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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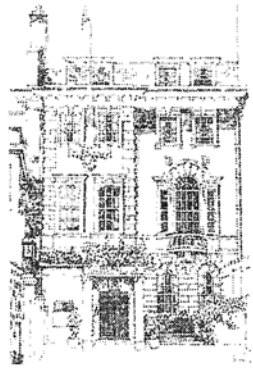

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Wednesday 13 September 2017, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: Susan Paskins (Birkbeck College, University of London,) 'Creating the Lama: Kipling's encounters with Buddhism and the writing of *Kim*.'

Wednesday 8 November 2017, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: **Prof Jan Montefiore** (University of Kent) 'Kipling the Storyteller and the Singing Voice'

Wednesday 14 February 2018, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: speaker to be arranged

September 2017

Alex Bubb
(*Meetings Secretary*

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EDITORIAL AND NEWS

This number follows up the somewhat un-summery themes of mental illness, obsessive revenge and the darkness of Kipling's poetry in the June 2017 issue with more cheerful material. First come reports of the Annual Luncheon 2017, and of the John Slater 'Writing With Kipling' competition for schools, including the text of the splendid winning story, Mainak Ghosh's 'How the Tortoise Got His Shell'. Then we have the learned and enjoyable essay 'Kipling on Wine' by our Vice-President Professor Thomas Pinney, known to us as the great Kipling editor, but also a leading authority on wine. The first part of his essay, printed here, is about wines which Kipling is known to have drunk or sampled. The second part, to follow in December, focuses on the wine in Kipling's own works.

In 'The Treasure, the Law and the Prophet', Bruce Page writes about T.S. Eliot, Rudyard Kipling and anti-Semitism, arguing that unlike Eliot's poetry and prose of the 1920s and 1930s, Kipling's writings are never anti-Semitic. Whether or not you agree with Mr Page (I have some reservations), his eloquent defence of Kipling is a pleasure to read.

Lovers of *Stalky & Co*. may wonder what what happened to the Old Boys of the United Services College, a.k.a the 'Coll', outside the fictional 'Slaves of the Lamp II' in which they are still young men. Rodney Atwood gives in 'Heroes of Westward Ho!' a lovingly detailed account of men who graduated from USC to achieve distinction as soldiers. Beginning, naturally, with Stalky who became General Dunsterville, a lifelong friend of Rudyard Kipling and a founder member of the Kipling Society, Atwood traces the careers of Major General Rimington (school nickname 'Potiphar'), Brigadier-General Edwardes (school nickname 'Tuppenny', the presumed original of Kipling's 'Dick Four'), and other distinguished names. Some of these soldiers wrote about their school-days, recalling them (perhaps not surprisingly) rather differently from Kipling's subversive comic fiction.

I am delighted to report that this number features no less than five 'Letters to the Editor', mostly responding to items in the June issue (so perhaps that wasn't so bleak after all.) Alastair Wilson contributes a lively and detailed report from the 'Mailbase', and there are two book reviews: by Angela Eyre of our Meetings Secretary Alex Bubb's recent monograph on Kipling and Yeats, *Meeting Without Knowing It* (2016), and by me of the far from recent *London Jungle Book* by Bhajju Shyam (2004), a delightful Kipling-related book which members of the Kipling Society ought to know about.

KIPLING AND MUSIC

The appearance of Andrew Selth's book *Kipling, Burma and Music: The Riff From Mandalay* (reviewed in June 2017), reminds me to alert our readers to Brian Mattinson's excellent article 'Kipling and Music' on the Kipling Society's website (www.kiplingsociety.co.uk) with its comprehensive catalogue of musical settings. This should be a 'first stop' for readers interested in the many settings of 'Mandalay' and/ or other Kipling poems, including 'The Love Song of Har Dyal'.

KIPLING IN 'SLIGHTLY FOXED'

Our member Harriet Maunsell has drawn my attention to a two-part article on Kipling by David Gilmour, author of the acclaimed Kipling biography *The Long Recessional* (2001), in the quarterly magazine *Slightly Foxed*. In the first half of this essay, published in the Summer 2017 number, Gilmour describes how Kipling's writings influenced young men in the first half of the twentieth century to travel and work in India. The second half, dealing with Kipling's literary influence on his successors, will be published in *Slightly Foxed*, Autumn 2017. The magazine is available to subscribers, and copies are on sale in leading bookshops.

KIPLING SOCIETY VISIT TO 'THE KEEP' AT SUSSEX UNIVERSITY

Members are reminded that a guided visit for Society members has been arranged to The Keep, at the University of Sussex on Saturday 23rd September. This world class archive and conservation centre holds nearly all the Kipling papers, and has recently gained some of the Society's collection of individual volumes by Kipling, when the bulk of our Library stock was transferred to Haileybury College. Please do not contact The Keep for tickets and programme. Those interested should contact Chairman, John Walker, at jwawalker@gmail.com, if they haven't done so already. NB: this may well be a popular event.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2017

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon was held on Wednesday May 3rd at 1 pm in the Royal Over-Seas League. The guest of honour was Lord Williams of Oystermouth, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury, who spoke on 'Rudyard Kipling and dreams'.

The occasion, which was a great success, was attended by over 50 guests, including:

Dr J Axe, Lt. Col Roger Ayers OBE, Mrs Lesley Ayers, Mr C Ball, Mr R Beck, Mrs E Beck, Mr C Bettington, Miss M Brazier, Prof Hugh Brogan, Mrs H Brown, Dr A Bubb, Miss Linda Burton, Sir John Chapple, Lady Annabel Chapple, Mr R Collins, Dr N Cooper, Mr Bryan Diamond, Mr Gary Enstone, Mr M Fairey, Mr K Gorland, Miss A Harcombe, Mr W Key, Mrs M Khan, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr S Keskar, Mr M Kipling, Mrs S Kipling, Mr R Kipling, Mr J Lambert, Mrs C Lewis, Mrs C Maunsell OBE, Mr B Maunsell, Lady D Maxwell-Scott, Mr N Mayhew, Prof Janet Montefiore, Mrs P Morgan, Mr J Nicoll, Prof L. Ormond, Mr R Pettigrew, OBE, Mr G Plowden, Mr M Powell, Mr J Radcliffe, Mrs J Robertson, Lady Alexandra Roche, MBE, Sir David Roche, Mrs V Saunders, Dr P Shaw, Dr P Shipley, Ms Pauline Wall, Mr John Walker, Mr G Ward, Col. W.Wieloch, Miss D Wieloch, Cdr A Wilson RN, Mr B Wilson, Mr J Wilson.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, I welcome you, with enormous pleasure, to the annual luncheon of the Kipling Society – an august body now in its ninety-first year. The first public function arranged for the Society was a luncheon held at Princes Restaurant on June 22, 1927, and the gathering then was recorded by the President, Major-General L.C. Dunsterville as 'an outstanding event and a complete success from every point of view'. I am sure that our Honorary Secretary, John Lambert, is hoping that we can say the same of this year's event, knowing how much work it has entailed for him again this year. We are very grateful for everything he does for the Society.

I must offer the warmest of welcomes to our speaker today, Lord Williams of Oystermouth, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury. We remember with pleasure his deep and thoughtful address at the parish church in Burwash, in 2006, when we marked the seventieth anniversary of Kipling's death. I would also like to extend our welcome to Sir David and Lady Alexandra Roche who, this year, most generously, gave us permission to publish some memorable family photographs of Kipling at Bateman's and a fascinating new piece of verse. We should certainly remember to welcome Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, a past

President of the Society. Together with Lady Annabel, he is a staunch supporter of our events. It is particularly pleasing, also, to see our current President, Lt Colonel Roger Ayers with us today, with his wife Lesley. In fact, as I look around the room, seeing old friends and new, I can only say, welcome one and all.

It is a happy tradition to report that the Society is in good health, and in terms of our activities and the service we offer to the world, I think this is true, but everyone should be aware that our membership drive must continue. There were over a hundred and twenty at that first luncheon, ninety years ago, and though membership is climbing slowly, it is important that we attract new enthusiasts. Our excellent Journal, so ably edited by Professor Jan Montefiore, goes out to well over five hundred addresses each quarter, and continues to have an international reputation as a Journal of Note. The web site, of which John Radcliffe should be enormously proud, attracts nearly ninety thousand visitors a year, and our recent moves to simplify membership on line, thanks to our Honorary Treasurer, Mike Kipling, are bringing in three or four members a month. However, we should look around our gathering today and realise that we are also, sadly, losing members.

One of the ways we certainly do attract new members is by offering events which are open to the public. The most notable this calendar year would be the Study Day at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Symposium at King's College, linked to the John Lockwood Kipling exhibition. We offer our thanks to Professor Sandra Kemp and Dr Alex Bubb for their efforts there. The Society was also represented at the 'Kipling in Europe' Conference in Bologna last September, and papers from that event will be offered as a supplementary edition of the Kipling Society Journal.

Our regular meetings here at the Royal Over-Seas League continue to be popular, and our new Meetings Secretary, Alex Bubb, recently re-introduced a form of meeting involving open discussion with a key speaker – on this occasion it was Peter Hitchens, who published his opening talk on that occasion on his 'blog', and gained us at least one member as a result.

Of course, we also aim to offer a service to those non-members who may wish to know more about Kipling and his work, and chief of these is the New Readers' Guide on line, which John Radcliffe tells us has attracted well over four hundred thousand visits since its launch. I would like particularly to mention one of our Vice Presidents, John McGivering, who – well into his nineties – continues to contribute thorough and comprehensive notes for the Guide. While mentioning individuals, I would also like to recognise the work of Commander

Alastair Wilson, in transcribing some extracts from Caroline Kipling's diary, available on line, but for members only.

Researchers in general continue to use our Library, though many do so now by asking for information, rather than actually visiting it, in its new home at Haileybury College. Our Honorary Archivist there, Toby Parker, has proved a very welcome addition to our range of expertise. The Honorary Librarian is organising a visit for members on September 23rd to the home of some of the rest of our collection, at the Special Collections section of The Keep, near Brighton.

My predecessor as Chair, Mary Hamer, with our Council member, Angela Eyre, has continued the 'Kipling in Schools' campaign, offering teaching support packs for Primary schools, and running another successful competition for young writers. We hope to extend this still further next year, though we recognise just how much work it involves. Incidentally, publicity for this competition brought a number of entries from Ukraine, ably organised as always by our good friend and translator Volodymyr Chernyshenko. He was also able to report, recently, the publication of a new translation of *Kim* – into Ukrainian.

For the member who regards himself, or herself, as what has been called an 'amateur enthusiast', we offer such events as the newly reintroduced annual readings session at Bateman's. Last September, this lasted for a total of four hours, but in August this year we are collaborating with our good friends at Bateman's, Pauline Wall and Gary Enstone, to run a twenty-four hour non-stop reading of Kipling's prose and verse. We are very grateful for their continuing support. Please do note the dates 12th and 13th August in your diary. I am pleased to say that offers of help, particularly from the volunteer room stewards at Bateman's, are coming in fast, and we will be going 'live on line' for the whole day and night, with regular up dates on Radio Sussex, under the general title 'A Diversity of Kipling'. You are very welcome indeed to take part, especially in the 'small hours'.

Another innovation aimed at members who are unable to make the journey to London has been the email newsletter. Sent out quarterly, mid way between Journal dates, this now has well over two hundred subscribers, and is proving pleasingly popular. This method of communicating with members does bring in quick and useful reaction, including a number of suggestions for the 24 hours of readings, and some offers of recorded contributions, which are also most welcome.

I do hope that you will agree that this is a Society which deserves a larger membership. Certainly we would agree that Kipling himself deserves wider understanding and recognition.

And now I would like to call on our Honorary Secretary, John Lambert, to say the Grace, before our luncheon.

THE GRACE

John Lambert, the Kipling Society's Secretary, gave apologies from Vice-President John McGivering, Dr Mary Hamer, and Mr Andrew Lycett. He welcomed everyone present and introduced members of the Council of the society who were present, including:

Past President Field Marshall Sir John Chapple, and Lady Chapple; Lt. Col. Roger Ayers, President, and his wife Leslie; Mr John Walker, Chairman and Librarian; Mike Kipling, Treasurer; Dr Alex Bubb, Meetings Secretary; Prof. Jan Montefiore, Journal Editor; Mr John Radcliffe, Online Editor; Miss Linda Burton, the new Bateman's Liaison Officer; and Mr Bryan Diamond and Com. Alastair Wilson both also serving on Council.

The Grace

For this good food
And this good wine
And these good friends
We thank you, Lord.
Amen

THE ADDRESS

Lord Williams' eloquent and moving speech on 'Rudyard Kipling and Dreams' began with a rendering in full of 'The Threshold', Kipling's late ode to visionary wholeness which is little known even to Kipling fans, and went on to the unfamiliar strangeness of Kipling texts which we think we know well, such as the 'The Brushwood Boy'. Rowan Williams' spontaneous eloquence was received by all who were privileged to listen to him with fascination and delight. It has not, however, been possible for the *Kipling Journal* to publish his text, as we usually do the speech of our guest of honour, because most of what he said was extempore. His address will remain a treasured memory for those of us who were fortunate enough to hear it. As a reminder to them, and a 'taster' for those who missed the Luncheon, here is the text of 'The Threshold'.

THE THRESHOLD

By **RUDYARD KIPLING**

In their deepest caverns of limestone
They pictured the Gods of Food–
The Horse, the Elk and the Bison
That the hunting might be good;
With the Gods of Death and Terror–
The Mammoth, Tiger and Bear.
And the pictures moved in the torchlight
To show that the Gods were there !
But that was before Ionia
(Or the Seven Holy Islands of Ionia)
Any of the mountains of Ionia
Had bared their peaks to the air.

The close years packed between them
As the glaciers bite and grind,
Filling the new-gouged valleys
With Gods of every kind,
Gods of all-reaching power–
Gods of all-searching eyes–
But each to be wooed by worship
And won by sacrifice.
Till, after many winters, rose Ionia–
(Strange men brooding in Ionia)
Crystal-eyed sages in Ionia
Who said, "These dreams are lies.

"We dream one Breath in all things,
"That blows all things between,
"We dream one Matter in all things–
"Eternal, changeless, unseen.
"That the heart of Matter is single
"Till the Breath shall bid it bring forth–
"By choosing or losing its neighbour–
"All things made upon Earth."
But Earth was wiser than Ionia
(Babylon and Egypt than Ionia)
And they overlaid the teaching of Ionia
And the Truth was choked at birth.

It died at the Gate of Knowledge–
The Key to the Gate in its hand–
And the anxious priests and wizards
Re-blinded the wakening land;
For they showed, by answering echoes,
And chasing clouds as they rose,
How shadows should stand for bulwarks
Between mankind and its woes.
It was then that men bethought them of Ionia
(The few that had not all forgot Ionia)
Or the Word that was whispered in Ionia;
And they turned from the shadows and shows.

They found one Breath in all things,
That moves all things between.
They proved one Matter in all things–
Eternal, changeless, unseen;
That the heart of the Matter was single
Till the Breath should bid it bring forth–
Even as men whispered in Ionia
(Resolute, unsatisfied Ionia)
Ere the Word was stifled in Ionia–
All things known upon Earth!

THE JOHN SLATER COMPETITION: ‘WRITING WITH KIPLING’

By ANGELA EYRE

This is the second year the Kipling Society has run a creative writing prize for primary school children, using the generous legacy left to the society by the late John Slater to encourage the knowledge and appreciation of Rudyard Kipling’s writing among school children. We are delighted that four of the primary schools (in Essex, Sussex and London) which participated last year were able to do so again this year and the number of children who entered went up, to 143. This was a pleasing response to the prize and a tribute to the enjoyment children and teachers derived from Kipling’s *Just So Stories*. We have heard that the competition has inspired children who entered last year to keep writing for fun. The Hamilton Trust, an educational charity (www. Hamilton-trust.org.uk), once again generously supplied teaching resources about *Just So Stories* which are tailored to the curriculum.

We were thrilled that the novelist David Mitchell agreed to judge the prize. He awarded the first prize to ‘How the Tortoise Got its Shell’ by Mainak Ghosh from North Primary School in Colchester. It stood out for being very playful while displaying conscious artistry, including an excellent use of repetition and rhyme, and is printed below. The second and third prizes were won by pupils from St Margaret’s School in Rottingdean. The second prize went to ‘How the Lizard Got Its Frilled Neck’ by Joseph Grant. This was an original idea, with interesting vocabulary and enjoyable verbal patterns. The third prize was given to ‘How the Polar Bear Got His Fur’ by Jake Piddlesden. It displayed skill in telling a narrative, and both the concept and the use of language was very good.

We would very much like to see the prize grow to include more schools. If any member knows of children who have just started in Year 5 (9 or 10 years old), we would be very happy if they would like to bring the prize to the attention of their school. We have generally found the best way to develop interest in the prize is to approach Year 5 teachers directly.

A fuller account of the project is available in the ‘Kipling for Schools’ tab at www.kiplingsociety.co.uk, and the ten short-listed stories were put on display this summer at Bateman’s.

HOW THE TORTOISE GOT ITS SHELL

By MAINAK GHOSH

Now, O best beloved, this tale will tell us about how the Slow Tortoise got its hard shell we see today.

Long ago, in the high and far-off times, there lived the most slowest tortoise in the middle of the Amazon Rainforest. He was so slow, he was bullied 'mensely by the animals of the forest.

One particular morning, when Slow Tortoise was munching cabbage leaves, the Mean Monkey, who was swinging from tree to tree – that's how monkeys travel, happened to spot Slow Tortoise and bellowed

"Hey slow-coach! You wanna race?" Hearing Mean Monkey's mocking comments, Slow Tortoise scampered away as quickly as he could (which O best beloved was not that quick).

Presently, the Annoying Anteater ambled along annoyingly. "Hello slow Porpoise," jeered the Annoying Anteater. "I am a Tortoise," replied the Slow Tortoise and scampered off as quickly as he could (which O best beloved was not that quick).

Soon after, the Colourful Parrot soared across the sky and spotted Slow Tortoise.

"OI, ugly!" she squeaked. "You look horrid." The Slow Tortoise who was hurt the most by what the parrot had said, scampered off as quickly as he could (which O best beloved was not that quick).

One day, Slow Tortoise had a sudden urge and temptation and a thought and a need to be different from the rest of the animals. So he decided to scamper off to the Painter's cottage which was located by the brink of the long, loopy, sinewy, curvy, crooked Amazon River. He trod on for days and months on end, occasionally stopping to munch on cabbage leaves.

Meanwhile the animals of the forest hadn't a clue where Slow Tortoise had gone.

"Where has that Porpoise gone to?" questioned Annoying Anteater.

'Well, I shall go and soar over the trees and find him," suggested Emperor Eagle. So he soared over the trees for days and months on end, but couldn't find Slow Tortoise. Disappointed, he returned back to the other animals and told them.

That evening, on the other side of the forest, by the brink of the long, loopy, sinewy, curvy, crooked Amazon River. Slow Tortoise, who had recited the words of the Painter very well, exclaimed, "O Painter, O Painter, my beloved and best, make me different from the rest." CREEAK ! Creaking open, the Painter's Cottage door opened and something scooped up Slow Tortoise.

'I shall if you wish," replied the Painter and he grabbed a paintbrush and a bottle of paint. He painted different shades of black and white, some brown some green, some dark and light.

Exhausted, the Painter had finally completed the art. Slow Tortoise had now a colourfully painted back. "Thank you Painter, O Painter, my beloved and best, you have made me different from the rest," recited Slow Tortoise, and set back to the animals of the rainforest.

Meeting Slow Tortoise, Annoying Anteater (who was very bewildered) exclaimed, "Who in the amazing Amazon are you?"

"I am Slow Tor – I mean, King Turtle" stumbled Slow Tortoise. "Then follow me to Eagle Palace."

"Emperor Eagle, there is some new animal in our forest and he is king!" shouted Annoying Anteater, "we have decided to worship him instead." So that day, all the animals chased the Eagle out of the forest and they welcomed King Turtle to the throne. "I want all the cabbage leaves in the forest," demanded King Turtle. The next day, he told all the animals to get more and more. This, O best beloved, was how Slow Tortoise got his revenge.

Now, O best beloved, this is how the Slow Tortoise got its hard shell, but a turtle, best beloved, is a tortoise who still thinks he is king. So that is the tale, and now you know it.

KIPLING ON WINE

By THOMAS C. PINNEY

[Professor Thomas C. Pinney, Vice-President of the Kipling Society and acclaimed editor of Kipling's letters, poems and other writings, most recently *Letters from Rudyard Kipling to his Agent* (reviewed in *Kipling Journal* 367, December 2016), is a leading authority on wine who wrote the definitive *History of Wine in America* (2 volumes, 1989 and 2007). The article published below is the first part of an essay originally published by the oenophiles' journal *Wayward Tendrils* in 2014. I am most grateful to its editor, Mrs Gail Unzelman, for allowing the *Kipling Journal* to reprint it here. The second part will follow in the December 2016 issue.

Professor Pinney points out that the essay was written for readers who 'might or might not know anything about Kipling, which is why I have sometimes explained things that need no explaining to the readers of the *Kipling Journal*.' *Ed*.]

This all began when I found that George Saintsbury's classic account of his life as a drinker, especially of wine, the celebrated *Notes on a Cellar-Book* (1920), is dedicated to Rudyard Kipling. It is the only book of his many books that Saintsbury troubled to dedicate, and one would suppose that there was some special fitness between the book and its dedicatee. Did Kipling know anything about wine or care very much about it? Did he say anything notable about it? Did he show a special knowledge? What follows is a record of what I have found out by reading almost everything that Kipling ever published and some things, such as his letters, that he never did. The inquiry is one that has very little to do with Kipling as an artist, but for people interested in wine that does not matter. But some of his descriptions of wine give a good idea of his virtuosity in that line.

Saintsbury's dedication, I may say at once, was not made in honor of Kipling's status as a connoisseur but out of affection for the man – "one of the best of fellows" – and out of admiration for his achievements as an artist, "the best poet and taleteller of his generation." Kipling was of course highly pleased by this homage, calling it "more than munificent," and he certainly took the trouble to read the book. His copy of it is in the library at Bateman's, his home in Sussex now in the care of the National Trust. The book bears a great many marginal markings, most of them having to do with Saintsbury's highly allusive style rather than with what he says about wine.

Kipling wrote to Saintsbury after reading the book:

> Now that's what I call something worth having in the way of a Book. It represents Experience (how I envy you some of it!) Knowledge, Judgment (what the deuce is "liming" sack – and why? I gather one

> is expected to know) and Pleasure. And the subject, of all others next to Woman, is the most important that has ever engaged the sustained attention of mankind.
>
> My complaint is that it is no more than a preliminary excursus: and should be taken in hand, amplified, elaborated and adorned with more experiences and experiments… . There is a chapter missing of Comparative Vintages – Clarets Burgundy and Champagnes. There is not enough given to the due and reverent care of the Cellar (I had an Uncle who made his cellar, quite rightly, a shrine; and served there with a temperate passion for forty years. He had Port and an ancient Madeira.)
>
> What I should like to do would be to come to Bath [where Saintsbury was living] and have you go through the Book, *viva voce*, with amplifications and memories… .
>
> I've had a happy time reading of wines that will never come again to the world.
>
> (Kipling 5 July 1920, *Letters*, V, 22–23)

The letter is quite characteristic; Kipling acknowledges Saintsbury's expert status and his own comparative ignorance. He was always eager to learn from those who knew; and though he is grateful for what he gets, he points out deficiencies in a way to suggest that he knows more than he admits. Kipling was notorious for the so-called "knowingness" that he exhibits in many of his early stories, and there is a suggestion of that here. When the youthful Kipling called on Mark Twain at Elmira, New York, Twain wrote afterwards to his wife that he and Kipling would make a great team: "He knows everything, and I know the rest." But the main impression of the letter is that of a man who is keenly interested in the subject of drinks, wine in particular, and who has a sense of the many and varied branches of that subject.

In his dedication of *Notes on a Cellar-Book* Saintsbury had lamented the fact that he had never had the chance to offer a bottle of wine to Kipling. Some years later Kipling called on Saintsbury at Bath, where, according to Kipling's account in his autobiography, "He produced a bottle of real Tokay, which I tasted, and lost my number badly by saying that it reminded me of some medicinal wine. It is true he merely called me a blasphemer of the worst, but what he thought I do not care to think." (*Something of Myself*, p. 86).

Despite this failure to appreciate a notable wine, I think it is safe to say that Kipling liked wine. He was, in everything but his devotion to his art and in certain of his political opinions, a temperate man. He hated drunkenness, though he used it for comic purposes in some of his soldier stories and, notably, in "Brugglesmith." He makes a few

references here and there to a bit of excess on his own part in the matter of drink, but I doubt that he was ever properly drunk.

There were so-called "temperance" movements in the England of Kipling's day, but they were aimed mostly at the working classes. Kipling's own branch of society was untroubled by such things, and took for granted drink in most of its forms. Both of his parents were the children of Methodist ministers, which fact, to an American, would suggest a determined Dryness. But the main body of English Methodism knew nothing of the strange aberrations displayed by the American Methodists and by other Protestant denominations in this country. Wine, among the English bourgeois, was a thing of course, though they might not have a very sophisticated idea of its kinds and qualities. French wines were the standard, especially Burgundy and Bordeaux – "claret" to the English. German wine, called "Hock," was much appreciated. Sherry was popular then as it has never been since, and Port, of course, was the Englishman's wine, the English having invented it and having taken control of the trade in it. Kipling's idea of the varieties of wine would have been formed on this basis.

Kipling himself regarded prohibition as both stupid and futile. He held Field Marshall Lord Roberts in high esteem, as the poem "Bobs" makes clear, but in the very act of praising him Kipling inserts a mild criticism, in the language of Tommy Atkins, of Roberts's campaign against drink in the army:

> 'E's a little down on drink,
> Chaplain Bobs:
> But it keeps us outer Clink –
> Don't it, Bobs?
> So we will not complain
> Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
> If 'e leads us straight again –
> Blue-light Bobs.[1]

The late story "The Prophet and the Country," about a crack-pot American with a scheme to save the country from the effects of Prohibition, is accompanied by a poem in Horatian style called "The Portent," which puts Kipling's ideas about legislated morality quite clearly:

> Whence [from Prohibition] public strife and naked crime
> And – deadlier than the cup you shun –
> A people schooled to mock, in time
> All law – not one.

Cease, then, to fashion State-made sin,
Nor give thy children cause to doubt
That Virtue springs from iron within –
Not lead without.[2]

From the age of 16 to 23, Kipling lived and worked as a journalist in India, first in the Punjab, at Moslem Lahore, and then on the Ganges at Hindu Allahabad, and of course neither community – Moslem or Hindu – drinks wine. But the tight small circle of the British in India did. As a journalist and as an aspiring writer eager to encounter "life" in many forms, Kipling often moved outside that circle, but always returned to the Civil Station, the Club, the Office, the Mess at the nearby barracks, and to the dances and the gymkhanas and the other amusements of the servants of the Raj. To judge from the advertisements in the papers that he worked for, the British in India were well supplied with just the same sorts of wines that they knew back Home (always capitalized). That being so, Kipling's ideas about wine would not have been extended by the seven years he spent in India.

He did, however, observe some strange notions among the aristocratic Indians who could afford to do as they pleased. Champagne, known as "simpkin," was especially popular with these people, or at least Kipling says that it was. In *The Naulahk*a, the novel he wrote with Wolcott Balestier, the Maharajah of Gokral Seetarum enjoys a special mixture:

> He beckoned to his attendants. One of them came forward with a long silver tumbler concealed beneath his flowing garments, and poured into it an allowance of liqueur brandy that made Tarvin [the American hero of the story], used to potent drinks, open his eyes. The second man produced a bottle of champagne, opened it with a skill born of long practice, and filled up the tumbler with the creaming wine.
>
> The Maharajah drank deep, and wiped the foam from his beard, saying apologetically – "Such things are not for political agents to see; but you, Sahib, a true friend of the State. Therefore I let you see. Shall they mix you one like this?"
> (chapter 16).

In "A Legend of the Foreign Office" from *Departmental Ditties*, Rustum Beg, the Rajah of Kolozai, who "Drinketh the 'simpkin' and brandy peg, / Maketh the money to fly" attempts to reform himself and his state but soon gives it up: "Happy, happy Kolozai! Never more will Rustum Beg/ Play to catch his Viceroy's eye. He prefers the 'simpkin' peg."[3] In

the story "At the End of the Passage" a "feudatory prince" mockingly called "Old Timbersides" by a group of Englishmen complaining of their hard lot in India, is said to be addicted to the same "simpkin peg," here called the "King's Peg":

> "He has taken to the King's Peg heavily – liqueur brandy for whisky, and Heidsieck for soda-water."
> "That's what the Rao of Jubela took to. Even a native can't last long at that. He'll go out."[4]

That Kipling enjoyed wine in India appears from a tongue-in-cheek piece that he wrote in 1886. An English doctor published a treatise on digestion that recommended, among other things, Champagne and hock-and-soda as more wholesome drinks than tea or coffee. This man, Kipling wrote after reviewing the recommendations, "is a doctor among thousands."[5]

In the years after India he had many, many opportunities to learn more about the world's wines, but he seems to have been largely indifferent to them. He spent four years in America, most of it in Vermont, which is, admittedly, not notable for wine. But he had been in California, and he was frequently in New York, where American wine, both Californian and Eastern, was familiar. His only remark on wine in America that I know occurs in a letter of advice to a friend about to travel to the United States for the first time. Kipling begins with this rule: "never order wine at dinner or any meal. It's ruinous besides being indifferent" (22 December 1887: *Letters*, II, 331). I am not sure whether he means European or American wine; my guess is European.

It would be wrong to omit his praise of something called "Button Punch." On arriving in San Francisco early in1889, on his way from India to England to seek his literary fortune, Kipling was unpleasantly struck by American drinking habits – Americans drank far too much and held their drink badly. But, he writes,

> This unhappy state of affairs has, however, produced one good result, which I will confide to you. In the heart of the business quarter, where banks and bankers are thickest, and telegraph wires most numerous, stands a semi-subterranean bar tended by a German with long blond locks and a crystalline eye. Go thither softly, treading on the tips of your toes, and ask him for a Button Punch. 'Twill take ten minutes to brew, but the result is the highest and noblest product of the age. No man but one knows what is in it. I have a theory it is compounded of the shavings of cherubs' wings, the glory of a tropical dawn, the red clouds of sunset, and fragments of lost epics by

> dead masters. But try you for yourselves, and pause a while to bless me, who am always mindful of the truest interests of my brethren (*Kipling's America*, p. 27).

This drink may or may not have resembled a Pisco sour – Pisco brandy, syrup, lemon juice, a beaten eggwhite, and a dash of Angostura bitters as an ornament on top.

Kipling spent nearly a decade of winters, 1900–1908, in the Cape Colony of South Africa, where there were many wineries, set amidst extensive vineyards, producing what I imagine was pretty good wine. I have found only one reference to South African wine – Constantia – in his writings, though he mentions once or twice a South African specialty, a spiced brandy called "Vanderhum."

Going to and coming from South Africa year after year he stopped repeatedly at Madeira, and there are several knowing references to it in his stories. It also figures in an anecdote from his autobiography. On a ship sailing to South Africa "I met," he writes in *Something of Myself*, "a Navy Captain going to a new command at Simons Town. At Madeira he desired to lay in wine for his two-year commission. I assisted him through a variegated day and fluctuating evening, which laid the foundations of life-long friendship."[6] We will never know what that phrase "variegated day and fluctuating evening" conceals, but presumably it had something to do with the quest for a two-years' supply of Madeira.

Kipling knew Italy and Spain reasonably well, but, again, he left hardly a word about their wines. France, the country he loved best of all, is the exception: there he *did* pay attention to the wines, as will appear in the examples that follow below.

As a celebrated writer Kipling was much sought after, so he had many occasions to be wined and dined in a fashion unavailable to most of us. In Rome, for example, in 1917, he reports having lunch with the English Cardinal Francis Gasquet in the Cardinal's apartments in the Palazzo di San Calisto: "artichoke, omelette, beef; chicken and marvellous ice-cream, with many curious wines whereof I did not drink" (to Caroline and Elsie, 7 May 1917, *Letters V*). The Princess of Monaco, then living at Claridge's in London, urged Kipling to call at her chateau in France when he was touring there, even though she would not be there to receive him. He did, and his description of what he found there is worth quoting at length:

> Then we entered [he was travelling with his wife and an old friend]. The entire contents of every room was out in the middle of the floor, hooded up, paper-covered or sheeted – mirrors, whatnots, furniture, lamps, bibelots etc. etc. and the books protected with sheets of the

> thick old wall papers. The place was under reparation – painting, flooring and every conceivable thing that could be done to a chateau. And in the big saloon in an enclave fabricated out of this amazing heapage and lumpage and dumpage sat an adorably furnished lunch table for three – with wines of four different colours – pink, brown, yellow and red – in their silver mounted carafes.
>
> Then there entered such a lunch as never was, the butler with the white gloves steering each course through the maze of dishevelled furniture and lamps and pictures and broideries. The hors d'oeuvres were delicious; the buttered eggs that followed, more than delicious; the veal worthy of the prodigal Son; the roast chicken a dream; the peas with minute onions which followed that (and by this time we felt like Zeps) were perfect; and the cream-biscuit-meringue pudding crowned it all, to the camembert and coffee! We all ate but I think I ate most …. Then, grossly replete, we waddled out into the sunshine….
>
> (to his daughter, Elsie Bambridge, 17 March 1925, *Letters VI*).

On the same tour, in the south of France, a much simpler meal followed:

> Having provided ourselves with ham, croissants, butter and cheese at Perigueux early in the morn, we decided to lunch by the wayside. Worked down to the beautiful hill town of Belves, raised a bott. of red and 1 of white, a bott. of Vichy and bought two drinking glasses from amused nice hostess (Kipling "Motor Tours", 21 March 1925).

At Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he was made an honorary fellow, he was introduced to the Combination Room, "all ancient panelling, ancient plate, and wondrous wines – where we sat about talking till ten" (31 May 1932: *Letters*, VI, 117). And, to another correspondent, he confided that at Magdalene they "have a cellar which is eminent even at the seats of learning" (26 May 1932*: Letters*, VI, 114). He liked to say that the College was, for him, a new and delightful club.

I have separated Kipling's remarks on and references to wine into two series, one biographical and the other fictional, and have provided an explanatory commentary for most of them. Both lists are formed in dictionary style, under the names of the wines concerned in alphabetical order; the entries under each name are in chronological order. The source of each item is given; I have used the so-called Uniform edition (London, 1899ff.), the most familiar of English editions, for items from Kipling's stories; extracts from the poems are from the Definitive Edition of 1940. See the list of titles and abbreviations at the end of this work for further references.

I. Biographical

Bordeaux: A few references in the stories, but nothing from Kipling's own history as a drinker.

Burgundy

The world, it is said, may be divided into those who put Burgundy first and those who put Bordeaux first. Kipling, from the frequency and character of his references to Burgundy and from the absence of any remark about Bordeaux, appears to belong to the first group.

1. "Well, he fed with me and I filled him up with Beaune for my own base ends." (*Letters I*, 19–21 May 1888, 184).

Kipling is describing the visit to him in India from a young officer who has come to unload on a sympathetic listener his feelings on being madly in love. The young man is at first embarrassed: "I let him squirm all unassisted until he got to the point 'cause I wanted to note how a man works under the stress of an emotion that he is trying to hide." Then "the fountains of the great deep were broken up…. He amused me immensely in his guileless abandon."

2. The series that follows is from the record of motor tours that Kipling kept from 1911 to 1926, mostly of trips in France. The Hotel de la Poste in Beaune was a favorite place: it was, Kipling wrote, "exquisitely clean. Grub very good, proprietor of immense affability." In April, 1921, this affable proprietor "set before me bottle of Beaune @ 11 fr. which resulted in our buying from him for Bateman's : 2 doz. Corton @ 15 per bot: 1 doz Nuits St. George in hlf bottles: and 1 doz Montrachet @ 18 per bottle plus 3 fr. per bottle duty, etc., landed in England." ("Motor Tours", 24 April 1921).

Two years later they were again in Beaune, "and had time, calling at the Hotel de la Poste…to order 6 dozen Chambertin 1/2 bottles @ 9f. the bottles to be sent to us at Bateman's" ("Motor Tours," 18 May 1923). Another two years, and again they were at a Hotel de la Poste, but this one was in Rouen, where Kipling was inspecting a military cemetery under construction. "Back [to the hotel] at 12.30 for déjeuner. (Corton not so bad)." ("Motor Tours," 13 March 1925). It is hard to imagine anyone being so casual about Corton these days.

3. In 1929 Kipling and his wife, in search of the sun, travelled up the Nile on the S.S. *Egypt*, a boat belonging to Thomas Cook and Son. The boat, he wrote, was "a floating club of all the luxuries…and we had snipe for dinner and dam good Burgundy at rates which England does not allow" (to Elsie Bambridge, 28 Feb 1929)).

4. Declining a dinner invitation from the eminent painter Sir Gerald Kelly, famous for his cellar, Kipling speaks as one who has already

known Romanée Conti. He writes from Bath, where his wife was for her rheumatism: "I'd have come, had I been in reach, because – for one thing, art is interesting and Romanée Conti is even more so in this sad world. But I'm here for weeks and I am sorry that I don't see anything better (or safer as things are) than the Black and White of the average hotel (6 January 1931). I take it that Black and White is the familiar blended Scotch whisky, but surely he did not drink it with meals?

5. From the Carlton Hotel, Cannes, Kipling writes to his son-in-law, George Bambridge:

In return for your convoying my topper I have sent to 46 [rue de Varennes, Paris], a couple of dozen of a Burgundy (1911) which rather pleased me when I met it at table. They [the Carlton Hotel] are quite capable of dispatching inferior stuff, but they have vowed to be honest this time."

The hotel, Kipling adds, appears to be "overburdened with wine in proportion to its customers" (4 May 1932).

6. To his publisher, Frank Doubleday, who had called at Bateman's and had fallen asleep while Kipling was reading to him. "The main point of the Burgundy was that it helped you in your nap. (There was no story. I just droned out pieces of reading.)" (n.d.: [June 1932]).

Champagne

1. As a young reporter Kipling was sent to the opening of a railroad bridge over the Jhelum river in May, 1887; an elaborate breakfast closed the ceremonies on the occasion:

> At the conclusion of the banquet – meal is a vulgar word – came Havanas and the health of the Queen drunk in the Royal wine. It is on such occasions that, soothed by champagne, and made patriotic by *paté de foie gras*, both iced, that the humblest soul feels, he too, is assisting in the development of India, and the Progress of the Ages.
>
> ("The Chak-Nizam Bridge," *Civil and Military Gazette*, 18 May 1887).

2. In 1894, by which time he was a world-famous writer now living in Vermont, he spent a summer in England, where he was feted everywhere. As for example: "There was a most sumptuous champagne last night. Now I know what 'not a headache in a hogshead 'really means" (to Walter Besant, n.d. [May? 1894]).

3. Ten years later, in South Africa, the French cruiser *Dupleix* visited Cape Town. Kipling was one of the guests entertained on board the ship, an entertainment that "involved soporific drinking" at *déjeuner:* "I had," he wrote, "several times drunk to the *entente cordiale* in sweet

champagne at eleven in the morning on the deck of the *Dupleix*," with the result that instead of going round the ship he sat still and let the ship go round him (*Souvenirs of France*, 1933). For the consequence see the entry for "Constantia."

Chianti

Shortly after Kipling arrived back in England from his years in India he joined a group of young writers gathered around the poet and editor William Ernest Henley. The group met "at a little restaurant [Solferino's] off Leicester Square" where they "regulated all literature
till all hours of the night." On one occasion Kipling dared to criticize some of Henley's work: "As regards his free verse I – plus some Chianti – once put forward the old notion that free verse was like fishing with barbless hooks. Henley replied volcanically" (*Something of Myself*, p. 82).

Constantia

After the *déjeuner* on the *Dupleix* (see under "Champagne") "Cape Town, in turn, invited all her officers to 'inspect' the vineyards of Constantia, where they make not too weak wines. My charge, on that occasion, was a young Breton lieutenant. He returned, his head on his companion's shoulder, sleeping like an angel" (*Souvenirs of France*). Constantia wines (their great day was over by this time) were high in alcohol though not fortified. The property was owned by the State.

Moselle

In 1916 Kipling visited his nephew Oliver Baldwin, then in the Officers' Training Corps at Cambridge. At the time, Kipling seems to have regarded Oliver, who was then 17, as a surrogate for his only son John, killed at Loos in 1915. That might account for the fatherly advice in the extract that follows. The meal in question was at the Bull Hotel on Trumpington Street where Kipling was staying: "That infernal Moselle last night is loose among all my joints today. Therefore I urge you not to drink sweet peedle at any time. Beer is the best" (23 October 1916).

I do not recognize the effects that Kipling describes: "joints"? Nor have I encountered the term "peedle" elsewhere. It is not in the *Oxford English Dictionary* or in Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang*.

Port

1. To his Aunt Louisa Baldwin, who evidently had offered it to him, Kipling replied: "We don't drink '47 Port in this house" by which he means not that he is refusing the wine but that it is far beyond his ordinary drink (8 October 1898, *Letters II* 352). Louisa's husband, Alfred Baldwin, was the "Uncle who made his cellar, quite rightly, a shrine" (see above). Saintsbury says that he drank '47 Port on several occasions, and that around 1870 it was "about in perfection" (*Notes on a Cellar-Book*).

2. 1907 was a year of great distinctions for Kipling; first an honorary degree from the University of Durham, then an honorary degree from Oxford (with Mark Twain), and then the Nobel Prize. Things began well at Durham, where he was entertained by Professor Ellerslow, a clergyman, and his wife – "a delightfully simple couple…. They gave a dinner party, a very good one with uncommonly sound port. Port is generally superior in a cathedral close" (to his mother-in-law, Anna Smith Balestier, 30 June 1907*: Letters*, III, 246–47). The generalization about port in a cathedral close is very Kiplingesque. His experience of cathedral closes was not extensive. But he had read Trollope.

3. To Louisa Baldwin in 1916, accepting a gift. Alfred Baldwin had died in 1908, so that his widow was at liberty to distribute treasures from the cellar / shrine: "How sweet of you to think of it. '51 Port is *not* the kind of drink one finds flowing through the public conduits, these days. I will be very good to it and invite none but worthy and educated tastes to help me finish it." (5 July [1916]: *Letters*, IV, 383).

Saintsbury says of '51 Port simply that it was the best Port that he ever tasted. It was, he writes, "such a wine as deserved the famous and pious encomium (slightly altered) that the Almighty might no doubt have caused a better wine to exist, but that he never did" (*Notes on a Cellar-Book*).

4. In January of 1929 Kipling wrote to Saintsbury to excuse himself for not stopping to see him in Bath when he, Kipling, had recently been in the city; he had had too many people to see. "Otherwise I'd have come for – more of that port among other things! 'It's good in this house,' as the Mulligan said" (28 January 1929: *Letters*, V, 469). The phrase quoted comes from Thackeray's "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" in his *Christmas Books*. Saintsbury, who had read and remembered the whole of English literature, did not need to have the phrase identified.

Saumur

Not long after his return from India Kipling was entertained by his Aunt Georgiana, wife of the great Pre-Raphaelite painter Sir Edward Burne-Jones; another guest was Kipling's cousin George Macdonald, a

young solicitor in London. "He drank two glasses of clinging, clammy Saumur. (I love my Aunt Georgie but I don't drink her wines)." After the wine, George lighted "one of Burne Jones's best Havanas" and then, "he was – not to put too fine a point on it AWFUL SICK" (to Edmonia Hill, 18 December 1889: *Letters*, I, 372–73). George, Kipling adds, always had a weak stomach. But were white wines different then? Saumur and Moselle (q.v.) are both credited with powerful effects in Kipling's remarks on them.

Sherry

As a schoolboy in North Devon (1878–82) Kipling with his fellow schoolboys used to frequent the Golden Bay at Westward Ho! It was then "little more than a doubtful pub where we used to drink sherry and lemonade…and think ourselves complete and entire bloods" (to Elsie Bambridge, 5 October 1925*: Letters*, V, 266).

This essay, which originally appeared in the oenophile journal Wayward Tendrils, *is reprinted here by kind permission of its editor, Mrs Gail Unzelman*. Ed.

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NOTES

1 "Bobs," originally published in 1893, *Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse* (1940), p. 396 "Blue-Light" means a temperance worker.
2 Kipling "The Portent", *Debits and Credits*, London Macmillan 1926, p. 179, *Definitive Verse* 785.
3 Kipling "A Legend of the Foreign Office", *Definitive Verse* p. 8.
4 Kipling "At the End of the Passage", *Life's Handicap* (London, Macmillan, 1891), p. 163.
5 Untitled review, *Civil and Military Gazette*, 5 March 1886. The *Gazette* is the paper for which Kipling worked in Lahore. The item is uncollected and is not listed in any bibliography.
6 Kipling *Something of Myself* p. 95.

THE TREASURE, THE LAW AND THE PROPHET: ANTI-SEMITISM, T. S. ELIOT AND RUDYARD KIPLING

By BRUCE PAGE

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Few people seriously acquainted with T S Eliot and Rudyard Kipling doubt that both are major English poets. But their admirers are not often the same people. Doubts were expressed in both cases (even by Kipling, about himself)[1]: then in 1941 the (rather startled) literary elite found Eliot issuing a certificate of aesthetic merit to the world's most popular verse-writer, not long dead, by editing and introducing at length his own selection of Kipling's verse.[2] The two are, of course, linked by disrepute: accused of racism, in the specially nauseating form of anti-semitism. (Nauseating because civilisation owes to Semite peoples very spectacular debts.) Judgments against Eliot are apt to assert (or assume) prior fault in Kipling – as if Eliot in the early twentieth century joined (briefly) some anti-semitic tide already swelling and established. Let's start by saying Eliot has a obvious case to answer. Kipling is more complex.

Eliot's 'Gerontion' (1920) written shortly before *The Waste Land*, identifies Western civilisation as a 'decayed house', continuing:

> *And the Jew squats on the window sill, the owner,*
> *Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,*
> *Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London ...*[3]

No profound beauty elsewhere in Eliot can make 'Gerontion' (and auxiliaries like 'Burbank with a Baedeker, Bleistein with a Cigar') anything but racialism decorating pseudo-politics. Certainly Kipling wrote and said some horrible things. Few writers have a pure imagination, and his was not, but nothing in his poetry or fiction resembles 'Gerontion.'. Before reaching mitigation proper, let's say that neither does much in Eliot. But nor is there much in his oeuvre that's warmly humane to counterbalance the anglo-catholic grumbling about 'free thinking Jews' in *After Strange Gods*: (not poetry, but Eliot's tract sub-titled '*A Primer of Modern Heresy*).[4] The point usually missed, or underplayed, is that Kipling wrote about Jewish *individuals*: with compassion ('Jews in Shushan'), with dazzling invention ('The Village that Voted The Earth

was Flat'), with subtlety ('The House Surgeon') and with reverence ('The Rabbi's Song'):

> *Our lives*, *our tears*, *as water*,
> *Are spilled upon the ground*.
> *God giveth no man quarter*,
> *Yet God a means has found –*
> *Though Faith and Hope have vanished*
> *And even Love grows dim –*
> *A means whereby His banished*
> *Be not expelled from Him!*[5]

This stoic humanism may come close to Kipling's own beliefs – which certainly weren't Anglican orthodoxy. Kipling takes Jews for people of The Law (not exactly our common law, but seemingly its close kin). And this introduces his most compelling Jewish portrait: Kadmiel, the daredevil moneylender in *The Treasure and the Law* and shrewd, sceptical enabler of English liberty. Academic historians have dutifully scolded versions of the Magna Carta legend in which it's the sole 13th-century fountainhead of democracy.[6] Only three of its sentences have legal substance today:

> *No free man shall be seized or imprisoned*, *or stripped of his rights or possessions*, *or outlawed or exiled*.
> *Nor will we proceed with force against him except by the lawful judgement of his equals or by the law of the land*.
> ***To no one will we sell, to no one deny or delay right or justice.***[7]

But for many – for Kipling certainly – these words are magical, even sacred. 'The Treasure and the Law' is an adventure in which the young Kadmiel hi-jacks a gold hoard intended by his elders as a royal loan to help the Plantagenet King John resist his barons' demand for a 'charter of rights'. Kadmiel perceives the baronial draft as doing more for property rights than human rights: once in command of the treasure, he becomes Magna Carta's insistent editor, inserting words to make equality under the law a universal gift, not a baronial privilege. Knowing his elders might recover the gold and re-finance John, Kadmiel travels perilously across southern England to entomb the gold in deep water. He takes none for himself.

Kadmiel's motivation is complex: he shows little affection for the common people (he was, apart from anything else, an intellectual and a scientist, and had no affection either for ignorant and greedy Jews),

but he believes lawful equality will eventually transform them. True, he has a low opinion of medieval England, summed up in 'the darkness and the cruelty of Bury, where there are no learned men. How can a man be wise if he hate?' But his actions are motivated by an accurate perception that unless the King is restrained, he will ruin the land and its people. It is his foolish Jewish boss Elias who thinks that 'the People are tenfold more cruel than Kings', advice which Kadmiel ignores. Equality before the law will, he believes, ultimately transform the land and its people into a country where a Jew can go unharmed when he accidentally wounds a Christian. This is proved true in the Edwardian frame-story; Puck tells Kadmiel teasingly that the culprit Jew 'gave the freeman a piece of gold, and no more was said'. This evidence of progress does not erase Kadmiel's scepticism, but he remains proud of his risky, unselfish achievement:

> 'That was my work,' he cried, triumphantly, to Puck. 'Spirit of Earth, bear witness that it was *my* work!'[8]

This is literary, not literal, history. The King and the barons were real, like the Great Charter – and just how it gained a democratic twist is, literally, mysterious. But Kipling, aware of medievalism's tyrannical potential, looks for an intelligent, selfless hero to re-align it. And finds him in a community of persecuted free-thinkers confronting the perils of Jewish existence in 13th-century England.

I scarcely admire any historian more than Professor Hugh Brogan, but in his erudite essay *Kipling and History*[9] he gives his professional muscles a little too much play, chastising Kipling for sins of invention in which Shakespeare indulged no less. We don't know what Henry V said by way of a morale-boosting pre-Agincourt, but it likely was something gripping, nor do we know who edited the Great Charter. But where such gaps exist William or Rudyard will leap to fill them. Kipling even offers a kind of confession, when Truth offers her sister Fiction a deal on the handling 1914–18:

Facts out of hand. Unable overtake
Without your aid. Come back for Truth's own sake.
Co-equal rank and powers if you agree
<u>They need us both, but you far more than me</u>![10]

Kipling's life extended into the years when R. G. Collingwood began formally separating legend from modern (scientific) history, most notable in *The Principles of History*:

> When at the end of the Middle Ages the modern natural sciences of Aristotelian logics was inevitable … Thus, by degrees, there came into existence a new logic of inference based on analysis of the procedure used in the new natural sciences. The textbooks of logic in use today still bear the marks of this revolt in the distinction they draw between two kinds of inference, 'deductive' and 'inductive'. It was not until late in the nineteenth century that historical thought reached a stage of development comparable with that reached by natural sciences about the beginning of the seventeenth; but this event has not yet begun to interest those philosophers who write textbooks of logic.[11]

Kipling showed his own readiness to follow suit in his history of the Irish Guards in 1914–18. Its quiet military scholarship never displays the pain of his and his wife's own loss: their son's death in 1915 with the Guards at Loos. Kipling was the rare case of genius able control his own powers, and in general he was careful about what he created – or at least was obedient to his Daemon's instructions. It is hard to see anti-Semitism in the creator of Kadmiel the medieval liberator, or of 'Saul the Aden Jew' in the notably multi-ethnic Masonic poem 'The Mother Lodge', or the kindly M'Leod family in 'The House Surgeon' – or Vidal Benzaguen the irresistible singer and her impresario 'Bat' Masquerier of 'The Village that Voted The Earth Was Flat'. There is no doubt in that story about the Kipling party's distaste for the magistrate's anti-semitic jeering ('Sir Thomas asked him if he expected the police to go to his home address at Jerusalem; and the court roared');[12] while 'Bat', a showbiz impresario in a period when Jews were noticeably prominent in that trade (and a conspicuously generous employers), joins the Gentiles in making a comic fool of the official who doesn't like Jewish equality before the law.

If any ethnic group has fair complaint against Kipling it might be the Irish, for he backed the Ulster Unionists in violent opposition to Home Rule. And for them, knowing his purpose exactly, he wrote an inflammatory hymn of startling power:

> **Ulster 1912**
> *The dark eleventh hour*
> *Draws on, and sees us sold*
> *To every evil power*
> *We fought against of old.*
> *Rebellion, rapine, hate,*
> *Repression wrong and greed*
> *Are loosed to seek their fate*
> *By England's word and deed.*[13]

Political hatred, clearly – but not the biological loathing of Eliot's *Bleistein*. Kipling's poetry seems incapable of going there: he comes closest when dealing with Germans – *after* John Kipling's destruction at Loos. When the Great War still lay ahead, Hans Breitman, the old German trader narrating the tropical nightmares of *Bertran and Bimi* or *Reingelder and the German Flag* never lost his personal compassion. Where Kipling's censures have an ethnic content, they are social, political – not physiological (or biological?). Rapine is loathsome in a Republican regime, not a vile presence all Irish flesh.

Craig Raine in 'Kipling and Modernism' has shown how prodigious was Kipling's command of poetic language: we may believe that he (or anyway the Daemon) understood the fearsome efficiency of words ("the most powerful drug used by mankind").[14] Looking back to 'Ulster 1912' we may wonder what kind of lethal *Waste Land* he might have made of 1914–1918. Kipling's poems of the War are dark with pain and loathing, but are not disgusted. Anthony Julius in his book *T S Eliot: Anti-Semitism and Literary Form* is a deadly prosecutor to Eliot, as a profound – and Jewish – admirer who won't blink at the poet's offences – ones which eminent literary men such as Stephen Spender and Herbert Read excused or ignored. (The poet Dannie Abse described how at the inaugural poetry reading at the Institute of Contemporary Arts at which Eliot and other luminaries were present, Emmanuel Litvinoff read his poem 'To T.S.Eliot' ['I am not one accepted in your parish … Let your words/ tread lightly on the earth of Europe/ lest my people's bones protest']. Stephen Spender, angrily shouted that the poem 'grossly insulted Tom Eliot'; when Litvinoff attempted to reply, the chairman Herbert Read 'violently struck the table …[and] censored all further discussion.')[15] Julius locates anti-semitism at the heart of Eliot's poetic achievement, citing all the gruesome evidence. The '*lustreless protrusive eye*' of Bleistein emerges from '*protozoic*' – that is, – perfectly unhuman – '*slime*'. [16] And on, and on.

Can Kipling properly be likened as an anti-Semite exemplar via 'Gehazi', the poem written to deride Rufus Isaacs – Jewish, and allegedly complicit in the Marconi scandal of 1913? Certainly it is nasty stuff:

Thou mirror of uprightness,
What ails thee at thy vows ?
What means the risen whiteness
Of the skin between thy brows ?
The boils that shine and burrow,
The sores that slough and bleed-
The leprosy of Naaman
On thee and all thy seed …[17]

Kipling's Biblical Gehazi, however, was afflicted for trying (unsuccessfully) to swindle the honourable Jewish figure Elisha (2 Kings, 5) and thus became a historic paradigm of treachery. Did Kipling for once lose his pinpoint aim here? Isaacs (later Lord Chief Justice) figures as an un-named analogue of anti-Jewish treachery, not as an anti-Kadmiel. [For a dissenting view, see my own note: *Ed*.][18]

The American historian David Nirenberg suggests that hostility to Jews may exhibit distinct modes: *anti-semitism* – irrational revulsion at Semitic flesh – or *anti-Judaism* – a politico-philosophical dread of Jewish thought, de-stabilising to Christian orthodoxy and its allies.[19] Neither requires the presence of actual Jews (absent from England between Edward I's expulsion in 1290 and Cromwell's re-admission in 1656). Like drugs, these modes may potentiate each other – doing so, hideously, in the Holocaust. Eliot demonstrated both both modes, often flamboyantly. Subsequent to *The Waste Land* came *After Strange Gods* (1934), his manual for leaders of a devout Christian land, anxious to avoid theological peril, specially likely with the presence of 'many free-thinking Jews.' Anti-*Judaism* may have touched Kipling – when, for instance, he thought Zionism might inconvenience Britain's imperium, if less insistently than Irish Home Rule. Would that have driven him to create a repulsive, slightly out-of-focus, Semitic traitor in the same year (1913) as Vidal Benzaguen, the delightful music-hall heroine? Kipling had his era's simplistic notion of ethnic attributes, but gross loathing rarely attached to them. That admirers of Kipling certainly disliked Jews does not convict Kipling himself of making poetry (un-characteristically) out of physiological invective.

Eliot's genius – and fame – became undeniable as the Great War years turned into the 1920s, and he produced *The Waste Land* when it seemed painfully clear that civilisation was being undermined by something, which his own poise was undermined by the collapse of his young wife's mind. It was in this period that he produced unlovely works like *Gerontion*, hard to match for epic anti-semitism and maundering about nasty foreigners – Fraulein von Kulpe, De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs Cammel & Co. If Jews somehow were generating global and personal misery, then Eliot was irrational; no healthy person sees rationale in any racism. *After Strange Gods* isn't linguistically foul – only silly, pedantic and clearly anti-Judaic; and after a few years Eliot took some trouble to suppress it. Nor is there anything vile in *Hysteria*: a prose poem sadly expressing a man's pain at his wife's disintegration:

> *I was drawn in by short gasps*, *inhaled at each momentary recovery*, *lost finally in the dark caverns of her throat*, *bruised by the ripple of unseen muscles… . I decided that if the shaking of her breasts*

could be stopped, some of the fragments of the afternoon might be collected, and I concentrated my attention with careful subtlety to this end.[20]

Eliot's second marriage produced deep tranquillity, and he several times denied ever having been anti-semitic. This was generally accepted (if uneasily) by literary grandees, at least until the appearance of Anthony Julius' book. But a true, merciful, verdict would have been 'Jew-baiting while the balance of his mind was disturbed.' And culturally salutary: showing anti-Semitism to be a mental disease – and a curable one, in Eliot's case at least

Nirenberg does not portray anti-Judaism as personal perversion, but rather as a likely consequence of Christian doctrine. Kipling, who showed no real signs of the disease and none of Anglican piety, might have been touched by anti-Judaism as he became embittered by Imperial disintegration. But both anti-Jewish modes were in timely (indeed overdue) decline at the time Eliot joined the Church of England. One reason for this was the British intelligentsia's loss of interest in Christian dogmatics after decades of Victorian sectarian warfare: a process which Keynes thought virtually complete during his father's Cambridge generation. It was replaced, in stages, by a readiness to see religious observance as a mannerly tribalism, eventually incorporating Judaism. (The philosopher Harold Alexander was Oxford's first Jewish fellow, elected to Lincoln College in 1882.) And with the 1930s came disquiet as Nazism began to inflate a pogrom culture in Central Europe. Eliot took a little time to catch up; he was still advising against free-thinkers in 1934. And not alone: Yeats was another tempted to tolerate the intolerable. But Kipling (though certainly right-wing) was not. In 1935, he ordered his publishers to stop putting the good-luck swastika of Ganesh on his covers because thanks to the Nazis it had become 'defiled beyond redemption.'[21] And in 1933, the year Hitler when became Chancellor, he published 'The Storm Cone':

This is the midnight – let no star
Delude us – dawn is very far.
This is the tempest long foretold–
Slow to make head but sure to hold ...[22]

It has not yet abated.

Bryan Cheyette's comprehensive essay *Kipling and the Jews* leaves no stone un-thrown if it might suggest profound anti-semitism.[23] But some items, like 'The Waster', though much-cited are scarcely worth the toss. This poem briefly regrets that 'Picts' (Scots) and some un-named

'etceteras' usually outwit the man who judges others by their socks and ties. No Jews are mentioned; the poem's principal target appears to be someone like Bertie Wooster of the Drones Club (a type Kipling never liked, and had attacked in 'The Sons of Martha').

Such overstrain detracts from Cheyette's perceptive account of Kipling's political alienation which, originating in the Second Boer War, largely overwhelmed his personality in 1914. Many of his friends shared delusions with John Buchan, propagandist and novelist, who fancied that Jews sustained the German war machine – which was true to the extent that Jewish industrialists were patriots, notably Walter Rathenau of A.E.G., said to have miraculously kept German industry going in the late stages of the war, who was assassinated in 1922 by anti-semites. British Jews who fought on the Allied side were equally patriotic – and the Australian commander John Monash, starting the demolition of Ludendorff's army in 1918, was German-Jewish by immediate descent. Yes, Kipling got much of his history wrong during the Great War years – but professional historians took considerable time before doing much better. It's not unfair to say that legend and poetry were highly advanced before history began to modernise itself as a social science – and in the 19th century took over responsibility for the past. (Collingwood estimated that by 1880 social-sciences were 'equal in empirical quality to natural sciences 300 years earlier'.)[24] Kipling worked during the transition and remains a historian of tolerable quality – but one only remembered because was a quite extraordinary poet with a gift for locating himself in past or future.

Professor Brogan, condemning *The Treasure and the Law*, becomes slightly unfair. He scolds Kipling's Kadmiel for giving currency to the anti-semitic libel of well-poisoning, and disapproves his disdain for the common people. But Kadmiel only deploys pharmaceutical skills in non-lethal service to the common people – whose improvement is his aim. He is no democrat, but if Kipling had allowed a 13th century intellectual to foresee the Representation of the People Act, his historical sense would have been outraged (and perhaps his own politics: mass democracy didn't greatly thrill him). What Kipling did honour in his creation was laying the foundation for English liberty, which surely defeats the anti-semitic charge. The creation occurred when the glow of Kipling early career persisted, but scarcely more than a decade in advance of the cataclysm. Remarkably, the Daemon protected his poetry, the main-stem of his genius. Eliot's light, by contrast, grew with his maturity.

Literary sages who presented Eliot with a free pass, but allowed Kipling to be prosecuted for implausible misdeeds damaged both poets by opening a cultural space between Eliot's audience and Kipling's.

That exists still, in spite of Eliot's 1941 attempt at repair in *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*. The truth is that today we need both of them.

NOTES

1 C.f. Kipling's self-description as 'a tribal singer/ A minor poet certified by Traill!', Thomas Pinney (ed.) *The Cambridge Edition of the Poems of Rudyard Kipling vol.I*, Cambridge, Cambridge University Press (2013), 'In the Neolithic Age' p. 400.

2 T.S. Eliot ed. *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*: Faber and Faber (1941).

3 T.S.Eliot 'Gerontion', *Collected Poems 1909–1962 (*London, Faber & Faber, 1962), p. 39.

4 T.S. Eliot *After Strange Gods*: *A Primer of Modern Heresy*: Faber & Faber (1934)

5 Kipling 'The Rabbi's Song', Pinney, *Cambridge Edition of Kipling's Poems* vol. II p. 773. [The poem's epigraph is '2 Samuel XIV, 14', which runs in full: 'For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him.' This text evidently meant a great deal to Kipling; it is a running motif in his late story 'On the Gate', *Debits and Credits* 1926. *Ed*.]

6 See, for example, David Carpenter's introduction to his new translation of Magna Carta, London, Penguin Classics (2015), pp. xii–xiv.

7 The British Library displays original Magna Carta documents: quoted in numerous histories such as *The Reinvention of Magna Carta 1216–1616* (*Cambridge Studies in English Legal History*).

8 Kipling's 'The Treasure and the Law' was first published in 1906. References here are to, Macmillan Pocket Edition, London, 1951, pp. 292, 285, 286.

9 Hugh Brogan *Kipling and History*: Hugh Brogan, *New Reader's Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, December 16 2007,www.kiplingsociety.co.uk (accessed 25 June 2017). See also Daniel Karlin 'Jewish Jokes in "The Treasure and the Law", *Kipling Journal* 360, March 2015, pp. 29–57, and Judith Plotz on the 'Fifth River' in her 'Kipling and the Uses of Poetry', *Kipling Journal* 366, Dec 2016, p. 58.

10 Kipling 'A Legend of Truth', Pinney, *Cambridge Edition of Kipling's Poems* vol II, p. 1015.

11 R.G. Collingwood (1889–1943), posthumously ed. Jan van der Dussen, *The Principles of History*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1999, p. 9.

12 Kipling 'The Village That Voted The Earth Was Flat', *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), p. 165

13 Kipling 'Ulster 1912', Pinney, *Cambridge Edition of Kipling's Poems* vol II, p. 1015

14 Craig Raine 'Kipling and Modernism': *London Review of Books* 6 August 1992.

15 Dannie Abse, *Goodbye Twentieth Century: An Autobiography*, London, Pimlico, 2001, pp. 114–116. See also Anthony Julius on the pussyfooting reception of 'Gerontion' by some Jewish critics in *T. S. Eliot Anti-Semitism and Literary Form*: Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1995, pp. 49–62.

16 Anthony Julius *T. S. Eliot Anti-Semitism and Literary Form*: especially chapter 3, pp. 75–110. See also Julius on 'Gerontion', pp. 1–2 and chapter 2, pp. 41–74, *passim*.

17 Kipling 'Gehazi', Pinney, *Cambridge Edition of Kipling's Poems* vol II, p. 1128.

18 [*Editorial note*: I must here record my dissent. I would say that the allusion to an Old Testament story in 'Gehazi' (cited by Julius as a rare instance of politicised anti-Semitism by an English writer: *T S Eliot*, *Anti-semitism and Literary Form*, p. 14), does not neutralize the poem's attack on Isaacs' Jewishness, but actually works to strengthen it. Kipling was perfectly capable of condemning what in 'The Burden of Jerusalem' (Pinney, *Cambridge Poems Vol..III* p. 2155), he called 'the Unloved Race' out of its own book. Identifying the biblical Gehazi who falsely demanded payment (which Elisha had refused) for the healing of Naaman's leprosy, with the role of Isaacs in the 'Marconi Affair', and including the latter in the final curse at the end of the poem 'on thee *and all thy seed*' (italics mine), Kipling plainly intimates that the appointment of this Jew as Chief Justice of England is an outrage and that Isaacs the Jew is tainted with innate corruption. It follows that Isaacs' insider dealing, far from being 'anti-Jewish treachery', is all too typical of his race. The fact that the biblical Gehazi was not a 'Judge' but a corrupt servant, confirms that the line 'Gehazi, Judge in Israel' is deliberately intended as an anti-semitic insult. As Kipling wrote to Max Aitken who wanted the poem toned down: 'I can't garble my "Gehazi". I meant it for that Jew-boy on the Bench' (*Letters of Rudyard Kipling vol 4*, *1911–1919*, ed.Thomas C. Pinney, Basingstoke, Macmillan 2004, p. 167).

I agree that it's hard to connect this openly anti-semitic venom with the creator of Kadmiel; but Kipling, famously, had two sides (at least) to his head, and the Daemon of 'Gehazi' is not, alas, that of the 'Puck' books. *Ed*.]

19 David Nirenberg *Anti-Judaism: The Western Tradition* (2013), London, Head of Zeus, 2015.

20 T S Eliot 'Hysteria' *Collected Poems* p. 34.

21 See Jan Montefiore *Rudyard Kipling* Horndon, Northcote House, p. 161.

22 Kipling, 'The Storm Cone', Pinney, *Cambridge Edition of Kipling's Poems Vol.III*, p. 1479.

23 Bryan Cheyette 'A race to leave alone: Kipling and the Jews', chapter 13 of *In Time's Eye: Essays on Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Jan Montefiore: Manchester University Press 2013, pp. 250–284.

24 See note 11.

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September 2017

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HEROES OF WESTWARD HO!

By RODNEY ATWOOD

[Rodney Atwood, Ph D., formerly headmaster of Box Hill School, is a military historian. His books include *The March to Kandahar: Roberts in Afghanistan* (2010), *Roberts and Kitchener in South Africa 1900–1902* (2012) and *The Life of Field Marshal Lord Roberts* (2014) . *Ed.*]

> 'The War Record of the School is very remarkable…Many rendered conspicuous service in the Great War.'
>
> (Lt-Gen Sir Alexander Godley, *Memoirs of an Irish Soldier*)

> 'Lieut. Maxwell was one of three officers …specially mentioned by Lord Roberts as having shown the greatest gallantry and disregard of danger in…saving the guns of that battery during the affair of Korn Spruit on March 31st, 1900. …'
>
> (Charlotte Maxwell, *Frank Maxwell, Brig.-General, A Memoir and some Letters*.)

'You see it isn't as if we were just an ordinary school,' M'Turk tells the Padre, Reverend John, who is visiting the notorious Study Five, den of Stalky, Beetle and M'Turk. 'We take crammers' rejections as well as good little boys like Stalky. We've got to do that to make our name, of course, and we get 'em into Sandhurst somehow or other, don't we?'[1] Readers of *Stalky & Co* are unlikely to forget the purpose of Westward Ho!, for it is often before them: in M'Turk's words; in the ambivalence of the chapter entitled 'The Flag of their Country', the story of the visit of a proto-Horatio-Bottomley-MP, 'a Jelly-Bellied Flag-Flapper', as Stalky dubs him; in the return of Old Collegians in the last week of term when the greatest admiration is accorded to those holding the Queen's Commission:

> …when the real subalterns, officers and gentlemen full blown – who had been to the ends of the earth and back again and carried no side – came on the scene strolling about with the Head, the school divided right and left in admiring silence…They would walk to and fro in the corridor with the little red school-sergeant, telling news of old regiments; they would burst into form-rooms sniffing the well-remembered smells of ink and whitewash; they would find nephews and cousins in the lower forms and present them with enormous wealth; or they would invade the gymnasium and make Foxy show off the new stock on the bars.[2]

If any Old Collegian (the school was always 'the Coll') attended the last service of term, he would join in the 'lusty singing' and one of them would read the school lesson, 1 Peter ii:11–17, beginning, 'Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul' . He would conclude with the school's motto, 'Fear God, Honour the King'.[3]

The historian of the school, Major H.A. Tapp, OBE, MC, tells us (although Kipling does not), that as well as Dunsterville (Stalky), these returners would in time include two other members of Study Five, though admittedly temporary ones, S.M. Edwards and J.C. Rimington. By the time Tapp wrote his history in 1933, Edwards was Brigadier-General Edwards, CB, CMG, DSO, remembered as 'Tuppenny', and Rimington was Major-General Rimington CB CSI, whose nickname was 'Potiphar'.[4]

Rimington's reminiscences extended over two issues of the *Kipling Journal*.[5] He had been consumed with indignation when he first read *Stalky & Co*, which appeared to traduce his old school of which he was inordinately proud, fearing that readers would assume the escapades were true and showed serious indiscipline. Rimington affirmed that discipline was sound, as he well knew, being a prefect. Prefects were distinguished by 'stick-up collars' (the others wore theirs inside their coats), being allowed study fags, and carrying walking sticks which were taken to church at Westward Ho! He recalled meeting Kipling at an 'Old School' luncheon just before the latter's death and Kipling asking whether he thought 'we were a very well behaved school'. Rimington agreed. He regarded *Stalky & Co* as 'one of the most amusing books on schooldays ever written'. Kipling Society members might agree, but not necessarily with Rimington's other suggestion, that Kipling 'originally did intend to write a fairly accurate account of his school life, but then his inventive genius prevailed, with the result that we have these highly amusing fairy tales.'[6] As far as Rimington knew, the only episode in the book which actually occurred was the burlesque (as he terms it) 'Aladdin' – 'but it was played in a study in a very haphazard, light-hearted manner, it hardly merited the fine description given in the book'. Rimington remembered merry times in studies and the songs Kipling quoted, 'especially the very popular "Arrah, Patrick [sic], mind the baby"' (either Kipling and Rimington sang different lyrics, or the latter's memory was not as good as he thought).[7] The song originated in those music halls which gave Kipling so much inspiration.[8] He tells us that Kipling enjoyed acting and joining in the songs, and that one of his favourite expressions, much in vogue at Westward Ho! (and made familiar by *Stalky & Co*.) was 'I gloat, I gloat!'

Kipling the school-boy was recalled by Rimington mostly as editor of the school *Chronicle*. He was always bright and cheerful, but his weak eyesight prevented him from playing games, 'always a handicap amongst boys'. Thus he was not outstandingly popular. He did not shine much in Latin; French he knew well; his brilliant knowledge of English literature made him editor and principal contributor to the *Chronicle*.[9]

Rimington and other future soldiers recognised Kipling's talents, although some of what they wrote must have been hindsight. Less so was their scorn for Beresford's [M'Turk's] criticism of their old head and the staff, for the school had an excellent record of entering candidates successfully for Woolwich (which trained Gunners and Sappers, as opposed to infantry and cavalry), without the intermediate step of an expensive 'crammer'. 'During the time I was at Woolwich, certainly seven or eight of us there had passed into the Royal Military Academy direct from the United Services College', and one had topped the entrants.' Rimington had left Westward Ho! in 1881, spent four years training at Woolwich and the Royal Engineer Headquarters, Chatham, and then was ordered to India in April, 1886. At Lahore he stayed for a few days with the Kiplings, 'and was received with the utmost kindness and that friendliness which characterised English homes in India in those days'. Rimington found his old school friend fully occupied, 'his nose glued to his desk in the office of the Civil and Military Gazette' as assistant to the prickly and demanding Stephen Wheeler. Lockwood Kipling, however, took the twenty-two-year-old subaltern in hand, made him at home, and Rimington remembered their 'walks and talks' as enjoyable as any in his life.[10] The young officer later visited the Kiplings at Simla and wrote of 'Trix': 'Their daughter, Beatrice [sic], a delightful girl who had only recently come out from home, had inherited most of her mother's wit and skill, and later proved herself no mean novelist and poet.' Rimington admits to shyness in the company 'of this brilliant, witty girl.'[11]

Almost three decades later, Rimington kept Kipling informed of the mishandled campaign in Mesopotamia in 1915–16. What Kipling learnt from Rimington and from the Mesopotamia Commission of Enquiry's report led to his hard-hitting poem 'Mesopotamia'. Responsibility for the mismanagement of the Mesopotamia Campaign, largely fought by Indian troops, and especially the atrocious medical care, lay with the Government of India.[12]

Westward Ho! boasted a headmaster who appears to have been a remarkable educationalist, nurturing Kipling's love of literature by giving him the run of his library and later editorship of the *Chronicle*. He was equally successful at getting his pupils into the army without the intervening time spent at a crammer. For the saving of that expense,

the 'Coll's parents must have been grateful. Many Westward Ho! boys went on to military renown. Alex Godley, who shared a dormitory with Kipling and later commanded a corps on the Western Fron, proudly wrote of the school's remarkable war record. Among a long list of his former schoolmates (and some who followed later), he includes five recipients of the Victoria Cross: Captain the Hon. A. Hore-Ruthven (later Lord Gowrie Governor-General of Australia), Major E.D. Brown, Brigadier-General Frank Maxwell, Brigadier-General G.W. St G. Grogan and Captain Anketell Read. Others rendered conspicuous service in the Great War. He lists one full general, two lieutenant-generals, and sixteen others of high rank, including Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, artist, author and creator of 'Old Bill' (recently discussed by Brian Harris in *Kipling Journal* 351, September 2015); and, of course, Major-General Dunsterville of 'Dunsterforce' which in 1918 'by dint of chutzpah … convinced the Turks not to invade the Southern Caucasus.'[13] Major-General Hubert Hamilton, also an Old Collegian, was Kitchener's trusted secretary in the South African War and commanded the 3rd Division of the BEF in 1914. He was one of the first of seventy-eight British generals to be killed in 1914–1918. Colonel Sir George Roos-Keppel was Military Governor of India's Frontier Province during the Third Afghan War, celebrated for his success in dealing with the Frontier tribes.[14]

Isabel Quigley in her introduction to *Stalky & Co*. declares the book to be 'the only school story which shows school as a direct preparation for life', and asks, 'What happened to these boys? How did they apply the lessons learned at school to the world of warfare and imperial administration?'[15] These questions are answered in the final chapter, 'Slaves of the Lamp. Part II', in which Old Collegians, some from the cast of Chapter Two's school pantomime, admiringly describe Stalky's feats on the North-West Frontier when separate detachments of the Indian Army played one of the pantomime's songs 'Arrah Patsy, mind the baby' on bugles across a rocky valley in which they were fighting the 'Malots' and 'Khye-Keens'.[16]

Hugh Brogan's essay on *Stalky & Co*. (*Kipling Journal* nos. 176, 177) amplifies this.[17] *Stalky*'s earlier chapters are a prologue, introducing the school, the characters and the atmosphere. The last three chapters, 'The Flag of Their Country', 'The Last Term', and 'Slaves of the Lamp Part II' round off the book and show the boys acquiring a new perspective as their schooldays drew to a close. 'Beetle' discovered that the Head had been training him for a journalist's job in India – 'I never knew – I never knew'.[18] 'Slaves' II illustrates school-training's after-effects – shows it being used, 'because useful indeed, essential, in the great world.' The chapter 'A Little Prep', which comes immediately

before 'The Flag of Their Country', introduces the theme of military duty in India. It sets a standard of heroism, stirring admiration and a desire for emulation among the boys, providing an effective contrast to the cheap rhetoric of the 'jelly-bellied flag-flapper', Raymond Martin, M.P. whose presentation of a flag to the school's newly established Cadet Corps sinks that particular institution.

In 'A Little Prep.', one of the pupils' heroes is Crandall minor, formerly known as 'Toffee' and now a subaltern in a Native Infantry Regiment on the North-West Frontier. Crandall tried to save a fellow old Collegian, 'Fat-Sow' Duncan, in an incident typical of frontier fights and ambushes against the Pathans. Crandall tells the story to 'a breathlessly attentive ten-bed attic dormitory'. 'Fat-Sow' was escorting a cart carrying five thousand silver rupees to Fort Pearson, a frontier outpost commanded by Crandall ('I was born there,' squeaked a small fag. 'It was called after my uncle.') Crandall drives away the attacking Afridis and gives his old school chum a drink: 'Hullo, Toffee,' and I said, 'Hullo, Fat-Sow! Hope you aren't hurt.' But 'Fat-Sow' died in a minute or two.[19]

David Gilmour, who outlines the connection between 'the Coll' and its old boys in *The Long Recessional*, connects Kipling's poem 'Arithmetic on the Frontier' ('A scrimmage at a Border station,/ A canter down a dark defile/ Two thousand pounds of education/ Drops to a nine-rupee jezail') to the death of Lieutenant Robert Dury, an Old Boy of Westward Ho! in Burma.[20] Dury did not, however die in 'some dark defile' on the Frontier; he was leading his men in the occupation of Mandalay, seizing the cluster of Burmese forts at Minha.[21]

The first Public School Cadet Corps had been formed at Rossall in February, 1860, and others followed. Westward Ho!'s came into being in Christmas Term, 1900, long after Kipling and his school-mates had departed. On 1st July, 1907, after the school had moved from Westward Ho!, the Corps provided an escort for the funeral of 'Foxy', Sergeant-Major Schofield, buried with military honours.[22] In June, 1908, no less a person than Kipling's 'Bobs', Field Marshal Earl Roberts, came to the school to present the corps with a 12-pounder gun which had formed part of Lady Meux's battery at Ladysmith.[23]

So who were the 'heroes of Westward Ho!', who went on to a life of adventure and danger, many winning high awards? A handful will illustrate the breadth of both service and achievement.

Readers will be familiar with Stalky's career. Lionel Charles Dunsterville was born on 9th November, 1865, was at Westward Ho! from 1875 till 1883, and remained a lifelong friend of Rudyard Kipling. In *Stalky's Reminiscences* he wrote, 'I was in the passive condition of a bundle of Chinese fire-crackers to which [Kipling's] fertile brain

eagerly applied the torch'. With the advent of Kipling and Beresford at Westward Ho!, Dunsterville and his two cronies read and lolled out of bounds in a hut in the furze-bushes, smoked cigars which Dunsterville smuggled into England from the continent, and hatched plots against those who had 'incurred our odium'. He passed into Sandhurst in July, 1883. In 1884 he gained his commission in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and transferred to the Indian Army in 1887. He is described as a fluent linguist, publisher of his own newspaper *The Jhansi Herald*, an Indian Army officer who continued his high-spirited exuberance and in his own words 'acquired some renown as a singer of somewhat vulgar music-hall songs'. In 1894–5 he took part in the Waziristan campaign, presumably the basis for 'Slaves of the Lamp, II', but Kipling omits the story told in *Stalky's Reminiscences*, that he came down with rheumatic fever and a native friend wished to sew him up in the skin of a dead sheep for ten days as a cure, but was overruled. In 1918, he commanded the improvised 'Dunsterforce' against the Communists in central Asia. The force was undersupplied and understaffed, and had little impact. Dunsterville himself quotes the alleged comment of the Russian General Baratov: '"Dunsterforce"! … I know Dunster all right, but where is the *Force*?' He tells of one of his officers improvising 'a very fine armoured car out of a Ford van and some tissue-paper … As no one was allowed near enough to poke their fingers through the "armour", it terrorized the whole countryside'. Promoted major-general in June 1918, he later returned to India, commanding the Agra brigade until his retirement in 1920.[24] He was a founder of the Kipling Society.

Stalky with Dunsterforce

Other Old Collegians were at least as distinguished. In the *New Reader's Guide* notes we learn who were some of the characters of 'Slaves of the Lamp'. 'Dick Four' may be equated with Brigadier-General S. M. Edwardes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., 'Pussy' (perhaps) with Rimington, and Tertius with Major-General S. H. Powell, C.B. As Rimington's actual nickname was 'Potiphar,' and he was Captain of Football, it is only reasonable to suppose that in *Stalky & Co*. he 'doubles' the parts of 'Pussy Abanazar' and 'Potiphar Mullins' in 'Regulus'. 'The Infant' is usually held to be General Sir George Roos-Keppel.[25]

For a less literary opening to these men's careers, I turn to the memoirs of one of them, Alexander Godley's *Life of an Irish Soldier*.

Godley, born in February, 1867, the son of an officer in the Essex Regiment, was a contemporary of Kipling's at Westward Ho! After his father died in 1880 leaving little money, his widowed mother had to remove him from Haileybury (ironically, in view of the later merger). She could not afford a crammer, 'but fortunately for me she heard that army classes at USC were exceptionally good and the percentage of boys passing into the army was very high.' Godley writes with affection of his old school, which prepared him to pass the Sandhurst entrance examinations 'quite well', entering in 1885. At Westward Ho! he slept in the same dormitory as Kipling. 'I cannot truthfully say that Kipling was popular among his schoolfellows. He was too clever for us, and rather different to most boys. He edited the school magazine, and I think we realized that he would probably achieve a certain measure of success in the literary world.'[26] Godley with his enjoyment of games – in his last year he captained the Cricket First XI – was more typical of the boys of Westward Ho! than 'Beetle'.

Godley's account and Major Tapp's history suggest that sport was more prevalent than Kipling depicts or his admired Cormell Price intended [despite the Head conceding that 'It's our sacred duty to beat Exeter'[27] at football, and the happy ending of 'Regulus' when Winton gets his First Fifteen cap: *Ed*.] Godley enjoyed representing the school in matches across the length and breadth of Devon, while Tapp declares: 'The outstanding features of the year, not to mention important cricket and football matches, were the athletic sports, the aquatic sports, the assault-at-arms and the annual competition for the golf medal.'[28] Hugh Brogan, writing of *Stalky & Co*., squares the circle by reminding us that Westward Ho! was far from being a 'proper' Public School with games and muscular Christian ethos, that its most famous old boy later denounced 'the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddied oaf in the goal', but that the boys themselves took sport seriously.[29] 'Up Scho-ool was heard on the touchline continuously during matches.'[30] Godley

shared Kipling's admiration for Cormell Price: 'The Headmaster…was a delightful character and most efficient.'

Godley served in Ireland, Aldershot and in the Mashonaland campaign in Africa before attending Staff College. When the South African War broke out, he was besieged with Baden-Powell at Mafeking. Baden-Powell praised Godley 'as commander of the western defences of Mafeking throughout the siege, his services were of the highest value. His coolness, readiness of resource, and tactfulness in dealing with the Colonials [sic], made him an ideal officer for such command in action.'[31] Following the relief of Mafeking, he led the Rhodesian Brigade in operations in the Transvaal. In 1910, he was given an excellent opening to command the New Zealand forces with temporary rank of major-general. New Zealand had recently legislated for a universal compulsory part-time military training scheme to replace its small and outdated volunteer force. 'When the First World War broke out in 1914 it was due to Godley's determination, experience in staff work and training, insistence on efficiency, and outstanding administrative ability that the New Zealand army was capable of being integrated with other British forces. Given the limited time available it was a major achievement.'[32] Godley commanded New Zealanders at Gallipoli, the 2nd Anzac Corps in France, and in 1918 XXII Corps, contributing successfully to the final Allied victory.

His post-1918 career included acting as Winston Churchill's military secretary. A tall, spare, reserved man, he was seen by some of his troops as distant and unfeeling. His memoirs reveal – and those who worked closely with him knew – a courteous, fair and courageous soldier, with an appreciation of friendship and a sense of humour. With others, he gives the lie to the belief that all British generals were out of touch: in autumn, 1916, he spent a whole day in the trenches to 'see and realize what the conditions were like and how they could be bettered', and in his memoirs he mentions frequent walks in the trenches 'which told one how the men endured hardships'.[33]

Roos-Keppel who features in 'Slaves of the Lamp, Part II, had a different career, but in a part of the world which Kipling would have seen as typical of Old Collegians' experience. The future Sir George Olof Roos-Keppel was born in London in September 1866, the eldest son of a Swedish and English parents. A contemporary of Kipling at Westward Ho!, he went on to Sandhurst, and was commissioned into the Royal Scots Fusiliers in August, 1886. After serving in the 3rd Burmese War (1885–6), he transferred to the North-West Frontier of India. Roos-Keppel showed great aptitude in dealing with the fiercely independent Pathans, and was seconded to the political department. He served for six years as political officer in the Kurram valley, and there developed

a detailed knowledge of tribal society and customs and Pushtu dialects. In 1899 he was appointed political agent in the Khyber, and over the next eight years he succeeded in winning the respect of the powerful Afridi tribe, who had been at the centre of the Great Frontier Rising of 1897–8. From October 1903, in addition to his political duties, he served as commandant of the Khyber rifles, a locally recruited militia raised to police tribal territory. In early 1908, as part of a punitive expedition against the warlike and well armed Zakha Khels, he led a column of Gurkhas and Khyber rifles, catching the enemy piquets by surprise. The tribesmen were met by superior firepower, including breech-loading ten-pounder field guns firing with smokeless powder to a great range. The Zakha Khels submitted in late February.[34] For the expedition, he was made a KCIE (Knight Commander of the Indian Empire) and awarded the Swedish military order of the sword.

Later that year, Roos-Keppel's knowledge of tribal affairs gained him the position of chief commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province and agent to the Governor-General (the Viceroy), over the heads of senior and more obvious candidates. He proved extremely successful. By 1914, he had assumed an almost legendary status on the frontier. When troops were sent from India to other theatres of the First World War, it was feared Afghans and border tribesmen would exploit British weakness to raid south. Roos-Keppel kept order among the trans-border Pathan tribes and maintained good relations with the Amir of Afghanistan throughout the war. Only in 1919 did an internal crisis in Afghanistan lead to an Afghan invasion of British India. During this 3rd Anglo-Afghan War, he took immediate action to maintain order in Peshawar city and implemented martial law. Acting on Roos-Keppel's advice, the army in India embarked on an immediate offensive that successfully prevented a general tribal rising and ejected the Afghan invaders from India. The end of the Afghan fighting in August 1919 was followed by a fierce uprising in Waziristan by the Mahsuds. Roos-Keppel disagreed with the policy of the viceroy, Lord Reading, but by now serious illness forced him to retire to England.[35]

Tim Moreman in the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* describes Roos-Keppel as 'independent, strong-minded, and charismatic', exercising 'great personal influence over the tribes of the north-west frontier', displaying political skill of vital importance in 'securing… the region during and after the First World War.'[36]

Among 'the Coll's many distinguished soldiers, the palm for bravery goes to Francis ('Frank') Aylmer Maxwell, V.C., C.S.I.O., DSO and Bar. He attended Westward Ho! from 1883 to 1890, and was commissioned from Sandhurst in November, 1891. At Chitral on the North-West Frontier in 1895, he rescued the wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Battye

of the Corps of Guides under fire (Battye subsequently died), and was recommended for the V.C., but received instead the D.S.O. In 1900 in the South African War, he joined Roberts' Horse, an irregular mounted unit raised in Cape Colony. At Sanna's Post (or Korn Spruit) in the Orange Free State, Christiaan de Wet, wiliest of Boer commando leaders, ambushed a column of British mounted men and guns. The Boers' deadly fire brought down seventy-nine of Roberts's Horse and hundreds of unarmed black drivers.[37] Maxwell won the V.C. leaving cover despite the Boer fire on five different occasions to rescue guns and limbers. He and a few others dragged them back by hand.[38]

In December, 1900, Kitchener succeeded Roberts in command in South Africa. Maxwell joined his staff as an ADC. Kitchener and Maxwell struck 'an extraordinary kinship of feeling and sympathy which never waned. No two men understood each other better, and [Maxwell's] outspoken conversations and chaff with Lord Kitchener became a by-word.'[39] A later Kitchener biographer thought Maxwell's position akin to 'a court jester of the olden days'. Everyone at headquarters knew that Kitchener, who had a soft spot for birds, had rescued an injured starling from his chimney, and insisted that the chief veterinary officer operate to save its life. The starling joined the headquarters' mess under the title 'Bloody Bird' and Maxwell played this for all it was worth, getting up from the mess table – 'Excuse me while I see whether the Bloody Bird has had its dinner; if the beast can be kept alive I have been promised a C.B. in the next Gazette – and I shall deserve it.'[40]

At the start of the First World War, Maxwell was serving in India, but after eighteen months was able to get to France. In the terrible battle of the Somme, he commanded the 12th Middlesex. On the morning of 14th July, Maxwell led his battalion into Trones Wood with the 6th Northamptons and captured it as part of a major and successful attack on the second German defensive line. German snipers and grenade-throwers concealed themselves in the foliage of the standing and fallen trees. Maxwell deployed his men in an extended single line from east to west across the wood. He shouted orders to riflemen to shoot into the undergrowth every ten-to-fifteen paces as they advanced. The enemy were shot or captured as they fell back where the wood narrowed towards its northern tip. An officer counted 600 dead Germans. Frank Maxwell's widow wrote that the capture of Trones Wood was his greatest achievement,[41] aiding the main assault, which took 6000 yards of the German second line with 1400 prisoners.[42] Later in the battle, on 26th September, he led a successful attack on the German-held strong-point at Thiepval. Thiepval's capture added a Bar to his North-West Frontier DSO.[43]

Maxwell's promotion to Brigadier did not dampen his courage or his ardour for taking risks. In September, 1917, among his last letters home, he wrote to thank his daughters for sending chocolate and his wife to say he had just had the day he liked: 'A battle all morning and a letter in the evening.' The next day, 21st September, he was shot dead by a German sniper in No-Man's-Land. His orderly wrote to his wife, 'He was a King among men and loved by every one…' The war correspondent Philip Gibbs wrote that 'men would follow such a man into furnace fires – and did'.[44] One wonders if Kipling knew of Maxwell's exploits, suitable material indeed for verse or short story.

To choose a few outstanding Old Collegians 'who had been to the ends of the earth' tells us of their deeds, but does not do full justice to all that 'the Coll' had nurtured. Twenty years before Maxwell's death, Cormell Price had retired. When Kipling gave a valedictory speech in December, 1894, he could hardly foresee that old Collegians, like Old Etonians, Harrovians and others, would be fighting in two decades in a war that dwarfed the North-West Frontier fighting. He proudly declared: 'we have a reputation confirmed by no less an authority than Lord Roberts, the late commander-in-chief in India, for turning out a good, trustworthy, efficient type of officer. Also, there are a few graves in Burma and on the Indian frontier that bear witness how our young dead forgot neither themselves nor their school in the day of trial. Indeed, our aims are not high! It is not much that we set before us! All that the College – all that Mr Price – has ever aimed at was to make men able to make and keep empires – successors, that is to the distinguished officers and gentlemen by whom our school was founded.'[45]

In men like Godley and Maxwell and in V.C. winners, the school's traditions, upheld in India and Burma, lived on in Flanders and Picardy. The history of other public schools could give similar examples. Yet as a small school and a new one without the traditions of more famous institutions, Westward Ho!'s military record *was* remarkable, as Godley tells us. Its subsequent history – moving from Westward Ho! to Harpenden in 1904, thence to Windsor two years later – made it increasingly like other public schools, a process which reached fulfilment in its merger in 1942 with Haileybury (which now holds the Kipling Society's Library in a special 'Kipling Room'). The old Westward Ho! lives on in the pages of *Stalky & Co* and the recorded deeds of its heroes.

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NOTES

1 Rudyard Kipling, *Stalky & Co* (Pocket edition, London, 1952), 'The Moral Reformers' p. 133.
2 Kipling, ibid. 'A Little Prep' p. 170.
3 Major H.A. Tapp, OBE, MC, *United Service College 18764–1911: a short Account of Rudyard Kipling's Old School at Westward Ho! With a preface by Major-General L.C. Dunsterville*, *C.B.*, *C.S.I.* (Privately published, 1933), p. 10.
4 H.A. Tapp, p. 13.
5 Major-General J.C. Rimington, 'Reminiscences,' *Kipling Journal*, nos 58 & 59, July and October, 1941
6 Rimington, 'Reminiscences' KJ, 58 pp. 6–8
7 Tapp, p. 9.
8 Kipling describes it as 'a catchy music-hall tune': *Stalky & Co*, p. 39.
9 Rimington 'Reminiscences (i), KJ 58 p. 6. Confirmed in Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling* p. 80
10 Rimington, 'Reminiscences (ii),*Kipling Journal*, 59, p. 12
11 Rimington, *ibid*. p. 13 'Trix' was of course Alice, named after her mother.
12 Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, pp 636–7. See also Julian Moore's notes on 'Mesopotamia' in the online *New Reader's Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling* (www.kipling society.co.uk)
13 Lycett p. 85
14 General Sir Alexander Godley, *Life of an Irish Soldier* (London, 1939), pp. 8–9. There is an even longer list in Tapp, *United Services College*, pp. 54–59.

15 Isabel Quigley, 'Stalky & Co: an Introduction', online *New Reader's Guide*. See also her Worlds Classics edition of *The Complete Stalky & Co*., Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1987, p.xv.
16 These names may be Kipling's shorthand for real tribes, possibly the Mohmands and Zakha-Khels. See Captain H.L. Nevill, *Campaigns on the North-West Frontier* (London, 1912) and Rob Johnson, *The Afghan Way of War: Culture and Pragmatism: a Critical History* (London, 2011).
17 Hugh Brogan, 'Stalky and Kipling' *Kipling Journal*, nos.176 and 177, December 1970 and March 1971.
18 'The Last Term', *Complete Stalky & Co*. p. 260.
19 'A Little Prep', *Complete Stalky* pp. 194–5. This episode is analysed by Kaori Nagai in 'Quotations and Boundaries: *Stalky & Co*', *In Time's Eye: essays on Rudyard Kipling* ed. Jan Montefiore, Manchester, Manchester University Press 2013, pp. 216–7.
20 David Gilmour, *The Long Recessional: the Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London, 2002), pp. 43–4. See also Mary Hamer's recent reading of 'Arithmetic on the Frontier', *Kipling Journal* no. 358, December 2014, pp. 7–9, which quotes Kipling's 1886 letter to Dunsterville: 'Did you see that poor Dury was killed by those swine?' (p. 8).
21 Letter from Major Baugh USC 1878–1881, dated 13 Feb, 1887, Mandalay Hill, quoted Tapp, *United Service College*, p. 37. See also Mary Hamer, KJ Dec, 2014).
22 Tapp, *United Service College*, p. 26.
23 Tapp, Westward Ho, pp. 46–9.
24 Quotations from S.P. Menefee, 'Lionel Charles Dunsterville', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (online source, no pagination). Dunsterville's wrote of his career in his books, *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* (1920), *Stalky's Reminiscences* (1928) and *Stalky Settles Down* (1932).
25 Roger Lancelyn Green, 'Stalky & Co: Some Notes on the Characters': entry on *Stalky & Co* in the online *New Reader's Guide*' (www. kiplingsociety.co.uk). Jan Montefiore points out, however, that 'the Infant' has retired early from the Army after inheriting a baronetcy and a large estate, unlike Roos-Keppel.
26 Godley, *Life of an Irish Soldier* London, p. 8.
27 'A Little Prep', *Complete Stalky* p. 159
28 Tapp, *United Service College*, pp. 6 & 9.
29 Hugh Brogan, 'Stalky and Kipling,' *Kipling Journal*, 176, December 1970, p. 20.
30 Tapp, *Westward Ho!*,, p. 21.
31 Baden-Powell, quoted by Ray Grover, 'Sir Alexander John Godley', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (online)
32 Ray Grover, *op.cit*..
33 Godley, *Life of an Irish Soldier*, pp. 211 & 255.
34 Nevill, *Frontier Campaigns*, pp. 334–6.
35 Nevill, *op.cit*, p. 241.
36 Tim Moreman, 'Sir George Olof Roos-Keppel, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.
37 Lt. Col Sir John Rankin, *A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife* (1901) London, 1930, p. 203.
38 Charlotte Maxwell, *Frank Maxwell, Brig.-General, A Memoir and some Letters* (London, 1921). Charlotte was Maxwell's widow. They married in 1906.

39 Charlotte Maxwell, *op.cit* pp. 6–7.
40 C.R. Ballard, *Kitchener* (London, 1930), pp. 158–9.
41 Charlotte Maxwell, *op.cit*, p. vii.
42 A.H. Farrar-Hockley, *The Somme* (London, 1966), pp. 183–9.
43 Charlotte Maxwell, *op.cit* pp. 8 &174
44 Charlotte Maxwell, *op.cit*, pp. 217–221.
45 Quoted by Tapp, *Westward Ho*!, p. 38.

‘MAILBASE’ REPORT (RUDYARD-KIPLING@JISCMAIL.AC.UK)

By ALASTAIR WILSON

December 2016 – May 2017 (inclusive)

The last six months have seen a total of 200 messages of which 154 were originated in the dark winter months – which may perhaps suggest that we spend more time on our computers/smartphones in winter than at other times of the year.

We have had quite a few reports by members, for the benefit of other members, of instances of Kipling quotes, or Kipling-related quotes, in the national and international media. Despite his alleged disfavour with the literary establishment, journalists still seem to reach for the Kipling section of any dictionary of quotations when they want something apposite.

In December last year, we had a request for an article on Kipling, and angling. Now, Kipling and angling are two words that do not immediately make an association in one’s mind (even if the fishing was done with hooks and lines, I don’t think you can count *Captain’s Courageous* as angling) – but members pointed out that he fished in the west of the USA on his way home from India in 1889, and Carrie’s diaries record his going off with Doctor Conland on fishing expeditions a couple of times while he lived in Vermont, 1892–96. Andrew Lycett pointed out that in one of the letters to his agent recently edited by Thomas Pinney, Kipling crows contentedly: ‘If a man didn’t have an agent he couldn’t go salmon fishing in Labrador.’

In January 2017, I instigated an enquiry triggered by a comment in Carrie’s diaries “Rud greatly enjoys his Rolls wireless and the excellent music he has in the evening”. I commented that I assumed that Rolls was the name of the manufacturer, and my guess was that it was an American firm. Frank Doubleday (‘Effendi’) had given the Kiplings a “wireless set with no outdoor connections” the previous year (Carrie’s diary, June 16, 1926), which I took to mean “that it did not require the large outdoor aerial which most sets required in those early days of voice radio.” Mary Hamer found an entry on the web which showed a ‘suitcase’ radio with an integral aerial produced by an English firm who traded under the Rolls name, so our note in the Diaries was able to read; “*Thanks to the expertise to be found on the Web*, *we are reasonably sure that this radio was British-made*, *by a firm called Hoare and Jagels who marketed several radios under the trade-name of Rolls in the second half of the 1920s*, *but who ceased trading in 1931–2*.”

February saw us speculating and even arguing (very genteelly) about the identity of a possible Kipling figure, photographed along with Carrie, Elsie and George Bambridge, at a gathering which included the former President of the USA, William Howard Taft, in 1922. After 29 messages, the largest number on any one subject, a reference to the Library of Congress, in Washington, DC, gave us chapter and verse of the occasion, – and it *was* the Kipling family – and just as well, because our differences were getting almost 'Brexit'-like. (Don't take this too seriously. I write flippantly, but our discussions can be, and quite often are, just fun.) March was much occupied with a question posed by a student about a novel entitled *Kipling's Choice*. We concluded that the novel was fiction, just that, in most aspects of its description of Kipling's life. We also helped to bowl out some apocryphal science fiction stories, suggested by a friend to our frequent correspondent from he USA, Fred Lerner. He in turn sought help from the mailbase, and between us we were able to suggest its sources (which weren't Kipling),

April was a quiet month, but May inspired an exchange about a poem entitled 'Conventionality'. John Radcliffe and John McGivering are annotating Kipling's *Early Verse*, beginning with *Schoolboy Lyrics* in which this poem, a rather obscure one, appeared, and they asked for help to determine what "the young poet was driving at." Brian Harris and Jan Montefiore were able to provide some pointers.

As before, may I encourage those of you who operate on-line, but haven't previously signed up to the Mailbase, to consider doing so – you should have no false modesty, you may well have information which is relevant to a query, even if it is not strictly 'Kipling'.

BOOK REVIEWS

MEETING WITHOUT KNOWING IT: KIPLING AND YEATS AT THE FIN DE SIECLE by Alexander Bubb, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 2016, 304 pp., £65 (hardback), ISBN 978 0 1987 5387 2

Alex Bubb, our Meetings Secretary, has written a comparative study of the literary lives of these two Nobel laureates. Both were born in 1865 and died within three years of each other although they never met and 'do not appear to have substantially read each other's work'. Some critical opinion has tended to place Yeats and Kipling in opposition to each other, with Kipling seen as a nineteenth century writer, associated with British Imperialism and populism, and Yeats as a twentieth century one, embodying Irish nationalism and exclusive high art. Such contrasts, Bubb argues, have obstructed our understanding of both writers. His chronological study weaves back and forth between each author, creating, through a meticulous accumulation of facts about a striking variety of aspects of their lives and works, a complex pattern which resists these judgements.

The common ground examined in this book encompasses the writers' relationship to their artist fathers, to their geographically 'fissured' childhoods and to Romanticism. It also reconstructs the shared world of critics and reviewers who helped to shape the response to each writer's work: when Kipling drafted a petition for W. E. Henley to be given a Civil List pension, Yeats was one of the signatories. Details about the literary circles of fin de siècle London are enlivened by Bubb's writing: he tells us that Oscar Wilde's review of Yeats hit a 'strenuous note […] before collapsing into an atavistic Celtic warble'.

One of the consequences of the comparison is that the emphasis is shifted away from Kipling's best known Indian fiction and towards his poetry and a wide range of his short stories. Bubb also brings to the fore aspects of Kipling's work which have not been given due consideration previously. These include his interest in folklore and ballads (both he and Yeats owned the three volumes of Bishop Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*), and his use of the lyric with its 'covertly autobiographical bias' which has often been overlooked in favour of his more overtly political work.

It is left to the reader to develop the full implications of the way in which Bubb's density of historical context challenges the 'retrospective assumptions' of other critics. This a book which is generous with its archival material and there are many areas of investigation which could be taken further by other scholars. One of these is the way in which both 'place-torn' authors look back to their childhoods in order to create a

site of origin which was 'frozen in time and inaccessible to uninitiated adults'. Bubb relates this not only to the psychological consequences of their geographical dislocation in childhood – '[n]o threshold was crossed on their life's journey without a habitual backward glance at the paths trodden and untrod, and a pause to reorient themselves from their point of departure' – but also to their relationship to Wordsworth's poetry of memory and local landscape. Refreshingly, Kipling's creation of a timeless India is not discussed in relation to *Kim* but to the poem 'The Song of the Wise Children' and its 'life unaltered our childhood knew'. Nevertheless, there are implications for postcolonial arguments about Kipling's use of Orientalist discourses to represent India as unchanging. While these arguments are not negated, they are complicated by the change of the lens, and the recognition that Yeats too created a static version of the place he remembered although he had a very different political relationship to it.

In the later chapters, Bubb traces the growing divisions between the two authors, especially after the Boer War, but he ends by arguing for the contribution of each writer to the 'fragmented modernism of Joyce and Eliot'. The comparison of these two 'self-divided' authors who acted as 'hybrid go-betweens', translating India and Ireland for metropolitan culture, convincingly undermines the limiting classifications imposed on Kipling's writing set out at the start of *Meeting without knowing it*.

Angela Eyre

THE LONDON JUNGLE BOOK by Bhajju Shyam, with Sirish Rao and Gita Wolf, Tara Publishing, in association with the Museum of London, ISBN 818621187X, 2004, £12.99

It is highly unusual for a book review to appear thirteen years after publication date – but then *The London Jungle Book,* a picture book for grown-ups by a brilliant young Gond artist, is a highly unusual publication. Readers may remember how in 'Letting in the Jungle' (*The Second Jungle Book*, 1895), after wild animals start destroying the Indian village which rejected Mowgli, the desperate villagers consult 'the head man of the nearest tribe of wandering Gonds – little, wise and very black hunters, living in the deep Jungle, whose fathers came of the oldest race in India – the aboriginal owners of the land', whether they have offended his Old Gods. His response amounts to a shrug: 'The Gond said nothing, but picked up a trail of the Karela, the bitter wild vine… laced it to and from across the temple door ... waved with his hand in the open air along the road, and went back to his Jungle'.

The villagers understand his meaning; their temple will shortly be overgrown, and they should leave.

Just over a century after this story appeared, the brilliant young Gond artist Bhajju Shyam visited London in 2002 to paint murals in the up-market Islington restaurant Masala Zone (images of these can be viewed on www.masalazone.com). *The London Jungle Book* contains Shyam's impressions of his journey, rendered as stylised, symbolic paintings. The book was produced in collaboration between the artist, who doesn't speak English and had never previously travelled from India, and his publishers Sirish Rao and Gita Wolf. After hearing Bhajju Shyam's traveller's tales and discussing them with him, Rao and Wolf put together a substantial Introduction, plus the texts accompanying each picture with comments on its symbolism. They explain that 'Gond art is a form of prayer, and they [Gonds] believe that good fortune befalls those whose eyes meet a good image…. [It] is not concerned with realism, perspective, light or three-dimensionality. It signifies rather than represents, deriving its energy from flowing lines, intricate geometric patterns and the symbols that connect human beings and workings of the cosmos … It was community art, created and enjoyed by the entire village'. Some Gond artists including Bhajju Shyman have recently moved to Bhopal, capital of Madhya Pradesh, and have begun both to make innovations, drawing 'modern things' like bicycles, and to sell their work commercially (hence the commission from Masala Zone). The book's animal imagery draws on tribal traditions. Thus, the cover shows the clock of Big Ben as the eye of a rooster, which is the Gond symbol of time: 'Symbols are the most important thing in Gond

The rooster's eye as the dial of Big Ben

art … This painting was the easiest for me to do, because it had two perfect symbols coming together.'

Multi-tasking London women ('I liked their confidence and energy') are personified by Shyam in a smiling four-armed Indian Goddess holding a telephone, offering a menu card and a cup of coffee, while smoking a cigarette. The No.30 bus which took the artist each day from his lodgings near King's Cross to work, is given the head and tail of a faithful dog, like 'those that guide us through the forest'. And because according to Gond mythology 'the world below is ruled by the earthworm', the Tubes are represented as earthworms, the trains as snakes and the stations as 'spiders sitting on their webs'. That may sound sinister to a Westerner, but it isn't – and not only because the 'King of the Underworld' is a busker 'bringing happiness to people with his music' at the bottom left. The snakes and worms are cheerful:

The King of the Underworld

The original link between the Gond artist in London and Kipling's Mowgli entering the Seonee Jungle is that Kipling's *Jungle Book* was cited in a study of Gond art by the anthropologist Verrier Elwin (1902-1964), a connection which delighted Bhajju Shyam: 'Elwin *sahib* wrote about my tribe, now it is my turn to write about his !' Yet in fact the books by the Englishman and the Gond actually illuminate each other if you read them side by side, most obviously because the natural wealth and diversity of Kipling's imaginary Jungle is vividly recalled in Shyam's richly populated forest art. Like Kipling's boy hero with his jungle-eye view of humans ('They are listening to Buldeo saying that which did not happen'), he brings to contemporary urban life an innocent yet penetrating eye trained on beasts and growing plants. Mowgli is baffled by the preference of 'Man-Pack' to sleep indoors where 'they drew foul pieces of cloth over their heavy heads and made evil songs through their

noses.' Conversely, the quiet Londoners who emerge in the evening to gather and talk in pubs and restaurants remind Bhajju Shyam of his own forest at twilight, when bats wake up and start making noises (he is obviously thinking of flying foxes or fruit bats). This inspires the delightful rendering of an English pub 'The Drunken Fox' as the Mahwa tree (which Kipling's Baloo 'was so fond of'), from whose flowers Gonds brew an alcoholic drink, filled with bats hanging from its branches: 'I like to think of them [Londoners] as creatures that come to life in the evening.' He comments gently on social arrangements; he is surprised that an airport should be 'more like a prison or a police station than a place you start a journey' and represents it as a giant bird of prey swallowing humans who line up like insects outside a termite hill (how right he is !). The airplane, however, is a winged elephant, because 'a plane taking off is as much of a miracle as an elephant flying.' He is impressed by prosperity of London, where even labourers are well fed: 'Just from looking at people, I couldn't tell who was rich and who was poor … anyone who has work in London is alright. But in India, you can work all day and still be hungry.' The *London Jungle Book* suggests parallels with other Kipling texts: the artist's surprise that in London even rubbish collectors have 'a nice uniform and good boots' is comparable with Kipling's wide-eyed Indian soldiers in *The Eyes of Asia* (1918) reporting that 'we reside in brick houses with painted walls of flowers and birds'. And Shyam's symbolism parallels some of Kipling's own illustrations to the *Just So Stories*, notably the giant Pau Amma in 'The Crab that Played with the Sea' overshadowing the Man with his daughter and the 'Great Miz-Maze' which the Man will be compelled to enter. I have no doubt that Kipling would have been delighted by Bhajju Shyam's colourful symbolic art, would have saluted him as a fellow artist and master of his trade, and would have loved *The London Jungle Book*.

Janet Montefiore

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KIPLING AND FREUD
From Thomas Pinney

I have just read Ruth McAllister's fascinating article "Kipling and the Mind" (*Kipling Journal* 368. June 2017). Her statement: "I do not suggest that Kipling had read Freud" (p. 14) stirred a memory, so I looked into my notes. Here is what I found, in chronological order. [References are to Prof. Pinney's 6 volume edition of Kipling's letters. *Ed.*]

To Andrew Macphail, 12 February 1921, *Letters,* V, 48:

> …. But the war reaction is strong everywhere, and all the windy idle minds are doing what they have always done – reverting to voodoo and heathendom. One of the latest games is, as you know better than I, psycho-analysis, and the interpretation of dreams as throwing light on character, and how to cure shell-shock. If you read old Lilly his Astrology, you will find that he cast and worked his horoscopes on exactly the same lines as these modern soul-sharps interpret those dreams that arise from "the multitude of business." But it is all immensely funny. I read solemn articles now and again that are in essence born out of the heart of a West African village.

To Brander Matthews, 28 October 1922; *Letters*, V, 131).

> I'd been reading 'The Ordeal of Mark Twain' [by Van Wyck Brooks, 1920], by a Freudistic gent your side the water and he couldn't see that the man who wrote 'The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburgh' was rather a larger-sized person than he thought.

To A.E.W. Mason, early November 1931, commenting on Mason's story in *Three Gentlemen*, in which a Briton named Prasutacus contrives the death of a Roman: *Letters*, VI, 66):

> You *did* put in that dirty little bounder's inferiority complex. At least that's how I read it.

These references prove only that Kipling had at least heard of Freud (as who hadn't?). But given his curiosity about things, and the wide range of his reading, don't you think he had read some of Freud?

Thomas C. Pinney, Pomona College

KIPLING COULD COUNT TO FOUR
From Philip Holberton

Peter Hitchens' article in the June *Kipling Journal* no. 368, "What Makes Kipling a Great Writer", discusses "The Gods on the Copybook Headings", accusing Kipling of promising 'four things certain since social progress began' and then only giving us three of them.

But the next and final verse builds up to the climax of the whole poem, revealing that the fourth certainty is the return of the Gods themselves:

As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

Philip Holberton
Willawarren, NSW, Australia

'DAYSPRING MISHANDLED' CONUNDRUM
From Dr Alan Cowan

I was most interested in George Simmers' letter (*Kipling Journal*, June 2017) about the illness of the woman only known as "Vidal's mother" in "Dayspring Mishandled". I have studied this story for years (I am currently running my fifth U3A course on Kipling) but the proposition that it was Castorley who infected her with syphilis had not previously occurred to me. I have to say that, re-reading the story now, I find it hard to accept his version of events.

At several points, the narrator refers to a former husband (page numbers refer to my Burwash edition). On p 4, [she] "suffered and died because she loved one unworthy" which I think naturally relates to the statements (p. 5) that "Manallace made … money for Vidal's mother after her husband ran away and the first symptoms of her paralysis showed", and (p. 6): "Vidal's mother was then wholly paralysed. Only her eyes could move, and those always looked for the husband who had left her."

It seems clear to me that it was her husband who infected her and then deserted her. Why should we look for more obscure interpretations?

When Castorley had been asked for a donation for her treatment (p.6) he had refused in a grossly heartless way: he had "known the lady very slightly and the calls on his purse were so heavy that, etc." Surely even the unpleasant Castorley could hardly have responded quite so callously if he had infected her himself? (Incidentally Kipling is taking literary liberties here with the symptoms of neurosyphilis; total muscular paralysis such as is implied here is not a characteristic of the disease.).

I have to disagree with the suggestion that Castorley's fatal illness was also tertiary syphilis. He was in great pain; on p.26 "He coughed, and, as he caught breath, his pain broke through all the drugs, and the outcry filled the room." Pain is not a typical feature of the disease, but of course it is a frequent symptom of cancer.

Dr Alan N Cowan,
Yarralumla, ACT, Australia

From Professor Hugh Brogan

I found the letter from George Simmers about "Dayspring Mishandled", in the June issue of the Kipling Journal, very persuasive; but it occurs to me that his argument would have been even more compelling if he had taken into account the poem "Gertrude's Prayer" which concludes the story. Consider the opening verse:

> That which is marred at birth Time shall not mend,
> Nor water out of bitter well make clean.
> All evil thing returneth at the end,
> Or elseway walketh in our blood unseen,
> Whereby the more is sorrow in certaine –
> Dayspring mishandled cometh not agen.

In the light of Mr Simmers' letter, I can't read this except as alluding to syphilis. Kipling's later tales are almost all fusions of prose and verse, to be considered as units, a new art form.

Hugh Brogan,
Wivenhoe, Essex

WHERE DID KIPLING LIVE ?

From Ray Beck

Thomas Pinney's article 'Where Did He Live?' (*Kipling Journal* 367, March 2017) interested me because my wife and I always go to Villiers Street for a meal after the Society meetings and are quite familiar with "Kipling House". I wonder if the confusion about whether RK lived on the third, the fifth, or the seventh floor, may have arisen from the fact that if you enter the building from Villiers Street, you could be unaware that there is another floor below which opens onto Embankment Gardens? That would explain how Kipling could 'look out of my window through the fan-light in Gatti's Music-Hall entrance, across the street, almost to the stage.'

Ray Beck, London

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