

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL



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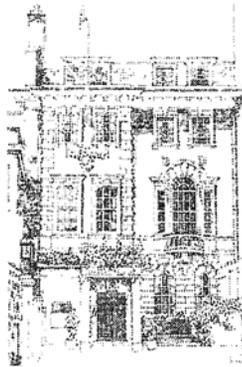
The *Kipling Journal* is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society, a charity whose object is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Journal is open to submissions of any length between 500 and 5000 words from students, scholars, professional academics, and Kipling enthusiasts. All articles are peer reviewed.

The opinions expressed by contributors are their own, and do not necessarily correspond to those of the Editor or the Council of the Kipling Society.

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## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**Wednesday 4 May 2016**, Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, 12.30 for 1 pm: Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society. Guest speaker: **Patrick Cockburn** on 'Kipling, Journalism and War'.

**Wednesday 13 July 2016**, Royal Over-Seas League: Kipling Society Annual General Meeting, 4.30 pm in the Mountbatten Room. A complimentary tea will be served at 4 pm in the Wrench Room for members who inform the Secretary in advance.

At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room **Patrick Hennessey**, former army officer and presenter of the recent BBC2 programme *Kipling's Indian Adventure*, will speak on 'Kipling and the Military'.

**Wednesday 14 September 2016** At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: **Robert Pettigrew, M.B.E.**, will speak on 'Kipling's Himlayan Trek to Kulu and the Outer Saraj'.

**Wednesday 11 November 2016** At 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: speaker to be arranged.

June 2016

ANDREW LYCETT  
(*Meetings Secretary*)

**THE KIPLING JOURNAL**  
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## EDITORIAL AND NEWS

This issue contains the last tranche of the 'Cadell Hoard' edited by Alastair Wilson, including a long letter from Mrs Hunt describing in minute detail the visit paid by Rudyard and Carrie Kipling, during their annual summer trip to England, to the Hunts' Bedford home in the summer of 1894. Mrs Hunt gives a rare close-up view of the couple as guests and (albeit unassuming) celebrities, and like the rest of the correspondence, shows Rudyard and Carrie as warm and loyal friends. The *Kipling Journal* is greatly indebted to the late Valentine Cadell for her generosity, and to Alastair Wilson for his editing skills.

Kipling in India has been the theme of a recent conference in Shimla and of a fine TV documentary (see below). This issue takes up the theme with a splendid and little-known early article by Kipling. 'The Sutlej Bridge' (1887) is a lively, detailed account of the construction of the great railway bridge at Ferozepore 'by one who knows nothing whatever about engineering' (but can obviously learn very fast). This is an important source for Kipling's great story 'The Bridge Builders', and is also a superb and fascinating piece of journalism in its own right.

Mark Paffard's article on 'Wireless' (1904) discovers subtleties in this famous story which have eluded previous Kipling critics. He shows that the portrayal of the consumptive chemist's assistant John Shaynor is more sympathetic, and the story's engagement with the thought and poetry of Keats more complex, than had previously been realized. A similar theme of mortality is taken up in M. A. K. Duggan's thoughtful comparison of Kipling's poignant 'Morrow Down' which invokes the Neolithic child 'Taffy' as the ghost of his own lost daughter Josephine, with the Welsh poet Waldo Williams' poem *Geneth Iffranc*, a lyrical meditation on the grave of an unknown Neolithic girl who died at the age of twelve years.

### KIPLING'S INDIAN ADVENTURE ON TV

On 20 February 2016, BBC 2 showed the 60 minute documentary film 'Kipling's Indian Adventure', directed by Patrick Hennessey (who will be addressing us on July 13th.) The film included wonderful footage of Lahore's Government buildings, of the night-time bazaar frequented by Kipling, now lit by electricity, and leafy Shimla, and interviews with journalists, scholars and Kipling specialists from India, Pakistan and England (including two brief clips of your Editor). Describing the young Kipling as a 'rebel' against Raj convention, Hennessey emphasised Kipling's love and knowledge of India and his independence and originality.

**‘KIPLING IN INDIA: INDIA IN KIPLING’ AT SHIMLA, APRIL 2016**

A symposium of 21 invited speakers from India and other countries was held from 26 to 28 April 2016 at the Indian Institute of Advanced Studies in Shimla, attended by 6 observers from the Kipling Society. In the palatial surroundings of the IAS, housed in the former Vice-Regal Lodge, papers were given by speakers from India, Pakistan, Britain, New Zealand, U.S.A. and Canada, including four members of Council. On behalf of the Kipling Society, Dr Hamer presented the IAS with copies of David Richards’ *Bibliography*, Thomas C. Pinney’s edition of Kipling’s *Complete Poems* and recent biographical and critical works. A fuller report of the Symposium will appear in our September issue.

**KIPLING AND JANE AUSTEN**

Members of the Kipling Society may recognise the quotation below from Kipling’s poem ‘Jane in Paradise’. Those who like Kipling’s ‘Janeites’ are also Austen enthusiasts, may be interested in this notice from the Jane Austen Society of North America:

*Jane went to Paradise;  
That was only fair.*

JASNA Southwest invites you to join us in beautiful Huntington Beach, California to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Jane Austen’s ascent into the paradise of Rudyard Kipling’s imaginings, and to contemplate how she has influenced literary and popular culture, and been reimagined by succeeding generations of scholars and enthusiasts in the 200 years of her ‘afterlife’. This conference will be held on 6–8 October 2017. For details, including the Call For Papers (deadline 16 October 2016), consult [www.jasna.org](http://www.jasna.org).

# THE CADELL HOARD CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR AND MRS KIPLING AND MR AND MRS HUNT

PART III, 3 July 1894–October 1907

Edited by Alastair Wilson

[Cdr. Alastair Wilson, R.N., is a lifelong admirer of Rudyard Kipling's writings. He is currently editing and transcribing Charles Carrington's extracts from Carrie Kipling's diaries for the Kipling Society's website. Parts I and II of 'The Cadell Hoard', his transcriptions of the Kipling–Hunt letters, appeared in *Kipling Journal* nos. 362 and 363 (September and December 2015). *Ed.*]

This is the final tranche of the 'Cadell Hoard', a cache of thirteen letters and one telegram from Carrie and Rudyard Kipling to Henry and Clara Hunt, who became their friends during the Kiplings' honeymoon trip to Japan, plus one letter from Clare Hunt to her husband which opens Part III. These letters, kindly donated to the Kipling Society in January 2015 by Mrs Valentine Cadell and transcribed by Alastair Wilson, are published here for the first time. The letters in Parts I and II (nos. 1–7) were written in 1892–3. The first of the letters printed here dates from the following year. This writer finds the correspondence tantalising, for a number of reasons:

Firstly: despite their warm and friendly tone, apart from the Kipling's visit to the Hunts' Bedford home in July 1894, described by Mrs Hunt in Letter 8 below, and the earlier meeting in New York mentioned by Rudyard Kipling in Letters 5 and 6 ('Cadell Hoard II', *Kipling Journal* 363, Letters 10–12), the letters seem to record a series of missed meetings. What happened?

Secondly: apart from two brief mentions of the Hunts during the Kiplings' honeymoon stay in Japan, there is no record of any meetings with the Hunts, or of letters sent or received, in Carrington's or Rees' Extracts from Carrie's diaries, which are all that remain to us of her journal.<sup>1</sup> (These extracts were made when Birkenhead and Carrington were preparing their biographies of Kipling's life. They were given access to Carrie Kipling's diaries but were not allowed to copy them, only to make 'extracts', which have remained unpublished, although many commentators on Kipling have drawn on them). The two families appear to have been on friendly, if not intimate terms, and yet there is no note of any receipt of the news of Mr Hunt's death in 1918, nor of the death in battle of the Hunts' youngest son Cecil in 1914.

Was there any breach between the families to cause the correspondence to dry up? Or was it merely the normal drifting apart of two families with little in common apart from one early shared experience? This writer considers the latter to be the more likely reason; There can be few of us who have not said, at some time or another, 'We never hear of the what-you-may-call-'ems now: I wonder if they're still alive/together/in Spain.'

For a more complete commentary on the letters, see the New Reader's Guide section of the Society website.

[The most likely reason for the missed meetings, and perhaps for the fizzling out of the correspondence, is probably the fact that both couples spent so much of their time in different countries. Mr Hunt's work in Japan for Alt & Co. took him out of England for almost half of each year, always with at least one of his family. Rudyard, Carrie Kipling and their children lived in Vermont until 1896, paying an annual visit 'Home'; between 1897 and 1907 they wintered abroad, usually in South Africa, and after that they often travelled in Europe until 1914. More than half the letters in the 'Cadell Hoard' mention journeys, imminent or recent, undertaken by either or both couples; two of the letters printed below were actually written on board a steamer to Cape Town (Letter 11) and a trans-Canadian train (Letter 13). With both families spending so much time in long distance travel, it is not surprising that they met only rarely. *Ed.*]

### LETTER 8 (3 July 1894) Clara Hunt to Henry Hunt

This letter to Mr Hunt in Japan is the only one in the sequence not written by either of the Kiplings. It describes in considerable detail a three-day visit paid by the Kiplings to Clara Hunt, at the Hunt family home in Bedford (not mentioned in either the Carrington, or the Rees extracts from Carrie's diaries).<sup>2</sup>

12, Linden Road,  
Bedford  
July 3rd 1894

*Arrd. 13 Aug. '94*

My dear dear Husband,  
It seems as though I never should hear from you. It is such a long time and I am wearying for news. Have mails come without a letter or have they been stopped in any way – it must be nearly a

fortnight since I got a letter – no, I see it was on the 21st so it is 12 days. I suppose that is not so very long, only I want letters so very much, dear! I am so longing, longing for you – that is how it is, I suppose.

Lily came back last night and she seems to have enjoyed her visit very much. She has had a good deal of tennis and there have been several nice people staying there, some quite new from Oxford – a Mr. Malin, Lily<sup>3</sup> cannot tell me the spelling, but perhaps Regie<sup>4</sup> may know – he is famous for ‘throwing the weight’. Then there was a Mr. Bailiffe & someone else, Mr Olliver, all young lawyers – they had some pleasant picnics and one day they went to the Exhibition at Earls Court. Lily says the sons seem very quiet steady fellows – I expect it has done her good, the change. She looks very well.

Leslie came down yesterday – it was decided for her to come a long time ago & when the Kiplings settled to come we tried to alter Leslie’s time but she could not arrange it satisfactorily so we shall be rather a full house – it is only for three nights however so it will not make much difference. She is just the same, a jolly lively good natured girl – so one does not mind having her so much.

Baby<sup>5</sup> is getting such an intelligent creature her little eyes are so keen & bright & she is growing & strong, she tries to raise herself now from the bed when she is lying down. Of course she cannot do it but she manages to lift her head off the pillow.

Winnie<sup>6</sup> is ever so much better – she says so herself & that she feels almost as if she were in Japan – she says it is the warm weather – perhaps it is, we have had it very hot for several days, 79 on Sunday in our porch but I am sorry to say it is much cooler and I am dreadfully afraid of rain.

Harben cleaned (?) round the edge of the tub with Cook and Geoffrey and Cecil brought home some water lilies and leaves – it does look so well – the buds all look come out in the day and close at night – they will not last very long, I suppose but it has a very pretty effect now. The boys are very good and I hope things are going better.

July 7th Three whole days I have been without writing a line to you, dearie, but then I have had three letters from you!!! You know how happy these have made me, dearie (dated May 31st, June 4th & 9th). I will answer them first & then tell you about the Kiplings visit which is now over –

First my eyes are better but I still need glasses and when you come home I think if I am not all right I will go with you to get

some – I can see very fairly for most things, but threading my needle and little things now & then like that.

I suppose it is best, the arrangement with Mary, & I quite understand you needed them especially as you were not able to go out earlier and Edward<sup>7</sup> was so seedy. I am so pleased to hear that Mr. Gotch after all is likely to turn out well. It is curious how responsibility improves a man; he has his one chance & fortunately he has sense enough to grasp it. Bessie tells me in a letter from her that things are smoother with Kobe, Edward being away, so that is how Jack views it. I suppose Mr. Gotch does just what he is told & there are no questions but then he cannot do as much as Edward. Poor Edward, I am so sorry to hear he is so slowly gaining his health again, however you do not speak so hopelessly as Jack did & I hope his journey home may do him some good. Yes of course I will ask him here and do whatever I can for him if he cares to come before you come back.

Poor Mr. Fraser, what a very sad thing: his death seems to have been so sudden, just after his return. I saw it in the paper first.

I am very sorry to hear of Regie being so unwell I suppose it is the heat that tries him before his health is really established. I hope he will get better, dear, being (?) with his (?). He does not like me to write to him about taking care of himself and so, as he says nothing in his letters about his health, perhaps I had better not notice it. Besides very likely he is better now that you are not working so closely. I hope the Blands' pills will do him good – they are very good for most people. He sent Cecil a nice little letter today in Edie's.<sup>8</sup>

The plague, I am glad to see by the papers, ~~that~~ is getting a little less in Hong Kong – but it has been very bad. I hope you will not have any cases in Japan – it must be awfully alarming.

The Kiplings came ~~down~~ on Wednesday from Tisbury (Wilts) where they have been living in a furnished house ever since they came to England. It has been an experiment, so Mrs. Kipling told me, to try & reconcile Mrs. Kipling the elder to the marriage but she has not been able to get over her dislike to the American wife, there lies the trouble. She will not even do more than just notice the baby. It is a great trouble to him. Well they came down to dinner on Wednesday and afterwards Colonel & Mrs Ebdon came in to call and sat a little with us in the garden an hour, I suppose. The Colonel was rather quiet ~~and I suppose they~~ but he was very kind in offering to take Mr. Kipling to the Club or anywhere else – I thought it very kind of him – however the time was so short and the mornings so hot that Mr. Kipling did not

care to go out especially as he had some verses he was making and wanted to finish so he sat quietly in the library each morning writing. On Thursday afternoon we had a big 'At Home'. We asked everyone (62) and had no refusals except Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon who had a big 'At Home' themselves and Mrs & Miss Urquhart – also engaged. It was the Flower Show (?). As luck would have it, we had a magnificent day, clear, bright, thoroughly hot & very little wind. – the trees gave a delicious shade and the tea table was spread at the bottom of the garden also a table with strawberries cream and claret cup. I hired a lot of low rush and cane chairs which were easily moved and looked well & comfortable. People came early several of them so as to get a good chance of conversation – Paul Wightman was one of the first and about the last to go. He remarked to me the following day, 'I never had such a party as yours, Mrs. Hunt. Generally one tries to leave as soon as possible but no one wanted to go yesterday.' And it was quite true – the people staid on – of course the great attraction was to have a talk with Mr. Kipling & he & she did do their best to entertain and please the people. I think they talked to everyone sitting or standing in little groups of 4 or 5. Everyone seemed to be charmed & remarked how very 'charming she was' and 'unspoiled he was'. I do not think they even laid themselves out so much to please one in Yokohama. 'Chief' came, also the Talbots, Backs, Fletchers, Collins – but all the set we know, I scarcely left any out (except Mrs. Carroll & I am rather sorry I did not ask her, but I do not like her, she makes so very free with one) that I knew enough to ask (I must stop now, will write more tomorrow.

Sunday July 8th. We had a little music in the later part of the afternoon, Mrs. Buck playing the piano, and Lily the violin. Mrs. Buck also sang to us, and we had some instrumental music from Mrs. Armstrong – I think they are new acquaintances since you left – they live in that pretty house in the Ashburnham Road with large trees all round it.

Paul Wyatt was very anxious that we should lunch at his house next day and though I did not wish in any way to influence them, I wanted to, too – He asked me if I would and I said if it would be a gr if they wished it I should be very pleased to do so – leaving it entirely to them. So they both seemed inclined to go & it was settled. Edie & I went with them on Friday at half-past one – I think I told you before what a nice place it is but I did not see half when I went there before, now the flowers are out, a great tangled mass of all kinds of old English flowers, no such thing

as a geranium about, great poppys (*sic*), fox gloves, Canterbury bells, larkspur, cornflowers, all kinds and descriptions in big clumps & allowed to stray one into the other. Then the house is built in a square all round a centre court yard & into the walls in two places are mottos – such as ‘Today is yesterday tomorrow’; ‘The Lord keep thy goings-out and comings-in’. You drive in under an archway with an inscription from Rossetti on the roof of it but I forget this. Edie will perhaps tell you. We were there alone expect (*sic*) one gentleman, Mr. Orlebar, and Mr. Vitruvius Wyatt, the brother. We went into lunch without ceremony but I was put on the right hand & though of course the Kiplings were the real reason of the party he never for a moment forgot that they were my guests – for instance he wanted their names in what he calls his visitors’ book – but she was asked to sign it first. On going away he asked when you would return ~~and he would say~~ ‘I want very much to make your husband’s acquaintance’. It was good tact, if nothing else, was it not?

When we drove away Mr. Kipling said I have enjoyed that, every moment of it. And Edie was charmed too. So it was a great success and I was glad we agreed to go. This was all on Friday. To return to Thursday, after all our visitors had left, I was completely done up, it needed so much strength to keep everything going for three hours. I was here & there talking to everyone and seeing that all got the chance to talk to them both, so after we had had dinner I took to the drawing [room ?] sofa and Mr. and Mrs. Kipling sat with me for some time talking of all sorts of things, among other your poems which he says are too ‘wierd [*sic*] and grim’. I impressed on them to send them back & she told me she would remember it when she got home. They leave England the 5th of August & they beg that you and Regie will give them one night in Brattleboro as soon as you reach America. She says if you will either write or wire when you are likely to be there. I wish you could, dear – of course now I am under the spell of their fascination so I particularly want you to go – in sober sense I do think it is rather a good thing for the bairns to keep up the acquaintance – and your going there would cement it as they would not feel we always did the entertaining. On Friday evening we had a dance here. Edie and the other girls turned out their room[s?] and made everything ready all I did for them was make claret cup, & help to lay the supper. There were about 38 people altogether a good many masters (?) – both the Morrises, Mr. Evans, & Mr. Buck then we had the Marks, Bransons, Hawkins, Potters, Katie Morris and her

brother, Hilda Anley and her sister, Archdeacon Mitchell's son and two daughters, Lethbridge the clergyman's son (who goes to Keble next term) Mr Gill and I forget who else. Mrs. Buck was so anxious to come that we had to ask her and her two sons only too glad to get the chance – they came at 8 punctually and all seemed loath to go at half past one. It was great fun – they had the garden to sit about in and enjoyed it!! We had a few lanterns lit to lend a little distance.

Monday July 9th. On Saturday morning they left us, but before doing so he asked us all to sign the fan he had used as a programme and then he wrote something in Lily's book and his autograph in Edith's and Leslie's and I got him to sign *Departmental Ditties* and the *Ballads* and *Many Inventions*. He wrote in the two former 'From the author' – the latter we bought. Then he repeated two new pieces he had just written – one a skitt [*sic*] on 3 vol. novels and one a very grand piece supposed to be an engineer talking to God about his engines – it is in a sort of Scotch – at least he repeated it in a Scotch twang. It has not come out yet and I don't know when it will but I am sure all engineers will rejoice in it.<sup>9</sup>

I heard from them, or rather from her this morning, a nice note<sup>10</sup> – I believe they both really enjoyed their visit here and we enjoyed it very much there was only one thing that to me seemed to spoil the whole thing and that was you being absent, darling. We all felt we wanted you to complete the perfect – He said so & felt it all the time.

Mrs. Kipling was so pleased with the improvement in Edie she thought her so painfully shy when in New York, but of course it was all different here – Edie had her duties and she has grown so much more easy with people than she was.

We have had several callers today among others 'Chief' who says he was very pleased to see Mr. Kipling and to have a talk to him. He staid quite a long time enquiring first about him and then about you and Regie – he seemed very interested about Regie's life, the divided life of Japan and Oxford. And he wished to be specially remembered to you both. My reception seems to have created quite a stir here.

I think now I have told you all about our visitors and what we did – Edie I daresay will give you more particulars than I do about little things. We were of course very tired so after they left on Saturday morning we got the house quite straight and after tiffin all of us went to bed and to sleep until nearly five o'clock. Indeed, I lie down and get half an hour's sleep every day – I

feel I need it! & I wake up so much better for it that it is quite refreshing.

We have a terrible lot of engagements this month but I shall tell you of them as they come along. Oh! I must tell you how Mr. Kipling [found] the boys. He insisted in going into the school-room to see them at their work the first evening he was here & then when they had finished he staid up with them after we had all gone to bed looking at Geoffrey's butterflies and birds' eggs and talking generally to them. I think they both liked him very much.

Both boys seem to be going on quite steadily with their work. I believe Cecil is better in health and otherwise I have very little doubt it may partly be put down to the lovely weather and taking more exercise & drinking more water, but I believe too he is trying to do better Georgie came up the other day, Friday, but we have seen nothing of Sydney for a long time. Poor Georgie had hurt his thumb at cricket & had it in a sling but it was getting better – he had bought a small camera and came to ask me for 10/- for chemicals. This leaves him only £1 beside the Mex [?] and the Yens<sup>11</sup> – I have made a note in your desk. I must write to both Mrs. Wheeler and Regie by this mail so I shall try & do this tomorrow – Good night now, dearie – I will write again before the mail goes on Wednesday

Wednesday July 11th. I have only a very little time to finish this up dear. I am sorry I have had not time to write to Mrs. Wheeler but I must send next mail [blot] her [to her]. I was busy last evening writing about our holiday – we are now thinking of Westward Ho! The Lakes are given (?) up partly because I wanted to leave them for you & partly because we heard they were not bracing & Winnie & I & Edie both feel we need some place that will put energy into us. Edie has been very down & I have given her stout which has done her good.

We are all well dearie – I am dreadfully concerned about how these riots in America may affect the mail both to you and from you. I see several of the Australian and New Zealand mail bags have been lost – burnt, I suppose.

We all send fondest love to you. Edie has not written today as she wanted to send a long letter to Regie,

Good bye, my darling,

With fondest love,

Your loving

Wife

**LETTER 9 (7 February 1896) Rudyard Kipling to Clare Hunt**

This is a brief letter announcing Elsie's birth. There are no letters in the sequence written in 1895

Naulakha  
Waite  
Vermont  
Feb. 7: 96

Dear Mrs. Hunt,

Your very kind letter with all the home news has just come in and as I am in charge of correspondence I make haste to say that a fat dark healthy and hungry baby-girl was born at 3.20 p.m. Sunday afternoon last Feb 2 and that C. is doing extremely well so far. She nurses the infant who is hungry & healthy has had neither fever nor any kind of complication. We have a first class nurse who knows her business thoroughly and the baby (8¾ lbs it was) thrives. She is prettier than baby Josephine was in the beginning. I read your letter to C. who desires me to send all sorts of love to you and blessings on your baby. We hope, if all goes well, to run down to Lakewood for rest and amusement for six weeks: and it shall go hard with us if we do not see you and your husband once more. Please let us know about the steamer and so forth. With tender regards to all

Believe me, very sincerely,

*Rudyard Kipling.*

**LETTER 10 (4 October 1897) Carrie Kipling to Clara Hunt**

This letter is the first in the sequence written after the Kiplings' departure from 'Naulakha'.

The Elms,  
Rottingdean  
Oct. 4: 97

My Dear Mrs. Hunt,

I am so glad to hear you are back again but it's bad news to hear that you must give up your pretty house and find a fresh one, I have had that to do recently myself, and do not find it amusing.

We left Torquay in the spring, finding it far too relaxing and we like this much better. We have been in a dear delightful house all summer, belonging to Rud's aunt, Lady Burne-Jones and here it was that the boy<sup>12</sup> was born. He is a splendid fine fellow and I am as well as I ever am when I am nursing. It's bound to take a lot out of one and these children came so near together that I did not pull up between.

Rud is well, happy and at his work every day. He is doing a number of stories of schoolboy life,<sup>13</sup> which greatly amuse him and he hopes will amuse other folk and there are always verses being sung.

I am shockingly occupied, it seems to take most of my time to over look a house and see the children are clothed and attended to properly.

We rejoice and sympathise with Edith over her bicycling. We are both enthusiasts and nothing has ever interested Rud for so long a time since I knew him. He rides daily and always seems better for it.

Our love to each of you,  
Affectionately,

*Carrie Kipling*

#### **LETTER 11 (18 January 1898) Carrie Kipling to Clara Hunt**

This letter was written on board ship while the Kiplings were making their first visit to South Africa. It is evident that the families have been corresponding.

SS Dunvegan Castle  
Jan. 18: 98

My dear Mrs. Hunt,

There is no prospect of posting this for another ten days but I am writing this because it's our wedding day and you are part of our most cherished memories of our early married days. Your letter was a great help to me as I read it in the midst of the confusion of our starting. It cheered me to remember what you have done and lived through in the way of SS journeys. We have a most comfortable ship with excellent service and have been happy and rested after the first 24 hours in the Bay. Nurse and the governess are good travellers and the children thrive. It's a beautiful sea here – the old Atlantic which we who cross to

America know as a wicked, tempest-tossed, sullen affair – it's all smiles and gentle – blue waves as it passed the Line.

Congratulations for Winnie, she has done splendidly, but don't let her work too hard. We feel for you in your house-hunting, we had such a time of it before we settled ourselves in the fold of the big South Downs nr. Brighton. We have a nice old house now for rather a long term and are looking forward to our return to the garden in May when Rud feels there is a reasonable hope of fine weather.

Our boy John is so splendid. We are vastly proud of him, and the second girl is no longer a baby. My sister has a son, born in mid-December – so mother is making a good start in the way of grand-children.

Rud joins me in love to you and Mr. Hunt and we promise ourselves not to miss you when next you are in England.

Affectionately,

*Caroline Kipling*

### LETTER 12 (14 October 1900)

The correspondence, as it has been presented to us, is beginning to dry up. The tone of the letter is entirely friendly; but it is as short as it could be, in social terms, without seeming to be almost curt.

The Elms  
Rottingdean  
Sussex

Oct. 14: 1900

My dear Mrs. Hunt,

I needn't say that if I could I would – for you: but so far as any arrangements go at present I do not think I shall be anywhere near Wimbledon at the end of October. I'm sorry because I too am interested in the SPC<sup>14</sup> which does a lot of good.

With kindest regards from us to you and Mr. Hunt

Always yours very sincerely

*Rudyard Kipling*

I wish you could see our boy John – aged three. He is a beauty.

**LETTER 13 (Undated, but 1907)**

This letter, the last of the sequence, was written while the Kiplings were on their Canadian tour in the autumn of 1907, evidently in response to a letter from Mrs Hunt.

CPR MONOGRAM<sup>15</sup>  
Mount Stephen House  
Field, BC, CANADA

On the train between Field and Laggan

Dear Mrs. Hunt,

Do you believe in telepathic suggestion? Here are we going over the route you know so well – the way we took homewards after the smash of the O.B.C. – and your most wonderful kindness to us and here (delivered from England) comes your letter of 19th Sep. – We shall indeed be more than glad to see you when we come home which by present arrangements should be on the 1st Nov., and it would be even more delightful if you and Mr. Hunt could find time to pay us a visit at Bateman's.

This is our second honeymoon – the first time we have been able to get about without the children. John has gone to school at Rottingdean and Elsie a large girl of eleven is keeping house at Bateman's till our return. It would be such a joy to show them to you. I am glad that your home news is good – except about Reggie. If the East does not suit a man it does not suit him at all. How proud and pleased you must be to be grandparent,<sup>16</sup> doubly, so to speak.

Dear Mrs. Hunt,

It is sad to have missed you and we greatly hope you will come later in the motor and see us. If you are Brighton way we are not far and it's not too far for a day's run if you stop a night or so. Do come

Affctly,

*Carrie Kipling.*

**NOTES**

- 1 The Carrington extracts from Carrie's journal are currently being transcribed as part of the Kipling Society's *New Reader's Guide* project. Because of copyright issues, they are only available on the 'Members Only' pages of the Kipling Society website, [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk).

- 2 ‘Carrington and Rees extracts’: Charles Carrington made his own extracts from Carrie’s diaries for his 1955 biography. Those made for Birkenhead’s *Rudyard Kipling* (1978) were taken by by Douglas Rees, an amanuensis.
- 3 Lily: Lilian Hill, b. 1870, niece of Henry Hunt. After the death of her mother Annie, Lily lived with the Hunts as part of the family.
- 4 Regie (Reginald), the Hunts’ oldest son, was in 1894 an undergraduate at Oxford University. He was evidently spending his Long Vacation helping Mr Hunt with his work in Japan.
- 5 Baby: Clara, Margaret, b. 1894: Mrs. Valentine Cadell’s future mother-in-law.
- 6 Winnie: Winifred Hunt, the Hunts’ second daughter.
- 7 Edward: an expatriate friend and colleague in Japan, who has become unwell and is returning to England.
- 8 Edie: the oldest Hunt daughter Edith, b. 1874.
- 9 The fortunate Hunt family heard Kipling recite two then unpublished poems: ‘The Three Decker’, first published in the *Saturday Review*, 14 July 1894, and ‘M’Andrew’s Hymn’ first published in *Scribner’s Magazine*, December 1894. Both poems were later collected in *The Seven Seas* (London: Methuen, 1896).
- 10 Carrie’s admirably punctual thank-you note to Mrs Hunt for the visit to Bedford has not survived.
- 11 Georgie: clearly a friend and contemporary of the Hunt boys. He must have been travelling in Japan and/or central and southern America, where the Mexican silver dollar was common currency, and have run out of pocket money.
- 12 ‘the boy’: John Kipling, b. 17 August 1897.
- 13 Rudyard was clearly working on the stories of *Stalky & Co.*
- 14 We are reasonably sure of our transcription, but have been unable to interpret ‘SPC’. A suggestion that it might be ‘SPG’ (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) though superficially plausible, seems unlikely, since Kipling was not a supporter of missionary societies.
- 15 CPR: Canadian Pacific Railways.
- 16 The compliment about Clara becoming a ‘grandparent, doubly’ must refer to John Frogdely the first son of the Hunts’ daughter Edith, by now married to Elsey Frogdely, and John Hunt, the first son of Cecil Hunt and his wife Ethel (*née* Crookshanks). ‘Doubly’ may be a mild joke about both grandsons having the same first name.

## THE SUTLEJ BRIDGE

By RUDYARD KIPLING  
Edited BY THOMAS PINNEY

[This article first appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 2 March 1887. It was reprinted in Thomas Pinney (ed) *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1984-88* (MacMillan 1986). The prefatory remarks below are by Professor Pinney. Ed.]

The name 'Punjab' means 'five rivers': the Jelum, Chenab, Ravi, Bias, and Sutlej. They unite to form the Indus. Of these rivers, the Sutlej, the southernmost, drains the largest area. Ferozepore is about fifty miles to the south and slightly east of Lahore. Raewind (Raiwind), which Kipling also mentions, is roughly midway between Lahore and Ferozepore.

The bridge that Kipling so vividly describes in this article, crossing between Ferozepore and Kazur, was called the Kaisarin-i-Hind (Empress of India) and is clearly the main prototype of the bridge in 'The Bridge Builders' (1893). (T.P.)<sup>1</sup>

Like its four brethren, the Sutlej is a profligate stream; never keeping to the same bed for two years in succession. Like its brethren, too, the Sutlej has to be bridged by order of the Indian Government, which does not approve of interference with its frontier communications. And this is the story of a visit paid to the Sutlej Bridge at Ferozepore, in the month of February 1887, by one who knows nothing whatever about engineering.

Three years ago, the same visitor went down to an abomination of desolation called Gunda Singh, a few miles on the Raewind side of the Lahore-Ferozepore line; and there rose a dust-storm which covered the temporary line with fine sand, and the trolley ran merrily off the rails in consequence; sitting-down on a hillock like a hen. This proved the nature of the country to be worked upon, and severely bruised the visitor who went his way foreseeing the downfall of the bridge and the Government and everything connected therewith.

Three years later, there was a fair embankment where the trolley had spilt him; and from Gunda Singh, the road that runs by the side of the line to the Sutlej banks, was filled with bullock-carts and ekkas and foot passengers all streaming riverwards to where a cloud of dust rose like the smoke of an engagement. That 'pillar of cloud by day' never fails; and marks where the traffic is running through the bridge-of-boats and over the two-foot tramway that the Bridge will, a few months hence, supersede. Those in search of a

new sensation would do well to go over the tramway that runs over the bridge-of-boats.

Arrived at the transshipping station for the tramway, the train pulled up in the middle of what, to an unprofessional eye, looked like a most royal mess. Lines of every gauge – two-foot, metre and broad – rioted over the face of the pure, white sand, between huge dredger-buckets, stored baulks of timber, chopper-built<sup>2</sup> villages, piled heaps of warm red concrete-blocks, portable engines and circular saws. High above everything, the great main embankment heaved itself, which is to take the cart road on to the Bridge-head. At the lower end of this embankment, a snorting train was getting rid of girder-booms on to a sloped platform, whence they would in time be taken down to the riverbed by the temporary lines. The face of the country swarmed with toiling men.

The Sutlej Bridge, which, as every one on the works is at great pains to assure you, is ‘of a very ordinary type’, is something over four thousand four hundred feet long, and is made of seven and twenty brick piers which will carry first, a railway line fifteen feet broad; and, above this line, a cart-road eighteen feet broad with a foot-path, four feet six broad, on each side.



‘A huge oblong box latticed at the sides’

That is to say, that the railway-line is covered in atop, and the whole of the girder-work resembles a huge oblong box latticed at the sides. This is not a technical definition at all; but the technical name of the system on which the Bridge is built is quite unfit for publication outside of Indian Engineering. But the building of the Bridge comes hereafter. All the piers are up and also ‘down’ – which is intelligible only to engineers – and the girder-work alone remains to be done. Now, each girder weighs some two hundred and twenty odd tons, and is made up of fifteen hundred loose pieces, exclusive of fifty iron-bound boxes of bolts and rivets.

For this reason it is at first difficult to understand the exultation of engineers, who speak so lightly of a few spans of girder-work. The difficulty grows as one travels along and under and by the side of the Bridge – on the great iron plates of the flooring, in the shadow of the piers, or ankle-deep in the silver sand. Several spans on the Raewind side are already begirdered, more or less, and a few hundred workmen are hard at work rivetting. The clamour is startling, even a hundred yards away from the Bridge; but standing at the mouth of the huge iron-plated tunnel, it is absolutely deafening. The flooring quivers beneath the hammer-strokes; the roof of corrugated iron nearly half an inch thick which will form the floor of the cart-road, casts back the tumult redoubled; and it bounds and rebounds against the lattice-work at the side. Rivetters are paid by the job, not by time. Consequently they work like devils; and the very look of their toil, even in the bright sunshine, is devilish. Pale flames from the fires for the red hot rivets, spurt out from all parts of the black iron-work where men hang and cluster like bees; while in the darker corners the fires throw up luridly the half nude figures of the rivetters, each man a study for a painter as he bends above the fire-pot, or, crouching on the slung-supports, sends the rivet home with a jet of red sparks from under the hammer-head.

At first sight, the stern build of the Bridge seems ludicrously disproportioned to the shrunken placid river it spans. It is as if the Government, true to its education policy, had thrust the garments of a full-grown man on the limbs of a child. So peaceable is the Sutlej, in the cold season, that the Engineers have won from it two great tongues of land which nearly meet in the middle – have all but dammed it in fact, to get space to bring up materials for their girders. It is true that the tongues afore-said are faced with concrete blocks, but even that precaution seems out of place. Men brought sand and silt by the hundred thousand donkey-loads and cast it into the stream, and the river gave place. Lines were made on the land, and now the whole Bridge seems as if it were spanning a small Sahara for no other purpose than its own glorification.

But the Engineers, and any man who has had dealings with an Indian stream in flood, know better. A quarter-mile journey in the shadow of the Bridge where the temporary line runs, brings you to the end of the first spit. The red concrete blocks go down sheer into the stream, and there is a break of four spans, or two hundred yards, before the beginning of the next tongue. Here the stream of the Sutlej tells its own tale of pent strength and murderous possibilities as it drives through the opening under the pile-supported ‘material’ line which spans the contracted river. There is a swirl and thrust about the green water unpleasant to look at. The four spans must be girdered somehow across the break, and the made ground on either side cut through, before the snows melt



The Sutlej Bridge at low water, photographed by James Campbell

and the Sutlej comes down in earnest. At present, the Engineers explain that 'a child might play with the river'. As safer measure, a gang of coolies and a pile-driver are at play on the end of the Raewind tongue. Their business is to punch certain huge logs, profanely called 'fifty-foot sticks', into the two hundred yards of twenty-seven foot water, and so form a foundation for the overhead crane to travel along with the girders. On the made-ground portion of the Bridge, the girder spans are supported by huge piles of sleepers filled inside with sand in case of fire falling from the rivet furnaces. Four such supports stand between pier and pier. The girders rest on these and are pieced together, all their fifteen hundred parts, before the support is withdrawn or the girder-ends let down on the great blocks of red Agra stone prepared for their reception in the head of each pier. With sand in their bellies, sleeper-stacks do not burn readily.

Round the great piers – they look like gigantic chess-castles – in the remnant of the stream, lie concrete blocks mixed with silt, much worn and rubbed by the water-rush. These are the remains of islands which had to be made before the piers could be sunk. And here is a fit place to introduce the story of the Bridge. In the beginning, the Government devised its plan, which grew foot by foot on paper while it was hatching itself among the offices; here swelling out two or three feet in the dimensions of the piers; there spreading a foot or two in the width of the roadway; and so on, as is the custom of most schemes. Later, the Frontier scare arose, and then the order was to push on with all speed,

and be sure to finish within three years. In October 1885, work was begun with the avowed intention of putting up and 'down' only one-half of the piers during that cold season, and so proceeded till January 1886, when the strong hands which control the North-Western Railway grasped the Engineers' matured opinion, that by a supreme effort all the piers could be undertaken, and at least a whole year saved.

Now a Sutlej Bridge pier is made something after this fashion. A huge iron ring or shoe, called technically a well-curb, twenty-three feet in diameter, is put into a grave on the river-sand, exactly as the wooden well-curb of a Punjabi well is laid down. On this shoe is built a circle of brickwork, with walls four and a half feet thick; leaving, therefore, an internal circle of fourteen feet. You have, then, an iron-shod, hollow-cored, brick pillar twenty-three feet across, to let down through the unstable sand, to firm foothold below the lowest depth that the Sutlej can gouge out for itself in its bed. Here the fun begins; for the tube has to be treated exactly like a well on a gigantic scale, and must go seventy-six feet down, foot by foot, as the sand and silt is dredged out at the bottom of, and brought up through the heart of, the fourteen foot shaft aforesaid. Moreover, the pillar must be mathematically straight; and endless are the ways and means devised for dredging out and pressing down when a pillar shows a tendency to list. As the brickwork sinks, more is built atop, until the whole shaft reaches its full seventy-six feet – bedded like a tooth in the jaw.

At this point the circular shape of the pier is altered to ovoid, for four and twenty feet – that portion which is above the river at ordinary times – the better to resist the rush of the water; and the conclusion of the whole matter is the filling up of the fourteen foot shaft with rammed concrete. This is, more or less intelligibly, how a pier is built on more or less dry land. But twelve out of the twenty-seven on the Sutlej bridge had to commence where as much as fifteen feet of water ran over the shifting sand, and those twelve were the last to be begun. Therefore, men [were] let down into the stream [with] concrete blocks till they made a circle of forty feet diameter above water. Next they got rid of the water, replaced it with approximately dry land, by filling in the circle with silt, and through this artificial island drove their pier. To begin such piers in the end of April was an insult, flat and flagrant, to the experience of the Bridge building elders, and to the majesty of the Sutlej alike. But the river was the more important of the two. There was the dead certainty that it would come down not later than the end of June, and the lively possibility that it might do so earlier. Not only was it necessary to get the piers in, but to get them sunk well beyond the reach of the scour of the flood. In short, the reputation of the Department, a few hundred thousand cubic feet of masonry and concrete, and some lakhs of the

public money<sup>3</sup> were at the mercy of a reprobate stream. Men worked in those days by thousands, in the blinding sun glare, and in the choking hot night under the light of flare-lamps, building the masonry, dredging and sinking, and sinking and dredging-out. By the first week in June all the piers were down to the reasonably safe distance of fifty feet; and a half were sunk to the full depth of seventy-six feet. The Engineers took breath and waited.

Then the floods came, and many lively things happened, including a small cyclone which smashed up a bridge-of-boats; but the piers stood firm, being protected from the scour of [by ?] vast quantities of concrete blocks which had been piled round them. In August the depth of the river, within fifty yards of some of the piers, was over forty feet, or nearly as deep as the foundations of some of the shallower sunk piers. Then the Engineers watched and prayed day and night, and slept uneasily in their beds. After the floods and the rains, came fever of a malignant type, and many coolies died. It was the price the Sutlej took for allowing the piers to stand. After September there was no serious difficulty to be encountered, and on Christmas Eve, 1886, the last pier was home to its full depth, and there was rejoicing in the little colony above the river bed. For the Sutlej had given them their Christmas-box.

Indeed, hearing the Story of the Bridge, bit by bit, from one man and another, it is impossible not to catch the enthusiasm of these hard-headed men of girders and masonry – to see the labouring stripped gangs yelling and screaming under the still lamps through the hot May nights, while the whisper of the river between the piers bade them make haste, and the clank and rattle and grind of the dredgers, answered the voice of the stream. When these men pat caressingly the huge flank of some pier, well nigh throat-deep in sand, and say: – ‘She gave us a lot of trouble last year’ – the inclination to smile does not come over the unprofessional mind till it is out of the range of the influences of the Bridge – out of the bitter chill shade, the keen dry wind that twangs like a strained wire as it hurries over the sand – out of the raw untempered white sunshine, where each rift and borrow-pit throws a deep indigo-blue shadow – out of the hearing of the clang of the rivetters, the straining and clanking of the cranes, and the grumble of the concrete-blocks shot over the barge sides into the river – till it is disconnected, in fact, from the terribly eager, restless, driving life that fills the river-bed, and falls back once more on everyday existence.

But to escape the tumult, one must go far, for the works extend in some shape or other over seven or eight miles. At either end of the Bridge they are building two great embankments of different levels – the lower to carry the train, and the higher the cart-road that runs above the train. Here the whole face of the country is scarred and scraped and

scooped for the earth of the roadways. There is a faint feverish smell from the damp silt soil, and everywhere the eye falls on interminable processions of donkeys and donkey-drivers – laden beasts climbing up, and unladen ones going down. The sound of the thousands of little hoofs on the soft earth, and the never-ending ‘thud’ of the loads as they are tipped off, makes a bass drone, to which the rattle and thump of the donkey boys’ sticks supplies a staccato treble accompaniment. The boys do not seem to talk, or the donkeys to fight. There is nothing but the hot sun overhead, the sickly reek from the ground, and the subdued sound of toil. From the cart-road that is to be, or higher embankment, one looks out over the Bridge works generally, and understands in some small measure how vast they are. Far as the eye can reach, through the sand-haze up stream, stretch the protective works – two massive bunds, twenty feet across at the top, flaring away like a huge V from each end of the Bridge, till they enclose, three miles off, a space of five miles in which the river can riot as it please – certain of being guided straight at the Bridge. These bunds are faced with concrete slabs, and planted with shisham seedlings.<sup>4</sup>

On the top of each runs a railway, which can carry at once material to any portion of the face that may need strengthening, or supply stone to the ten spurs with which each bund is studded. These spurs run parallel with the line of the bridge, and take their share in curbing the river. The quarries of Rohri, Tarakhi and Tusham were laid under contribution for the material here, and one sees, on the Raiwind side, snowy white, and on the Ferozepore, dull brown spurs standing out against the dusty background of the bund – miles away across the levels of the Sutlej.

There are something like one hundred and fifty lakhs of cubic feet of earthwork in the protection bunds. There are sixteen lakhs of cubic feet of quarried stone in the twenty spurs and the noses thereof. There are fifteen lakhs of cubic feet of concrete blocks, made on the banks of the river, in the facing of the bunds. The appetite for figures is an acquired and American one.

Turning from the bunds to the Bridge itself, waiting to be joined on to the embankment, one asks for more figures and gets them. There are fifteen lakhs of cubic feet of masonry and concrete in the twenty-seven piers of the Bridge, and on top of these lie six thousand tons of iron-work – all of which, here comes the inevitable reminder – ‘is ordinary you know – quite ordinary. You should see the Hugli bridge, or the Sikkur, if you want heroic engineering’. The same insular pride prompts Englishmen of all professions to say of any work done, ‘It is nothing to what we can do or have done somewhere else.’ Public Works Departmentally speaking, the Sutlej Bridge is nothing out of the way;

the only point about it being the short space in which it will be finished; for it will be opened, they hope, in April or thereabouts. But it is fitting enough at the price in all conscience – this stern line of brick and iron, guarded by bund and spur, throbbing from end to end with human life, and set in the centre of a town of ten thousand folk of all kinds, from changar earth-workers, to Suratee men learned in ropes, tackles, blocks, and falls, and West Indian creoles controlling the pile-driver. At one time the Bridge took fifteen thousand men to attend to its needs. Bricks and concrete blocks are made five miles from the Rewari end, and are brought in by rail; girders and material lie along the line three miles from the Ferozepore end; and between the two points a large floating and permanent population is scattered.

In a couple of months or so everything will be done with, used up, dispersed or turned to fresh ends; for this lazy Government of ours is never at rest. (It ordered the Bridge to be built, because it wished to connect Ferozepore Arsenal<sup>5</sup> and the Rajputana Railway system with the Frontier.) The changars<sup>6</sup> will disperse to where fresh embankments call for their baskets and strong arms; the services of the straddling cranes, vicious pile-drivers, and sun-baked Engineers will be ‘replaced at the disposal of their respective departments’; the gear-strewn riverbed and earthworks will be cleaned up and smoothed down, and the stories and associations connected with the building of the Bridge will die out with the marks of the temporary lines. Perhaps a Viceroy or a Lieutenant-Governor will come and open that Bridge. Lastly, over the place where men toiled and sickened and died, and fought with the turbulent Sutlej, the train will pass with a rattle and a roar; as the first-class passenger, too indifferent to look out, yawns: ‘Hullo! There is a bridge!’

#### NOTES

- 1 I have abridged these introductory remarks from Professor Pinney’s preface to ‘The Sutlej Bridge’, as it appears under ‘Uncollected Articles’ in the *New Reader’s Guide to Kipling*, which can be accessed through the Kipling Society website ([www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk)). Pinney’s full introduction describes the report’s connexion with both ‘The Bridge Builders’ and ‘William the Conqueror’. [*Ed.*]
- 2 Chupper-built: thatched.
- 3 One lakh is 100,000.
- 4 Shisham: Indian rosewood tree, yielding hard timber.
- 5 Arsenal: armaments factory.
- 6 Changars: earth workers.

## MEMBERSHIP NOTES

June 2016

### NEW MEMBERS

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### NEW MEMBERSHIP FEES 1ST JANUARY 2016

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Members are also reminded of the due date of their subscription on their address label when they receive *The Journal*. The date given as such 01/08/14 refers to 1st August 2014.

If you are in any doubt please contact me by the methods also given on the back cover.

Please advise me of any changes of address, including e-mail if applicable as I do like to keep in contact with members. Please ensure Kipling Society emails do not go to your SPAM box.

John Lambert  
Hon. Secretary

## ROMANCE AND DEATH IN 'WIRELESS'

By MARK PAFFARD

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Shaynor rose to his feet, his eyes fixed once more on the advertisement, where the young woman bathed in the light from the red jar simpered pinkly over her pearls. His lips moved without cessation. I stepped nearer to listen.

'And threw— and threw— and threw,' he repeated, his face all sharp with some inexplicable agony.

I moved forward astonished. But it was then he found words — delivered roundly and clearly.

These:

And threw warm gules on Madeleine's young breast.<sup>1</sup>

'Shaynor... is a deliberately coarsened and inaccurate reproduction of Keats.'<sup>2</sup> J.M.S. Tompkins is rarely wrong, but here I think that she is misled by a too-obvious set of parallels, about which, in her next pages, she herself is suitably cautious. I will argue that the story can be read as a remarkable tribute to the influence of Keats's writing, but one where 'Keats' is, in the end, a background against which the fate of an ordinary, likeable young man stands out quite clearly.

Written in 1903, 'Wireless' describes a (not wholly successful) 'Marconi' experiment in the transmission of morse code signals via Hertzian waves, making plain the significance of wireless transmission as an advance over the telegraph, and hinting at its use for the Navy. The setting is a cold winter's night in a chemist's shop in a south coast town where Young Mr Cashell, the chemist's nephew, sets up his equipment in the back. His robust manner contrasts with the clearly consumptive state of John Shaynor, the chemist's assistant, who soon, in a trance-like state, begins to reproduce lines from Keats's 'The Eve of St Agnes', followed by a fragment from 'Ode to a Nightingale.' This unconscious 'transmission' (Shaynor has never read Keats) emerges as the main event of the story, relegating the experiment itself to the role of uncertain parallel or parody. Some of the personal similarities between Shaynor and Keats — a girlfriend named Fanny, tuberculosis ('consumption'), and a medical background (although an 'apothecary' in Keats's

time was not quite the same as a chemist), are helpfully pointed out by the narrator.<sup>3</sup> Shaynor's production of arterial blood (220) carries an echo of the story of Keats's first collapse, with the difference that where Shaynor makes light of his 'cough', Keats is reported to have said: 'That blood is my death-warrant'.<sup>4</sup> Evidently there is a distinction to be made, as Sandra Kemp remarks, between Keats the poet and 'Keats' as a metonym for his poems.<sup>5</sup> I will return to the implications of this, but I want to begin by looking at the ways in which Kipling suffuses the entire story with references to some of Keats's poems in a way that clearly eludes the narrator who presents himself as something of a Keats expert.<sup>6</sup>

It seems that, with hindsight, the narrator recognises the 'significance' of the dead hare at the beginning of the story, and the fact that Shaynor and Fanny Brand go 'round by St Agnes', as well as later the 'Austrian blanket' that links to the cloth used by Porphyro in the poem. It is less clear that he is aware that his own use of a 'tiger-moth' as simile comes from the poem, and he evidently believes that Shaynor contaminates Keats with his own efforts when he 'returned to broken verse wherein "loveliness" was made to rhyme with a desire to look upon her "empty dress."''. In fact, Keats uses a very similar rhyme ('empty dress/tenderness') in stanza 28 of the poem.<sup>7</sup> The distinction between a narrator whose own motives and feelings are something of an enigma and the presence of an 'author' emerges more strongly when we consider the story's references to other poems.

The poem with which the story is prefaced, 'Kaspar's Song in Varda' (later renamed 'Butterflies'), points us to Keats's 'Ode to Psyche'. It is Kipling's comment on the creative process, with a potential conflict with religious conformism:

'Heaven is beautiful, Earth is ugly,'  
The three-dimensioned preacher saith,  
So we must not look where the snail and the slug lie  
For Psyche's birth.... And that is our death!

The implied fourth 'dimension' is, I believe, the power of imagination on earth,<sup>8</sup> which in Keats's Ode is stimulated by thoughts of love (Psyche is the beloved of Eros). Kipling's poem also suggests a connection with the 'shrine' of the advertisement 'where the young woman bathed in light from the red jar simpered pinkly over her pearls' (227), on which Shaynor fixes his gaze as he writes. In the final stanza of the 'Ode to Psyche' we have: 'A rosy sanctuary will I dress/With the wreathed trellis of a working brain/With buds, and bells, and stars without a name, /With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign....' As the

dull grey eggs in Kipling's poem turn to butterflies, so can the accoutrements of the chemist's shop, cheap advertisements and the abominable reek of pastilles to aid respiration, be transformed by imagination into a vision of love.<sup>9</sup> A mischievous side to these Keats references emerges when we come to 'Ode to a Nightingale'. The central section of the story in which Shaynor appears to become 'an induced Keats', (231) producing or reproducing 'The Eve of St Agnes'. His trance is triggered by the drink concocted by the narrator. 'The mixture, of a rich port-wine colour, frothed at the top. "It looks," he said, suddenly, "it looks – those bubbles – like a string of pearls winking at you –,"' (223) This, of course, is Keats's '...blushful Hippocrene,/ With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,/ And purple-stained mouth'.<sup>10</sup> The next moment, Shaynor, like Keats in the Ode sinking into 'drowsy numbness', has entered his trance. He awakes abruptly and violently (236) as he struggles to re-create Keats's lines: 'Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam/ Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.' The one word that eludes Shaynor completely (he also has 'windows' for 'casements') is 'forlorn'. What is not immediately apparent is that the Ode *itself* comments here on Shaynor's awakening, since the next and final stanza continues: 'Forlorn! the very word is like a bell/ To toll me back from thee to my sole self!/ Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well/ As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.'

Whilst Shaynor appears to the narrator to be engaged in an unconscious process whose success can be measured by the accuracy of reproduction, something else happens which the narrator does not notice. A fragment of original verse appears:

*'And my weak spirit fails  
To think how the dead must freeze –*

he shivered as he wrote –

*Beneath the churchyard mould.'* (229)

At first glance this looks like part of the attempt to reproduce 'The Eve of St Agnes', since in Keats's poem the beadsman's 'weak spirit fails/ To think how they [the 'sculptur'd dead' in the chapel] may ache in icy hoods and mails.'<sup>11</sup> From a phrase by Keats, Shaynor's lines actually head off in a new direction, prefigured by his earlier, more prosaic, comment that 'I shouldn't care to be lying in my grave on a night like this.' (220) Incidentally, these lines should convince us that Shaynor is fully aware of his terminal condition, much as he tries to make light of it elsewhere. One might speculate that 'churchyard mould' bears echoes

of Gray's meditations on the graves of the common folk in 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' and also of the churchyard setting of Book Five of Wordsworth's 'The Excursion', though neither is quoted directly.<sup>12</sup> What these allusions do is to direct us from Keats's 'gothic' poem to focus on the humbler fate which awaits Shaynor himself, as it did Wordsworth's characters. It is also at this moment, rather than when Shaynor first 'quotes' Keats a page earlier, that the narrator tells us how 'the shop spun before me in a rainbow-tinted whirl, in and through which my own soul most dispassionately considered my own soul as that fought with an over-mastering fear.' (230) Perhaps, after all, the narrator has noticed something, but if so he avoids it by immediately coming up with the theory, which he himself seems scarcely to believe, that Shaynor is simply an 'induced Keats'. (231)

The fragment of original verse (Shaynor at one point also 'improves' one of Keats's lines [232]) and the multiple hidden allusions to other poems suggest that Shaynor is *both* a 'receiver that is not rightly tuned'<sup>13</sup> and an individual whose imagination is working through its own raw material. The allusions overlooked by the narrator warn us that the overt Keats-Shaynor parallel is not reliable. I believe that, tuberculosis apart, Keats rather than any other poet is essential for Kipling's purposes both because of his insistence on the transforming and unconscious power of imagination ('Negative Capability'),<sup>14</sup> and because of the way in which perceptions of Keats the man had influenced the reception of his poems. By the end of the nineteenth century Keats's reputation as a poet was both enhanced for some, but also compromised, by the portrayal of Keats in Shelley's 'Adonais', as the epitome of sensitivity blighted by hostile reviewers and 'snuffed out by an article' as Byron less sympathetically put it. When Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne were published in 1878 the Victorian reaction to Keats's expressions of his private torments over his unrealisable desire for Fanny, was that this was 'unmanly'.<sup>15</sup> The pre-Raphaelites were more sympathetic, but perhaps assimilated Keats into their own development of Romanticism without altering the stereotype.<sup>16</sup> What Kipling is doing is surely undermining rather than endorsing this voyeuristic 'higher cannibalism', as he called it.<sup>17</sup> Read simply as an 'Epithalamion' for Fanny Brawne, 'The Eve of Saint Agnes' is a piece of wish-fulfilment; but as the fragments reproduced in the story demonstrate, it is also magnificently sensuous verse and an allegory of the triumph of love that owes much to Keats's reading of Spenser; its special texture comes, as in fact does that of 'Wireless', from the stark polarity of sensuous warmth and mortal cold.<sup>18</sup> Conversely, we should not view Shaynor simply as the passive victim of his own desires, despite his 'possession' by Keats's poetry and his inability to refuse Fanny Brand's demand that

he go 'round by St Agnes' with her. As that fragment of verse suggests, Shaynor is confronting his own death even as he longs for Fanny. A hundred years on from 'Wireless', Harold Bloom writes of Keats's 'gift of tragic acceptance, which persuades us again that Keats was the least solipsistic of poets, the one most able to grasp...an outward world that would survive his perception of it.'<sup>19</sup> I think Kipling would have agreed. Rather than comparing Shaynor directly with Keats, it is possible to read into the (mainly) unpoetic chemist at least a hint of the 'tragic acceptance' of which, among Keats's poems, 'Ode to a Nightingale' is a clear example.

Shaynor's isolation in this predicament emerges bit by bit out of the way in which the narrator engages with him. From the beginning he shows a sympathetic interest in the dedicated young chemist's assistant who is apparently content with 'the romance of drugs'.<sup>20</sup> When further romance appears in the shape of Fanny Brand he is, at least, non-judgemental and notes that: 'She had a singularly rich and promising voice that well matched her outline.' He does not accept Young Mr Cashell's characterisation of her as 'a great, big, fat lump of a girl.' (226) Meanwhile he has seen Shaynor's arterial blood and wonders 'into what agonies of terror I should fall if I ever saw those bright red danger-signals.' (220) In between times he acts rather strangely for a visitor to the shop, with 'reckless expenditure of Mr Cashell's coal' (218) and then the concoction of a drink containing dilute alcohol and chloric ether<sup>21</sup> (by contrast Shaynor confines himself to the pastilles, adding primly that 'what one uses for oneself...comes out of one's pocket' [221]) The moments of empathy with Shaynor, combined with the narrator's reckless mood, prepare us for the state of mind, part panic and part elation, with which he observes Shaynor's 'trance'.<sup>22</sup> It is as revealing of his own susceptibility as Shaynor's when he remarks on Shaynor's 'physical yearning for his beloved' as 'unclean' and 'unwholesome; but human exceedingly; the raw material, so it seemed to me in that hour and that place, whence Keats wove the twenty-sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of his poem.' (232). Perhaps the sense of panic is even due to some fear that his closeness, psychological as well as physical, to Shaynor, could somehow induce 'consumption' in himself. He associates the bacillae with the Hertzian waves that pass from one aerial to another. In Keats's time and well beyond, 'consumption' could also be associated with the 'weakness of love' and general lack of moral fibre.<sup>23</sup>

Early on we are also offered a mildly voyeuristic anecdote, connected with the wireless experiment: 'the batteries electrified all the water supply, and' – he giggled – 'the ladies got shocks when they took their baths.' (213) At the time this seems an insignificant detail (although it is repeated by Young Mr Cashell [219]), yet voyeurism is

a key concern. It is, of course, at the heart of 'The Eve of St Agnes', where Porphyro spies on Madeline from a closet. It is also present not only in Shaynor's 'physical yearning for his beloved', but in the narrator's fascination with Shaynor's revelations: 'I was still in my place of observation, much as one would watch a rifle-shot at the butts....whispering encouragement, evidently to my other self, sounding sentences, such as men pronounce in dreams.' (230) A page later, as if to convince himself, he remarks: 'Shame had I none in overseeing this revelation.' (232) At the end of the story his mind turns to the aural equivalent of voyeurism: 'Do you mean...that we're eavesdropping across half South England?' (238)

In 'The Eve of St Agnes', Porphyro's voyeurism is absolved by the fact that simultaneously Madeline dreams of him (they share, so to speak, a 'magnetic field'), and when she awakes they consummate their love.<sup>24</sup> But Shaynor cannot consummate his love for Fanny (as Keats could not for Fanny Brawne), while the narrator's desire for 'Keats' is also not wholly consummated. 'A drop of sweat trickled from my nose...' (236); and then Shaynor comes to in language that suggests both sudden awakening and sexual climax: 'From head to heel he shook – shook from the marrow of his bones outwards –' (236). A sense of both over-excitement and frustrated desire permeate the story, and the use of wireless technology as a parallel is not only a parody of the 'spiritual quest', but also comments sardonically on that frustrated desire through sexual imagery: 'He pressed a key in the semi-darkness, and with a rending crackle there leaped between two brass knobs a spark, streams of sparks, and sparks again.' (227). We may have reached a point at which there is a distinction to be made not only between narrator and author, but between author and 'text'. Whereas Kipling's use of Keats is clearly deliberate, it is less obvious that he knows where these images are leading.<sup>25</sup>

The more one reads 'Wireless' the more conscious one becomes that every sentence is susceptible to further and varying interpretation, each likely to have a different emphasis. There is a point to Sandra Kemp's remark that 'the details of the story "cohere" only as long as the reader is actually engaged in reading' and that 'the reader is left at the end with unanswered questions'.<sup>26</sup> One point on which critics may agree is that the unconscious or 'daemon' in which Kipling believes cannot be led by the nose: 'mediums are all impostors.' (239) I cannot agree, however, with J.M.S. Tompkins's view that the 'awe and compassion' do not always come through the 'cluttered scene'.<sup>27</sup> While the *narrator's* awe is overstated, I have always felt that the pathos of Shaynor's *situation* comes through the complex interweaving of images and the half-playful, half-serious positing of a spiritual fourth dimension. So complex are

the effects that it seems better to respond to them as a ‘tapestry’ than to unravel precise intentions. Counterpointing the intimations of frustrated desire, we have the emblems of mortality: the dead hare with its bluish skin; the dust that coheres briefly (in shorter or longer dashes) to signify both the brevity of life and its insignificance except as part of some greater ‘code’. Meanwhile we are constantly aware as we read of the sound of the tide rising outside, until: ‘The steady drone of the Channel along the seafront that had borne us company so long leaped up a note to the fuller surge that signals the change from ebb to flood. It beat in like the change of step throughout an army – this renewed pulse of the sea – and filled our ears till they, accepting it, marked it no longer.’ Kipling’s sensuous prose rendering of the cold street and the colours of the chemist’s shop is a remarkable tour-de-force, from ‘the dried pavement seemed to rough up in goose-flesh under the scouring of the savage wind’ (222)<sup>28</sup> to the magical effects he conjures from the ‘kaleidoscopic’ ‘flushing’ and ‘splashing’ of the electric lights on the interior. This is a fellow-writer’s tribute to Keats, and so is the counterpointing of the continuity of life’s ebb and flow – the tides, the insect’s life-cycles – with individual love and sorrow. Can one story mix this depth of interest in Keats with early wireless technology, spiritualism, and still depict the pathos of one working-class life? I think it can.

#### NOTES

- 1 Rudyard Kipling ‘Wireless’, *Traffics and Discoveries* (London, Macmillan, 1904), 227–8. Page numbers given in this article refer to the Macmillan edition of *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904).
- 2 J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (Methuen, London, 1959), p 91.
- 3 The narrator does not explicitly notice the further telling parallel that Shaynor’s and Keats’s fathers were both job-masters in livery stables.
- 4 See: Andrew Motion, *Keats* (London, Faber and Faber, 1997), p 496.
- 5 Sandra Kemp, *Kipling’s Hidden Narratives* (Oxford, Basil Blackwell, 1988), p 36.
- 6 ‘You ought to be grateful that you know “St Agnes’ Eve” without the book’ (230).
- 7 For ‘dead hare’ see 217, ‘round by St Agnes’ 218, ‘Austrian blanket’ 232, ‘tiger-moth’ 223 (Eve of St Agnes stanza 24), ‘empty dress’ 232.
- 8 Incidentally the idea of a ‘fourth dimension’ links us back to science. Young Mr Cashell’s explanations of electricity and the ‘unknown Power’ (227) do not specifically mention the idea of an ‘ether’ or ‘aether’ (not to be confused with the drug, chloric ether); but at the end of the nineteenth century the notion of such an undetectable substance, a ‘fourth dimension’ in which matter must subsist, was widely accepted in early modern physics, gradually giving way only as Einstein’s theory of special relativity (1905) became established. Lorentz, who proposed the Ether theory, won the Nobel prize for physics in 1902.
- 9 Even the ‘energetic’ Young Mr Cashell becomes infused with Keats’s writing. At the end of his lucid exposition of his equipment he suddenly declares, rather oddly:

- 'There's nothing we shan't be able to do in ten years. I want to live – my God, how I want to live, and see it develop.' (226). In 1816 Keats had written: 'Oh for ten years, that I may overwhelm/Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed/That my own soul has to itself decreed.' ('Sleep and Poetry', lines 96–8.) Keats was to have only five. For quotations from Keats I am using the *Selected Poetry* (World's Classics, OUP), 1994.
- 10 Keats, Stanza 2 of 'Ode to a Nightingale'. 'Hippocrene' is the fountain of inspiration in Greek mythology.
  - 11 Keats, 'Eve of St Agnes', Stanza 2.
  - 12 Keats himself was strongly influenced by Wordsworth's *The Excursion* which he described as one of 'three things to rejoice at in the Age'. See Motion, *op cit*, p 223.
  - 13 See Tompkins, *op cit*, p 93.
  - 14 Keats's famous expression. See the letter to his brothers of December 1817 in Robert Gittings, *Letters of John Keats – A selection* (OUP 1987), p 43.
  - 15 'Underbred and ignoble' said Matthew Arnold of one letter. See Motion, *op cit*, p 415.
  - 16 Motion *op cit*, Chapter 54 contains a more detailed summary of reactions from Shelley through to Yeats.
  - 17 The phrase 'Higher Cannibalism' is from Kipling's *Letters* Vol 6, p 134 (*The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed Thomas Pinney, Palgrave Macmillan, 2004) – directed at biographers rather than critics. To which may be added: 'Seek not to question other than/ The works I leave behind' from his poem 'The Appeal'.
  - 18 Among Keats' influences were engravings of frescoes from Pisa containing an 'allegory of Pleasure and Life opposed to the reality of Pain and Death': Motion, *op cit*, p 335.
  - 19 Harold Bloom, *The Best Poems of the English Language* (Harper Collins 2004), p 459.
  - 20 Shaynor's depth of knowledge in his own field, historical (Culpeper) and contemporary, evidently appeals to the narrator. Unlike wireless technology, drugs are not a structuring device, in the story, but Shaynor is one of many Kipling characters with a passion for specialised knowledge. In Shaynor's case, this expertise is in sharp contrast to his lack of interest in either wireless technology or poetry. Shaynor is thus no more 'like' Keats (who gave up drugs for poetry), than is Mr Cashell. The idea of the apothecary's profession as a collective rather than individual endeavour is also emphasised by old Mr Cashell.
  - 21 Chloric ether (combined by the narrator with dilute alcohol and flavourings) was a mild anaesthetic, sometimes preferred to chloroform. This suggests a fairly potent brew. See Associated Medical journal of 1854 at <http://www.ncbi.nih.gov/pmc/articles>.
  - 22 Should one even consider the possibility that the narrator 'dreams' the entire episode, including Shaynor's 'mistakes', and the reader has a radical alternative 'truth' to consider, as in some Henry James stories of the 1890s (e.g. 'The Turn of the Screw', 'The Figure in the Carpet')? If events are exactly as the narrator describes, what happens at the end to the paper that Shaynor throws over his shoulder and should be littering the floor? In 'Wireless', however, even uncertainty is not quite certain.
  - 23 The prejudice in Keats's day was such that masturbation could be posited as a 'cause' of consumption. But an association between 'love' and tuberculosis persists

into the twentieth century, for example in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (1924). See Motion *op cit*, p 500.

- 24 'Into her dream he melted, as the rose/ Blendeth its odour with the violet, / Solution sweet...' Stanza 36.
- 25 I do not want to venture too far into 'structuralism' or 'post-structuralism'; however it does seem worth briefly pointing to the possibility of reading 'Wireless' in this way. The action of the story, use of irony, references to Keats and disease could be seen as the kind of 'codes' permeating every text, which create the impression of 'reality'. Inhabiting this 'reality' so that they too appear 'true' (as opposed to ideological) are linked symbols of desire and mortality. At some level it could be argued that excessive desire and death from consumption *are* linked, although this does not mean that Shaynor ceases to be a sympathetic figure. In his book-length analysis of Balzac's short story *Sarrasine* Barthes concludes by identifying a 'symbolic field' surrounding the idea of castration, which thwarts the narrator's desires. Kipling's narrator, in more elliptical and understated fashion, ends the story with: 'I'll go home and get to bed. I'm feeling a little tired.' (239). (See Roland Barthes, *S/Z* [translated by Richard Miller], Basil Blackwell, 1990, first published in French in 1974).
- 26 Kemp, *op cit*, p 37.
- 27 Tompkins, *op cit*, p 94. Kingsley Amis, in *Rudyard Kipling* (Thames and Hudson, London, 1975) agrees with Tompkins (p 95).
- 28 Kipling's 'savage wind...scour[ing] the pavements' may recall 'the besieging wind's uproar/And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor' in stanza 40 of 'The Eve of St Agnes'. Jan Montefiore's exploration of this 'at once highly up-to-date and Keatsian' passage in other directions illustrates still further the possibilities and complexities in 'Wireless'. (*Rudyard Kipling* (Tavistock, Devon, Northcote House Publishers, 2007), pp 139–42.

## MERROW DOWN AND WALDO WILLIAMS

by M.A.K. DUGGAN

[Dr. Duggan, a native of Glamorgan, is a physician by profession, but retired from the practice of medicine some years ago. *Ed.*]

I first encountered *Merrow Down* in the mid-1950s, in a poetry anthology published for children; a decade later, both the concept and the contents of such anthologies were to meet with the derision of progressive educationalists, but at the time they were still to be found in the bookshops. Since I did not read the poem in the context of *The Just-so Stories*, I did not entirely understand it. Nor had I ever visited rural Surrey. Nevertheless, I 'liked' it; it was the wistful quality of the second part that held my attention, although I knew not why, or to what it referred:

### Part I

There runs a road by Merrow Down—  
A grassy track to-day it is—  
An hour out of Guildford town,  
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,  
The ancient Britons dressed and rode  
To watch the dark Phoenicians bring  
Their goods along the Western Road.

And here, or hereabouts, they met  
To hold their racial talks and such—  
To barter beads for Whitby jet,  
And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time  
(When bison used to roam on it)  
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb  
That down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstone brook  
And made a swamp where Bramley stands:  
And bears from Shere would come and look  
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,  
 Was more than six times bigger then;  
 And all the Tribe of Tegumai  
 They cut a noble figure then!

Part 2

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai  
 Who cut that figure, none remain, –  
 On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry –  
 The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return  
 And hearts unwounded sing again,  
 Comes Taffy dancing through the fern  
 To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,  
 And golden elf-locks fly above;  
 Here eyes are bright as diamonds  
 And bluer than the sky above.

In mocassins and deer-skin cloak,  
 Unfearing, free, and fair she flits,  
 And lights her little damp-wood smoke  
 To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far – oh, very far behind,  
 So far she cannot call to him,  
 Comes Tegumai alone to find  
 The daughter that was all to him.

In due course, I found *Merrow Down* again, in its proper place, following the strange but charming stories to which it relates<sup>1</sup>, and grasped then that Taffimai and her Daddy had a special relationship, from which her mother was excluded. It was many years later that I learned of Kipling's controversial marriage, of his own elder daughter Josephine, of her pet-name 'Effie', and of his grief at her death in childhood. But *Merrow Down* had made its mark long before, and although I did not return to it often, I was still reminded of it whenever I saw a signpost marked 'Bramley' or visited a friend in Shere, and prompted to reflect on its underlying sense of quiet sorrow at the passing of something very ancient which was nevertheless very English.

Now there may seem to be a considerable gulf between Kipling's world and the world of Waldo Williams, of whom, I suspect, few of the *Kipling Journal's* readers (if any) will have heard, for he was a Welsh schoolteacher who wrote in his native tongue. Yet *Morrow Down* always brings him, also, to my mind, for reasons I shall try to make clear.

Waldo Williams (1904–71) was one of the greatest poets writing in Welsh in the first half of the twentieth century. He spent much of his life in his *henfro* (his 'native heath'), the northern, Welsh-speaking half of *Sha Bembro*, or Pembrokeshire, dominated by the Preseli mountains. In complete contrast to Kipling, he was a pacifist and Quaker. Kipling was an Englishman of his time whose patriotism issued – or appeared to issue – chiefly in Edwardian imperialism; Waldo's no less intense patriotism arose from his relationship to his own *patria*, *Cymru*, and was part of his belief in the profound significance of community and nation in the context of the bonds uniting all humankind. His thought was particularly influenced by his reading of the Russian Orthodox existentialist Berdyaev (an obscure and almost forgotten figure today), but even more by the way of life in which he had been brought up in rural Wales. In his youth, he had had at least one intense numinous experience, which he was to express many years later in his greatest poem, *Mewn Dau Gae (In Two Fields)*. While Kipling became an establishment figure and a household name, accepted as one of the great and good of his generation, Waldo remained unknown save in Welsh literary circles, and his humility was legendary: he behaved towards everyone with whom he came into contact as if they were each of the first importance while he himself was no more than an insignificant countryman, and did so because he genuinely thought it to be the case.

Waldo was always drawn to the traces left around him by the peoples of remote ages, in whom he discerned (although some would say, into whom he projected) the gentle pastoral values of his own *bro* (homeland). His first poem of importance, *Cofio (Remembering)*, was provoked by the Pentre Ifan cromlech in Preseli and accords with the English tradition of meditations on old stone, examples of which run from the anonymous Old English poem *The Ruin* to Gray's *Elegy* and beyond (although the stones of Pentre Ifan are a great deal older than either *Aquae Sulis* or the parish church in Stoke Poges). *Cofio* laments the passing of ancient communities and the forgotten races which formed them; Waldo's reference in it to the languages in which they rejoiced and grieved, languages which no-one understands any longer, has an added poignancy which stems from his belief that his own would meet the same fate before many more years had passed. One of his lines, on the flawed and tragic greatness of humanity, is superb:

*Eu breuddwyd dwyfol, a'u dwyfoldeb brau ...*

Although the assonances and alliterations are lost in translation, the line is not bad in English either:

Their divine dreams, and their dreamlike divinity ...

But the poem that prompts my thoughts of *Merrow Down* is *Geneth Ifanc (A Young Maiden)*, and while it has the same deep roots as *Cofio*, they are nourished this time by English soil. Waldo was revisiting Avebury with its earthwork and stone circle, where in the museum he had previously noticed a petrified skeleton which was described as that of a girl of twelve or thirteen. She had been buried in the crouching position characteristic of her culture, a detail which emerges in the poem:

*Geneth ifanc oedd yr ysgerbwd carreg.  
Bob tro o'r newydd mae hi'n fy nal.  
Ganrif am bob blwyddyn o'm hoedran  
I'w chynefin af yn ôl.*

*Rhai'n trigo mewn heddwch oedd ei phobl,  
Yn prynu cymorth daear â'u dawn,  
Myfyrio dirgelwch geni a phriodi a marw,  
Cadw rhwymau teulu dyn.*

*Rhoesant hi'n gynnar yn ei chwrcwd oesol.  
Deuddeg tro yn y Croeso Mai,  
Yna'r cydymaith tywyll a'i cafodd.  
Ni bu ei llais yn y mynydd mwy*

*Dyfnach yno oedd yr wybren eang,  
Glasach ei glas oherwydd hon.  
Cadarnach y ty anweledig a diamser  
Erddi hi ar y copâu hyn.*

[The stone skeleton was once a young maiden.  
Every time she holds me anew.  
I go back a century for each year of my age  
To reach the world she knew.

Hers were a people that lived in peace,  
Purchasing the succour of the earth with their talents,

Pondering the wonder of birth and espousal and death,  
Preserving the ties of the family of man.

They placed her early in her eternal crouch.  
Twelve times she welcomed in the May,  
Then the dark companion grasped her.  
Her voice was heard on the mountain no longer.

Deeper then was the expanse of the sky,  
Its blue was bluer because of her.  
The invisible and timeless house is stronger  
Because of her presence, once, on these hills.]<sup>2</sup>

There is certainly a personal note in *Geneth Ifanc*. When he was eleven, Waldo had lost his sister, Morfudd, who was a year or two older. We know little of their relationship, but doubtless in his memory, at least, and in his creative imagination, she had something in common with the Neolithic child. In the elegiac final verse there may even be an echo of his feelings about his wife, Linda, who had died in 1943 after scarcely twelve months of their marriage; it was in his subsequent grief that he had moved to Wiltshire for several years, during which period, presumably, he visited Avebury.

But the concerns common to *Geneth Ifanc* and *Merrow Down*, particularly its second part, are manifest. Both look back to a remote age and to the people who inhabited the hills of Southern England then; both tacitly invoke the melancholy of their absence, the emptiness of the land as the seasons come and go in unchanging rhythm. As Waldo had written in *Cofio*:

*A erys ond tawelwch i'r calonnau  
Fu gynt yn llawenychu a thristau?*

[Does there remain but silence for the hearts  
That once rejoiced and lamented?]

On Merrow Down the rest is indeed silence.

On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry –  
The silence and the sun remain.

The central image of a little girl roaming those hills and heralding the returning Spring is also common to both poems. But there is a significant difference. Kipling is thinking of Effie, *his* little girl, her name thinly

concealed as 'Taffy'. The spirit of his imagined Neolithic child and the impossible but longed-for reappearance of his own dead daughter are united in the figure dancing through the fern on Merrow Down; Taffy has flitted so far ahead of her sorrowing Daddy that he cannot see her and she cannot call to him, but perhaps there will one day come an unimaginable Spring when his wounded heart will be unwounded and the wood-smoke will show him where to find her. Waldo, on the other hand, has no such personal relationship with the Young Maiden whom he has recreated from a stone skeleton, only the 'hiraeth am eich 'nabod chwi', the 'longing to know you' which in *Cofio* he confesses to the unremembered peoples of the earth. It is not her spirit welcoming future Springs that he invokes, but the image of her as she welcomed Springs in the remote past until the darkness took her and she was placed in her 'eternal crouch' by those who grieved for her. Neither does he explicitly anticipate her restoration, or the song of hearts newly healed by it. But his celebration of her part in making firm the walls and pillars of the 'invisible and timeless house' indicates his faith in such a consummation, for that house is the house not made with hands, the house in which there are many mansions, the dwelling-place in community of the *teulu dyn*, the family of man.

Was Waldo in any way influenced by *Merrow Down* when he wrote *Geneth Ifanc*?<sup>3</sup> I have no idea, although at first sight Kipling does not seem to have been the sort of writer to whom he would have been drawn.<sup>4</sup> It has to be said, also, although comparisons of any sort are odious, and comparisons of the merits of poems in different languages probably ludicrous, that *Geneth Ifanc* is a weightier work in both intention and execution. This is hardly surprising; it is true that Kipling's poetry has been insufficiently appreciated (perhaps not least by T.S. Eliot, despite his expressed admiration), but he was not a major poet even so, and his significance as a major *writer* resides in his prose – itself generally underestimated or misunderstood today. The first part, at least, of *Merrow Down* is little more than a whimsical set of verses designed to follow a whimsical story, and it is only in the second part that the note of quiet melancholy enters, transforming it into something decidedly more.

Nevertheless, I think that there is a genuine affinity between the two poems. Beyond Kipling's jingoism and imperialism, and the assumptions of racial superiority that often accompanied both, was a far more complex reality. The imperialism was an extension of his patriotism, but he entertained doubts about its ultimate value – if not, unhappily, about its morality – as his poem *Recessional* indicates (for I do not think that this was merely an occasional piece, the sort of thing a public man might say when he wanted to sound pious). As for the patriotism

itself, it arose from a profound love for his England, involving an understanding of all that had made it what it was and its people what they were (an understanding which he most obviously tried to express in *Puck of Pook's Hill*). He shared these concerns, *mutatis mutandis*, with Waldo Williams, who was able to explore them and their implications at a level beyond Kipling's poetic capabilities. In *Pa beth yw dyn?* (*What is man?*), Waldo answered his own question '*Beth yw gwladgarwch?*' ('What is patriotism?'), with '*Cadw ty mewn cwmwl tystion*' ('Keeping house in a cloud of witnesses'), a response to which I think Kipling might have assented with admiration.

Another Welsh poet, whose life was roughly contemporary with Waldo's, chose (or was compelled) to write in English and has consequently received immeasurably more acclamation; I refer, of course, to R.S. Thomas. In one of his early poems, *Green Categories*, he bizarrely juxtaposes the famous hill-farm labourer of his creation, Iago Prytherch, with Kant, and addresses to Prytherch the ironic rhetorical question which is its first line, 'You never heard of Kant, did you, Prytherch?', before imagining the two enjoying the peace of a common understanding before the latter's hearth. One might equally remark 'You never heard of Waldo, did you, Kipling?' But the contrast is far less marked and the common understanding far more apparent. That understanding is not the product merely of a shared fascination by the pre-history of southern Britain, but of the perception of the faint note of sadness inherent in the land itself and in the *hen bethau angofiedig*, the ancient and forgotten traces of departed peoples, something which both poets were able to communicate. I caught that note long ago in *Marrow Down*, and I catch it to this day, no doubt intensified by the changes that have come about in the Surrey countryside since Kipling knew it and which I see through the window of my car together with the signs to Bramley and Shamley and the Wey.

Yet there remains one further matter, in which Waldo succeeds where Kipling fails. For *Marrow Down*, despite the poignancy of its second part, does not do justice to the intensity of the love between Taffy and the Daddy she had left to his writing. By commemorating his little girl in its lines, Kipling was, perhaps, distancing the intimate and dealing inadequately with what he could not otherwise deal at all; he would not be the first to fail in this respect. It was Waldo, writing of an unknown *geneth ifanc* in a language unknown to Kipling, who was able to say what Taffy's Daddy might have wished could be said, to point to the eternal significance, for England and for all humanity, of her short life on the English hills, and to celebrate it quietly, with an appropriate dignity, and with tears in his eyes.

## NOTES

- 1 Part 1 of *Merrow Down* follows 'The Story of the First Letter' in *The Just-so Stories*; Part 2 follows its companion story 'How the Alphabet was Made'.
- 2 This English translation is my own and does not attempt to provide anything more than the sense of Waldo's words. Most of the poems of Waldo Williams, including *Geneth Ifanc*, were published in one volume, *Dail Pren (Leaves of a Tree)* (Llandysul: Gwasg Gomer, 1956), of which there have been several subsequent editions. His work is often included in anthologies of Welsh poetry in translation, and one of his most sensitive interpreters was Tony Conran, whose comprehensive collection, *The Peacemakers* (surprisingly difficult to find, unfortunately), sets out the Welsh texts and his translations side by side, but is not burdened with the scholarly annotations that might deter the casual English reader (*The Peacemakers: Selected Poems of Waldo Williams*, transl. Tony Conran, Llandysul: Gomer Press, 1997). I have been both warned and consoled by Conran's opinion that Waldo is a very difficult poet to translate! Still possibly the best introduction (in English) to Waldo's life and work is the monograph in the *Writers of Wales* series (James Nicholas: *Waldo Williams*, Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1975). This monograph was reprinted in a different format a few years ago, and while, to the best of my knowledge, neither version remains in print, copies can usually be found by an internet search. The entry concerning Waldo in *The Oxford Companion to the Literature of Wales*, edited by Meic Stephens, is also very informative (most sizeable humanities libraries in England, including the Poetry Library, housed in London's South Bank complex, hold a copy of this definitive work).
- 3 Waldo might have read *The Just-so Stories* in childhood, of course, for he was brought up to speak English in the first few years of his life. In any event, he was very likely to have encountered *Merrow Down* later, either when reading English at Aberystwyth or when subsequently teaching (through the medium of English) in primary schools. Whether it was important enough to him to have influenced him when he was writing *Geneth Ifanc* I cannot say.
- 4 Prof. Daniel Karlin suggests that the link between *Merrow Down* and *Geneth Ifanc* may have been the influence on both of Wordsworth's 'Lucy' poems, especially *She dwelt among the untrodden ways*; one might also mention *Three years she grew in sun and shower* in this context. Waldo is known to have been fascinated by the Romantics; at a time when most Welsh poets were rejecting the Romantic view of the world he chose to reinterpret it, developing a more profound understanding of its basis. It is quite likely, therefore, that Wordsworth was somewhere in his mind when he contemplated the stony skeleton at Avebury. But there are insufficient parallels between *Geneth Ifanc* and these poems for any firm conclusions to be drawn.

## REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES FOR 2015

The Kipling Society, postal address 31, Brookside, Billericay, Essex CM11 1DT, founded in 1927, is a registered Charity ( No.278885) and constituted under rules approved in July 1999.

Accordingly, the aim of the Society is the advancement of public education by promoting the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Society is run by a Council of Honorary Executive Officers and elected ordinary members Those serving during this year were:

### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Chairman	Dr Mary Hamer
Deputy Chairman	Mr John Radcliffe (until September 2015)
	Mr John Walker (from September 2015)
Secretary	Mr John Lambert
Treasurer	Mr Michael Kipling
Journal Editor	Professor Janet Montefiore
Membership Secretary	Mr John Lambert
Meetings Secretary	Mr Andrew Lycett
Librarian	Mr John Walker
On-Line Editor & Publicity	Mr John Radcliffe
Bateman's Liaison Officer	Mr Robin Mitchell

### ORDINARY MEMBERS

Miss Anne Harcombe	(2013–2016)
Dr Alex Bubb	(2014–2017)
Dr Lizzy Welby	(2014–2017)
Dr Angela Eyre	(2014–2017)
B.C. Diamond, MSc.	(2015–2018)
Commander Alastair J.W. Wilson RN	(2015–2018)
Professor Sandra D. Kemp, D. Phil.	(2015–2018)

The Society publishes the quarterly *Kipling Journal*, which is distributed to all subscribing members and institutions, and deals with matters of interest to readers and students of Rudyard Kipling. It also:

1. Notifies and holds meetings, film shows, visits, discussions and readings in order to stimulate and encourage the study of Rudyard Kipling's works.
2. Maintains an extensive library of books, ephemera and reference material. The library is based at Haileybury School, Hertfordshire and at Special Collections, Sussex University.
3. Maintains a Kipling Room at The Grange Museum in Rottingdean.
4. Maintains a website ([www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk)) containing information and pictorial information about the Society and the life and works of Kipling, as well as the expanding 'New Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works'

(see below). Also, the catalogue of the Society's library and a comprehensive Index to the *Kipling Journal* from its inception in 1927. The website attracts requests for information from members and non-members and is a good source for recruitment of new members from all over the world. The Society, with the University of Newcastle, provides an email discussion forum on which questions relation to Kipling are canvassed and discussed.

#### State of the Society and specific activities in 2015

Four issues of the *Kipling Journal* were published this year. There were 59,300 visitors to the website in the year to June 30th 2015, 159 a day, of whom 18,500 (31%) visited the NRG pages, a modest increase over the previous year. There were 39 applications for membership via the site, also an increase. The *Kipling Journal* archive continues to have good use. We have continued to develop the New Readers' Guide. All the prose collected in the Sussex Edition has now been annotated, and we are continuing to work on the verse. This year there were six meetings, including the AGM. At each a lecture was given by a guest speaker. The Annual Luncheon Guests of Honour were Major Tonie and Mrs Valmai Holt, who spoke on 'Kipling's Memorial Works for his son John, killed 100 years ago this September'. In view of the small number of entries, no competition for the Slater Prize for Sixth Formers was held this year. A working group of Council members was convened and a pilot scheme for 2016 was set up, addressed to younger pupils in Year 5.

On October 22nd 2015 at The Keep, Sussex University, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Kipling's birth, Professor Harry Ricketts delivered a lecture on 'What can Rudyard Kipling do for you?'

At the end of 2015 the Society had 401 individual members and 75 corporate members.

#### Reserves

The Council considers the present levels of general and specific reserves adequate for its present and anticipated future needs. However, the level of the general reserve has fallen in recent years as subscription and other income has reduced. This is despite savings in administrative expenses being achieved. To halt this decline, Council reluctantly decided to increase subscription rates by £5 from 2016. Council also determined to ensure that greater use was made of the Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture Fund in future, drawing on during 2015 it for the 150th Anniversary Lecture.

## MINUTES OF THE 88TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2015

Wednesday 8th July 2015, Mountbatten Room,  
Royal Over-Seas League, 4.30 p.m.

**1. Chairman's Opening statement:** It is a pleasure to gather with members here today for the 88th Annual General Meeting. Thank you for coming and welcome. The past year has been a good one, with a number of satisfactory features. To begin, our new treasurer, Mike Kipling, has put our affairs into apple-pie order. Before going on, however, let me express some personal gratitude. The members of Council have been stalwart in their support. I should particularly like to thank our President, Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Ayers, unavoidably absent today; we send him warm wishes for a continued recovery. John Lambert, our Secretary and Professor Jan Montefiore, editor of the *Kipling Journal* have been generous with their time and patience.

Mrs Valentine Cadell made our year, in a sense, by her gift to the society of a collection of family letters, some by Kipling himself. Throwing light on the early days of Kipling's marriage, they have been transcribed by Commander Alastair Wilson whose authoritative account of them will be published in the *Journal*. We look forward. Mrs. Cadell joined us at the successful Annual Luncheon in May. Although our speaker, Rowan Williams, had been obliged to cancel, numbers remained good and we were fortunate that Major and Mrs Tonie Holt were able to step into the breach.

The John Slater Memorial Prize was not offered this year: in order to attract more entries and those from a wider range of pupils, plans to revise its terms are underway. Ideally it could be the means of engaging a new generation of readers with Kipling – even providing us with new members, in time! With the aim of attracting members, no fewer than five members of Council represented the society at the Rottingdean Kipling Festival in June.

We have of course been very aware that 2015 is the 150th anniversary of Kipling's birth. Planned celebrations include the re-opening of the Kipling Library at Haileybury in September and a public lecture to be given at the University of Sussex in October, when Professor Harry Ricketts will give the Stammers-Smith Lecture.

**2. Apologies for absence:** Lt. Col. Roger Ayers OBE, President. Mr John McGivering, Mr Stan & Mrs Isolde Spurling, Mr Geoffrey Plowden, Commander Alastair Wilson RN.

**3. Confirmation of the minutes of the 87th AGM, 10th September 2014** (as published and circulated in the June 2015 *Kipling Journal*). Proposed by Mr Andrew Lycett and seconded by Professor Jan Montefiore. All agreed and signed by Dr Mary Hamer.

4. **Matters arising:** There were no matters arising.
5. **Election and re-election of Honorary Executive Council Officers**  
Mr John Walker as Vice-Chairman and Hon. Librarian  
Mr John Lambert as Hon. Secretary (including membership)  
Mr Michael Kipling as Hon. Treasurer  
Prof. Jan Montefiore as Editor of the *Kipling Journal*  
Mr Andrew Lycett as Hon. Meetings Secretary (assisted by Dr. Alex Bubb)  
Mr John Radcliffe as Hon. On-Line Editor and Publicity Officer  
Mr Robin Mitchell as Hon. Liaison Officer National Trust Bateman's  
Chairman/

Dr Mary Hamer asked if all could be voted en bloc. Proposed by Miss Julia Hett and seconded by Mr Bryan Diamond. All agreed.

6. **Approval of Andrew Dodsworth as Hon. Independent Financial Examiner** (Society Accounts)

Proposed by Professor Jan Montefiore and seconded by Mr Michael Kipling. All agreed.

7. **Election and re-election of Ordinary Council members**

Rear Admiral Guy Liardet (2012–2015) and Miss Julia Hett (2012–2015) had completed their three-year term of office and had stood down. The following were re-elected;

Miss Ann Harcombe (2013–2016)

Dr Alex Bubb (2014–2017)

Dr Lizzy Welby (2014–2017)

Dr Angela Eyre (2014–2017)

The following were elected to serve for the following three years;

Commander Alastair Wilson RN (2015–2018)

Professor Sandra Kemp (2015–2018)

Mr Bryan Diamond (2015–2018)

The above vote was taken and carried as a 'block' vote, all agreed.

Rule 6 (1) allows for eight elected members of Council.

8. **Hon. Officers' reports:** All reports had been given in full at the July meeting and are attached. However Officers did give a brief account of their reports for those present today.

- a) **Secretary (including membership)**

Mr Lambert reported that cancellation by Rowan Williams as speaker eight weeks before the annual luncheon saw turmoil in the secretary's office and with no clear replacement identified until the 12th March, letters/emails were sent out to all those who had already applied to attend. In all thirteen cancellations were received and over seventy members and guests were in attendance, including nine guests of the society. The total cost to the society was just over £650.

He had received over one hundred and seventy Kipling related enquiries, with many passed onto Roger Ayers, Alastair Wilson or John Walker for clarification.

The meeting dates for 2016 have been confirmed with the ROSL as;

February 10th  
 April 13th  
 May 4th (Luncheon)  
 July 13th (AGM)  
 September 14th  
 November 9th

## b) Membership

Mr Lambert reported: as fees are set to rise by £5 across the whole of membership. I have put together an A5 size flyer which will be sent out with the *Kipling Journal* to individual members for the next three or four issues.

Individual membership stands at 399. We have lost 45 members for varying reasons since the beginning of July 2014 and have since gained 31 new members. 19 new members did join via the web-site.

Of those notable members who no longer subscribe is Barbara Santa Cruz (membership number 1507) who stated that she once spoke with RK.

I have received an enquiry regarding membership world-wide and therefore advise all of the following:

Individual membership: Australia 9. Botswana 1. Canada 3. China 2. Denmark 1. Finland 1. France 7. Germany 7. India 3. Ireland 1. Italy 2. Japan 4. Luxembourg 1. Netherlands 1. New Zealand 3. Northern Ireland 1. Norway 2. Poland 1. Scotland 9. South Africa 1. Switzerland 1. Ukraine 2. USA 45. Vietnam 1. Wales 1. England 289.

Corporate membership stands at 76. We have lost 12 members in all throughout the year. The closure of SWETs saw some rejoin through EBSCO. Those who did not rejoin in January include University of London, St. Pauls Girls' School, The National Army Museum and the French National Library.

Corporate world-wide membership; Australia 1. Canada 7. Germany 1. India 1. Russia 2. USA 45. UK 19.

## John Lambert

### c) Treasurer

Mr Kipling reported that the Society's financial position remains strong, although as a consequence of certain exceptional items of expenditure, including the rearrangement of the 2014 AGM, the transfer of the library and a special edition of the *Journal* to report on the Vermont symposium, the general reserve declined by almost £4,000 over 2014.

The Society's main investment, a two year fixed deposit, had matured during the year. Early in 2015, £55,000 was reinvested with Yorkshire Bank, split over one and two year terms, unfortunately at lower interest rates than had previously been received. An additional £9,000 had been placed in the CCLA charity account where it is instantly accessible.

The Society's total assets at the end of June 2015 are therefore:

Lloyds current accounts	£10,824
	\$1,942
	€232
CLA Deposit Fund (instant access)	£9,461
Yorkshire Bank 1 year deposit	£25,000
Yorkshire Bank 2 year deposit	£30,000

Council looked at future financial projections earlier this year and concluded that with a shrinking membership and inevitable increases in costs, it would be necessary to increase subscription rates, which had remained at current levels for a number of years. Accordingly, from 1 January 2016, the subscription for single person UK membership payable by standing order will increase from £22p.a. to £27p.a. and other subscriptions will be adjusted accordingly. This increase broadly reflected the increase in the retail prices index since subscriptions were last increased.

In order to protect the general reserve, which although reduced by a quarter since 2009 still stands at around 2 years' normal expenditure, Council has determined to utilise the Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture Fund more (it has remained untouched since at least 2009), within the conditions for its use set by the donor. It will be used, for example, to fund the lecture to celebrate Kipling's 150th birthday later this year.

### **Mike Kipling**

Mr Bryan Diamond asked if the Gift Aid payment for 2013 had been received as it was not shown on the accounts. Mr Lambert confirmed that he had applied for it but it had not yet been received.

At this point Dr Mary Hamer, proposed that the annual accounts for 2014 and as shown in the June 2015 issue of the *Kipling Journal* were accepted and adopted as a true record of the Society's financial position.

Proposed by Mr John Walker and seconded by Mr John Radcliffe. Carried – all agreed. Dr Hamer thanked Mr Andrew Dodsworth for his time.

### **d) *Kipling Journal* Editor**

Professor Montefiore reported: The *Kipling Journal* has had a good year, with no glitches or untoward issues. Since 2014 when we printed 2 extra numbers, the July 'Kipling in America' Special Supplement of the 'Vermont Symposium' held in October 2013, and in August the notice of the Postponed A.G.M., the *Journal* has returned to its quarterly round. The panel of 12 peer reviewers which I set up in the autumn of 2014 has been working smoothly and well, and I have found the reviewers' responses have been a considerable help to me as editor, as it's always useful to get a second opinion. The first 'themed' number on Kipling's poetry in December 2014 (no. 358) was a great success. A second themed number on 'Rudyard Kipling and the Great War', commemorating the centenary of John Kipling's death at the Battle of Loos on 27 September 1915,

is now in press and will appear in September (No.361). There is a current ‘rush’ of books about Kipling and reprints of his work, so that future issues will contain a good many book reviews. Readers can also look forward to reading Alastair Wilson’s transcriptions of the recently revealed ‘Cadell Hoard’ of letters from Rudyard and Carrie Kipling to their friends Mr and Mrs Hunt, and submissions continue to come in steadily from scholars, students and Kipling enthusiasts.

### **Professor Jan Montefiore**

Mr John Walker added that good quality copies of the letters were available to be seen online.

#### **e) On Line Editor & Publicity**

Mr Radcliffe reported that in the year to June 30th we have logged 59,300 visitors to the web-site (162 a day) of whom 18,500 (50 a day) visited the Readers’ Guide pages. This is a small increase (4%) over the previous twelve months. Use of the ‘For Soldiers’ page has been more modest, at 3800 visitors for the year, some ten a day.

There has been an encouraging increase in the number of applicants for membership via the web-site, from 22 in 2013/14 to 39 in 2014/15. June 2015 has been a record month, with six applications. We continue to be the second or third ranked Kipling site on Google. The *Kipling Journal* archive continues to have good use, as does the Themes database, which enables one to search for particular themes within the tales.

Angela Eyre’s Kipling Society entry for Wikipedia is now up and running. We have not, though, made any more progress yet in using social media (Twitter and Facebook), largely because we are dubious about whether our membership – or potential membership – would find them useful. They may become more important in relation to future work for schools.

We have created a section of the web-site to support the ‘Kipling for Schools’ project, currently under discussion. As the project develops this should become a useful source of support, publicising examples of good practice, providing materials for use in the classroom, and acting as a shop-window for the project.

We have continued to develop the *New Readers’ Guide*. As earlier reported, we have completed notes on all the tales and articles in the *Sussex Edition*. The total number of poems covered is now over 420.

In this Great War centenary year we have highlighted Kipling’s writings about the war and its aftermath, and reflected this in the regular quotations offered to readers.

Alastair Wilson continues his work on the Carrington Extracts from Carrie Kipling’s diaries for the Members’ pages of the site, with assistance from John Radcliffe, and advice from Andrew Lycett. We have so far reached the year 1913, rather over half-way through to 1935.

We are in the process of securing permission to add the Rees extracts, made for the Birkenhead biography; these naturally overlap with the Carrington extracts, but they include some entries which Carrington did not cover.

We have recently added the texts of the 56 'Uncollected Sketches 1884–1888' to the *Guide*, together with the notes by Tom Pinney which he made for *Kipling's India* (Macmillan, 1986). We are now working on the uncollected speeches in *A Second Book of Words*, also annotated by Tom Pinney.

## John Radcliffe

### f) Librarian

Mr Walker reported on **Research and support**: I am very pleased to say that over fifty entries were received for the translation competition in the Ukraine, by the closing date at the end of June. The results should be announced by the end of August.

The potential organisers for a symposium in Istanbul have disappeared from the email receivers list (I am sure that there is a proper term!), and contact through the university has also been difficult. This project seems to be in abeyance for this year.

The project by *Roots and Shoots* to prepare a garden for the Chelsea Flower Show, based on *The Glory of the Garden* resulted in a gold medal, and some worthwhile publicity.

Other recent research requests include Baden-Powell's obituary for Kipling (found in a copy of *The Scouter* for March 1936), and evidence for Rudyard and Caroline's relationship before the death of Wolcott (ref. Lycett).

There have been on average three enquiries a week from all over the world. There had also been 12 enquiries on disposing of private collections, reflecting age/attitude and not valuation.

**Acquisitions:** Brian Harris's selection of Kipling's short stories, titled *The Two-Sided Man* is a welcome addition to our shelf of choices. The commentary, as with Brian's earlier selection from the verse *The Surprising Mr Kipling*, is so individual as to make the new volume a worthwhile addition to the book shelf for new readers and old. Once again, other material added to stock since the last meeting includes more second hand biographies of contemporaries, and some bound copies of magazines.

**Stage, radio, television and film productions:** More details of the Disney 'live action' version of *The Jungle Book* are now available, and with the sesqui-centennial still in mind, perhaps we can gain some publicity for the Society before it opens in April next year. This could well be close enough to Kipling's birthday to offer some opportunity. Those voicing various characters (members of Council may enjoy matching voice to Jungle creatures) include: Idris Elba, Christopher Walken, Bill Murray, Giancarlo Esposito, Scarlett Johansson, Ben Kingsley and Lupita Nyong'o. It seems that the song '*The Bare Necessities*' will feature again (!)

I have promised help with publicity for the Warner Brothers (Andy Serkis) film of *The Jungle Book* (starring Kate Blanchett as *Kaa* and Christian Bale

as *Bagheera*), due for release in October 2017. The latest news I have of this production is that Benedict Cumberbatch will voice Shere Khan!

A future edition of Penelope Keith's *British Village's* series will feature Bateman's, and we are involved in making sure that the story of John is given correctly...

**Exhibitions and talks:** Recent talks have included *The Birth of Kim* to a U3A reading group from Brighton, and *Kipling and America* for a History Society from Redhill.

**Haileybury:** I am now involved in setting out stock in our splendid new research room and would like to invite members of Council to the opening – lunch, followed by a short ceremony, on Wednesday 30th September. More formal invitations will be sent out as soon as the school have fixed details.

### **John Walker**

#### **g) Meetings Secretary**

Mr Lycett reported that our meetings programme continues to play a central role in the activities of the Society.

Over the past year we have enjoyed a wide range of presentations. Our speakers have been Professor Phiroze Vasunia (July 2015) on Kipling and the Classical World, Dr Sarah Lonsdale (September 2015) on 'The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat' and the Birth of Modern Journalism, Dr Rodney Attwood (November 2015) on Kipling and the Boer War, Professor Sandra Kemp (February 2015) previewing the forthcoming V&A exhibition on Lockwood Kipling, and Dr Frances Harris (April 2015) on 'Historical and Personal Reflections on the Puck Stories'.

I was particularly grateful to Rodney Attwood, since, for the first time in my tenure as Meetings Secretary, I was landed with a speaker unexpectedly unable to attend. Rodney, a long-standing member, stepped into the breach at short notice, showing his extraordinary skills as a communicator.

Mixing erudition and entertainment, all the talks were very well-received.

An equally comprehensive series of meetings is scheduled for the rest of the year and for 2016. Mr Lycett added that he will be working with Dr Alex Bubb on setting up speakers / meetings.

### **Andrew Lycett**

#### **h) Batemans Liaison Officer**

Mr Mitchell reported the following;

Visitor numbers – In common with most other National Trust properties, Batemans is now open all the year round except for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. This resulted in a large increase in visitor numbers for the year ending 28th February 2015 to 110,000.

Memorial to John Kipling – Devised by Batemans staff, a very moving memorial to John Kipling was erected in the Exhibition Room, consisting of diary entries; extracts from letters to and from Rudyard Kipling; exchanges of letters between father and son, and Lord Roberts and extracts from Kipling's war poems. In a year which has seen many WWI memorials on display, this one holds its own with the best. It will last until October this year.

Bateman's N.T. volunteers are taking part in a pilgrimage to Loos to the approximate site of John's death on the 27th September, 100 years ago. (*Cost £90 and meeting at 6am at Batemans*)

Rottingdean Kipling Festival 2015 – With support from the Society, Rottingdean is again holding a Kipling Festival with the theme of 'Kipling in India'. The society accepted Rottingdean's invitation to take part.

### **Robin Mitchell**

#### **9. Any other business**

a) Dr Hamer advised those present that the Slater Memorial Essay Competition was being revamped. In previous years the Prize has been offered for an essay from Sixth-Formers. Entries have been very few. For this reason the Sixth Form competition is being put on hold, in favour of setting up as a pilot a competition for Junior children in Year 5. This will invite entries in the form of creative writing, in response to stories by Kipling.

b) The wood burning stove idea at Batemans has been shelved.

John Lambert. Honorary Secretary

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Chairman.

Date.....

## ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR TO 31 DECEMBER 2015

The Accounts for the year to 31 December 2015 which follow have been prepared under the simplified format as the Society qualifies as a Small Charity under the Charity Commission's rules. These accounts have been scrutinised by the Society's Independent Financial Examiner.

### NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

- 1) The Society employs no paid staff and it does not have a permanent office. All overhead costs are included as Administration expenses.
- 2) The society no longer employs a professional accountant and the accountancy fees paid in 2014 relate to services received prior to the preparation of the 2014 accounts.
- 3) A small amount of subscription income has been received in advance, but this figure has not been included under 'creditors' as subscriptions received are not refundable. Payments received in advance for the 2015 annual luncheon were included under 'Creditors' at 31 December 2014. No advance payments were received for the 2016 luncheon during 2015.
- 4) Income tax recoverable on amounts which members have paid under 'Gift Aid' rules is reclaimed annually following the end of a financial year. The reclaims in respect of 2014 and 2015 were both outstanding at 31 December 2014 and the estimated aggregate expected recovery has been included under 'Debtors'. The amount recovered in 2015 was in respect of 2013.
- 5) During 2015, the Society placed £55,000 on term deposit with Yorkshire Bank. Interest is paid annually and accounted for when received. Accrued interest of £801 has been included under 'Debtors'.
- 6) Payments for reimbursements of administration costs and other expenses of lectures and function, etc., were made during the year to the Trustees: Mary Hamer; £112, Mike Kipling £115, John Lambert £353; Andrew Lycett £233; Jan Montefiore £293; John Radcliffe £199 and John Walker £926. Of these amounts, £550 relates to expenditure in 2014 whereas only about £150 of 2015 expenses remains to be reimbursed.
- 7) During 2015 the Society made a grant of £1,000 to the Rottingdean Kipling Festival and a donation of £200 to Combat Stress at the request of Major and Mrs Holt, the speakers at the annual luncheon.
- 8)

	2015	2014
Cost of lecture programme and A.G.M.	£ 4,062	£ 2,725
Annual Luncheon	£ 3,847	£ 3,581
	£ 7,908	£ 6,306

- 9) No essay competition was run in 2015 although a competition for primary schools was initiated.
- 10) An honorarium of £1,000 towards international travel costs and accommodation was granted to the speaker at the lecture held at the University of Sussex to celebrate the Kipling sesquicentenary. This was financed from the Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture Fund.
- 11) All fixed assets of the Society have been fully depreciated. Books and other library items are included at purchase price.

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2015

**RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT**

	<b>2015</b>		<b>2014</b>
	£	£	£
Bank balances at 1 January 2015		76,165	80,825
<b><u>Income received in the year</u></b>			
Subscriptions and donations	12,550		13,393
Annual Luncheon	2,556		4,078
Vermont Symposium	0		0
Bank Interest	28		2,364
Tax refund on subscriptions and donations (including interest)	665		0
Legacies	0		0
Sundry income	0		117
Total Income received		15,800	19,952
<b><u>Deduct: Expenses paid in the Year</u></b>			
Printing and despatch of Journal	7,994		11,971
Costs of lectures and functions	7,908		6,306
Vermont Symposium	0		104
Administration and sundry running costs of the Society	1,665		750
Accountancy fees	0		1,067
Web-site, online expenses	360		591
Relocation of library	0		1,482
Bank charges	69		62
Foreign Exchange Adjustment	9		58
Sundry expenses	37		224
Donations and grants	1,000		1,050
Essay Competition Prizes	0		900
Additions to books for Library	172		47
<b>Total Expenditure</b>		<b>(19,214)</b>	<b>(24,611)</b>
Bank balances at 31 December 2015		<u>72,751</u>	<u>76,165</u>

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2015

**STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES**

	<b>2015</b>	<b>2014</b>
	<b>£</b>	<b>£</b>
<b>RESERVES</b>		
General Reserve	46,485	47,899
John Slater Essay Competition Fund	4,480	4,480
Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture Fund	<u>22,786</u>	<u>23,786</u>
	72,751	76,165
Represented by Bank Balances:		
– Current Account	£7,433	
– Deposit Accounts	£64,461	
– Foreign Currency Accounts	<u>£857</u>	
	<u>£72,751</u>	
[At 31 December 2014: £76,165]		
Debtors and prepayments	2,001	1,300
Library books, etc	<u>16,260</u>	<u>16,088</u>
Total Assets	91,012	93,554
<b>Deduct: Liabilities</b> – creditors	<u>0</u>	<u>(950)</u>
Net assets at 31 December 2015	<u>91,012</u>	<u>92,604</u>

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Fred Lerner

I found Dr. Mikhaylo Nazarenko's article on 'Mapping the Secondary World' (*Kipling Journal*, December 2015) a most interesting and well-informed discussion of the role of maps as adjuncts to fantasy fiction narratives. But it seems that the map that accompanies 'The Brushwood Boy' might have a deeper meaning than the 'mapping of dreamland'. For 'The Map is in reality a diagram of the human body occultly considered. The entire scheme of the Diagram is the ascending of the sex force to the brain and the Illumination which results therefrom.' Or so suggests one Dr. A.S. Raleigh on page 36 of *An Interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's Brushwood Boy and Map* (Chicago: The Hermetic Publishing Company, 1932). As its subtitle explains, this large-format mimeographed pamphlet 'Esoterically and mystically explains how Kipling reached Illumination and Initiation in the Dream State; how he reached Clairvoyance and Clairaudience as shown by the dates recorded 'Saw Here,' 'Heard Here,' on the Map in the Story. The inner meaning and what it secretes fully explained'.

After forty pages of gibberish derived apparently from an idiosyncratic mixture of Kabbala, Hinduism, and Buddhism, Dr. Raleigh reaches this conclusion: 'In this way has Kipling shown us the true history of the Illumination and Marriage of his own Soul, and to the one who is able to read the dates and symbols, a clearer history of the Initiation of one of the Greatest Souls living, could not possibly be given, let one try as he may. At the same time that this is the History of Kipling's Initiation, it is at the same time a perfect guide book, for those entering this course, showing them just how the Union is to be consummated and indicating the meaning of each experience which they may be called upon to go through. More than this it is such a guide book written by one of the Elder Brothers of Humanity, drawn from his own Soul Experience, for the benefit of those coming on behind.' [pp. 39-40]

I obtained this ornament to my Kipling collection some years ago at a by-the-pound sale of unwanted books from the Dartmouth Bookstore. How and why they acquired it is a mystery to me. A list of other 'Hermetic works by Dr. A.S. Raleigh' includes his *Interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's Story, They*. Both this and his pamphlet on 'The Brushwood Boy' are offered for sale at \$7.50 each — which would have been an unusually high price for a pamphlet back in 1932. Evidently Hermetic wisdom does not come cheap.

That this publication was not cited by Dr. Nazarenko in his article is no reflection on his scholarship. It is deservedly obscure, and I have not seen it mentioned in any of the books and articles on Kipling that I have read. Knowledge of its existence may be of interest to collectors of literary curiosities.

*Fred Lerner, D.L.S.  
White River Junction, Vermont, USA*

*From Lorraine Bowsher*

The documentary film *Kipling's Indian Adventure* (20 February 2016, BBC2), was fascinating, but I must challenge the assertion made by the presenter, Patrick Hennessey, that Rudyard Kipling was 'sent away (from India to England) for eleven miserable years'.

Kipling's experience as a foster-child in Southsea was indeed miserable, but the four years prior to his departure for India in 1882, which he spent at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, Devon (which he later immortalised as 'The College' of *Stalky & Co.*), are a different matter. In the chapter 'The School Before Its Time' of his memoir *Something of Myself* (1937), Kipling recalls that 'after my second year at school, the tide of writing set in.' He explains that his housemaster, W.C. Crofts, taught him that 'words could be used as weapons'. His headmaster, my grandfather Cornell Price, when he saw Kipling 'was irretrievably committed to the ink-pot', proposed that Kipling should revive the school magazine as its editor, where he had ample opportunity to use the skill taught him by Price of 'précis-writing [which] meant severe compression of dry-as-dust material, no essential fact to be omitted'.

As Charles Allen, one of the contributors to *Kipling's Indian Adventure*, observes in his book *Kipling Sahib*, Kipling's 'year-long editorship of the United Services College Chronicle showed him where his future lay. As soon as the first number had been printed, in mid-summer 1881, he wrote to his parents to say that he wished to pursue a career in journalism.' It is regrettable that the education Kipling received in his formative teenage years was given such short shrift in this otherwise illuminating programme.

*Lorraine Bowsher,  
Shobrooke, Devon*

From Bryan Diamond

I have been researching the life of the Jewish scholar and philanthropist Claude Montefiore (nephew of the famous Sir Moses Montefiore). The first book about Claude was by a niece Lucy Cohen, *Some recollections of Claude Goldsmid Montefiore 1858–1938*, Faber and Faber Limited, 1940. I noted two references to Kipling:

On page 145, CM writes in a letter to Lucy in May 1926, probably referring to a sermon he delivered at The Liberal Jewish Synagogue on the General Strike: ‘It is a relief that you did not think it on wrong lines. I always like the line “I hold by the blood of my clan” [from Kipling’s *Ballad of East and West*] – even metaphorically. As a rich man, who has not even made his money, I hold by the blood of my clan, and do not like attacks on rich people.’ (Claude inherited large amounts from the estates of his brother and parents, so that he did not need paid employment.) And p. 247, in a letter to Lucy dated April 1937: ‘My Kipling sermon went pretty well, but few people came to hear me; in fact the Syn. is always empty when I perform.’ I found from the newsletter in the synagogue archive that CM had preached on the subject of ‘Recessional’, though the sermon text is not there.

Kipling’s ‘Recessional’ was published in 1897. In 1937, CM was aware of the threat of war, and I think his sermon may have quoted the lines:

‘Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.’

He may also have quoted the verse

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Bryan Diamond,  
Hampstead

[Claude Montefiore was a distant relative of mine, so I am delighted to learn that he was a Kipling admirer. *Ed.*]

## ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 31 Brookside, Billericay, Essex CM11 1DT**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more). The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in the **Haileybury, Hertfordshire, and Special Collection, Sussex University**
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at [www.kipling.org.uk](http://www.kipling.org.uk) for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field, following Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to [jwalker@gmail.com](mailto:jwalker@gmail.com)**

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, the texts of talks given by invited speakers, and articles on all aspects of Kipling and his work. She is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 500 and 5000 words are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 36, St Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, Kent, CT2 8BZ, U.K., or email [jem1@kent.ac.uk](mailto:jem1@kent.ac.uk)**

## MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION RATES

UK (payment by Standing Order)	£27	Joint £37
UK (payment by cheque)	£29	Joint £39
(Joint – two members, same address, one <i>Journal</i> .)		
UK Young Members (under 23)	£14	
Europe, airmail	£31	€43
Rest of the World, surface mail	£31	US\$48
Rest of the World, airmail	£35	US\$54

Universities and libraries are £2 (or the currency equivalent) more than the corresponding individual rate.

Cheques are accepted made out to the Kipling Society and drawn on British banks in pounds, on US banks in dollars or on European banks in Euros. For other currencies please use either a Bank Draft or a Bank Transfer in pounds sterling. Transfers should be made to the Kipling Society account at Lloyds TSB, Old Bond Street, London, using our International Bank Account Number (IBAN) **GB18LOYD30962400114978** and the Bank Identity Code (BIC) **LOYDGB21014**.

Members who pay their subscriptions from UK taxed income may increase the value of their subscription to the Society by completing a Gift Aid Declaration, available from the Membership Secretary. This enables the Society to reclaim from H.M. Revenue and Customs the tax paid on subscriptions.

**John Lambert, Membership Secretary**, can be contacted at **31 Brookside, Billericay, Essex, CM11 1DT, U.K.**

or by e-mail: [john.lambert1@btinternet.com](mailto:john.lambert1@btinternet.com)