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

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

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## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**Wednesday 12 February 2020**, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Rutter Room, Royal Over-Seas League: **Sarah LeFanu**, author of the forthcoming book *Something of Themselves: Kipling, Kingsley, Conan Doyle and the Anglo-Boer War* (2020), will speak on Kipling and his colleagues at The Friend newspaper in Bloemfontein,

**Wednesday 8 April 2020**, 12.30 for 1 pm in the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall. Annual Luncheon: Guest of honour: **Professor Harish Trivedi, of Delhi University**, speaking on 'Kipling, the Raj, and Indian Rajahs'.

**Wednesday 22 April 2020**, 5.30 for 6 pm in the Rutter Room, Royal Over-Seas League: **Stammers-Smith Lecture** by **Professor Harry Ricketts, Victoria University, Wellington, NZ**: 'Kipling and Trauma'.

**Wednesday 8 July 2020**, 4.30 for 5 pm, in the Rutter Room, Royal Over-Seas League: Annual General Meeting. 5.30 for 6 pm: speaker to be arranged.

December 2019

Alex Bubb  
(*Meetings Secretary*)

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL AND NEWS

The star item in this December number is, without doubt, Trix Fleming's long article 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling' Part 1, edited and annotated by Janice Lingley, first published as a two-part article in *Chambers's Journal* 1939 and only just out of copyright (the author died in 1949). Our warmest thanks are due to Janice Lingley the editor. I am delighted to publish Part 1 of Trix's unique memoir here, and even more delighted to announce that Part 2 will appear in March 2020.

Apart from this splendid Christmas treat, our contents this time is a mixture of light and dark. The report of the 2019 John Slater Competition 'Writing With Kipling' and its delightful winning entry 'How the Panda Lost Its Colour' is followed by my obituary of our member and *Kipling Journal* contributor Hugh Brogan. The latest instalment of Kipling's 'Uncollected Journalism' edited by Thomas Pinney (Part 8), begins by mocking a Bengali writer's critique of Anglo-Indian attitudes, but its main item is Kipling's vivid report of the disaster at the Boys' High School in Lahore, when in May 1886 a dormitory ceiling crashed in, killing three boys under tons of earth, bricks and smashed wood. Not surprisingly, the grim experience of viewing the bodies and rubble gave Kipling bad dreams. His vivid description of a heat-tormented sleepless night follows, and as a postscript, his semi-comic horror poem 'La Nuit Blanche' (1887).

John Radcliffe anticipates the forthcoming conference 'Kipling in the News' at City University, April 2020), with his essay, based on his 2018 presentation to the Kipling Society, surveying Kipling's engagement with newspapers through his lifetime and his eventual disillusionment with the 'black art' of journalism. Next comes Michael Waters' poem 'Captains Courageous', which treats the subject of ageing through the naval imagery of Kipling's tale of the Grand Banks'. Alastair Wilson's 'Mailbase' report is followed by letters from Sheila Learoyd Baker on the real life origins of names in 'On Greenhow Hill', from Charles Allen defending Rudyard Kipling's perception of 'Native Literature', and some further discussion of 'Mrs Bathurst' by Andrew Turner, Alastair Wilson and myself.

### IN MEMORIAM HUGH BROGAN, JOHN MCGIVERING AND JEFFERY LEWINS

I am sad to announce the death of these distinguished and long-standing members of the Kipling Society. My own obituary-cum-memoir of Professor Hugh Brogan appears in this number. Obituaries of Dr Jeffery

Lewins by Sharad Keskar and of John McGivering by Gillian Sheehan will be published in the March 2020 issue.

**‘KIPLING IN THE NEWS’ CONFERENCE 17–18 APRIL 2020**

Members are urged to register for the forthcoming conference at City University ‘Kipling in the News: journalism, empire and decolonisation’, April 17–18, which has keynotes from Harry Ricketts, Chandrika Kaul, Elleke Boehmer and myself, together with a rich variety of panel papers. It promises to be a fascinating event; please book your place !

**‘RUDYARD KIPLING: A SECRET LIFE’**

By the time this number appears, readers will have had a chance to view our member Adrian Munsey’s moving and beautiful TV documentary about Rudyard Kipling and the stories and poems he wrote after the deaths of his daughter Josephine in 1899 and his son John Kipling in 1915, which was shown on Sky Arts in October. I believe that a DVD of this film will soon be made available.

**ANNUAL LUNCHEON 8 APRIL 2020**

April 2020 will be a special month, with our Annual Luncheon brought forward to the 8th, our Stammers-Smith Lecture on April 22nd, and the ‘Kipling in the News’ conference at City University, London, supported by the Society, coming between on 17–18 April. We shall be delighted to welcome Professor Harish Trivedi as Guest of Honour at the Annual Luncheon. This December number contains, as usual, a flier giving details of him and his speech, plus information on booking arrangements.



## JOHN SLATER COMPETITION 2019

By **MARY HAMER**

This is the fourth year the Kipling Society has run ‘Writing with Kipling’ a creative writing prize for primary school children. It is funded by the generous legacy left to the society by the late John Slater and supported by the Hamilton Trust, an educational charity ([www.Hamilton-trust.org.uk](http://www.Hamilton-trust.org.uk)), which very kindly supplies teaching resources about the *Just So Stories*.

I think many of us have been shocked by the deadening approach to language teaching currently enforced in our schools: it is our goal to return pleasure to children’s experience by getting them reading wonderful stories and writing their own alongside a famous author, the film of whose *Jungle Book* they may already know.

In 2018 Laura Freeman, the critic and journalist, wrote in the *Spectator* about the vivid life Kipling’s stories brought to the classroom. We were delighted when she agreed to judge this year’s entries to ‘Writing with Kipling. Here is her report on the 2019 entry:

When I visited Bateman’s, Rudyard Kipling’s house in Sussex earlier this year, I overheard a mother say to her son: “This house belonged to the man who wrote *The Lion King*”. I wanted to howl like a wolf, beat my chest like a gorilla and squawk like a cockatoo. For Kipling, as we all know, O Best Beloveds, is the man who wrote *The Jungle Book* and *The Just So Stories*. I can only hope that by the time the family had been round Bateman’s, they had a rather better idea of How the Camel got his Hump, How the Rhinoceros got his Skin and how Rudyard Kipling came to be a journalist, author and writer of boundless ‘magination.

Happily, a great many schoolchildren do know that Rudyard Kipling is the man who wrote about Mowgli, Baloo, Bagheera, the Beginning of the Armadilloes and the Crab that played with the Sea. The stories submitted to the Writing With Kipling competition were wonderfully inventive and varied. Some stories captured the rhythms of Kipling’s playful prose. Others ended in unexpected transformations. The winners each combine beguiling storytelling voices with ingenious plots. What a great gift Taffimai Metallumai (but we are going to call her Taffy) gave to the world when she wrote the first letter and later made the alphabet.

My congratulations to all ten shortlisted writers, but especially to First Prize Winner Isla Cronin (“How the Panda Lost its Colour”), to Second Prize Winner Harry Williams (“How the Ostrich Got His Neck”) and to Third Prize Winner Lola Ede (“How The Parrot Got Her Colours”). Also highly commended are Evie Lieberman (“How The Dog Got Her Bark”) and Aliya Ansari (“How The Kangaroo Got Its Pouch”).

**First Prize – Isla Cronin** (Greenleaf Primary School) “How the Panda Lost its Colour”: – The Panda’s Story is beautifully told in a voice that dances across the page: “Instead of munching and crunching she nibbled and bibbled. Instead of slurping and burping she sipped and dipped...” It is a wonderfully visual story, too, as the rainbow-coloured Panda meets a succession of monochrome fellow animals from Zebras and Racoons, to Skunks and Magpies. The Story ends with the (naturally shy) Panda’s radiant colours washed away by a great flood. “From then on, Pandas have been black and white, Yin and Yang, O Best Beloved, for as long as one could remember.”

**Second Prize – Harry Williams** (Forres Sandle Manor) “How the Ostrich Got His Neck”: – An intelligent and vigorously told story that reads like a convincing work of natural history. The central image of the Ostrich trying to shake off a squiggly wiggly rock snake wrapped around his neck is both alarming and very funny.

**Third Prize – Lola Ede** (Babington House) “How The Parrot Got Her Colours’ – This bright, bold and brave story has a dull parrot flying into a tree full of fruits and berries that dye her feathers into magnificent colours. An uplifting, thoughtful story with some lovely supporting characters in the Snake by the lake, the Pheasant in the desert, the Chimpanzees in the trees and the Giraffe on the grass.

**Highly Commended – Evie Lieberman** (Greenleaf Primary) “How The Dog Got Her Bark”: – A lively, cacophonous story about a Dog hounded by noises in the night – “all the crashing and bashing and the dancing and prancing of the chaotic city” – who in the end finds a voice with which to bark back. A lively tale told with great spirit.

**Highly Commended – Aliya Ansari** (Wimbledon Study School) “How The Kangaroo Got Its Pouch”: – This story gives readers an irresistible leading lady in the shape of a kangaroo who sits on a chaise longue eating grapes that she has made her poor, neglected Joey peel. A story with a sense of humour and mischief.

Again, we had nearly 200 entries. We would very much like to see the prize grow to include more schools and more pupils from Year 5 (9 or 10 years old). If you think you could approach any Year 5 teachers directly, to tell them about 'Writing with Kipling', do please consider doing so.

A fuller account of the project is available in the 'Kipling for Schools' tab at [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk), and it is hoped to put the short-listed stories on display this summer at Bateman's.

The prizewinning story follows.

## HOW THE PANDA LOST ITS COLOUR

By ISLA CRONIN

Long, oh so long ago, when Spring was getting to know Summer, and Autumn was getting to know Winter, in the great khaki forest of the great Bim-Bam Tribe there lived a shy Panda. And shy Pandas were very unfortunate indeed, for, unlike nowadays, they were rainbow coloured, and have you, O best Beloved, ever found it easy to stay out of sight when you're every colour of the sky when the rain mixes with the sun? She abhorred showing herself, detested others involving herself, and loathed being herself – So! Instead of munching and crunching, slurping and burping she sipped and dipped, O Best Beloved, her rosy licker to and fro without making any mess or fuss. She couldn't play games properly or hide from predators, and that, O Best Beloved, is why Pandas are so rare.

As the nights became lighter, the Panda decided that she would force her colour off. She met a Zebra on her journey and asked, "O Zebra, how do you make your radiance vanish?" She said it to the Raccoon, the Skunk, the Magpie, the Lemur, the Orca, the Weasel, the Arctic Fox, the Hedgehog and the Tiger GALORE! All the same answers were given: "I was born like that ..."

As the light began to fade, the Panda and the Mother Panda and Father Panda and all the Auntie Pandas and Uncle Pandas and both the Grandpa Pandas and both the Grandma Pandas and absolutely EVERYONE felt a rumbling – a dreaded rumbling, rumbling, rumbling, a dreaded grumbling, grumbling, grumbling .... A FLOOD !

SWOOSH went the deadly liquid and especially the exodus. The river banks of the Great Bim-Bam Tribe had burst !

As the Panda looked down at herself, from the safety of the trees of the Great Bim-Bam Tribe, she realised that all of the colour had been washed off by the flood! From then on, Pandas have been black and white, Yin and Yang, O Best Beloved, for as long as anyone can remember...

## PROFESSOR HUGH BROGAN 1936–2019

By JANET MONTEFIORE

On 4 September I attended the funeral of the historian Hugh Brogan, an eminent and long-standing member of the Society (he joined in 1967), in his home town Wivenhoe, Essex. Other obituaries have already done justice to his achievements as historian, notably his classic, deservedly best-selling *History of the United States of America* (1985, 2005), his life of Arthur Ransome (1987) and his renowned biography of Alexis de Tocqueville (2007). I write here in memory of Hugh Brogan as a lifelong Kipling enthusiast, a scholar and critic of Kipling's writings, and late in his life, a personal friend.

Hugh Brogan brought a great historian's sweep of knowledge and precise accuracy of detail to every essay he published on Kipling. All are a pleasure to read, full of insight, originality and deep feeling, and written with style, wit and eloquence. His prize-winning *Mowgli's Sons: Kipling and Baden-Powell's Scouts* (1982), remains a classic. So do the articles he wrote for the *Kipling Journal*: his elegant two-part essay on *Stalky & Co.* (KJ 176, 177) with its astute account of 'The Moral Reformers' as revenge fantasy; 'The Great War and Rudyard Kipling' (KJ 286, 1998), his forceful defence of Kipling and his war poetry against David Haig's caricature in *My Boy Jack* (which Hugh allowed me to reprint in *In Time's Eye: Essays on Rudyard Kipling*, 2013), and his subtle essay on Kipling as narrator 'A Question of Art' (KJ 300, 2001). All these, and his essay 'Kipling and History' for the *New Reader's Guide*, are required reading for scholars and critics of Kipling. He was also a frequent writer of 'Letters to the Editor' of the *Kipling Journal*, his last letter appearing in March 2019. And he was Guest of Honour at our Annual Luncheon twice, in 1989 and 2014.

My own friendship with Hugh, which was almost entirely epistolary (I only met him twice, at the Annual Luncheon in 2014 and 2016), arose from our shared enthusiasm for Kipling. I give here a few extracts from his letters and emails to me here, both to show the quality of the man and to give our members the pleasure of reading a few last samples of Brogan on Kipling. All are generous with praise but never let errors or sloppiness go uncorrected (he must have been a wonderful teacher), and all show him thinking as a great historian with a deep though never uncritical love of Kipling's writings.

The first extract is from a long letter dated 11 August 2007, written in response to my 2001 article on Kipling's 'Regulus'. He begins, characteristically, with praise, followed by 'one important point which you

don't seem to have considered, or perhaps even noticed,' about the dating of the story.

*A Diversity of Creatures* opens with a brief preface, which states that 'With three exceptions, the dates at the head of these stories show when they were published in magazine form.' One of the exceptions, it tells us, is 'Regulus' which was written in 1908 ...

For why did Kipling make this disclaimer? My own, provisional, view is that, in intention, 'Regulus' is both a tribute to the classical education which he received at USC, and to the master, 'King', who gave it (see *Something of Myself*), and an acceptance that 'stinks' are the way of the future – he gives Hartopp a very powerful argument – 'Chinese reiteration' – and as you demonstrate, the mock-Horatian poem (I loved this bit of your paper) further undercuts King's position. RK also delicately suggests its obsolescence when he tells us that 'Those were the years when Army examiners gave thousands of marks for Latin' – in other words, the times have changed; and I suspect that one of the reasons for RK's insistence on 1908 was that he didn't want to appear to be hitting a man when he was down: he landed the blow years before, when it was necessary. At the same time he loved Horace and Virgil. It is this duality which gives the story its strength (and, as you rightly note, he let his humour play over the Classical myth – partly through the mouth of Stalky, his Lord of Misrule) ...

Thank you for your very kind remarks about my US History. They prompt me to caution you about your unguarded use of the word 'subversive' at the top of p.114. Your usage is entirely in line with the conventional attitudes of much modern criticism; but since the most subversive forces in the world at the moment [2007] are American militarism and Islamic extremism I think you will see why I have come to regard the word with deep suspicion (to that extent I have become more Kiplingish with experience).

On 22 June 2009, Hugh wrote to say he'd just read and liked my book *Rudyard Kipling* (2007). His letter is full of generous praise:

I found in it much that I remembered, and much that I had forgotten, and much that I had never thought of. It made me want to get out several of my pieces on Kipling and re-write them from beginning to end. Could I pay you a more sincere compliment? ...

How I purred. But, on the other hand,

I noticed a sad number of typos and blunders – “The Muse among the Motorists” is one that comes to mind. I suppose there is no point in offering to send you a list of corrections? It is probably too late for your second printing (I hope there is one).

He did send me the list of errors, which I hope one day to correct.

And finally, one of Hugh’s last emails (1 Dec 2018), prompted by my late night talk on Radio 3 about Kipling and the First World War.

I listened to your programme, but am ashamed to say that I dozed off at one point – it was past my bedtime, as you know. However, I enjoyed what I did hear, and I was awake for the discussion of “If any question.” I didn’t agree with you, I’m afraid. I think the epitaph is a failure, particularly when set beside Simonides. On the face of it, Kipling’s lines are a straightforward assertion about the origins of the war, and as such they are indefensible. It wasn’t lies which brought about the war, alas. And if the epitaph is just code for RK’s usual hostility to the Liberal government, it is even worse. He and Lord Roberts tried to bully the Asquith government into introducing conscription, but it would have made no difference had they succeeded. All the other Powers had conscription, and little good it did them. I am almost inclined to argue that if any fathers lied, it was Roberts and RK. But no-one would suggest that they caused the Great War. “If any question why we died, tell them it was field artillery, machine guns and barbed wire.”

This is vintage Hugh Brogan: generous, not afraid to disagree, strongly felt, critical yet measured (note that “*almost* inclined”: my italics). And as always, his response is intensified by constant awareness of long historical perspective.

## RUDYARD KIPLING'S UNCOLLECTED JOURNALISM PART 8

Edited by THOMAS PINNEY

[AN INDIAN ON THE ENGLISH IN INDIA]

*Civil and Military Gazette*, 31 May 1886 [untitled scrap]

There is a gentleman of Bengal loose in the *North American Review* with letters of marque from the Editor to “sink, burn and destroy” all men and things English in India. His name is Amrita Lal Roy, and he has been evidently well educated at some Government College, for he refers to the “wounded *ego* of the awakened mind” which is nearly the same thing as a “*cui-bono* in all its naked deformity.” The burden of his song is always: – “Is this your boasted English jurisprudence!” The *Reis and Raiyat*, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* or the *Indian Mirror* would infallibly have rejected his article on “British Rule in India”; for, though these estimable journals consistently vilify the Civil Service, slander their Lieutenant Governors and give the lie direct to the Viceroy, they are not altogether prepared to say, as Amrita Lal Roy says, that the Anglo-Saxon habitually rides over and spits in the faces of a starved, luckless, cowed and crest-fallen population. Here are a few of his statements taken at random. “It is dangerous for a native to walk in the public parks kept up at his own cost, because he may be insulted by an Englishman, and, if he resents the insult, subjected to physical violence which may kill him; the Civil Service is a close corporation of half educated competition wallahs, who are individually a compound of an overgrown school boy, an irresponsible savage and a cynical philosopher; dull ruffians, under the name of statesmen, misrule; the Anglo-Saxon has had the Indian nation bound with the red tape of a galling officialism, and has flung them into the dungeon of pauperism to be jeered at and insulted by their unsympathetic jailors; Satan in chains brooding vengeance in hell could not have concocted a scheme more effective to spread disaster and confusion among God’s innocents than the salt tax; eighty per cent. of the people of India eke out an unmentionable living on weeds and unmarketable grains; the interior of the country everywhere presents ruins and desolation.” “I will be calm! I will be calm!” said one of Dickens’s best known characters, just before he threw himself in a chair and foamed at the mouth.<sup>2</sup> In the same spirit does Amrita Lal Roy, before embarking on his ravings, write: – “I will try to be as calm in my narrative as the case will permit;” and he goes

on to say – “should England continue, in her treatment of India, the self-satisfied cynicism which is at present her wont, the history of the English in India, no matter how Englishmen tell it, can be written on the native side, as it has heretofore been, only in blood.” The conclusion of his article seems to have been taken bodily from a Fourth of July oration. He refers to “the eternal rights which they” (the Americans) “wrote in the declaration of Independence.” Seeing that the Americans are just now enforcing those eternal rights with the bomb, the rifle, and the knife, and that the United States legislature has just drafted a Bill for the boycotting of the Chinese,<sup>3</sup> Amrita Lal Roy is not happy in his reference to this land “where all nations meet, this nursery of hopes, where the cheery breeze wafts from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again” (why back again?) “strains sweeter than ever were sung by the Æolian harp; broad is this earth, gracious is nature, there is room enough for all the children of man.” It is a wonderful piece of composition altogether; but the writer in his zeal has forgotten that, if eighty per cent. of the people habitually starve, or eat fatal meals of an unmentionable quality, this fact alone, apart from the murderous onslaughts of thousands of Anglo-Saxons who take a wanton delight in killing natives in their own public parks should, long ago, have settled the Indian problem of the day by wiping the great Indian nation, one and indivisible, off the face of a ruined and desolated earth. To be able to lie scientifically, it is above all things necessary that the liar should have a good memory and a head for figures – otherwise he must be content to keep to generalities instead of mixing his facts with his fiction as Amrita Lal Roy has done. Let the “awakened ego” of his mind note this fact before he plunges again into print.

#### NOTES

- 1 Untitled. Title by TCP
- 2 Mr Potts in *Pickwick Papers* ch XVIII
- 3 Probably referring to the US Chinese Exclusion Act, 1882



## FATAL ACCIDENT IN LAHORE

*Civil and Military Gazette, 31 May 1886*

*In a letter of 3 May–24 June 1886 to his cousin Margaret Burne-Jones, Rudyard Kipling wrote:*

*On Friday night at midnight the roof of the Lahore High School tumbled in and killed three poor boys asleep underneath. Saturday's paper doesn't come out till midnight and my chief for which I won't forgive him sent me off at 6 in the evening to turn up facts about the disaster. With my usual luck where things horrible are concerned I came in just before the funeral and to my horror in the next room to the wrecked one lay the three bodies waiting for the coffins. It was the most ghastly business I've ever had to deal with. In front a huge room with one third of the roof down and the beams and earth lying three and four feet deep on the floor; on the left a heap of smashed beds – no fragment a foot long, boots, boys' hats and clothing, and on the right a view into the next room of the three swathed figures on the cots, the sounds of the midwives who had laid them out, whispering together, and the smell – the death smell of carbolic acid. I was tired with my work, thoroughly angry at having been told off for such charnel house work, and used up with the heat. Consequently I nearly broke down as I stood. However I got the additional facts and went to the office where I unburdened my soul and was violently sick (*Letters, I, 131–32*).*

*In the article that follows, RK reports at length from an inquiry that he says was held on the Saturday morning after the accident. Presumably he was at the inquiry, though he does not say so. (T.C.P.)*

### THREE BOYS KILLED

A serious and extremely sad accident occurred at the Boys' High School at 12–30 on Friday night, 28th instant. A large portion of the roof of the main dormitory, a detached building some sixty feet long by twenty-five feet broad, fell in and buried eight of the boys who were sleeping underneath. Two of the boys, Joshua Wale, aged 18, and Arthur Wale, aged 14, were suffocated; and one boy, John Hooper, aged 14, succumbed to his injuries almost immediately after he was extricated from the *débris* of the fallen roof. Of the others, two boys were slightly hurt and three escaped uninjured. Inspection of the building shows at once the extreme gravity of the accident. The dormitory roof – a flat one – is supported by five heavy transverse beams bedded in at least two feet of bricks and

earth. The middle beam appears to have snapped almost short off in the centre, at a knot; and in its fall brought down with it the smaller rafters, the wood ceiling and mud roof to the weight of several tons. The *débris*, as partially cleared away, lies on the floor from two to three feet thick over a space five and twenty feet square; and a huge jagged hole of this size shows in the roof. To be more correct, five and twenty feet of the roof has bodily fallen in, smashing the bedsteads of the boys – there were about thirty in the dormitory – literally like matchwood. It seemed as if no one whose bed lay under that enormous weight of earth and beams could have been saved. The dormitory had been built so recently as 1883; and the sudden and awful catastrophe of Friday, when a thick, and to all appearances absolutely trustworthy roof-beam broke like a match under the superincumbent weight, furnishes most damning proof of the dangerous pattern after which houses in Lahore are built.

At the examination conducted by the Police on Saturday morning, Mr. O.B. Lawler, Head Master of the School, was called. He said: – “At eleven o’clock last night I made my usual visit to the dormitory to see that everything was in order. The boys were sleeping, and I saw everything straight. I went to bed, and about half past 12 o’clock I was awakened by a crash; and was called almost immediately to the dormitory, where I saw that the roof had fallen in. I have been suffering from a severe illness, and with the prostration consequent on that, and the sight before me, I had a fit and remember very little. When I came to, I helped in extricating the boys.”

Mr. Greenwood, 3rd master in the school, said: – “I sleep in a small room which adjoins the dormitory and about half past eleven or 12 o’clock I was awakened by the noise of doors slamming. I got up and shut them, and went to bed again and slept. About an hour after I was again wakened by what seemed to be a concussion on the leg of my bed. I jumped up and ran to the door of the dormitory, and called to the boys but could get no reply. The boys were calling out “help! help.” I ran round to the south door of the dormitory but could see no light inside. Most of the boys were standing outside the door. When a light was obtained I went inside and helped to extricate the boys whose legs were sticking out. I was helped by Laville.

Philip Laville, aged 20, said: – “I sleep in the dormitory at the east end. The noise awoke me about two-and-a-half hours after I had gone to sleep. I jumped up, and being alarmed, ran outside the door. There was no light in the room. After I had recovered from the shock, I went into the room, when a light was brought, and I saw that the roof had fallen in. All the boys who could get out were outside. The cook was inside with the light, and he drew my attention to a boy’s legs sticking out, and my brother, Mr. Greenwood and I extricated the boy, who turned out to

be Harry Taylor. He was insensible at the time, but we brought him to in a few minutes. Mr. Lawler then called me, and sent me for Assistant Surgeon Ram Kishen. Before I left I knew that the two Wales were under the *débris*. I did not know that Hooker [*sic*] was there. When I returned, the other boys had been taken out.”

Bartle Laville, aged 18 –“I was sleeping next my brother in the dormitory. I got up on hearing a noise, and left by the door nearest my bed, and stood just outside the door. The dormitory was then in darkness. I saw a light shortly afterwards, and went in, and helped Mr. Greenwood and my brother to extricate a boy from under the mud. The boy was Harry Taylor, he was insensible. I went outside with him, and then returned to the dormitory, where I helped in digging out Joshua Wale from the *débris*. He was apparently dead. I helped to take him outside and threw water on him, but he did not show signs of life. I did not go in after, and I don’t know who got the other boys out.”

Elwin Molony, said, –“I was aroused by a noise and went outside. I heard Ernest Spencer’s voice calling inside. I went round, but could not get in at the door nearest his bed, as the beams were lying against the door. I walked back to the door I came out of, and called out to the servants to bring a light. After a minute or so the cook came with the light, and I went with him into the dormitory. I found the roof had fallen in, and saw Patrick Kelly – he had a lot of beams on him and was lying under the debris [*sic*]. I could see his legs. The cook assisted me in taking the beams away, and I drew him out. Kelly was sensible, but too weak to stand up. He sat down inside the dormitory. I stayed with Kelly, while the cook went to Ernest Spencer’s assistance. The two Kellys were covered up all but the feet, and Patrick shewed me a boy’s legs who, when I had extricated him, was William Kelly. No one assisted me. I asked him if he was hurt, he said he was not. I then took Patrick outside and sat him on a bed. I ordered the chowkidar<sup>1</sup> to give him a drink. I went in again and went to assist Ernest Spencer, but finding he had sufficient help, I left him and went to pull out Hooker, who slept in the next bed. I pulled him out; he was insensible at first, and I assisted him to the door. He walked outside and towards one of the masters, Mr. Blasé, and then fell down. He was dead. Then I went and assisted digging out Joshua Wale. Some one had sent for implements. When we got him out he was to all appearances dead. The cook and the sweeper helped to dig Arthur Wale out 10 minutes after his brother.”

The cook was called and corroborated the facts of the previous statement.

Dr. Center, in giving his medical evidence, said: –“I came to the school between 1 and 2 o’clock this morning. I saw the three bodies in a small room off the dormitory. The two boys pointed out to me as the

brothers Wale presented the external appearance of death by suffocation. The third had a contused wound on the head. From the information given to me, that he had been able to move and speak, but then afterwards died suddenly, and from the external appearance of the body, I am of the opinion that the cause of his death was an internal rupture of the organs. He had an enlarged spleen. I have not opened the bodies, because I did not think it necessary; there being no doubt as to the causes of death. The other boys suffered only from slight contusions and abrasions.”

To the question – “How long the boys could have survived under the *débris*, under the circumstances?”, Dr. Center said – “Those who died of suffocation must have died in a few minutes if they were completely covered with the earth of the *débris*. They might have been at first made insensible by the shock of the fall. There were fully three feet of earth over them, and this would make them insensible at once.”

Mr. Quanborough was present at the enquiry, also the Rev. F. Montgomery.

Many expressions of sympathy were sent and tendered personally by parents of the scholars to Mr. Lawler, who has felt the shock very severely. The elder Wale had recently passed the Entrance Examination for Roorkee.<sup>2</sup>

The funeral took place at half past seven on Saturday, when a large number of the deceased boys’ friends were present.

#### NOTES

- 1 Chowkidar: watchman
- 2 Roorkee: City 120 miles north of Delhi, home to the oldest engineering college in India, established 1847. In Kipling’s day the Thomson College of Civil Engineering, it is now the Indian Institute of Technology, Roorkee.

## FROM THE DUSK TO THE DAWN

[Rudyard Kipling wrote a number of powerful sketches about the miseries of insomnia during the hot weather in North India: 'De Profundis' (1885), 'Till The Day Break' (1888), and most famously 'The City of Dreadful Night' (1885), whose narrator is driven by sleeplessness from his villa in the Sahibs' quarter, to wander round the stifling Old City of Lahore. The sketch below is about a grim night spent safely at home. It is followed here by 'La Nuit Blanche' (1887), Kipling's relatively little-known verse fantasia on insomnia. Ed].

*Civil and Military Gazette*, 14 September 1886

"And they shall say in the Morning: "Would God it were Evening!" and in the Evening: "Would God it were Morning!"<sup>1</sup>

Decidedly the Chinese are the most civilized people of the world for they have discovered the most terrible punishment of all. Not the penalty for parricide – the slicing to pieces delicate as the Vauxhall ham slicers of old; or for adultery, the braying in a huge mortar or the chopping from the toes upward in an exaggerated tobacco cutter; but that reserved for treason – death through want of sleep. Imagine for a moment the progress of the torture.

In the beginning you are conducted into a huge hall between two guards who are relieved every four hours. All you have to do is to stroll up and down down and up again, between them. At first the promenade seems an excellent jest. You begin almost to appreciate the sententious wisdom of the guards. Then as conversation becomes animated, the men are changed, and in the pause you feel that your feet ache a little; there is a pleasant feeling of weariness in your limbs; nothing more. When the second relief goes off you drop for an instant onto a bench in the great hall. From this you are roughly dragged and begin to realize that the jest has lost its savour. You are really tired. You expostulate; demand one little minute's cessation of the stroll. Anger and fright keep you wide awake, through the third and fourth and fifth reliefs, though every fibre of your frame is crying out for rest. Then begins the heavy stupor that is so hard to shake off. Your eyes are weighted with lead; your head drops on your breast; you stumble and are brought up again by a rough prod in the back from a sword-hilt. The next relief find you really so dull that they are constrained to press a lighted joss-stick under your thumb-nail. Presently, after many centuries it seems to you, burns, blows and wounds cease to bring sensation. You are dozing spite of the utmost efforts of the guards, and the next relief has orders to kill you. That killing lasts four hours, but you are only dimly conscious of what they are doing; and death comes upon you gashed, maimed and mutilated but wrapped in deep slumber. This is the Chinese punishment.

Nature knows one of the same kind, but superior in degree. It is very hard to excel Nature. For some law disregarded, for some ordinance neglected – a treason against herself – she takes sleep out of your possession; rolls it up as a picture book is taken away and rolled up from the hands of a spoilt child. And, with a refinement of cruelty which even the Chinese would abandon, orders that you become your own guard for such and such a term of hours.

The hot clammy Indian night shuts in above you, and the clouds seem as close to your head as the dewy, steamy dish-cover to the lean leg of mutton you attempted to eat a couple of hours ago. The top of your scalp is hot. Your eyes are heavy, and you long for sleep – sleep that is sure to come the moment you lay your head on the pillow. But to-night it stands off for a quarter of an hour (which is unusual); half an hour (which is astonishing); an hour (which is absurd). The fault lies with the stuffy air and the lazy coolie. But though he pulls his hardest, sleep is not a whit nearer, and the room grows hotter towards midnight.

You realize suddenly that you have been lying open-eyed, staring into the dark, and thinking hard. For the life of you, you cannot tell what your thoughts were; but only know that they were formed with difficulty in the brain, and that constant attention to them is making your head ache sorely. They appear, these futile thoughts, like figures on the disc of a magic lantern – misty at first, then hard and clear; then a shadow and then fled beyond any backward cast of the memory. You would give worlds to stop thinking; but the more you try, the quicker does he process go on, till at last the thoughts fly by in bewildering rapidity, and your headache gets worse. They had something to do with accounts, something to do with – counting imaginary sheep, getting through a gap in an imaginary hedge. Just as you have arranged this notion clearly in your mind, and are trying to think of what you are thinking about, the restless brain goes off to another track, and a succession of confused sentences, scraps of conversation, queries and answers, paces through your head in slow procession. Once fairly abreast with the new order, the kaleidoscope shifts anew; and you groan in bitterness of spirit at the elusive thoughts that will not let you rest. Like the Chinese guards, they drag you forward whether you will or no; your body crying out against the tyranny.

Above all comes a consciousness of the heat – thick, stifling heat. You think clearly for an instant. “It is like being buried in a vault.” Then the irresponsible brain interrupts. “How many yards deep – two, four, six, a thousand, one hundred and seventeen, ninety- three.”

You fall under the domination of an interminable string of figures for hours as you fancy, until the machinery touches another spring and whirrs away to something else. There is no single thing to lay hold of

in the darkness around – nothing to do but to listen to the myriads of disconnected thoughts; to hear the hum of them as they race by – for the pace has quickened – and to see the shapes of them.

After a time, about two o'clock in the morning let us say, you cease to notice the heat altogether. The thump of the thermantidote paddle has taken possession of your mind. You count the "one, two, three," "one, two, three," of the revolutions with deep attention. Ordinarily speaking the noise would lull you gently to sleep, but tonight it chimes in with the uncontrollable thoughts. Your head has finished aching some time ago and there only remains a cold feeling about the temples. But your body would sell its pestilent restless soul to eternal perdition for one six-hour spell of solid, clean, wholesome, refreshful sleep.

At four o'clock you are sitting – a delicate soap colour with purple rings round your eyes – on the still warm verandah steps, gazing into the pale saffron-coloured blotch that heralds the sunrise and thinking hard – always thinking. Your body's demand for sleep is most importunate now, and, if it is so allowed by Nature, the curse is lifted with the first breath of the dawn wind. The jarring, masterless machinery stops, and there follows heavy, stupor-like sleep that passes you gently into your heritage of long deferred rest.

#### NOTE

- 1 Deuteronomy 28:67: "In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!"

## LA NUIT BLANCHE

By RUDYARD KIPLING

*A much-discerning Public hold  
The Singer generally sings  
Of personal and private things,  
And prints and sells his past for gold.*

*Whatever I may here disclaim,  
The very clever folk I sing to  
Will most indubitably cling to  
Their pet delusion, just the same.*

I had seen, as dawn was breaking  
And I staggered to my rest,  
Tara Devi<sup>1</sup> softly shaking  
From the cart road to the crest.  
I had seen the spurs of Jakko<sup>2</sup>  
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.  
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom, or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning  
I observed a camel crawl,  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall.  
Then I watched a fender walking  
And I heard grey leeches sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson  
Ran about the floor and cried,  
And they said I had the "jims"<sup>3</sup> on,  
And they dosed me with bromide,  
And they locked me in my bedroom –  
Me and one wee Blood-Red Mouse –  
Though I said, "To give my head room  
You had best unroof the house."



But my words were all unheeded,  
    Though I told the grave M.D.<sup>4</sup>  
That the treatment really needed  
    Was a dip in open sea  
That was lapping just below me,  
    Smooth as silver, white as snow –  
And it took three men to throw me  
    When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens  
    Fizz like '81 champagne –  
Fly to sixes and to sevens,  
    Wheel and thunder back again;  
And when all was peace and order  
    Save one planet nailed askew,  
Much I wept because my warder  
    Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,  
    When the Earth and Skies were dumb,  
Pealed an awful voice dictating  
    An interminable sum,  
Changing to a tangled story –  
    “What she said you said I said –”  
Till the Moon arose in glory  
    And I found her .... in my head;

And a Face came, blind and weeping,  
    And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,<sup>5</sup>  
And It muttered I was keeping  
    Back the moonlight from the skies;  
So I patted It from pity,  
    But It whistled shrill with wrath,  
And a huge, black Devil City  
    Poured its people in my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
    On a thousand-year-long race,  
But the bellying of the curtain  
    Kept me always in one place,  
While the tumult rose and maddened  
    To the roar of Earth on fire,  
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened  
    To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness  
 Rose one little, little star,  
 And it chuckled at my illness,  
 And it mocked me from afar;  
 And its brethren came and eyed me,  
 Called the Universe to aid,  
 Till I lay, with naught to hide me  
 'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid  
 Broke the solemn, pitying Day,  
 And I knew my pains were ended,  
 And I turned and tried to pray;<sup>6</sup>  
 But my speech was shattered wholly,  
 And I wept as children weep,  
 Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,  
 Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

#### NOTES

- 1 Tara Devi: steep hill near Simla, with a temple at the summit.
- 2 Jakko: another steep hill near Simla topped with a shrine to Hanuman.
- 3 "the jims": "jim-jams", slang for *delirium tremens*
- 4 M.D.: doctor
- 5 C.f. Hummil's intolerable nightmare of 'a blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes' in 'At the End of the Passage', *Life's Handicap* (Macmillan 1891), p. 177
- 6 C.f. 'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray': Coleridge, *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

## SOME CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY HIS SISTER (MRS. A. M. FLEMING)<sup>1</sup>

Edited and Annotated By JANICE LINGLEY

[Janice Lingley's most recent contribution to the *Kipling Journal* is 'Motoring Magic and Autobiography in 'They'', Vol. 92, No. 372, March 2018. *Ed.*]

*This article first appeared in Chambers's Journal in March 1939, pp. 168–173, followed by a sequel, in July of the same year, titled 'More Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling'. Trix's memoir has been regarded as a significant and authoritative source of information by Kipling's biographers,<sup>2</sup> yet, since its original appearance, it has not hitherto been reprinted. The first article is reproduced below; the sequel will appear in the March 2020 edition. The text has been keyed from a photocopy of the original, obtained from the British Library.*

*With regard to section V, which describes a holiday at Goldings Farm, in Loughton, near Epping Forest, the annotations include information supplied by Dr. Chris Pond, Chairman of the Loughton & District Historical Society, and author of several of its publications.*

### I

During the course of a long life, I have always liked to remember my first sight, or rather first conscious impression, of those I have loved best. Funnily enough, though my very earliest memory is of my father walking up and down our veranda in Bombay<sup>3</sup> brushing his beard, my three-year-old mind was more impressed by the emerald aisle of vast length, as it seemed to me, hung with wreaths and sprays of purple flowers and orange trumpets, and dappled by morning sunshine, than by the beloved figure that walked there; while of my mother<sup>4</sup> I have no least recollection until the happy day in 1877 when she came to us at what my brother called, to the last, 'that hell of a little house at Southsea.'<sup>5</sup> He was eleven then, and I was nine, exactly two and a half years his junior.

We had 'learnt the meaning of captivity'<sup>6</sup> for nearly six years there, and it seemed too good to be true that this pretty blue-eyed lady was 'really Mamma,' and would really take us away for always, in a few days. Her voice woke more echoes in my memory than her face, but Rudyard said he would have known her anywhere by the way she jumped out of the cab and ran to us. She was always quicker in thought and act and speech than anyone I have ever known.

That night she wrote to my father that the children had welcomed her very sweetly, and seemed delighted to see her, but she had been a little disappointed by the way we had both hung round Mrs Harrison in the evening. She did not know that well-trained animals watch their tamer's eye, and the familiar danger-signals of 'Aunty's' rising temper had set us both fawning upon her.

We waited till we were safe and happy with Mother in London, before we ventured to tell her how hard many of the conditions of our life had been. It is unnecessary to dwell on the harsh and unloving treatment that readers of *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*,<sup>7</sup> may remember; but in justice to Mrs Harrison (not her real name, by the way) I must say that that story, though founded on fact, is not true in every particular. Dramatic licence added some extra tones of black to intensify our grey days. For instance, the circumstances of the kind old Captain's death are fictitious, and my brother's annual visits to 'the beloved aunt', Georgina Burne-Jones,<sup>8</sup> where for a month each year he 'possessed Paradise',<sup>9</sup> are not mentioned in the story. That was a very tedious month of the year for me, for I missed him terribly, and for six years I never had one day's holiday from Aunty. I even had to sleep in her room. When Ruddy came back he always called me Margot<sup>10</sup> for a day or two, and I resented this greatly, even to secret tears.

## II

Theoretically, Aunty was a good woman, and respected at the Church, where she attended regularly and communicated frequently, so perhaps it was not lack of love and charity to her neighbours, but lack of imagination, that impelled her from the first to punish a lonely little brother and sister, whose united ages did not amount to ten years, and who had no relations nearer than London, by forbidding them to speak to each other for twenty-four hours. This penalty, which meant solitary confinement, with Aunty as a very competent jailer, was imposed for such crimes as spilling a drop of gravy at dinner, forgetting to put a slate away, or, worst of all, 'crying like silly babies' when she read us letters from Bombay. Unluckily for us, she had a violent temper, and really enjoyed making scenes, as her poor little maids-of-all-work well knew. They could give notice, and often did, but we had no remedy.

I frequently wonder if psycho-analysts are correct in their claim that early influences can poison or seriously overshadow later life. According to their gloomy theories my brother should have grown up morbid, misanthropic, narrow-minded, self-centred, shunning the world, and bearing it, and all men, a burning grudge; for certainly between the ages of six and eleven he was thwarted at every turn by Aunty and the odious Harry,<sup>11</sup> and inhibitions were his daily bread.

Discipline was a favourite word of Aunty's,<sup>12</sup> and as she had always indulged and spoiled her own only and very objectionable son, who was about twelve when we came to her, she had plenty of severity stored up for Ruddyard. She had long wanted a daughter, therefore she soon made a pet of me, and did her best to weaken the affection between the poor little people marooned on the desert island of her house and heart. From the beginning she took the line that I was always in the right and Ruddy invariably in the wrong: a very alienating position to thrust me into, but he, with his curious insight into human nature, said she was a jealous woman, and of such low caste as not to matter, and he never loved me less for her mischief-making. She was a *Kuch-nay*, a Nothing-at-all,<sup>13</sup> and that secret name was a great comfort to us, and useful, too, when Harry practised his talent for eaves-dropping.

In my position as favourite, I was encouraged to tell tales on both Ruddy and Jane, the well-styled maid-of-all-work, but as I soon loved her only next to Ruddy, my reports became nothing but a record of Harry's teasing and cruelty, and were discouraged by his doting mother. Luckily for us, he was always at school until tea-time; and we soon learnt that any show of friendliness on his part meant trouble ahead. As very literally the truth was not in him, and he thought that a mumbled 'Over the left'<sup>14</sup> set him at liberty to tell any lie he pleased, it was necessary to talk before him as guardedly as if he was Aunty herself, and to repel sham sympathy, meant to trap us, by reproving allusions to his 'kind Mother.' Perhaps hate is a disease, like measles, that it is well to recover from early, and up to the age of eleven I hated Harry so wholeheartedly that I have only disliked a few people in a mild, tepid way, ever since. I am ashamed to say that only last year, when I found a scrap of his detested writing on the fly-leaf of an old book, I tore it out and burned it at once, and dark eyes, set near together, and black hair, plastered with pomatum, still make me shudder with dislike.

### III

My 'first sight' of my brother dates from an early reading lesson and my first remembered punishment at Aunty's hands, before I was four years old.

My brother had been devoted to books and pictures from baby days, but he had not been taught to read, and Aunty thought it would save trouble to teach us together; or, as Jane put it, 'to let one scream serve.'<sup>15</sup> Our lessons were always in the dining-room, the basement 'play-room' being too damp for Aunty: there was a rusty grate there, but never a fire, or any means of heat, even in the depths of winter. This perhaps accounted for the severe broken chilblains that crippled me from December to February every year, until Mamma came home.

Aunty had an economical theory that if children played properly they kept beautifully warm, but our mushroom-smelling den, with its wall cupboards where even a doll's china dinner-set grew blue mildew in two or three days, was too small for any active game.

For lessons, therefore, we were allowed to sit at the large, highly polished dinner-table, with our copy-books – ‘Pot-hooks and Hangers’<sup>16</sup> for big brother, ‘Straight Strokes’ for me – our slates, which were so nice to play Noughts and Crosses or the Goose Game<sup>17</sup> on, and so disagreeable when it came to sums, and that fraudulent primer, *Reading without Tears*<sup>18</sup> – but we were still at the stage when Tears without Reading would have been more accurate. Ruddy's long fair hair fell over his sailor collar, in straighter lines than I was capable of making in my copy-book, and his man-o'-war's blouse, with a lanyard and a whistle, ended in short blue knickers, striped socks and strap shoes. I had a short-sleeved blue frock and white pinafore, white socks and bronze shoes with soft soles rounded like sponge biscuits. I was thought too young to be rapped over my fat knuckles with a ruler for not attending, as Ruddy was, so Aunty used to lift me up and make me stand on the very slippery table when I was naughty. It was a terrible punishment, for the table seemed to be the height of a Martello tower, my soft soles slipped and slid, and I fully expected to fall over the edge and be dashed to pieces on the blue-and-red carpet so far below.

The first time I was punished I was so unbroken to lessons and Aunty's ways that I thought it was a game, and laughed, and nearly upset the ink-stand with a light-hearted dance-step or two, until Aunty's bony forefinger, which seemed quite as hard as any ruler, convinced even my small mind that I was very naughty, and under sentence of doom. Then I cried steadily for one hour and a half, for, though I was not habitually tearful, any real trouble cut deep, and made it very hard for me to turn the tap off, as Jane sympathetically put it. If she had been allowed to come to the rescue I should soon have been ‘dood’<sup>19</sup> again, but Mrs Harrison was incapable of keeping her temper with any child but her own, and knew nothing of little girls. It did not occur to her that I had never heard a white woman's voice raised in anger before, and of brown ones, only low-caste coolies in the bazaar. I remembered that dear ayah, known and loved all my short life in India, used to put her hands over my ears if we passed angry voices in the street, and I was bewildered, like a puppy in a hailstorm.

Poor Ruddy did his best, but his appeal to be ‘left by selfs with her. I can manage her selfs all right, better nor Papa, only not with you here. Mamma used to go away when she cried that way – it was only twice. Ayah and I could do. You go away *jut-put*,<sup>20</sup> and she'll be quite good,’

only drew down wrath on his own puzzled head, and the accusation that it was entirely his fault, really.

Finally, still all tears, I was put to bed in deep disgrace, and he was sent for a walk with Jane, that my punishment might proceed unhindered.

My errant guardian angel must have returned to his post in the afternoon, for while I slept on a tear-soaked pillow, my no-caste enemy was sent for from the sick-bed of an elderly cousin, who lived in Portsmouth. Jane, the ever-friendly,<sup>21</sup> was perforce left in charge, and if Auntie gave instructions that I was to be provided with the bread of affliction and the water of tears, which is very probable, Jane disregarded them nobly. Harry, practised tale-bearer and mischief-maker, being luckily out for tea, I woke to a fairy world where everybody smiled and nobody scolded, and tea was laid in the greenhouse, on a lovely tip-uppey round iron table that clanged like a gong when mugs were set down. The pink oleanders that grew in that greenhouse, among very dull ferns, stunted mauve primulas, leggy white geraniums, and an incredible number of very large millepeds,<sup>22</sup> were the only beautiful things in the house, and seemed like stolen princesses in a witch's cottage.<sup>23</sup>

My plate was guarded by two sugar mice, one white, one pink, with yellow string tails, a present from Ruddy, and Jane had lent him the penny to buy them. There were buns with sweets on them, and Jane, with black cotton reels dangling from each ear, and wearing the red-and-green Afghan from the sofa as a shawl over a brown paper crinoline, 'did Auntie Rosa' in a most inspired manner. It was nearly almost as good as a birthday, Ruddy said, and as Auntie did not return to the room I was obliged to share with her till long after I was asleep, I had a peaceful night, and received her forgiveness with suitable deference in the morning. She never guessed how long it was before I was able to forget how ugly anger made her.

#### IV

Of course, my brother soon passed me at lessons, although I learnt to read sooner than he did, and was promoted to read my verse in the psalm at family prayers while he was still puzzling out separate words. He kindly explained the reason of this to me, and I quite agreed with him.

'You're so little, you see, you're not old enough to take in the hard things about reading, and that's why you can do it quicker than me, because you've got less brain to see where it's difficult.'

I understood what he meant: my lesser brain was content to follow a rule, while he wished to reason about it (argle-bargle,<sup>24</sup> Jane called it) and arrive at a logical conclusion, before he consented to practise it. He

always understood the realness of things, and his parents knew that his frequent phrase, when three years old, 'Don't disturb me, I'm finking,' had a very real meaning.

Years later, in 1878, when my mother consulted him about the choice of a school for me (then ten years of age), he said, 'Well, it will be difficult. In high-falutin' she beats me, but in solid learning she can't spell "shut"; and the last clause of his sentence was truer than the first. I was heavily handicapped by having no teacher but Mrs Harrison, except for dancing, for six long years, and I never saw girls of my own age save once a week at Sunday School, where talking was forbidden, or in the winter at Dancing Class, where it was discouraged. Small wonder that my first school report described me as being 'absolutely ungrounded, curiously ignorant, but singularly well-read.' The fact that I could read fluently for pleasure before I was five years old and very much preferred *David Copperfield* to *Ministering Children*, and *No Name*, found with rapture in an old magazine volume, to *Melbourne House*, had evidently set its mark upon me.<sup>25</sup>

Looking back, I think the real tragedy of our early days, apart from Aunty's bad temper and unkindness to my brother, sprang from our inability to understand why our parents had deserted us. We had had no preparation or explanation; it was like a double death, or rather, like an avalanche that had swept away everything happy and familiar.

Yes, everything had gone at once: Papa, Mamma, home, garden, sunshine, dear Ayah, who was never cross, Meeta, bearer, who could make wonderful toys out of oranges, Dunnoo, syce, who took care of Dapple Grey, the fat pony with the ring saddle, the Chokra (the boy), who called the other servants when they were wanted, and who only grinned and didn't mind if I chose to pelt him with my bricks.

Ruddy remembered our lost kingdom vividly, and used to tell me stories of my red-and-green push-carriage, which grew so funnily small for me, and of the *broom gharry* (brougham) where we sat opposite pretty Mamma in her bright frocks, and drove to the bandstand, or along Back Bay. He remembered all our toys, and the tales Papa would tell him after I had gone to sleep, and the songs Mamma would sing to us after we were in bed. One very pretty one ended, 'I sing no longer, the blue eyes are closed.' It was a great triumph if I could manage to keep awake long enough to say, 'NO, boo eyes are open,' and then poor Mamma had to sing it again. I did not 'remember' this a bit, but Ruddy did. I think, in spite of our selfishness, we were very warm-hearted, 'children whose very happiness was love,'<sup>26</sup> and we missed Papa and Mamma far more than these kind parents ever realised. They doubtless wanted to save us, and themselves, suffering by not telling us clearly beforehand that we were to be left behind, but



by so doing they left us, as it were, in the dark, and with nothing to look forward to. A simple reiterated explanation of the necessity of leaving us in England would easily have been understood by a six-year-old boy of my brother's intelligence, and he would have made it clear to me. As it was, we felt that we had been deserted, 'almost as much as on a door-step,'<sup>27</sup> and what was the reason? Of course, Auntie used to say it was because we were so tiresome, and she had taken us in out of pity, but in a desperate moment Ruddy appealed to Uncle Harrison, and he said it was only Auntie's fun, and Papa had left us to be taken care of, because India was too hot for little people. But we knew better than that, because we had been to Nassick,<sup>28</sup> so what was the real reason? Mamma was not ill, like that peepy-weepy Ellen Montgomery's mamma in *The Wide, Wide World*.<sup>29</sup> Papa had not had to go to a war. They had not even lost their money; if they had we could have swept crossings or sold flowers, and it would have been rather fun. But there was no excuse; they had gone happily back to our own lovely home, and had not taken us with them. There was no getting out of that, as we often said.

Harry, who had all a crow's quickness in finding a wound to pick at, discovered our trouble and teased us unmercifully. He assured us we had been taken in out of charity, and must do exactly as he told us. Auntie did not understand my questions, and replied, as usual, that it was very kind of dear Harry to play with us. Luckily, his father woke from a doze one afternoon to hear Harry telling us in no uncertain voice that we were just like workhouse brats, and none of our toys really belonged to us. He began to break my doll in proof of this, and was most amusingly surprised to receive a full-sized cuff on each side of his head, before Uncle, who was a man of few words, said, 'You can go and tell your mother what you got that for, and then go to bed. Dry bread, remember.' We were both very sorry when Uncle died.<sup>30</sup>

## V

One of the many delights that followed on our mother's return was going with her for a long holiday in the country, the real country, 'where rivers gushed and fruit-trees grew, and flowers put on a fairer hue,'<sup>31</sup> or, in other words, to a little farm on the edge of Epping Forest.<sup>32</sup> The farmer and his wife were elderly,<sup>33</sup> but very kind and understanding where children were concerned, and Patty, their adopted daughter,<sup>34</sup> though older than Jane of beloved memory, was as good to us as she had been. We had the freedom of the farmyard from the beginning, and though they marvelled at our ignorance of such simple matters as the instant recognition of the right middlings,<sup>35</sup> from half a dozen sacks all exactly alike, to make a fattening swill for the young pigs, or the

only correct way to arrange 'keeping apples' on shelves, they were very patient with us.

The first morning we asked Mr Dally, who was doing fascinating things with a pitchfork in the barn, where we might go, and he told us, with befitting gravity, there were only three things he didn't hold with, not on his farm: leaving gates open, throwing stones at the beasts, and breaking down orchard trees. We promised faithfully to do none of these things, and after he had sent me to my mother with the reassuring message that he only owned but half a bull, and Red Roger was twenty mile off at the present time of speaking, and all the cows on his farm had good natures, we filled our pockets with biscuits, and entered into Paradise.

It was either that evening or the next that we rode proudly home on the broad backs of Duke and Captain, the plough-horses, and thrilled to hear that Duke was short for Duke of Wellington, while Captain stood for Lord Nelson. The good-natured cows quickly responded to our shrill 'Coo-ooop, coo-ooop! coom along, then!' at milking-time; and the pigs (it was a dairy-farm, with a few choice porkers kept 'to use up the skim'<sup>36</sup>) became our chosen cronies. The two leading pig-ladies were charming creatures, elegant brunettes, with slender ankles and amazing eyelashes. They spent their blameless days with their young families in a green field, returning at night to spotlessly clean sties, for the good Mr Dally 'did not hold with muck, not on his farm, except in the right places.' We used to collect acorns and beech-mast in the farther fields and in the Forest for Black Beauty and her eight little Nigs, and for Cleopatra, whose name we had changed, Sally being obviously unworthy of her. They soon ran to our 'Tig, tig, chug, choug, then!' as readily as if we had been Jarge, the farm-boy,<sup>37</sup> who was about Harry's age, but delightfully unlike him. He never teased or made fun of us, but answered our questions in a serious satisfactory way, and let us ride in the red-and-blue farm-wagon when he went to the mill<sup>38</sup> for middlings. It was a windmill, straight out of a fairy-tale, and the miller instantly became one of Ruddy's great friends, and took him all over the mill, into lovely, rumbling, floury places, where little missy was not allowed to follow.

If a fairy had given me three wishes in those days, I should have squandered two of them on having short-cropped hair, and clothes just like my brother's. My long pigtail always shed its ribbon at the first hedge, came undone, and blew about untidily, gathering burrs, or catching in brambles; but though I explained to Mother that I could not even climb a tree comfortably with a yard or two of silly hair flapping about, she only laughed and advised me to stay on the ground till I had learnt how many feet there were in one yard.

It was Jarge who taught us how to cut the ‘drinking straws that coom in handy, before milk pails goo to dairy,’ and showed us a nice little square door that let us into the barn even when the proper door was padlocked. We both disliked warm new milk – there was ‘too much taste of cow’ about it, as Ruddy said – but the private entrance to the barn was a very great joy. How I wish I could remember the stories he used to tell me there, on rainy afternoons, when we were tired of sliding down straw slopes and cajoling the half-wild barn cats, and rested in the hay till tea-time. His stories never began in Fairy-land, or in a country so far away that it had a moon and stars of its own, as my attempts at romance did, but started from an old log in the duck-pond,<sup>39</sup> or a ruined cottage half seen in the Forest, and then became wildly exciting. He had the gift, even then, of ‘hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump.’<sup>40</sup>

## VI

To crown all, by great good fortune, as we considered it, scarlet fever broke out at Wilden, and our cousin, Stanley Baldwin,<sup>41</sup> whose age fitted in between ours, came on a delightfully long visit. He brought a cricket-bag, I remember, and tried to initiate us into the noble game, but we were running wild, by permission and wise intention on my mother’s part, and he soon became the wildest of the three. I do not think we did any lessons at all: my brother had just been put into the glasses that were to be his life-long wear (to the great puzzlement of Sprats, his pet kitten, who would sit on his shoulder and hook them off repeatedly with a soft paddy paw), books were fewer than usual, and reading was gently discouraged for the time. As Mother said afterwards, she wanted us to forget Auntie Harrison and her influence as soon as possible. Our Elysium must have been very trying for her, but she sacrificed herself nobly, and I hope and think our naughtiness was of an honest open-air kind.

Hoops as playthings were in fashion then, and the boys had large iron ones, with the ‘sticks,’ which were really iron hooks, attached. Of course I, being only a girl, had to be content with a wooden hoop. Mine was named Kisber, Ruddy’s Eclipse, and Stanley’s Blair Atholl.<sup>42</sup> There was a steep straight hill near,<sup>43</sup> and in those happy pre-motor days we were able to arrange races down it (though I fear it was a main road) of ‘hoops only.’ Given a good start, they ran a surprisingly long way alone before wobbling into the hedge.

Twice a week we rode donkeys, for three blissful hours; and under the care of a half-gypsy called Saville,<sup>44</sup> who tactfully explained that he was there not to look after us, only to see that the mokes came to no harm, we penetrated deeply into the Forest, found strange mosses and ferns,<sup>45</sup> and gleaned much theoretical knowledge of snaring rabbits and pheasants.

‘Doesn’t a pheasant taste as good when it comes out of a poor man’s pot, as when it’s on one of milord’s silver dishes, with a footman to pass it round?’ he would ask, with a gypsy’s glibness, and then, becoming colloquial, ‘and if you could sample my old woman’s<sup>46</sup> rabbit-pie, you’d never ask for a better.’

He had a large stud of sleek donkeys, which I think he farmed out to seaside places in summer,<sup>47</sup> and unless we specially bespoke a favourite, we had the excitement of a new mount every time. I wasted a good deal of affection on a grey, velvet-coated, plush-nosed but black-hearted lady called Daisy, who was perfect in manner and paces – until she saw a pool, or smelt one from afar. Then, unless swiftly headed off, she bolted in, and, when saddle-deep or deeper, took her bath and wallowed. ‘If she could be cured of that, Queen Victoria herself would be pleased to drive her, and I’d get gold money for her paid into my hand up at Windsor Castle to-morrow,’ Saville would pant indignantly after a brilliant rescue. I only suffered from partial immersion once, and as Daisy thoughtfully subsided on the off-side no harm was done, save that Saville was armed with new arguments as to the necessity of little ladies always riding like little ladies. No severe governess could have been more particular as to my manners and deportment on donkey-back; and it was an abiding grief to him that I had not a ‘proper habit.’ The unduly favoured boys might play circus or Indians, and sit face to tail in their shirt-sleeves, if they liked, but ‘a little lady was different, and must behave pretty.’ It was from Saville I first heard that excellent maxim for young riders, ‘Head and heart high, hands and heels low.’

## VII

I do not know how we contrived, in that joyful year, to make our celebration of All Hallows E’en<sup>48</sup> extend as far as Guy Fawkes Day, but we certainly did, and our preparations gave us many hours of delightful employment, for we gathered hedge-clippings and fir-cones for the bonfire; the good Jarge supplied an amazing number of faggots that ‘needed burning,’ and Mr Dally let us pick his largest wurzels<sup>49</sup> to make turnip lanterns. He had not seen these primitive lights before, and luckily they appealed to his sense of fun, and he allowed us to fasten five on the big front gate and light them after dark for nearly a week. ‘My poor farm will be known as Skull-Head Farm from now on,’ he said, rather proudly, as cyclists swept past shouting with sham terror.

Guy Fawkes night was fine for our fireworks, and though Jarge had never seen more than a squib before – ‘not to touch like, that is’ – he took complete charge, and seemed to have cast-iron fingers. The big bonfire was like a dream come true, but little missy had again to pay the penalty of being only a girl, for while the future Prime Minister and the

future Bard of Empire pranced and capered like happy demons round and through the flames, she was only allowed to look on, with Patty, from a safe distance, and restrain Toby, the lurcher, amiable to the point of imbecility, and Wowsky, the shaggy watch-dog, from plunging to the rescue.

When the last rocket had been fired, and Patty prevented from throwing a bucket of water over Jarge because she was sure he was bound to be on fire somewhere after all that, and she had promised his granny to be kind to him, we roasted potatoes in what was left of the bonfire. Of course, we insisted on eating them when they had large raw centres, as hard as peach-stones, but no potatoes were ever so delicious.

Winter came all too quickly, for with winter we went back to London, feeling sure we could never be really happy again, without the farm, and the cows, and Black Beauty, who would follow us like a dog when she got the chance, and Saville and his troupe, and Patty, and the dairy, and the barn. But we did not know what a brave new world was waiting for us.<sup>50</sup>

#### NOTES

- 1 Alice Macdonald Kipling (1868–1948), nicknamed ‘Trix’. She married Colonel John Fleming in 1889. For a summary review of Trix’s life titled ‘Trix – the Other Kipling’ by Barbara Fisher, see *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 88, No. 357, September 2014, pp. 44–57; for Trix’s writings, see the online Lehigh University archive ‘The Kiplings and India: A Collection of Writings from British India, 1870–1900’ by Amardeep Singh.
- 2 Trix’s memoir is cited and discussed, for example, in the following: Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1978), Ch. 2 ‘The House of Desolation’ and Ch. 3 ‘Epping Interlude’; Harry Ricketts, *The Unforgiving Minute, A Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1999), Ch. 2 ‘The House of Desolation’; Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1999), Ch. 2 ‘Of No Mean City: 1865–1877’, pp. 34 ff.
- 3 Trix’s father was John Lockwood Kipling (1837–1911); the family lived in Bombay, now known as Mumbai. The two-storey bungalow with a verandah on the first floor, demolished in 1882, was set in its own garden within the grounds of the Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy School of Applied Art, where John Lockwood taught ceramics and architectural sculpture. Mumbai was home to Ruddy and Trix until, in 1871, at the ages of five and three, they were taken to a foster-home in England.
- 4 Alice Kipling, née Macdonald (1837–1910); her marriage to John Lockwood took place in 1865.
- 5 Lorne Lodge, 4 Campbell Road, Havelock Park, Southsea; the children were cared for by Mrs. Sarah Holloway and her husband Agar Pryse Holloway, formerly a midshipman in the merchant marine. (AF changes their surname here to ‘Harrison’.) In his autobiography, *Something of Myself: For My Friends Known and Unknown* (1937), Kipling recalls: ‘It was an establishment run with the full vigour of the

Evangelical as revealed to the Woman. I had never heard of hell, so I was introduced to it in all its terrors'; *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, edited by Thomas Pinney (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), p. 6. For background information on the Holloways, see Mike Kipling, 'The Provost of Oriel and Other Puzzles of the Holloways of Southsea', *Kipling Journal*, Vol. 91, No. 367, March 2017, pp. 8–24.

- 6 'learnt the meaning of captivity': this is the first of a few instances of text (see also notes 26 and 27) which are expressed in inverted commas as if they are quotations, but for which sources are elusive. The punctuation is perhaps an improvised allusion to the terms in which the Rudyard and Trix came to understand and discuss their predicament; both as articulate and intelligent children, and subsequently in maturity.
- 7 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' was first published in *The Week's News* on 21 December 1888, and collected in *Wee Willie Winkie* (1890); it is reprinted in Thomas Pinney's edition of Kipling's autobiographical writings, *op. cit.*, pp. 135–170.
- 8 Georgina: apparently a misprint for Georgiana Burne-Jones (1840–1920), the Kipling children's maternal aunt.
- 9 An allusion to Kipling's autobiography: 'But, for a month each year I possessed a paradise which I verily believe saved me. Each December I stayed with my Aunt Georgy, my mother's sister, wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, at The Grange, North End Road.' (Kensington, London); *Something of Myself*, *op. cit.*, p. 9.
- 10 Margot: probably a reference to the children's cousin, Margaret Burne-Jones (1866–1953), daughter of Georgiana and Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898).
- 11 Henry Thomas Pryse Holloway (d. 1936).
- 12 Aunt Rosa's insistence on 'discipline' invites comparison with Mr. Murdstone's imposition of 'firmness' with regard to his stepson, the young hero of Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*, a book with which Ruddy and his sister were familiar (see note 25). The similarity, coupled with the Murdstones' cold-hearted religiosity, was perhaps not lost on the children. The incident in which Ruddy was forced to bear a placard branding him a 'Liar', (as described in his autobiography, *Something of Myself*, *op. cit.*, pp. 11–12) also bears a resemblance to an episode in the novel.
- 13 'Kuch-nay, a 'Nothing-at-all': Hindi; a shortened form of *Kuch-ne nahin hai*, literally, 'he/she of nothing not at all is', meaning 'someone is worthless'. In the partly autobiographical story 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep', Hindi is described as formerly the 'second speech' of the boy character Punch. This nursery language (see *Something of Myself*, *op. cit.*, p. 4) was evidently a resource and a refuge for the beleaguered Ruddy and Trix.
- 14 'Over the left': a colloquial phrase, now obsolete, originally more fully, 'Over the left shoulder', used to imply that what is said is insincere, untrue, or the opposite of what is meant; *OED*, 'left', Phrase 1b.
- 15 'to let one scream serve': the *OED* does not record this apparently idiomatic use of 'scream', but does testify that the word was used colloquially to mean 'a cause of laughter; a very amusing person or situation', so Jane was perhaps using the word satirically to refer to the grim comedy of Mrs. Harrison's reading lessons.
- 16 'Pot-hooks and hangers': a colloquialism for the curved strokes used in the formation of letters likened to kinds of kitchen utensils; *OED*, 'pot-hook', sense 2.
- 17 The Goose Game: a game played with counters on a board divided into compartments, some containing the picture of a goose.

- 18 *Reading without Tears, or a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read* (1857) by Favell Lee Mortimer (1802–1878), a British Evangelical author of children’s educational books.
- 19 ‘dood’: a childish rendering of ‘good’.
- 20 *jut-put*, ‘very quick’, or ‘at once’; Hindi: *jut-put*, properly spelt *jhut-put*, and pronounced as in ‘cut’, not ‘put’, is colloquial, such as a memsahib or ayah might use.
- 21 Jane: This young maidservant, also subject to abuse from Mrs. Holloway and her son, was the children’s friend and ally; she promised them that she would stay as long as they did: see Trix’s memoir ‘Through Judy’s Eyes’, written as a counterpart to ‘Baa Baa, Black Sheep,’ and reproduced in Lorna Lee, *Trix, Kipling’s Forgotten Sister* (Oxford: Pond View, an imprint of Hawthorn Publications, 2003), edited by Roger Wickham, p. 360.
- 22 Milleped: listed by the *OED* as an alternative, now obsolete, form of modern English ‘millipede’.
- 23 Trix recalls the garden of Lorne Lodge in some detail in her memoir, ‘Through Judy’s Eyes’, and compares it with her brother’s recollections of their garden in Mumbai: Lee, *Trix, Kipling’s Forgotten Sister*, *op. cit.*, pp. 346–347.
- 24 Argle-bargle: dialectal, meaning ‘disputatious argument, bandying of words, wrangling’ (*OED*; also *Joseph Wright’s English Dialect Dictionary*).
- 25 *David Copperfield*, a novel by Charles Dickens (1812–1870), published in 1850; *Ministering Children: a Tale Dedicated to Childhood* (1854) by Maria Louisa Charlesworth (1819–1880); *No Name* (1862), a novel by Wilkie Collins (1824–1889), first published as a serial in Charles Dicken’s literary magazine *All the Year Round* (1859–1895); *Melbourne House* (1864), a novel by the American Evangelical writer Susan Bogert Warner (1819–1885).
- 26 ‘children whose very happiness was love’: see note 6.
- 27 ‘almost as much as on a doorstep’: see note 6.
- 28 Nassick: ‘A hill station about a hundred miles from Bombay; the Kipling family spent the hot summer months there during Ruddy’s childhood’; *Something of Myself*, *op. cit.*, the editor’s note (4) to ‘Baa Baa, Black Sheep’, p. 265.
- 29 A novel by Elizabeth Wetherall, the pen-name of Susan Bogert Warner; *The Wide, Wide World* was first published in 1850. ‘Peepy’ in this context means ‘drowsy’ (*OED*); the compound appears to be a coinage.
- 30 Agar Pryse Holloway died on 29 September 1874.
- 31 From Robert Browning’s (1812–1889) poem titled ‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’, published in the collection *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845), stanza VIII, lines 35–36. Trix’s rendering is not quite accurate; the first of the lines she quotes reads ‘Where waters gushed’, etc.
- 32 Goldings Farm, Clays Lane, Loughton, Essex; the timbered farmhouse was demolished in 1904. The farm was the working arm of Goldings Manor, the home of the Maitland family, the owners and ‘Lords of the Manor’ of much of Loughton. In 1878, the Maitlands moved to their newly built mansion, Loughton Hall, near Chigwell Lane station. The Dalleys lived adjacent to, and to the north of, Goldings Manor. The unenclosed Forest was opposite the farm. During the 1870s, this area of land was regarded by the Maitlands as merely the unenclosed ‘waste of the Manor’. It was sold to the City of London preparatory to the passing of the Epping Forest Act 1878. [CP]

- 33 John Dally, or Dalley, was born in Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, about 1811. His marriage to Rebecca Matthews, born in Penselwood, Somerset c. 1809, took place in 1848. It appears from the census records that the couple came to Loughton soon after they were married, but did not take on the tenancy of Goldings Farm until some time in the 1860s. The Dallys lived in the farmhouse fronting the main road between Goldings Manor and Broadstrood Lodge, which was occupied by the Maitlands' (see note 32) gamekeeper. By 1881, the Dallys had retired and moved down the hill to Sorn Cottages (still in existence), opposite The Feathers Inn public house. John Dally died at Christchurch, Dorset, in 1885, and Rebecca, in 1888. [Including information supplied by CP]
- 34 The Dalleys' niece, Martha Matthews, born in Christchurch, Dorset in 1849: probably the girl Ruddy and Trix nicknamed 'Patty'. In 1883, Martha married George Edward Cheek, who was born in Great Dunmow, Essex. The couple lived in Loughton and, at the time of the 1891 census, had three sons and a daughter. Martha's death, at the age of 91, is recorded in the parish of Buckhurst Hill, Essex; her unmarked grave is in Loughton Cemetery. [Including information supplied by CP]
- 35 Middlings: a coarse by-product of flour milling akin to gritty semolina. The farm's heavy horses would probably have been Suffolk Punches rather than Shires. [CP]
- 36 Skim: the milk residue after the cream had been skimmed off or otherwise removed (*OED*).
- 37 Jarge: Essex dialect for 'George' [CP]. This Loughton lad can be identified as George Bacon, born in 1861. George's mother, Lucy Matilda Bacon, née Mercer, whose mother's maiden name was Street, died in 1864, when her young son was only 3 or 4 years of age. At the time of the 1871 census, George, aged about 9, was domiciled with his great-grandmother Mary Street, in Low Road, Loughton. Mary Street died aged 85 in 1876, the year before the Kipling children's holiday. This is perhaps why 'Patty' had become involved in 'Jarge's' welfare; see the article's penultimate paragraph.
- 38 Loughton mill had long since closed down. There were windmills at the time at Epping and Honey Lane, Waltham Abbey, each about four miles distant. [CP]
- 39 The duckpond still exists. Some of the farm buildings including the cats' barn, were converted to houses c. 1955. In 1877, a cottage looming out of the Forest would have been a common sight, its isolation emphasised by the lack of traffic. [CP]
- 40 From a narrative poem titled 'Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg: A Golden Legend' (1869) by Thomas Hood (1799–1845); stanza CCLVII reads:  
 To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,  
 That makes earth's commonest things appear  
 All poetic, romantic, and tender:  
 Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,  
 And investing a common post, or a pump,  
 A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,  
 With a halo of dreamlike splendour.
- 41 Stanley Baldwin (1867–1947), First Earl Baldwin of Bewdley and three times Prime Minister, the son of Alfred (1841–1908), a wealthy industrialist, and Louisa Baldwin, née Macdonald (1845–1925), the Kipling children's 'Aunt Louie'. The Baldwin family lived at Wilden House in the hamlet of Wilden, about two miles west of Hartlebury, Worcestershire. Kipling refers to young Stanley Baldwin's



- companionship during the holiday in his autobiography; *Something of Myself*, *op. cit.*, p. 12.
- 42 'Kisber', 'Eclipse' and 'Blair Athol' were the names of famous thoroughbred racehorses and sires. In 1876, Kisber won both The Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris; Eclipse, foaled during the solar eclipse of 1 April 1764, won eighteen races, including eleven King's Plates; in 1864, Blair Athol won five races, including The Derby and the St Leger; source Wikipedia. Blair Atholl is the name of a village in Perthshire.
- 43 Goldings Hill, now a part of the A121 road. [CP]
- 44 The chief donkey proprietors in Loughton were the Harringtons (see also note 47), who lived in Wilks' Cottages in the High Road. [CP] The genealogical records show that a Thomas Savill, aged 19, a general labourer, married Emily Raith, a step-daughter of the Harringtons, in 1880, and that the couple lived at Wilks' Cottages when they were first married. However, it was possibly Thomas' father that the Kipling children knew. Thomas Savill, senior, in 1877 aged about 34, was born in Finchingfield, as was his son's future father-in-law. He married a Loughton girl, Esther Street, in 1860 (see also note 46), and at the time of the 1871 census the couple had two sons – Thomas being the eldest – and three daughters.
- 45 The Forest, which has SSSI status, is notable as a habitat of unusual flora, some species being unique to its ecology.
- 46 My old woman: a colloquialism for 'wife', or sometimes 'mother' (*OED*).
- 47 The donkeys were kept for hiring out to the hordes of day trippers to the Forest, not, as far as is known, for supply to seaside resorts. The donkeys were therefore more in demand at weekends and holidays, but would have had to be exercised during the week. [CP]
- 48 All Hallows E'en: 31 October, the day before All Saints' Day, 1st November.
- 49 Mangelwurzels, much grown around Loughton as winter feed for cattle [CP]. The children's Halloween lanterns may have been suggested by Rebecca Dalley, who, as stated above (note 33), was born a West Country woman. In Somerset, at this time of year, such lanterns, called 'punkies', were a feature of a children's traditional game.
- 50 Anticipating Trix Fleming's sequel article 'More Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling', which will appear in the March 2020 edition of the *Kipling Journal*.

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Delhi University. Mike Kipling, Chairman of the Kipling Society, also a genealogist, very kindly reviewed the genealogical searches carried out to establish the identity of 'Jarge'. The thoughtful and constructive comments made by my anonymous referee were also much appreciated.



**Goldings Farm, Loughton**

The farmhouse comprised four living-rooms and six bedrooms.  
The property, formerly an inn, dated back to the medieval period [CP].



**Goldings Hill Horse Pond**

One of two horse ponds in Loughton through which the horse drew the wagon or cart to cool the brake blocks when tackling the steep hills; both are extant [CP].

## MEMBERSHIP NOTES

December 2019

### NEW MEMBERS

It is my great pleasure to publicly welcome and introduce the following members who have joined the Kipling Society in recent months:

Mr. Nicholas Weininger (*California, USA*)  
Brigadier John Smales (*Somerset, UK*)  
Miss Mary Morrow (*California, USA*)  
Dr. Miriam Sette (*Pescara, Italy*)  
Mr. Ray McDonald (*Texas, USA*)  
Mr. David Forsyth (*London, UK*)  
Mr. Alan Volbrecht (*California, USA*)  
Mrs. Judy England (*East Sussex, UK*)  
Dr. Karl Hormann (*Massachusetts, USA*)  
Mr. Robert Banks (*East Sussex, UK*)

I would also like to welcome back a number of former members who have rejoined the Society over the past year:

Mrs. Heather Norburn (*Essex, UK*)  
Mr. Christopher Burwash (*East Sussex, UK*)  
Mr. Noel Buckley (*Tipperary, Ireland*)  
Mr. Jon Statler (*Montana, USA*)

### MEMBERSHIP FEES

Details of the current individual membership fees are available on the back cover of this Journal. When making payments to the Society, please quote your four-digit membership number, which you will find on the address label accompanying your Journal.

If we have not already received your subscription, a reminder will be printed in red ink on the address label accompanying your copy of the *Kipling Journal* immediately preceding your renewal date. If you pay by standing order and wish to continue your membership, you need take no further action.

If you pay your subscription by cheque, please note that it may not be lodged immediately to the Society's account, but may be retained for a short while in order to be lodged with a number of other cheques, thereby reducing bank charges.

**CONTACT DETAILS**

I would be most grateful if you could advise me as soon as possible of any changes to your contact details (mailing address, email or telephone number) or if, for whatever reason, you decide to discontinue your membership of the Kipling Society.

Fiona Renshaw  
Membership Secretary

## KIPLING AND THE BLACK ART OF JOURNALISM

By JOHN RADCLIFFE

[John Radcliffe is General Editor of the New Reader's Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling. *Ed.*]

Just over 100 years ago, on the eve of the Great War, Rudyard Kipling wrote these lines:

The Pope may launch his Interdict,  
The Union its decree,  
But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked  
By Us and such as We.  
Remember the battle and stand aside  
While Thrones and Powers confess  
That King over all the children of pride  
Is the Press - the Press - the Press !<sup>1</sup>

That poem was linked to a tale, "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat"<sup>2</sup> published in 1917, which I will come back to. But some thirty-five years before, in his teens at USC Kipling had had a keen appreciation of the power of the well crafted word, and its use as a weapon. As told in *Stalky & Co.*, he was writing songs about his housemaster for the fags to sing under the study windows,<sup>3</sup> as well as pointed articles for the *USC Chronicle*, of which he was the Editor.<sup>4</sup>

He knew very early that news is not just found but made, because it consists of stories, which need storytellers. I have always enjoyed this passage from 'The Last Term' about Beetle:

The little loft behind Randall's printing-office was his own territory, where he saw himself already controlling *The Times*. Here, under the guidance of the inky apprentice, he had learned to find his way more or less circuitously about the case, and considered himself an expert compositor.

The school paper in its locked formes<sup>5</sup> lay on a stone-topped table, a proof by the side; but not for worlds would Beetle have corrected from the mere proof. With a mallet and a pair of tweezers, he knocked out mysterious wedges of wood that released the forme, picked a letter here and inserted a letter there, reading as he went along and stopping much to chuckle over his own contributions.<sup>6</sup>

By this time he already knew that he was to go out to Lahore as an Assistant Editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the main English language paper of the Punjab. He was not yet seventeen, and it was a rude awakening.

The work was heavy. I represented fifty per cent of the 'editorial staff' of the one daily paper of the Punjab – a small sister of the great *Pioneer* at Allahabad under the same proprietorship. And a daily paper comes out every day even though fifty per cent of the staff have fever.

My Chief took me in hand, and for three years or so I loathed him. He had to break me in, and I knew nothing. What he suffered on my account I cannot tell; but the little that I ever acquired of accuracy, the habit of trying at least to verify references, and some knack of sticking to desk-work, I owed wholly to Stephen Wheeler.

I never worked less than ten hours and seldom more than fifteen *per diem*; and as our paper came out in the evening did not see the midday sun except on Sundays. I had fever too, regular and persistent, to which I added for a while chronic dysentery. Yet I discovered that a man can work with a temperature of 104, even though next day he has to ask the office who wrote the article.<sup>7</sup>

For the first year at least, there was no scope for creative writing for the CMG; Kipling was subediting, checking facts and references, laying out the paper, checking proofs, getting it through the press. However, once Wheeler had come to trust his competence, he was sent out as a local reporter to cover events in Lahore; race-meetings; openings of bridges; floods on railways; village festivals; outbreaks of cholera, and the meeting in 1885 between the Amir of Afghanistan and the Viceroy.

A good selection of these CMG articles has been collected and edited by Thomas Pinney in *Kipling's India* (1986), and can also be found on our web-site. [Further uncollected items of early journalism edited by Pinney are being published by the *Kipling Journal* as a series; Part 8 appears in this number. *Ed.*] They range widely, but are mostly descriptive reportage. They are not seeking to convince or persuade. They give a particularly vivid picture of the old city of Lahore, which he found abidingly fascinating, a corner of that 'great and wonderful world' that he wrote about fifteen years later in *Kim*.

Because the paper was read over the breakfast table every morning by the small Anglo-Indian community of the Punjab, in which everybody knew everybody else, Kipling became keenly aware of the perils of getting his facts wrong. He also found that it is even more perilous

for a newspaperman to offend his readers. The Viceroy of India when Kipling began reporting was Lord Ripon, a Liberal politician, appointed by Gladstone, and full of improving ideas, which did not commend him to the British in India. In 1883, Ripon's Government introduced the Ilbert Bill, which widened the powers of Indian judges so that they could try Europeans. It was deeply unpopular. When the CMG published a leader by Stephen Wheeler which supported the aims of the Bill, Kipling had a nasty shock when he went into the Club for dinner.

As I entered the long, shabby dining-room where we all sat at one table, everyone hissed. I was innocent enough to ask; 'What's the joke? Who are they hissing?' 'You,' said the man at my side. 'Your dam' rag has ratted over the Bill.'

It is not pleasant to sit still when one is twenty while all your universe hisses you. Then up rose a Captain, our Adjutant of Volunteers, and said: 'Stop that! The boy's only doing what he's paid to do.' ... Someone said kindly; 'You damned young ass! Don't you know that your paper has the Government printing-contract?' I *did* know it, but I had never before put two and two together.<sup>8</sup>

This was an early lesson in the politics of journalism that Kipling never forgot.

He worked on the CMG until 1887, and moved on to the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, where he was able to write with more freedom as a roving correspondent. These longer pieces, including 'Letters of Marque,' were collected in *From Sea to Sea* (1899). He wrote appreciatively of the administration of certain princely states;<sup>9</sup> with horror of certain Hindu holy places;<sup>10</sup> with respect of railway workshops,<sup>11</sup> and coal-fields,<sup>12</sup> and the opium factory at Ghazipur;<sup>13</sup> and with disgust of the Big Calcutta Stink.<sup>14</sup> This too was largely descriptive reporting, not generally expecting to persuade the authorities of the virtues or follies of a particular cause, although generally implying (as his readers rarely questioned) that the British needed to be in India to run things. Kipling was a great deal more opinionated and controversial in his tales and poems, notably 'The Masque of Plenty'. This was a powerful attack on an Indian Government report in 1888, which had painted a rather complacent picture of the condition of agriculture at that time. Kipling wrote of the Indian farmer that

At his heart is his daughter's wedding,  
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.  
He eats and hath indigestion,

He toils and he may not stop;  
His life is a long-drawn question  
Between a crop and a crop.<sup>15</sup>

After 'Letters of Marque' and his following reports from Calcutta and elsewhere, Kipling continued, when he left India in 1889, to send back dispatches to the *Pioneer* from his seven months' journey back to England. These established a style of travel writing that he continued and refined in later articles over the years for English papers, on journeys across North America (1908), to Egypt (1914), and later to Brazil (1920).<sup>16</sup> In India he had already published *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales*, and the six Railway Books. When he got to London he found he was already a celebrity, and that editors were very keen to publish whatever he could offer them, in the way of poems or tales, or articles. He wrote in *Something of Myself*

That period was all ... a dream, in which it seemed that I could push down walls, walk through ramparts and stride across rivers.<sup>17</sup>

He joined the Savile Club, and mixed with many journalists and editors, and kept closely in touch with what was going on in the newspaper world; but his main focus at this time was on tales and poems.

In Vermont, after his marriage in 1892, Kipling wrote little in the way of journalism, although his letters show that he remained closely interested in current events.<sup>18</sup> [And he published poems in *The Times* about current events, such as 'The Native-Born' (1895). *Ed.*] He had an uneasy relationship with the American press. He refused to give interviews and was hostile to reporters, out of a desperate concern to protect his privacy. This back-fired badly after his row with Beatty Balestier, his ne'er do well brother-in-law, when reporters descended on the Brattleboro courthouse in strength, and joyfully wrote up the case, including his embarrassing cross-examination. It was essentially this publicity that caused the Kiplings to abandon the home they had built, the much-loved house Naulakha where they had raised their children, and flee back to England in 1896. There Kipling continued to concentrate on stories and poetry, though he did write six articles for the *Morning Post* after a trip with the Channel Squadron, about the Royal Navy, which was new to him and fascinating.<sup>19</sup>

But it was the South African War which rekindled Kipling's journalistic instincts. The publication of his poem 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' in the *Daily Mail* in 1899, free of copyright, launched an avalanche of publicity, and made it possible to raise the then huge sum of £300,000 for the troops and their families. As Andrew Lycett says:



... the song was sung and played in music halls, at smoking concerts, at drawing-room recitals, and cranked out on barrel organs all over the country' and the words printed on every kind of object, from tobacco jars to jugs and mugs.<sup>20</sup>

But the whole process was started, the avalanche was launched, by publication in the *Daily Mail*, which at that time had the largest circulation of any daily newspaper, about half a million. These were the early days of mass circulation.

Kipling soon got himself out to South Africa, where at the request of General Roberts he joined Julian Ralph, Perceval Landon and Howell Gwynne on the staff of *The Friend of Bloemfontein*. This was originally the South African newspaper *Friend of the Orange Free State & Bloemfontein Gazette*,<sup>21</sup> which was commandeered by Lord Roberts and transformed into a propaganda sheet designed to tell the people of the Orange Free State what the British were up to. Kipling greatly enjoyed himself, turning out tales and articles and sketches for a few weeks, in rough old clothes, pipe in mouth: a working journalist, rather than a celebrity. He wrote interesting articles on what he saw of the war, including visits to hospitals and hospital trains, which sit well alongside the stories and poems of that time. These are largely descriptive, although he gave one strongly polemical speech about what he saw as treachery in the Cape, called 'The Science of Rebellion.'<sup>22</sup>

Gwynne later became a very successful Editor of the *Morning Post*, which in the years after the war was the voice of ultra-conservatism in Britain. Kipling was also friendly for many years with the proprietor, Lady Bathurst. The *Morning Post*, like the *Telegraph* and *The Times*, where *Recessional* appeared in 1897 and the sermon 'The Islanders' in 1902, was happy to print almost anything Kipling wrote (though in 1912 they drew the line at the poem 'Gehazi', his vituperative attack on the then Lord Chancellor Rufus Isaacs). He had strong right-wing political views, and a visceral hatred of the Liberal Party. This took office in 1906, and gave the Boer republics a good measure of independence, just what the British had been fighting the war to prevent. But again, Kipling's output until the outbreak of the Great War was largely of stories and poems.

These were the years of *Traffics and Discoveries*, *Actions and Reactions*, and the 'Puck' stories. But Kipling did take, as ever, a strong interest in political events, as his letters show. In 1911 he got to know Max Aitken, later to become Lord Beaverbrook, a thrusting young Canadian, who made friends with Kipling and advised him on investments. A millionaire by the age of thirty, Aitken plunged with relish into politics, and newspaper ownership. He had a brilliant flair for ruthless

newspaper management. He bought shares in the *Express*, which was failing and was later to build it up in rivalry with Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, as the centre-piece of a highly successful newspaper empire. Kipling observed his rise dispassionately, and not without a certain distaste, of which more later.

During the war, which he had long foreseen, Kipling wrote extensively and tirelessly. There were articles on the Royal Navy (*Sea Warfare 1915*), on *The New Army in Training* and *France at War* (1915), *The War in the Mountains* (1917) on the Italian campaign against the Austrians, and *The Eyes of Asia* (1918) on the Indian soldiers fighting on the Western Front. With the encouragement of the military authorities he wrote some 25 major articles in the four years 1914 to 1918, many based on visits to battle fronts, training camps, and naval bases, giving unstinting support to the war effort, as the over-riding task to which all else was secondary.

In the years before the war, Kipling had developed a passion for motoring, which never left him, exploring the dusty roads of southern England with tremendous relish, venturing further afield to visit great houses up and down the land, and writing several motoring tales and 'The Muse among the Motors' a splendid series of parodies.<sup>23</sup> He acquired his first Rolls Royce in 1911, and Max Aitken helped him deal with some difficulties with the Rolls Royce company, in which Aitken had shares.

Motoring, together with dislike of the Liberals, was the starting point for the story in which he went furthest in describing the black art of journalism. This was "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat", completed in 1914, but not published until 1917.<sup>24</sup> In case you have not read it lately, I will summarise the plot.

Four men, a newspaper proprietor, Woodhouse, a brilliant young Editor, Ollyett, a Tory MP – Pallant – and the writer himself, also a journalist, are out for a drive. Near a village called Huckley they are stopped by a constable, and accused of speeding. The limit at the time was 20 mph, and on a straight stretch of road they have fallen foul of a speed trap. They are all summonsed, apart from the MP, and when they are brought up in court, Sir Thomas Ingell, the chairman of the magistrates, who is also the local Liberal MP, not only fines them heavily, but insults them at length with great brutality, 'in a tone that would have justified revolt throughout empires'.

They then repair to the pub to lick their wounds, where they meet the next defendant, Bat Masquerier, the great music hall impresario, who has also been grossly insulted. All are deeply enraged, and they decide to get their revenge – one of Kipling's enduring themes. The rest of the story recounts how they do it. And they use every black art at the

disposal of a London morning paper, an evening paper, an MP, armed with parliamentary privilege, and – close to Kipling’s heart – a network of music halls all over the country. The campaign starts quietly, with the aim of making the name of the village news, to create an ‘arresting atmosphere round it’. As Olyett says later, ‘I mean to have it so that when Huckley turns over in its sleep, Reuters and the Press Association jump out of bed to cable.’ As Sarah Lonsdale explains in a masterly *Kipling Journal* article, they were about to create a ‘dodgy dossier’.<sup>25</sup> They start by using their letter pages to start a controversy about a small matter, the shooting of an imaginary hoopoe in the village, which locals hasten to correct. They create a recluse of refined tastes who writes to ask whether Huckley is the Hugly he remembers from his boyhood, which leads to more letters. They write an account of the village, part of a series, which refers to the adenoids of the village children, and the ‘gravid herd of polled Angus’ cattle. This stimulates a letter of protest from the local doctor. But it also lands a bigger fish, a furious and intemperate protest from Sir Thomas Ingell, which they joyfully print in full. They then publish another paragraph about cows dripping at the mouth, calculated to upset him further by playing into a foot and mouth scare. Pallant asks a question in the Commons about it, and Ingell responds furiously that he is the victim of a conspiracy. He is indeed.

They go on to write about an ancient font in Huckley which has been thoughtlessly cast aside, which leads to more correspondence. They invent an ancient midsummer dance that is danced in Huckley, which they christen the ‘Gubby’. By now, Huckley is a name that many people will recognise, and the time is ripe for Bat Masquerier, the King of the Halls, to make his move. He sends down three charabancs, pink, yellow and blue, out of which step an amazing band of his artistes, dressed up as the ‘Geoplanarians,’ a.k.a. the Flat Earth Society. They hold a big meeting in the village, with eloquent speeches. They follow it with a banquet for the villagers, with dinner for five hundred and drinks for ten thousand. At the end there is a vote, and the village votes that the Earth is Flat. There are only two dissidents, the Rector and the Doctor. The Geoplanarians make speeches. They are filmed. They dance their version of the Gubby Dance. And soon a song can be heard, to the tune of Nuts in May, sung by ‘Dal Benzaguen, the darling of the Halls, ‘The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat’, which becomes an instant hit. The whole event is covered extensively in the newspapers, and launches another huge wave of publicity. Huckley’s name is now a byword. MPs, led by the Irish Members, sing the song on the floor of the House of Commons, waving their order papers until the session is adjourned. Sir Thomas and his village are a laughing stock, and his career is ruined. It is not a pretty sight. This is one of the most brutal

and implacable of Kipling's many stories of revenge. It is hilarious, but merciless. A monstrous hilarity, as Joyce Tompkins suggests.<sup>26</sup>

There are three points about this story of particular note. First, it describes the systematic creation of a newspaper story, one made, not found. Second, for full effect, the different media feed upon each other, newspaper on newspaper, the halls, the advertising hoardings, the songs people sang and the dances they dance when they get together, the catchphrases they exchange. Finally, the conspirators are lucky in timing their story:

Fate ruled it that there should be nothing of first importance in the world's idle eye. One atrocious murder, a political crisis, an incautious or heady continental statesman, the mere catarrh of a king, would have wiped out the significance of our message, as a passing cloud annuls the urgent helio. But it was halcyon weather in every respect. Ollyett and I did not need to lift our little fingers any more than the Alpine climber whose last sentence has unkeyed the arch of the avalanche.

The thing roared and pulverised and swept beyond eyesight all by itself – all by itself. And once well away, the fall of kingdoms could not have diverted it.<sup>27</sup>

It is indeed like an avalanche. Once launched the publicity takes on its own momentum, or as we would say now 'goes viral'. Kipling understood this process very clearly. And he knew how it could be set in motion by determined men, as a weapon. His narrators describes the fear that this inspires in him:

When I got out into the street and met the disgorging picture-palaces capering on the pavements and humming it (for he had put the gramophones on with the films), and when I saw far to the south the red electrics flash 'Gubby' across the Thames, I feared more than ever.<sup>28</sup>

When we first meet the newspaper proprietor Woodhouse, we are told that

(his) business was the treatment and cure of sick journals. He knew by instinct the precise moment in a newspaper's life when the impetus of past good management is exhausted and it fetches up on the dead-centre between slow and expensive collapse and the new start which can be given by gold injections – and genius. He was wisely ignorant of journalism; but when he stooped on a carcass there was sure to be meat.<sup>29</sup>

This, written as early as 1913, is a pretty good description of Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook. He was active in power politics, becoming an MP, and getting involved in the intrigues through which Bonar Law, another Canadian and friend of Kipling, ousted Arthur Balfour as leader of the Conservative party, in 1911. Later, during the Great War he was involved in the replacement of the Prime Minister, Herbert Asquith, in 1916, by David Lloyd George, who became leader of the Liberal Party. In 1918 Beaverbrook became Minister of Information under Lloyd George. He was extremely able, but not a man of settled principles, apart from a strong belief in free trade within the Empire. Meanwhile he had secretly bought shares in the (then) failing *Daily Express*, and acquired control of the paper by 1917.

Arthur Baldwin, the son of Stanley Baldwin, Kipling's cousin and Prime Minister, addressed our annual luncheon in 1971, recounting what his father had told him about Kipling and Beaverbrook.

When Aitken acquired the *Daily Express* his political views seemed to Kipling to become more and more inconsistent, and one day Kipling (incidentally, the older man) asked him what he was really up to. Aitken is supposed to have replied: 'What I want is power. Kiss 'em one day and kick 'em the next' and so on. 'I see', said Kipling, 'Power without responsibility – the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.'<sup>30</sup>

Stanley Baldwin was Prime Minister from 1923 to 1929, and was then defeated by Labour in a General Election. Baldwin was a cautious politician, arguably too cautious, and with his policy of 'safety first' was under fire. Lord Rothermere, running the Mail group, had formed an alliance with Beaverbrook, and the two press lords were doing all possible to oust Baldwin, by supporting a new party, founded by Beaverbrook, to press for Empire Free Trade. In March 1931 there was a by-election in St George's Westminster, in which Beaverbrook and Rothermere ran an Empire Free Trade candidate against Duff Cooper for the Conservatives.

Through their columns they accused Baldwin of running an 'insolent plutocracy' and of being clueless on how to improve the country's faltering economy. Three days before the vote, on March 17, 1931, Baldwin counterattacked in a scathing speech which swung the election for Duff Cooper:

The newspapers attacking me are not newspapers in the ordinary sense. They are engines of propaganda for the constantly changing policies, desires, personal vices, personal likes and dislikes of the

two men. What are their methods? Their methods are direct falsehoods misrepresentation, half-truths, the alteration of the speaker's meaning by publishing a sentence apart from the context...What the proprietorship of these papers is aiming at is power, and **power without responsibility – the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.**<sup>31</sup>

It was Kipling's phrase of fifteen years before, which Beaverbrook would probably have remembered. That was the end of his campaign against Baldwin. Kipling himself had remained in close and cordial touch with 'Cousin Stan' Baldwin. He must at some time have suggested the use of the phrase about power without responsibility, though it seems unlikely that he actually wrote the speech, since he was abroad at the time of the by-election. He had certainly cooled in his relations with Beaverbrook. He wrote to Sir Percy Bates in June 1930: 'It don't pay to build dams with the Beaver. But I knew that years ago.'<sup>32</sup>

Perhaps he saw that the Beaver, armed with the tremendous power of the press, had something of the frightening quality of Bat Masquerier, who is described as 'the Absolutely Amoral Soul'. And who declares:

When I begin a thing I see it through, gentlemen. What Bat can't break, breaks him! But I haven't struck that thing yet. This is no one-turn turn-it-down show. This is business to the dead finish.<sup>33</sup>

By these last years of his life Kipling may well have been appalled by his own creation. He seems to have concluded that some black arts were rather too black.

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#### NOTES

- 1 Rudyard Kipling 'The Press' *Definitive Verse*, p. 534
- 2 Kipling 'The Village that Voted the Earth Was Flat, *A Diversity of Creatures*, London, Macmillan, 1917 p. 161, All subsequent Kipling quotations in this article are from the Macmillan Uniform Edition.
- 3 Kipling, *Stalky & Co.* (1898), p. 117
- 4 Kipling, *Stalky & Co.* p. 228
- 5 Until c. 1980, all printing was done from metal type. The printers, having set a text using loose type, would lock up a page of letterpress in a 'forme', ready for printing. A sample proof would be taken, after checking which the printer might remove or correct individual letters or characters, as Beetle does here.
- 6 Kipling, *Stalky & Co.* p. 228
- 7 Kipling, *Something of Myself* (193 p. 41
- 8 Kipling, *op cit.* p. 51.
- 9 See Kipling's approving remarks about the states Jaipur, Udaipur, Jodhpur and Boondi in 'Letters of Marque' IV, V and XVI (1887, 1888), *From Sea to Sea I* pp 27, 30–1, 34, 36, 126, 163. [The late Bart Moore-Gilbert also remarked on Kipling's praise of the 'Native States' of Rajputana (now Rajasthan), in 'Letters of Marque: travel, gender, imperialism', *Kipling Journal* 281, March 1997, pp. 12–122. *Ed.*]
- 10 See particularly Kipling's response to the the 'Gau-Mukh' shrine at Chitor in 'Letter of Marque' XI (1888) 1888 *From Sea to Sea I*, pp. 99–100
- 11 Kipling 'Among the Railway Folk, i-iii, (1888), *From Sea to Sea II*, pp. 273–302
- 12 Kipling 'The Giridih Coal-Fields,' i-iii, *From Sea to Sea II*, pp. 303–327
- 13 Kipling 'In An Opium Factory' i-iii (1888), *From Sea to Sea II* pp. 331–7
- 14 Kipling, 'The City of Dreadful Night (ii): 'A Real Live City' (1888) *From Sea to Sea II* p. 204
- 15 Kipling 'The Masque of Plenty' (1888) *Definitive Verse* p. 35
- 16 Kipling's reports from his journey across Canada appeared as *Letters to the Family in the Morning Post* (1908), and from Egypt as *Egypt of the Magicians* (*Nash's Magazine*, 1914), both reprinted in *Letters of Travel, 1892–1913* (1920). The series *Brazilian Sketches* appeared in the *Morning Post*, 1928, and was reprinted in vol. xxxv of the Sussex edition of Kipling's works
- 17 Kipling *Something of Myself* (1937) p. 86
- 18 Pinney, *Letters of Rudyard Kipling* (Palgrave Macmillan, Basingstoke, 1990) vol 2, pp. 63–233
- 19 These reports were collected in Kipling's short book *A Fleet in Being* (1898).
- 20 Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, p. 319

- 21 For the pre-and post-Boer War history of *The Friend*, see Peter Borchers' letter in *Kipling Journal* 353, March 2014, p.62
- 22 Kipling 'The Science of Rebellion' : speech delivered 1901, first collected in Sussex Edition vol XXX, (1938), *New Readers' Guide* 'The articles listed', [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk), accessed 9 Sept 2019.
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- 24 Kipling 'The Village that Voted' *A Diversity of Creatures* p.161
- 25 Sarah Lonsdale, 'Visions of Modern Journalism', *Kipling Journal* 353 pp. 11–20
- 26 J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, pp. 130–132
- 27 Kipling 'The Village that Voted' *A Diversity of Creatures* p. 192
- 28 Kipling *op. cit* p. 191
- 29 Kipling *op. cit* p. 161
- 30 Earl Baldwin of Bewdley 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling', *Kipling Journal* 180, December 1971, p. 6
- 31 My emphasis. For Baldwin's speech on 17 March, 1931, see [www.thisdayinquotes.com/2011/03/power-without-responsibility.html](http://www.thisdayinquotes.com/2011/03/power-without-responsibility.html). Accessed 9 Sept 2019
- 32 Pinney (ed.), *Letters of Rudyard Kipling* Vol 5, p. 555.
- 33 Kipling, 'Village that Voted' , *A Diversity of Creatures* p. 169.



*CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS*  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING (1897)

By MICHAEL WATERS

[Michael Waters has published twelve collections of poetry, most recently *The Dean of Discipline* (2018). He is Professor of Creative Writing at Monmouth University, NJ, USA. *Ed.*]

“captains courageous, whom death could not daunt”

—anonymous ballad

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765)

Thank you for the leather and wool watch cap  
And for the silver ring watch, both

Linked by that word, *watch*,  
As if they have something in common

Beyond their one-size-fits-all-ness  
And their soon-to-be familiarity

With the underpinnings of my body,  
One with the skull and one

With the right index finger bone,  
So you too are linked with them,

Knowing my body better than anyone  
As you keep watch over its slow

Disintegration, its crumbling vertebrae  
And fissuring hernias, its left ear

Losing frequencies, its torn Achilles heel.  
Thank you for these gifts to celebrate

My birthday, the serendipity  
Of attaining the age of my father

When he died suddenly.  
I'll lean into the indecipherable

Future as the seaman in his watch cap  
Stood alone on deck at night,

Attempting to read the wind,  
The minute shifts of weather, checking

His pocket watch once or twice to see  
How many hours remained

Until his own shift ended, when he could  
Toss his lit cigarette into the sea

And shamble off to bed where I will find you  
Sleeping, the 19th century novel splayed

Open on the comforter, the lamp still burning.

RUDYARD-KIPLING@JISCMAIL.AC.UK  
A.K.A. 'THE MAILBASE'

December 2018– September 2019 (inclusive)

By ALASTAIR WILSON

This year we've been slightly busier than we were in the same period, 2017–2018. In December, the Mailbase concentrated on Indian questions, with a spirited discussion on Kimball O'Hara's age and the chronology of the whole tale. It was instigated by an American member, Fred Lerner, and drew responses from, among others, two of our Indian members. Another subject was started by a query on the meaning of the phrase 'a Europe morning'. This was current among the British in India, and meant 'having a lie-in' – see 'The Story of the Gadsbys'. Kipling used it himself in his Motoring Diary.

We were equally chatty in January, with a mysterious quote, said to be from *Kim*, although no-one could find it, and a query about the personal abbreviations Kipling used in his motoring diaries. And we informed our readership about the re-print of an article by Kipling's friend, Perceval Landon, who was correspondent for *The Daily Telegraph* at the Versailles Peace Conference.

In February there were fewer messages, but an equally varied number of subject. Two of general interest concerned: (1) Kipling's reference to England and Sussex in particular as 'the most marvellous of all foreign countries', after he had moved to Bateman's in 1902) and (2), whether Sir Richard and his companions finding a field of pumpkins in West Africa, c. 1100 AD., in 'The Knights of Joyous Venture' (*Puck of Pook's Hill*) was anachronistic or not. We agreed that it was not, since gourds, a pumpkin-like vegetable not well-known in Edwardian England, would almost certainly have been found in West Africa at this time, and Kipling might have used the word 'pumpkin' because readers would recognise it.

March was another busy month. (I hadn't realised how busy this whole period had been until I sat down to compile this article for our Editor). We had comments on Kipling's relevance today, comparing the Saxon serf muttering 'This isn't fair dealing' with today's ordinary 'man on the Clapham omnibus' and today's so-called 'metropolitan liberal elite' with the Normans in the poem 'Norman and Saxon'. Another subject was a 'letter' in the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1887, concerning the then recently completed campaign to annex Burma (Myanmar) to the Indian Empire, which, although not by-lined as Kipling's, nonetheless is identifiable as his; Professor Tom Pinney has

included it in his latest Collection of previously unpublished material. We also discussed Kipling's outspoken and extravagant language about the enemy when he wrote an advertisement for War Bonds in 1918.

April was another fruitful month, with a series of entries about Kipling as a science fiction writer, started by one of our American members reproducing an interview he conducted in 1962 with John Campbell, one of the doyens of American sci-fi writing. The series ended with a depressing commentary from Australia on the unwillingness of younger Australian writers even to consider Kipling because he was 'colonialist' and 'racist'.

Finally, in May, among other subjects, we gave advance notice of a Conference to be held in September 2020 at the City University, supported by the Society, which will explore the importance of journalism to Kipling's literary life and ask larger questions about the relationship between journalism, empire, and decolonisation.

As a post-script, we would just add that, if you've dipped your toe in the waters of the Mailbase (we put it that way, because this article is written for those who don't consider themselves computer-literate) you may care to know that the Society's Facebook page is also worth more than a cursory glance. It covers similar material (but different!) to the Mailbase and is equally interesting.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## 'ON GREENHOW HILL': A FAMILY CONNECTION

From Sheila Learoyd Baker

My much-loathed middle name, **Learoyd**, leapt out at me from the pages when I read Kipling 'On Greenhow Hill'. As readers will know, the story within the story is told in broad Yorkshire dialect by one of the 'Soldiers Three', **John Learoyd**. Now, I'm Yorkshire born and bred and my forebears knew 'Rumbold's Moor' and 'Skipton Town' and how Greenhow Hill 'stands up ower Pately Brig'. Yet surely the coincidence of names was just that?

Then I read on. Learoyd was charmed and influenced by a charismatic minister called Amos Barraclough. Bells started to ring and I realised that Kipling's story was entwined in the story of my own family. So I began a wonderful journey of unfolding and linking the two.

Family legend tells that my great great grandmother, Martha Law, had a 'bit of a thing' for the local Methodist minister in Cleckheaton, near Bradford, the Rev. Amos **Learoyd** (1795–1865) who was reputedly an inspiring and charismatic preacher. Certainly, two of her sons were christened by him in Cleckheaton on the same day as each other in 1863, the younger boy, my great great uncle, being named **Amos Learoyd Law**.

The elder boy, my great grandfather, was called Booth Clough Law, Clough being Martha's maiden name. His daughter, my grandmother, was given the first names Amy **Learoyd**. She, in turn, named her son, my uncle, John **Learoyd**, whilst I was named Sheila **Learoyd** by his sister, my mother. I hated the name but was fascinated that a preacher could have had such an influence on Martha and that his name lived on through four generations of our family. Great-uncle **Amos Learoyd Law** also passed the name through his line.

In Kipling's story, **Learoyd** describes **Amos Barraclough** as 'a little white-faced chap, wi' a voice as 'ud wile a bird off a bush' and becomes intensely jealous when he believes that his beloved 'Liza Roantree has a 'bit of a thing' for the minister. Kipling, through Learoyd, also describes in detail the amazing landscape and lead mining of the area. It almost felt as if Kipling must have known my family.

I made a trip to Greenhow Hill, where I found an old stone house, now called 'Kipling's Cottage' and a landscape exactly matching Kipling's description of 'moors an' moors an' moors, wi' never a tree for shelter, an' grey houses wi' flagstone rooves, and peewits cryin' .... [and] a wind that cuts you like a knife'. I then found out that, as many readers will

be aware, Kipling's grandfather, Joseph Kipling (1805–1862), was also a Methodist minister. From records of ministers' stations, I found that his ministry at Pateley Bridge overlapped for a time with that of Amos Learoyd at Tadcaster, less than 25 miles away. Might they have met? I also discovered that another Methodist minister on the northern circuits at this time was a Jonathan Barrowclough, who died in 1885. It seemed to me quite possible that Amos Learoyd and Jonathan Barrowclough became the **John Learoyd** and **Amos Barraclough** of Kipling's story.

Now Kipling never knew his grandfather, although it is considered by many that at least some of his characteristics appear in **Amos Barraclough**. There's also no evidence that Kipling ever visited Greenhow Hill, although it's known that he visited his grandmother in Skipton shortly before returning to India in 1882.

Kipling's sister Trix told the Kipling Society in 1937 that it was from their father, John Lockwood Kipling, that he got his schooling in Yorkshire dialect and geography. And Lockwood very likely visited his father at Pateley Bridge during his ministry there. Lockwood himself was educated at Woodhouse Grove, a school for the sons of Methodist preachers in Bradford, between 1845 and 1852. Enquiries of their archivist revealed that sons of both **Amos Learoyd** and **Jonathan Barrowclough** also attended, some at the same time as Lockwood.

'On Greenhow Hill' was first published in August 1890, three months after Lockwood had hurried from India in response to Rudyard's plea from the depths of depression. So the opportunity was there for Lockwood to pass on his detailed knowledge of Greenhow and to mention the name of Barrowclough. Private John Learoyd had first appeared in 'The Three Musketeers' in 1887, written whilst Kipling was still living with his parents in Lahore. This allows time for Lockwood to have mentioned the Learoyd name to his son; but I can't rule out the alternative theory in the *New Reader's Guide* that Kipling borrowed it from a fellow member of the Masonic Lodge, Lieutenant Learoyd.

I would love to know more about the Rev Amos Learoyd, and whether he was known to Lockwood as someone about whom women had a 'bit of a thing' as reputedly did my great great grandmother Martha. His name is mine yet I'm not even related.

*Sheila LEAROYD (I now love this name) Baker  
Leicester*

#### **RUDYARD KIPLING AND RABINDRANATH TAGORE**

*From Charles Allen*

It seems a little unfair of the Editor to state (Editorial, September 2019) that the young Kipling betrayed 'total ignorance of Tagore and the Bengal Renaissance.' Tagore was Kipling's contemporary, barely four

years older, and although he invented the Bengali short story as a genre with the publication of three short stories under the title *Ghater Katha* ('*Tales of the Bathing Ghats*'), he only got into his stride after 1891, five years after Kipling's 'Indian Native Literature' squib appeared in the *CMG*.

As for the Bengal Renaissance, this was much more of an intellectual, social and political awakening than an artistic one, even though we tend to equate it with the European model. To quote the Bengali historian Romesh Chunder Dutt, it was 'a greater revolution in thoughts and in ideas, in religion and society', albeit engendered by the British conquest of Bengal.

Charles Allen  
London NW5

#### 'MRS BATHURST' AGAIN

From Andrew Turner

May I offer a comment on Dr. Nerwinski's article on "Mrs Bathurst" in *Kipling Journal* no 377? I have for some time been puzzled that one man in an emotional state (Vickery), and another closely empathising with him (Pycroft), who have just seen a train rushing at them, can be relied on for an accurate identification. Women on a long journey might be expected to dress fashionably, and therefore similarly; so clothing, particularly without colour, will not provide a helpful clue to identity.. More importantly, the film in 'Mrs Bathurst' is not a high-definition 21<sup>st</sup> century digital recording, but a primitive picture show, presented with a "dynamo-like buzzing...", "...on the magic lantern sheet". We have no "real" authority that this is Mrs. Bathurst. Elsewhere in "Mrs Bathurst", there is a clear reference to lack of information. When asked (p. 363) "What do you suppose the Captain knew – or did?", Pycroft replies "I've never turned my searchlight that way". It is surely odd that Emanuel Pycroft is happy to be uninformed on such a matter.

Andrew Turner,  
Bromsgrove,  
Kent

#### 'MRS BATHURST' AGAIN

From Alastair Wilson

In his article 'Mrs. Bathurst and the Three Beers' (is that the worst pun of the year?), Luc Nerwinski has suggested that the whole reason for Vickery's desertion and apparent madness is based on a misidentification of the woman in the film seen at Fillis's circus at Capetown. The more I consider it, the more I tend to agree with him.

He bases this hypothesis on three previous examples of misidentification in the tale, namely: (1) The very name of False Bay, on which Simons Town stands, and which is the setting for the tale; (2) Pritchard's being mistaken for another marine sergeant by the maid who pitches a bottle of Bass for him out of the house by the roadside, in which she works; (3) The anecdote of Boy Niven's deliberate misidentification of himself as having an uncle who can dispose of sections of land off Vancouver Island in British Columbia.

Nerwinski goes on to suggest that, although Vickery and Pyecroft and another sailor have all identified the woman in the film as Mrs. B, yet they have made their identification on the basis of a few seconds of black-and-white silent film. His words are: "Granted that Pyecroft and Pritchard found Mrs. B remarkably memorable (pp. 348f) and granted that Pyecroft stresses that the resemblance extended to the woman's walk and gestures (pp.351f), in light of the repeated misidentifications the reader may question the sailors' identification of a woman they saw a number of times behind a bar in New Zealand, *not* dressed for travel whose voice they could hear and whose hair color they could ascertain (*but only in their mind's ear and eye* –AW) on the basis of a few seconds in a black and white silent motion picture".

If this were all, I would consider the case 'Not Proven', but there are two other bits of circumstantial evidence which the narrator does not explain, and which a reader with specialised interests might know. The first is the improbability of Dawson knowing Mrs. Bathurst, who (Pyecroft's words) "kep' a little hotel for warrants and non-coms". Dawson was evidently neither – if he had been, he would have been Mr. Dawson, or Sergeant Dawson – so it must be unlikely that he had had close contact with her. (The same question could have been asked about Pyecroft, who was neither a warrant nor a non-com.) The Royal Navy of that period was, like the rest of Society in general, very class or rank conscious, and able seamen did not drink in the same pubs as petty officers, who in turn didn't drink at the same bars as warrant officers. So, although it was not impossible, the likelihood of Dawson knowing Mrs. Bathurst well enough to be sure of his identification, must be slight; similarly with Pyecroft, even though we know he found her, from whatever acquaintance he had, to be memorable.

The second piece of circumstantial evidence is the lady's apparent lack of luggage; the tale says she was merely "carryin' a little reticule". But if she's been to Plymouth, she would have had at least a cloak bag (or Gladstone bag, or carpet bag – today a 'grip'). And if she had only come from Plymouth, having landed from a steamer and started her search immediately, she would have had a positive mountain of baggage. Ah, but if she had heavier baggage, it would have been in the luggage van (US 'baggage car') – but she's just walked past two



porters, of whom she might have been expected to engage one to help her with her luggage. In which case, she was probably a lady up from Reading (virtually all 'up' expresses called at Reading), coming up to town for a day's shopping, perhaps in DH Evans or the growing range of shops on Oxford Street.

All in all, I now incline to Luc Nerwinski's view that it was not Mrs. Bathurst, despite the certainty expressed by the three sailors. But that doesn't affect Vickery's conviction that it *was* Mrs. B, with the inevitable consequences of an unhinged mind and death.

*Alastair Wilson  
Banbury*

#### EDITOR'S RESPONSE

Charles Allen is right that Tagore's fame as a writer grew relatively slowly (just as his Nobel Prize in 1913 came six years after Kipling's), so that Kipling in 1886 was not in a position to know much about his great Calcutta contemporary. That said, it's quite clear that the young reporter, hostile to educated Bengalis and dismissing their vernacular literature unread as not worth bothering with, knew little or nothing about the 'Bengal Renaissance.'

On Mrs. Bathurst's arrival (or not) at Paddington: against the arguments for misidentification made by Alastair Wilson, Andrew Turner and Luc Nerwinski must be set the agreement of everyone in the story who knew Mrs. Bathurst that she was unforgettable, one of those women who 'stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street' (p.348). Moreover, Pycroft and others recognise the woman getting off the train ('Christ! It's Mrs. B.!) not by her clothes or hair but by her characteristic gait ('I'd have known that walk in a hundred thousand', p 361), and by her highly individual 'blindish' way of looking around her. (Fluttering eyelids?) And brief though her appearance in the film is, Pycroft sees it no less than five times. Be that as it may, the fact that more than a century after 'Mrs. Bathurst' was first published, we are still arguing about the 'reality' of its imaginary newsreel, is a striking tribute to Kipling's genius.

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