

THE KIPLING JOURNAL



KIPLING'S LETTERS TO MAITLAND PARK
BY MARGARET MUIR

PUBLISHED BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 83

APRIL 2009

No 331

ISSN 0023-1738

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
(6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS)
and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 83

April 2009

Number 331

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EDITORIAL

ABOUT THIS MONOGRAPH

I am delighted to be publishing this supplementary issue of the *Journal* which results from the dedication of the author of the monograph, Mrs Margaret Muir. She recently inherited a batch of twelve letters by Kipling and has spent much of 2008, together with her husband Stephen, researching the background to them and in searching out other relevant documents in both South Africa and the U.K. As you will read, the monograph details the growth of a friendship between two men, Rudyard Kipling and Maitland Hall Park, and also of their families. It is a story of newspapers in India and South Africa; of the ways of editors and politicians; and of wars and their effects. Although some of the background material will be familiar to members, I consider that its inclusion helps in the telling of a coherent story.

In the monograph we have eschewed the use of footnotes which would have interrupted the flow of the narrative. Instead, we have usually marked with an asterisk the first occurrence of the name of each person mentioned in the letters. For these people, a short entry is included in the "Select Biography" section at the end of the monograph. The unmarked exceptions are those for whom no information could be found.

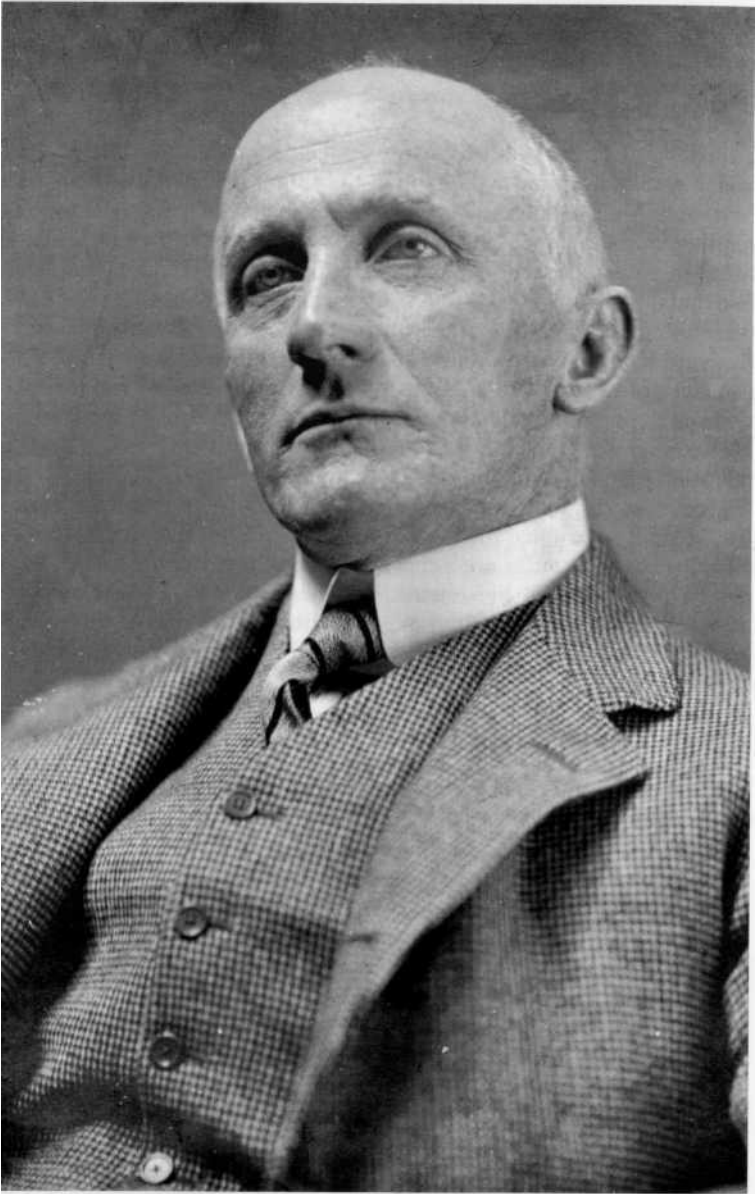
THANKS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For their help, and kind permission to publish copyright material we thank, in no particular order, Tanya Barben and Lesley Hart together with the University of Cape Town; the Cape Town Library; the *Cape Times*; Gerald Shaw, author of *The "Cape Times": An Informal History*; the Archivist, Magdalen College, Oxford; the Archivist of The Black Watch; the Guards Museum; and the Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Libraries, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

We also acknowledge the permission of A.P. Watt Ltd on behalf of The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty to publish the letters written by Rudyard Kipling.

DONATION TO SUSSEX UNIVERSITY

Lastly, I want to place on record the generosity of Mrs Muir in donating the letters which she inherited to the Special Collections Archive of the University of Sussex. They will now be available to all Kipling researchers.



SIR MAITLAND HALL PARK, K.B., M.A., LL.D.
[By permission of the *Cape Times*.]

KIPLING'S LETTERS TO MAITLAND PARK

By MARGARET MUIR

Twelve letters written by Kipling to Maitland Park, his friend and former colleague on the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, have belatedly come to me, via an uncle who has died. He inherited them from his father, (my grandfather), George Wilson of the *Cape Times* who knew both Kipling and Park in Cape Town.

G.H. Wilson had arrived in Cape Town from England to join the *Cape Times* on the very day that news broke of the disastrous Jameson Raid in early January 1896. He was to spend the rest of his life there, for many years as parliamentary correspondent, then as assistant editor, and as acting editor (when Park became ill and died). He was editor from 1935 to 1945, finally becoming consulting editor until shortly before his death. He had referred to the letters (left in the *Cape Times* office at the long illness and death of Maitland Park in 1921) in his own autobiography, *Gone Down the Years* (published in 1947) and they were still amongst his papers when he died in 1950. G.H. Wilson was one of the founding members of the Cape Town Branch of the Kipling Society.

I was born in Cape Town and grew up in Johannesburg but have spent most of my adult life in England or abroad with my British diplomat husband. We eventually bought the house my parents built for their retirement on the mountainside below Elsie's Peak looking out across False Bay and onto the beach 'of drifted sand' with the railway platform alongside it, where Kipling set the opening of his enigmatic story, "Mrs. Bathurst", and now, in our own retirement, spend three months each year in this house in Fish Hoek in the southern suburbs of Cape Town, close to Simon's Town. The 'moulded dunes, whiter than any snow' no longer roll up to the 'brown and purple valley of splintered rocks and dry scrub' as they did then and in my early childhood, having been flattened to build houses, but the fishermen still haul their nets beside their boats and 'at either horn of the bay the railway line cut just above high-water mark' does still run 'round a shoulder of piled rocks, and disappear'. Kipling called the railway siding of his story Glengariff, a name he adapted from Glencairn which is on the Simon's Town side of Elsie's Peak, and most commentators have assumed that to be the setting, but Glencairn lacks most of the features of his description, the two horns of the bay and the fishermen hauling their nets, so that Fish Hoek seems the more likely setting.

The first of the letters to Park was written as Kipling was about to leave India in 1889. There are four others written in 1902 when Kipling had recommended Park as editor of the *Cape Times* and others were

written between 1912 and 1918 when Park's son was in England. I have also added three letters Kipling wrote to Park which are in the University of Cape Town's Manuscripts and Archives department. The University also has a very fine Rare Books Library, in which the Kipling Collection (donated to the University by J.S. MacGregor) takes pride of place. Other letters included were written by Maitland Park or his son to Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, copies of which were sent me by their archivist. Much of the research on the military campaigns, in which Park's son played a distinguished role in the First World War, was done for me by my husband, Stephen Muir, at the National Army Museum. The archivist, Mr Thomas B. Smyth at the Black Watch Museum in Perth also sent me Captain Park's obituary and other details of his military career. Finally, I have included three letters from Kipling which are in the Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Library in Canada. The letters I inherited have now been donated to the Special Collection section of the Library at the University of Sussex to add to their large Kipling Archive.

GOODBYE TO INDIA

Kipling was 23 when he finally left India in 1889. He had worked there from the age of 16 as a journalist, first on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, for which, amongst his other tasks as a journalist, he had written stories and verses, which he called *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties*. He was then promoted as special reporter to the more prestigious newspaper, the *Pioneer* of Allahabad and spent his last two years in India mainly as roving reporter for them. He had continued to write both poems and stories and these were finally all published in book form for the Indian Railway Library Series, for their bookstalls, just before his departure from Calcutta. The day before he sailed away into 'the unknown' he wrote to his colleague and friend on the *Pioneer*, Maitland Park, begging him to check frequently with the publisher as to whether he had posted the review copies of the Library Series to Park and whether he would also send them to other newspapers. He also wished Park success with his own career, with the hope that it would, before long, take him away from 'the cities of the Plains'. It was, in fact, to be Kipling who was instrumental in finding a new and prestigious post for Park as editor of the *Cape Times* in South Africa, at the time the most influential newspaper in the country. The friendship evidently continued after his departure and when, on 12th September 1894, Maitland Park had a son (and namesake), he asked Kipling to be the boy's godfather. Kipling also became guardian to young Maitland when the boy went up to Oxford and continued his

interest when he was away fighting in the War during the years 1914-1918, and in his career thereafter.

Kipling's first letter to Maitland Park, written on the eve of his departure from India, runs:

Calcutta.
March 8th /89

Dear Park*

I gave the daftir a list of the papers to which I wished him to post copies of nos 5 & 6 of the Library series. He also has shekels of his own to spend on the postage. Pray you by your friendship for me ask him sternly and frequently whether he has despatched the review copies and bid [?] him occasionally produce a parcel. He is quite capable of diverting all the rupees to his own use.

I start for the unknown tomorrow morn. Have Jean Hensman* and half Calcutta which by the way is damnably hot.

All good luck sit with you mon ami, and may you quit the cities of the Plains in three years.

Yours in the craft
Rudyard Kipling

P.S. For Gawd's sake get the Pioneer to review the series.

Kipling had been a colleague of Park on the *Pioneer* in Allahabad since November 1887. He arrived in Calcutta on the 6th or 7th of March 1889, direct from a last visit to Lahore where his family lived and where he had previously worked on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, sister paper of the *Pioneer*. There were several former colleagues to see in Calcutta, the headquarters of the Indian Government. He mentions Jean Hensman, who was probably the wife of Howard Hensman*, a correspondent for *The Times* and the *Pioneer*. On the 7th March Kipling sold his copyright in his Indian Railway Library series for £200 plus a 4% royalty to Emile Moreau of A.H. Wheeler & Co and on the 9th embarked on the S.S. *Madura* with his particular friends Mrs Edmonia Hill (usually called 'Ted') and her husband, Prof S.A. 'Alec' Hill, to start his journey back to England via Japan and the U.S.A., sending reports of his travels back to the *Pioneer* in Allahabad. These were later collected under the title "From Sea to Sea". [A. Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, p.235.]

Kipling was anxious about whether his publisher (who he refers to as the "daftir", a term usually used to mean a record or journal) would bother to send out review copies when he had gone. He had requested nos 5 and 6 of his Library Series in particular to be reviewed. These were *The Phantom Rickshaw* and *Wee Willie Winkie*.

The Library Series was brought out in London too, soon after Kipling's arrival there and he also found outlets for other writing. Within a year he was being acclaimed as a brilliant new talent; hailed by Edmund Gosse as 'a comet flaring across the sky filling the great void in the world of Anglo-Saxon fiction with exotic realism', and by Henry James as 'the infant monster of a Kipling'. His popularity and fame spread to America where, to his annoyance, his books were already being pirated. Perhaps this led to his introduction to a charismatic young American, an aspiring writer and publisher, starting to set up a publishing business in London, Balestier and Heinemann. His name was Wolcott Balestier and the two became close friends, even collaborating on a joint novel. Wolcott's sister, Caroline (called Carrie) had come over to keep house for him and, it seems, an understanding developed between Carrie and Rudyard. Kipling's mother, Alice, on a visit to London, did not approve of this determined and managing young woman and predicted that 'that woman is going to marry our Ruddy!' Probably, he too, felt confused about his own feelings, having very recently freed himself from another engagement to yet another American called Carrie. By 1891 he was exhausted and 'staleness and depression came after a bout of real influenza, when all my Indian microbes joined hands and sang for a month in the darkness of Villiers Street.' He decided on a long, recuperative sea voyage to the southern hemisphere and to visit his parents. It was on this voyage that he first saw Cape Town, a 'sleepy, unkempt little place', but he liked the sunshine and 'the dry, spiced smell of the land'. Later he was to comment, 'How was I to guess that in a few years I should know Simon's Town like the inside of my own pocket, and should give much of my life and love to the glorious land around it.' [Renee Durbach, *Kipling's South Africa*] In the weeks Kipling spent in Cape Town during this voyage, he travelled up to Matjesfontein to meet Olive Schreiner, whose book *The Story of an African Farm*, he much admired. She too was an admirer of his work, though, later, like many others, would become critical of his imperialist views.

Kipling's visit to his parents was cut short by the sudden and unexpected death of his friend Wolcott Balestier and a plea from Carrie to come back to her. He returned to England at once, and, immediately married her in an oddly secretive wedding while still in mourning for Wolcott. They moved to settle and build a house in America but returned again in 1896 after falling out with another of Carrie's brothers, Beatty. On his arrival back in London, Kipling was immediately elected to the Athenaeum Club and on the day of his admission was invited to dine with his friend from *The Times*, Moberly Bell, and with two new acquaintances, Sir Alfred Milner and Cecil Rhodes, both of

whom would soon play an important part in his life. Rhodes, though no longer Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, having been forced to resign after the ill-fated Jameson Raid, was still a Member of Parliament and was devoting his energies to the furtherance of his great dream of extending British influence and 'civilising mission' northwards through Africa, establishing settlers in the country which had been called after him, Rhodesia, and working towards the unification of South Africa as a self-governing union or federation within the British Empire. He was also developing agricultural estates and fruit farms in the Cape Colony and paying for and urging on the building of a railway line and telegraph line, both of which he hoped to extend from the Cape to Cairo to meet the line Kitchener was getting built down from Cairo to Uganda, an ambition never altogether fulfilled, though it did go on up to what became then, Northern Rhodesia, where the main road in Lusaka is still called the Cairo Road. Rhodes seemed the very embodiment of Kipling's imperial ideals. The other dinner guest, Sir Alfred Milner (soon to become Lord Milner), who shared these ideals, (but would implement them rather more pressingly) and would become Governor of Cape Colony the following year (1897) and High Commissioner for South Africa. From 1901-1905 he also became Governor of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony after the defeat of the Boers.

In January 1898, Kipling paid his second visit to South Africa, this time with a wife and three children. Again his reasons for the trip were ill-health and low spirits and a longing for the sunshine, but as well as that, his meeting with Rhodes had whetted his interest in South Africa and in furthering his imperial dream through Rhodes. They stayed briefly at the newly created Vineyard Hotel in Newlands, whose gardens sweep down to a stream and pond and up again into the lower slopes of Table Mountain. (It had originally been the home of the renowned Lady Anne Barnard and her husband, Colonial Secretary to the Governor, a hundred years before. She was the daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, and in Cape Town acted as hostess for the Governor. Her letters and drawings vividly describe life at the Cape at the end of the 18th century.) After a month there the Kiplings moved to a nearby boarding house, also in Newlands, run by the outspoken Irish woman, Mrs. Trotter.

Rhodes arranged for Kipling to visit the Kimberley diamond fields and to go on from there on his new railway line, across the 'great grey-green, greasy Limpopo' to Bulawayo. Back in Kimberley, he again visited the renowned author, Olive Schreiner who had recently moved there. He then went back northwards to Johannesburg where he was feted at the Rand Club; its members left him in little doubt of their

rebellious feelings and ardent wish to be brought under British rule. The discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand (more gold than had ever been found anywhere else in the world at the time, although it was at a deep level requiring the latest technology, skilled engineers, skilled artisans and heavy machinery) had brought in thousands of people, mostly from Britain and the Commonwealth, though also many born in the country. These incomers (called Uitlanders) far outnumbered the Boers of the Republic (by 1895 the proportion was seven Uitlanders to every three Boers, according to *A History of South Africa* by C.W. de Kiewiet) and their presence as well as the huge industry which resulted was already having a devastating effect on a simple rural population still clinging to their old traditions.

It was during this visit to Cape Town that Kipling formed the habit of spending several hours every Tuesday, when the overseas mail arrived, in the *Cape Times* office. He became very friendly with its young editor, Edmund Garrett, and with other members of the editorial staff, including, G.H. Wilson. Kipling's comments often used to appear in the editorial of the day. Gerald Shaw, who wrote a history of the *Cape Times* (2000), began his book with a story which illustrates the fiercely independent tradition which Maitland Park was also to uphold when he became editor of the paper. It is the story of a breakfast in 1895 at Groote Schuur, Cecil Rhodes's home below the mountain, at which one of the two guests was the newly appointed young editor, Edmund Garrett. The other was the former editor of the rival paper, the *Cape Argus*, Sir Thomas Fuller. Rhodes had been angered by a critical article in the *Cape Times* and said he felt he had a right to expect their support. "Garrett rose from his seat and, looking straight at Rhodes, replied, 'I think it is good for you, Mr. Rhodes, that your paper has an editor who does not care whether he pleases or displeases you'. As Fuller later recalled, there was a perfect and painful silence for a minute. Then Rhodes said quietly: 'Yes, it is best so and I'm sorry if I seemed to question it'."

THE BOER WAR

The following year, 1899, was a bad one for the Kipling family. On a visit to America, Kipling and his eldest daughter both got desperately ill and little Josephine died. Kipling never returned to the United States. It was also a year of mounting tension in South Africa, with Milner and Kruger engaged in an increasingly tense and dangerous game in their efforts to out-manoeuvre each other on a number of inter-related issues: the dynamite monopoly, railway and customs tariffs, British suzerainty over the whole region (at a time when Germany too was showing great

interest), and the franchise rights of the large Uitlander population, who objected to having to pay high taxes, thereby providing most of the country's revenue, though being denied a vote. Kruger vacillated between easing or tightening franchise requirements (between five and seven years with many other restrictions added), or tightening or relaxing customs dues and tariffs. Meanwhile the republic's economy came under increasing strain and a large "Poor White" problem developed, consisting mainly of Afrikaners. Milner, with enthusiastic support from Garrett of the *Cape Times*, believed that putting pressure on the Transvaal, even if it should lead to war, would finally result in a united self-governing South Africa within the British Empire. However, the Boers, hardy frontiersmen who had escaped the much resented British rule within the colony to found their own republics in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, were equally determined not to give in to such pressure. In October Kruger finally issued an ultimatum and war was declared the next day.

Kipling, recovering from his own tragic loss, was much interested and excited by these events, feeling it would shake up the British, whose military unpreparedness had been the subject of much of his recent verse and "propaganda" articles. He had noticed the presence of German officers in Johannesburg, which he had seen as an ominous sign of German expansionist aims, and this had fuelled his fear of German intentions. He thought the war would result in the fulfilment of his imperial dream. He hurried out to the Cape with his family, arriving there again in early February 1900 and went straight to the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town's grand equivalent of Singapore's Raffles Hotel. The hotel was already crowded with military staff and war correspondents, among whom were Perceval Landon of *The Times* (who would become a close friend, even coming to live for a time at Bateman's) and H.A. Gwynne of Reuters (who also became a good friend, becoming editor of the *Standard* in 1904). On the day after his arrival he spent an hour with the new Commander in Chief, his old friend, "Bobs" from India, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who then departed immediately afterwards, that same day, to lead the campaign which ended with the fall of Bloemfontein in March.

Kipling, meanwhile, immediately got very involved with the war effort, travelling around to visit wounded soldiers – his visit proved a great morale booster. At the start of the War in October 1899 Rhodes had rushed up to Kimberley arriving just before the siege started, feeling it his duty to be there. As soon as the siege was lifted, Kipling hurried north to meet him on his release. Rhodes had, in the meanwhile, had the idea of building a house, close to his own home at Groote Schuur, "a home in the woods for writers and artists", and giving it first

to the Kipling family. Rhodes had already bought most of the farm adjoining his own estate, called *Zorgvliet*, which (like *Groote Schuur*) went back to the earliest days of settlement in the 17th century. The owner, J.W. Eksteen had built a house there which he had named "The Woolsack", his own joking reference to the name of a neighbouring farm known as the *Wolmunster*, (a sample of wool) and Rhodes, while taking Kipling on a tour of his fruit farms, asked the young architect, Herbert Baker, who had rebuilt the old Dutch East India Company's great granary, his own *Groote Schuur* in the old Cape Dutch style, to redesign "The Woolsack" in the same way. Carrie went off happily with Baker to inspect the site while Rhodes took Kipling off on a tour of his fruit farms. Rhodes had continued buying up farms, as opportunity arose, on the lower mountain slopes between *Groote Schuur* under *Devil's Peak* all along the lower slopes of *Table Mountain* up to the city's edge. He also bought much land round the back of *Devil's Peak* and *Table Mountain*, above and below the road now called *Rhodes Drive*, stretching up to *Constantia Nek*, thus saving it from developers, including land for the creation of a fine large botanical garden, *Kirstenbosch*. All this he donated to the city of *Cape Town* and during his lifetime allowed people free access to this huge estate and even to his own house, *Groote Schuur*. [Information on the *Woolsack* and the estate *Zorgvliet* is from Tanya Barben's article "By Rock and Heath and Pine" in the University of *Cape Town's Quarterly Bulletin NLSA* 57 (2) 2003. She is the Librarian for the University's large and fine Kipling Collection and their Rare Books Library.]

In March 1900, Roberts, having taken over *Bloemfontein*, suppressed its two anti-British newspapers and commandeered the offices of one of them, the *Friend of the Free State*, to set up a new newspaper called the *Friend*. He invited four war correspondents, Ralph, Buxton, Gwynne and Landon to act as editors and one of them, Landon, immediately invited Kipling to contribute. Roberts also wired Kipling, inviting him to join the staff too. Kipling eagerly accepted. He was delighted to be back in a newspaper office and turned his hand to everything from setting the type to proof-reading and he wrote poems and articles, contributing copy for almost a third of the paper. The *Friend* was an enormous success. Circulation went up from 400 to 5,500, largely due to the presence of British forces in the town. In fact Kipling only stayed a little over a fortnight before returning to *Cape Town* with Milner, in time for his return voyage to England in April. Before he left *Bloemfontein*, however, he had the excitement of coming under unexpected fire for the first time in his life when he was driven out to watch a British force moving troops into position at *Karee Siding*.

Later, after his return to England, Kipling and Julian Ralph, an American who had represented the *Daily Mail* while in South Africa, set up a club which they had discussed in Bloemfontein – the "Order of Friendlies". A badge was commissioned from Tiffany's with the initials "RLGK" of its founding members in Greek capitals. Also initiated into it were F.W. Buxton from the *Star* in Johannesburg, Lord Roberts and Lord Stanley [from *War's Brighter Side*, Julian Ralph, 1901].

Kipling was back again in Cape Town by the end of that year. He arrived with Carrie and the children on Christmas day 1900 and was met by Rhodes's carriage. Rhodes had, meanwhile, completed the rebuilding of "The Woolsack", separated from his own house by a dell filled with hydrangeas and only fifteen minutes walk away. Rhodes, whose health was already beginning to fail, was delighted to have Kipling so close at hand, for he had a new plan to set up scholarships for students from the colonies to Oxford which he was eager to discuss with him and always felt that Kipling was able to express for him the ideas which he was too inarticulate to do himself. "The Woolsack" seemed a perfect paradise to the Kipling family: great freedom for the children (including access to Rhodes's private zoo: Rhodes even presented the children with a motherless lion cub to rear whom they named Sullivan) and it was a perfect workplace for Kipling. It was here that Kipling wrote some of the *Just So Stories*, and later also, some of the *Puck* stories [Andrew Lycett]. Writing to Edmonia Hill later (8 March 1905), Kipling compared life in the Cape and at the Woolsack with the "old country", India, describing how

[t]he plains between Table Mountain which, so to say, rises out our back yard, and Hottentots Hollands are all dancing in the heat mist and the Cape doves are making just the same noise as their Indian sisters among the figs and loquats in the garden. . . we compare notes on manners, customs – and servants. These last are few and bad mostly. My *malli* [gardener] now working among the vines, is brown to be sure but he wears the clothes of Europe and answers to the name of Johnson. Moreover he is a registered voter and is paid rather more than an English gardener would get. Flamboyant Malay women in rose pink and old gold skirts stiffly starched and yards in circumference fetch the washing and Malays in fezzes drive carts full of fish and blow a tin horn to announce their coming. Just behind the house a huge park runs up the slopes of Table Mountain and there a giraffe lives in company with elands, kangaroos and all manner of South African antelopes . . .

[Pinney, *Letters of Rudyard Kipling* Vol.3, 180-81].

Though Kipling ceased to visit South Africa after 1908 he retained the right to use "The Woolsack" for the rest of his life. On 7 October 1918 he wrote to the architect, Herbert Baker, who was about to bring out a book on Rhodes, saying that he would prefer it if Baker would avoid saying much about Kipling's use of the house which he thought 'cottage or no cottage – it was one of the best designs you ever made.' He claimed that he hoped to go back to it after the war. In fact he never did. [Pinney, *Letters* Vol.4, p.513].

Today "The Woolsack" is no longer a little 'home in the woods' for the use of writers and artists, as Rhodes had planned. The little house is still there, with its Cape Dutch gables with one panelled room (probably originally Kipling's study), built round a covered courtyard, but it is now surrounded by modern blocks built as a students' residence, "The Woolsack Residence", and the house is used as an administrative office and has student television and computer rooms where once the Kipling family played and worked. There is a plaque at the entrance, donated by The Kipling Society commemorating Kipling and the years he spent there. Instead of woodlands and a dell filled with hydrangeas between the house and the mountain there is now a motorway and it is hardly feasible any more to stroll across to Groote Schuur. However it is part of "Rhodes's Gift", the land he gave for building a university and is used by the University.

With the main battles of the war over, the Boers resorted to guerrilla tactics which the British found much harder to contain. Field Marshal Lord Roberts was replaced by Lord Kitchener, who decided that the Boers were using farmhouses to hide in and replenish stocks, and responded by rounding up the farmers' wives and families into what were called 'concentration camps' and burning the farms. These camps, where accommodation was crowded and facilities inadequate, proved disastrous to start with, and about twenty-six thousand women and children died of fever, measles, typhoid or diarrhoea and even starvation (through mismanagement not design). It left the Boers with a feeling of great resentment and bitterness which remained with them for many decades to come. After this initial disaster, things were eventually improved in the concentration camps (largely through the campaigning work of Emily Hobhouse) and schools were opened for the Boer children.

Kipling returned to England in May feeling depressed and unsettled about the course of the war and somewhat unsure of his own attitude to British society. The family were back in Cape Town again by January 1902 and with the war virtually over, he had plans to go upcountry. However, Rhodes returned from a trip to England in February but was by this time very unwell indeed and retired at once to his seaside cottage at Muizenberg, so Kipling stayed on and visited Rhodes each

day. Rhodes's health deteriorated sharply and he died in March. At the private ceremony at Groote Schuur, before the body was taken to lie in state at the Cathedral, Kipling read the obituary verses he had written for his friend,

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech. . . .

and though Kipling was too distressed to travel north to attend the burial, the verses were read again as the body was lowered into the grave hewn from the gigantic single boulder which constitutes the entire great hill at the summit of World's View in the Matopos near Bulawayo, as the royal salute, "Bayete !" rang out over the hills from thousands of Matabele tribesmen who had come to honour the dead man. Kipling also chose the last verse of this poem to be engraved on the great Rhodes Memorial (built in 1905) on the slopes of Table Mountain, a memorial, also appropriately designed by Herbert Baker, in the style of a Greek temple, dominated by the impressive statue of a 'horse reined in from full gallop, with its rider scanning the distance' by G.F.Watts who saw it 'as an emblem of energy and outlook that had been characteristic of Rhodes' (from Renee Durbach's *Kipling's South Africa*). Behind the temple columns is a bust of Rhodes, the 'dreamer devout', his head resting on his hand as he gazes out, intent always upon the fulfilment of his dream for Africa with the inscription below it:

The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!

The war finally came to an end only two months later. It had been a costly war for all sides: the British had lost about 22,000 soldiers and had learned 'no end of a lesson', as Kipling wrote, while the Boers had also lost about four thousand men (as well as the thousands of women and children in the camps). In addition, thousands of black people had also died through their involvement on either side. Yet Milner's (and Chamberlain's) aim of bringing about federation had not been achieved. Instead the results were disappointment and great bitterness, which was to contribute significantly to the hardened attitude of the Afrikaners (and so perhaps, even towards the development of the disastrous "apartheid" policy later).

It is difficult in so complex an issue to apportion blame and much had to do with the clash between an unprogressive, traditional rural community and the sophisticated needs of the gold mines for capital investment, fast efficient transport links, and access to ports. Many blame Rhodes whilst others blame Milner. Germany's interest, encouragement and expansionist aims, including sending officers to the Transvaal and then warships to Delagoa Bay at the time of the Jameson Raid had been a factor, as had Kruger's efforts to obstruct transport links to the Cape. There had also been the Kaiser's notorious telegram of congratulations to Kruger after the Raid.

Jameson's disastrous Raid in the New Year of 1895/96 (a plot in which Rhodes, the Uitlander leaders and, secretly, the Colonial Secretary Chamberlain had been involved) had certainly destroyed trust and smashed Rhodes's hopes of federation. Most Uitlanders it seemed, had been rather less concerned with the franchise than with their own prospects of enriching themselves and were not prepared to fight. They had sent an urgent delegation to Rhodes and to Jameson but Jameson had remained confident and Rhodes's efforts to stop him had come too late. Perhaps if Jameson had not lost his head when all around were keeping theirs (or perhaps just procrastinating) and blaming it on him, and had resisted his impulsive urge for imagined glory, Rhodes would not have had to resign as Prime Minister and the liberal influence which had already begun to have an influence in the Republic would, perhaps, have continued to grow. He would then have retained power; not lost the vital trust and support of J.H. Hofmeyr, leader of the Cape Dutch, who, rightly, saw the Raid conspiracy as a betrayal. He and others of the Bond party had previously even served in Rhodes's Cabinet. Then Milner would not have been sent to South Africa and war *might* have been averted, for Rhodes had always, till then, believed in cooperation between the Cape Dutch and the British and that by facilitating trade, granting preferential tariffs to encourage wine production and wheat farming and by establishing efficient rail and telegraph links, whilst also bringing more British settlers in to farm the land, union or a federal or united self-governing system would eventually have come about naturally.

Through his educational system, the founding of a university and through his scholarships, he hoped too that this union would come to be based on British values. The country, because of its vast internal wealth and dependence on railways and ports could hardly flourish as four separate rival states and did, of course, form the Union Rhodes had dreamed of, in 1910. The Raid had been a huge blunder but then Milner's policy of deliberately increasing pressure on the Transvaal had compounded the damage, had ensured that war would be the result. His

approach, from the beginning, had been unsubtle and intractable, and he had made no attempt to understand the Boer attitude. Nor did he appreciate how strong would be their resistance.

A NEW EDITOR FOR THE CAPE TIMES

The war had also been a disastrous period for the *Cape Times*. The newspaper's founder and first editor, St. Leger, was dying of throat cancer and young Garrett was forced to retire in 1901 still in his mid-thirties, but suffering from consumption, when he had a haemorrhage which nearly killed him. For a brief period the paper was edited by Saxon Mills, a barrister from London, who had little understanding of the war or of Cape politics. Its reputation plummeted and before further damage could be done, the board turned to Kipling for advice in early 1902 after Milner had already offered the job to Leo Maxse who was a friend of his from his days at Balliol College and was also the brother of Lady Edward Cecil, with whom Milner was already conducting a discreet affair. (They married 20 years later after the death of her husband.) She had moved into Groote Schuur at Rhodes's invitation, while he was trapped by the siege of Kimberley and whilst her husband was trapped with Baden Powell in the siege of Ladysmith. Leo Maxse was editor of the *National Review*, which he also owned and he had refused the Cape Town job, preferring to stay in London to continue warning the British of the increasing danger they faced from the Germans. Kipling recommended his old friend and colleague from the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, Maitland Park, who had since become chief editor of that paper, and the directors immediately acted on his advice.

Kipling commented to George Wilson in the newspaper office, that he owed more to Park's ruthless blue pencil exercised on his own contributions to the *Pioneer* than to any other influence. Park, he said, had taught him the art of condensation and the value of words. Maitland Hall Park (1862-1921) was a Scottish journalist who had gone to India to work on the *Pioneer* in Allahabad in 1886, not long before Kipling himself had gone there following his promotion from the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Park had an M.A. and L.L.D. from Glasgow University and had gone to Allahabad after a spending a year working on the *Glasgow Herald*. The *Standard Encyclopedia of South Africa* describes him as 'a man of amazing energy, and retentive memory: a writer who got straight to first principles and was brilliant at controversy' and says that 'before his arrival Park made an intensive study of South African conditions' and that 'he subsequently enjoyed the political confidence as well as the personal friendship of Merriman, Smuts,

Botha, Jameson and Smarrt', all of whom were to become prime ministers of Cape Colony or of the later Union of South Africa.

Kipling (who had returned to England in May) wrote to Park:

THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN,
SUSSEX.

June. 30. 1902.

Dear Park,

By this date you should have received a formal letter from the directors of the *Cape Times* offering you the Editorship of that paper at £1000 a year, on one year's trial.

From your cables to me I gather that you will accept it and that you will be available in about three months time.

The situation with which you will have to deal upon your arrival at Cape Town cannot be explained in a few words here: but, all being well, I shall be in England when you come through and will then do my best to put you abreast of it. But I may say that the paper (which is the *Pioneer of S. Africa*) is a splendid property which has been let down step by step editorially (not on the revenue side because it is the only extended medium of advertising in the country) because the men in charge have been imported "Editors" from England whose views of editing were confined to writing a leader and taking whatever their reporters sent in. The Sub-Editing has been disgraceful – heavy, monotonous inartistic and of no interest.

What is needed is a real head in the editorial department and an influence that runs through every line from the title to the imprint. If you have seen any of its files you will see precisely what a slackly knit, loose-jointed ineffective weapon it has become.

We stand now at the parting of the ways in Cape Colony: and it may be on the edge of the biggest boom that the colony has ever seen. You will have to deal with a small town forced by destiny and war to become a big one in less than two years – with a congested harbour, a quarrelsome harbour board, an angry chamber of commerce and a community made up of all races under the sun, only half recovered from the strain and hysteria of war; jealous, suspicious and very often idle.

At a conservative estimate 25% of the population will be rebels at heart, actively engaged in passively blocking all attempts to force the country towards progress. It will be part of your business to find out and countermine their efforts. Whether the constitution will be suspended by the time you come out, I cannot tell. I hope it will be: and it is the desire of your directorate that it shall be, but I do not

know what fighting orders you will receive on that head. At any rate, a week's study of the situation will show you that government for the next few years on the lines of a non-regulation province is the only hope (a) for Cape Colony (b) for the future of a federated South Africa.

The position seems to me an excellent one for you: inasmuch as you, having no roots in England, expecting and desiring nothing of England, can throw yourself unreservedly into a new career intimately bound up with a new country.

Your salary if you do well, will not stop at £1000; the climate is as perfect as any climate that I know; the educational facilities for your children are good and in a little while when you have come to know the local Society (which in spots is curiously like that of an upcountry station) you can very pleasantly broaden and consolidate your social influence. You will not, by virtue of your Indian experience, have any temptation to look down or separate yourself from "those d—d colonials"; you will, by temperament, be keenly interested in the material development of the country; by temperament also you will carry a head for figures on your shoulders and the finances of the colony will bear a great deal of discussion later. Your training (and we have both pulled at the same oar) will not permit you to suffer a disorderly or raggedly turned out journal and you have enough tact and business capacity to reach out and control a great deal of the general business management, which stands in need of direction.

* * * * *

At this point the letter ends abruptly: it appears, unfortunately, that further pages have been lost. There is no signature. However, in G.H. Wilson's autobiography, *Gone Down the Years* he refers to eight closely written pages (I only have four) and says "The letter ended: 'Finally you were chosen on my bare word. If you do not justify my choice, my face will be blackened to an extent which I do not like to consider, and, what is more important, the work in South Africa will be thrown back. But I am sure you will not fail.' " My grandfather added, 'And, as everyone knows, Park did not fail'.

Kipling's reference, in this letter and in the two subsequent ones written that year, to the constitutional crisis and the question of whether the colony's self-governing constitution should be suspended refer to the highly charged big political issue of the day. Milner believed that the only chance of unification for South Africa at the end of the war lay in suspending the Cape Colony's separate constitution so that a new constitution could be written including Natal and the two newly defeated republics of Transvaal and Orange Free State, instead of

allowing each to go back to separate identities. He also feared that the Cape Dutch, who had loyally supported Rhodes until the Jameson Raid, but who now formed the opposition, known as the Bond (and referred to by Kipling as 'rebels') would, if given the opportunity in Parliament, oppose a forced federation. The plan had also been to bring in many English settlers to farm the land alongside the Boers. However, the opinion of the Chief Justice of the Cape, Lord de Villiers, in carefully argued letters to Sir Wilfred Laurier (Prime Minister of Canada who then voted against suspension at the Prime Ministers Conference in 1902), to the Governor General, Hely Hutchinson, and to the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, prevailed. [From *The Letters of Lord de Villiers*, then Chief Justice in the Cape, collected by Eric Walker.]

Arbitrarily suspending the Cape's cherished constitution without allowing its elected members a say would cause huge resentment. The two former republics also needed time to recover after the bitterness and destructiveness of the war and the brutality of martial law, to which even the Cape had been subjected. Within a few years and mainly due to the magnanimity and far-sightedness of Smuts and Louis Botha, Union was finally achieved in 1910, though no doubt the work of Milner's chosen 'Kindergarten' of talented men, like Patrick Duncan (who became a Minister in the Unionist government at the Cape and finally Governor General) and John Buchan, contributed much as well. However, it had all been a big disappointment to both Kipling and to Milner. Meanwhile the *Cape Times*, under the dithering, ineffective Saxon Mills, had come out with a powerful leading article arguing against suspension of the constitution at the end of 1901 but then, three months later, (and under pressure from Milner), had written an equally powerful leader supporting it! This had caused much astonishment and derision in Cape Town, but Mills continued to push for suspension long after the issue was dead and until he was summarily sacked on the arrival of Maitland Park in October.

On 11 July 1902 Kipling again wrote to Maitland Park from The Elms:

private

July. 11. 1902.

Dear Park,

Doing business by cable in three continents has its drawbacks but your affairs are sorted out at last. Newspaper offices are alike the world over. The assistant editor, who is also I believe assistant manager of the *Cape Times* chose this time to leave. He was the man with local knowledge & experience. Therefore the direction of the paper got nervous at the prospect of putting you in alone: there

being no-one to show you the ropes. (For myself I don't believe you'd want much showing but that was none of my business.)

Then they began cabling – at large and generally – all over the place. As some of the people concerned were in Ireland and others in Wales, not to mention others in Cape Town, life was fairly hectic for a time. But obviously, one could not change the whole personnel of a paper and leave no one in the office who understood the traditions of the business. Therefore, as you know, by this time, the London manager, Ledger*, has cabled you offering you the billet with three months instruction under Mills* the present editor to put you fairly into the saddle and I have cabled advising you to accept. I didn't suppose you'd need any advising as Mills' help though not likely to be *very* great, will at least come in handy – if only to give you wrinkles about lodging and accommodation. Mills is a good little chap but with a vehement admiration for officialdom in all shapes – the kind of man who is flattered by the confidence of Gordon Sprigg*! I don't think he can edit worth a dam but you might make a deal with him for his house and furniture as he is a family man, with a baby.

I think you will find the three months rather an advantage in letting you find your feet and I shall be out all being well in December and we can discuss things and situations as they arise then. I fancy there will be the deuce and all of a row in Parliament next session and that you will find yourself moving amid all manner of weird Bond intrigues, rebellion and corruption. The constitution has *not* been suspended and that means that the rebel will do his best to come in & govern Cape Colony. Here, Mills advice, checked by advice of others, will be worth having. You will find Sir David Gill*, the astronomer royal a nice man to know. I shall also write to Barraclough*, Reuter's agent, who is a good man with a nice wife and he may be useful to you.

Things are in such a state of flux at Cape Town now that I hardly know who'll be there and who won't. If you *like*, I'll give you letters to Hely-Hutchinson* etc. but I'd sooner they took you on your own merits. I expect we'll see Milner* down sometime in December or January. I want you to meet him quietly at dinner. There are others like Girouard*, Goold Adams*, and Lyttelton* that I want you to meet also. It wouldn't be a bad thing if you used some of your three months preliminary in going up-country to J'burg and Bloemfontein. With your knowledge of administration in India, you could see even better than most New English, the sort of work that is actually being done up there, and I feel sure all would make you welcome.

I note in your last letter to me that you ask for information of a kind that would interest the memsahib. She will find living dearer than in India, but the shops almost as good as London and improving yearly. The climate, as I have said, is pretty near perfection. That is why we take our kids out each winter. The schools are good and the prospects for children growing up with the colony are splendid. You had better all go to the Mount Nelson Hotel till you can turn round and get a house – say Mills' house. The hotel is dear but it is the only good one in the place and you had better begin well. The society is mixed, various and interesting. The servants are bad and I don't think you can get Indians as you can in Natal.

Everything is delivered from the shops – in the Cape Town suburbs – and the tramways take you everywhere. It's a lazy land; given to picnics and junketings on slight provocation and the coloured menials won't work too hard. I believe white servants come expensive but they can be got raw from England & used till they go to Johannesburg which is their Mecca. Mrs. Barraclough, who is a born housekeeper, is the person to assist Mrs. P.* with advice. Doctors and dentists are good. Horses and horse forage are *hideously* dear. No one keeps a trap if he can help it. Bicycles are useful. Everyone lives in the suburbs. The place where Mills lives is a sunny but bracing suburb on the Atlantic Ocean. Suburbs on the Indian Ocean side are hotter and more relaxing. The clubs are very decent. One club is loyal and one is rebel or was before the war.

I very much wish we were on the spot to welcome you but *in all things* life is a heap easier, I think, than India. There is no hot weather; no one goes to the Hills and the people are kind and helpful and hopeful. I understand that you sail on Aug. 11th. Good luck be with you for, all being well, it's a big career that you have entered upon and you should go far.

There were no applicants for the post of Editor, because that post is not open to public application any more than the Editorship of the *Pi*. The direction said that they wanted a man to face a new and strange situation – a strong persevering man who could work and organize and control. I said you were that man.

Ever yours,

Rudyard Kipling

P.S. Jameson* will be out before me. He is the man who asked me to get you. *He* represents Rhodes* and Rhodes was Africa.

[By permission of the University of Cape Town.]

Indeed, Jameson was once again back in the Cape, having been released from Holloway Prison in 1897 (though the enquiry into those involved in the Raid was to drag on a long time) and he had recovered (partially) from illness, which the shock of its failure had caused. He had, as Kipling said, risked all on 'one turn of pitch and toss' and lost, and would now 'start again at [his] beginnings'. He had gone back again to Rhodesia, determined, at least, to get Rhodes's planned telegraph line to the north built and operating, even walking three hundred miles along its planned route. When Rhodes became ill he returned to the Cape and after his death determined to do his best to persevere in fulfilling the great Colossus's dream. He was elected to the Cape Parliament in 1900, became leader of the Progressive Party in 1902, then Prime Minister of Cape Colony in 1904.

In August Kipling wrote another letter to Park. Probably, he had had a chance to meet him when he arrived in England before setting sail again for Cape Town. It is typed and marked "Private" with a handwritten request at the end to destroy the letter.

Private.

The Elms,
Rottingdean.
Aug. 14. 1902.

Dear Park,

Yours of July 24th. comes too late for me to catch you ere sailing and so I mail this to Cape Town which it will reach about the time your boat comes to Durban. If I sent this to Durban direct you would just miss it.

As soon as you land you should go to Jameson at the Chartered Buildings and have a talk with him. He can tell you the lie of the land and resolve your doubts better than anyone else. He can further tell you who your directors are, as well as introducing you to people. I send this with a batch of letters of introduction to be used as you think fit.

Baker* the architect, is one of the coming men of the Colony, with large experience of the land. Shy, gentle and loveable.

Sir David Gill, an elderly Scot, is explosive, but wholly delightful, with 25 years (I think) of Colonial experience. He can tell you more of people's personality than most men.

Smarrt*, the late commissioner of railways, (resigned on account of the non-suspension of the constitution) is a fiery Irishman – quick and generous, but I should not accept all his statements because of the Celtic temperament. However, he has had his farms looted and so, perhaps, has a better right to speak strongly than most.

T.R. Price* (general Manager Cape Pys) [probably a mis-type for Rys, short for Railways.] is a slow methodical Welshman and most valuable to know and like. He has the big schemes of railway extension in his head and knows finance.

Gerouard [*sic*] the Canadian, is in spite of his uniform, a man of business, quick, incisive, and full of beans. He is worth cultivating.

Barraclough the Australian, is Reuter's representative. He is a cautious shrewd, business man, with whom you will have many relations and we very much like his wife. I should cultivate him.

Hely Hutchison the Governor, is a suave fattish English gentleman, who I believe, wants the Constitution suspended. His wife (Lady Hely) is the social one of the syndicate and should be conciliated. She is great on social improvements in Cape Town.

You won't see much of the Dutch, I fancy, unless you see Sir Peter Faurer* [*sic*] (who is loyalist) I believe relations between the Dutch and the English are badly strained, but you will undoubtedly have made tremendous strides by the time I come out.

Yours sincerely,
Rudyard Kipling

You might destroy this letter after reading, please.

They were all interesting and influential people and also all members of the Owl Club, with Sir David Gill, the astronomer and philosopher as President. The Owl Club was founded in 1895 by a group of leading intellectuals who held regular meetings, inviting speakers to address their meetings and Kipling was frequently invited to speak at their gatherings.

He followed this letter with another very short note, also from The Elms, Rottingdean, but undated:

Dear Park,

This in hope of catching you at Durban on your way up the coast. I have sent letters of introduction to meet you at the *Cape Times* office Cape Town by this mail. You will hardly need them after you have seen Jameson who will himself set your feet in the path.

Sincerely,
Rudyard Kipling

MAITLAND PARK IN CAPE TOWN

Kipling wrote again to Park in 1902. This time it was written from Bateman's in Sussex, the 'ideal' house the Kiplings had at last bought after much searching in the preceding few years. Bateman's made him feel he had at last found another 'foreign country' to identify with:

England and its long history. His *Puck of Pook's Hill* stories would be the result. Meanwhile he had another person to recommend to Maitland Park who was now in Cape Town. She was Dorothea Fairbridge, idealistic author, loyalist and admirer of Milner and founder of many projects to preserve historic buildings, such as the beautiful old Cape Dutch farmhouses and the natural vegetation of the country. She was much influenced by the Arts and Crafts movement and her work was enthusiastically backed by Herbert Baker, Lutyens and also by the previous brilliant *Cape Times* editor, Edmund Garrett. There were others who opposed her though. The aim of the Loyal Women's League was the identification, care and preservation of war graves, both Boer and British. Lady Edward Cecil who stayed as a guest at Groote Schuur for some time, was another admirer of Milner and a friend (and rival) of Dorothea Fairbridge.

So in September Kipling wrote:

Bateman's,
Burwash,
Sussex

Private & confidential
Burn

Sep. 24. 1902.

Dear Park,

By this week's mail will come out Mrs. Fairbridge* who, after some incidents, succeeds Mrs. Graham* as the working head of the Loyal Women's League of South Africa – an institution which was started in the early days of the war. Some people don't think much of it and others do. You will probably have heard a good deal on both sides. I am sending her a letter of introduction to you and I make no doubt that she will tell you all about the League that ever was. There is so little loyalty in S.A. that personally I am inclined rather to think well of the League (among other things it charges itself with the care of soldiers graves) Also it is severely condemned by the Dutch, which is another point in its favour; as they say, poor innocents! that it keeps alive racial feeling. At any rate, if it doesn't conflict with the policy of the paper, I'd like the *Cape Times* to deal easily with the League. The *Argus* was rather inclined to be down on it. Lady Edward Cecil* (which is Salisbury's daughter in law) is interested in the League and its unofficial representations are conveyed I believe simply[?] to her. This is worth knowing. I won't ask you what sort of a hell of a sort of a time you are having because I can imagine it, but you will certainly admit that you have arrived in the middle of a somewhat interesting crisis.

I have a notion that little Spriggy [Sir John Gordon Sprigg] is about off his onion and that if it becomes necessary to suspend the constitution next he will call Heaven and earth to witness that it is striking a blow at the principle of self-government throughout the Empire and will appeal to the other Colonial premiers to back him up. Laurier* may. Barton* and Seddon* I think might. They are sound enough unofficially in suspension[?] for the Cape but when it comes to backing their opinions, they back down. If I were in charge the way I should lay out to meet this development would be by one very cold leader per week, repeating and re-repeating that the Colony has been & still is in a state of civil war. Do it humorously; do it boringly[?]; do it artistically; but never let it go and see that the Australian & N.Z. and Canada papers get your leaders quoted. It makes me very sick when I think of the old days when C.J.R. [Rhodes] used to keep Sprigg waiting in the hall for hours on end and then use the little pup for a door mat. Has Tom Graham* yet explained to you what a great man Sprigg is! He told me on the day of Rhodes's funeral and then I knew that the deal had been made.

Yours sincerely,
Rudyard Kipling

Kipling, like Milner and Saxon Mills was evidently still supporting the suspension of the constitution to allow an enforced federation of South Africa, though the Imperial Government had rejected the policy three months earlier, and Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, had announced that the Cape Parliament was to be convened. In fact Maitland Park quickly declared suspension to be a dead issue after his arrival.

It is possible that Park took Kipling's advice and rented Saxon Mills' house on the Atlantic coast initially, but in April 1903 it was announced that the old farm of Peter van Breda, "Oranje Zicht," dating back to 1714, on the lower slopes of Table Mountain, with magnificent views down over the city and across Table Bay was to be sold off in Lots for development, and Maitland Park bought a Lot at the Sale on April 8th. He commissioned Herbert Baker to build him a house in the Cape Dutch style, which Baker and Rhodes had brought back into fashion when he rebuilt the old Dutch East India Company great granary, "Groote Schuur", for Rhodes. The house at 1 Montrose Avenue, now a guest house called "Acorn House", is high up on the mountain slope above the city, with the towering buttresses of the mountain immediately behind it. It has the characteristic curly Cape Dutch gables, fine wooden doors, a gracious large living room and well-designed staircase to the balconied bedrooms above. It also has a fine shady verandah (or stoep) at its side where, apparently, Kipling, a frequent visitor, used often to sit, notebook in hand, perhaps brooding over the fate of the

Elephant's Child or the adventures of Dan and Una, for it is said he used to sit there to write, though more probably his visits were really social.



THE NEW *CAPE TIMES* BUILDINGS, ST GEORGE'S STREET, CAPE TOWN, 1904
[By permission of The Cape Town Library.]

Park soon became a familiar figure striding down the mountain, down the steep Upper Orange Street, down through the old Dutch East India Company Gardens full of venerable, huge trees planted there from around the world, to his office in the *Cape Times* where he came to be called "the strong man of St. George Street". It would have been a pleasant walk down the mountain but an arduous one going back home. Probably his son, also called Maitland accompanied him, for his school, the South African College School was then situated just below Oranjezicht at the top of the Company Gardens. It had been founded as a College in 1828 but had, not long before the arrival of the Park family, split into three parts, a Junior School, a Senior School and the College which was to become the University.

Park proved himself, from the start, to be all that Kipling had expected of him. He was blunt and forthright, fiercely defending the integrity and independence for which the *Cape Times* had always been known. He took out all the old files, read all the early leading articles and declared himself in full agreement with the policy of the paper and he did much to support reconciliation between the two white groups, arguing, when negotiations for Union were in progress (1910) for trust in Smuts and Louis Botha. The big problem when Union came was to be the franchise, for the Cape's liberal, non-racial franchise was in direct contrast to the practice of the two northern ex-Republics. Park felt sure that, as whites grew more confident after Union the franchise would be extended. (This did not, of course, happen!)

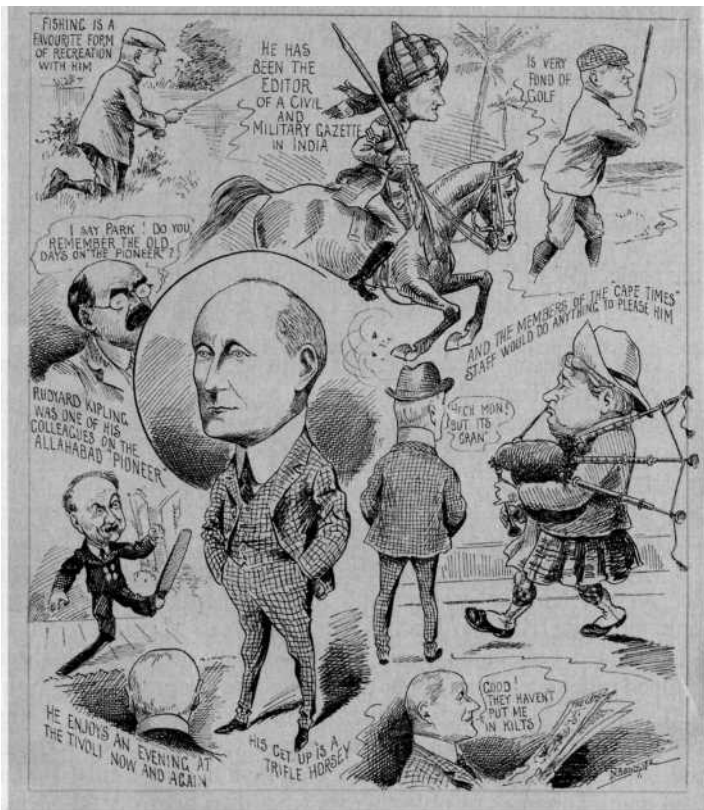
However, one of the early issues of the *Cape Times* under Park's editorship contained a comically glaring error which made him think the staff had plotted against him, though he was then reassured that it had been a mere printing error and was much amused. G.H. Wilson told the story in his book, *Gone Down the Years*.

Joseph Chamberlain was on his famous visit to South Africa at the time, and on his arrival in Cape Town the Government of the day gave a banquet to him at Groot Constantia. This was in the very early days of motor cars. One of the reporters of the *Cape Times* in describing the scene at Groot Constantia indulged in some rather high falutin' nonsense about the motor cars, and, owing to an error in the printing department, which dropped a few lines of type into the wrong position, the following astonishing paragraph appeared in the introductory section of the proceedings:

'On the stoep of the grand old homestead were assembled all the rank and fashion of the Peninsula, panting painfully with that distressful monotony peculiar to the breed, and emitting a pungent odour, which, on the still atmosphere of a hot summer's day, was more obtrusive than pleasant.'

This paragraph was immortalised in *Punch*, and made a circuit of the world's press for the next five years. Its exact terms have remained riveted in my mind through having opened hundreds of press cuttings in which newspapers in various parts of the world had gleefully taken over the immortal sentence.

Gerald Shaw in his first book on the history of the *Cape Times* describes Park's persistent analysing criticism of local government. Indeed he took a particular, and doggedly persistent line in enquiring into irregularities, inefficiency and failures in the local administration



[By permission of The Cape Town Library.]

of Cape Town, proving aggressively analytical, to the dismay of the Council which even threatened to switch its advertising from the *Cape Times* to its two competitors during a row over a very dubiously awarded road-making contract. Nevertheless Park continued, turning his attention to local mismanagement in suburban municipalities and urging all to be brought under central urban control. [Gerald Shaw, *Some Beginnings*, 1975].

He also writes that:

Like St. Leger and Garrett, Park enjoyed the club life which flourished in Cape Town at the turn of the century, belonging to the Civil Service and City Clubs. He was a witty after-dinner speaker,

notably at Burn's Nicht festivities. He relished the outdoor life and played tennis, bowls and golf when he could find the time. But his great love was sea-angling. His favourite fishing spot was Hermanus where, on one occasion, he caught a record bag of red stumpnose, finishing with two splendid biskop of more than 15 kilograms each. Of his contemporaries, only W.P. Schreiner, a master of the craft, was said to have been more skilful. Park delighted to fish from the most dangerous spots and would shake himself like a St. Bernard and roar with laughter after being doused by spray on the rocks. [W.P. Schreiner was the brother of Olive Schreiner and had been Prime Minister of Cape Colony from 1898 to 1902.]

In 1904 Jameson became Prime Minister of the Cape, having indeed met 'with Triumph and Disaster', he did show that he 'could treat those two impostors just the same'. It was to be Maitland Park who would stand by him, as the only possible candidate at the election, even defying the *Cape Times* directors, much as Garrett had defied Rhodes and so, stayed true to the *Cape Times* tradition of independence. Jameson had had an extraordinary career: he had been a brilliant doctor and had soon been recognized as the ablest and most popular doctor on the Kimberley Diamond Fields where he had met and become the close friend of Rhodes. He was a man of great charm. He also befriended Lobengula, giving him morphine to relieve his gout and helped relieve his fears about the concession for prospecting rights he had granted to Rhodes's British South Africa Company, though indeed Rhodes's aims for Matabeleland (soon to be renamed "Rhodesia") were rather more far-reaching than mining rights! He had walked many hundreds of miles across what then became "Rhodesia" where Rhodes had appointed him as administrator. But then he had also led the ill-famed Jameson Raid. As Prime Minister, Jameson returned to Rhodes's policies of encouraging agriculture, the railroads, education and the economic development of the colony, following liberal policies, releasing rebel prisoners and restoring their franchise rights, and doing much to win back the confidence of the Cape Afrikaners, then still called the Cape Dutch. The two defeated republics had their independent, self-governing status restored in 1905 to Milner's dismay. However the road for all four of the independent, or semi-independent, States towards a united country proved a steep, rocky, up-hill climb, fraught with problems over customs and tariffs, problems over the treatment and repatriation of Chinese "coolies" (for bringing them to work on the mines was regarded as little short of slavery), problems with the English in the Transvaal, problems with Indian labourers and their status within the country (negotiations in which the young Gandhi

took an active part) and problems between Boers and British. Jameson would eventually put his trust in the genial, tactful, broad-minded General Louis Botha, who realised that though the Boers still had a majority, nothing could be achieved without the co-operation of the British and it was Botha who would become the first Prime Minister of South Africa in 1910. By gaining the trust and co-operation of both Botha and Smuts, Jameson did much to atone for the damage he had caused by his disastrous Raid and did finally achieve what had been its goal, though his term of office ended shortly before actual Union was agreed. (Kipling remained suspicious: 'timeo Dutches et dona ferentes', he was to write in a letter to Park.)

There is another letter in the University of Cape Town's Jagger Library (Manuscripts and Archives section), showing Kipling's continued interest and involvement in Cape affairs and probably written in February. He continued, during his annual visits to the Cape to travel up-country, visiting Sir Percy Fitzpatrick (author of *Jock of the Bushveld*, which Kipling persuaded him to write as a book, having heard him tell the stories to his children.), Abe Bailey (South African mining millionaire and financial and political associate of Rhodes who also had a house in Muizenberg close to Rhodes's cottage there), Goold-Adams (Governor of the Orange River Colony after the Boer War) and Herbert Baker, and continued to take a keen interest in political wrangles, giving advice freely to people like H.A. Gwynne, (then Editor of the *Standard*, and one of Kipling's main allies in the British press, for whom Park wrote a monthly column of South African news on Kipling's recommendation).

The Woolsack,
Tuesday, 14. 1905.

Dear Park,

I understand that a complaint has been officially made to you in that I appeared in the press galleries on the day of the opening of the Cape colonial parliament.

I can't have you stand sponsor for my supposed misdoings – as regards the upper house the enclosed card will explain why I was where I was through the function in the throne room.

As regards the Lower I was passed through by the doorkeeper without a question. If he had put any to me I should have told him that I am, and have for some years been, an accredited correspondent of the *London Times*.

My credentials I have with me and shall be willing to show them to anybody duly authorized to demand them, but I neither went with you nor came away with you. My sitting near you was only a

question of my own preference and surely no responsibility is involved on your part.

Yours very sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

[By permission of the University of Cape Town.]

Interestingly, Maitland Park very soon persuaded his young nephew, Ian D. Colvin, who had been with him on the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, to follow him to Cape Town to be assistant editor along with G.H. Wilson. Colvin's voyage to Cape Town proved almost too exciting, for his ship was wrecked on the most southerly of the Andaman Islands and the crew and passengers were all marooned. He heroically sailed to Ceylon in an open boat with the chief officer to get help and so arrived in Cape Town amidst a blaze of publicity in 1904. Colvin was to prove a great asset to the *Cape Times* and to Cape Town. He was an outstanding journalist and a brilliant leader writer and also became fascinated with old Cape history. He dug up many stories from the archives which he used in the newspaper under the pseudonym, Rip van Winkle, and also in a delightful book called *The Romance of South Africa*. He wrote many other books too, including an outstanding biography of Jameson, a perceptive short biography of Rhodes, several other biographies and a book of satirical verse on Cape politicians in the style of Pope called *The Parliamentary Beasts* which Kipling greatly admired, calling him the best satirical poet since Pope. He also wrote 'a beautiful little opera' entitled *The Leper's Flute*. On one occasion, Kipling invited Ian Colvin and George Wilson to dinner at The Woolsack. Kipling had been writing a series of parodies on all the English poets from the days of Chaucer onwards. As Wilson told the story afterwards,

He walked up and down his study; we sat in front of the comfortable fire; and he chanted the poems to us. Our task was to decide, without any assistance or prompting, which particular English poet he was attempting to parody at the moment. One was always in a dilemma. Either one had to confess oneself extremely ignorant, or one had to make a bad shot, which, in effect, would tell Kipling that that his poem was not a success as a parody of the particular poet. However we got through the ordeal with reasonable credit between us, and certainly we had an extremely interesting evening. [G.H. Wilson, *Gone down the Years*]

Unfortunately, after only three years, Colvin had a nervous breakdown and was forced to return to Britain. After his recovery he joined the

Morning Post. G.H. Wilson recounted the story of the great farewell dinner which was held for him at the Cape Town City Club hosted by Dr. Jameson. The guests included Rudyard Kipling and many other friends. "Everyone there insisted on making a speech to pay their own tributes to him and eventually Colvin rose to reply, a shy figure, extraordinarily youthful in appearance, and obviously overwhelmed by the warmth of the sentiments that had been expressed about him. He beamed round the whole company and stood there for a moment as if about to begin his speech in reply, when suddenly he gracefully slid under the table, and that was the end of the banquet. Kipling told me that it was the most perfect reply he had ever heard made on such an occasion."

That was in 1907 and Kipling was to pay only one more visit, the following year, to Cape Town, though he refused ever to give up his right to The Woolsack during his lifetime. However, his friendship with Maitland Park continued, as a letter to Mrs Park illustrates (University of Cape Town Library). Kipling's children had been to visit Maitland Park's son, also called Maitland who was then thirteen. Kipling's daughter Elsie was then twelve and his son, John, eleven at the time of this visit.

The Woolsack,
Ap.13. 1908.

Dear Mrs. Park,

I write on Carrie's behalf – she being very wearied with all her packings. I wish very much that she or I were free on Tuesday afternoon for your visit, but this infernal heat has kept us from doing half a dozen urgent things in town which will have to be done before we go if the weather clears at all and we cannot be sure that one or other of us is likely to be at home on Tuesday.

What is left of the wreckage will come aboard the *Kenilworth* on Wednesday about 3 p.m. The children had a grand time with Maitland I gather and are loud in praise of your kindness. They say that, hearing them silent for a while (I suppose the little beasts were eating) you urged them to make more noise. Now that's a thing I wouldn't do with John – or Elsie, for that matter.

Carrie joins me in the best of good wishes and gratitude for making the children so happy and I am, as ever

Yours sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

P.S. Those were good pigeons!

[By permission of the University of Cape Town.]

YOUNG" MAITLAND (KIPLING'S GODSON) AT OXFORD

"Young" Maitland (Elphinstone Park) was just 8 when they arrived in Cape Town in 1902. When he was ten he had started school at S.A.C.S. (South African College School), entering there in Standard 5 (which would normally be for 12 year olds, but children were often pushed up into higher forms if they were clever). By 1908, when the letter above was written, he would have been thirteen and a half and was taken out of school in August, midway through the school year in the Cape where it ends in December. I assumed, at first, that he was then sent to boarding school in Scotland, but evidently this did not happen. However in 1911 when he was almost 17 he travelled to England and went up to Magdalen College, Oxford. Kipling's later letters make it clear that the boy had had no experience of school in Britain and Magdalen College too only have a record of his being at school at S.A.C.S. so that his education between the ages of 13 and 17 remains a mystery.

The group of letters written to Maitland Park, mostly from Bateman's, between 1912 and 1918 are in a much warmer, more relaxed and informal style. By that time Maitland Park's son, had finished whatever schooling he had and gone on to Oxford. It is very evident from these letters how close the friendship had become. Kipling evidently took his duties as godfather seriously and acted as young Maitland's guardian during his Oxford years and beyond, when the war began in 1914 and both Park's and Kipling's sons joined up. His very real affection for young Maitland and for the family is most apparent. He took a great interest in his progress and development, demanding fortnightly reports from the boy and seeing him regularly, giving advice freely and writing of his impressions with extraordinary sensitivity. However, I imagine there must have been other earlier letters, as the first I have was written in June, towards the end of young Maitland's first year at Magdalen when the boy was seventeen. The first of these describes a visit to Oxford which Kipling made with Carrie and his daughter Elsie in June 1912, although his dates are somewhat erratic.

Bateman's,
Burwash,
Sussex.

Thursday June. 20/12

Dear Park:

As Maitland* was in arrears with his fortnightly report to me and as he had not explained what the "slight operation" was which prevented him from coming down to us (tho' I had a shrewd idea

what the said operation was) I sent the boy word last week that we would be in Oxford Sunday 17th [16th] and wanted him to breakfast with us. My note crossed a long and circumstantial eight page letter giving me full details of all his past doings – and what he intended to do in the way of diversions and sports. The letter reeked (there's no other word for it) with sheer joy of life – tempered with a little reference to approaching Divinity Mods.

On Saturday night then (18th [15th]) we being at Wellington to have a look at John, we pressed on to Oxford, about an hour and a half by car through plumps of rain, and lay at the Randolph.

At 9.30 Sunday morn punctual to the tick (no bad sign) arrived Maitland looking radiantly well and happy in a singularly well-fitting grey suit with grey tie and straw hat. Tell his mother that, whatever hardships his training in the boats may have caused him, it has given him a carriage and an air and a manner which would delight her heart to the core. He has matured and improved enormously within the past half year, as gay and as delighted with being alive as ever, but with a larger knowledge of the world, a more equable poise and a certain gravity and suggestion of capability that sits well on him. Likewise he made a good breakfast – tea not coffee, which again is evidence of grace, for coffee in England is bilious. Then some three-quarters of an hour talk in the lounge of the Randolph about his work, his play, and what he intended to do in the Long. We got the dates fixed for Bateman's. He comes down to us (probably in uniform) the instant his O.T.C. breaks up on July 5th till 12th. He is very keen on his camp and told us at length how the inspection of his Corps had gone at Oxford. Never did I meet a lad with a clearer idea what he means to do. He told us of the Regiment (11th B.L.) he had chosen; tho' I nearly suggested the artillery. I think he is clever enough for a Sapper but that isn't his notion evidently. The talk ranged variously from South Africa to exams and back again till Carrie told him that he had to do something in the Long besides playing about and recommended a cycle trip or something of the kind to France so that he could get some French. He vows he doesn't know any – but I have my doots. Anyway it wouldn't do him harm to put some of his Long to learning a lingo – later on he could tackle German but colloquial French he must have. He said meekly that he was a good boy and would do what he was told. Of the last I have my doubts too and told him so. But seriously, he must work in the Long and when he comes down to us we'll see what can be done. Then he suggested that we all (Elsie, be sure, was there enjoying herself immensely and chaffing his head off when she got

a chance) come over to his rooms at Magdalen. Incidentally, he feigned a great fear that we might find the rooms in a filthy state. Of course we accepted with joy and walked down the half empty beautiful Sunday streets under a hot sky all heavy with thunderstorms with streaks of blinding sun between. Oxford to my mind is always lovely but I don't think I ever saw it lovelier than that morning – with Maitland interpreting it over his shoulder as he walked with Elsie.

There had been a suffragette "rag" on Saturday night and one caught fragments of dialogue from bare-headed boys talking together on the pavements such as: – "An' then they began in faint in wreaths – an' then I left" [*sic*].

So at last, very leisurely, because the heat was oppressive, under the great tower, all swaddled in scaffolding poles, across the quad, along the cloisters (where Maitland pointed out the rooms the Prince of Wales was going to have and, much more important, the little suite of three rooms which he himself hopes to get next term) to the deer in the park, through the "new" buildings to Maitland's diggings where we settled down just as a dark cloud broke in hail and gave us an excuse for turning on the electrics. "Ah!", said Elsie pointing to the lampshades, "Mrs. Park told me about them. I shall write her that they look very well."

I need not say that the room was in faultless order for which, after his protestations, I was minded to throw something at Maitland: but as he justly points out, the room is "a little small for a rag." It is crowded with books of all sorts – down to his boys' school story books and – a pathetic touch this – his album of stamps. You & his mother were, of course, over the mantlepiece. I like the photo of you but do not so much like the one of Mrs. Park. It doesn't look like her. Maitland explained his whole scheme of house-keeping – what and where he ate and how much it cost him. You must imagine all three of us firing every sort of question at him while he did the honours. During our talk two boys barged in – one a Blue (tennis) the other an Australian. We had Maitland to run after them (they bolted like rabbits when they saw us) and bring 'em back: But they were too shy. Evidently the boy is so popular and well-liked. One could see that by the way the other lads swung in with the merest pretence of knocking. And so we just sat about and talked and turned the books over. I told him one or two of the volumes weren't good for the young – but then I'm a narrow-minded beast and have no use for Ibsen & co. But he's an eclectic reader – quite rightly – and says he must dip into 'em all. What evidently lies nearest his heart are his military books.

We waited out the storm and found it was close to noon: then went out into glorious dripping sunshine under the shining leaved trees of Addison's Walk but then came a fresh shower and, turning back, we wandered through the cloisters and so vaguely back to the Randolph, Maitland bearing us company to the door of the hotel. He was lurching out somewhere or other – a road or a terrace that he knew naught of. Altogether we were very pleased at the boy's bearing and manner and vitality. He talked so long and earnestly about the terrors of exams and his limited equipment that I am almost persuaded that he must be abreast of his work. Men who are in a funk don't jaw about their laziness. It may be he finds if anything his work too easy. I don't know why. I may be overestimating the child's brains but that's not the impression he gave me, and that is why I am sure he can pick up everything he gives his mind to. I pumped in a few solemn maxims of sorts about working and C. [Mrs Carrie Kipling] naturally talked to him like a mother but it wasn't the day or the occasion for jaw. I'll have a good think over him when he is down here. Also I'll get some opinions of his working capacity from other folk. He is enjoying all this varied and curiously catholic life to the hilt but, I imagine, sanely and without excess. Of course he's getting his real education through the pores of his skin, as we all did: and behind that composed face there is a deuce of a lot of thinking going on. But be glad and rejoice in the boy for I think you have cause now and will have better cause later. He's quite good and as fit as a whole orchestra of fiddles. Our best love to you both. I wish we could have run you along in our car for that Sunday morn.

Ever sincerely,
Rudyard Kipling

One of the "other folk" Kipling promises to get opinions of young Maitland's well-being and progress was his History Tutor, C.R.L. Fletcher. In a letter to Fletcher (see *Letters*, vol.4, ed. Pinney, 8 February 1912) he writes,

Talking of boys there is a child at Magdalene [*sic*] – they call him the Magdalene Baby – a young S. African educated Scot, Maitland Park, son of my old Editor in India, whose parents are now in South Africa, where Park is editor of the *Cape Times*. He is a clever boy, I imagine, cox I believe to M's second eight and his mother's child – the only one. If you can see him and have a look at him some time I'd be grateful. He has the Colonial's somewhat wider knowledge of life (for all his years) than the average undergrad, but he

hasn't passed through an English school. He reports himself to me at intervals but I'd like you just to run an eye over him. Wants to get into the Army by way of the University. My own idea is he may be something of a scholar. But O Lord the Undergrad's a queer beast. He writes me letters in a slang as modern as last night.

The next letter that I have from Kipling to Park was written in December 1912.

Bateman's
Burwash
Sussex
Dec. 20. 1912.

Dear Park

A letter from the young 'un – at last! He's been having a high old time and has burned his hand (as I suppose he has told you) capering round a bonfire after Maudlin [*sic*] got head of the River on Fours, or some other shock-making event: all very reprehensible, of course, and thoroughly human. Now he writes remembering that we asked him to come out with us to Switzerland for a few days. Whence I argue that he is feeling bored. However, if he can get into a hotel (and I expect he will) we can fix it up for him and I think the Swiss air would do him a lot of good in the way of a pick-me-up.

Roderick Jones* who was here t'other day said he would look him up. If he has, he brings you the latest news. He is having a singularly good time.

But what I want to write you about is a friend and neighbour of ours, one, Sutherland-Harris*, Colonel of Territorials and a good fellow who some months ago underwent an operation. He is now going down to the Cape for a trip – not exactly an invalid but not in very good health. He was a solicitor till he married a wealthy and charming wife; he is a keen sportsman and extremely English. I want you to put him in the way of having a nice and a pleasant time (not exciting but instructive) at the Cape, if he comes out. Show him the beauties of that lovely land and above all, let him see Oranjezicht and your home life (am sending him a letter of introduction). He'll be a lonely bird, I imagine. Aged about 46.

We are off for Switzerland on Boxing Day and in Feb (if no war) Egypt – so you see we shall be on the same continent. Roderick Jones brought us good accounts of you both which cheered us. I haven't seen anything of Jameson for ages but am pestered by well-informed people who assure me that Botha* has now seen the Error

of his Ways and will be "a strong Imperialist", Timeo Dutches et dona ferentes. What's at the back of it all? Hull*?'

With our best wishes for a happy new year to you both sincerely
Rudyard.

At this time, Botha was supporting Britain's Defence Act with a small permanent force supplemented with a form of compulsory service. His position as Prime Minister had been strengthened by amalgamating provincial ministerial parties into one South African Party but now his cabinet was split because of a quarrel between Hull, who was the Minister of Finance and Sauer who was running the railways without reference to him – or to the Transvaalers (from Eric Walker: *History of South Africa*).

The next letter that I have is from six months later, written on one of Kipling's visits to Farnborough. Charles Carrington in *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work* (p.417) records that 'During the three years that John [his son] spent at Wellington (1911-13), Rudyard used frequently to drive over to Farnborough, not far away, where . . . [h]e could visit his son and meet many friends in the service . . .'

Farnborough Park
Farnborough
Hants.

June: 29. 1913:

Dear Park,

You will have heard Maitland's news by this time. We saw the boy in town yesterday when he lunched with us. Of course, you and his mother will be bitterly disappointed that he is unable to come down to the Cape but, as a matter of fact, this is very much the best thing that could have happened to him. It comes at a time when he is young and impressionable.

I have kept track of him without his knowing it and I do not think that there is anything that you need be troubled about.

Remember he is a year younger than the average of his college (and a year at that time of life is a long period of time) One of the things that they counted upon in taking him in to Magdalen was that that year should be an advantage and ultimately an honour to the College. He is clever – indeed Warren* thought that he might be able to get a pass degree without losing his vac. in S. Africa. But he can do much better than merely scrape through, and that is the reason why his tutors want him to work.

Remember again – He came up from the Cape, one year younger, I repeat than the average of his associates, without the experience of

an English public school behind him. Therefore many experiences which would have been no novelty to an English public school boy, he met for the first time and they quite inevitably distracted him. Let me make this clearer. A boy who is good at games or rowing at Eton knows and tastes all the advantages & disadvantages of popularity, all the intoxication of being cheered by a huge crowd as he comes in from a good innings or after doing something brilliant on the river, from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year. He is used to crowds, applause etc.etc. and so his college life is not a violent break from his school life. Maitland goes to Magdalen, practically a child, finds himself suddenly a cox (and a cox's position on the river is with but after the Almighty) to his College boat, is promoted to be cox to his first College boat & so forth. Naturally, the experience overwhelms him. He meets life, brilliant society, success etc., for the first time, and all at once, from his equals and superiors. At the Cape, perhaps, he was pre-eminent, or at least as good as the best. So you see he has been tried very high: and it was inevitable (it has seemed to me all along) that this would happen. Nothing, if you look at the situation calmly, has happened except that he has neglected work for an extraordinary interesting, varied & complicated life. Also, as I understand Oxford, the scholastic side is not obtruded on the undergrad. It is there and he must seek it. Maitland has now learned this and has paid a very high price for it, because he is so far separated from you that what, to an average English undergrad, would merely mean reading for a few weeks a few miles from home, means for Maitland the loss of a most dearly prized meeting. And what it means for you and Mrs. Park Carrie and I are grieved to think of.

But outside your personal grief there is nothing to worry about.

The shock (it is a severe one) has come at a very good time. He is not yet nineteen, but he has had his lesson and I am sure he will make good. I took some pains in my talk with him yesterday to point this out to him and I think he understood. He won't cox any more but he will row which his tutors approve of and he will keep his nose to the grindstone for the next twelve months. I fancy if this hadn't happened, he would perhaps, have taken a much lower place on passing out: and I hope now he will take a brilliant one. Think of your own self at nineteen, old man! He is as fit as a fiddle and in training for rowing.

Now as to the future. I doubt if he has written you about it as he expected to see you, but he has talked to us a good deal about going into the Scots Guards where he has been told by the father of a friend of his that he could get on at £300 a year. This is humbug! I

am staying now with Maxse*, Brigadier of the Guards, a Coldstream man. He tells me what I know from other sources, that a man can't get on in the Guards even with strict economy, if his parents do not live in London, for less than £500 p.a. And he ought to have £600.

If he is going to stick to the English and not the Indian army, the Black Watch is a cheaper & even the Guards confess, a very good regiment.

He talked however yesterday, quite seriously about the Foreign Office and professed himself not so enamoured of the Army. In fact I think that at present he feels, if he can't go into the Scots Guards (where his friends are) he would rather not go into the army at all. Now the F.O. is not a bad idea because the exam is very stiff and his undoubted intellectual qualities there would be a good asset. Also it wouldn't be too expensive to keep him. £200 or £300 per annum there would go far and is certainly a longer career and in this connection the year by which he is younger than his associates would count enormously for him. That year is such an advantage: and that is one of the reasons why I am so glad he has had his knock now. Most chaps don't get it till they are of age or even later.

I have seen Warren – sat opposite him at a dinner lately. He thinks well of the boy and has stood by him. I shall see him again and shall do a little talking on my own account.

So there you are. Be of good cheer. It's rotten for you and his mother but it's absolutely all right – what, except for a miracle, was bound to happen. Per Contra, if he had dug out and worked hard his first year coming up out a dry climate to the ancestral damp of Oxford, he might very well by now have been giving you trouble on the score of his health. Whereas, he is a hard man with a changed and resolute expression. It has made a man of him: and he bore himself before me very well indeed—and I was not easy on him.

I don't suppose he'll write you about it, but I expect he budgetted for three months holiday under your roof this year and will therefore, since he must keep himself and pay his coach this vac, need some more money for living expenses. I write this fresh from the meeting with the boy of whom I am not a little fond. If there is anything you want me to do write and let me know.

With all our love to you both,

Yrs sincerely,

Rudyard Kipling

Perhaps young Maitland *did* go home after all, for there is a letter from his father to Dr. Warren of Magdalen College written in July (probably

1913), about his academic and budgeting problems, which refers to him arriving there.

THE CAPE TIMES
Editorial Offices
St. George's Street
CAPE TOWN 26th July

My Dear Dr. Warren,

Many thanks for your letter. I am sure the South African farmers enjoyed their visit to Oxford and particularly the hospitality by Magdalen. It was a happy idea on your part to have them and the effect is bound to be politically beneficial.

As to Maitland your letter which I opened and read in his presence a few hours after his arrival was a painful [?]: especially as I had a letter from Cookson* only the week before telling me he at last had made marked improvement and was now doing well. I learned last year that Maitland had [?] no suitable [?] in his first year but he was apparently ashamed to let me know his full amount at the time: and it is only now that I have succeeded in getting all the details. He assures me he has been living on his £300 for the past two years: and I think I can believe him. I am making enquiries by way of precaution. The drain on me has been more [?] than I can say: and I confess I find it difficult to understand why no sort of check on unlimited credit by tradesmen can be devised. Perhaps I sent him too young to the 'Varsity, but as Kipling would say [?] had paid the price. And now as things are we must make the best of it: and I should be much obliged if you will continue the courtesy and general interest in his welfare, of which, I assure you, he speaks in most appreciative terms. I have, of course, censured him in the sharpest terms for his neglect in meeting his college bills. He seems to have feared that if he revealed the true extent of his extremity a couple of months ago, I would have taken him away altogether: and he is [?] to get his degree into credit to himself and his College. I am sending drafts of his mail to meet his billets and what he owes to his Town C.R.

Sincerely [?]

Maitland H. Park

[By permission of Magdalen College, Oxford.]

It is not clear from Magdalen's records how far young Maitland succeeded in catching up or sorting out his budgeting problems but for some reason he seems not to have completed his degree, though he evidently continued his studies over the following academic year.

It does not appear that Kipling kept as close a watch on his progress and did not see much of him, mainly because of his own son, John's serious illness.

Next comes a letter from Kipling to Maitland Park, congratulating him on being awarded his knighthood in January 1914, written from Engleberg where the Kiplings were on holiday.

GRAND HOTEL & KURHAUS,
ENGELBERG
Friday, Jan 2

Dear Park,

Just this minute seen the Honours list and sit down at once to send you and Lady Park our united most hearty congratulations. The usual lie which one sends to some eminent financier who has purchased his title is, of course, "his well deserved honour." It's refreshing to be able to write that in sincerity and admiration. You've had a hard & a heavy time of it these last years and I am more pleased than I can well say that the government (whom I love not) have had the decency to recognize it.

We are just here for a very short time to give the children a few weeks of winter sports and then hope to go back to England. We haven't seen anything of Maitland this term as we've been absolutely bound down to John, who, as you know, has had an operation and has been very far from well. He is better now and has grown & developed a moustache! At present he is out climbing a mountain (not a big one !) across the valley. Elsie is a woman grown. I am thankful to say that the wife is better this year than she has been in a long time and I am as fit as usual. I only wish we two could drop into Oranjezicht this night and have a real good time of it till the last train to Rosebank.

With much love,

Ever sincerely,
Rudyard.

Maitland Park's reputation as an outstanding journalist and clear-thinking analyst had been widely recognized. In 1909 his alma mater, Glasgow University, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Literature. He was President of the Cape Colony Society of Journalists and in 1909 was chosen as Chairman of the South African delegation at the Imperial Press conference. Two years later he had been chosen to represent the South African Press at the Delhi Durbar. He was also the principal correspondent on South African affairs for the London *Times*.

On returning home Kipling wrote a month later to Maitland Park's wife:

not
Bateman's
really but the little round cottage
at the end of the garden across
the brook

Feb. 12 1914
7.30.a.m

Dear Lady Park, – (It's nice to write that)

We came over from Paris last Saturday on purpose as it would seem to get your splendid box of peaches, which we are enjoying quite by ourselves as we have not any children with us, nor any servants—nothing but our two selves & one small maid.

You see we are making all sorts of inside changes to Bateman's in the servants' quarters – altering the kitchen, connecting the house, by a passage with the cottage at the back, putting in extra bathrooms etc etc. The house is full of carpenters, plumbers and bricklayers and we are living in the secretary's cottage – five rooms and a kitchen. We haven't been so happy in twenty years! Everything we have is under our hands: nobody comes to call because we aren't officially here; and the days have 16 hours apiece in which we can work. We haven't seen an English February for twenty years. It is not much to look at but so far it is mild, though rainy & blowy. I don't want to go away – nor does Carrie. The simple life suits us to the ground. Two dishes for lunch and no dinner, but supper is real bliss.

We go back to Paris again next week. We left Elsie at her beloved pension, with Madame Satatier. Two of her cousins are with her. You know that when she returns to France all the Frenchwoman in her gets up and rejoices. The day before we left—she—put—her—hair—up! I never felt so old in my life and she never looked more sweet. She was in agonies all the time for fear it would come down but it didn't; and now she writes that all is well and it has taken kindly to its new walk in life. She looks very much of a woman – especially when she talks French.

John, who is much better, has shot up into a young man with more than the rudiments of a moustache.

He had a splendid time in the snow at Engelberg and went back to school where he promptly won his house colours at football — sign that he was feeling all right. We go over to see him on Saturday.

I don't see your Maitland at all which (having a boy of my own) I don't bother about because silence is a safe indication of content. I hear of him from time to time and I think if he needed aught he'd let me know. John's illness knocked us out of having anyone in the autumn. We hope to be back in England again the middle of April when I daresay there will be snow in the ground. I wish you were here to see this little place. I know you'd rejoice in it.

We are both very concerned about your knee. You tell us lots about everyone except yourself. Please let us know how you are faring. We don't like the idea (except that it ought to give you a rest) of your going to bed for three weeks.

Best salutations to Sir Maitland (doesn't it look well!) I can't tell you how I have appreciated, even to tears of laughter, the situation in S. Africa. I own it came 5 years before I expected. The Dutch are a great people and certainly an effective one.

With all our best love to you both,

Ever most sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling

P.S. I forgot to say that this is really Carrie's letter. I only wrote it for her because she is busy at a side table (the room just holds two) under a lamp. (Haven't handled a lamp for years and years!) We've been working for the past two hours without a break—or interruption. And I haven't got to change for dinner either. Tell Mat that !

RK

The 'situation in South Africa' which Kipling referred to here, reducing him 'to tears' of wry laughter, confirming, he thought, his doubts in the loyalty of the 'Dutch' in South Africa was, presumably, because of the row over South Africa's position in the approaching war. At the start of the war in August that year, it was natural to assume that the Germans had designs on South Africa. Those Afrikaner officers who had not accepted the outcome of the Boer War, opposed joining on the British side. Generals de la Rey, Beyers and de Wet rose in rebellion with the aim of joining forces with the Germans across the border in South West Africa. Furthermore the strong German Pacific squadron which defeated Admiral Craddock off Chile in November and the virtually undefended South African coast lay open to bombardment by it. The situation was very tense. However by November 1914 Botha had rallied the loyal Afrikaners and squashed the rebellion.

Probably it was this rebellion and the fact that the Afrikaner press continued to blame Britain for the War, arguing that people should believe the German version: that the British were the aggressors, which

prompted Sir Maitland Park to translate and publish the memoirs of Prince Lichnowsky, *My Mission to London 1912 -1914*. Karl Max Fürst von Lichnowsky was German Ambassador to England before the War and had his memoirs privately printed and distributed. They were eventually published in Sweden. Park's translation was published by Maskew Miller in Cape Town in 1918. The Germans had refused to accept their own ambassador's argument that Britain, as a commercial state, would suffer enormously in the event of a war and would therefore do her best to prevent conflict, but that, on the other hand, they would not tolerate any weakening or annihilation of France, as they were determined to maintain the European balance of power and would therefore not allow Germany to gain superiority by force. Prince Lichnowsky's memoirs gave ample evidence that the British had not been the aggressors.

WITH THE BLACK WATCH IN FRANCE

The War started in August and in September young Maitland had taken Kipling's advice and joined the Black Watch instead of the more expensive Scots Guards though he began by training with the London Scottish. The young man wrote to Dr Warren at Magdalen as follows:

Dear Dr. Warren,

I went up to Oxford to-day and was nominated without any difficulty, thanks to some very strong recommendations. It has been most good of you to take so much trouble.

I have been recommended for a Highland Regiment, and in the meantime, while waiting to be gazetted I'm going to enlist in the London Scottish, on the advice of both Captain Slessor and Sir Reginald Hart*.

Yours sincerely,

Maitland Park

18th September, 1914.

[By permission of Magdalen College, Oxford.]

After training with the 3rd Battalion, Maitland was posted with the 2nd Battalion to France in January 1915 to join the Bareilly Brigade of the Indian Expeditionary Force. There he fought in the first battle of Neuve Chapelle, and of Aubers Ridge, after which he was given command of No.2 of the Battalion's four companies. He led his company at the second action at Neuve Chapelle in the battle of Loos and at Givenchy. At Neuve Chapelle, the Battalion's task was to advance 800 yards to take the German trenches defending the Moulin du Pietre. It

was hindered by the first British use of gas, which drifted back towards them instead of towards the Germans. Despite this the attack went ahead and the 2nd Company drove the enemy back from three lines of trenches, being the first to reach the German's reserve trenches half way to the Moulin. Park then switched across to the right side of the Battalion's advance from where he saw its other three companies retiring from the trenches which they had reached in front of the Moulin. He then counter-attacked the advancing Germans during the retreat, holding on till relieved.

At Givenchy Hill, a prominent landmark commanding the surrounding plain, following an unsuccessful attack from the British lines, German counter-attacks were expected, and the 2nd Battalion was ordered to man the trenches in front of the hill. The Germans exploded two mines in front of a parapet in front of the company's trench, the first burying Park and half his men in the debris. Park rallied them and rushed to the defence of the broken parapet when the second mine exploded and he was half buried again and wounded, six of his men were killed and many injured, he rapidly replaced them from his supports and was soon ready to meet the attack. To quote the report on the action by the Battalion Commander, Park showed 'a fine display of courage and discipline under trying conditions'. Park received an immediate award of the D.S.O. for his conspicuous gallantry in both engagements, an exceptional achievement for so young an officer. Givenchy was the last important action by the 2nd Battalion before it left France for Mesopotamia in November 1915. [(Information on both the French and Mesopotamian campaigns from *The History of the Black Watch in the Great War 1914-18* Vol.1 by Major-General A.G. Wauchope, 1925, who also happened to be Park's Battalion Commander, and from the obituary sent to me by the archivist at the Black Watch Museum in Perth.]

The Indian contribution to this campaign was commemorated on 7th October 1927 when the Indian Memorial, overlooking the battlefield near Neuve Chapelle, was opened by Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India. Rudyard Kipling came to the ceremony and it would be nice to think that he was perhaps accompanied by his godson, Captain Maitland Park. The memorial had been designed by Sir Herbert Baker in the form of a garden surrounded by carved screens in the Mughal style with two platforms representing burning ghats and with the names of the 5,015 men killed in the battle, most of whose bodies were never found or identified. Not all were soldiers, for among their number were muleteers, cooks, sweepers, mess servants and stretcher bearers. The Indian Expeditionary Force was also posted to Mesopotamia after the campaign in France, as was Maitland Park.

A letter from the Black Watch to Dr. Warren [?] at Magdalen reads:

Nigg
Rosshire
20/2/15

Dear Sir,

I have received yours of 17th and very much regret I did not reply to your telegram with reference to the next of kin of Lieut. M.E. Park.

He is now with the Expeditionary Force in France with his regiment the 1st Black Watch and I trust is well.

He was ordered abroad suddenly while on leave and I had omitted to leave his next of kin in this office.

Many thanks for so promptly supplying the information.

Yours very truly,
R.L. Campbell Treston Mohm [?]
[??] 3rd Black Watch
[By permission of Magdalen College, Oxford.]

Four months later Kipling wrote to Park who was apparently back in Britain, probably on leave. His son was still in France:

Bateman's
Burwash
Sussex
June 2 1915

Dear Park,

I am sorry that you couldn't come down to Bateman's, as I wanted to tell you what I am now writing. As matters stand at present I am "next of Kin" to Maitland in the W.O. books and any wires about him would come to me in the first instance which would cause delay.

If you have not already done so, you should at once report to the W.O. and have your own name entered as "next of Kin". The W.O. up to the present always give next of Kin twenty four to forty-eight hours notice in advance of the published list of casualties.

Further, the procedure is this. When an officer is dangerously wounded or in the opinion of the medical authorities his next of kin should be with him, application for a passport to go to France will only be considered on the presentation of the official telegram from the W.O. asking the "next of Kin" to come. Before this passport can be granted small photoes [*sic*] of the bearer, in duplicate at least, must be prepared & presented to put upon the passport itself. If you

have not arranged for this, I suggest you had better do so at once, so as not to waste any time over preliminary details when the need arises.

The regulations may be varied from time to time but I want to pass over to you now the responsibility of keeping track of these changes. Some people keep a passport to France going all the time but that has not been possible for me as a continuous passport has to be issued in London every three days. All these regulations are perfectly accessible and of course you will acquaint yourself with them beforehand.

You begin at the passport station at the Foreign Office just off Downing Street. You go on to a military authority in a neighbouring building and then proceed to the French consulate.

I cannot tell you how relieved I am that you have come over here because, you realize, that Maitland has already gone nearly twice as long as the actuarial estimate. Give me 48 hours notice of any change in your address until you have effected the change of name of "next of Kin" at the W.O....

The rest of the letter has been cut off – including the signature. I don't know who did this or why.

It seems that Sir Maitland and Lady Park did come a few days later after all for in a letter to his son, John (6th June, 1915) he says "We expect Sir Maitland and Lady Park down here for tomorrow night from London. They will be the first outside visitors that we have had for ever so long: and I expect that she may be a bit of a trial with her uncontrolled motherly emotions." (Pinney, *Letters* Vol.4) who notes from the Bateman's Visitors Book that the Parks were at Bateman's on 7 and 8 June.)

MESOPOTAMIA

In 1914 an Expeditionary Force was sent by the Indian Government to Basra to secure the nearby oil-field. By early 1916 it had opted to take Baghdad, but, over-extended, had been driven back, down the Tigris to Kut where its commander General Townshend was besieged with 12,000 men by the Turks. Lieutenant Park, still in command of No.2 Company was part of the relief force which was rushed up the Tigris without the usual backup of medical support and artillery to relieve Townshend.

Young Maitland Park was still keeping in touch with Magdalen as this letter from Mesopotamia of 21 February 1916 to the recently knighted Sir Herbert Warren shows:

C3/925 The 2nd Bn. The Black Watch
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX (heavily crossed out)
I.E.F. -J

Dear Sir Herbert,

It is very difficult for me to say how much I appreciated your letter, but I think you will understand. Your kindness to me while I was at Magdalen was always very great and I never expect to spend three happier years than I spent there. I only hope I shall be able to come up and have a peep at it very often in the future when this war does at last finish, and that I shall find you there as well as ever, for a very long time to come.

I wanted very much to come up for at least one night during my leave last November, but very unfortunately, didn't manage it. The Indian Corps leave was cut short as we were landing in France.

The voyage to Mesopotamia was a capital rest which we all thoroughly enjoyed. My Company and I came in advance of the Regiment with the Seaforth's and formed up again at Basra.

As soon as we were all here we were pushed up the Tigris by half Battalions – each wing in a paddle steamer with a barge on either side – for a couple of hundred miles.

We got out at a place called Ali-al-Gharbi, the north-east corner, as it were, of the Tigris where it comes to within thirty miles of the Pusht-i-Kuh and Persia.

The next day we marched twenty miles; there was a hot sun and no wind and the cracked and sandy desert made bad going, so we felt it rather after our long time on board ship. The sight of the snow-covered mountains on our right didn't make us any cooler.

By that march we were in time for the attack on the Turkish position at Shaikh Sa'ad the next day [7th January 1916 – *MM*]. We simply opened out from column of route and walked straight in at about two in the afternoon across a place literally absolutely flat and bare for miles. The rifle fire was as heavy as anything in France and of course much more effective. The Turk retired next day. [The Turks, reinforced by battle-hardened troops from Gallipoli, had dug themselves in at three strongpoints along the river, each of which the relief force had to attack over open ground. – *MM*]

Since then he has gone gradually back but he fights hard.

I got a bullet in the mouth at Sheikh Sa'ad but it was a very lucky one and did no damage.

This isn't exactly a prepossessing country at first sight, but when properly looked after is expected to become extremely rich. The Turk fights well, and up to the present most cleanly but the Arab is a gentleman of most unpleasant habits though very good to look at.

He is entirely treacherous and revoltingly cruel without being really brave. Unfortunately he is well mounted for the most part and takes no risks. Some of the things he does are incredibly horrible and would disgrace either a vulture or a desert dog.

The weather has been very cold and wet but has cleared up now and is becoming quite hot. Later on I believe the heat puts India's worst spots completely in the shade.

Please remember me to Lady Warren. Tea in her drawing-room seems a long way off just now, but I hope the possibility of it may come again sooner than, at present, seems likely.

Yours very sincerely,

Maitland Park.

21/2/16

[By permission of Magdalen College, Oxford.]

Though young Maitland makes light of this wound, as Kipling described to his father in a letter two years later, it had knocked out his back teeth and was sufficient to put him out of action for the next battle while recovering from this injury, but he was promoted on the 2 March 1916 to the rank of Captain. He was back again in action for the first battle of Sannaiyat where the enemy trenches stretched from the river bank to an extensive marsh. Park approached the trenches in a working party within 150 yards of the Turkish advance posts under heavy fire and was again wounded on 10th April. This wound kept him out of the next attempt to dislodge the Turks at Sannaiyat, again unsuccessfully, when most of the battalion's officers were killed. It was the last action before the beleaguered force at Kut surrendered to the Turks. General Townshend's foolish attempt to go beyond the Basra oilfields to Baghdad itself had cost many lives. However, when Townshend surrendered and many of his men died in prison camp, he still showed little remorse.

The 2nd Battalion had been fighting for four months without relief in great heat and bitter cold, in blinding rains, across open plains and harassed by marauding bands of Arabs, as Maitland had described. Revenge had to wait till the autumn when a new British commander arrived and the hot months were spent in training. Highly trained scouts had been a speciality of 2nd Battalion since its arrival in France and contributed greatly to its success both in defence and attack. All the Battalion's scouts had been casualties of the battles on the Tigris and fresh officers and men had to be trained. Park, now back in action, undertook this training, for which he received a special commendation from his battalion Commander; 'in this work Captain Park deserves the highest credit. To his knowledge, boldness and skill, much of the vigour of our patrolling is due.'

Park sent a card to Dr. Warren for the New Year of 1917 with a photo of the Battalion celebrating the Highland Games at Falahyieh inscribed with an old Iraqi greeting:

"May the best of the days of the year that is gone
Be worse than the worst of the days still to come"

In February 1917 Park led his company in the last battle of Sannaiyat where the battalion cleared the lines of the Turkish trenches. The Turks were forced to retreat from Kut up to Baghdad. Park was then on the sick-list for the next two months followed by six months leave in India, missing the Battalion's participation in the capture of Baghdad and Samara.

He re-joined his battalion shortly before it embarked for Palestine on 1st January 1918 to join the Egyptian Expeditionary Force which was to replace British troops required in France. After General Allenby's capture of Jerusalem, the campaign had stalled along a line stretching from Jerusalem to Jaffa on the coast. The 2nd Battalion was stationed on the extreme left next to the sea and it was while patrolling inland across a gently undulating plain covered in coarse grass intersected with wadis, up to the Turkish line that Park's luck ran out: he received a severe thigh wound on the 7th April and his party were hard pressed to get him back to the Battalion. This put him out of action for the remainder of the war, as he describes it in a letter to Sir Herbert Warren of 3 October 1918 whilst recuperating in England:

The Manor War Hospital,
C3/924 Epsom,
Surrey

Dear Sir Herbert,

I've been compelled to shut up shop for a bit which is vastly annoying just when things are going so extraordinarily well. I was hit this time in Palestine in April, and after some months in Cairo, they insisted on sending me Home for a bit. My thigh was broken in a patrol fight beyond Jaffa and but for the patrol being all old soldiers and my servant slinging me across his shoulders for a mile I should certainly be in Asia Minor.

I'm to be here till December before I can begin using the leg again so I hope later on, when I get a bit cleverer in my walking splint, to be able to run up to Oxford for forty-eight hours or so. Anyway I shall certainly do so afterwards when I get my leave.

Please remember me to Lady Warren. I hope you're both as fit as ever. I'm looking forward enormously to seeing Magdalen again.

The Kiplings told me the other day they met you a few nights ago in Town, but I shall send this to Oxford as I suppose you'll soon be there again

Yours very sincerely,
Maitland Park
3rd October.

[By permission of Magdalen College, Oxford.]

He had seen service as an officer in France and Mesopotamia and was awarded the D.S.O. in 1915 and the Italian Silver Medal for Valour. He was also twice mentioned in despatches. He had had a "good war". He had participated in nine actions and been wounded three times. Apparently, according to his obituary (from The Black Watch museum in Perth) he was universally known as "Mungo" in the army, but Kipling and his father always refer to him as Maitland.



CAPTAIN M.E. PARK, D.S.O.

[By permission of the Black Watch Museum.]

The last of the letters in my collection was also written after young Maitland had been wounded and was recuperating in Epsom. It is from Kipling to Park, whom, for the first time in these letters, he addresses by his first name. There are also two of Kipling's sketches in this letter.

BROWN'S HOTEL
LONDON
(DOVER ST & ALBEMARLE ST)

Sunday.

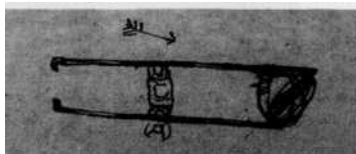
Oct. 27. 1918.

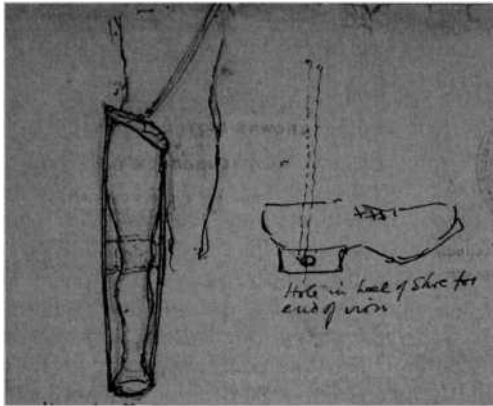
Dear Maitland,

We have been having rather an interesting time with Maitland. He got his first forty eight hours leave from Epsom on Tuesday last and came to spend it with us at Brown's where we got a room for him just above our suite and – though he never used it but once – close to the lift. He turned up "fizzing" as he said, with excitement: which was natural when you think he has hardly been able to see a street – Cairo not counted – and certainly not a crowd of white civilians for three years. He looks remarkably fit – a little lean of course but wholly and entirely a made man. One almost invisible dimple on one side of a cheek showing where the bullet went in that knocked out some of his back teeth. By the same token we told him to go to a dentist and have some false teeth put in, otherwise at his time of life the other teeth will grow and spread. Of course, as the teeth are merely molars and therefore useful to chew with, the youngster doesn't worry about 'em. If they were front-teeth he'd have been on thorns till he got false ones fitted. But that is a detail.

I'm glad you and his mother won't see him till he's out of his splint—the iron-arrangement that is keeping his leg straight and extending it. It is in the nature of two irons descending from a padded ring which fits round the right thigh close up by the fork. The irons snap into the heel of his right shoe. Here[s] the idea roughly of the machine by itself.

(A) is a leather knee-cap which is meant to surround & support the knee and keep the whole leg tight to the two parallel irons.





Hole in heel of shoe for end of iron

Here is the thing as it appears on the leg – only the knee-cap straps are braced up much tighter and the leg has no play between the irons. I've taken it off and put it on for him so I know. Well, as you can see for yourself the padded leather ring (it is supported, by the way, by a tape over the right shoulder) on which he practically sits, must stick out sideways under the uniform and, to the uninitiated produce the effect of some awful spinal curvature or deformity. It is merely intended, of course, to take the weight of the body off the leg while the leg is being pulled out. – I naturally inspected the leg with deep interest. It's a very nice leg – not as strong as the other upon which, when the splint is taken off at night, Maitland hops: but it is regularly massaged and he is ordered to do exercises with it and it bends well both at the hip joint and the knee joint, though time and massage are needed to restore the full flex of it. All these things I had to dig out of Maitland with a pitch-fork. He wasn't interested in his leg, but in London. He came about lunch on Tuesday and by 2.30 he and Elsie and I were at a Revue – I've forgotten it's silly name – but we all laughed consumedly, and walked home (till we picked up a taxi in Regent Circus) with the rest of the home-going afternoon crowd which is a war-mark of London life in these carless days. M. can hop in and out of cars like a bird. He has discarded his crutch & flourishes about on a huge crooked stick with a rubber tip.

We just had dinner and a quiet evening on Tuesday night – one theatre per diem is enough – and he told us many fascinating things about Mesopotamia & Palestine. He is a soldier to the inside of the core of his marrow – and a 42nd man before all. He explained to me

that, all things considered, there are absolutely no soldiers to match the Scots. I dare say he isn't so far wrong but I was not going to admit it.

We went – he and I – for a walk in the park [*sic*: 'park' see later] on Wednesday morning – the mere sight of the trees, the houses, the civilians, the uniformed women, American, French, Belgian & Italian officers (none of which, of course, he had ever seen before) simply thrilled him & made him "fizz" again.

Incidentally we spoke of his career. (There never was a Scot yet that hadn't the idea of a "career" firmly in his head). He has reached the stage of wanting to live and die with his battalion – an excellent notion for wartime, but, as I pointed out, in peace-time a battalion is rather a thing to die of boredom from than to live with, and suggested that he had better try for an administrative or staff job in Egypt or Mesopotamia. (He swears by Mesopotamia in spite of its drawbacks). I said this led further than the career of a battalion officer and has possibilities of decorations and things in it which were good. He lent me an attentive ear at any rate, and perhaps he may turn the matter over in his mind but, whatever he does, be sure that he will decide for himself by himself. But either way, he admitted that it was a sound thing during his convalescence to try and learn French and he and I and his Aunt Carrie went into the question to try to get some elderly & unpleasing virgin (he insisted upon both those attributes) to give him, say, a couple of hours twice or thrice a week at primitive & colloquial French, beginning at the very beginning. Oxford of course deprived him of whatever French he may have known: and nowadays a man's career depends on French. I expect we'll get that settled in the course of a week or two. It will give him something to come up to town for while he is at Epsom where he will be till Xmas, anyhow. By that time the leg ought not to be more than one inch shorter than its fellow – a deficiency which a thick sole will easily remedy.

Then he went out for a walk with Elsie – Hold on a minute. I'm wrong. He went out with Elsie and went on to his Club on Wednesday morning and for the walk with me in the Park on Wednesday afternoon. Perceval Landon – my old friend who knows Mesopotamia, Babylon, etc came to breakfast on Wednesday morning. He had been to see Maitland while he was in Whitechapel Hospital and they talked of the Near East. M. is very quiet – except when he is "on the rag" with us – but he talks "vara judeeciously".

On Wednesday night then we four went to see "Nurse Benson" it being not in request that evening. Another fool play but I saw M. literally laughing till he wept (I did too) and mopping his streaming

eyes with his handkerchief [this was a comedy at the London Globe Theatre].

Next morn, Thursday, he and Elsie went off together about some affairs connected so far as I could gather, with the wearing of a Kilt! He's particular about his wardrobe (of course he wears the trews while he wears his splint) and he looks very smart in his blue undress jacket with his two ribbons. He won't say anything about his Italian one but a man I know told me it was a rather fine one, "First Class for Military Valour".

Well, while he was out on Wednesday, the wife and I slipped over to the stores and got him his miniature D.S.O. There's no saying when he might be called upon to wear it and it's a useful thing to have. He turned up at lunch, very elated, over the fact that a grateful government had put £70 to his credit at Cox's – presumably for wearing this infernal splint. (You would have laughed if you had seen me get him into it the first morning. I took eleven minutes, but next morning I did it in four. He doesn't put it on till the last thing – after he has shaved – and the trews have to be drawn up over it.)

My young red-headed cousin Lorna Baldwin* came to lunch on Thursday and she and Elsie and he chatted & ragged as the young will and he took them that same afternoon to see Arnold Bennett's play "The Title". They had a ripping good time together and came home & after a quiet dinner I saw him off at Waterloo by the 8.37 for Epsom.

He writes now that that he is afraid he is in for a touch of the "flu": and as Elsie has come down with it and everyone else has too, I have a fear that his fear may be justified – unless it's only a return of his normal malaria which he says he gets for a few days every two months.

But this is just a scribble to tell you all about his visit while it is fresh in the mind. At the next month's end, all being well, we come up to town again and he'll put in a night with us – and later on, as he can take longer excursions, we'll get him down to Bateman's. Just now town is easier for him.

All my best love. He's a lad to be very proud of. Ever RK.

In discussing Maitland's career options with him, Kipling had suggested an administrative or staff job in Egypt or 'Messpots' but evidently did not recommend a return to Magdalen to complete his degree. In a letter in support of another young officer, Major Tallant, who had also come out of the war with a D.S.O., Kipling had also recommended a similar post and added 'rather than face the horrible

chance of a reversion to Balliol'. Perhaps he simply recognized that neither of the two were particularly academically inclined or would be likely to settle back to studies after their war experiences, [from two letters to Sir J.R. Dunlop Smith of 21 December 1918, *Letters*, Vol.4, ed. T. Pinney, pp.524-6.]

AFTER THE WAR

Young Maitland survived the flu epidemic, (if it was indeed flu that he had) which killed so many, and after the war returned to active duty



SIR MAITLAND HALL PARK, K.B., M.A., LL.D.

[By permission of the Cape Town Library.]

with the Battalion as part of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. In 1919 he was Assistant Provost Marshal, Cologne, with responsibility for both the German police force and British Military Police, an appointment he filled with credit.

In 1920 his father, Sir Maitland Hall Park fell ill and in March 1921 he died after what had been a very distinguished career with considerable political influence as Editor of the *Cape Times*. He had also been South African correspondent for *The Times* and had played a big part in the establishment of the University of Cape Town on the slopes of Table Mountain.

In 1925 "young" Maitland retired from the army. He had been a 'popular figure in the Regiment, remembered long after his retirement, both for an engaging tendency to madcap escapades and for his incredible gymnastic feats on Guest Nights and similar occasions', which seems particularly surprising after his serious thigh injury. Also in 1925 he married Miss Norah Segue by whom he was to have three daughters [*The Red Hackle*, August 1969]. He decided to go into business and once again appealed to his godfather for advice and help, at the same time telling him that he was now a married man! As noted by Prof Pinney [*Letters*, vol.4, p.86] there are three letters to him from Kipling held in the Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Library who have kindly allowed me to reprint them. They show that Kipling not only found employment for him, but also, rejecting a request for a loan to tide him over this period, gave him the money he needed instead.

The three letters from Kipling to Captain Maitland Park, all written from Bateman's are:

June 22. 26.

Dear Maitland,

I've written in to Furse (informally) about your application, and I hope it may be of some service. It rather took my breath away to realize that you were a married man: but these things will happen, & since you didn't give us an opportunity at the time of sending you a wedding present, I'm sending you the enclosed and you must get yourself that present, thus saving wear & tear to one mind in choosing. It comes with all best wishes from Us, for the present and for the future.

Your affectionate
Uncle Rud

[Courtesy, Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Libraries, Halifax, Nova Scotia.]

Then, four days later:

June 26 / 26

Dear Maitland

I am enclosing herewith Furse's letter to me concerning the reference form that I have just filled up, and I've said in my reply to Furse that, if you get the post, I don't think that you'll "Let me down." That is all you've got to live up to – and you better had.

Affectionately
Uncle Rud

[Courtesy, Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Libraries, Halifax, Nova Scotia.]

The final letter held by Dalhousie University Library was written about six weeks later:

Get on at once with this language business & learn your lingo; or it'll hamper you in promotion. RK

Aug. 8. 1926.

Dear Maitland

The news you give is of the very best and I needn't say how delighted we both are, nor how truly we hope it will be the beginnings of a great & joyous new life for you both.

But I'm sorry I can't lend you any money. It's against my principles and, as you know from our recent enquiries about Morison, it ends in fuss and worry.

What I want you to consider is that your father was one of my earliest friends and that therefore, it is quite natural for me to want to give you a hand to finish out this appointment-business. I don't want you to go out hampered by the obligation to send me fivers: besides it would worry Aunt Carrie to acknowledge 'em and get the proper receipts & stamps. Consequently you must take the enclosed cheque as a gift from your usurious Uncle. I could write you three pages of moral observations but I won't. I'll content myself with wishing you fortunes and good success & a big record later. Your affectionate uncle

Ruddy.

[Courtesy, Kipling Collection, Dalhousie University Libraries, Halifax, Nova Scotia.]

After a few years Maitland evidently changed his job.

Mr Richard Hunt, assistant archivist at Magdalen College knew nothing of the position he had first held after leaving the army but told me they only knew that he had worked for British Belting and Asbestos (whose records are kept at the West Yorkshire Archive Service at Kirklees) He worked for them from 1932-39, concerned mainly with their export business in Egypt, Sudan, South Africa and Burma and his

reports in the company's records in the archives mainly contain observations about individuals and business opportunities and there are contracts with alterations in his handwriting and signed by him.

He was recalled into service by the Black Watch in 1939 at the outbreak of the Second World War and served for a time as APM for London District and then with the Pioneer Corps in Scotland but then the effects of his earlier wounds again forced him out of uniform. During his last years he was in very poor health. He died on 6th May, 1969 in a nursing home in Weybridge, Surrey.

THE END

SELECTED BIOGRAPHIES

Park, Sir Maitland Hall, K.B., M.A., LL.D. (1862-1921). Knighted in 1914. See the main article for further information.

Hensman, Jean thought to be the wife of Howard Hensman (?-1916). He had gone out to India in the 1870s and became correspondent for the *Pioneer* at the headquarters of the government of India. He also represented *The Times*, and was recognised as the main point of connection between officialdom and the press. [Pinney, *Letters*, vol.1, p.220].

Legder, ?, London Manager of the *Cape Times*.

Mills, John Saxon (1862-1929), was described by Gerald Shaw as 'a barrister of literary bent' under whose leadership the *Cape Times* became 'stridently bellicose'.

Sprigg, Sir John Gordon (1830-1913), was four times Prime Minister of Cape Colony between 1878 and 1904. He was described as a 'vain and ambitious politician who favoured an aggressive approach to dealing with African territories' by Martin Meredith in his book *Diamonds, Gold and War*.

Gill, Sir David (1843-1912), born in Aberdeen. He was H.M.'s Astronomer at the Cape. He pioneered the application of photographic methods to charting the sky and determining precise stellar positions and then succeeded in cataloguing all the southern stars, 454,875 of them. He was also the precursor of South African geodesy, enabling precise mapping to be possible. He was a good dancer, a witty raconteur and was President of the Owl Club, a dining club of South African writers, musicians, scientists etc established in Cape Town patronized by many celebrities including Mark Twain, Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Capt. R.F. Scott and others, all of whom were invited as speakers.

Barraclough, ? in 1902 was Reuters General Manager in South Africa. He remained with Reuters for many years and when he finally returned to Australia he continued to work for them there. [*South African Dictionary of Biography*].

Hely-Hutchinson, Sir Walter (1849-1913), British Colonial Governor. 1893. Governor of Natal and Zululand. 1894, recommended

annexation of trans-Pongola territories thus denying access of Transvaal to the sea. After the Jameson Raid, with the approval of Milner, he resisted the tendency of the Natal ministers (self-government had been granted in 1893) to be over-friendly to Kruger for commercial reasons, thus ensuring Natal's loyalty to the Imperial cause on the eve of the Boer War. 1901, he succeeded Milner as Governor of the Cape Colony. He left South Africa in 1909 His son, Noel, became a lecturer of music at the University of Cape Town and later set two of Kipling's poems to music. (" 'Cities and Thrones and Powers' " and "Cuckoo Song"). [*South African Dictionary of Biography*].

Milner, Viscount Alfred (1854-1925), public servant and politician. His career took him to Egypt as Director-General of Accounts, back to Britain as chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, then to South Africa as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa. [*ODNB*]. (See also Lady Edward Cecil).

Girouard, Sir Edward Percy Cranwell (1867-1932), military engineer, director of railways in Sudan and director of military railways during the Boer War. He later became High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria and Governor of East Africa. [*South African Dictionary of Biography*].

Goold-Adams, Major Sir Hamilton (1858-1920), after serving in the South African War was Lieutenant-Governor and then Governor of the Orange River Colony, 1901-10; High Commissioner of Cyprus, 1911-14; Governor of Queensland, 1914-20. [Pinney, *Letters*, vol.3, p.101].

Lyttleton, Alfred (1857-1913), chairman of the Transvaal Concessions Commission, 1900-3; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1903-5. [Pinney, *Letters*, vol.3, p. 101].

Park, Lady Alice, wife of Sir Maitland Hall Park.

Jameson, Dr Leander Starr (1853-1917), friend of Cecil Rhodes and probably best remembered for the failed "Jameson Raid" into Transvaal of 1895. Before this, he was administrator of Southern Rhodesia and went back to Britain after the failure until 1899 when he returned to South Africa, becoming a strong supporter of Milner. In May 1900 Jameson was elected unopposed to replace Rutherford Harris as member of the Cape house of assembly for Kimberley. He

became a director of De Beers, and of the British South Africa Company in 1902. Initially he was received coldly by his fellow parliamentarians, but he later won over some of them with a maiden speech asking that they forgive the 'blunder' of the raid. [ODNB].

Also see text of article.

Rhodes, Cecil John (1853-1902), English mining magnate in South Africa and ardent imperialist, founder of the British South Africa Company, through which Rhodesia was established; by his will set up the Rhodes Scholarships. Kipling first met him in Cape Town in 1891. [Pinney, *Letters*, vol.2, p.294]. Also see text of article.

Baker, Sir Herbert (1862-1946), re-designed and re-built Grootte Schuur for Rhodes. He also re-built the Woolsack and became a fashionable architect in Cape Town and in Johannesburg. After Rhodes's death he designed the grand Rhodes Memorial on the mountainside above Grootte Schuur for which Kipling provided the inscription of the last four lines of his poem "The Burial". Baker also designed the Union Buildings in Pretoria. He remained in South Africa until 1913 when he was commissioned to design the buildings for New Delhi together with Lutyens and designed South Africa House on Trafalgar Square and the "new" Bank of England.

Smartt, Sir Thomas (1853-1929). He was an Irish doctor, farmer and politician who had arrived in the Cape in 1880. He founded a syndicate for the purchase of land in the Karoo to prove the value of irrigation there and by 1910 they owned 56,000 acres. He also built four large dams, reared a high quality of sheep and cattle and produced a wide range of cereal crops on this land. He was elected to the Legislative Assembly, of which he remained a member for 35 years, initially as a member of the Bond party, but, after the Raid, remained loyal to Rhodes when he became leader of the Progressive party. He also accompanied Rhodes to Kimberley, where he too remained for the duration of the siege in the Boer War. In 1904 he voluntarily relinquished his position as party leader in favour of Jameson and when Union came, advocated a colour-blind franchise. [*South African Dictionary of Biography*].

Price, Sir Thomas Rees (1848-1916), an officer of the Cape Government Railways since 1880 and a commissioner of South African Railways after establishment of the Union. [Pinney, *Letters*, vol.3, p.73].

Faure, Sir Peter (1848-1914). 1899, member of legislative assembly, representing the Bond. When, in 1890 Rhodes formed a cabinet in collaboration with the Bond, Faure became minister of Native Affairs. In Rhodes's second government (1894-96) he was Colonial Secretary, known for his liberal views. When the cabinet re-shuffled after Rhodes resigned following the Jameson Raid, Faure served under Dr. T.N.G. de Water in Sprigg's cabinet. He became Minister of Agriculture and developed the South African fishing industry. At this time Faure changed his political convictions and sided with the Progressive Party. During Schreiner's administration (1898-1900) Faure joined the opposition. When Sprigg returned again as Prime Minister in 1900 Faure became Minister of Agriculture again. During the last phase of the Boer War (1899-1902) Faure came strongly to the fore as an opponent of the movement to abrogate the Cape constitution. He was again Colonial Secretary (1902-04) and he again served under Jameson as Colonial Secretary. [*South African Dictionary of Biography*].

Fairbridge, Miss Dorothea Anne (1862-1931), South Africa writer of fiction and history. [Pinney, *Letters*, Vol.3, pp.107-8]. She edited the previously unpublished letters of Lady Anne Barnard which give an unrivalled picture of life at the Cape at the end of the 18th century.

Graham, Mr & Mrs Thomas. Thomas Graham (?-1940), was a criminal lawyer. He became Judge President of the Eastern District on the Cape, and was knighted.

Cecil, Lady Edward (1872-1958), sister of Sir Ivor Maxse and of Leo Maxse; wife of Major Lord Edward Cecil, the son of Lord Salisbury who was a distinguished soldier in many campaigns. He served as General Baden-Powell's Chief of Staff during the Siege of Mafeking, during which time his wife moved into Groote Schuur. She married Lord Milner after the death of her husband.

Laurier, Sir Wilfred (1841-1919). Prime Minister of Canada.

Barton, Sir Edmund (1849-1920). Prime Minister of Australia.

Seddon, Richard John (1845-1906). Prime Minister of New Zealand.

Park, Captain Maitland Elphinstone, D.S.O. (1894-1969), son of Sir Maitland and Lady Park. Referred to as "young" Maitland or Park Jnr in this article. [*The Red Hackle*, August 1969].

Jones, Roderick. As a very young man, Roderick Jones went to Pretoria, where he worked as a journalist in the only English language newspaper in the Transvaal where he got to know Smuts and Botha. In 1892 he got the first press interview with Jameson after the Raid. In 1902 he was in charge of Reuters South African section in London, was back in South Africa in 1905 as Regional Manager, until 1915 when he took over as the news agency's General Manager. He later bought Edward Burne Jones's "End House" in Rottingdean, and married the playwright Edith Bagnold.

Sutherland-Harris, Lt-Colonel A.S. (1865-1934), a fellow-Mason and neighbour of Kipling's who lived in Burwash for a time. [Pinney, *Letters*, Vol.5, p.263].

Botha, Gen. Louis (1862-1919), first Premier of United South Africa in 1910.

Hull, H.C., Minister of Finance in Gen. Louis Botha's first 1910 United South Africa Cabinet.

Warren, Dr Thomas Herbert (1853-1930), was President of Magdalen College from 1885 to 1928. He was knighted in 1914. The scholars whom he attracted to Magdalen included H.W. Greene, C.R.L. Fletcher [*A History of England* with Kipling], C.C.J. Webb, and Christopher Cookson. A.D. Godley was already a classical tutor at Magdalen. [ODNB].

Maxse, Brigadier Sir (Frederick) Ivor C.B. D.S.O. (1862-1958), was commanding officer of the 1st Infantry Division at Aldershot. He had distinguished himself in the Nile Expeditionary Force in the Sudan against the Khalifa and served in the Boer War from 1899-1900. In 1914 he was the Colonel of the Coldstream Guards and fought at the battle of the Marne and at the Somme where he commanded the 18th Division. He was the elder brother of Kipling's friend Leo Maxse and of Lady Edward Cecil.

Cookson, Christopher was a fellow and tutor of Magdalen College from 1894 to 1919. As he taught classics, it is indeed possible that he may have been one of Park's tutors.

Hart, Lt-General Sir Reginald held command in South Africa from March 1912 to 1914. [*Hansard*, 20 April 1914]
<http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/commons/1914/apr/20/south-african-command-sir-reginald-hart>

Baldwin, Leonora (but known as Lorna) (1896-1989), daughter of Stanley Baldwin, First Earl Baldwin of Bewdley (1867-1947), Prime Minister and cousin of Rudyard Kipling. [ODNB].

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 Gordon Corrigan, *Sepoys in the Trenches* (1999).

THE LETTERS

<u>Date</u>		<u>Format</u>	<u>Location</u>
8 March 1889	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
30 June 1902	Kipling to Park	AL	Univ of Sussex
11 July 1902	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Cape Town
14 August 1902	Kipling to Park	TLS	Univ of Sussex
Undated	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
24 September 1902	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
14 [February?] 1905	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Cape Town
13 April 1908	Kipling to Mrs Park	ALS	Univ of Cape Town
20 June 1912	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
20 December 1912	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
29 June 1913	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
26 July [1913?]	Park to Warren	ALS	Magdalen Coll.
2 January [1914?]	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
12 February 1914	Kipling to Lady Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
18 September 1914	Park Jnr to Warren	ALS	Magdalen Coll.
20 February 1915	Black Watch to Warren	ALS	Magdalen Coll.
2 June 1915	Kipling to Park	AL	Univ of Sussex
21 February 1916	Park Jnr to Warren	ALS	Magdalen Coll.
3 October 1918	Park Jnr to Warren	ALS	Magdalen Coll.
27 October 1918	Kipling to Park	ALS	Univ of Sussex
22 June 1926	Kipling to Park Jnr	ALS	Dalhousie Univ.
26 June 1926	Kipling to Park Jnr	ALS	Dalhousie Univ.
8 August 1926	Kipling to Park Jnr	ALS	Dalhousie Univ.

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