensive autograph corrections and additions. A study of the typescripts allows us to see the creative mind at work as it changes, develops, refines and perfects a text until the author's satisfaction is achieved. Whatever reservations we may have about Miss Parker's ethical position in keeping the Kipling drafts we can only be grateful that, after ninety years in the dark, they are now liberated for all to see – and, we hope, safe for all time.

\*

The second collection was auctioned by Sotheby's in London on 16 December 1996 as Lot 170, and described in their catalogue as "An illuminating collection relating to one of Kipling's most famous books". It is Lionel Dunsterville's [Stalky's] collection of Kiplingiana, chiefly concerning *Stalky & Co.* although not confined exclusively to the book and its originals. The letters from Kipling include the "remarkable autograph letter signed by Kipling to Major-General Lionel Dunsterville, about Lawrence of Arabia. . . mentioning that he has 'just met a Colonel Laurence – he is an Oxford don really – who is an Emir of the Arab Empire and has made more Kings than anyone since Warwick the King maker' ". It is interesting to note that when Dunsterville sold his collection of Kipling letters back to Elsie Bambridge in 1943 he told her that he couldn't bring himself to part with some items he held dear, including this letter of 2 November 1918, but allowed her to have a transcript of part of the text. Here we have the full autograph text, a remarkably small, neat document crammed with words and covering two small pages.

As well as correspondence of Kipling, Beresford and others, the

collection includes items of memorabilia – a Kipling commemorative medal; school and society programmes for the United Services College; over forty photographs of boys, masters, groups etc of the U.S.C; and press cuttings relating to *Stalky & Co.*

Not all references to Kipling flatter. Dunsterville's sister-in-law, Dora Baker-White, is spikily critical of the writer: "He seemed to me a mountebank – catching the approval of hysterical women, backed up by reviewers, and appealing to these men who are dominated by their wives, or otherwise mentally afflicted. I have never met a real man who has not looked somewhat blank, when hearing him lauded."

Dunsterville has attached a note: "Rudyard Kipling – a criticism clever and scathing!"

\*

The acquisition of these two interesting and unique collections of papers was made against a tight deadline, and was not without its excitement. The money for their purchase was generously and swiftly given in part by a private donor, whose identity we may not divulge, but to whom we are hugely grateful. Further funding came, in the case of the Kipling-Parker Papers, from the Victoria and Albert Purchase Grant Fund; and in the case of the Kipling-Dunsterville Papers, from the Heritage Memorial Fund. Without such generosity and co-operation our task would have been difficult.

I have supplied details of the collections to the Kipling Society's Honorary Librarian and Honorary Secretary. We shall be pleased to welcome any member of the Society to the archives at Sussex. Please write to us before coming, so that we may book you a reading place in the Manuscripts Room. Our address is: Manuscripts Section, University of Sussex Library, Falmer, Brighton BN1 9QL. Telephone: (01273)678157.

## TRIALS OF A SECRETARY

## MISS PARKER AND THE KIPLINGS

by LISA LEWIS

[Lisa Lewis, for many years on our Council and now one of our Vice-Presidents, is recognised as a leading authority on Kipling and as a scholarly editor of some modern editions of his works. In this article, she examines the experience of a Miss Parker, who worked for the Kiplings as their secretary from 1902 to 1904, but who seems never to have been on comfortable terms with them as employers. When, 92 years after Miss Parker had resigned, certain documents came by sheer chance to light (and attracted some attention in the press) they clearly indicated her disaffection and unhappiness in the job. Her severe criticisms of her employers (particularly of Mrs Kipling), though far from impartial, must be regarded as having some weight in the biographical record of the Kiplings during their early years at Bateman's.

In Kipling's favour, it is a fact that he managed to have a much happier relationship with other secretaries who worked for him – both before and after this episode: as an employer he may have been fairly exacting but he was no ogre. It is also a fact that Miss Parker behaved very improperly in retaining and hiding certain papers of Kipling's when she left his employ. However, slanted though her evidence obviously is, it cannot be ignored or invalidated just because of the bitterness and prejudice that colour it. Lisa Lewis is quite right in feeling that Miss Parker's side of what had become a miserable relationship needed to be put responsibly on record; and that the *Kipling Journal* was the place for it. See also the related article at pages 50-52. – *Ed.*]

Kipling once called the woman who worked as his secretary from 1899 to 1902 "my dear Sara Anderson – the best secretary I ever had".<sup>1</sup> She became "the mainstay of the household", and was a regular visitor to Bateman's as late as the 1920s.<sup>2</sup> Miss Anderson also seems to have been well liked in Rottingdean; Lucy Hilton, who used to "run errands for her and tidy up her room and light her fire", describes her as "a charming lady". She lived "in rooms opposite the Black Horse just above the surgery of Dr Ridsdale", where she had a desk and typewriter, and where "Mr Kipling used to call with his work for typing"<sup>3</sup>. We don't know why she left, but the parting was plainly amicable; it happened two months before the Kiplings moved to Burwash, so possibly she had a reason for wanting to stay in the Rottingdean area. From May to July of 1902 she was training her successor, a Miss K. (or E.) Parker.

Miss Parker's experience was to be less happy. After two and a half years she left in anger, taking with her a heap of drafts in Kipling's

handwriting, or typed drafts amended by him, and a couple of incoming letters from readers. These were discovered in a bag inside an old chest of drawers that was sent to a Sussex auction house in 1996. They were purchased on behalf of the University of Sussex, and are now lodged alongside the Kipling family papers, belonging to the National Trust, and other Kipling collections there.<sup>4</sup> Also in the bag were three draft letters from Miss Parker herself, dated May and October 1904, which give interesting glimpses of the Kiplings as employers, and of their settling-in period at Bateman's.<sup>5</sup>

The first two are addressed to a Mr Obermer, an "American dramatist" for whom she had been working temporarily while the Kiplings spent two months in South Africa. On 3 May she writes to him from "Park Mill, Burwash":<sup>6</sup>

Dear Mr Obermer,

I am writing to-night (not so soon as I wished) to report progress, if I can be said to have made any.

The Kiplings are greatly upset at my wishing to leave them at this, to them, most awkward time; indeed, though I knew this would be the case to some extent, I could not know all the difficulties.

I pointed out that I had already put you to great inconvenience and annoyance by leaving you to try and straighten things for them, that I felt bound to return as soon as possible, that I must let you know at once and that consequently I could only be here on a weekly arrangement. To this last they did not reply.

They said that to leave you after only two months could not possibly inconvenience you as much as I should do them by leaving them now after two years' service. (It is evident to me that they have not taken me at all seriously as wishing to leave them, and they are astounded at what they think my foolishness in feeling such a move desirable.)

They offer me £120 a year to do their work all the year round, which, as you know, I did not believe them at all likely to do. I said I would not decide for a day or two whether to accept or refuse as I wished to first consult you in the matter. They objected to this, not knowing you at all, but I decided to do this, it being only your due on account of the annoyance caused you by me (none the less that you have said little about it) for the many kindnesses you have shown me and because I am less than ever able to decide what is the right thing to do. Which ever way I act I must treat someone badly, it seems.

While my own inclination is to return to you, preferring your work and its conditions as I do, Mrs Kipling makes a strong appeal to me

to stay here. Her health is obviously indifferent and she said to me yesterday that if I realised the struggle she is now obliged to make to get through her heavy and trying share of the work each day, I should not add to her troubles by insisting on going at such a time.

On the other hand if I accept their offer I know by experience that I shall have to pay for the increase in other ways. I have not yet touched (I hope to do so tomorrow) upon the changes, of almost greater importance than the money, that would have to be made before I could think of settling here again. These I did not bother about last year, thinking I should not come back and therefore it would not be worth while to mention them.

I hesitate to trade further on your kindness by trespassing on your time, but it would be a great help to hear what you now feel about it all. I have worried over it so long that I am afraid now to trust my own judgment at all, and if not importuning too much, would greatly prefer to trust yours; but I feel that that is asking a great deal from you under the circumstance. [ . . . ]

The last few lines of the letter concern a book she has borrowed from him. Nine days later, on 12 May, she writes to him again:

Dear Mr Obermer,

I do not know how to thank you for your letter – and for bothering about it at such a time in the morning – I have not deserved anything like such kindness. I took your advice, as I had made up my mind to do whatever it might be, and am to be paid for the present at the rate of £130 a year. I would not bind myself (though they tried hard to make me) for more than a month at a time. They wanted a year certain. I did not try for more pay because I do not feel I should care to take more of their money than is practically necessary, since they grudge it so, and I feel more and more each day here that the only thing to do is to clear out again as soon as possible. I did take the bull by the horns, they made me angry enough for once to talk, and thanks to the nerve with which you imbued me (how did you know it would be difficult?) they had the best setting right they have ever had, I should say. A good many things are to be changed if I will stop on, but the atmosphere is too subtle always for this to mean much really.

As regards getting away, which is after all the only thing that matters, I do not see much hope of doing it before June 15th; he thinks two months ought to clear the worst of it, but I, knowing him, feel pretty sure that three will barely cover it, and that allows nothing for initiating the new person, which is impossible to do

working at such pressure as is necessary now. I have been strongly tempted to throw it all up, it has been horrible coming back again to this work after yours, but I cannot do so and retain a rag of self-respect, even if you would let me do it, and so it seems as though I shall have to give up all thought of getting back to you in time. If only I had gone to you a couple of months earlier it would have been much simpler. The only thing that comforts me at all is the fact, arising out of our final row this morning, that they are as sorry as they can be that you should have been served so badly through their unbusinesslike methods, but that is but poor consolation after all. Miss Taylor is of course helping you out admirably but she cannot go abroad with you [ . . . ]

I have been trying to write to you all day but could not manage it until after this evening's ten o'clock post had gone, so I am afraid this will be yet another day late. [...] It is useless to try and express my thanks to you for all your goodness or my regret at having been obliged to fail you so, I think you know I am even less capable in this respect than in most others, which is saying a good deal. And one can do nothing to make up for it all.

(The omitted sentences refer to the borrowed book, and other affairs of Mr Obermer's.)

The summer of 1904 passed in an atmosphere of tension. Miss Parker's bottled-up grievances, expressed in a good "setting right" given in a fit of temper, had apparently been ill received, especially by Mrs Kipling. In September Miss Parker finally gave notice, and it seems to have been arranged that Miss Anderson would come and fill in until a permanent replacement could be found. Miss Parker wrote down all her grievances in a typed draft letter to Miss Anderson on 3 October.

(Certain paragraphs and phrases, here given in square brackets, have been crossed through; and it looks as though the letter, if sent at all, was sent in truncated form. The passage between asterisks is a handwritten insert, written on the back of one sheet. Otherwise, some small handwritten corrections have been made here, and obvious typing errors corrected. Of the names mentioned, "Birdie" was Elsie Kipling; "Hanky" was Miss Hankinson, a previous governess; and "Miss Blaikie" was the current one. "Baldwin" was evidently the chauffeur, and "Mr Watt" was Kipling's literary agent. I don't know who "Martin" was, or why periodicals should have been forwarded to him.)

Dear Miss Anderson,

This method because I have much to say in reply to your two letters.

First, I am very sorry to hear that you have recommended a girl to Mrs Kipling because in your first letter you told me you would not do so and I firmly believe that your and my inability to find anyone suitable, to put the matter in a gentle form, would do more to ensure good treatment for my successor than anything else. If asked to help I could not be the means of inducing any gentlewoman to come here nor would I care to meet anyone selected, because I could not give them anything but a very unfavourable report.

[I hope you will impress upon the new girl, if your one comes, that she must see she gets her proper salary at once and not start in as I did on a trial at so much an hour. Either she is competent, well recommended and fit to take the work on or she is not. Also the salary should be paid quarterly, on and up to the quarter days. I did not do this and have lost a day or a week every time arrangements have been changed, and that has been often. It is particularly fatal to be paid by the month because you then lose four weeks pay in the year. \*One is apt to say for instance £2.10.0 a week is £10 a month, but if paid by the month, some months being longer than others, you lose in reality four weeks pay in the year.\* All Americans are up to this but few English think of it. She must make up her mind beforehand what she wants to get a week, see what it amounts to by the year of 52 weeks, ask for it and stick to it – best of all have a written agreement made in black and white. It is useless to try and make terms after you have started or to allow any change whatever to be made subsequently. She is sure to get what she asks for in the first place but if she does not do as I have said she will lose a proportion of it.]

[One of the most easily explained reasons for my leaving is this: When I came back this spring I had a clear and definite understanding with Mrs Kipling on several points, one being the question of firing, and we came to an agreement. This was that she was to saw the wood by electricity, I to pay her what she pays for the wood itself, so that practically I pay for firing to do their work by as I am almost always out in my own time. Now Mrs Kipling has decided – without consulting me – not to keep her part of it. This kind of sliding out of agreements has been going on for some time and I felt it had to be checked. I asked her intentions, said that if she did not wish to keep to the fresh arrangements made only three months ago, I thought we had better terminate the whole thing.]

[I have not wanted to leave, I am earning enough to satisfy me (it has amounted to £200 in two and a half years, out of which I pay

for board, attendance and firing, but as I say it satisfies me).] I have made many friends here, not one through the Kiplings, the work itself I like and can do.

[Another thing is that although Mrs Kipling told me in the spring I could stay here for sixty years if I liked, she is drilling into Birdie the belief that in two or three years time she will be able to do the secretary work and Miss Parker will not be needed, which is very nice for Miss Parker!]

[Mr and Mrs Kipling are not as you knew them, have changed in their manner to everyone, common civility can never be counted on now. You know the terms upon which I was with them after you left them.] Now I am treated exactly as an incompetent board-school typist might be treated. It has made my position very difficult with people here of my own class and most awkward in keeping servants in their place, they are bound to follow their masters' lead and it is only natural they should. This complete change has been made without a word to me as to its being necessary or anything of that sort, indeed it has never been mentioned in words.

[If there had been plenty of work it would have been different, one would have been glad enough then to have one's existence forgotten except for 10 minutes at 9 o'clock in the morning; but there is very little to do now that things are all in such excellent working order. One is tied up by the telephone; books, papers etc. though abundant and frequently thrown away unread are never offered; one is not helped socially in any way whatever; the living, with a landlady you cannot send packing or complain of, is naturally of the poorest, and one needs good living if one must be alone absolutely with this sort of work.]

[Now this is what happened on Saturday last. You must know that on the 1st of each month (at my own suggestion in 1902) I show up my cash a/c in which I enter on one side every penny received from every source and on the other every payment I make of any sort. During Sept. Mrs K handed me 12/- to give the motor man and to be on the safe side I entered it as received on the debit side of the account and as paid out in the man's wages on the credit side, though she did not, I knew, consider this necessary at the time. Last Saturday I showed up the account as usual together with the men's wage books. After spending the morning looking through them (presumably) Mrs Kipling sent for me and asked certain questions in a rather suggestive manner, which I answered civilly but coldly. Then she said: "I gave you 12/- for Baldwin but you have paid it in his wages." I said, "Yes, you will find the debit

entry on the other side." She said "I don't see it there." I said, "I think it is there," for I was sure, and she said in a very rough tone, "Find it." Of course I did and showed it her. There could be no doubt whatever that she thought I had kept the 12/- and not entered it and paid the man in his wages. She had a bad cold so I merely said quietly at the end: "I don't wish to discuss the question now as you are not quite yourself to-day, but you will of course not expect me to pay the men after this," and prepared to depart. She flew into a rage such as she used to exhibit to Hanky and said that if I refused to pay the men I should leave their service that minute (à la domestic servant). I merely said "Very well", handed her back all the accounts and left the room, but she quickly called me back and proceeded to eat her words. This is the kind of thing that goes on and is liable to happen at any time; it is not only with me. Hanky had it, Miss Blaikie is beginning to feel it, though she is very new, and the men on the place with families are obliged to bear it. I stand alone and will not. She is very angry with me and has been trying to find all faults possible since I gave her notice. Of course it is only right to say that I have not given them my best work this year. It did not seem to me fair that they should pay only a salary that one ought to have with board etc provided, treat one like a common typist or worse, do nothing whatever to make the situation bearable, and yet expect work of as good quality as if they treated one with ordinary courtesy and paid liberally.]

I have not written to the nice man and shall not do so. You see, in order to come back at the Kiplings' earnest wish this spring I had to leave him at a particularly awkward time for him and though he behaved beautifully over it I feel that I have treated him badly and cannot ask him to take me back. Besides, it would be a bad basis to start on again [and he is American]. He said he would be glad of me at any time but it must come from him. He is abroad now and may write to me about July if he has not taken anyone else. He did not think, nor did I, that I should be free before then. I hope something else will turn up because though he and his wife are both charming and clever he is a dramatist and I don't care for that work or the people one is thrown amongst in doing it. I'm afraid I'm in for a lot of doctoring before I do much else. Something is rather wrong I know, but how much I can't tell till I've been examined again. Certain veins will have to be removed anyhow.

I don't suppose the Kiplings will help me now, though I certainly have a very good claim on them and anyhow I am quite incapable of asking them to do or say anything for me. Do you think I could ask Mr Watt to look out for me? He knows my work and that my

part has been consistently done and he might know of vacancies. I'm not sure whether Mrs K will give him a bad character of me when making the winter arrangements. Mr Kipling would not, I know, for on the day I gave her notice I accidentally overheard him remonstrating with her about me. But he has no voice in anything now.

Thanks so much for your warning about Africa. I was alive to the danger of going out on chance and should not do that. I am not an attractive sort like Hanky, but I do understand a man with his work a little. I've always till now worked for or with men and they have always treated me like one of themselves. But I might learn to shoot first. Women I shall never understand and this is the primary cause of the present difficulty, I believe. Do write again if it really isn't an awful bother, your letters are very comforting and one dares not speak out to anyone here.

I can't think of anything to tell you about forwarding letters. They come just as they used to but there are nothing like as many. "The Garden" and "Cape Times" go to Martin but I will leave word at the Post Office here about them. [Are you going to pay wages and do bank balances?] The things that will be most difficult will be those that have happened and not been quite finished off during the year. These one can only deal with as they crop up and you can always ask me about [matters such as these] bothers that only I would know of.

[What reams I have inflicted on you! But you ought to know details and even now I have only told you 1 or 2 of the small things that occur daily. Really the troubles and changes are too subtle to set out plainly, but they happen and are none the less real for that.]

Poor Miss Parker! Having been a secretary myself, I can't help feeling sorry for her lonely days in the Mill cottage at the end of a muddy lane, tied by the telephone but with nothing to do. Evidently it hadn't occurred to the Kiplings that a regime that was tolerable in the busy village of Rottingdean, with its cluster of resident celebrities and its good transport services to Brighton and elsewhere, would be far less so in the depths of the Sussex countryside. And, after badly offending Mrs Kipling, she seems to have suffered a nightmare of petty bullying.

But it has to be said that, if Mrs Kipling does not come out well in this account, Miss Parker herself is not without reproach. She puts up with low pay and poor conditions for two years, then (after confiding her woes to her temporary employer behind the Kiplings' backs) chooses a bad moment to explode. The Kiplings had just returned from South Africa; there would have been a pile of accumulated mail to

answer, and estate administration to catch up on, and *Traffics and Discoveries* to prepare for the press.<sup>7</sup> She is obsequious in her letters to Mr Obermer, but tells Miss Anderson that, despite her assurances to him, she doesn't want to go back there – turning up her nose at his work and the people she would meet through it. She sees herself as unattractive; is alternately timid and assertive; is proud of her status as "gentlewoman" and her secretarial skills, but seems poor at dealing with people. Above all, it was either careless or foolish to remove some of Kipling's letters and typescripts; they were valuable, but in the circumstances how could she sell them without looking like a thief?

The period of her employment was a comparatively fallow one for Kipling. During her predecessor Miss Anderson's three years with him he had written the final version of *Kim*, the nine *Just So Stories* that had not previously been published, and half of *Traffics and Discoveries*. When Miss Parker arrived, the book version of *Just So Stories* was being put together. Over the next two years Kipling wrote "The Comprehension of Private Copper", "Below the Mill Dam" and "The Army of a Dream" [all in *Traffics and Discoveries*], and began "The Puzzler" [*Actions and Reactions*]. He also wrote a number of political poems.

"They" and "Mrs. Bathurst" [both in *Traffics and Discoveries*] were written in South Africa while Miss Parker was with Mr Obermer. During the summer before she left the Kiplings, "With the Night Mail" [*Actions and Reactions*] was written; and it was three typed versions of that story, more or less amended, that she would take with her when she went. In September Kipling was starting to plan the series of Puck stories, and would therefore have been in the mood described long afterwards by his daughter as "so utterly absorbed as to be quite absent-minded, even when away from his desk".<sup>8</sup> He himself would say of this period, "I began to 'hatch', in which state I was 'brother to demons and companion to owls'".<sup>9</sup> This must be what Miss Parker meant when she said, "he has no voice in anything now." It was at about the time when she finally left that he wrote asking a friend to bring down a donkey's head mask for a family performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to take place in the quarry – an occasion that inspired the opening scene of *Puck of Pook's Hill*.<sup>10</sup>

Unlucky Miss Parker! Not only did she miss the most exciting of Kipling's work at this period, she seems to have had trouble finding a new job. Along with the papers found in 1996 in the chest of drawers are two 'references' in Kipling's handwriting.

The first, dated 26 November 1904, is addressed to a Mr A.S.H. Friel (I think – the name is hard to read) in reply to a letter of enquiry. It describes "Miss K. Parker" as "entirely honest, accurate at accounts, a good typist and a good shorthand-writer. She is in the habit of

elaborating letters from notes supplied. I have never given her other work to extend but I see no reason to doubt that she could elaborate reports if required." However, it seems that Mr Friel did not employ her, for ten days later Kipling also wrote for "Miss E. Parker" a more general reference, of the 'to whom it may concern' variety.

Beyond that, her history is blank. I wonder how much, if anything, she may have contributed to the downtrodden companion, full of hidden emotion and angers, in the wartime story, "Mary Postgate" [*A Diversity of Creatures*].

#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978), p 353.
2. Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling* (London, Macmillan, 1978), pp 354, 525.
3. Lucy Hilton, "Mr. Kipling" (*Kipling Journal*, March 1969), p 14.
4. "Kipling coup for Sussex" (*University of Sussex Bulletin*, 15 November 1996), p 1.
5. I am most grateful to the Librarian, University of Sussex, and to Mrs Elizabeth Inglis (Manuscripts Section Librarian), for their help and advice. (See Mrs Inglis's article at pp 50-52.) I have unfortunately been unable to trace Miss Parker's heirs to request permission to quote this material. Any acknowledgment which may become due will be made in a later issue of the *Kipling Journal*.
6. Park Mill is the watermill at the bottom of the Bateman's garden, that was converted by the Kiplings, as described in "Below the Mill Dam" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) and in *Something of Myself*. The National Trust maintain it and admit visitors. Attached to the Mill is a pair of cottages. Dorothy Ponton, in *Rudyard Kipling at Home and at Work* (Poole, privately printed, n.d. – circa 1950) describes her experience as governess at Bateman's (1911-13) and as Kipling's secretary (1919-23). She too lived at Park Mill Cottage, and comments (p 32): "Living in cottages, with few amenities, began to affect my health and forced me to give up my post as secretary."
7. According to the Stewart & Yeats bibliography, the American edition was published in October 1904. Dates of the stories in this and the following paragraph are from Carrington's notes from Mrs Kipling's diaries.
8. Epilogue by Mrs Bambridge to Carrington, *op. cit.*, p 590.
9. *Something of Myself* (London, Macmillan, 1937), p 185.
10. Letter to H.A. Gwynne, early October 1904; Thomas Pinney ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, vol 3 (London, Macmillan, 1996), p 162.

## KIPLING'S 'MEMSAHIBS' IN THE SHORT STORIES

by EVELYNE HANQUART-TURNER

[Professor Hanquart-Turner, a French academic, was appointed in 1991 to the Chair of British Studies in the 'Faculté de Lettres et de Sciences Humaines' at the 'Université de Paris XII, Val de Marne' (a modern university located in the south-eastern suburb of Creteil). Her main interests as a teacher include Victorian England, the British Empire, and post-colonial literature in English.

She is a member of the Kipling Society and, as Dr Evelyne Hanquart, was the author of a very interesting article which we published in June 1985, on "Kipling and Dante" – with particular reference to "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (collected in *Wee Willie Winkie*). At that time she had been a lecturer in English at the Sorbonne, and she also held a visiting fellowship at Churchill College, Cambridge. She has had the invaluable experience of working in the literary cultures of both France and Britain (and is married to an Englishman).

Professor Hanquart-Turner has long been interested in the 'image' of the Raj as reflected in the writings of George Orwell, E.M. Forster, Paul Scott and of course Kipling. In this article about Kipling's 'memsahibs', she says she wanted to convey the recognition that Kipling's 'Anglo-Indian' short stories were of very high quality; but that most of his childhood and adolescence had been spent in an environment where there was a pronounced imbalance in favour of purely male values; so that in his most formative years he had no opportunity of directly appraising a society wherein men and women mixed on more equal terms. – *Ed.*]

Besides the *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*, Kipling wrote about two hundred short stories, many of which date from the period of his return to India, 1882 to 1889, when he was between sixteen and twenty-three years old. Many of the female characters of this period are thus Anglo-Indians, *memsahibs*<sup>1</sup>; and the world they inhabit is the world Kipling discovered as a young man, after several years spent in the utterly masculine world of the English school. The image of womanhood he discovered then, and depicted in his early short stories, is typically that of the Victorian woman – but of the Victorian woman *in India*; and this distinction is certainly significant.

The same body of stories enacted Kipling's definition of heroism, and the ideology of sacrifice and responsibility, of the Anglo-Indians confronted with what they perceived as the incomprehension or indifference of the British at home. The image of Anglo-Indian

womanhood, *a priori* ambivalent, given at the time, also appears as the answer to the explicit or implicit criticism of the *memsahib* by her sister at home, somewhat jealous perhaps of what the English woman perceived as her good, easy life, ignoring the considerable local difficulties encountered. Kipling once more acted as the interpreter of the Anglo-Indian community to the larger national community who underrated, or even berated, the Anglo-Indian way of life and the Anglo-Indian woman.

In his way, and with some ironic aspects in which the ambivalence might only have been perceptible to the exile, he anticipated the portrayal of woman's life in the Raj that would be made some years later by Maud Diver in *The Englishwoman in India*.<sup>2</sup> The literary style and genre are different; so is the declared aim of the writers; but, curiously, the images are similar, and to that extent one could possibly interpret the young man's irony as the literary equivalent of the "stiff upper lip" when faced by a harsh, demanding and hostile world; as a casual reply to the serious and dangerous life confronting woman's vulnerable condition.

Maud Diver, as an irreproachable Victorian matriarch, was the representative of the *bourgeois* virtues of the time, but was also the champion of the Anglo-Indian ladies, in pointing out to their sisters at home the unjust and uncharitable aspect of their criticism. Her plea for the Anglo-Indians is an attempt to defuse the accusation of frivolity and off-handedness; and stresses the social and physical dangers to which they were exposed, thus offsetting them against the sheltered life enjoyed at home.

Unexpected though it may be, the parallels between the would-be fashionable young man and the Anglo-Indian wife run even closer in the details of their works. The various aspects of Anglo-Indian womanhood underlined by Maud Diver's chapter headings are those highlighted in Kipling's stories.<sup>3</sup>

First, both focus on the young maid, (freshly arrived from England to be reunited with her parents or with some uncle and aunt – themselves strongholds of the British presence in India), who is expected to make her debut, and to find the ideal match.<sup>4</sup> Kipling pictures her in Simla, during the Season, carried away in the endless whirl of balls, picnics and rides to fashionable places; where she can feel the light-headedness of success with young men on holiday, whose only care in life is to make love to her.

This young maiden always prefers the dashing young subalterns, whose charm entertains and pleases her; whereas her mother looks favourably on the courtship extended to her daughter by a well-established civil or military officer twenty or thirty years her senior,

since he would ensure her material comfort (exemplified by the yearly holiday in Simla!) and social status.

Thus Miss Youghal will have to bear the old general's attentions for most of the Season, because her parents at first refuse to see her engaged to Strickland, the policeman, despite his talent and his intrinsic human decency – for "Mrs. Youghal said she was not going to throw her daughter into the worst paid Department in the Empire."<sup>5</sup> Only Strickland's determination and artful dodging, together with the old general's eventual understanding of the situation, will ultimately win over parental opposition.

Kitty Beighton will have to fight alone in order to escape both her elderly admirer's assiduity and the hardly disguised parental pressure:

When a man is a Commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work jam-tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a Member of Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. [. . .] When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age.<sup>6</sup>

Only the public humiliation deliberately arranged in front of the whole of Simla society, when losing the archery contest organised for her by her courting Commissioner, will enable Kitty to get her subaltern, "the graceless Cubbon – the man in a Dragoon Regiment at Umballa – the boy with a handsome face and no prospects".

Imprisoned in the light atmosphere of games, parties, sweet nothings and amiable banter, the young girl is a character to be found in many of the stories. In a most hierarchical society in which, by definition, only men have an official position, the young girl is the embodiment of irresponsibility *par excellence*. Her only real responsibility is to find herself the right husband, and then help him to take his place and hold his rank in the civil and military hierarchy which alone is the guarantee of the smooth working of the Raj.

The married woman's role in such a society is altogether more complex; and the husband who overlooks this consideration does so at his own peril in terms of family, social and professional life. For the married woman, the whirl of the receptions, parties, balls and picnics is much more than the occasion for flirtatious talk, much more than the mere entertainment required for the mental health of the exile.

The first aspect of her role is her active participation in this social life, with its somewhat frivolous atmosphere – in which the young girl

only played fairly innocently. At first sight, then, she would seem to justify the criticism held against her by her sisters back in Britain; indeed Kipling gives several examples of these potential *femmes fatales*, all the more dangerous as they grow older, who, Season after Season, hold hostage at their feet an increasing number of young men with the sole aim of laughing at them and manipulating them for their own ends.

'Venus Annodomini' goes from father to son to father again, quite remorselessly; and will ultimately leave 'Very Young Grayerson' to her daughter, like a discarded but still useful garment.<sup>7</sup> Mrs Reiver is like a praying-mantis pouncing on young Pluffles who, paradoxically, is saved by Mrs Hauksbee – the latter persuaded of the superior quality of her own influence, and also keen to use him as a pawn against her long-standing rival.<sup>8</sup> Indeed the stories which stage the formidable Mrs Hauksbee (with her piercing, merciless eyes and her sting) are a good indication of the complexity of the married woman's role in this very masculine Anglo-Indian world.

However, Mrs Hauksbee is hardly seen as a wife – Mr Hauksbee is only mentioned once or twice in passing, and appears to be, or to have been, one of those well-established I.C.S. men who govern Kipling's world. Mrs Hauksbee's role corresponds more to one of the other functions of the married woman defined by Maud Diver: the hostess, whose importance was acknowledged by Anglo-Indian society at large, as we shall later see.

As a wife, the woman of Kipling's stories is very seldom happy. Her husband, most of the time, is either a bully or a ead who neglects and humiliates her publicly, like Bronckhorst or Cusack-Bremmil; she has to play her game carefully, to reclaim her frivolous and tyrannical partner. Mrs Bremmil succeeds, thanks to the traditional feminine weapons in use in Simla: coquetry, banter, flirtation and dance.

She was a woman who knew how to dress; and she had not spent a week on designing that dress and having it gored, and hemmed, and herringboned, and tucked and rucked (or whatever the terms are), for nothing. It was a gorgeous dress [. . .] and as the men crowded round her for dances she looked magnificent. [. . .] after two dances, [Bremmil] crossed over to his wife and asked for a dance. "I'm afraid you've come too late, *Mister Bremmil*," she said, with her eyes twinkling.<sup>9</sup>

Mrs Bronckhorst is less lucky, but will still manage to avoid the worst: the scandal of a divorce for alleged adultery – and this thanks to the help of influential people in the community.<sup>10</sup>

However, even more than neglected and humiliated wives, Kipling shows us ungrateful wives enjoying rather perversely the fun and freedom given to them by the generosity of their husbands, who are meanwhile sweating it out in the plains. These fickle women are on the whole not really guilty though; neither is Mrs Hauksbee. Few are those who take the irretrievable and dangerous step of having a lover. "A Wayside Comedy" shows the qualms and the torments of a woman facing this precipitous situation; and "The Other Man" the torments of a woman who cannot forget her first love.<sup>11</sup> If these adulterous limits were to be transgressed, ostracism would be total, as Mrs Bronckhorst's case showed – though *she* was wrongly accused. In such a restricted community this inner exile would make the geographical one all the more unbearable.

The frequent caddishness of Anglo-Indian husbands makes the picture of married life very depressing, and the grass widows look for an oblivion from their fate in the whirl of social entertainments; but the fate of the Anglo-Indian mother is not more enviable. Motherhood is never happy for the *memsahib*. Maud Diver, as the champion of Anglo-Indian womanhood, emphasises this aspect of the situation, which Kipling, understandably, did not stress. But he still shows that this natural happiness is also often inaccessible to them.

The threat of separation hovers over the mother-child relationship; in the best of cases, it takes the form, expected but none the less feared, of sending the children home to be educated. "Tods' Amendment"<sup>12</sup> evokes the problem with great lightness of touch, still conveying how important and painful it is to any mother, who knows that she will not see her child again for many years – indeed probably never see him or her as a child – unless a lucky furlough and enough money provide the opportunity coveted by all.<sup>13</sup>

But, more often than not, the separation so much feared by all mothers is even more terrible and definitive. It is the sudden and merciless illness and death of the child which breaks the woman's resilience and leaves her exposed to the dangers of her position, leading her to welcome solitude and slovenliness, unaware of the consequences of such an attitude on the other sides of her life at home and in society.

Bremmil [. . .] was a good husband until the baby died and Mrs. Bremmil wore black, and grew thin, and mourned as though the bottom of the Universe had fallen out. [. . .] Mrs. Bremmil stayed at home turning over the dead baby's frocks and crying into the empty cradle. She did not care to do anything else.<sup>9</sup>

So Bremmil was "annexed" by Mrs Hauksbee.

In "A Second Rate Woman", the vulgar slovenliness of the costume and manners of 'the Dowd' is ultimately explained by the death of her son six months before the events enacted in the plot.<sup>14</sup>

The high rate of infant mortality which threatens the family life of Anglo-India is mentioned in passing in "At the Pit's Mouth", in order to emphasise the tribute expected by India of its conquerors, even the most innocent of them:

Each well-regulated Indian Cemetery keeps half-a-dozen graves permanently open for contingencies and incidental wear and tear. In the Hills these are more usually baby's size, because children who come up weakened and sick from the Plains often succumb to the effects of the Rains in the Hills...<sup>15</sup>

As wife and mother, the *memsahib* must also lavish her care and concern outside the family circle. It is as hostess and housekeeper – as the driving force of social life – that she becomes a true member of the community. This is the sphere where her real power lies. She brings comfort and entertainment to her overworked men-folk, these imperial missionaries; but from this role she also derives influence. This is really where Mrs Hauksbee steps in!

The stories in which Mrs Hauksbee holds the stage lay stress on her behaviour: an ageing *Célimène*, she is always escorted by fascinated admirers. Her *salon*, her tea-parties, attended by the best society in Simla, are a gathering-point for both officers and civilians, who enjoy her company better than that of the young maidens, their contemporaries.<sup>16</sup> She holds open house for everyone – that is, everyone who is not a bore.

Most of the tales staging Mrs Hauksbee focus on this side of her personality, which reveals her power-lust. That is always present when sex-war is enacted, but in her case it goes far beyond the familiar rivalry. Whether one reads "The Rescue of Pluffles", "Kidnapped", "Consequences" or "The Education of Otis Yeere", Mrs Hauksbee is seen not only giving hospitality and attention in a more or less ironical way to the heroes but also influencing their fates. It is Pluffles's love-life, Peythroppe's marriage, Tarrion's career, or Otis Yeere's, which she manipulates, with or without the consent of the persons concerned.<sup>17</sup>

She "moulds" them, "educates" them at her fancy, but, we have to acknowledge it, for "their own good" in so far as her action makes them better adjusted, better fitted for progress in Anglo-Indian society. Pluffles escapes Mrs Reiver's clutches, which would have led him to ruin; Peythroppe a hasty and ill-considered marriage to a Eurasian, which would have destroyed his very promising career prospect in the I.C.S. –

there was a good young man – a first-class officer in his own Department – a man with a career before him and, possibly, a K.C.I.E. at the end of it.

To Tarrion, for services rendered, she hands out a sinecure in the most prestigious department in Simla, instead of his regimental posting "all away and away in some forsaken part of Central India". Even Otis Yeere's education, which Mrs Hauksbee considers a failure, has given him the self-confidence and the pluck necessary to display his previously hidden talents.

Thanks to her behaviour, her conversation, her contacts and her machinations – sometimes tortuous but always pertinent – Mrs Hauksbee has her own way of playing hostess, and her role is determinant. One could object that such examples of 'hospitality' and benevolence are far from innocent, and would not help to re-establish the reputation of the Anglo-Indian women in the eyes of their London sisters. True enough, but what of Mrs Hauksbee's part when, out of sheer solidarity or maybe even compassion, she lends her house and servants to a virtual stranger, Mrs Bent, whose young daughter has fallen ill with diphtheria in the hotel, and thus is driving away customers and staff alike?<sup>18</sup> Doesn't Mrs Hauksbee herself take charge of the little invalid, night and day at her bedside, confronted with the mother's hysterical incompetence? Does she not renounce her own pleasures? Mrs Hauksbee here certainly illustrates Maud Diver's golden rule:

Whatever her department, whatever her pay – the word is bald, but intrinsically Anglo-Indian – whatever her natural inclination, she must needs accept the fact that her house, and all that therein is, belongs in a large measure to her neighbour also.<sup>19</sup>

As she has thus provided the setting, the atmosphere and the company necessary to the men-folk, the married woman is essential to the functioning of Anglo-Indian society. Indeed, if only men are responsible in Anglo-India, due to the very nature of their position, social relationships outside the administration's offices provide the opportunity to appreciate the individual officer rather than the report he writes. Only social relationships are capable of making the laborious life of the exile acceptable in the long run; and of tightening the group's cohesion, confronted as it is by the threatening 'otherness' of the outside world – often symbolised by disease or working conditions.

In their very different ways, both Maud Diver and Kipling have thus shown that the *memsahib* differs from her contemporaries in many

ways; but this is not necessarily to her disadvantage, despite metropolitan prejudices. The condescending and reproachful attitude of the 'Little Englanders' is in fact due to lack of understanding of the actual living conditions of the Anglo Indians; it is based on the occasional glimpse of visiting Anglo-Indians set in England, outside their proper environment; and as such is based on deceptive appearances which are but one superficial aspect of reality.

Both Maud Diver and Kipling acknowledge the active and light social life of Anglo-India, with its frivolity and flirtation that *memsahibs* are ready to enjoy; but they also stress that this attitude is in fact part of what the community expects of them. Even if risks are run, *memsahibs* do not fail the Victorian respectability that their critics boast. Accusations of vanity and off-handedness are, most of the time, unjustified; under these appearances, moral qualities superior to those at home are actually hidden.

Vanity and off-handedness are only a mask necessary to the *memsahib's* mental health, exposed as she is to a much harder environment than her metropolitan counterpart – an environment whose demands and hostility cannot be appreciated from England.

Whoever can see beyond the mask can see, in time of need, pluck, resilience, pride, energy and solidarity to a degree often higher than that required in England. India is shown by both writers as demanding much of its conquerors; and if the men – civilian or military – have to pay with their lives, their female companions do not let them down. They have to be, more than ever, "the angel in the house", even if in the process these angels might slightly burn their wings. More exposed to the moral and physical dangers of the world, the *memsahibs* are also more severely tried, under the apparent facileness of their public image. Who can throw the first stone?

However, the image of the female Anglo-Indian given by her two defenders displays one particularly threatening feature that only Kipling emphasises. The *memsahib* is often more perceptive of people and things than her partner. From the young girl in search of a husband to Mrs Hauksbee, they are all predators, who in order to reach their ends manipulate their entourage without any scruple. They love intrigue for small or great things; and men are their prey. Thus the women manage to dominate this masculine world in which, by definition, they should have a minor place.

Thus, Kipling's *memsahib* is an important character, and must be reckoned with. Indeed, if he defended the minority group misunderstood by the national community, Kipling already suggested cautiously what he was to assert many years later, that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male".<sup>20</sup> The message is clear: the

*memsahib* is a component of Victorian society that, despite her lack of official standing, everyone must handle with a cautious care for her qualities and her influence. Besides, her attitude towards women outside her group – ordinary soldiers' wives, Eurasians, and Indian women – is a further aspect that distinguishes her from her counterpart at home.

Scarce, however, are the situations in which Kipling deals with this aspect, or portrays European women who are not *memsahibs*; whereas Maud Diver is much concerned with the different forms of their role in India.<sup>21</sup> She particularly emphasises the part that *memsahibs* play – or can play – where the health and the education of 'Eastern womanhood' are concerned. In her eyes, Lady Dufferin, Vicereine of India from 1884 to 1888 and founder of the Female Medical Aid, played a leading role. She attempted to bring Western hygiene and medicine to the recluses of Hindu and Muslim *zenanas*. The enterprise which thus gave Anglo-Indian women a part to play outside their community and outside the sphere of male power, favoured the arrival of another type of woman in India: the woman worker, usually single, and a professional, the doctor or the nurse – in this way as well outside the reach of masculine power.<sup>22</sup>

Curiously enough (since the Kiplings were friends of the Dufferins) the young writer never illustrated this aspect of Anglo-Indian life in his short stories.<sup>23</sup> Ten years later, however, "William the Conqueror" evokes the work done by *memsahibs* for their less privileged Indian sisters.<sup>24</sup> But even this story takes another standpoint than Maud Diver's. The role of "William" and Lady Hawkins is directly connected and subordinated to their brother's or husband's. When the two men are in charge of a famine, the two women devote all their energies to saving Indian babies momentarily deserted by their desperate mothers. "William" is still single, but everything will be settled according to the normal social order, since she marries into the I.C.S. by the end of the story, and thus becomes a regular *memsahib*.

Though English women who come and assist Indian women are perceived differently by Maud Diver and Kipling, the two writers agree on their psychology and the moral drive in their enterprise:

Englishwomen in India may be roughly grouped into two classes – the devotees of work and the devotees of 'play'; and one only characteristic have these in common – both are in desperate earnest.<sup>25</sup>

Indeed, "William" and Lady Hawkins work to total exhaustion, giving all their energy, courage and hope, with the same intensity as

that with which, in the earlier stories, the *memsahibs* in Simla play their parts towards their men-folk in apparent frivolity and thirst for pleasure.

It is as if, with the passing of time, Kipling better appreciated woman's contribution to the imperial task; and thus granted her her due place in his ethic of duty and work. Even so, he can only conceive of her place in relation to the masculine world, the world of Scott, Martyn and Hawkins – not the world of "William" and Lady Hawkins, who step in, on their own initiative, to support and second them.

Since "William the Conqueror" is one of its kind, we interpret this unique case as a story Kipling considered exceptional; whereas the multiplicity of stories showing the *memsahibs* 'at play' tend to give a more general value to the image thus shown. As he defended the *memsahibs'* behaviour to the ladies at home, young Kipling still only contented himself with a rather conventional portrait of their role, from a typically masculine point of view.

The corrective to this portrait, coming about a decade later, confirms nevertheless the masculine convention. Woman is man's assistant, a brilliant assistant at that, in his civilising mission. Kipling thus brings another argument – though a late one – in favour of the Englishwoman's presence in India. She had then become a valued member of the team for the Englishman pursuing his imperial and humanitarian task. She remained, however, simply a matronly Victorian woman, subjected to the same social limitations as her sisters in England; denied an existence of her own, or public recognition; to Kipling forever the foil to "the men who ruled India".

#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. *Hobson-Jobson: a Glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words and phrases* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1968 edition) defines *mem-sahib*, a "singular example of a hybrid term", as "the usual respectful designation of a European married lady in the Bengal Presidency; the first portion representing *ma'am*." I take the term as meaning a European "lady" in India.

[As for the term "Anglo-Indian", it is applied in this article to English or British people resident in India (which was Kipling's usage), and not to persons of mixed British and Indian descent. – *Ed.*]

2. Katherine Helen Maud Diver née Marshall (1867-1945), daughter of an Indian Army officer; born in India and spent her early years in India and Ceylon; resident in England from 1896. Author of over twenty novels including *Captain Desmond*, V.C. (1907). *The Englishwoman in India* was published by Blackwood in 1909.

3. *The Englishwoman in India* has nine chapters, headed "Maid"; "Wife"; "Mother"; "Hostess and Housekeeper"; "Contact with Eastern Womanhood"; "Women Workers: Female Medical Aid"; "Women Workers: Medical Aid and Missions"; "Women Workers: the Education Problem"; and "Art, Industry and Needlecraft". Most of these chapters begin with an epigraph taken from Kipling's verse.
4. She probably arrived in India as part of the 'fishing-fleet'.
5. From *Plain Tales from the Hills*: "Miss Youghal's Sais".
6. *Ibid.*: "Cupid's Arrows".
7. *Ibid.*: "Venus Annodomini".
8. *Ibid.*: "The Rescue of Pluffles". [For a recent detailed study of Mrs Hauksbee by John Whitehead, see a two-part article in the *Kipling Journal*: "Mrs Hauksbee Rides Again", Part I, in September 1998; Part II in this current issue. – Ed.]
9. *Ibid.*: "Three and – an Extra".
10. *Ibid.*: "The Bronckhorst Divorce-Case".
11. "A Wayside Comedy" (*Under the Deodars*) was collected in *Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*; "The Other Man" in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
12. In *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
13. Besides, the image given earlier of the young maiden has shown what a difficult and thankless task marrying one's daughters can be in such a context!
14. "A Second Rate Woman" (*Under the Deodars*) was collected in *Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*.
15. "At the Pit's Mouth" (*Under the Deodars*) was collected in *Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*.
16. See Kipling's poem, "My Rival" (from *Departmental Ditties*, 1886): "The incense that is mine by right/They burn before Her shrine; /And that's because I'm seventeen/And she is forty-nine." [And our readers may recall that Célimène is a worldly, coquettish leading character in Molière's classic comedy, *le Misanthrope*. – Ed.]
17. The first three of these stories come from *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the fourth from *Under the Deodars*, collected in *Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*.
18. From "A Second Rate Woman".
19. Maud Diver, *The Englishwoman in India*, p 49.

20. "The Female of the Species" (1911).
  21. More than half her study is devoted to this aspect of their life.
  22. See also Katherine Mayo, *Mother India*, (1927).
  23. But see "One Viceroy Resigns: Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne", and "The Song of the Women" (subtitled "Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women of India"), both in *Departmental Ditties & Other Verses*, 4th edition, (1890).
  24. In *The Day's Work*, (1898).
  25. Maud Diver, *op. cit.*, p 90.
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## THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

The Society's Research Library contains some 1300 items – books by Kipling, books and articles relating to his life and works, collections of press cuttings, photographs, relevant memorabilia, and a complete run of the *Kipling Journal*. It is located at City University, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB, where, by kind permission, it is housed in the University Library. Members of the University's Graduate Centre for Journalism are allowed access to it.

So, of course, are members of the Kipling Society, if they obtain a Reader's Ticket from the Honorary Librarian, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, at 16 High Green, Norwich NR1 4AP [tel. 01603 701630, or (at her London address) 0171 708 0647], who is glad to answer enquiries about the Library by post or telephone. If Mrs Schreiber is away, enquiries should be channelled through the Society's Secretary – see page 4 for the address and telephone number.

Note by Editor. Recent acquisitions, of new books mentioned in the *Journal* in 1998, include:

Rudyard Kipling, *Mrs Hauksbee & Co.: tales of Simla life*, edited with introduction, notes and glossary by John Whitehead (Hearthstone Publications, 1998). See advertisement, September 1998, page 33. We have been allowed to print the introduction in two instalments (September 1998, and this issue).

*Kipling in Gloucester: The Writing of 'Captains Courageous'* by David McAweeney (speaker at our meeting in November), Curious Traveller Press, 1996, 99 pages, many illustrations.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise – the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". My address is given on the penultimate page of this issue. – *Ed.*]

### ARCHAISMS

*From Mr D. R. Johnston-Jones, 12 Ferry Path, Cambridge CB4 1HB*

Dear Sir,

I wonder whether anyone can explain Kipling's propensity for using *be* when one would expect *are*; and *ye* when one would expect *you*? Examples are legion; e.g. from *Kim*, "There be ten thousand such nuns in Amritzar alone" (ch. 2); and "We be two old men" (ch. 3); and from *The Jungle Book*, "We be of one blood, ye and I" ("Kaa's Hunting").

I can see no justification for this usage in modern English grammar. If it is a deliberate archaism, what effect does the writer seek to achieve thereby?

Yours faithfully

DAVID R. JOHNSTON-JONES

### GUNBOAT MASTS

*From Mr Philip Holberton, 1645 Hickeys Creek Road, Willawarrin, via  
Kempsey NSW 2440, Australia*

Dear Sir,

Commander Wilson's letter, "From cockbilling to Judson" (September 1998, pages 52-54), sent me to re-reading "Judson and the Empire" (*Many Inventions*).

There Kipling describes the gunboat as "exactly like a flatiron with a match stuck up in the middle"; and 'Bai-Jove Judson' earned his soubriquet by remarking, "Bai Jove, that topmast wants staying forward!" So when Kipling wrote the story he knew that she only had

one mast – even if his memory was playing slight tricks by the time he came to write *Something of Myself*.

Yours faithfully  
PHILIP HOLBERTON

## THE KAISER'S ILLNESS

*From Professor Hugh Brogan, Department of History, University of Essex,  
Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SO*

Sir,

I was interested in Sara H.T. Johnson's letter (June 1998, pages 38-39) on "The Kaiser's illness"; but I found her allusion to "The Prophet and the Country" (*Debits and Credits*) misguided.

That story (with the attached poem, "The Portent") is Kipling's comment on Prohibition and its effects; it is certainly a rebuke to the United States for its folly (which few would now dispute); but the tone, I have always thought, is kindly, almost affectionate. The story is a comic one; Kipling hopes that his readers will laugh, or at least smile; and no doubt he hoped that some of his American readers would take the hint. I can't see that Woodrow Wilson is referred to at all, even though he was another rejected prophet. But perhaps Mrs Johnson has some arguments to put forward.

Yours sincerely  
HUGH BROGAN

## A RUDYARD KIPLING LODGE

*From Mr Frank Moor, 83 Eyhurst Avenue, Elm Park, Hornchurch, Essex RM 12 4RB*

Dear Sir,

I have just heard that a new Masonic Lodge was opened on 10 June 1998 at Horncastle, Lincolnshire; and is named 'Rudyard Kipling Lodge No. 9681'. But you may already know about this. [No, we were unaware of it. – *Ed.*]

Yours sincerely  
FRANK MOOR

## KIPLING IN BERMUDA

*From Mrs Eileen Stammers-Smith, 8 Mavor Close, Old Woodstock, Oxford OX20 1YL*

Dear Sir,

I was delighted to read in the *Journal* (December 1997, pages 12-24) Professor Pinney's follow-up to my own article on Kipling in Bermuda (March 1996, pages 21-36), with its generous acknowledgment of my work in bringing this episode in Kipling's life into a proper light. I was glad he stressed the inaccuracies with which earlier biographers had dealt with this – it just shows how careful one must be in accepting even Carrington as gospel!

I think the general lack of interest among Bermudians about Kipling's stay in 1930 stems from his outspoken condemnation of the drunkenness among visitors consequent upon Prohibition. Mark Twain's praise of everything Bermudian was obviously more acceptable, and useful in encouraging the growing summer tourist trade of the 1930s. Several Kipling readers have said to me that they did not know Kipling had ever been in Bermuda: perhaps I could take a little space to tie up some loose ends.

I should not have thought a fur coat would have been at all necessary in April in Bermuda, but I imagine that Carrie Kipling regarded it as a status symbol. Mrs Norah Crook (letter, June 1996, pages 44-45) has commented on Kipling's heavy tweed suits, but at that time light summer clothing was not much worn by anyone; and Kipling dressed rather formally. Mark Twain's white suits were his own trademark and not a response to the climate, though they certainly look more comfortable.

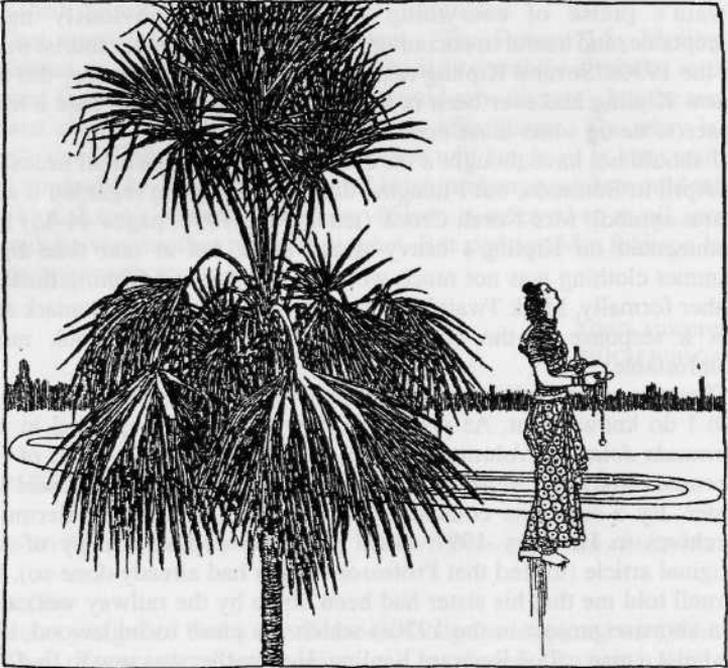
The two children Kipling made friends with (December 1997, page 20) I do know about. As you know, my article was reprinted in the *Bermuda Journal* (Volume 8, 1966); the Editor, Dr J.C. Arnell of the Bermuda Maritime Museum, was that small boy, and the girl was his sister. By a fortunate coincidence I met Dr Arnell in the Bermuda Archives in February 1997 when I went to deposit a copy of my original article (to find that Professor Pinney had already done so). Dr Arnell told me that his sister had been down by the railway workings (an abortive project in the 1930s) which ran close to Inglewood, and had met a man called Rudyard Kipling. Her brother was sent to find out about this, and naturally struck up a friendship with him. A copy of Kipling's autograph which he gave Dr Arnell is in the archives. The children did indeed walk with Kipling part of the way there and back on his evening visits to the hospital.

As a final comment, I have been impressed by the very acute

observation Kipling brought to bear on a Bermuda which was rapidly changing even while he was there. Tariffs stopped the export of fresh vegetables and citrus to the United States, and the trade in lily bulbs declined. Summer tourism and the rise of cruising brought many more visitors, aided by the increased accessibility provided to the island by flying-boats and air travel. The passion for playing golf led to agricultural land being turned over to international-standard golf courses. All this he notices, and weaves into his stories.

Yours sincerely  
EILEEN STAMERS-SMITH

[Alas, this letter is published posthumously: Mrs Stammers-Smith died in October. See the obituary note at page 9. – Ed.]



Readers have expressed interest in the striking illustrations by Heath Robinson reproduced at pages 52 and 53 of our June 1998 issue. Here is another, symbolising "Bombay" in the the "Song of the Cities" series, published in *A Song of the English* (London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1909). The accompanying verse begins: "Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen / Fronting thy richest sea with richer hand . . ."

## POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

### KIPLING AND P.G. WODEHOUSE

*From Ms Helen Murphy, Membership Secretary, The P.G.Wodehouse Society (UK)  
16 Herbert Street, Plaistow, London E13 8BE*

Helen Murphy, a member of the Kipling Society, was one of several of our readers who responded to a letter from Mr H.M. Nimkhedkar (September 1998, pages 48-51) about Kipling and P.C Wodehouse. Among various questions raised by Mr Nimkhedkar was his enquiry whether there was a Wodehouse Society; she answered this in the affirmative and said he would be welcome to join.

Her letter was addressed to Mr Nimkhedkar in India, but was copied to me, and I am summarising some salient points below – and noting her attribution of almost all the information and commentary to her father, Mr N.T.P. Murphy, the author of *In Search of Blandings*, *One Man's London*, *The Reminiscences of Galahad Threepwood*, etc.

(a) Wodehouse's early reading. In the introduction to *Performing Flea*, William Townend says he spent only four terms at Dulwich, where he met Wodehouse, with whom he spent evening after evening "in reading and conversation. One result of this early association with Plum is my vast knowledge of the novelists of the late Victorian era, and my discovery of Rudyard Kipling's short stories, and the works of Gilbert and Sullivan." So we know that Kipling was being read avidly by Wodehouse at the most impressionable period in his life.

(b) The Dramatists' Club. This was, as we are told in *Bring on the Girls*, a dining club (with no premises of their own), and was founded by Kipling, Barrie, Hornung and Harry Esmond among others.

(c) Bernard Shaw's enforced resignation. I do not know what specifically Shaw did to get himself in bad odour with Kipling over the Great War, but I would bet that, ever eager to take a point of view different from everyone else, he took a pro-German line or, equally possibly, tried to tell everybody they should not be fighting anyway.

(d) Kipling's praise of "Lord Emsworth and the Girlfriend". This was expressed by Kipling to Ian Hay, who told Wodehouse in about 1939.

(e) Kipling's meetings with Wodehouse. As well as meeting at the Beefsteak Club, they met at the Cazalets' house, Fairlawne in Kent. According to Rupert Hart-Davis's biography of Hugh Walpole (Macmillan, 1932) it was at Fairlawne that Walpole first met Wodehouse; and it was Walpole who recalled Kipling asking Wodehouse, "But tell me, Wodehouse, how do you finish your stories? I can never think how to end mine."

## TEXT OF A LECTURE BY TOM PINNEY

*From Dr Jeffery Lewins, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 OAG*

Dr Lewins, who organised a well publicised event at Cambridge last March (a lecture delivered by Professor Thomas Pinney, editor of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, followed by a dinner in his honour), now writes to say that the text of Professor Pinney's lecture, entitled "The Kipling that Nobody Reads", is available from the Magdalene College Office, Cambridge CB3 OAG, at a price of £3.50 (which includes postage and packing).

## AN ELECTRONIC 'FORUM'

*From Dr Jeffery Lewins, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 OAG*

Dr Lewins writes to formalise a recent development about which our readers have had some advance information, e.g. at page 11 of our September 1998 issue, relating to an electronic mode of discussion which Professor Cram of Newcastle has kindly agreed to help facilitate.

Dr Lewins asks for the following notice to be published:

Members who have access to e-mail or the World Wide Web may be interested in the Kipling Forum, a discussion group using a mailbase under the aegis of the University of Newcastle Mailbase Service for academic and professional groups. The list "Rudyard-Kipling" offers open discussion of all aspects of his literature and life. To join the list, send the following e-mail message – noting the use of the hyphen (-), not the underline ( ):

mailbase@mailbase.ac.uk  
join rudyard-kipling

The reply will give the recipient sufficient information to take part in the discussion.

## BURTON AND STRICKLAND

*From Miss B. Rivett, 6 Southview Court, Hill View Rd, Woking, Surrey GU22 7RP*

Miss Rivett had previously written (March 1996, pages 62-3) to ask if

there was an 'accepted opinion' about Kipling's Indian Police character, Strickland, being based on that real-life adventurer, Sir Richard Burton. The question had arisen while she was helping an author with research for a new book (which has now appeared – *A Rage to Live: A Biography of Richard and Isabel Burton* by Mary S. Lovell, 1998, published by Little, Brown, 910 pages, £25). Miss Rivett had seen references to its being "rumoured at the time", that Burton was the original of Strickland; and she hoped that by ventilating this in the *Kipling Journal* she might elicit some evidence of who or what had inspired Kipling's boldly delineated fictional policeman.

However, no such evidence was forthcoming, though Miss Rivett has herself found a passage in Lady Burton's biography of her husband which supports the identification of Strickland with Burton, and which includes an interesting comment on Kipling's style. The passage, from page 159 in volume 1 of *The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton* by Isabel Burton (1893) reads as follows:

For all that my husband *said* of India, he talked exactly as Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes, and when I read him, I can hear Richard talking; hence I know how true and to the point are his writings. Also I think Mr. Kipling must have taken his character of "Strickland" from my husband, who mixed with, and knew all about, the natives and their customs, as Strickland did.

## MULVANEY'S REGIMENT

*From Dr Catharine Hollman, M.B., B.S., D.P.H., Sea Bank, Chick Hill, Pett,  
East Sussex TN35 4EQ*

Dr Hollman is a granddaughter of the former Regimental Sergeant-Major John Fraser of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who has been mentioned twice in recent issues of the *Journal* – first at page 8 of September 1997 concerning a group photograph including Fraser and a Corporal Macnamara, "the original of Kipling's Mulvaney"; and then at page 52 of December 1997, in a letter from Sir George Engle supporting the identification of Mulvaney with Macnamara.

Dr Hollman is a friend of Sir George Engle, and he suggested that she should write a letter to the *Journal*, quoting from her grandfather's book (*Sixty Years in Uniform*), and also bringing to our attention an unpublished letter in her possession, written by Kipling to John Fraser in 1921. So she has written as follows:

It was my grandfather, John Fraser, who introduced Kipling to Army life in India, and he told about it at pages 139-146 of his autobiography, *Sixty Years in Uniform* (Stanley Paul & Co., London, 1939). This was referred to by Sir George Engle in the *Kipling Journal* (December 1997, pages 52-53). At the age of 25, John Fraser was Colour Sergeant of H Company in the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and stationed at the Mian Mir barracks near Lahore.

Fraser ends his account of introducing Kipling to the H Company canteen with these words: "Kipling will go down to posterity on at least one indisputable count: that he knew more of the psychology of the private soldier of his day than any other civilian ever had, or could have, known – and for that matter, more than most soldiers either! There may have been some of the latter who equalled his knowledge, but they had not the gift to express it on paper, as Kipling had. I never met him again after those notable days in Mian Mir, but in 1921, when he was on the Graves Commission on the Western Front, I ventured to write to him, and in due course received a very charming reply."

Dr Hollman has supplied the text of Kipling's "charming reply" to John Fraser, who by 1921 was a Yeoman Warder in the Tower of London. Authorisation for its publication in the *Kipling Journal* has been given by A.P. Watt Ltd, Literary Agents, on behalf of the National Trust. The letter reads as follows:

Hotel Maison Rouge      Strasbourg      Nov/27/21

Dear Mr Fraser: Yours of the 3rd comes on to me here and I write to thank you for it very heartily. Yes, the 5th relieved the 8th (Kings) at Mian Mir about 15,000 years ago and my first mess dinner was with them when Pocklington commanded and Fletcher was last joined sub. A good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since then but I've always looked on the 5th as my own regiment. I remember the meeting in the Sergeants' Mess (what simple affairs the mess rooms were then!) in '85 but on St George's day of that year I had some trouble in getting a very bosko private (with roses in his helmet) who had tried to hold up my bucca-gharri past some of your sergeants who seemed to have an idea he was not quite sober!!

With every good wish believe me  
sincerely yours  
Rudyard Kipling

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all our currently subscribing members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data. (The entire run since 1927 is now being comprehensively indexed.) Scores of libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive the *Journal* as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity (No. 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. There is a large membership in North America; and an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, Sussex BN2 6LB, England. (The Secretary's Internet web specification is: <http://www.kipling.org.uk>)

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: some members very helpfully contribute more.

