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The *Kipling Journal* is the magazine, published three times yearly, 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 KIPLING SOCIETY

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Wednesday 5 February 2025 5.30 for 6 pm in the Army and Navy Club and 6 pm online: Andy Williamson, 'Kipling and Brown's Hotel'

Wednesday 23 April 2025 6pm Online only: topic to be arranged.

Friday 16–Sunday 18 May 2025: Alliance of Literary Societies AGM weekend, hosted by the Kipling Society in Brighton.

Wednesday 2 July 2025, 4.50 for 5 pm in the Army and Navy Club and online: Annual General Meeting followed by Speaker (to be arranged)

Wednesday 24 September 2025 6pm Online only

Wednesday 26 November 2025 5.30 for 6 pm in the Army and Navy Club and 6 pm online

Please can members intending to attend meetings in person at the Army and Navy Club provide their names to the Secretary at least three days beforehand for security purposes. The Secretary's contact details are given at the front of this journal.

January 2025

Alex Bubb
(*Meetings Secretary*)

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EDITORIAL

This issue of the *Kipling Journal* offers an exceptionally varied selection of material, including previously unpublished letters from Kipling. After an obituary of Major Tonie Holt, co-author with his wife Valmai of the acclaimed *My Boy Jack?*, we open with Kipling's previously unknown friendship with the American writer Mrs Helen Bartlett Bridgman. Two letters from Kipling in 1890 and 1895 have been edited and introduced by John Allen Quintus, who has kindly given the *Kipling Journal* permission to reproduce them. The first letter, which indicates that in 1890 she was a good friend, is not only warm but illustrated by a charming sketch of a dog, and by Kipling's excellent full-page self-portrait in pencil (both reproduced); though the much cooler letter in 1895, indicates that the friendship did not last. Next comes the report of the John McGivering Literary Competition 2024, which invited stories about food and drink linked to Kipling, together with the very enjoyable winning entry by Stef Downham and runner-up by Nick Meo.

A different angle on Kipling is given in Janice Lingley's article, following her 'Gisborne of the Woods and Forests' (*KJ* 395, June 2023), on the possible originals of Gisborne the Forest Officer in the story 'In the Rukh'. She gives fascinating information on the story's historical background. Next comes 'Mrs Bathurst and Early Film,' by the late Professor Laura Marcus. Unlike most readings of this enigmatic story, this focuses not on solving its riddles but on Kipling's handling of the mechanisms of early film shooting and projection, and the 'blurring of the borderline between the living and the dead.' The angle changes again when David Richards traces the debt owed to Kipling by Ernest Hemingway, for whom the older writer was a constant literary presence. And Brian Müller has found and edited another new Kipling letter, written in 1906 to the photographer Minna Keene in Cape Town about her botanical photographs, showing Kipling's interest in plants.

An important and very welcome event in Kipling studies is the appearance of *Trix: The Other Kipling* by Barbara Fisher. This first ever biography of Kipling's gifted, often unhappy sister is reviewed here by Andrew Scragg. A letter to the Editor uncovers an intriguing historical allusion in Kipling's 'The Pleasure Cruise' (KJ 399).

Finally, please notice the dates for your 2025 diaries in this January issue. Under 'Meetings' on page 3 are listed the dates, times and places of every Kipling Society meeting in 2025.

MAJOR TONIE HOLT

10 December 1932–5th September 2024

We are sad to announce the death of Kipling Society member Major Tonie Holt. He was born in Portsmouth and educated at Sir Roger Manwood's Grammar School, Sandwich. Having excelled in the C.C.F. and won his colours for hockey, he attended Sandhurst where he became a friend of Roger Ayers (later Lt-Colonel and President of the Society 2012–2022), and played hockey for the Army. Having gained his B.Sc (Engineering), he was commissioned into the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in 1953. After serving in Germany and further study at the Army staff college and the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, he decided to resign his commission, and with his wife Valmai founded the company Major and Mrs Holt's Battlefield Tours in the early 1970s, the first (and at the time only) company running such tours for the general public, covering many wars: Vietnam, Moscow and the Crimea (during *perestroika*), South Africa, the American Civil War and of course the First and Second World Wars. In the 1980s, the Holts were asked to take over running the Pilgrimage programme for the Royal British Legion. Realising that no firm central record of overseas war memorials for our forces and allies existed, they decided to make one themselves, establishing the base for their 30 guide books. They did all their own research, travelling the routes they recommended, visiting all the memorials and cemeteries and taking all the photographs.

The Holts' best loved books are their biography of Bruce Bairnsfather (1985), and especially *My Boy Jack? The Search for Kipling's Only Son* (1998, 2002). Michael Smith wrote: 'The presumed discovery of John Kipling's body, as announced by the War Graves Commission, was a challenge which suited their particular expertise; they met it with the meticulous attention to detail which was ever their hallmark. The result, persuasively recorded, is of great interest, and is grounded in research that draws on many sources … The book is a most valuable addition to the Kipling library.' (*Kipling Journal* 288, Dec 1998) In April 1999 they spoke to the Kipling Society on 'My Boy Jack?', and they masterminded a tour of Loos Battlefield on 26–27 Sept 1999, the 85th anniversary of John Kipling's death. At our Annual Luncheon in 2016, they spoke again on John Kipling and the War Graves.

Tonie is survived by Valmai, and by their children Sian Wise and Gareth Holt, and grandchildren Jessica and Rebecca Wise.

Janet Montefiore

HELEN BARTLETT BRIDGMAN: KIPLING'S FORGOTTEN FRIEND

BY **JOHN ALLEN QUINTUS**

[John Quintus Allen teaches at the Osger Institute for Lifelong Learning at the University of Delaware. *Ed.*]

The name Helen Bartlett Bridgman (1855–1935)[1] will likely not be familiar to those who research American literature or who study the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. That she met Kipling in London not long after he had returned to England from India in 1889, and later recorded her impressions of the already celebrated author in her autobiography, *Within My Horizon* (1920), seems to have been overlooked. Still, Bridgman's recollections, together with two previously unpublished letters from Kipling to her, suggest an association of unusual interest, an association that began warmly but ended badly.

A writer of travel accounts, occasional fiction and essays, and a book on gemstones, Mrs. Bridgman—she married Herbert Lawrence Bridgman (1844–1924)[2] in 1887—began her autobiographical account of her friendship with Rudyard Kipling in a decidedly provocative manner, writing that she had the good fortune "to know . . . rather intimately for a few weeks, and afterwards through letters from time to time, Rudyard Kipling. The best things cannot be told, for intimacy has its obligations not less than its privileges".[3] She goes on to make observations of Kipling in the 1890s, such as "Kipling was at that time still unspoiled, with buoyant self-confidence rather than the tired conceit that took possession of him later" (90), which confirm the accounts of his biographers.[4] Bridgman recalls that after she and her husband had returned to London from a trip to Paris, Kipling "came to our hotel, gasping 'I've seen a man die, Helen, I have seen a man die'". (92) This confirms Kipling's posthumously published autobiography *Something of Myself* (1937), whose chapter 4 'The Interregnum' deals with his first arrival in London and his lonely life in cheap lodgings in Villiers Street, including a brief, nightmarish account of witnessing from his window a dreadful suicide by an unknown man: "Of a sudden his breast turned dull red like a robin's, and he crumpled, having cut his throat."[5]

On one occasion, Kipling read "Without Benefit of Clergy" to Mrs. Bridgman, who praised his insight, sympathy, and understanding. He replied, "I have insight but neither sympathy nor understanding."(94) She concludes her brief chapter on Kipling: "He certainly proved a dear and charming companion to the few to whom he was drawn, but good manners were not his strong point. . . . Alas, that genius, unlike high rank, does not necessarily assume obligations!" (94)

Kipling subtitled his autobiography "For My Friends Known and Unknown", but there is no word of Helen Bartlett Bridgman in his recollections.[6] She is not mentioned by his biographers, perhaps because her autobiography was published in Boston and probably unknown in the UK, at least until the days of the Internet. And the letters from Kipling to Bridgman are not included in Thomas Pinney's six volume collection of Kipling's correspondence (1990–2004). It is as if Mrs. Bridgman has been erased from history, perhaps consciously on Kipling's part.

Fortunately, two of Kipling's letters to Helen, written respectively in 1890 and 1895, are extant and reside in the Mark Samuels Lasner Collection housed in the University of Delaware's Morris Library.[7] These indicate that the two were indeed friends, although by 1895 their relationship had cooled, and by the time Richard Le Gallienne's *Rudyard Kipling--A Criticism* (1900) appeared, it was probably over. And when the Great War began, they were done, and it is no surprise that her post-war memoir *Within My Horizon* features some negative commentary on her former friend.

Kipling wrote the first extant letter on 29 June 1890, dated from the accompanying, postmarked envelope.

Embankment Chambers.
June 29th

> Something must have gone wrong somewhere. I wrote you a letter—big letter—heap big letter—some time ago, and behold you write as one who never got it. I'm vexed and feel inclined to write abusively to Wanamaker—I guess he's at the bottom of it.[8]
>
> But how can I thank you enough for that superb shot. You needn't pretend that it was taken when you were—how shall I put it—plumper than you are. It's exactly like you as I knew you and for that reason it will be a "most valuability" to me. It's sweet and above all characteristic: and it has pleased me so much that I almost—not quite—forgave the thieves of your country who have been playing the deuce with my Plain Tales.[9] Isn't that I mind the theft but I do think that the Yahoos need not have made me talk of titles that to put it mildly are nonsense. "Hindoo Highlands" made me shudder all down my back. But for the sake of your photograph I will refrain from writing a rhymed commination service of the whole of the United States from Portland Me. to Portland Oregon.[10] And you know I could do it.[11]
>
> The Heart stories are delicious—and I owe you many thanks for the gift.[12] D'you know I don't think it was a pity that the author died young. His was a soul that would have suffered hideously later on. God doesn't make exquisitely sensitive creatures to last for

any length of time. You might as well throw a soft-shell crab into the engine room of a Cunarder, and tell the poor beast to be happy among the piston-rods.

Mercifully, I am not of a very sensitive frame of mind these days. One gets all that sort of thing knocked out of one in the gilded East.

London is disgustingly full and everybody is hoping to do three things at once and talk about thirty. I've been to a garden party given by the MacMillans in their official capacity of authors publishers.[13] They caught a lot of authors—male and female caught they them[14]—and lured 'em into a back garden while a band played at them. Then these authors and authorlings and authoresses walked about on their hind legs until they felt hungry and the tea was ready. I didn't feel hungry—felt sad and lonesome after half an hour's undiluted intellectuality and so I came away. This has been the only diversion for some time past. However, tomorrow I'm off to Devonshire for some fishing and that modified form of excitement which the doctors call "complete rest." My eyes have been giving me a lot of trouble lately and I have been watching the dogs in the street with the view of selecting a really good animal when the time comes.[15] Sort of beast that won't object to having a sharing dish tied under his chin.

So [Kipling draws a sitting dog with a food bowl in his paws]

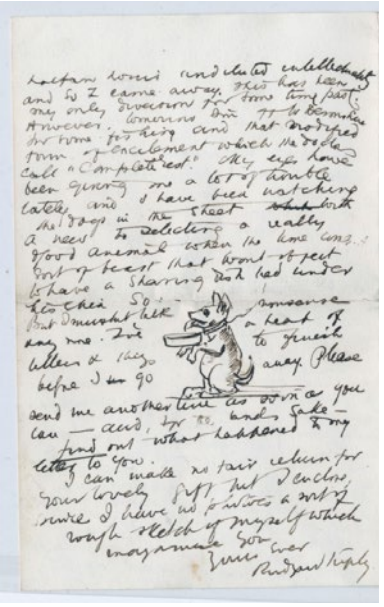

Fig. 1: page 4 of letter

But I mustn't talk nonsense anymore. I've a heap of letters and things to finish before I go away. Please send me another line as soon as you can—and for the lords sake *find* out what happened to my letter to you.

I can make no fair return for your lovely gift but I enclose since I have no pictures a sort of rough sketch of myself which may amuse you.

Yours ever,
Rudyard Kipling

One can only guess at what the odd phrase "most valuability" means; probably it was a joke between Kipling and Bridgman, perhaps a reference to something a publisher had said to one of them. But what stands out is the warm tone of the letter, evocative of a close friendship. The mention of "Heart stories" is a reference to a collection of short stories written by Helen's younger brother Theodore, who died young from typhoid fever in 1885. Kipling knew his loss was painful for Bridgman and is offering some consolation. The self-portrait Kipling included is a remarkably well-executed drawing, another indication of their friendship.

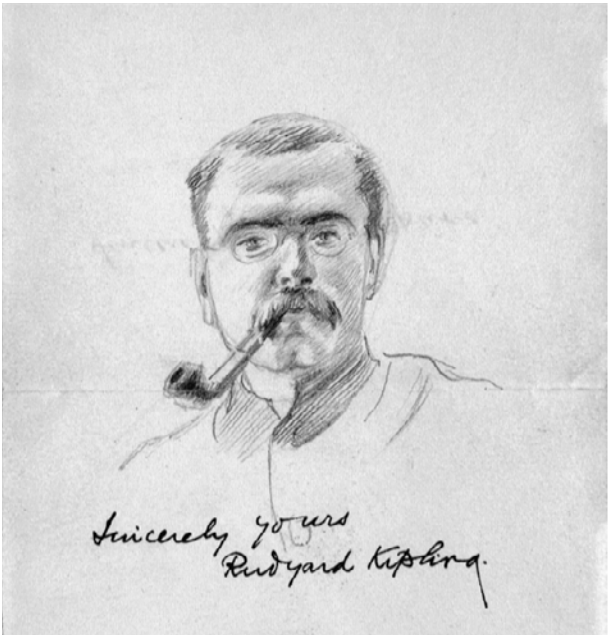

Figure 2: Rudyard Kipling's self portrait, enclosed with letter

The temperature seems to have cooled in the next Kipling letter, dating from 1895 and written on stationery from his American home Naulakha, located in Brattleboro, Vermont. Of course, Kipling was a married man by then.

Apr. 11, 1895

Dear Mrs. Bridgman:

Very many thanks for your kind little note. I am afraid all the papers you mention passed into the *Ewigkeit* some three years ago.[16] (Three removes you know are as bad as a fire and I have moved many times since I lived in Villiers Street.) I have however a copy of the printed interview which appeared, I think in your husband's paper. It is too late in the day to apologize for keeping as I did the play you sent me to read; and for which you finally sent a friend. [*sic*] If I kept my correspondence it would amount to a pile as big as a haystack and so in self defence I have had to burn it systematically and at regular intervals.

What you write about Mandalay is very curious. It doesn't seem to me much of a poem to have any great influence on anyone but as soldier (*sic*) who has "been there" as the saying is; but I trust the influence was not altogether bad.

I have just returned from a trip to Washington where we go[17] while the snow melts in these northern hills. Hence my delay in answering your letter—another misdeed on my part for which I must beg your pardon.

Very sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling.

The syntax of the fourth sentence is odd, inviting a question about what happened to the play Bridgman sent to Kipling, but the tone is relatively friendly though demonstrably less so than the 1890 correspondence. In the earlier letter there is no salutation (as often in the letters he wrote to friends), and "Dear Mrs. Bridgman" suggests some distance between them in 1895.[18] It is also interesting to note that Kipling did not think his poem, "Mandalay," amounted to much, yet it became popular around the world, and set to music it became a standard, even recorded by Frank Sinatra.

The distance between Kipling and Mrs. Bridgman would grow considerably by the time of the publication of Richard Le Gallienne's *Rudyard Kipling--A Criticism* (1900), dedicated to Helen Bartlett Bridgman. Le Gallienne (1866–1947) offers praise for Kipling's genius and overall modernity, noting that "He really did know an astonishing number of things about men and women, white and brown," but finds fault with Kipling's use of Cockney slang, his sometimes confused

narratives, his unrewarding novels (particularly *Captains Courageous*), and most of all with Kipling's reliance on "brute force" to save the day, or the empire. At the close of his book, Le Gallienne argues that the world is moving slowly but inexorably from brute force to "spiritual enlargement;" some influences speed this movement along, others retard it. "It is to be regretted that Mr. Kipling's influence should be one of those that retard".[19]

What is most significant here is that Le Gallienne dedicated his critical study to Helen Bartlett Bridgman. They knew one another; they met in 1898 when Le Gallienne was in America, and perhaps more often. Bridgman writes about him in a chapter entitled "The Artistic Temperament" in *Within My Horizon*, describing Le Gallienne physically ("altogether a feminine beauty"). She praises his work, albeit with some reservations, writing that "his critiques bear the mark of scholarship and reflection." (73–7), and also observes that "The more thoughtful English writers are out of sympathy with British Imperialism, feeling it to be a potent factor in provoking war". (74) She mentions a poem that Le Gallienne wrote on a train whilst on his way to join her, her husband Herbert, and Admiral Peary for dinner on 20 June, 1898. The poem, an encomium to Peary, touched those at the dinner party, especially Peary.[20]

Kipling's biographers underscore his voracious reading habits, and it seems safe to assume that he was aware of Le Gallienne's study, some of whose contents would certainly have annoyed him, just as the dedication would have driven a deeper wedge between Kipling and Bridgman. (One can also guess that when Bridgman and Le Gallienne met, they spoke of Kipling.)

The Great War must have ended Kipling's relationship with the American writer altogether. Bridgman published a pamphlet in 1915 (before the United States entered the conflict) entitled *An American Woman's Plea for Germany*. She praises the Teutonic mind and soul and claims that Germany will win the war. Such a position would have been totally unacceptable to Kipling, who generally despised all things German, and was particularly vehement in his hatred after his son John was killed in action the same year that Bridgman presented her defence of Germany. Thus began Kipling's effort to erase Helen Bartlett Bridgman from his life. And he largely succeeded in doing just that, with the unwitting help of several others.

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NOTES

1 Helen, as an adult, may have fudged her birth year. She was born in 1855 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but, the Wisconsin Historical Society gives her birth year as 1863. Library of Congress records as well as passport applications and other sources make clear that the birth year was 1855. She was ten years older than Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865).

2 Herbert Bridgman was an American explorer and journalist, who was described as the "Ulysses of journalists" for his work in organizing the Peary expedition to the North Pole. (*Time* Magazine, October 6, 1924: Wikipedia entry for Herbert Bridgman)

3 Helen Bartlett, *Within My Horizon* Small, Maynard & Co, Boston 1920, p. 89. Subsequent page references in text.

4 "Kipling was at this time [the 1890s] approachable": Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (Random House, NY, 1978), 112. Harry Ricketts relates in *The Unforgiving Minute* how Sidney Low, editor of *St James' Gazette* was magnetised by his first meeting with " 'a short dark man' who walked into his office 'with a bowler hat, a rather shabby tweed overcoat, an emphatic voice, a charming smile, and the brightest eyes I had ever seen.'" Ricketts, *The Unforgiving Minute: A life of Rudyard Kipling* (Chatto & Windus, London, 1999), 148.

5 Kipling *Something of Myself: For My Friends Known and Unknown* (London, Macmillan 1937), pp. 86–7

6 [It should be added that this is not exceptional. *Something of Myself* is a notoriously reticent memoir, mentioning hardly any of Kipling's friends except General Dunsterville ('Stalky') and Rider Haggard. Other significant omissions include Edmonia Hill and her husband, with whom Kipling stayed for months in Allahabad in 1888–9, and Kipling's closest London friend Wolcott Balestier, whose sister Carrie he married shortly after Balestier's death. *Ed.*]

7 Mark Samuels Lasner is Senior Research Fellow at the University of Delaware's Morris Library and a noted collector of Victorian and Edwardian materials.

8 John Wanamaker (1838–1922) was a successful Philadelphia merchant who became the Postmaster General of the United States in 1889. His tenure lasted four years and was controversial chiefly because he fired thousands of postal workers for reasons of political affiliation. Perhaps the lost jobs explain the lost letter.

9 Enforceable international copyright laws were not in place at the time, and in the 1890s, American publishers frequently printed Kipling's works without paying or consulting him. Kipling often complained of this practice, including the titles that American publishers gave to his stories, until he could arrange "authorised" editions of his work in the USA. See Andrew Lycett *Rudyard Kipling* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 2014), 305–8 and 425–6.

10 Yahoos: dirty ape-like creatures in Swift's book *Gulliver's Travels*. Commination: a formal service of cursing. The *Book of Common Prayer* (1662), which Kipling knew from his childhood in the Evangelical "House of Desolation", includes "A Commination, or denouncing of God's anger and judgments against Sinners, with certain prayers to be used on the first day of Lent."
Portland, Me.: Portland, Maine. Kipling imagines denouncing the USA, from the east coast to the west.

11 ["And you know that I could do it." Six months after this letter, Kipling would publish the angry, high-spirited "Rhyme of the Three Captains" (*Athenaeum*, December 1890), attacking a US publisher for its piracy, and three leading British writers for their supine response to Yankees in general, "a race that have never a Law" (line 52). The hero of this allegorical ballad is a small merchant skipper (Kipling), robbed of his small cargo by a pirate (the US publisher Harper, which had reprinted his stories without notice or payment) and failed by senior captains who would not support Kipling's public complaint (Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant and James Black, virtually named in " The bezant is hard, ay, and black" (line 88). The wronged skipper longs to revenge himself by hanging the pirate "from his own yard-arm" (line 33) and subjecting him to further torments, leaving the thief "moored by the heel to his own keel" to be eaten alive by land-crabs (line 44; see "The Rhyme of the Three Captains," Thomas Pinney ed. *Cambridge edition of the Complete Poetry of Rudyard Kipling*, Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2013: 263, 264, 261–2). Doubtless Kipling's "rhymed commination" of the USA would have been just as thorough-going. *Ed*.]

12 Bridgman published a collection of her late brother Theodore's stories, entitled *Heart Stories*, in 1889, and had sent a copy of the book to Kipling.

13 The Macmillan publishing house was Kipling's primary publisher. Its home office remains in London, but the company is owned since 1999 not by the Macmillan family but by a German company. There is some irony here.

14 Kipling makes a joking reference to the Bible: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them," *Genesis* 1, 17, KJV

15 ["My eyes have been giving me a lot of trouble": this clearly doesn't mean conjunctivitis, which would not be helped by acquiring a dog. Kipling is confessing, obliquely, that he has been suffering from hallucinations, to which he was vulnerable as a young man if he became over-stressed. He would much later describe how, aged 12, he was reduced by the misery of the "House of Desolation'" in Southsea to near blindness and a breakdown when "I imagined I saw shadows and things that were not there" until his mother came to rescue him (*Something of Myself* 17; c.f. also the harrowing autobiographical story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep", 1888). Kipling's memoir does not mention this trouble recurring, but it seems from his letters from India that it did, when he was particularly lonely and stressed out. In July 1884, alone in the family house while the others were holidaying in the

Himalayas, he wrote to his Aunt Edith Macdonald that "my eyes began their old tricks again … I could only avoid the shadows by working every minute that I could see." (Pinney (ed.) *Letters of Rudyard Kipling vol 1, 1872–1889,* Palgrave Macmillan, Basingstoke, 1999, p. 69). In May 1886, alone again during the hot weather, he wrote to his cousin Margaret Burne-Jones about his bad night after reporting a horrific incident when the roof of a school dormitory had fallen in and killed three boys, one of whom he knew. "You know my peculiarity about eyes. It recurs whenever my tummy's out of order or I'm overworked or unstrung and it came back in full force … If I'd been a convicted murderer I couldn't have been more persistently followed by those things [corpses] on the beds.' (Pinney *Letters* 1 p. 132). These visual disturbances (as we would call them) must have recurred in London when he had a breakdown in the winter of 1890 and summoned his parents to help him (Lycett 283). For all the light-hearted tone of his letter to Bridgman, clearly Kipling was not fully recovered by June. Hence his plan of finding a dog, strangely anticipating his late story "The Woman in his Life'" (1928, collected in *Limits and Renewals,* 1932), in which John Marden, a shell-shocked War veteran, suffers hallucinations of a black dog, until his valet and former batman finds a real black puppy for Marden to look after. That in 1890 Kipling should have mentioned his 'eye troubles' to Helen Bartlett Bridgman, in however brief and coded a way, indicates that she must have been at that time a close and trusted friend. *Ed*.]

16 "Ewigkeit" is German for "eternity." Kipling was fond of the poetry of American humorist Charles Leland (1824–1903 whose poem "Hans Breitmann's Barty" ends (after much beer drinking) with its delights "goned afay mit der lager beer/ Afay in de Ewigkeit." ("Hans Breitmann's Barty", collected in Michael Roberts ed. *Faber Book of Comic Verse* (London, Faber & Faber, 1942) 223)

17 The "we" means Kipling and his American wife Caroline Balestier Kipling, known as Carrie (1862–1939), The feud between Kipling and her brother Beatty (1867–1936) over money issues resulted in the Kiplings' abrupt return to England

18 [To me it seems that on Kipling's side, the friendship with Helen Bartlett Bridgman was already over. Telling her that he has not only not read the play she sent him, while keeping the MS so long that she sent a friend to reclaim it, but has actually burnt it along with the "haystack" of correspondence which he needs to dispose of at regular intervals, is by any standards offensive – and he doesn't even apologise for the destruction. Perhaps it was this hurtful brush-off which prompted Bridgman's later indictment of the "tired conceit that took possession of Kipling" after he became famous. *Ed*.]

19 Richard Le Gallienne *Rudyard Kipling--A Criticism* (London and New York, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1900), 93, 163

20 See also Richard Whittington-Egan and Geoffrey Smerdon *The Quest of the Golden Boy: The Life and Letters of Richard Le Gallienne* (London, Unicorn Press 1960), for an an account of Bridgman's reluctance to lend money to Le Gallienne.

JOHN MCGIVERING 2024 COMPETITION REPORT AND WINNING ENTRIES

The Kipling Society's John McGivering Literary Competition, which was set up in 2021 with funds from a legacy left to the Society by the late John McGivering, invites submissions of Kipling-related poetry and fiction in alternate years, with a different topic set for each year. The 2024 topic for stories was 'Food and Drink'. I have pleasure in introducing the winning entries: 'A Cup of Chai' by Stef Downham, which vividly communicates how glamorous and puzzling India appears to a Victorian traveller arriving in Bombay (now Mumbai), with more than a side-glance at *Kim*. The runner-up 'Dinner with the Enemy' by Nick Meo reveals a wary meeting at a rare moment of fragile cordiality over a village feast between very different races and cultures: Afghan villagers and British soldiers.

Both stories are a pleasure to read, but they come from an unusually small number of entries, with just 4 from adults. (We are not awarding a prize in the Young Writers' category this year, as the single entry fell outside the competition rules). Fiction tends to attract fewer competition entries than poetry (perhaps because it's harder to advertise, as there's no equivalent to the National Poetry Website). Also this year, our competition's timing was changed from springtime with a deadline of 1st May as in previous years, to late summer with a deadline of 1st September. Timing our 'submission window' in the holiday season was obviously not a good idea, and we are moving the competition back to its earlier timing in 2025.

Janet Montefiore
Competition Organiser

A CUP OF CHAI

BY **STEF DOWNHAM**

Today there have been seven as far as I can tell, perhaps more, perhaps less. The languages I do not understand proliferate. My Hindi, I am told, is childish, but then I am still an infant to this continent and its profusion of mother tongues. Even the most ravenous of linguists could sate their appetite, listening to the teeming concourse of that edifice known locally as Victoria Station. For clarity I mean neither the station belonging to the London Brighton and South Coast Railway, nor the terminus of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company nestled cheek by jowl adjacent to it in the heart of Westminster. I refer to the

extravagantly grand and bustling headquarters of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway here in Bombay, from whence its iron tendrils snake out across the continent.

Thus far this morning I have walked a little less than half the distance in between my lodgings and the self-important governmental office that anxiously awaits my toil. There is a more direct route, less bestrewn with colour, but the sheer energy of the market has diverted me. It always does.

Each weekday, and on most weekends, I wend my way between the close-packed, vibrant stalls piled high with vegetables and spices beyond name to me, familiar only by scent. One street, barely an alley by London standards, is filled with the acrid smoke of a myriad of modest forges and the cacophony of blacksmiths' hammers. There is little that they cannot make, and at a tenth of the price one would pay in even the smallest English market town. There are miniscule shops and vast stalls selling every grade and colour of cloth known to man. There are, close by, purveyors of leatherwork from the simplest to the most ornate.

But I stand by none of these. I stand in the shade afforded by a stout sheet of canvas protruding from a stall selling Chai. The cups are clean, the Chai is hot, and I stand on this brisk street corner in a state not far from bliss, a wonder twice as far removed from panic as I ever thought was possible in such a place. Without blasphemy I can say Thank God for Mr. Kipling. Without him I would certainly have lost my mind, and a good deal else beside.

Let me go back, as tellers of tales are wont to say, to the beginning.

He saw me first, I believe, standing frozen to the ship's rail adjacent to the gangway. He had come to meet a friend. But this friend was well acquainted with Bombay and more than sufficiently equipped to face its rigours. Both men, familiar with the land, recognised my need for rescue.

A pirate captive, hopelessly resigned to walk the plank, was never so desolate. Behind me, the ship that had borne me slowly from England, away from everything that I had ever known as fair. Ahead of me the great sub-continent of India.

How can one describe such dissonant bewilderment?

If all a young man knew in life was a small rural town in Shropshire, and he were transported bodily to the Champs-Élysées, he would be acutely aware that he was not at home. A great many things that met his eye and ear would say it. He might not find it fundamentally unpleasant, but he would certainly find it different.

If one were to add to this the confused disorientation of heat-stroke, together with a mild concussion, the noise and jostle of a fiercely contested rugby scrum colliding with a full costume carnival and the

reek of a steam-powered sewage pumping station, then one might begin to approach my sense of shock.

From this vision of hell, worthy of Dante Alighieri, a quite ordinary European man emerged. So ordinary that if such a man had joined me on the boundary of a village cricket match, his appearance would have gone unremarked, yet here also he was at home. He wore a lightweight summer suit with a boater, and carried a stout but simple cane. He had about him the air neither of superiority nor humility.

For a moment he stood next to me and surveyed the scene before us.

"May I ask, sir, where your people are from?" I turned to look at him, only a little stunned by the mundane nature of his question. He continued his casual perusal of the quayside.

"Shropshire, sir. I was raised and schooled in Oswestry."

"I met a man from Chirk once. He waxed lyrical about the market in Oswestry years ago." The calmness of the man was infectious. The atmosphere of casual acquaintance on the village green permeated the air around us. "He was quite the most stupid man I ever met."

I laughed without reserve and assured him Chirk was not totally devoid of intellectual merit. We shook hands and exchanged names.

He went on in the same friendly tone. "I see by your demeanour, sir, you have the good sense, lacking from so many of our fellow Englishmen, to recognise you are no longer in Shropshire. Do you have half an hour, that I might offer you some small introduction to the continent of my birth?"

We negotiated the gangway and thronging quay. The party being sent to conduct me onwards would be an hour at the very least. Mr. Kipling moved with deft assurance through the crowd, observing everything and nothing, only once catching a pickpocket across the knuckles with the blunt end of his cane.

We found our way to a cart so ramshackle that had I seen it unattended and unadorned I would have assumed it had been abandoned many years ago. On top were two tin trays. One contained a dozen unadorned bone china tea cups without saucers, some of them unchipped. The other tray was piled high with some form of native pastry which we did not attempt. Adjacent to the cart, perched firmly above red glowing coals, sat what can only be described as a cauldron of tea, gently simmering.

A price for two teas was suggested that was commensurate with any Lyons tea house in London. However, I discovered later, this represented several days' if not weeks' wages for a local labourer. Mr. Kipling grunted once and handed over two small coins of considerably lesser denomination. The stall holder looked at them in his hand for a moment then nodded, slipping them inside his shirt.

My guide chose two of the less-damaged cups and wiped them with a handkerchief. Into these the stall holder ladled a liberal quantity of the steaming tea.

Mr. Kipling paused in the act of handing me one of the cups.

"What you see in my hand may, to all intents and purposes, appear to be a cup of tea. Some might say rather unfashionably milky, but it falls within the scope of that general description. Appearances, you will find, can be deceptive.

"If you raise this to your lips expecting a cup of English tea, you will be sorely disappointed. It is a cup of Chai, a peculiarly Indian concoction." Without letting go of my cup, he sniffed and sipped his own. "This is a blend that includes what you would call tea, but also cardamom, ginger, cinnamon…" He took another sip. "…a little clove, and a not ungenerous amount of sugar. Try some."

He released the second cup into my hand and I drank. It was almost, but not entirely, unlike tea. But as a refreshing drink in a hot climate, it was most acceptable, and I said so.

Mr. Kipling appeared gratified. "Many things in this country may appear, at least superficially, as English. A great many choose to surround themselves with the familiar, to make their lives as English as may be. They will expect you to do the same. It is best not to offend them too badly. Perhaps I laugh a little too loudly behind their backs.

"But I assure you, sir, if you can once admit that you have left that green and pleasant land behind, if you can accept that a thing foreign is not automatically wrong, you will find this land a palace of wonders."

We talked and sipped Chai for all of our half an hour. He gave me an address for lodgings considerably cheaper and more friendly than the standard government recommendation and at least as clean. He gave me also the name of a retired teacher, who had been a great many things before, as an old man, he resigned his classroom. This man became my friend, and introduced me to a good many more, both Europeans and sometimes quietly, at night, in private, friends from the panoply of Asia.

He taught me a little Hindi and how to read a street for my own safety and entertainment. We would stand here drinking Chai, occasionally indulging in their sweet Jalebi pastries. It was here he started to pick out for me the different languages of the traders, Hindu, Sikh and Musalman. He would tell where they had come from, near or far, north or south, hills or plain. He would tell me stories of his youth, of the treasures all across Mr. Kipling's palace of wonders.

"I have a birth certificate that says that I am British," he told me once. "But my heart is more than seven-eighths Indian, and always will be."

His name was O'Hara.

DINNER WITH THE ENEMY

BY **NICK MEO**

The headman waved a hand over the spread of food in an invitation to eat and a dozen village notables leaned forward to see what would happen.

Gough shuffled into a more comfortable position. He studied the browned meat, the great pile of rice dotted with plump raisins and slices of carrot, cooked until they were sweet and caramelized, the stack of nan bread straight from the oven. He studied the villagers. Everybody was sitting on rugs on the floor, them facing him across the feast. He was the honoured guest so of course he had to eat first.

He was hungry. Since he'd flown in on the helicopter there'd been nothing but army rations, scoffed with a plastic spoon out of plastic self-heating bags and now there was a fabulous spread. His men weren't happy about it at all. "What if they poison you, sir?" the sergeant asked. Gough told him to just crack on, got him to stand at the back and keep an eye open.

You had to eat with Afghans, even when you suspected some of them might be Taliban. Gough had been in the war for five months, four months still to go. Home seemed long ago and far away and a life outside the war hardly seemed real to him now.

At dawn his effective little force had raided the village over the hill, chased four insurgents for miles over rough ground, then called in a bloody great airstrike when it became clear they would never catch up.

Next job was this village, see if it felt any loyalty at all towards the government. See if he could identify Taliban supporters. The village had a bad name. The police dared not come. His own men had been silent when he told them where they were going. It was not far from where Johnson had been killed last month.

But he was quite sure he would be safe. They were eating in the guestroom of the headman's house, a spacious, bright room with no furniture but not unpleasant with its colourful rugs laid on the floor. In this room there was no war, he was confident of that.

As soon as his force arrived, heavily-armed and wary, the villagers did what villagers usually did; they invited him to dinner. He happily accepted. He knew that in this room he had a guarantee of protection better than all his men's guns. In here no self-respecting Pashtun would breach the code of hospitality towards guests. They wouldn't poison him. On the other hand, even as he was sitting down to eat with them their friends might well be on the road out of the village with a shovel and explosives. Outside this room was the war; there was no protection for anybody out there.

Gough shaped his fingers into a scoop, took a handful of rice and clumsily shoved it into his mouth as he'd seen the Afghans do, spilling grains down the front of his dusty uniform. He chewed slowly, examined the faces watching him.

The headman smiled, held his gaze. He had dark brown eyes, deep set in a dramatic, craggy face, and his stare was unblinking, not hostile exactly but certainly quizzical. He wanted to know what Gough was thinking. If there was any fear there or any hatred he was careful to give no hint. They were two strong men from the ends of the earth.

The Afghan leant down to the meat, pulled off a choice morsel, held it out to Gough with a grin. The village many have been poor, in one of the most backward districts in the whole impoverished nation of Afghanistan, but they were proud of their hospitality. Gough admired these farmers almost as much as he'd learnt to fear and mistrust them. He was a commander in the most high-tech army on earth, with its planes and firepower and theories about counter-insurgency warfare, and the Afghans he was fighting were like something out of the Middle Ages, with Kalashnikovs.

This morning, after the drama of their arrival, his soldiers had taken up positions in the road and on the rooftops and waited and watched the village for hours while the women prepared the feast. There was only one road, rutted from the time a few months ago when it had been deep mud. Now in high summer it was dusty and dried out. The road – track really – wound its way around the flat-roofed, mud-brick houses and carried on towards stands of poplars, pomegranate orchards and green fields squeezed into a narrow valley where the village made its living. That road carried on south until it arrived at a district where the war was at its most brutal.

Beyond the green were stony desert hills, mountains in the distance. Scowling young men sat in the shade and watched the soldiers. The day's slumber was only broken once when loudspeakers on the village mosque crackled into life. While they waited they saw a goat being slaughtered for dinner, saw the pool of congealing blood in the dust of the road, flies buzzing over it. They cut the throats of their own animals here, held on to them as they kicked and writhed in the terror of the death agony.

Gough took the meat from the headman, chewed it. His audience grinned and stroked their long goaty beards. A dozen turbans bobbed approvingly.

"Tell them this is delicious," Gough said to the interpreter when he'd swallowed his mouthful. "Better than the army food in Camp Bastion. Better than meat we get in England."

The terp looked surly, repeated what he had been told. He was a city boy from Kabul, far from home in this alien land of cut-throats.

The villagers crowded forward now, took handfuls of rice and meat, slabs of bread. This was the time for the serious business of eating. Nothing was said. They grinned at Gough like friendly schoolboys with a new arrival in class, indicating the meat, inviting the Englishman to take more. The village may have had a bad name but for a moment Gough had a wonderful feeling of contentment, camaraderie even. His stomach was full of good food, his dining companions were agreeable. He'd found a respite from the constant tension of war in the heart of an enemy village.

He couldn't let himself enjoy it too much. Today was his chance to find out what he wanted to know. But he mustn't hurry. He'd learned not to hurry with these farmers. Time had a different meaning here. They were polishing off the feast, sharing out the last scraps of meat as the headman spoke to the interpreter. The terp wore a Manchester United shirt under his camouflage jacket. He'd learnt to joke around with the lads, loved to swap banter with them, army jokes. But in here he looked tense.

"He says, why have you come to Helmand?" the terp said to Gough. A dozen men stopped eating to listen to his reply.

"We are here to help the Afghan government," Gough said. The farmers looked unhappy. Government people only ever came here to cut down the opium fields.

"We are also here to build peace and stability," Gough said. He had to say these things. They were in his counter-insurgency handbook. There were murmurings. The terp was starting to look really scared now. The headman began to harangue him. For a second there was a flash of anger in the headman's eyes, then it was gone. Self-control was back. Gough wondered what he was saying.

The terp looked furtive as he translated, wouldn't meet Gough's eye. "He says that before Nato came, there was peace. Now you are here, there is jang – war. Fighting every day. Bombs are dropped by planes. Like this morning. Young men are angry, go to join the Taliban."

It was what Gough expected. Were his dining companions trapped in the middle between two sides, doing their best to survive? Or had they secretly decided to throw their lot in with the enemy, the Taliban?

"Those four men today had weapons and they were running from us," he said. "We've had reports of the Taliban in this area. You must know that one of my men was killed by a bomb a few weeks ago."

He watched the faces as this was translated. Some of the farmers looked bursting with things to say. Some looked puzzled, or fearful. Two or three were old, old men, watery-eyed. They looked weighed down by their own turbans. One was a bulky, jolly chap who made jokes that seemed to be at Gough's expense, making the others laugh nervously. Two or three seemed quite friendly. A couple of the younger ones stared

with undisguised hostility. There was a drowsy-looking one. Gough guessed he was on opium even though it was haram – forbidden – not to be consumed in the village but supposedly sold strictly for export.

One just listened carefully. Gough noticed the body language of the others towards this man, the youngest one there. Raven-black long hair flowed out from under his turban. The villagers were making a point of not speaking to him but you could see they were conscious of him. Gough caught the headman glancing at the man, then looking away quickly.

The headman sighed deeply. He didn't dispute that the four boys from the neighbouring village had been Taliban. He stroked his beard, calculating what he should say. Since the war had blown up the year before, igniting in the south and spreading like wildfire up the eastern border, young men had gone to fight holy war. But nobody here was going to be rash enough to admit their young men had become fighters.

The headman sighed again, this time for dramatic effect. "It is true that many young men join the Taliban," he said through the interpreter. "They believe they are fighting for their religion and for their village. Afghans have always fought foreign invaders." There were murmurs of approval.

"Those boys who were killed today knew they could be shaheeds – martyrs. No man can escape his kismet. Their friends will be angry now and more will join the Taliban."

Not for the first time Gough wondered how he was supposed to win his war.

"At least you don't drop as many bombs as the Russians did," the headman said. The ruined ghostly villages from that war were everywhere, so were the tattered green flags marking the burial places of shaheeds and the rusting armoured vehicles. Although some of the ruins were supposed to be of villages destroyed hundreds of years ago by the Mongols.

One of the shaven-headed boys who'd been watching from the side of the room darted out to clear away the remains of the food, staring at Gough. He disappeared into a side room where the women had done the cooking, came back a few moments later with a clean mat and huge baskets of fruit.

There were yellow pomegranates which they broke open to show shiny blood-red seeds like jewels, golden-yellow grapes sparkling where the light caught the water they had been washed in, bowls of sweet purple and yellow mulberries. Best of all were the giant green watermelons, sliced into red wedges with a knife as big as a carving knife.

The headman passed Gough slices of dripping melon. It was wonderfully sweet and thirst-quenching in the late-afternoon heat. The

soldiers had learnt that you were usually OK with the melons but you risked a spectacular stomach upset if you were tempted by other fruit. Yet another risk to worry about in this treacherous land. He spoke again at length to the terp. The audience was watching Gough keenly.

"There are those who say…" the terp began, "that the English are here for revenge."

"What revenge?" Gough said, intrigued. "We are here to offer help, not take revenge."

The headman spoke again. "It is because of the Battle of Maiwand, that our ancestors fought against your ancestors. When Malalai led our forebears to victory."

Gough had heard this one before. The Battle of Maiwand was the Afghan's national myth. Malalai was their Joan of Arc. She had defeated, according to them, the British Army. When he looked the history up on the internet Gough had been mildly disappointed to see that his regiment had not been involved.

It happened during The Second Afghan war, 1880. The British, led by the general who became Lord Roberts of Kandahar (his men called him Bobs) launched a punitive mission which had been a tremendous success, except for one unfortunate setback at the dusty crossroads town of Maiwand not far from where they were eating. A British force had been chewed up and retreated and it was one of the great Victorian military disasters although soon forgotten. But not in Helmand. Down here everyone knew the story. Gough pretended he didn't, asked them to tell it.

The headman sat up, back straight, head up. "She was a young girl of true Afghan courage," he began. "When the warriors faltered before the English rifles, it was Malalai who rallied them. Led them even into the deathly bullets! She led our ghazis and they won a great victory against the English – forced them out of Afghanistan."

This wasn't quite right but Gough decided this wasn't the time to argue it out. "Times have changed," he told the headman. "The English are here to fight terrorism and help the Afghan people." He knew it wasn't much of an answer to men swollen with pride after hearing their national legend.

Green tea was being served now. The boy handed round a bowl of sweets and sugar cubes. Gough decided he'd got what he needed. He rose on his stiff legs, thanked the village profusely for the meal, asked if they were interested in contractors coming to build a well (they were) and made sure he shook hands with everyone.

Outside the sergeant looked relieved. "Did you get what you wanted Sir?" he asked. Gough ignored the tiny hint of sarcasm. He'd asked the sergeant to discreetly film the meeting from the back of the room, make sure he got everyone's face.

"Oh yes," Gough said. "The long-haired chap, the young one, he was there to find out what we were up to. He was the Taliban's man. We can't do anything now – I can't breach their code of honour – but we've learned something today and we can keep an eye out for him. You may think it a strange thing to do in the middle of a war, Sergeant, but that was one dinner that was well worth eating."

‘IN THE RUKH’ AND FOREST OFFICERS EDWARD WILLIAM STATTER CARR AND BERTRAM EVELYN SMYTHIES

BY **JANICE LINGLEY**

[Janice Lingley, an independent researcher, is a frequent contributor to the *Kipling Journal*. Her most recent article is ‘Gisborne of the Woods and Forests’, K.J. 395. *Ed*.]

My article on ‘Gisborne of the Woods and Forests’, published in the June 2023 edition of *The Kipling Journal,* explored connotations of the name Gisborne that may have influenced the first of the ‘Mowgli’ tales, ‘In the Rukh’ (1893). The article included discussion of a forest officer whom Kipling met while working as an Anglo-Indian journalist (1882–1889), Lionel Gisborne Smith (1854–1910), the brother-in-law of Sir Wilhelm Schlich (1840–1925), Inspector General of Indian Forests from 1883 to 1885 (this background first revealed to Society members by Sir Wilhelm’s son, William Herman Schlich, writing to editor Roger Lancelyn Green in the September 1966 edition of the *Journal*).[1]

In his article ‘Kipling and Forestry in India’ (*The Kipling Journal,* December 1991) the Anglo-Indian forester, ornithologist, and botanist, Bertram (‘Bill’) Evelyn Smythies (1912–1999) provides a knowledgeable and authoritative discussion of the topography and tree species of Gisborne’s *rukh*, and the role of the forest guard, in fact and fiction. He affirms Kipling’s acquaintance with Lionel Gisborne Smith, and in addition informs us that Kipling discussed forestry with another officer whom he identifies as ‘Statter Carr’.[2] Bill Smythies does not state the source of this information, but there was indeed an individual of this name in the Forest Department.

Edward William Statter Carr (1859–1940) arrived in India to begin his career in December 1881, after completing his training, lasting four months short of three years, at the French National School of Forestry established in Nancy in 1824.[3] Moreover, like his colleague in the Forest Department, Lionel Gisborne Smith, who entered the Forest Service three years earlier in 1878, Carr’s family background reveals links with Russia and with Thomas John Gisborne (1789–1868), son of the poet, moralist, and abolitionist, the Reverend Thomas Gisborne (1758–1846), both of whom feature in my article on ‘Gisborne of the Woods and Forests’. But before examining Statter Carr’s ancestry, and life as a forest officer, the family background of Bill Smythies will be considered.

The obituary in *The Commonwealth Forestry Review*[4] for Bill Smythies’s father, the distinguished Anglo-Indian forester, Evelyn

Arthur Smythies, C.I.E. (1885–1975), is prefaced by a quotation from the opening lines of Kipling's story, 'The Tomb of His Ancestors' (1897), on the theme of families for whom professional service in India was a well-established tradition: 'certain families serve India generation after generation, as dolphins follow in line across the open sea.' As foresters, this is certainly true of three generations of the Smythies. Evelyn's father, Arthur (1848–1934), joined the Indian Forest Service in 1870, and in 1884 married Gertrude Aston, the daughter of a colonel retired from the Bombay Army, in Saharanpur. Evelyn, their first-born child, named after John Evelyn (1620–1706), author of *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest-Trees* (1664),[5] was born in Dehradun, where Arthur Smythies was employed at the Forest School. Arthur's grandson, Bill, was born in the hill-station at Nainital, Uttarakhand, four years after Evelyn's appointment as Assistant Conservator of Forests in Uttar Pradesh in 1908. The author of Evelyn's obituary adopts the pseudonym, 'The Third Dolphin', implying that it was in fact penned by Bill Smythies.

Bill was first taken on a tour of his father's forest reserve at the age of three months and accompanied his parents on their jungle forays and encampments until old enough to be schooled in England. His mother, Olive Smythies, records that: 'The last cold weather before Bill left us was spent in a particularly lovely part of the forest. We did our best to create happy memories for him.'[6] Living in retirement with her husband in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, Olive wrote two books recalling her life as the wife of an Anglo-Indian forest officer: *Tiger Lady, Adventures in the Indian Jungle* (1953) (quoted above) and *Ten Thousand Miles on Elephants* (1961). Both include allusions to, and citations from, Kipling. The introduction to *Tiger Lady,* summarising the work of the forest officer, includes a substantial quotation from the opening of 'In the Rukh'. In this book, Olive also recalls the famine following the flu epidemic of 1918, when her husband, then working in the Ranagar forest division, was responsible for implementing the Famine Code, and she cites Kipling's Anglo-Indian story, 'William the Conqueror' (Part I, 1895; Part II, 1896), which is based on an Indian famine.[7] Evelyn Smythies built on the experience of his famine relief work to pioneer the establishment of fuel and fodder plantations along the sides of irrigation canals and around villages in the plains. He was a co-founder at Ranagar of India's first National Park, now known as the Jim Corbett National Park. His book *India's Forest Wealth*, published by the Oxford University Press in 1925, was written with a view to making the British public more aware of the importance of forests.

However, it seems most likely that the primary source of the information about the forester Statter Carr was Bill Smythies's grandfather, Arthur who, like Statter Carr, was trained at Nancy. His career as a forest officer was not only contemporaneous with Kipling's seven years

as an Anglo-Indian journalist, but also overlapped to some extent the careers of Statter Carr and Gisborne Smith.

Before his schooling at Rugby, Arthur's childhood was spent in the Charnwood District of Leicestershire, where his father, the Reverend Edward Smythies (1818–1891), was the Rector of Hathern. Bill's grandmother, Elizabeth, née March-Phillipps (1814–1866), was the niece of the radical politician, Charles March-Phillipps (1779–1862) of Garendon Hall, and the cousin of Ambrose Lisle March-Phillipps de Lisle (1809–1878). De Lisle, a Catholic convert, was the founder, in 1835, of the Cistercian Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Charnwood Forest, where the monks farmed a large tract of land and were charitable in their relief of the starving poor of the surrounding villages.[8] Until he went to Rugby, Arthur was tutored at home. The 1861 census reveals that Arthur and his four brothers and two sisters were all taught by a governess. That his childhood was spent within the environs of a forest which harboured a great variety of flora and fauna is clear from the botanical and ornithological appendix to Thomas Rossell Potter's (1799–1873) *History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest*, published in 1842.

Whether or not Kipling became aware of Arthur Smythies's family background is a moot point, but his uncle, Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), was familiar with the Charnwood area from his holidays as a child and adolescent on the 265-acre farm at Harris Bridge, near Sibson, south-west of the Forest, owned by his uncle and aunt, John and Amelia Choyce. A visit to Mount St. Bernard Abbey as a young person made a deep and lasting impression on Burne-Jones.[9] Thus Kipling may have learned that Charnwood Forest possessed a literature,[10] to which the Reverend Thomas Gisborne, author of 'Walks in a Forest' (1794), made his own distinctive contribution: an historical romance in rhyming couplets titled 'Rothley Temple', published in 1815. The poem is based on the country estate of his brother-in-law, close friend, and fellow abolitionist, Thomas Babington (1758–1837), and is dedicated to him.[11] Thomas Babington's home, located on the north-eastern edge of Charnwood Forest, was named 'Rothley Temple'. Attached to the mansion (now a hotel) is an ancient chapel, carefully preserved by the Babington family, once belonging to the ill-fated Knights Templars, who had owned and farmed a large estate at this location in the medieval period. In Gisborne's narrative, a young Knight Templar returns to England to claim his inheritance. After negotiating Charnwood's topography, he is made welcome at Rothley by a company of Knights Templar, who are identified with local 18th century villages and estates, and their associated history. Among this select gathering is Francis Noel Clarke Mundy (1739–1815) of Osbaston Hall, author of the poems, 'Needwood Forest' (1776) and 'The Fall of Needwood' (1808).

At the time Kipling began work on the *Civil & Military Gazette* in Lahore, Arthur Smythies was Conservator of Forests in the Jaunsar region of northern India, in the north-west of Dehradun. He subsequently worked as an instructor of botany at the Forest School in Dehradun, and in 1887 was appointed its Deputy Director. In an unsigned article which appeared in the *Civil & Military Gazette* on 23 December 1881, emphasis is placed on the importance of the School's Herbarium for teaching purposes, and an increased awareness of botany is advocated: 'Perhaps no class of European residents in India, official or non-official, has such facilities for botanizing and plant-collecting as the officers of the Forest Department . . . We do not think it too much were Government to require that every Forest officer and Ranger should within a reasonable time make up as complete an Herbarium of the Flora of his district as it may be possible to do . . .'. The writer recommends the recording of the vernacular names of plants, and their economic and medicinal uses. Arthur Smythies is named, along with the German botanist, forestry academic, and pioneer conservationist, Dietrich Brandis (1824–1907), as one of those who contributed plants collected in the forests in and near Dehradun to the School's Herbarium.

In an article on the Forest Department which appeared in the *CMG* on 16 January 1882, it was reported: 'From the commencement, great care has been taken to maintain an intimate connection between the forest administration in India and in those countries in Europe where large areas of State and commercial forests are managed according to a regular system.' It is this 'regular system' that Arthur Smythies, with his emphasis on a botanically informed approach to conservation, perhaps considered should be broader in scope: a view that his grandson, as a botanist and ornithologist, may well have shared. This wider understanding of the importance of forest may have motivated Bill Smythies's concluding emphasis, in his *Kipling Journal* article, on Dietrich Brandis's pioneering attempts to conserve forested land, despite the determined opposition of vested interests. In his book (cited above), Evelyn Smythies also stresses Brandis's courage and persistence in 'the contest against greed, ignorance and short-sightedness, for his efforts at introducing sound principles of organization and protection met with a storm of opposition from all sides, and particularly from mercantile firms engaged in the timber business.'[12]

Arthur Smythies's involvement in the Forest School ended in 1896, when he was appointed Conservator of Forests in Burma. On retirement, Arthur and Gertrude settled in Dolton, in the Torridge area of North Devon, not very far from where Kipling was schooled at Westward Ho!. On leave for six months in 1921, Evelyn and Olive journeyed to England with their eight-year-old son to find a suitable school for him, and the family appears at Dolton in the census return for this year. Bill's

school holidays were spent with his grandparents in the Devonshire village, so he was close to his grandfather as a child.

Bill Smythies and his wife Florence ('Jill') (1919–1994), a botanical artist, settled in retirement at Mersham, Redhill, in Surrey, in 1979. Bill became a member of The Kipling Society in 1984. He contributed to the *Journal* several interesting 'Letters to the Editor' on a variety of subjects, and also attended at least two of the Society's meetings.[13] John Whitehead's obituary in *The Kipling Journal*,[14] a most sympathetic and engaging account, complements the more formal eulogy, focusing on Smythies's work and publications as a naturalist, that had appeared in *The Times*.[15] It seems likely that Bill Smythies (no doubt accompanied by Jill) visited Bateman's, and that the visit may have been the inspiration for his article. Noting, in his introduction, Kipling's interest in 'systematic botany', Smythies comments: 'The presence to this day among the books in his study at Bateman's of Schlich's five-volume *A Manual of Forestry* suggests an interest in forestry also.'

That this remarkable Anglo-Indian forester, from an equally remarkable family, thought it appropriate to include mention of Statter Carr, along with Gisborne Smith, in his discussion of the fictional Gisborne's *rukh* is thus all the more intriguing.

Edward William Statter Carr was born in Chelsea, London, in 1857, where his father, Edward Statter Carr (1829–1898), was a wealthy London solicitor.[16] Statter Carr joined the Indian Forest Department in 1881, when he was appointed an Assistant Conservator of Forests, Third Grade, and assigned to the Changa Manga Division in the Punjab. His career as an Anglo-Indian Forest Officer was to last 32 years. Initially, as a Lower Grade Officer, he served in the Lahore, Multan, and Rawalpindi Divisions. Two months in charge of the Lahore Division in 1882 were succeeded by further periods in the Division in 1886, 1887 and 1888, as both a Deputy and an Assistant Conservator. After two years' furlough from 1899 to 1901, Edward Carr was for a year the Deputy Conservator at Thayetmayo, in Burma. He then returned to India to serve for three years as Conservator of Forests in Shillong in the north-east. For the rest of his career as a Conservator of Forests, until his retirement in 1914, he was again based in central Burma.

In contrast, Lionel Gisborne Smith, who joined the Forest Department on 11 July 1878, spent his entire career as a Forest Conservator in India, serving in such places as Darjeeling (1878), Kulu (1888), Simla (1893), Jubbulpore (1898) and Damoh (1900). Like Carr, he also had experience of working in Lahore; he was attached to the Conservator's Office there in 1880; he served as Deputy Conservator in 1888, and again in 1890–91, and 1893. It is thus likely that Carr and Smith knew each other, and that Kipling would have had opportunities to converse with

both these forest officers. It can be well imagined that Kipling and Gisborne Smith would have formed an instant rapport by virtue of their experience in childhood of Epping Forest. The Kipling children had spent a very happy extended holiday there with their mother in 1877, and Gisborne Smith (as stated in my previous article) was educated at the Forest School in Walthamstow.

In 1905, Edward Carr married Effie Soames, a solicitor's daughter, born in 1872, in Street, Hampshire. Effie died in Kensington in 1939; Edward passed away in Rathmines, Dublin. It may be that he moved to Ireland to be nearer his sister, Kate Ada Statter Deverell (1864–1952). Kate and her husband, William Deverell (1862–1934), solicitor and Clerk of the Crown and Peace for Co. Wicklow, lived just south of Dublin. Edward's father had also spent his last years in Ireland, domiciled with his daughter and son-in-law.

Edward Carr was directly descended from a family of 18th and 19th century British merchants based in St. Petersburg.[17] It was here, in 1794, that Edward's grandfather, George Carr (1794–1876), an attorney at law, and his siblings, were born. Edward's great-grandparents, George (c. 1759–1836) and Mary Carr (née Statter),[18] were members of a prosperous, expatriate, mercantile enclave in St. Petersburg, which from the end of the 18th century until the middle of the 19th, dominated the country's foreign trade. Britain's industrial revolution required substantial imports of raw materials; by the late 18th century, over 50 per cent of its tallow and 80 per cent of its flax came from Russia, as did almost 75 per cent of the timber masts essential to its naval and mercantile fleets. St. Petersburg's British merchants also kept the Russians well supplied with luxury goods, and London and Amsterdam bankers supported the Imperial Treasury with loans.[19]

The British enjoyed a privileged social position. A German observer of this commercial élite commented that, possessed of—

> their own chapel[20] and despising all other nations, but most of all their protectors, the Russians, they live shut up by themselves, drive English horses and carriages, go bear hunting on the Neva, as they do tiger hunting on the Ganges, disdain to lift their hats to the Emperor himself and proud of their indispensableness and the invincibility of their fleets, defy everybody, find fault with everything they see, but are highly thought of by the government and by all . . .[21]

The Carrs almost certainly knew the Reverend Thomas Gisborne's son, Thomas John Gisborne, both professionally and socially, during the time he was the British Consul in St. Petersburg (1832–1838). Edward's great-uncle, Joseph Simpson, born in St. Petersburg c. 1797, served as a Vice-Consul at Kronstadt at the time when Thomas Gisborne was Consul.

There is a letter extant from Simpson in which he writes, at Gisborne's request, to supply details of shipping to the British Ambassador who, from 1832 to 1835, was the Honourable Sir John Duncan Bligh (1798–1872).[22] In 1835, three years before Gisborne resigned as Consul, Sir John married twenty-one-year-old Elizabeth Mary Gisborne, the only daughter of Gisborne's brother, also named Thomas (1789–1852), by his first marriage to Elizabeth Fysche Palmer. It was this Thomas Gisborne, a Whig politician and M.P., who had agreed to sell land in Charnwood Forest to Ambrose de Lisle for the building of the first permanent abbey to be established in Britain following the Reformation.

The will of Edward Carr's father provides fascinating glimpses into his ancestors' Russian lifestyle:[23] George and Mary Carr had their portraits painted by James Saxon.[24] There is reference to a scarf pin made with onyx brought back from the Ural Mountains in 1854 by George Carr's brother-in-law, James Joshua Carr (1798–1864). Other family heirlooms include a Russian silver race cup[25] won by another ancestor, John Statter, in Moscow in 1793, as well as divers items bearing the Carr Crest, and the Carr and Statter Coat of Arms. James Joshua's daughter, Harriet Catherine Carr, married Pierre Romanoff, a scion of Russia's ruling family.[26] Joseph Simpson's will[27] identifies a ring presented to his paternal grandfather by the family of the distinguished Russian General, Mikhail Kutuzov (1745–1813), who masterminded Napoleon's defeat.

However, this also was the era of Russia's ominous advance across Asia towards the Indian frontier. Peter Hopkirk writes:

> Despite St. Petersburg's repeated assurances that it had no hostile intent towards India, and that each advance was its last, it looked to many as though it was all part of a grand design to bring the whole of Central Asia under Tsarist sway. And once that was accomplished, it was feared, the final advance would begin on India—the greatest of imperial prizes.[28]

Kipling's Editor on the *CMG,* Stephen Wheeler, was an expert on Russia's militarism, and made sure his young Assistant Editor was aware of it too.[29] He set Kipling to work translating reports of Russia's territorial incursions appearing in the French-language newspaper, *Journal de St. Petersburg,*[30] and the Russian newspaper, *Novoie Vremya.*[31] Rudyard also translated the war diaries of a Russian adventurer, Lieutenant Ali Khan.[32] His knowledge of the country and its language originated in his schoolboy days at the United Services College in North Devon. The headmaster and family friend, Cormell Price (1835–1910), had worked in Russia as tutor to the family of a Russian nobleman, and he gave his Westward Ho! pupil lessons in the language, on the basis of the

humorous proposition that 'Rudyard would be able to make himself understood if he were sent to Siberia for lampooning the authorities'; also that, when he returned to India, some Russian 'would be a useful tool in the Great Game being played out for control of Central Asia.'[33]

In 'In the Rukh', Kipling links the Changa Manga plantation, with which both Carr and Smith were closely associated at various times in their careers, with the fictional Gisborne's forest reserve, apparently with a view to making them in some way analogous, and yet at the same time distinct and apart. Gisborne reacts to the Head Ranger Muller's arrival in his forest with the comment: 'officially, he ought to be looking over the Changamanga *rukh*. I suppose that's why he's on my ground.' Located 44 miles north-west of Lahore and covering an area of 20 square miles, the plantation (now a Forest Park), was established in 1860 to supply the timber required for railway track ties and engine fuel. It was Dietrich Brandis (subsequently Inspector-General of Forests from 1864 to 1881), who pioneered the development of the tract of land which, before being sequestered by the Anglo-Indian government, had been common land covered with scrub and thorn forest, providing local villagers with fodder and fuel. In what appears to be a conflation of Changa Manga with Gisborne's forest reserve, Muller tells his young officer: 'I remember when dere was no *rukh* more big than your knee, from here to the plough-lands'. The first crop of timber was taken from Changa Manga the year Statter Carr joined the Forest Service and was appointed to the Changa Manga Division.

In conclusion, the fact that both Lionel Gisborne Smith and Edward Statter Carr have familial and historical links with the Gisborne family of Derbyshire would seem to be more than simply coincidental. By identifying Statter Carr as a forest officer Kipling met, as well as confirming his acquaintance with Gisborne Smith, Bertram Smythies makes a significant contribution to our understanding of the background to the first of the 'Mowgli' tales.

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NOTES

1 Gisborne Smith: 'Mr H.W. Schlich writes … 'My father never met Kipling but I have always understood that Gisborne was one Gisborne Smith, who was the brother of my father's first wife and my step-uncle.'; "News and Notes: 'In The Rukh' Originals', in *The Kipling Journal,* Vol. 33, No. 159, September 1966, p. 2.

2 Bertram Smythies,'Kipling and Forestry in India': 'Kipling discussed forestry with Statter Carr and Gisborne Smith, and perhaps other forest officers, but his character Gisborne, like most characters in fiction, is probably based on more than one original'; p. 36.

3 The training of Anglo-Indian foresters at the School in Nancy dates from 1867. Application was via The India Office in London, who stipulated candidates should be of 'active habits' and possess 'a strong constitution'. Parents of prospective candidates were advised that, following a medical examination, 'Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India will select those whom he deems best adapted for the service. The Candidates accepted by the Secretary of State must undergo a regular course of training of two years and a half in the management of forests and the science of Forestry, in Surveying, Road-making, and the Natural Sciences. For this purpose, those Candidates who possess a sufficient knowledge of German will be directed to proceed to Germany; while, for those who pass in the French language, the course of training will be in France.'; Philip, 1872, p. 168.

4 Evelyn Arthur Smythies: the Obituary is available on the JSTOR website.

5 Kipling and John Evelyn's *Silva*: Carrington, p. 480.

6 Bill Smythies's Indian childhood: Smythies, 1953, p. 73.

7 The 1918 Indian famine: Smythies, 1961, pp. 68–73.

8 Mount St. Bernard Abbey and the relief of the poor: Potter, p. 158. On Saturday 17 May, 1845, the *Leicestershire Mercury* reported: 'In the short space of three months 5226 persons in indigent circumstances have been relieved with food at the Monastery at Mount St. Bernard, in Charnwood Forest; and 644 have been provided with lodgings.' (p. 3) This implies a transient rather than local population, so it is

possible these people were victims of the Irish Famine, who fled to this country in large numbers and settled in industrialised cities such as London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow. Leicester also attracted Irish immigrants: see Nessan Danaher's 1999 PhD thesis, 'The Irish in Leicester c.1841-c.1891, A Study of a Minority Community in the East Midlands'; available on the *Ethos* website.

9 Edward Burne-Jones and Charnwood: MacCarthy, pp. 7–8, 23, 36.

10 Charnwood Forest: Like other extensive areas of common land, Charnwood had been the subject of enclosures. There survives in an 18th century manuscript a ballad opera expressing the protests against the expropriation of land; see Porter and Tiusanen; available online.

11 An excellent summary account of the close relationship between Thomas Babington and Thomas Gisborne, as well as their partnership and friendship with Wilberforce, is given in the Rothley History Society publication by Sheppard and Whyte.

12 Dietrich Brandis and conservation: Smythies, 1925, p. 7.

13 Bill Smythies's Letters to *The Kipling Journal* Editor: 'Three more or less Malay phrases' (No. 260, March 1986, pp. 35–6); 'Fairy-Kist: Four Pictures on a Wall' (No. 242, June 1987, pp. 50–54); 'The Janeites' (No. 279, September 1996, pp. 51–52); 'The Adjutant and its Pouch' (No. 282, June 1997, p. 43); also two letters concerning the poem 'Mandalay' (1890), its geography and musical settings (No. 258, June 1991, pp. 34–6; No. 273, March 1995, pp. 47–9). Two further Letters by Smythies record lively anecdotes concerning the intelligence and dexterity of the elephant, the first of these describing an incident that occurred during a ride through the jungle with his mother (No. 258, June 1991, p. 48, and No. 277, March 1996, p. 57). Bill Smythies attended the Society's Annual Luncheon on 4 May 1988, at the Royal Commonwealth Society, and he was present at a meeting of the Society in November 1990, when Miss Caroline Stanley-Millson spoke on the subject of 'Kipling's Elephants'.

14 Obituary by John Whitehead, pp. 66–69.

15 Obituary, *The Times,* Saturday 31 July 1999, Issue 66581, p. 22; available online.

16 There were lawyers on both the paternal and maternal sides of the Carr family; Edward's niece, Averil Katherine Statter Deverell (1893–1979), for example, became Ireland's first lady barrister.

17 The Carr family in Russia: attested in the biography for Averil Katherine Statter Deverell, available on the website of The Inner Temple: *www.innertemple.org.uk/women-in-law/pioneering-women-in-law*.

18 Edward's great-grandfather was born in Newcastle Upon Tyne, and his great-grandmother Mary Carr died there in 1855. Carrs feature prominently in the city's civic life as mayors and sheriffs from the 15th to the 18th centuries. Ever since the 13th century the merchants of the city and port had enjoyed special privileges. In 1547, King Edward IV instituted the Fellowship of the Merchant Adventurers of the Town and County of Newcastle Upon Tyne, and all the members of this company were able to become Merchant Adventurers of England, and hence eligible subsequently to join the Eastland Company of Merchants and the Russian Company: *British History Online*.

19 British trade with Russia: Lincoln, pp. 61–62.

20 The British 'chapel' in St. Petersburg: Pre-1917, located at 56 English Embankment, and variously known as the British Factory Church, the Embassy Church, and subsequently as the English Church of St. Mary and All Saints.

21 Thompson, Stuart, ‘British Merchant Houses’, pp. 111–12, quoting J.G. Kohl, ‘Sketches of Russian Commerce’, in *Hunts Merchants Magazine,* X, 3 (1844), p. 216.
22 British Museum Additional MS.412285: Bligh Papers, Vol. XVIII, Diplomatic Correspondence, 14 May 1833, Aug. 1857, Presented by the Earl of Chichester; on folio 26: a letter dated 9 May 1833, Cronstadt, from Joseph Simpson: ‘To the Honorable J.D. Bligh’. The letter begins: ‘Sir, I had the honor of receiving your communication thro’ the medium of Mr. Gisborne late yesterday evening . . .’
23 The will of Edward Statter Carr, Senior, d. 11 September 1898; proved 31 October 1898.
24 James Saxon (1772 to c.1819): a British portraitist who practised successfully in St. Petersburg during at least two visits prior to 1805 and 1819; (*ODNB Online*).
25 Silver race cup: Horse-racing was introduced into Russia by Count Aleksei Orlov (1737–1808).
26 Harriet Catherine Carr’s marriage into the Romanoff family is referred to in her father’s will, proved 21 June 1865; he died on 28 May of this year; Edward Statter Carr, Senior, was an executor.
27 The will of Joseph Simpson, d. 1 October 1887, was proved on 16 November 1887; Edward Statter Carr, Senior, was an executor.
28 The Great Game: Hopkirk (2006), p. 4.
29 Stephen Wheeler and Russia: Vaughan-Spruce, pp. 41–44.
30 The *Journal de St.-Pétersbourg,* or *Journal de Saint-Pétersbourg,* was published in St. Petersburg from 1825 to 1914.
31 *Novoie Vremya* was published in St. Petersburg from 1868 to 1917.
32 Kipling and Russia: Lycett, pp. 125–6.
33 Kipling and Cormell Price: Lycett, p. 93.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

January 2025

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mr. David BAINES *(Buckinghamshire, UK)*
Ms. Teresa BALOUGH *(Connecticut, USA)*
Ms. Arati BANERJEA *(London, UK)*
Mr. Peter BOLWELL *(East Sussex, UK)*
Mr. Alexander GEDDES *(Tyne and Wear, UK)*
Mr. John HUMPHREYS *(London, UK)*
Mr. Ian MATHER *(Cumbria, UK)*
Mr. Maxwell McBURNEY *(Nürnberg, Germany)*
Ms. Magdalena NUSPAHIC *(London, UK)*
Ms. Anna SEARLS *(New South Wales, Australia)*
Ms. Mary WHITE *(Kent, UK)*

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Members are reminded that the annual subscription rates for membership of the Society have gone up as of January this year. Details of the new rates are printed on the back cover of recent editions of the *Kipling Journal*, the electronic versions of which can also be viewed on the Society's website. The PayPal function on the Society's website has been updated to reflect the new rates. Members who pay by cheque/check and bank transfer are kindly requested to ensure that they are paying the new rate. UK-based members who already pay by standing order will be contacted with information about how to update their payments. Members who would like to start paying by standing order or who wish to move to online membership should contact me at the email address below.

LEAVING THE SOCIETY

If your subscription will not be renewed when it becomes due, I would greatly appreciate a short message to that effect in order to keep our membership records up to date. I can be contacted by post (Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex TN19 7HP, UK) or via email (ksmemsec@outlook.com).

Fiona Renshaw
Membership Secretary

‘THE EVOLUTION NEVER VARIED’: ‘MRS BATHURST’ AND EARLY FILM

BY **LAURA MARCUS**

[Laura Marcus (1956–2021), F.B.A., Goldsmith Professor of English Literature and Fellow of New College at the University of Oxford, was a scholar of British literature who published widely on 19th and 20th century literature and film. This article, taken from her book *The Tenth Muse: Writing about Cinema in the Modernist Period* (2007), is published by kind permission of the Oxford University Press. *Ed*.]

Film – and markedly, a ‘train’ film – arrived most powerfully in the literary arena with Rudyard Kipling’s story ‘Mrs Bathurst’. Kipling’s story is a frame tale; the narrator is visiting Simon’s Bay in South Africa, where he runs into his friend Inspector Hooper of the Cape Government Railways. As they shelter from the heat inside a railway carriage, they are joined by two marines, Pyecroft and Pritchard. They drink beer and Pyecroft and Pritchard exchange stories about deserters they have known, including a man called Vickery, known as Click because of his ill-fitting false teeth. Vickery’s desertion seems to have been linked to his feelings for a woman called Mrs Bathurst who kept a hotel near Auckland and ‘used to look after us all’. Pyecroft and Pritchard both attest to the extraordinary quality of Mrs Bathurst – of remembering the men who had stayed in her hotel and of being remembered: ‘how she stood an’ what she was sayin’ an’ what she looked like … Some women will stay in a man’s memory if they once walk down a street.’[1] There is a mystery about the relationship between Mrs Bathurst and Click, though there is a repeated insistence that Mrs Bathurst was not to blame, could not have been at fault, whatever transpired.

At this point the conversation takes a different turn. Pyecroft asks Hooper if he has visited the Circus in Cape Town where he would have seen the Biograph or Cinematograph: ‘London Bridge with the omni-buses – a troopship goin’ to the war – marines on parade at Portsmouth, an’ the Plymouth Express arrivin’ at Paddin’ton.’[2] He continues with his story about the events of the previous year – of shore leave and Vickery’s insistence that he join him to watch the pictures. Pyecroft had hoped for a drink to match the shilling seats, but was told by Vickery that he wanted him sober for the occasion. ‘I caught ‘’is face under a lamp just ten, an’ the appearance of it quite cured me of my thirst … It made me anxious.’

> Then the Western Mail came in to Paddin’ton on the big magic-lantern sheet. First we saw the platform empty an’ the porters standin’ by. Then the engine come in, head on, an’ the women in the

> front row jumped: she headed so straight. Then the doors opened and passengers came out and the porters got the luggage–just like life. Only–only when any of them came down too far towards us that was watchin', they walked right out of the picture, so to speak. I was 'ighly interested, I can tell you. So were all of us. I watched an old man with a rug 'oo'd dropped a book an' was tryin' to pick it up, when quite slowly, from be'ind two porters–carryin' a little reticule an' lookin' from side to side–comes our Mrs Bathurst. There was no mistakin' that walk in a hundred thousand. She come forward–right forward–she looked out straight at us with that blindish look which Pritchard alluded to. She walked on and on till she melted out of the picture–like–like a shadow jumpin' over a candle, an' as she went I 'eard Dawson in the tickey seats be'ind sing out: 'Christ! There's Mrs B.!'[3]

Vickery, he continues, 'touched me on the knee again. He was clickin' his four false teeth with his jaw down like an enteric at the last kick.' Leaving the Circus, Vickery dragged him on a joyless bar-crawl round the town, uttering not a single word other than 'Let's have another.'

For the next four evenings the pattern was repeated. 'The evolution never varied. Two shillings for us two; five minutes o' the picture, an' perhaps forty-five seconds o' Mrs B. walking down towards us, with that blindish look in her eyes an' the reticule in her hand. Then out–walk–and drink till train time.'

It became clear that Vickery was being driven into a state of madness by what he saw: '"She's looking for me," he said, stoppin' dead under a lamp an' clickin'.'[4] Vickery is sent by the ship's captain alone on a mission to Bloemfontein, after which he apparently deserted. Hooper (the railway inspector who had been listening to the story) reveals that he had recently come across the charred bodies of two men on the railways, burnt to charcoal in a lightning storm. One of the men was tattooed with M.V. and had false teeth–Pyecroft and Pritchard affirm that it must have been Vickery. The story ends with Pyecroft's words, in reference to the picture-going at the Circus with Vickery: ' 'avin' seen his face for five consecutive nights on end, I'm inclined to finish the beer an' thank Gawd he's dead.'[5]

The story is an enigmatic one, and the enigma lies with the Cinematograph, whose film is at one level seen to possess a fundamental innocence, that of a world on a screen at once magical and mundane: 'I watched an old man with a rug 'oo'd dropped a book an' was tryin' to pick it up.' It is this vision of cinema that Mrs Bathurst disrupts, as she emerges on the screen […] The inaugural 'shock' of the cinema has become tied to the Lumière Brothers' 1895 film 'Arrival of a Train', which became the founding myth, or 'primal scene' of cinema: a story

of the irruption of the new and of an unprecedented encounter with the force and trajectory of the moving image. Kipling reinscribed this founding moment, sidelining the train, or putting it into a siding– 'The engine come in, head on, an' the women in the front row jumped – she headed so straight'– and made the true moment of shock that of the recognition of one of its passengers –'Christ! That's Mrs B.!' Mrs Bathurst, or at least her screen image, heads as straight as the engine, and might indeed be said to take the place of the train in this differently played out narrative of cinematic shock: one in which the interplay of shock and recognition paralleled that of the simultaneous 'astonishment and knowledge' ascribed by Gunning to the historical spectator of early cinema.[6]

'She come forward–right forward–she looked out straight at us with that blindish look which Pritchard alluded to.' In some sense, Mrs Bathurst has always been walking that walk towards the camera: 'Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street.' 'Blindish' is a telling attribute, or defect, in this context. Kipling shifts from the film spectators – 'us that was watchin' – to Mrs Bathurst 'looking from side to side' and then looking out 'straight at us'. How do you look, and what do you see, with that 'blindish look'? We could read Mrs Bathurst's blindish look (attributed to her before we hear of her cinematic appearance) as an analogue for early cinema's looking without seeing, as in the passage … from Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*: 'It seemed to see and saw not.'[7] The muteness of the figures in the silent film also seemed to bring with it the implication of blindness.

The technique of the Cinematographe was a continuous shooting of a single event from a single and fixed point of view, before multiple-shot films and editing techniques were developed to create interwoven relations of point of view and spatial relationships, including eyeline matches, outlawing (other than in avant-garde film and other specific cases) the direct look at the camera. Vickery is 'lost' because Mrs Bathurst's look at the camera – which he turns into a look at him – creates a confusion in him between 'looking at' and 'looking for', and it drives him to madness and to death.

Neither Vickery nor Pyecroft is interested in the other Circus spectators and shows, of which the five minutes of the pictures are only part – though Pyecroft had hoped for a 'swift drink and a speedy return [to the Circus] because I wanted to see the performin' elephants.' We could contrast Kipling's story with D.H. Lawrence's novel *The Lost Girl*, in which the moving pictures appear alongside live acrobatic performances as a way, it would appear, of contrasting the mechanical, lifeless, repetitive nature of the cinema with the marvellous movements of the live human body […] Lawrence, in reinserting film back into the context of live performance (and he was writing in the 1920s, not

in the very early years of cinema, as Kipling was) put all the emphasis on the question of motion and the somatic (as in the spreading of the self across the screen) as a cultural 'ooze' through which, here and in other writing, he could represent the contamination of modernity by cinematic vision. Kipling, by extracting the film from the performances that surround it, makes the question much more of temporality, and of the relentless forward movement and irreversibility. Mrs Bathurst just keeps on coming forward: 'The evolution never varied.'

What is the role of repetition in Kipling's story? Vickery's 'clicking' becomes not only increasingly frenetic but increasingly mechanical: '"' 'E was clickin' 'is four false teeth like a Marconi ticker."' This is a reference to Marconi's wireless telegraph, which printed out messages in ticker-tape fashion, and, we could say, in the fashion of celluloid moving through a projector. Vickery's clicking is, indeed, as much an accompaniment to the film as the ' "little dynamo like buzzin' " ' of the projector as the pictures are screened, while his mechanical 'clicking' and his capture by the mechanisms of repetition – 'the evolution never varied' – puts him in the position of the film projector rather than the spectator, running the films through himself over and over again. His frenetic walking round the town after the films – his 'desperate round' – is mechanical and mimetic, linked both to the film and to Mrs B's walking on until she melted out of the picture. He dies by burning up – like paper or like nitrate film. After death, his tattoo – his mark – shows up on his charred skin as 'writing shows up white on a burned letter.'[8]

Film, in this story, is on the side of repetition, obsession and death, though it could be argued that this stems from Vickery's inability to negotiate the particular forms of presence and absence projected in the new art of the film, even as he comes to embody the workings of the cinematic apparatus itself. For Franz Kafka, absorbed in cinema as he was, film, as Stephen Heath has noted, ultimately produced an excess in seeing, a demonic technical element which both challenges our habits of vision and confronts the author's powers of sight and writing with impossible demands. It is interesting, at least, that Kafka calls films *phantasie-prosthesen*, 'artificial props', and that he likens them to false teeth.[9]

In a detailed reading of Mrs Bathurst', Nicholas Daly has argued that 'Mrs Bathurst' should be seen as one of Kipling's Boer War stories:

> The capacity of the camera to conjure up [Tom] Gunning's 'parallel world of phantasmatic doubles' took on a special role in a Britain that had to simultaneously assimilate the new medium of motion pictures and a particular national trauma, the military catastrophe of the distant Anglo-Boer War (1899–1902). While 'Mrs Bathurst'

> takes stock of a revolution of the image, then, it is also a story about industrialised warfare.[10]

Vickery, Daly suggests, is petrified not by machine culture *per se*, but 'an encounter with the specific nature of the Boergraph or Wargraph, and his excessive annihilation at the end is a symptom of what the story has elided: the war dead.'[11] The question of 'seeing' also evokes the issues of visibility raised by the war, 'for those actually there in South Africa who found that their experience of other wars was no preparation for war with an invisible enemy, but also for those at home who longed desperately to "see" the war, and who had to make do with actualités of marching troops, and "photo-faked" battle scenes from Salisbury Plain …If 'Mrs Bathurst' is one of Kipling's most inscrutable tales… it is in part because we sense in it [as Kipling wrote in his autobiography *Something of Myself*] the "whole pressure of the dead of the Boer War flickering and re-forming.'[12]

In Daly's account, the actuality film thus becomes a form of screen for the (Boer) war film. This is a powerful reading, which nonetheless leaves open what Kipling wanted from the cinematic image, as well as the relation between literary and film form. A significant question here is Kipling's use of aposiopesis – the rhetorical device of breaking off the sentence or narrative in order to withhold information or a secret – and its links to walking out of the frame. Mary Ann Doane has suggested […] that 'time, death and invisibility are welded together at the edge of the frame and between shots, in the unseen space that makes it possible for the cinema to say anything at all,' a comment that chimes with the emphases in early commentaries on the ways in which figures and objects 'vanish' from the edge of the screen.'[13] Mrs Bathurst's 'melting out of the picture', the phrase suggesting combustibility, is the counterpart to, and an anticipation of, Vickery's death by burning. The open-endedness of the short story is another kind of vanishing, with the literary frame-tale's borders becoming as unstable as the film frame itself.

While the pictures in 'Mrs Bathurst' are described as 'alive and moving … taken from the very thing itself, you see', it remains unclear what it was that Kipling believed you see in the Cinematograph. Elliot Gilbert, in a commentary on the story published in 1970, understood it to be an exploration of the workings of 'blind chance.'[14] These turns can, in the context of the story's filmic preoccupations, be translated into those of 'vision' and 'contingency.' The single-shot actuality film has come to exemplify a contingency which welds together, as Doane has written, 'movement, time and bodies.' While the ascription of a concern with filmic ontology to Kipling can only be speculative, there is certainly a perception of cinema in the story as 'lost presence', or in

Christian Metz's phrase, 'the presence of an absence.' This then comes together with the blurring of a borderline between the living and the dead.[15]

NOTES

1 Kipling 'Mrs Bathurst,' *Traffics and Discoveries*, (London: Macmillan, 1904), p. 352
2 *Ibid.* p. 353
3 *Ibid*. pp. 355–6
4 *Ibid*. pp. 358–9
5 *Ibid.* pp. 365
6 Tom Gunning, 'An Aesthetic of Astonishment: Early Film and the (In)Credulous Spectator', in Leo Braudy and Marshall Cohen (eds.) *Film Theory and criticism: Introductory Readings* (Oxford: Oxford University Press 1999), pp. 820–25. [Discussed in *The Tenth Muse*, pp. 71–2.)
7 Thomas Mann The Magic Mountain tr. Helen Lowe-Porter (Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1975) , quoted in *The Tenth Muse* p. 36
8 Kipling 'Mrs Bathurst', *Traffics and Discoveries* (London, Macmillan 1904) 359, 355, 359, 364
9 Stephen Heath 'Cinema and PsychoAnalysis: Parallel Histories' in Janet Bergstrom (ed.) *Endless Night: Cinema and PsychoAnalysis, Parallel Histories* (Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1999), p. 31.
10 Nicholas Daly, *Literature, Technology and Modernity, 1860–2000* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), p. 60
11 Daly *ibid*, p. 74
12 *Ibid.* p. 75 In *Something of Myself*, Kipling wrote: 'In the late summer, I think, of 1913, I was invited to Manoeuvres round Frensham Ponds at Aldershot …When the sham fight was developing, the day turned blue-hazy, the sky lowered, and the heat struck like the Karroo, as one scuttled among the heaths listening to the uncontrolled clang of the musketry fire. It came over me that anything might be afoot in such weather, pom-poms for instance, half-heard on the flank, or the glint of a helio[graph] through a cloud-drift. In short I conceived of the whole pressure of the dead of the Boer War flickering and re-forming as the horizon flickered in the heat.' *Something of Myself*, (London, Macmillan 1937), pp. 213–14
13 Mary Ann Doane, *The Emergence of Cinematic Time: Modernity, Contingency and the Archive* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press 2002), p. 195
14 Elliot Gilbert *The Good Kipling: Studies in the Short Story* (Oberlin: Oberlin University Press, 1970) p. 98
15 Kipling habitually brought together new technologies and supernaturalism, as in his short story 'Wireless' (also collected in *Traffics and Discoveries*).

KIPLING AND HEMINGWAY: POETS, REPORTERS, STORY WRITERS, NOBELISTS

BY **DAVID A. RICHARDS**

In late August of 1922, Ernest Hemingway wrote to Ezra Pound:

> Dear Ezra-
> There's a little monkey maiden looking eastward toward the sea.
> There's a new monkey soprano a' sobbing in the tree,
> And Harold's looking very fit the papers all agree.
>
> L'ENVOI
> It was quite an operation.
> But it may have saved the Nation.
> And what's one amputation
> To the tribe?
>
> Yours very sincerely, my dear Pound,
>
> Rudyard Kipling
> Hotel Loewen National
> Triberg, Baden, Germany.[1]

The letter was typewritten, but the Kipling signature was in Hemingway's hand. His squib parodies the opening lines of Kipling's poem "Mandalay", while the title "Envoi" (the concluding segment of a poem), had been used by Kipling for five poems and more recently by Pound.[2]

A telling anecdote of the younger man's admiration for the elder is reported in the *Kipling Journal* for September 1963, from an interview in *The Sunday Express* with the film producer John Huston, who would soon be making a film of Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King*: "Kipling, of course, had tremendous gifts although now he's out of fashion." Huston declared he would always remember "drinking with Hemingway once and Papa … saying that he rated Kipling a better writer than himself. Which was some praise…"[3] Hemingway himself in an interview was more discriminating about the full range of Kipling's work. In answer to George Plimpton's question in 1958, "Who would you say are your literary forebears—those you have learned the most from?", he included "the good Kipling" in a long list of other writers and painters, none of whose names was accompanied by a qualifying adjective.[4] This echoed an article in *Esquire* which had appeared in 1935, cast in the form of advice to a young writer, that it was necessary

to read, among other things, "all the good de Maupassant, all the good Kipling"…[5] The "good" Kipling may have been defined in a letter to a real young author who had asked a similar question of Hemingway in 1953, and was advised to read Kipling's "The End of the Passage", "The Strange Ride of Marby [*sic* for Morrowbie] Jukes", and "The Mark of the Beast".[6] And when Ernest's brother Leicester, considering a writing career, asked for advice, Ernest insisted that he would have to prepare himself by extensive reading, including Kipling.[7]

Although Hemingway is not especially remembered for his poetry[8], in January 1923, aged twenty-four, he published six poems under the general title "Wanderings" in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,*[9] whose editor Harriet Monroe described the author as "a young Chicago poet now abroad who will soon issue in Paris his first book of verse." Later that year, Robert McAlmon's Contact Publishing Company (address 12 Rue de L'Odeon) brought out *Three Stories & Ten Poems* (350 copies) of Ernest Hemingway's first book.[10] (Monroe rejected "There's a little monkey maiden" and two more parodies in the styles of Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Graves because they satirized a prominent Chicago millionaire who financially supported her magazine.[11]) Soon after the Hemingways' arrival in Paris, they had invited Gertrude Stein and her companion Alice Toklas to a literary soirée at their apartment in rue Cardinal Lemoine, when Hemingway biographer Carlos Baker said she found "the poems she saw…direct and 'Kiplingesque'—a kind of free verse barrack-room poetry of statement."[12] The "young Chicago poet" effectively disappeared when the internationally-renowned novelist emerged,[13] and ever since, the public's interest has been fixated on Hemingway the fiction writer and Nobel Prize winner in 1954. In his acceptance speech, he paid a final tribute to Kipling, Nobel prize-winner in 1907, calling him "a much better writer than I am."[14]

Kipling's poems had been read to the young Hemingway by his maternal grandfather Ernest Hall.[15] Of the British writers that dominated the prescribed high school reading list, he most liked Kipling; it was not long before he could quote Kipling passages *verbatim*.[16] His juvenilia for the *Trapeze*, his high school newspaper, and the *Tabula*, the school's literary magazine, echo the work of his first literary heroes, Kipling and Ring Lardner.[17] Carlos Baker noted that his youthful poems "range from the simplest puppy doggerel to parodies of Kipling, Longfellow, and James Whitcomb Riley."[18]

Kipling's influence on this generation of writers as children was widespread. Scott Donaldson, biographer of Ernest's longtime friend Archibald MacLeish, notes that MacLeish's mother introduced her sons to *The Jungle Book*, and that at his school Hotchkiss, Archie's class poem about the sea was modelled on Kipling.[19] And Hemingway and MacLeish's contemporary F. Scott Fitzgerald's debut novel, the

semi-autobiographical *This Side of Paradise* (1920), contains a list of "Amory Blaine's childhood reading: Kipling's poem 'Gunga Dhin'" [*sic*], and has Amory quote from "The White Seal" in *The Jungle Book*: "Beaches of Lukanon [*sic*], before the sealers came."[20]

Like Hemingway, both Kipling and Lardner had started their careers as newspaper writers, a feature that would have encouraged Ernest at the start of his career. A reporter he met in 1917 when beginning to work at *The Kansas City Star*, Lionel Moise, gave him gruff directives about writing and recommended Twain, Conrad, and Kipling, saying "Pure objective writing is the only true form of storytelling." Moise praised them for "No stream of consciousness nonsense; no playing dumb observer in one paragraph and God Almighty the next."[21] A Kiplingesque example may be found in Hemingway's dispatch from Constantinople to the Toronto newspaper *The Daily Star* on 9 October 1922, "Hamid Bey", about Turkey, whose leader Kemal Atatürk had designs on the oil-rich English mandate of Mesopotamia, beginning "Bismarck said all men in the Balkans who tuck their shirts in their trousers are crooks. The shirts of the peasants, of course, hang outside."[22] This is a variation of the opening sentence of Kipling's 1890 story "The Man Who Was" about a Russian menace: "Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt."[23] In an earlier article for the *Toronto Star Weekly*, Hemingway told of an acquaintance who "recited that thing by this Kipling bloke. 'Me that has been what I've been. Me that 'as seen what I've seen'—you know how it goes."[24] Later, in "Swiss Avalanches" from 1924, he noted that "Kipling wished the name of 'Our Lady of the Snows' on to Canada, and Canadians have been stepping out from under it ever since."[25]

More atmospheric reporting also echoed the elder writer's. Charles Fenton remarks that in Hemingway's "Wild Night Music of Paris", appearing in the *Star* for 25 March 1922, "the syntax of the prose and the romanticism of the attitude point to his debt to Kipling,"[26] and Carlos Baker has pointed out the "Kiplingesque mode" of his fourth dispatch from Europe, "Tuna Fishing in Spain" (18 February 1922): "If you land a big tuna after a six-hour fight…you will be purified and be able to enter unabashed into the presence of the very elder gods", alluding to "Gods of the Elder Days" in the "Dedication" to Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* .[27] In 1927, Hemingway published his short story collection *Men Without Women*, which included "In Another Country", set in Italy during the First World War, which opens:

> In the fall the war was always there but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the

> shops and the snow powdered the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind blew their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.[28]

Hemingway had evidently been reading Kipling's story "Wireless", notably the passage where the narrator is looking *out* of a shop window, into a wintry street:

> The brutal east wind had cleared the street and the few passers-by were muffled to their puckered eyes. In the Italian warehouse next door some gay feathered birds and game, hung upon hooks, sagged to the wind across the left edge of the window frame.
>
> 'They ought to take those poultry in—all knocked about like that,' said Mr. Shaynor. 'Doesn't it make you feel fair perishing? See that old hare! The wind's nearly blowing the fur off him.'
>
> I saw the belly-fur of the dead beast blown apart in ridges and streaks as the wind caught it, showing bluish skin beneath. 'Bitter cold,' said Mr. Shaynor, shuddering.[29]

This is not so much a plagiarism as a creative re-casting, without acknowledgement, of the detail in Kipling's story (which itself draws on Keats' poem "The Eve of St Agnes"). Hemingway's declaration in *Green Hills of Africa*, that "some writers were born only to help another writer to write one sentence"[30] seems relevant here.

As for Kipling's poetry, Hemingway was still echoing it after World War II. His novel written in Paris in 1949, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, about Colonel Richard Cantwell and his young love the Venetian countess Renata, echoes 49-year-old Hemingway's own passion in Venice in 1948 for the eighteen-year-old Venetian aristocrat Adriana Ivancich. In his last long poem "Lines to a Girl 5 Days After Her 21st Birthday" (December 1950), Hemingway gave his blessings to the young artist Adriana, emphasizing that what is important is not to talk about work but to do it. The opening verses "Back to the Palace | And home to a stone | She travels the fastest | Who travels alone." imitate the famous refrain of Kipling's poem "The Winners".[31] While these are the verses which most clearly reflect Kipling's hold on Hemingway's imagination, they are not the only evidence of that literary ancestry in Hemingway's writings. Since this topic has not been treated in the voluminous literary commentary on each of these Nobel prizewinners,[32] this article attempts to trace the evidence to be found in Hemingway's own vast output of literature and letters, as well as in his personal library.

In a letter of three decades before to Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway imagined the older writer reviewing his work, acknowledging the

existence of "the weaknesses of my stuff", and declared that praise of his forthcoming efforts in prose by other writers in a long list, including Rudyard Kipling, "will cut no bloody ice."[33] Yet readers of Hemingway's correspondence will be struck by frequent echoes of Kipling. In a letter to his sister's friend Emily Goetzmann in March 1916, after noting that he finds "your friend [English poet John] Masefield "a whang-dinger", he "hope[s] you read Stalky and Co. You'll like it."[34] Another, sent to her two months later, includes a six-line quotation of verses beginning "Through the nights when thou shall lie" from Chapter 16 of *The Second Jungle Book*, adding in his schoolboy spelling: "It is what the animals say to Mowglie [*sic*] when he leaves the Jungle to be married."[35] When the Hemingway children summered at the family cottage in Northern Michigan at Walloon every year from Ernest's birth through 1917, the trunks packed for summer reading included Kipling's *Jungle Books* (and, as we have seen, almost certainly the volumes of the Puck stories, *Traffics and Discoveries* and *Rewards and Fairies*).[36] In 1919, returned from the war to Petoskey, Michigan, he entertained the 14-year old Grace Quinlan, his best friend there, by explaining stories by Kipling and Richard Harding Davis.[37]

During 1920–21 he and his fiancée Hadley Richardson wrote each other almost daily letters, many of which contained remarks on their joint reading: one of those most loved was Kipling's *Brushwood Boy*,[38] and he urged her to read *Kim*.[39] Kipling had been dead for nine years when Hemingway began writing his novel *The Garden of Eden* in 1946, where the *Jungle Books* inspired the African tale of an elephant hunt. In that book, the protagonists see seals in the water and the writer David Bourne recollects Kipling's "The White Seal" from *The Jungle Book*, about a white seal searching for a safe haven for his much-hunted species.[40]

Hemingway's older sister and younger brother, in their sibling biographies, both emphasize that in boyhood "he particularly enjoyed reading Kipling",[41] and Hemingway quoted "Recessional" in correspondence with his high school English teacher.[42] His son Patrick records that his father continued to read Kipling to his own children: "Papa loved Kipling. He would often quote 'walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch.' His favorites among Kipling's short stories were *Without Benefit of Clergy* and *The Mark of the Beast*."[43] In 1940 Hemingway shipped twenty-six crates of books from Key West to his home Finca Vigía in Cuba, known from a list he both typed and initialed on each page, and a later inventory was made at when the books were unpacked in 1941. Hemingway owned sixteen individual titles by Kipling plus two sets of Kipling's collected works (including one from 1936, published by Scribner's—Kipling's publisher as well as Hemingway's—which perhaps were sent to him as complimentary

copies, since his editor Maxwell Perkins was sending him Scribner publications as early as 1926). He continued to read those books throughout his life and knew them as well as those of any other writer.[44]

And in the morose text of a long letter of March 1919 to William D. Horne, Jr. (a friend from service together in the Red Cross Ambulance Service in Italy), reflecting on his rejection by Agnes von Kurokowsky, his attending nurse with whom Hemingway fell in love when recuperating from war wounds, the 19-year-old exclaimed that "I know you cant 'Learn about wimmen from me' just as I can't learn from any one else,"[45] misspelling the last line of Kipling's "The Ladies", whose refrain is "And I learned about women from 'er!" and whose penultimate stanza ends: "So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not/ And learn about women from me!"[46]

In a long letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald of 1927 from Paris, asking for his assessment of Ernest's proposed title for a new short story collection, *Men Without Women*, he tells of his wife Pauline's borrowing a bible from a local Episcopal clergyman.

> Well, Fitz, I looked all through that bible, it was in very fine print and stumbling on the great book Ecclesiastes, I read it aloud to all who would listen. Soon I was alone and began cursing the bloody bible because there were no titles in it—although I found the source of practically every good title you ever heard of. But the boys, principally Kipling, had been there before me and swiped all the good ones, so I called the book Men Without Women…[47]

Kipling had drawn the title of *Many Inventions*, his own short story collection of 1893, from Ecclesiastes 7:19: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought our many inventions."[48] Imitation is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, and a year before writing this complaint, Hemingway had taken both the title and the epigraph of his best-selling *The Sun Also Rises* from Ecclesiastes.[49]

In a discursive letter from Key West in 1928 to his Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins, who also edited Fitzgerald, Hemingway described working on *A Farewell To Arms* and requested that he be sent copies of "3 Sun Alsos and 3 Men Without Womens." He groused from Florida: "Nobody believes me when I say I'm a writer…They haven't even heard of Scott [Fitzgerald]. Several of the boys I know have just been moved by first reading of Kipling."[50] To fellow American writer Owen Wister, author of the celebrated novel *The Virginian* (1902), he responded "I wish that you were coming down and we could talk—but tell me what Kipling said. Something might happen to him or to yourself and then I'd never know!" At this long letter's conclusion, he pleads: "I'm very

anxious to know what Kipling said. If you tell me I'd do anything you say. Don't save it till we get a chance to talk."[51]

Wister's letter to Hemingway, now among Hemingway's papers at the John F. Kennedy Library, had lamented "grievously" that he would not have the chance to talk to Hemingway "as Henry James used to talk to me," noting "I'm 68 and you're 31, and I'm not an old fogey and you're not a young ass, and so I might say something useful. I'd tell you what Kipling said when I spoke of you to him last November." Wister would report in his next letter to Ernest that Kipling regarded *The Sun Also Rises* as "smut"[52] but liked Hemingway's short story "The Killers,"[53] and told Wister, "If you'll vouch for him, I'll believe in him."[54] Given Wister's admiration of Hemingway, receiving this indirect patriarchal blessing from Kipling, as Wister seems to have received from James, must have been thrilling. In his response to Wister, Ernest wrote his longest private appreciation of the Englishman, which both absorbs the brutal dismissal of *The Sun Also Rises* and asserts a falling off in quality in Kipling's later works:.

> About Kipling—I suppose no one was ever born with more genius—it is a pleasure even to be damned by him—I have great respect for him as a writer and none for his opinion (abstract opinion of course). You see I have great respect for your opinion because you at (I can't recall the exact advanced age you claim) can write the same story I would write and write it very much better—Kipling could write the same story now and I wouldnt care for it[.] Then too he wouldnt write it. There is no reason why he should continue to write. The early and middle stuff is wonderful enough to stand on—But what happened to him?[55]

Nonetheless, five years later, in his article "Defense of Dirty Words" (1934), he distinguished the aesthetic from the political aspects of Kipling, stating that de Maupassant "wrote more truly great stories than any other man but Rudyard Kipling whose work it is now fashionable to disparage because he was a fool about politics."[56] And in *Green Hills of Africa* (1935), he said that to write great prose, to achieve the fourth or fifth dimension, "there must be talent, much talent. Talent such as Kipling had."[57] Still, it must be noted that no *novel* of Kipling's was ever mentioned in Hemingway's lists of those central to his perception of his relation to the past, e.g. *Huckleberry Finn*, *War and Peace*, *Buddenbrooks*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Madame Bovary*, and *Le Rouge et le Noir*.[58]

He took trouble to stay current with Kipling's newly-published poems: in a letter of 19 September 1932 he wrote Jane Mason, commiserating with her upon her dog being killed, a "rotten shame", and noted

"the late Mr. Kipling [who did not die until 1936] wrote a poem on the subject. Will look it up."[59] The reference may have been to Kipling's poem "His Apologies", which had only just appeared in April 1932 in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (to which Hemingway subscribed).[60] And when again in Paris in 1937, this long-time subscriber to the rental library in Sylvia Beach's bookstore Shakespeare & Co. on May 7 checked out from there Kipling's posthumously-published memoir *Something of Myself*.[61]

Meanwhile, what he styled Kipling's "early stuff" was in Ernest's recollection for a long time. In 1930 Hemingway corresponded with his friend the American novelist John Herrmann, telling him of stalking big horn rams in Idaho, where the "wind [was] blowing 'between the worlds'; this echoes the refrain "The Wind that blows between the Worlds" in Kipling's poem of 1891, "Tomlinson", wherein the eponymous protagonist dies, is taken by a Spirit to both Heaven and Hell, and is eventually returned to life.[62] The next year, in a letter from Key West to Donald Ogden Stewart, the novelist, screenwriter, and fellow American ex-pat during Hemingway's Paris years, he asserted "That is okeh with me, or perhaps you say oke in the east but when I was in Chi last—but that's another story, Rudyard,"[63] using Kipling's signature final phrase concluding many stories in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888). Later that year he harked back to Kipling's "Recessional" of 1897 when writing to Mary Pfeiffer, the mother of his second wife Pauline, about her "terrible" labor pains which required a caesarian: he railed against Pope Pius XI's recent encyclical against birth control and said having seen such misery suffered during labor, he was afraid he must "consider myself an outlier from now on—'a lesser breed without the law.'"[64] In a letter of 1949 to Bernard Berenson, he quoted Kipling's poem "The Virginity", collected in *The Years Between* (1919).[65]

Hemingway became notorious for constantly and publicly measuring his talent against other writers, and Kipling would always be one such. As Carlos Baker observed before the writer's suicide in 1961, Hemingway "as a writer who has always read the work of others both hungrily and seriously, his primary aim has been to establish standards and norms for his own performance. Writing is competitive, he has said. The writer must therefore discover, by selective reading, what he has to beat or equal."[66]

The American short story writer Sherwood Anderson, then renowned for his *Winesburg, Ohio*, had written letters of introduction for Ernest Hemingway to use in Paris, to Anderson's friends Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, among others.[67] Ernest's wife Hadley was irritated that Anderson had compared her husband to Kipling. "That's foolish," she fussed in a letter to Hemingway. "Why I don't want to compare you to anybody…you're Ernest Hemingway."[68]

Hemingway appears not to have spent much time analyzing Kipling's short stories, although he knew them well; he included "The Taking of Lungtungpen" in his 1942 anthology *Men at* War,[69] in the section titled "War Is Fought by Human Beings", along with "I Capture Vladivostok" by the war correspondent Frazier Hunt, who brackets his humorous tale with references to Kipling's "Lungtungpen".[70] In 1935, for the benefit of an apprentice writer who asked for a reading list, Hemingway cited, among twenty-five named titles, the short stories of Kipling, Stephen Crane, and Henry James.[71] In a letter of advice to the young poet John Hirschman, he unconsciously echoed the long-ago counsel given him by Gertrude Stein ("Begin over again and concentrate"[72]):

> When I was your age I guess I wrote like Kipling. I thought he was the best short story writer that ever lived and I still know that some of his short stories are the best.…Why don't you start over again at the beginning and read Kipling—i.e. "The End of the Passage," "The Strange Ride of Maraby [*sic*, Morrowbie] Jukes," "The Mark of the Beast".[73]

Although Kipling the Victorian may have abhorred *The Sun Also Rises* as "smut", Hemingway would have been thrilled to know that in January 1933 Rudyard sent off a selection of books to his daughter Elsie, "including 'Death in the Afternoon' which will enthuse G. [George Bambridge, her husband]."[74]

Beyond recording his admiration for Kipling, Kipling's influence on Hemingway's prose was never mentioned by the younger writer in any of the private letters, but many critics have noted the resemblance between them. William Curtis told the readers of *Town & Country* that *Men Without Women* was "probably the best volume of short stories published since the days of the younger Kipling".[75] In her first review of this collection, Dorothy Parker called Hemingway "the greatest living writer of short stories," but after being reminded of Max Beerbohm and Rudyard Kipling, she changed her assessment to "the greatest living American short-story writer."[76] "The Man Who Would Be King" and "At the End of the Passage" have been compared with Hemingway's story of heroic confrontation with fearsome adversity, "The Undefeated".[77] Hemingway biographer Jeffrey Meyers has claimed that "To a large degree, [Hemingway's] tone, themes and code of honor came from his early reading of Rudyard Kipling", and cites Edmund Wilson's remark that "there would probably be a chapter to write on the relation between Hemingway and Kipling, and certain assumptions about society which they share."[78]

Meyers also notes that the "British military tone and diction in the Mons vignettes of [Hemingway's first book, published in 1924] *In Our*

Time (ch. 3 and 4)—which portrayed war as a great game—derived from Kipling and the public school ethic..."[79] In 1938 Hemingway borrowed from Kipling the unorthodox idea of publishing his play about the Spanish Civil War, *The Fifth Column*, together with his collected short stories. He told Max Perkins: "Remember the [Story of the] Gadsbys by Kipling [1889]. Was a vol of plays and stories. One of his best books of stories. Successful too."[80] Attacking a young rival's war novel, *From Here to Eternity*, in 1951, he praised Kipling at the expense of James Jones, whose title came from the master's poem "Gentlemen Rankers".[81] Later that year, in a letter to his publisher Charles Scribner, he reaffirmed that he always had the greatest admiration for Kipling's wonderful stories.[82]

Many other similarities of literary craftsmanship and technique between the two writers have been discussed by their respective literary critics, especially about trimming down work to achieve what Kipling called "economy of implication" and their shared aesthetic theory of the importance of the subconscious mind on the imagination and the need for extreme compression.[83] Edmund Wilson's remark about Kipling surely applies with equal force to Hemingway: "The only authentic heroism to be found in the fiction of Kipling is the heroism of moral fortitude on the edge of nervous collapse."[84] And the final word comes from Hemingway scholar Jeffrey Meyers:

> Hemingway, who was born in the Victorian period and learned its values from his father, was a contemporary of Kipling for thirty-seven years. He did not merely imitate the master but used him as an aesthetic model and learned from Kipling—more than any other American writer—how to master the art of the short story.[85]

NOTES

1 *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, Vol. 1, 1907–1922*, ed. Sandra Spanier and Robert W. Trogdan (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), p. 350. The lampoon is of Harold McCormick, a wealthy Chicagoan who recently had undergone a widely publicized "rejuvenating operation" by the doctor Serge Voronoff, who was at this time experimenting with monkey gland transplants in humans. McCormick was reported as having a romance with Polish opera singer Ganna Walsk.

2 For the five poems by Kipling titled "Envoi", see the Kipling Society website, www.kiplingsociety.co.uk . The title "Envoi" had also used by Pound himself in his 1920 poem 'Hugh Selwyn Mauberly' (end of Part 1).

3 *Kipling Journal* 147, September 1963, 5: citing *The Sunday Express,* 28 April 1963.

4 "The Art of Fiction XXI", an interview of Ernest Hemingway in *The Paris Review* 18 (Spring 1958), pp. 60–89. Reprinted in Harold Bloom, ed., *Modern Critical Views: Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1985), quotation at p. 127.

5 "Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter", *Esquire* 4 (October 1935), pp. 174A-174B.
6 Hemingway, "Letter to a Young Writer", *Mark Twain Journal* 11, No. 4 (Summer 1962), p. 10.
7 Lester Hemingway, *My Brother Ernest Hemingway* (Cleveland: World, 1961), p. 156.
8 Hemingway's poems, are collected in *88 Poems*, edited with an introduction and notes by Nicholas Gerogiannis (New York and London: Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark, 1979). who gave these verses the title "Kipling" (p. 54).
9 *Poetry* 21 (January 1923), pp. 193–195.
10 Gerogiannis, ed., p. xl.
11 Michael Reynolds, *Hemingway: The Paris Years* (Cambridge, MA: Basil Blackwell, Inc., 1989), pp. 65–66. On Harold McCormack, see endnote 1.
12 Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist,* p. 7, paraphrasing Stein, *Autobiography*, p. 213.
13 Archibald MacLeish's poem "Years of the Dog", about their shared years in Paris, which he sent to Ernest in 1948, asked what came of that early youth writing in the sawmill on the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs in 1924, and answered: "Fame became of him": Mary V. Dearborn, *Ernest Hemingway: A Biography* (New York: Knopf, 2017), p. 490.
14 Hemingway, "The Christmas Gift," in *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway: Selected Articles and Dispatches of Four Decades* (New York: Scribner, 1967)*,* p. 412*.*
15 Patrick Hutchinson, *Ernest Hemingway: A New Life* (University Park, PA: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 2016), p. 188.
16 James McGrath Morris, *The Ambulance Drivers: Hemingway, Dos Passos, and a Friendship Made and Lost in War* (Boston: De Capo Press, 2017) p. 18. Michael Reynolds writes that at age 16, his favorite authors were O. Henry, Kipling, and Stewart Edward White: *Hemingway: The Paris Years* p. 6.
17 Gerogiannis, ed., p. xii.
18 Carlos Baker, quoted in Audre Hanneman, *Supplement to Ernest Hemingway: A Comprehensive Bibliography* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975), p. 325, item 87525.
19 Scott Donaldson, *Archibald MacLeish: An American Life* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1992), pp. 17, 49.
20 F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), pp. 18, 87. (For the impression of "The White Seal" on Hemingway, see note 40 below).
21 Dearborn, pp. 48, 97; Charles A. Fenton, *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway: The Early Years* (New York: Farrar & Young, 1954) p. 41.
22 In William White, ed., *Dateline: Toronto: The Complete Toronto Star Dispatches 1920–1924* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1985), pp. 220–221, discussed in Fenton, pp. 177, 279 notes 9 and 11.
23 Kipling "The Man Who Was" (*Macmillan's Magazine* April 1890, collected in *Life's Handicap* (London, Macmillan 1891), p. 84
24 "Lieutenants' Moustaches," 20 April 1920, in White, pp. 19–20. The quotation (not quite accurate) is from the beginning of Kipling's poem "Chant-Pagan", first published in *The Five Nations* (1903).

25 12 January 1924, in White, ed., p. 451. "Our Lady of the Snows", first printed in *The Times* in 1897, was reprinted in Kipling's collection *The Five Nations* (Methuen 1905).

26 Fenton, p. 131.

27 Hemingway, *By-Line*, as cited by Baker, *Hemingway: A Life Story*, p. 84. (The foreshadowing of *The Old Man and the Sea*, not to be published until 30 years later in 1952, is uncanny.)

28 Hemingway, Ernest, *Men Without Women* (New York: Vintage Books, A Division of Random House LLC, 2023), p. 39.

29 Kipling, Rudyard, *Traffics and Discoveries* (London: Macmillan, 1904), pp. 216–217, The author is grateful to Professor Jan Montefiore for this observation. [Kipling is clearly echoing the famous opening of Keats' poem: "St Agnes' Eve – Ah, bitter chill it was1/ The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold./ The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass." *Ed*.]

30 Michael Reynolds, *Hemingway's Reading 1910–1940: An Inventory* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), p. 21

31 Hemingway in Gerogiannis at pp. 125–126, and editor's notes at pp. xix and 156–157. The Palace is the Gritti Palace Hotel in Venice; Adriana and her mother visited Hemingway in Cuba in December 1950. See Andrea di Robilant, *Autumn in Venice: Ernest Hemingway and his Last Muse* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2018), pp. 220–221. The Kipling lines are "Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne/ He travels the fastest who travels alone:" "L'Envoi" to "The Story of the Gadsbys." Kipling, *Soldiers Three and Other Stories* (London, Macmillan 1919) p. 288; collected as "The Winners".

32 The relationship between Hemingway's work and Kipling's is addressed in Shamsul Islam's article "The Kipling and Hemingway Codes: A Study in Comparison," in the *Kipling Journal* 190, June 1974, 10–14, but this is concerned with both writers' insistence on purposive, honorable activity, not on either man's poetry. Jeffrey Meyers' "Kipling and Hemingway: The Lesson of the Master", in *Hemingway: Life Into Art* (New York: Cooper Square Press, 2000), pp. 1–9, does not mention poetry. Neither the *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual* (1969–1979), nor *The Hemingway Review* (1981 to present, 2024) contain a full article comparing Hemingway and Kipling.

See, however, Carlos Baker, pp. 109–110, citing Edmund Wilson's comparison of Kipling and Hemingway in *The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1941), omitting Wilson's final remark: "One suspects that *Without Benefit of Clergy* was read very early on by Hemingway and that it made on him a lasting impression. The pathetic conclusion of this story of Kipling's seems unmistakably to be echoed at the end of *A Farewell to Arms."* (Wilson p. 239)

33 8 November 1922, Letters*, Vol. 1*, p. 364.

34 c. 18 March 1916, *Letters, Vol. 1*, p. 26.

35 13 July 1916, *Letters, Vol. 1*, p. 34.

36 Mark Spilka, *Hemingway's Quarrel with Androgyny* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1990), p. 92; Madelaine Hemingway Miller, *Ernie: Hemingway's Sister "Sunny" Remembers* (New York: Crown, 1975), p. 19.

37 Peter Griffin, *Along With Youth: Hemingway, the Early Years* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), p. 127.

38 Reynolds. *Hemingway: The Paris Years* (p. 110).
39 Griffin, p. 166.
40 Discussed in Mark Spilka, "Hemingway's Barbershop Quintet: *The Garden of Eden* Manuscript", in Linda Wagner-Martin, ed., *Ernest Hemingway: Seven Decades of Criticism* (East Lansing, MI: Michigan State University Press, 1998), pp. 349, 366, and 371–372 n. 18. Hemingway misremembers the actual Kipling source ("The White Seal" in *The Jungle Book*), in having David respond, in answer to his wife's question "Are seals nice?", "Did you read the Naulakha by Kipling? That's all I know about them except in arctic and antarctic chronicles and circuses and zoos."
41 Leicester Hemingway, p. 30; Marcelline Sanford, *At the Hemingways: A Family Portrait* (Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1962), p. 107.
42 To Fannie Biggs, late June 1917, *Letters, Vol. 1*, p. 39.
43 Patrick Hemingway, "My Papa, Papa," *Playboy*, 15 (December 1968), p. 263. Carlos Baker reveals in his Introduction to Hemingway's *Selected Letters* that young Patrick heard the censored version, as his father "modified a line from Kipling's 'If-' to boast that he could 'walk with *shits* nor lose the common touch'" (p. xvi).
44 Michael Reynolds, *Hemingway's Reading, 1910–1940* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), pp. 4, 8–9, 144–145, noting that he had to memorize "Recessional" for his high school English course. Brasch and Sigman, pp. xl, liii-lv, 201, record that Hemingway possessed copies of *Animal Stories*, *Collected Verse* (1907), all 6 volumes of the *Compact Edition of Rudyard Kipling* (Scribner's, 1936, 4,356 pages (!! - see David Alan Richards, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography* (New Castle, DE and London: Oak Knoll Press and The British Library, 2010), D22, p. 587), and the 1899 10-volume (pirated) Oriental Edition. Hemingway also owned two copies of Charles Carrington's 1955 biography of Kipling.
45 30 March 1919, *Letters, Vol. 1*, pp. 176–178. On Horne, Hemingway, and Kurowsky, see "Young Hemingway, A Panel," in *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1969* (Washington, DC: Microcard Editions, 1970), pp. 119–122.
46 Kipling "The Ladies" in Thomas Pinney (ed.) *Cambridge Edition of the Complete Verse of Rudyard Kipling,* Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2013, 439–441
47 *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, Volume 3, 1926–1929* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), 15 September 1927, pp. 290–292. Hemingway liked to say that the Bible was the best source for finding titles: see George Plimpton, introduction in *A Moveable Feast*, Ernest Hemingway (Norwalk, CT: The Easton Press), 1990, p. vii.
48 Kipling *Many Inventions*, London Macmillan 1893. The verse from Ecclesiastes is quoted on the title page. Kipling's poem "Boots" (1903) also takes its refrain "There's no discharge in the war" from Ecclesiastes 8:8: 'There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.'
49 Ecclesiastes 1: 4–5: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth." The novel's epigrams, which included Gertrude Stein's "You are all a lost generation", caused a good deal of comment among critics, see Dearborn, p. 234.
50 21 April 1928, *Letters, Vol. 3*, p. 383, suggesting that he had given Kipling's books to his unlettered fishing friends.

51 1 March 1929, *Letters, Vol. 3*, pp. 537–539. Wister had been introduced to Kipling in the mid-1890's by Wister's Harvard contemporary Theodore Roosevelt, and the Kiplings invited Wister to dinner at their Vermont home in the autumn of 1895: Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999), pp. 271, 273, 280.

52 Kipling might well have been offended by such lines in that novel as "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are Lesbians under their skin", parodying the refrain of his poem "The Ladies" (1890): Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises & Other Writings 1918–1926* (New York: The Library of America, 2020), p. 463.

53 First published in *Scribner's Magazine* in March 1927, in which magazine Kipling had published many of his stories, from 1894 through 1914, and collected by Hemingway in *Men Without Women* in 1927. Hemingway subscribed to *Scribner's Magazine*: Brasch and Sigman, p. xix, citing a 1936 invoice from New York City's Scribner Book Store.

54 Wister to Hemingway, 27 February 1929, and 8 March 1929, as quoted by the editors, *Letters, Vol. 3*, p. 540.

55 11 March 1929, *Letters, Vol. 3*, pp. 546–548. [An odd judgment, given the excellence of *Debits and Credits*. These stories , however, are much longer than his earlier works which Hemingway so admired. *Ed*.]

56 Hemingway, "Defense of Dirty Words", *Esquire*, 2 (September 1934), p. 158.

57 Hemingway, *Green Hills of Africa* (New York: Scribner, 1935), p. 27.

58 Brasch and Sigman, pp. xxix and xxv quoting the list of 17 titles in Hemingway's "Remembering Shooting-Flying: A Key West Letter", *Esquire* 3, February 1935, p. 3.

59 Sandra Spanier and Miriam B. Mandel, eds. *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway: Volume 5, 1932–1934* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2020), pp. 220–222.

60 Kipling, 'His Apologies' . C1026 in Richards, *Bibliography*, p. 563. The last stanza, spoken in the animal's voice, pleads for death: "Lord, make haste with Thy Lightnings and send him a quick release!" [Hemingway may have confused this with the earlier poem "The Power of the Dog" (1910) about the sorrow of outliving a dog; see Kipling (ed.) Pinney *Cambridge Edition of the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* pp. 1438 and 772–3. *Ed*.] For Hemingway's *Cosmopolitan* subscription, Brasch and Sigman, p. xix.

61 Richard Layman, "Hemingway's Library Cards at Shakespeare & Co.", *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual 1975* (Englewood, Co: Information Handling Services, 1976), pp. 191–208, at 180 and facsimile of the withdrawal record for that date at 204, taken from the Sylvia Beach Archives at the Princeton University Library. From the evidence of these records, he borrowed no other Kipling titles. Beach carried, sold, and lent single titles by Kipling, published by Tauchnitz of Leipzig and Conard of Paris from her bookstore's opening in 1919: Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company: New Edition* (Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), p. 21, and Noel Riley Fitch, *Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation: A History of Literary Paris in the Twenties and Thirties* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1983), p. 51; it seems safe to assume that Kipling's was "among the photographs on the [bookstore's] wall of famous writers both dead and living" (Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast*, p. 31).

62 28 September 1930, *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, Volume 4, 1929–1931* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2018), pp. 366–36. Hemingway alludes

to "The wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife" ("Tomlinson" (1891) Pinney *Cambridge Edition*, p. 302).

63 7 February 1931. *Letters, Vol. 4*, pp. 469–470. For 'That is another story', see "Yoked With An Unbeliever", "Wressley of the Foreign Office", "Tods' Amendment", "On the Strength of a Likeness", "False Dawn", "By Word of Mouth", "Three and—an Extra", and "Watches of the Night", all in *Plain Tales*.

64 12 November 1931, *Letters, Vol. 4*, pp. 592–593.

65 Baker, *Selected Letters*, p. 666. The five-stanza version of Kipling's poem first appeared in *The Years Between* (1919).

66 Baker, p. 176.

67 Dearborn, p. 106.

68 Lesly M. M. Blume, *Everybody Behaves Badly: The True Story Behind Hemingway's Masterpiece The Sun Also Rises* (Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2016), pp. 8–9; see also Alice Sokoloff, *Hadley: The First Mrs. Hemingway* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1973), p. 40.

69 A.18 in Grissom.

70 Peter Havholm, *Politics and Awe in Rudyard Kipling's Fiction* (Aldershot, Hampshire: Ashgate, 2008), p. 110.

71 *Esquire* 4 (October 1935), pp. 21, 174A, 174B.

72 Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (New York: Modern Library, 1960), p. 213.

73 Hemingway "Letter to a Young Man," *Mark Twain Journal*, 2 (1962), p. 10.

74 Kipling to Elsie Bambridge, 22 January 1933, Thomas Pinney, ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 6: 1931–36* (Basingstoke, Palgrave Macmillan, 2004), p. 157. *Death in the Afternoon* had been published on 27 September 1932, and this copy is still in Wimpole Hall, the Bambridge home near Cambridge.

75 William Curtis, *Town & Country*, LXXXII, December 15, 1927, p. 59.

76 Constant Reader [Dorothy Parker], "Excuse It, Please",*New Yorker*, III (Feb. 18, 1928), pp. 76–77, as revised in *Constant Reader* (New York, 1970), pp. 66–68, and in *The Portable Dorothy Parker* (New York, 1873), pp. 495–496.

77 Havholm, pp. 109–112.

78 Jeffrey Meyers, *Ernest Hemingway* (London: Macmillan, 1986), pp. 100–111, a task Meyers himself undertook in his *Hemingway: Life Into Art*, pp. 6–9.]

79 Meyers, *Hemingway: Life Into Art*, p. 2.

80 Baker, *Selected Letters*, p. 466.

81 Baker, *Selected Letters*, p. 724. ["Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree/ Damned from here to eternity!" Kipling "Gentlemen-rankers', Pinney *Cambridge Edition* p. 216. *Ed*.]

82 Hemingway to Scribner, 20 December 1951, John F. Kennedy Library, Boston.

83 See, e.g., Meyers, *Hemingway: Life Into Art*, pp. 6–9, also Baker, pp. 109–110, citing J.K.M. McCaffery, ed., *Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work* (New York: Avon Book Division, The Hearst Corporation, 1960), p. 254, note.

84 Edmund Wilson, *The Wound and the Bow* p. 168.

85 Meyers, *Hemingway: Life Into Art*, p. 3.

A NEW LETTER FROM KIPLING TO MINNA KEENE

EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY **BRIAN MÜLLER**

[Brian Müller, a South African born scholar based in Vancouver, is currently researching the life and work of the photographer Minna Keene. He has kindly allowed the *Kipling Journal* to reproduce this recently discovered letter from Rudyard Kipling to Minna Keene, *Ed.*]

A previously unknown letter from Rudyard Kipling to the German-Canadian photographer Minna Keene (1861–1943), dated 2 April 1906, has been identified by me, in the course of researching Keene's time in the Cape Colony between 1903 and 1913. According to an uncredited newspaper article, "Camera Catches Phase of Order That's Gone" (*The Toronto Star Weekly,* 15 March 1924), when Keene was residing in Oakville, Ontario,

> It was, indeed, her interest in the study of plant life that first led her into photographic work, and it was her success in this field that brought her early fame. She has in her possession a letter from Rudyard Kipling in which he speaks in enthusiastic terms of some of her photographic plant studies.

Whereas many of Kipling's letters have survived, Keene has not enjoyed the same archival legacy, despite her own successful career. Until recently, much of what was believed to have survived was held within the collections of other notable individuals, such as her letters to British artist Edith Dawson housed at Leeds University Library, which offer valuable glimpses into, *inter alia,* Keene's experience of living in New York City, her working relationship with William Randolph Hearst, and her reflections on World War I. Any letters exchanged between Kipling and Keene might provide similarly valuable insights into Keene's experiences in the Cape Colony.

On 7 June 2024, I received confirmation from the archival team at The Image Centre at Toronto Metropolitan University (formerly Ryerson University)—where the recently donated *Minna Keene and Violet Keene Perinchief Collection* is currently being accessioned—that they had located a letter from Kipling to Keene, still in its original envelope addressed to Mrs Caleb Keene,[1] c/o Forsyth & Co, Cape Town. R. Kipling.

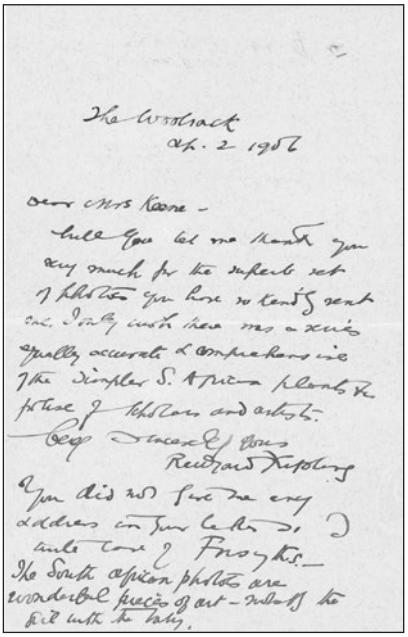
With the assistance of Andrew Lycett and Janet Montefiore of the Kipling Society, I have transcribed the letter:

The Woolsack
Ap. 2 1906

Dear Mrs Keene -
Will you let me thank you
very much for the superb set
of photos you have so kindly sent
me. I only wish there was a series
equally accurate & comprehensive
of the simpler S. Africa plants for
for [sic] use of scholars and artists.
Very Sincerely Yours
Rudyard Kipling

You did not give me any
address in your letter so I
write care of Forsyths.[2]

The South Africa photos are
wonderful pieces of art – notably[?] the
girl with the baby



Letter from Rudyard Kipling to Minna Keene, April 1906, ink on paper. *The Minna Keene and Violet Keene Perinchief Collection, The Image Centre, Gift of the Sturrup Family, 2024.* [AG05.2025.1004.1619:0008A]

The letter from Keene to which this responds has not yet been located (if indeed it has survived). There is no mention of Keene in Kipling's published letters or in Renee Durbach's seminal text *Kipling's South Africa* (1988), making this letter the sole primary evidence of a connection between them.[3] We do not know whether Kipling actively promoted Keene's work beyond offering his personal praise and encouragement, but she clearly valued his recognition, as the letter was safely kept for her whole life, and numerous newspapers published articles listing Kipling among her distinguished friends and acquaintances (e.g. Ignacy Paderewski, Robert Scott, Olive Schreiner, and Jan Smuts`).[4] Mentioning Kipling's admiration of her work may have conferred a symbolic "stamp of approval," further enhancing her credibility and public profile.

Keene herself was an important figure in early 20th-century photography, with a career spanning several countries including England, South Africa, the United States, and Canada.[5] She was one of the first women to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, and her work was exhibited in galleries across Europe and North America – including a solo exhibition at the Smithsonian Museum in 1924. Described as "one of the greatest pictorialists in the world" (*The Toronto Star Weekly* 1924, 6), Keene is particularly known for her portraiture and botanical studies, particularly *Keene's Nature Studies* series, which featured meticulously crafted studies of local plants, fruits, and seeds. This body of work solidified her reputation as both a highly skilled camera technician and a talented artist; although her "racial types"—ethnographic photographs of native populations, often reproduced and sold as postcards—arguably represented her most commercially successful work (Corrigall 2018). This intersection of botanical art and ethnographic photography characterised much of Keene's artistic output during the period when Kipling wrote the above letter. (Keene 1909).

Although it is unclear which specific botanical photographs Kipling referenced in his letter, his praise aligns with the widespread recognition that *Keene's Nature Studies* received. His expressed wish to see similar photographs of "simpler" South African flora indicate that he may have encountered depictions of the region's more complex plant life in Keene's portfolio. During this period, she was reportedly working on a project "pertaining to the flora and birds of Africa" ("The Work of Mrs. Caleb Keene," 1906, 341). This project appears never to have been finalised, but she may have sent Kipling some early examples.

In addition to praising her botanical work, Kipling comments on a photograph of a "girl with the baby." This could potentially refer to Keene's well-known image *Zulu Girl with Baby,* which depicts a young

woman carrying a child in a sling on her back. This photograph is an example of Keene's "racial types" and was part of her South African postcard series, typifying Keene's ability to combine ethnographic photography with artistic sensibility.[6]

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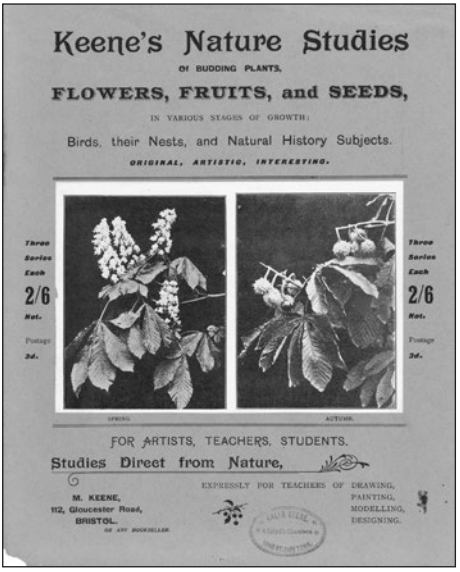

Minna Keene, [Promotional booklet for *Keene's Nature Studies*], ca. 1903, halftone reproductions. *The Minna Keene and Violet Keene Perinchief Collection, The Image Centre, Gift of the Sturrup Family, 2019.* [AG05.2019.1004.1130:0001]

NOTES

1 Caleb Keene, Minna Keene's husband, was himself a successful artist and decorator.

2 Forsyth & Co. were art dealers and picture framers located at Parliament Street, Cape Town.

3 B Durbach (1988), Twidle (2012) provide an interesting look at Kipling's time in Cape Town.

4 See *Free Press Evening Bulletin* 1924, *The Border Cities Star* 1924, *The Brantford Expositor* 1924).

5 For Minna Keene's life, see Irwin (1926), Roger (1987), Skidmore (2022), and Bassnett and Parsons (2023). For her years at the Cape, see Corrigall (2018).

6 Ethnographic photography was a widespread practice in Southern Africa. See, for example, the work of Alfred Martin Duggan-Cronin (1874–1954) and Gustav Theodor Fritsch (1838–1927).

BOOK REVIEW

Trix: The Other Kipling by Barbara Fisher, Open Book Publishers, 2024 (ISBN 9781805111528), paperback, 245pp, £26.95

Kipling's younger sister Alice, known as Trix, is a shadowy figure in the many Kipling biographies, almost always seen reflected in the light of her more famous brother (save, of course, Mary Hamer's fictionalised *Kipling and Trix*). In this first full biography of Trix, Barbara Fisher, a US based academic teaching 18th and 19th Century Literature, reviewer for journals including *The New York Times* and *Boston Globe* and contributor to *KJ* 357, September 2014, aims to bring her out of this obscurity, and in this she succeeds very well.

Fisher divides Trix's life into several stages: her early life in the 'House of Desolation' in Southsea with the young Kipling, highlighting the mental abuse meted out by Mrs Holloway, the possible sexual abuse at the hands of her son Harry, and the strained relationship with her mother; Trix, vivacious and intelligent, back with the 'Family Square', her joint family writing and life in India; her unhappy marriage to Jack Fleming, and her early writings as a wife; her depression, the various methods of treatment, and the reactions of her husband and family; Trix's involvement with the Society for Psychical Research where she was respected as a medium and practitioner of automatic writing, her initial recovery and then her second breakdown following the death of her parents. Fisher has undertaken widescale research using Trix's letters, writings, both published and unpublished as well as contemporary memoirs of friends and family to draw together a picture of a complex and troubled woman and how she sought the strength and support of a mother and family which she never truly found.

At the heart of Fisher's biography is the marriage between Trix and Jack Fleming. He was older than she, the opposite of Trix, a stolid, taciturn military man, unliterary and unimaginative and was the more persistent of the two. He asked her to marry him, but she initially refused. The sense of abandonment by her mother that Trix felt when she was left at a young age in Southsea meant that she and her mother had a difficult relationship (Fisher refers to it a 'mother want') and it was she who pressed Trix to marry – it was what was expected of a young woman out in India. Eventually, following repeated proposals by Jack, Trix accepted, even though she knew she did not and could not love him, and the marriage was a constant unhappiness for Trix. She tried to be a 'good' wife to him, making a home and following him on his various mapping missions, but there were never any children. The reasons for this are not known; Fisher suggests that there was both

an absence of love and perhaps a fear of physical intimacy following childhood gropings by Harry Holloway.

Trix sought refuge in her writings – despite the lack of encouragement from her husband. Fisher has done a tremendous amount of research tracking down Trix's writings, both published and unpublished, distinguishing between her and her brother's contributions to the 'Plain Tales' series of articles and positioning them against other contemporary women writers' work. As Fisher says, it is wrong to place too much emphasis on the autobiographical in a writer's work, but the themes Trix explored – the loneliness of a loveless marriage in India, the gradual decay of a relationship between the wife and husband and the misery of being alone and unsupported – are hard to ignore.

Fisher shows how writing gave Trix an outlet to explore her feelings. When she visited Jack's dour relatives in Scotland and was unable to write, they felt it not quite the right thing for a wife to do, and Trix collapsed with what was later diagnosed as melancholia and depression. Initially cared for by her mother and family, she eventually had professional care – rest, quiet and not much sedation – in contrast to Jack's wishes to see her committed as insane. Gradually she recovered.

Trix became interested in the paranormal, mediumship and automatic writing and through the supportive guidance of the SPR developed as a significant medium and exponent of automatic writing. This offered her a second outlet for her need to write to understand her situation. It was something purely for her – both Jack and Rudyard were against it, but it helped her to rebuild her mental strength. Rudyard, and the less than sympathetic Carrie, blamed her involvement with the Society for Psychical Research for her second breakdown, ignoring the shattering impact on her of the sudden deaths, close together, of her parents. She survived both her husband and brother, and lived quietly and happily into the 1940s. Trix's life seems tragic – she was a woman tossed around a world she was powerless to control, dominated by men – her husband and beloved brother – adrift from her mother and the family she so strongly wanted and needed in order to thrive, yet she was not defeated.

Fisher's biography is readable, well researched and referenced. She has brought to the forefront many of Trix's works which have been forgotten or lost, for which future researchers should be thankful. There are occasional slips/typos (The Kipling Society was founded in 1927 not 1937), but this is a minor cavil. As a biographer she is empathetic and understanding, achieving well her aim to 'give a voice, a mind and a heart to a misunderstood, misrepresented, but indomitable woman'. She is aware of the dangers of over-interpretation, but her arguments are persuasive. The book has an excellent bibliography and workable index. This is a significant book which fills a major gap in Kipling studies and is highly recommended. A copy can be freely downloaded

from the publisher's website, but a print copy deserves a place in any Kipling collection.

Andrew Scragg

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Lord Roberts of Belgravia

Congratulations on the excellent *Kipling Journal* 399 themed on 'Kipling and the Classics', particularly the little-known satire 'The Pleasure Cruise.' I suspect that in on page 8 where Hermes said 'Was there not in your day one of your Generals, a man entitled to consideration, telling you that very thing? How did you take it?' and Chrysippus replies, 'Most of us mocked at his white hairs. Some, however, went politely about our pleasures, which he as mildly as possible wished us to diminish a little, in order that we might learn to man the walls,' Kipling was referring to Earl Roberts of Kandahar, who founded the National Service League before the Great War, and said in a speech in 1912, 'Arm and prepare to acquit yourselves like men, for the day of your ordeal is at hand.' Of course, Roberts was a good friend of Kipling's and something of a hero to him.

Andrew Roberts (no relation)
London

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details and membership forms are available on the Society's web-site, or from the **Membership Secretary Fiona Renshaw, Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex, TN19 7HP, email ksmemsec@outlook.com.** The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

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