

## The Kipling Motoring Diaries

March/May 1921

*The Kiplings, Rudyard, Carrie, Elsie and Elsie's cousin Lorna Baldwin (daughter of Stanley Baldwin, MP) together with Carrie's maid, had left England by boat and train, via Dover, on 17 February 1921.*

*They travelled south to Marseilles by train. On 19 February they boarded a French Messageries Maritime (the French equivalent of P & O) steamer, SS Timgad, which seems to have run a shuttle service to Algiers and other French colonial ports in North Africa. They disembarked at Algiers a day later and remained there until 22 March, when they returned, in the same ship, to Marseilles, where they arrived on the evening of 23 March.*

*Their chauffeur, Taylor (who had come to them, we assume, when the 'Duchess' was recommissioned in January 1919), with a slightly 'bent' 'Duchess', was there on the quayside when the Timgad docked on the evening of the 23<sup>rd</sup> March.*

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March 23<sup>rd</sup>.

(Evening). Car met us at Marseilles as we got out of SS *Timgad* from Algiers and reported broken leaf of spring and exhaust pipe knocked off somewhere near Avignon, on her way down from Le Havre. Put up for the night at Louvre et la Paix. First warm night of whole trip.

*It must have been a really bad obstruction, or pot-hole, to have caused the Duchess to 'ground' so heavily as to break off the tail-pipe of the exhaust and to break one of the leaves of one of the springs.*

*The car had four springs, one at each end of each axle. Each spring comprised four, five or six individual leaves, graduated in length: from about 6 to 9 inches (15-22 cm) for the lowermost, each successive leaf increasing in length to the topmost, which might be up to 3 feet (0.9 m) long. The number of leaves and their length varied with the weight and size of the car. The spring steel used by Rolls Royce was of the highest quality, but all materials have a breaking strain.*

*The wording of the entry makes it sound as though they had hoped to go straight to Hyères, but couldn't risk taking six persons' baggage, and six persons on a 'dodgy' spring, and so had to spend the night at Marseilles while they sorted matters out.*

March 24<sup>th</sup>.

Saw Elsie, Lorna and maid off at PLM station with heavy baggage for Hyères: and left (gingerly) on account of weak spring and cut out open for Hyères, via Toulon at 10.50. Vile bad roads: all pot-holes. Lunch at Toulon: got to Costebello hotel about 5 mins after the girls. Hotel Ermitage dingy, second-rate. English but warm. Wired RR repair shops Nice explaining defects and (*sentence unfinished*).

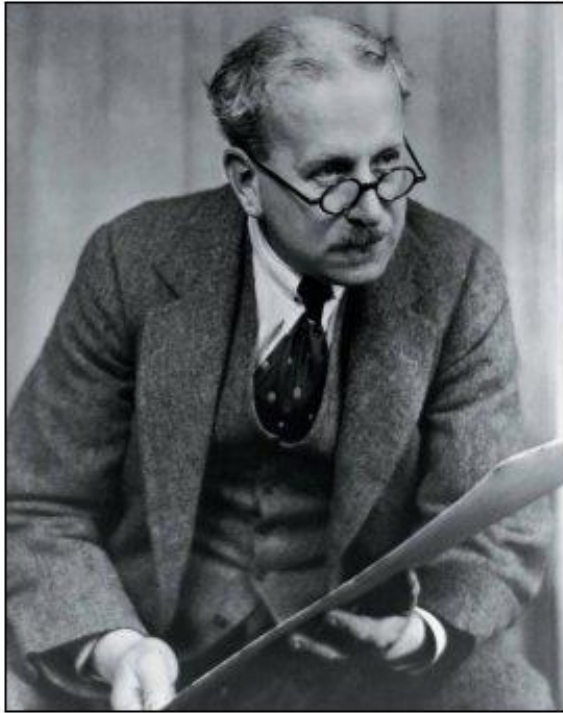
Mar 25<sup>th</sup> at 10 a.m. arrived W. Parsons (a Burwash boy) with mechanic in Ford car, spare spring, etc, and had her restored in 4 hours.

*The reference to the "cut out open" refers to a fitting no longer found on cars (nor is it permitted today). The exhaust gases from a car's engine pass from the outlet manifold down the exhaust pipe, underneath the car and through the silencer to the tail-pipe, to be discharged behind the car.*

*In the silencer the gases passed through a series of baffles, and these were sometimes held to impede the flow of gases to the extent that the back pressure would prevent the engine developing the desired power. So, before the gases reached the silencer, there was a pipe leading out of the exhaust pipe from the engine, which was normally closed, so that the gases had to pass through the silencer.*

*But the cut off could be opened, and the gases diverted downwards towards the ground without any impediment. The result was that the exhaust was unsilenced, and the car passed on its way with a roar, and its performance unimpaired, but at the expense of excessive noise.*

*In this case, it was undesirable just to let the exhaust come out of the silencer, with no tail pipe, because the hot gases – and make no mistake, they are hot – would be discharged immediately below the floorboards – and they were wooden boards – with the danger of fire. So the cut off was opened, and the gases discharged downwards, minimising the fire risk.*



*Claude Johnson*

*The Roll Royce repair shops at Nice excelled themselves, and Kipling wrote to Claude Johnson, the company's Managing Director (PINNEY, **Letters**, Vol.5, pp 63/4) to congratulate him, and the team from Nice, for their excellent service – they had the Duchess 'back on her feet' by 3 p.m.*

*Kipling also wrote (PINNEY, **Letters**, Vol.5, pp 64-6) to Colonel Feilden in Burwash about the hotel, and his letter explains the comments about its décor and Englishness*

***“This here hotel is the most English caravanserai that ever was and is run as an integral portion of British Society by secretaries, Hon. Secretaries, Presidents of Golf Clubs and all the rest of the feeble fussy old men who always cast up in such places. Queen Victoria once stayed here. You ought to see the furniture! It's unadulterated 1840 – lambrequins, embroidered settees, solid walnut wardrobes, sham buhl and sham inlay tables, marble-topped toilettes and roses painted on the ceilings. We like the rest and remoteness of it.”***

Mar. 26<sup>th</sup>.

From Costebello 10 a.m. to Lavandou near which one Mich(*elin*) inner tube blew. Thence via Corniche des Maures to St. Tropez where lunched at bad little hotel. Home through Cogelin and the cork woods: reached Hotel at 4 p.m. About 150 Km.

*In his letter to Colonel Feilden, cited above, Kipling described St. Tropez as “a queer quiet old portlet (it didn't rise to the dignity of a port) with a solid stone quay and breakwater against the East wind, where long nosed long-bowspritted coasting craft – cork, firewood and farm produce - were dropping in one after another with that superb ease of handling and rounding to that appears so utterly easy to watch.” [According to today's website it now has two basins with berths for 734 yachts].*

March 28<sup>th</sup>.

*(NB, these are individual day trips and so there are 'blank' days.)*

Hyères to Brignoles via Cuers and Rochlaron, the latter a glorious mountain stretch. Left Cost. about 10 a.m. Burst tyre outside Brignoles, near R(*ailwa*)y line after descent of pass. Reached Garrus Hotel at 1; late for déj. and had to wait owing to congestion of guests (and there was congestion elsewhere). Home by Le Luc and Pugetville. Inner tube went on road. Not back till close on 6 after tea in chocolate shop at Hyères.

*They went directly north to Brignoles – their route being up the main D. road – again a mis-reading of Kipling's writing – the village's name is Rochbaron – and looped eastwards to return, re-joining their outward route at Cuers.*

April 1<sup>st</sup>.

Left Cost. at 10 a.m. for Cannes via Forêt de Dom cork woods. Tyre went down a few kilos (*Km*) outside Fréjus and in Fréjus itself new inner tube went. Had to hire victoria with pair for last 3 kils into St. Raphael where met Rideout (Canada Maple Leaf Club) and Admiral Poë. E had phlebitis. Taylor was kept a long time in Fréjus and did not arrive until close to 3.30. Sent him in St. R(*aphael*) to buy new M(*ichelin*) tyre and get it fitted which delayed us till 4.45. Into Cannes about 6 p.m. over Esterels (under repair) a damnably dangerous road one third occupied with road metal. Saw Isabel and Sykie in motor outside Cannes. Stayed at Carlton for experience, which is expensive. A most annoying day as far as tyres went, but the scenery and climate beyond words.



*a Victoria*

*Clearly, the roads in the Alpes-Maritime were not up to much. A Victoria was a one horse, four-wheeled, open carriage with a collapsible hood, which seated two people – in fact, it was rather like a larger version of a baby's pram, of the superior sort.*

*We have been unable to trace Rideout, but Admiral Poë was, or had been, one of the original members of the Imperial War Graves Commission.*

*Phlebitis is a painful inflammation of a vein or blood vessel.  
Isabel and Sykie were Elsie's friend, née Law (Bonar Law's daughter) and her husband, Air Vice-Marshal Frederick (later Sir Frederick) Sykes.*

April 6.

Left Carlton Hotel about 1.40 (hot day) for Hyères via seaside road to San (*sic*) R(*aphael*). Very blind but beautiful in that light. Nearly got caught by one car round a curve. First time I used Michelin map which I found very convenient. Time to San R. about 1½ hours – slow going but inevitable. From S.R via Fréjus to Le Muy – via Le Luc, Vidauban, and Gonfaron on the big road instead of the San R. corniche and cork wood. Longer but faster. Took turn at Pugetville which landed us under beautiful village on hill of Petit Jean. Overtook Calais-Med express en route. Only had one halt on road, 15 Kms from Hyères, by the hepatica fields. Found Thermos flask broken. Stopped at Hyères to buy new one and find out when bank (Société gen.) would open. Costebello about 6 p.m. A perfectly good run about 900 + 38 Kms.



*The coast road is indeed very twisty even today; and it must have been full of blind corners, so it is not surprising they were “nearly caught by one car round a curve”. And Michelin maps and guides are today indispensable for tourists. Their time to Saint Raphael was slow – the distance was about 40 Km, so a time of 1½ hours gave an average speed of no more than 17 mph. Nor would they necessarily have been speeding to “overtake the Calais-Med express”. For one thing, given that they were going from east to west, it must have been the Med-Calais express, and that section of the railway along the Riviera has always been slow, being full of curves.*

*We believe that the distance given of 900 has to be a mis-type for 90 (Km) – the '38' representing the distance Cannes-Saint Raphael, and the 90 the distance Saint-Raphael to Costebello.*

April 7.

Left Costebello station, after seeing the heavy baggage registered for Cannes at 9.25. Back via Cuers, not Petit Jean where the road was being mended. The rest as yesterday in reverse. Gaiger in car. Dull and wet with local showers. Car went beautifully. S. Raphael at 11.45-50. Lunch at Beau Rivage (same as On April 1<sup>st</sup>). There learned that Poë had died of Angina Pectoris three days before (so sure is life), was buried Ap. 6. Left S.R. 1 o'clock. Took Esterels road in top gear. Gaiger sitting with C. in case of funk and reached Cannes at 2. Both perfectly successful days – no flaw. Cold wet weather which (*sentence unfinished*).

*They were moving on from Costebello – it does sound as though the hotel was a bit stultifying, particularly for Elsie and Lorna. We assume that Gaiger must have been Carrie's maid.*

*'Angina Pectoris' (chest pain) was customarily used to describe any unspecified heart condition.*



*le massif d'Esterel*

*Esterels refers to a mountainous area, le Massif de l'Esterel lying between Saint Raphael and Cannes. That the car was able to take the road over it without having to change down a gear speaks well for its power.*

April 8.

After run at 3 p.m. to Nice and back resulted in Taylor reporting himself out of order in his stomach. He looked sick. Castor oil prescribed.

*Poor Taylor. This editor is happy to say that he was never prescribed castor oil – by all accounts a singularly unpleasant dose to have to take. At this time it was also used as a lubricant for aero engines in particular, and also for cars (hence the much-advertised ‘Castrol’ lubricating oil).*

*Kipling wrote again to Colonel Feilden on April 9<sup>th</sup> (PINNEY, **Letters**, Vol.5, pp 68-70), amplifying the details of their stay in Cannes.*

April 11<sup>th</sup>.

At 11 a.m. for Grasse – fine and hot after three days overcast. Stopped at perfumery shop in Grasse and bought plentifully of scents. Lavender water for C. Folavril for Elsie and Lorna. Eau de Cologne (Brunns court was the name of mine). Thence to Pont du Loup and sumptuous à la carte déj at Grand Hotel ordered by E (137 f). Thence up gorge of Loup to Gourdon in rear of charabanc. A most marvellous mountain road culminating in amazing panoramic view – Nice, Antibes, etc, laid out as from an aeroplane.



*The road through the Gorges du Loup*

Very dirty youngish priest with some command of English showed us his church (Xth C) and (XVth C) carved Virgin, (XIIIth and XVth C) candelabra. Also remains of chateau of Sieur de Gourdon – and eyrie on a rock. Well contoured road down to Grasse (it only took us 20 mins. to climb up) in sleepy sunshine. Home at 4, of which at least 1¼ hours were spent at Grand Hotel. Car went and was driven delightfully. Shackle bolt talking again.

*Grasse lies 12 miles NNW of Cannes: and Gourdon, a scant nine miles NNE of Grasse. Grasse is the perfumery capital of France, surrounded by many lavender fields.*

*We have wondered often, but have not previously commented in detail, on the apparent shortness of time spent by the Kiplings over their déj(euners). Their “sumptuous à la carte” lunch, costing 137 francs for four people (some £170 at current values) took no more than 1¼ hours, from arrival to departure: they must have visited the cloakroom, and time to be seated, to read the menu and make a choice (even if it was only one person making the choice), not forgetting any wine, plus time to settle the bill, plus cooking time for a meal which, being à la carte, must have involved a fair amount of preparation: all this would, we believe have taken the best part of an hour alone, leaving 15 minutes to gobble what must have been a three course meal, at least at that price.*

*The ‘talking’ shackle bolt meant that a bolt, securing a shackle (almost certainly a spring shackle) in the car’s suspension, was loose and was rattling slightly (‘talking’, in naval parlance). Taylor would probably have been able to tighten it in such a way that the noise ceased.*

April 18<sup>th</sup>.

Left Cannes 2.15 p.m. over Esterels for Brignoles via Le Luc, etc (97 Km). Good run, but coldish (with NW wind). Had tea by roadside beyond Le Luc (running time 2½ hours). Hotel Garrus, Château Tivoli very clean and comfy for night. Good dinner. Saw Diane, an aged dog of the Pyrenees: good night’s sleep.





*Pyrenean Mountain Dog*

*Diane must have been a Pyrenean Mountain Dog, a breed virtually unknown in Britain at that time (Kipling has translated their French name, 'Chien de Pyrenées' literally.)*

*They are commonly 80 cm (nearly 3 feet) high and weigh over 50 kg. (110 lb).*

*The Kiplings were now starting to make their way home, though not directly.*

April 19<sup>th</sup>.

Left Brignoles 9 a.m. for Arles, but stopped to buy bread and ham in the town: cleared it at 9.10-15. Fine, coldish with NW wind. Good roads for the most part: Aix (58 Km) at 10.30. Thence Le Cannet and Salon and cross Crau (bitter cold, as usual) to Arles. (Déj at Hotel du Forum, guided thereto by a small boy in a sailor suit) (Town bewitched as usual, on getting out.) Tyre went 5 Km from Arles: arrived Arles at 12.25 (130 Km from B(rignoles)).

Left Arles for Les Baux (wind still blowing hard with flying clouds) 2 p.m. approx. Les Baux as lovely as ever, but much more prosperous. Secret explained by meeting



*Les Baux*

large charabanc of trippers. Guide and postal cards much in evidence. Up street to chapel, old lookout and round to castle. Things stay the same after seven years. Went on to Avignon after an hour full of memories, through the quarries by the road we had taken 7 years before. In Graveson our inner tube pinched. Had the bread and ham by the roadside while new tube was being fitted. Fed one cheery tramp with scraps (he at once sat down on a pile of stone blocks and produced a bottle to wash it down), Also one smelly but avid dog who passed by with a cart.

Panne at 3.45. Arr. Avignon at 4.45. Much struck by prosperity of the city. Also noted the same in valley outside Les Baux. We were made very welcome by Guiydor whom I remembered as shy boy in the uniform of his conscription 7 years back (Mar. 24 1914 to be precise). Now his father is dead and he, apparently owns this crowded, English-filled hotel. Our old rooms given us as in 1914. Lorna (*Baldwin*) delighted with hotel and all incidents of travel. Found a wood fire smouldering in hearth left by previous occupants who seem to have been from Nice and were not otherwise nice in what they left behind. (This is pure supposition.) Or perhaps were not well. Hotel at dinner densely crowded with Eng. and American tourists (mostly cars) worse than in the old days.

*Long-distance motoring was still somewhat adventurous, and the preserve of the moneyed classes.*

*The Kiplings do not seem to have been very adventurous with their roadside picnics: the menu always seems to have been 'bread and ham'. Their lunch in Arles seems to have been a 'triumph of hope over experience' – they had been there in 1911 and 1914, to the same hotel, and had found their "déjeuner" "vile" (March 20 1911 and "as usual, not good" (March 22 1914).*

*Les Baux was clearly a place they loved to visit, they had been there in 1910, 1911 and 1914. And Kipling had commented on the presence of the then much younger proprietor of the Hotel de l'Europe in Avignon on March 21 1914.*

## April 20

Avignon. Howling cold NW wind. To Nîmes at 10.45 for déjeuner. (Luxembourg) via Remoulins: and also to get fresh Mich(*elin*) (tyre) cover. This took time: it being an outside. Taylor got it at last after almost an hour's search. Saw bull-ring, Nîmes: and would have seen Remoulins on return but road was being remetalled fiercely and we turned back within 2 Km of the Pont du Gard. Day's run approx.. 80-100 Km. Avignon: Hotel d'Europe.

*French roads were still pretty rough, often diabolically so, and punctures or bursts were still the bane of motoring tourists. Remoulins lies just off the main road between Nîmes and Avignon, on the road to the Pont du Gard.*

#### April 21.

11 a.m. to Fontaine de Vaucluse for lunch (*Good Heavens! What happened to 'dég'?*). A much better day: warmer with less wind; beautiful country. Roads mixed. Déj at 'Petrarch and Laura' Hotel and saw three trout caught alive from tank in garden beside old dripping wheel. Trees full of bloom and birds singing. Fountain under rock, sunk to a yawning pit with a little deep-set malevolent blue eye of water far and far down. A fine impression but again full of memories of seven years ago – and more. Home via Carpentras at 3 p.m. Dist. run app. 65 Kms. Cloudless, blue and dusty.

*See March 23 1914 for an account of their previous visit.*

#### April 22

Made start from A(vignon) 9.5 but, owing to my leaving despatch box behind at Hotel, had to turn back for it (ap(*proximately*) 3-4 Km) and so did not clear A, till 9.20. R(*oa*)d. to Orange pretty bad. Inner tube went twice between Orange and Montelimar.

Once spare wheel used, and once had to pump up outside farm house 20 Km from M(*ontelimar*) at noon. Reached M. at 12.30 (Hotel de la Poste). Town nearby prosperous: bought a little chocolate nougat. After déj (2.5 (*the time*)) started for return Grenoble, via Valence. Car did 54 Km in her first 60 minutes (*average 33<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> mph*) and thereafter went beautifully at app. 30-32. Filled up at St. Marcellin. Ran into gray cool weather with spurts of rain (the land needs it) and thick air making mountains very impressive. Snow powderings on peaks and rifts of sunshine. Inner tube gave outside Vinay at 4.30. Third collapse – lack of security bolts.

Arr. Grenoble (tired) 5 p.m. Bar tyres, a very good day, 217 Km plus 6 or 7 for return to Avignon. Note. Four magnificent white pigs (sows) in special crate in motor vehicle, outside garage at St. Marcellin, pale golden hair. Evidently finely bred. Rejoiced in local name, something like "Carancas". Quite worth seeing. Weather cleared in evening. Spectacle of regularly ordained northern spring among the valleys and on the mountainsides much cheered us. C. liked the thin clean air. A very good day for me. No pains whatever or indigestion bar one twinge or two outside Grenoble.

*They were following much the same course that they had in 1914 – from Avignon up the Rhone valley to Valence, then to Grenoble.*

*Grenoble is all among mountains, though not at any considerable altitude itself (384m. or 1300 feet (approx.)), which would account for the “thin clean air”. And this is the first time that Kipling has mentioned his internal troubles, which are not mentioned in Carrie’s diary for early 1921, either.*



*Grenoble today*

*Their tyre troubles were continuing. This editor was baffled by the reference to ‘security bolts’ but consultation with our member John Walker, who owns a car of this vintage, provided the explanation, below.*

#### April 23 (Saturday)

Spent one whole and in the main damnable day at Grenoble (Grand Hotel), the morning trying to get to the bottom of the mystery of the burst tyres. The Garage (Didier) where the car lay explained finally that Mich(*elin*) was making two sizes of valves for their 895-135 inner tubes – one for American wheels which was smaller than the hole in our R.R. wheel rim and so dragged and wrenched the tube: the other (Model 1903) was the one we ought to have had but M(*ichelin*) was issuing his thin valve tyres without warning to purchasers. T(*aylor – their chauffeur*) protested that lack of security bolts, and the tyres (new Mich.) being a bit too big for the rim made the trouble. Anyway, I was there at 10 and met a voluble French garageur who, repairing one of our burst tubes, fitted it with a larger valve-stem which looked like a Continental. He guaranteed that he would bring it back at 5 p.m. and guaranteed also that once fixed it would not draw.

Went to garage again at 5 after tea at local Rumpelmayers and saw that the first part of promise was fulfilled. (T. meantime had got 3 security bolts – all that Grenoble had – and seemed happier). Wettish, grey and coldish and a fine set of pains in interior. Am(eric)an. doctor (Lane Ross) inflicted himself on me, for my sins. To bed early and

*This entry is almost entirely about the technicalities of tyres and inner tubes, and is typical of Kipling's ability to extract information about technical matters from an expert – and in French – and comprehend it, despite not being particularly technically-minded himself.*

*John Walker, himself the owner of a 1917 Calthorpe which runs on similar tyres to those used by Kipling's Rolls, has provided this explanation of what was the trouble, and why Taylor wanted 'security bolts'.*

*“Until the nineteen-twenties, almost all Rolls Royce cars ran on beaded edge tyres. Unlike modern 'wired rim' tyres, these rely on the pressure in the inner tube to force the tyre into the shaped 'clincher' on the rim of the wheel. The pressure must therefore be much higher than for modern tyres (often 4 atmospheres, or 60 pounds per square inch) If the inner tube loses pressure, the tyre can begin to move around the wheel, dragging the tube with it, and often tearing the valve stem from the tube. To prevent this, wheels were fitted with security bolts, which could hold a bracket across the wheel, between rim and tube, to press the tyre into its 'clincher'.*

*These, of course, were difficult to fit, especially where several were used to equalize stresses on the vulnerable beading. Thus when JRK says the inner tube 'gave', he is not referring to a simple puncture, but to the tube being torn at the valve insertion - a far more difficult repair.” [J.W.A.W.]*

*We assume that the American doctor's infliction was purely social, and unrelated to the “**fine set of pains in interior**”.*

### Sunday April 24

Woke to grey and wetness, expecting evil things. Got away at 9.5 with an extortionate bill (435 )(francs) (approx. £18 2s.6d in 1921, or £795 in 2019), proof that bad hotels like bad people rarely change. Mountains invisible in mist – and a SW wind with rain pouring clouds along. Ran for Bourges via Voiron and Morestel. (This has to be a mis-reading of Kipling's writing. Bourges is some 450 Km from Grenoble: Bourg-en-Bresse is meant (Kipling probably just wrote Bourg – see below.)

A few flakes of snow at the highest point of the divide before we dipped for Lagnieu. No views possible but general impression of racing through a long country lane full of folk in Sunday dress, with brollies. Whom we splashed cruel.

Arr. Bourges (133 Kms) at 1.10 with all tyres holding. (*See comment above – he had made the same error in the diary of their trip home in 1914 – see entry for March 25<sup>th</sup>, 1914. Today’s gazetteer gives the distance as 166 Km; but the distance as the crow flies in 119 Km.*) Bad petrol at G(*renoble*) made her snort a bit but she did well. Déj. Hotel de l’Europe in huge salon set out for Sunday déj of all the local marchands de vin who would eat “about 1.30! Two bottles before each man. It looked like a hunt breakfast. Very good lunch: played with a delightful 11 month baby grand-daughter of Mme Ribier, a huge fat, polite old dame who had spent 15 years in Newcastle and had had her children there. Had lost her son (or son-in-law) to sleeping sickness. Left Bourges (*Bourg-en Bresse*) at 1.45. T(*aylor*) had adjusted the carburettor and she pulled like a dragon over unexpectedly good roads to Chalon-s(*ur*)-Saone. Mem, should have gone by the Tournus road, and not the parallel one (looked at the Taride instead of the Michelin map here). From Chalon to Beaune via Chagny: was rewarded by divine road from Chagny to Beaune, wh. reached at 4.10 p.m. (Total for day 133 + 121 or 253 Km). Absolutely perfect run bar weather. Wasn’t happy last 25 Km. Turned in for rest, No. 27 Hotel de la Poste and had a lovely sleep (must not eat stewed olives for déj).



*Hotel de la Poste, Beaune*

Hotel de la Poste exquisitely clean. Grub very good, proprietor of immense affability. Set before me a bottle of Beaune @ 11 fr. Which resulted in our buying from him for Bateman's: 2 doz. Corton @ 15 per bot: 1 doz. Nuits St, George in half bottles: and 1 doz. Montrachet @ 18 per bottle plus 3 fr per bottle duty, etc, landed in England. His name V. Chevillot.

Beaune: Two Siamese cats adorned the pleasant establishment. C, & G. went to see the Hotel-Dieu while I slept and saw a wondrous chapel, and a row of old ladies in medieval beds, tended by equally mediievally costumed nuns: also some priceless tapestries. In spite of weather and pains, a great and satisfactory day for us all.

*The town of Voiron, 25 Km NW of Grenoble provided the name for the owner of Apis, The Bull that Thought.*

*Tournus is on the west bank of the Saone, and the main north-south road from Dijon to Marseilles goes down that west bank (the old Route Imperiale). There is a parallel road on the other bank, evidently not so good.*

*Taride was another map-maker, evidently a competitor for Michelin, who seems to have gone out of business, or been taken over, in about 1930. The road from Chagny to Beaune, is indeed divine, going through the heart of the upper Burgundy vineyards; Puligny-Montrachet, Meursault, Pommard; a 'holy grail' for wine-lovers. The Montrachet, at 21fr. a bottle, cost some £26 at current values.*

*The being 'unhappy' seems to refer to his insides. We can only think that 'C & G' referred to Carrie and the Girls.*

## April 25

Left Beaune at 10.5-10 after flying visit to Hospice (28 medieval oak beds, 14 each side of barrel-roofed chapel with painted beams, each with red curtains and on some of them, aged women tended by nuns in bicorn caps and XVth-cent. costume.) A curtain and some oak panelling divided this dormitory of ancients from the altar end of the Chapel where 2 or 3 nuns were cleaning altar. Steam heat, speckless purity of linen and utensils a wonderful sight.



*Les Hospices de Beaune*

*The Hospice is still there, a part of the larger Hotel-Dieu. Today, it has no inmates, but is a tourist attraction.*

Grey day with chill N. wind and roads variable, but car went beautifully. No tyre trouble. Ran through Dôle over open lands by Saône and Doubs R(iver). Arrived Besançon (105km) 12.30. Fairish lunch at ‘G(ran)d et les Bains’ which was heavily heated. Left abt. 2 after spirited attempt by E (conning) to take the Vesoul road, Still grey but no wet and weather warming. Beautiful run on winding roads through thickly planted hills and road looping alongside rivers. Village idiot (or drunk) stopped us 22 Km W of Baume-les-Dames demanding a lift thither. Told him we were going elsewhere and left him. Typical Switzer villages with furlongs of cut cord-wood, repairs and extensions everywhere. Great agricultural prosperity. E conned car well. Reached Belfort, 89 Km at 4.10. ‘Tonneau d’Or’ cold and Switz-like. Total run 195-200 Km. Went to visit Lion of Belfort before dinner. Much impressed. No pain all day. Rested 5.40-7 in bed and cussed Hotel and Belfort at large.

*Besançon is a town in the Département of the Doubs, which contains the Jura mountains, and borders Switzerland – hence the comment about the ‘Switzer villages’. The area escaped the physical ravages of the war – the trench system petered out at the southern end of Alsace (which had been annexed by Germany at the end of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71): hence the ‘agricultural prosperity’. There is still a ‘Tonneau d’Or (Golden Barrel) Hotel in Belfort.*





*Le lion de Belfort*

*The Lion of Belfort is a massive carving of the head of a Lion, 40 feet high, overlooking the town, sculpted by Bartoldi, who sculpted the Statue of Liberty. It celebrates the heroic defence of the town against a superior besieging Prussian force in 1870.*

April 26<sup>th</sup>.

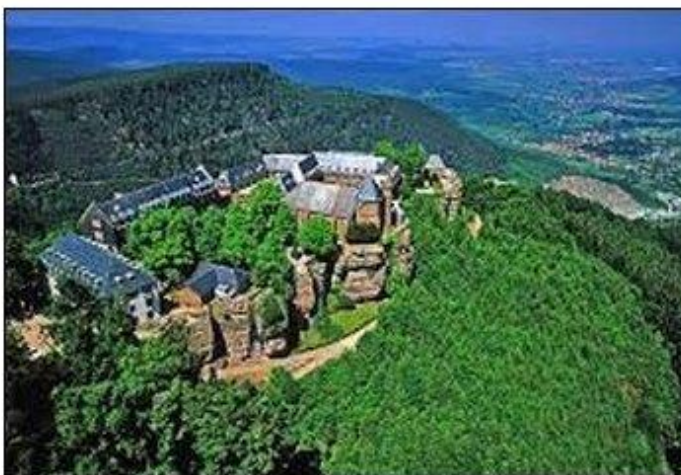
Left BELFORT at 10 a.m. for Colmar, via Cernay with short deviation of 5-8 Km for Thann but day too misty to see anything of the hills. Thann has been nearly repaired since 1915 and, as usual bore signs of local prosperity. Alsace is a consoling sight. Half-timbered houses, fine cattle, goats and land tenderly cultivated to the last blade as it springs: and rich smells of muck in the breeze. A red soil needing rain: fruit trees (apple) in bloom or setting beside faultless roads. 71 Km (plus 6 or 8) to Colmar at noon. Hotel Terminus (sauerkraut) with separate pews for each table. A good heavy déj. with deepening sense of more solidity in people, land and grub. Weather tried to lift after déj. but achieved no more than pale streaks of reflected sunshine.

*Thann is a town in the Haut Rhin Département, a short distance from the border with Alsace. (The 'rich smells of muck' were of farmyard manure.) Although not actually fought over in 1914-18, Thann was sufficiently close to the site of two major battles in 1914-5 to have suffered some damage.*



*Barr, the wine capital of the lower Rhine*

Left COLMAR area 1.15: made deviation to BARR, a fascinating old town stinking of tanneries where we saw the Rue Taufflieb: how were we to know then that Barr was the ancestral home of Julia's husband? Went some kms. climbing up, past saw-mills through spring-smelling forested hillsides to (*St. Odile* ?) Then at a road fork on the hillside where a road mender took out his watch to show Bird how many kms remained to be done to Ste. Odile, I turned back, finking the grease of the road. (Found out, of course, later that it was an accepted trip for charabancs.)



*the Monastery at St Odile*

Were rewarded with a marvellous view of velvety spring greens (young larch and spruce tips) of folds of forest, under a rift of dilute sunshine.

A mossy stoned brook kept us company and the whole place was beautiful almost to tears.

Reached Strasbourg, (Maison Rouge) at 4.10 where found that Julia had already called for us. As I went downstairs to get her address, she came – kind as ever – on eve of dep. for Paris but arranged dinner at La Cigogne for us ere she and the General caught the 10 p.m. train. Julia nursing an Alsatian constituency and more Alsatian than Alsace itself, was a noble sight. Lay down with a small pain. At 7.10 arr. Julia and General who took us for a small turn around the town to look at bits of old Strasbourg (they smelt, but were beautiful) and evening light on Cathedral.



*Strasbourg, the old town*

At dinner at the Cigogne, Mons. Carée-de-Malber, President of the Tribunal, a little reminiscent of Saxton Noble, and a man I cottoned to: Mons. and Madame Eugène Neunreiter (Alsations and he, I think, a public official) who asked us to lunch on Thursday at 1230, 19 Ave. de la Paix. A kindly simple evening meal and the talk of course of the Hun. Tauffliebs left at 9.30. M. le President escorted us home through the night which had turned warm, under full-flowering horse-chestnut trees with gleaming tram lines and glimpses of gleaming water. Tired, and some pains, but all right after wonderful day. (Note: Prop. F Belfort Hotel told me how the P(rince) of W(ales) stayed there and made himself most popular. All France loves him.) Vey comfy rooms at Maison Rouge, with bath like sarcophagus.

*For Julia Taufflieb (née Catlin, see Index to Carrie's diaries). She was one of the Kipling's oldest friends. Her husband was a native Alsatian, and it is evident that, Alsace having been returned to France by the Treaty of Versailles, after being under German administration, 1871-1918, they were taking an interest in local politics, although their home was at Compiègne, near Paris.*

*'Carée-de-Malber' must have been Raymond Carré-de-Malberg (1861-1936), a distinguished French jurist, and Professor of Public Law at the University of Strasbourg.*

*Saxton Noble, to whom he was compared was a fellow member of Kipling's at the Athenaeum (see the entry in Carrie's diary for 15 May 1914).*



*Raymond Carré de Malberg*

April 27<sup>th</sup>.

Easy morning: good petit dèj. Two full envelopes from Miss Ponton re Bateman's and some odds and ends for me. Went out to see if I could buy flowers in Place Kleber (it was God's own spring morn) but they were all in pots: and met a Dr. Dollinger who, Julia's kindness, offered to take me round. But I had my mail to catch up with and letters to write to hotels, Dieppe Garage, Chef de Gare Dieppe, etc, for return home on May 4<sup>th</sup>.

Then Chas. Downes Hozen, a Columbia professor lecturing in Strasbourg on USA history in English to deeply uninterested Alsatians sent me a note. I went upstairs to see him and we talked for half an hour. Then wrote letters for arrangements Nancy, Verdun, Rheims and home run, etc, till dèj. (Very good food here). And proprietor said he could get us permission to cross Rhine and enter occupied area at Kehl. Police Commissary, however, said that, by new regulations, this was impossible without the authorisation of one's own consul. (Must try that tomorrow).

At 2p.m. arr(*ived*) Mons. le President Carré-de-Malbe who took us for a most charming walk round city including visit to Marshal Saxe's tomb in the Protestant Church, and the Cathedral whose glass surpasses that of Chartres. Extensive repairs to building. Saw also the wonderful clock. Returned 3.40. Had Choc. at 4. Lay down (pains this time) while dep. of English girls in Strasbourg wished to see me: also a college professor of English. Missed 'em both without regret. Small walk with E. between 6.40 and 7.20 in evening light of a warm day: ending with a first-class dinner at a most moderate price. They understand belly-service in Alsace.

*Miss Ponton was the Secretary at Bateman's, and in charge when they were away.*

*Many biographers have given the impression, based on Kipling's own words, that it was Carrie who organised everything for him, but here we have him evidently making all the arrangements for their onward travels.*

*Kipling's appreciation of the glass in Strasbourg Cathedral is also interesting, since the glass at Chartres, about which he wrote a sonnet in 1925, is generally considered to be the finest in France.*



*stained glass in Strasbourg Cathedral*

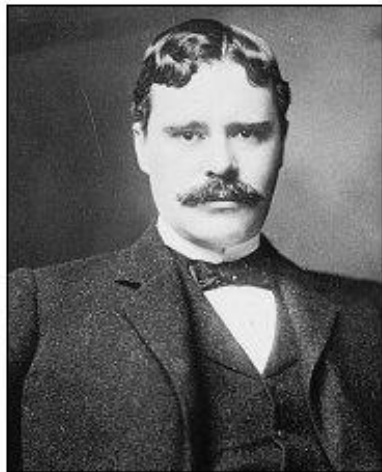
April 28<sup>th</sup>.

Lay till 9 a.m. A perfect spring morn. Hotel had reported, the night before, impossible visit Kehl, across Rhine or occupied territories, without special permit from one's own Consul. So telephoned Brit. Consul (he lived in a house without telephone). Next to Neunreiters\* by Tel. She told me to go No. 3, rue Fonderie which did at 10.15 and was there told that one's own passport and papers of car would be enough for us and auto. This proved true but formalities on the Rhine bridge (we went there from Hotel at 10.50) were many and slow. When all was done the Huns on the far side gave us a dirty red ticket for a 'séjour' and hung a revolting tin number over Duchess's radiator knob. Curious how deep and instriking the hate Caused by merely seeing so many of them alive when so many were dead.

Passed through Kehl and went some kms into the country which with its separated cottages, half-timbered, projecting eaves and neatly stored winter wood beneath eaves, was ridiculously like Busch pictures. So also the boys: the girls with twin plaits of hair and the old pipe-smoking men. The whole countryside was sleek and prosperous with smoking factory chimneys, ground cultivated to the edge of the road, and fat children, geese, oxen and horses. New houses springing up on all hands. A few French soldiers in blue in small fort made a pretty sight. They, of course, pay for their purchases. The villages seemed to lack naught. And they were alive.

Back at twelve o'clock to hotel and at 12.30 to Av. De la Paix and an enormous Alsatian lunch with host and hostess: Editor of Alsatian paper; a delightful dry alert French Army major with a long record of service in London, at Lake Tchad, Dakar and all over North Africa: a nice-spoken man in a frock-coat, either artistic or diplomatic. Quite simple sauerkraut with sausage and slabs of pork: a chicken grilled: asparagus that melted to the very tips, and the Alsatian Father of Meringues.

The Editor made a nice little speech to which I stammered some French. Eat (*Ate*) till nigh burst and got away 2 o'clock to hotel to pay and go away, when there was a card from Owen Wister who was there for a day. We exchanged a few words: he promising to see us in May: and then away at 2.30 for Nancy via Phalsbourg: Sarrebourg: Vic, through a procession of well-fed, well-supplied villages over perfect roads.



*Owen Wister*

*Owen Wister was an American author and a friend of 'Teddy' Roosevelt, who had visited them at 'Naulakha' in 1895 and at Bateman's in 1906.*

*According to Carrie's diaries, they did not see him again until 1928.*

Lorraine seemed larger and looser-boned than Alsace with less petit culture and gradually worsening roads. Got into shell-pocked area round Nancy with German pill-boxes grinning alongside the road and some houses all wiped out. One inner tube went in a village after Phalsbourg where an excited Dachshund harangued us till his or her mistress ordered her (sure, 'twas a bitch) inside the door. Took our afternoon coffee by utterly bare roadside in a stretch of 14 km. straight, about 5 km. from Vic: and reached NANCY about 6.30. Dist. 150 km: but the wheel and the wayside halt delayed us at least 45 or 50 minutes. C. and E. much delighted with Place Stanislaus and Grand Hotel where we have a sumptuous suite and I feel 'twas the same one I had with Landon in '15 when we composed our immortal wire about the review near Clermont-en-Argonne.

A walk in the mellow twilight through the Jardin des Pépinières brought a perfect day to an end except for a first-class good dinner and much attention from Proprietor and staff. Took no rest at all today and feel no worse. Nor had I any pain, save on getting up. Unbroken fine weather except the angry skirts of a thunderstorm between Phalsbourg and Vic: we sheltered

*At the end of World War I, the Allies occupied, for a limited period, only the left (western) bank of the Rhine. The right bank of the Rhine was a demilitarised zone ten miles deep.*

*Hence, opposite Strasbourg (which stands on the Rhine) the German state of Wurtemberg was under German administration: further north, the German states of Saar, Rhine-Palatinate, and North-Rhine-Westphalia (as they are today) were largely under Allied control at this time. The British occupied only a small area around Cologne, and the Americans a small one round Koblenz. The rest was largely under the control of the French who had wished to see the Rhine established as the western border of the new Republic of Germany, which would have seen a large portion of western Germany, all the land west of the Rhine up to the Luxembourg, Belgian and Dutch borders, transferred to those other nations.*

*The Treaty of Versailles had restored Alsace and Lorraine to France, but did not back the full aims of the French. However they did exercise control over this area with the aim of ensuring that the Germans paid the reparations due to France under the Treaty. Kipling wanted to see Germany for himself, but had to comply with the regulations imposed by the French authorities. His visit was brief – little more than an hour – but clearly he thought it unfair that this portion of Germany should appear untouched by the war, when so much of northern France and Belgium had been battered out of existence by the Germans: and he seemed to resent the fact that the populace were actually alive, taking no notice of the fact that, along with the rest of Germany, the flower of their young manhood lay in cemeteries behind the western and eastern fronts.*

*The host and hostess at their lunch that day were M. and Mme. Eugène Neunreiter, whom they had met at dinner two days earlier: and Kipling certainly didn't spare his digestion – the menu sounds positively eighteenth century (cf Parson Woodforde's Diary): and it was followed by “a first-class good dinner”. This may not have been too much in quantity, but it would undoubtedly have been rich in butter and cream. Their route that afternoon took them West North West from Strasbourg, through an area comparatively untouched by the war (Vic is Vic-sur-Seille), much of the area being well behind the German lines in Alsace and Lorraine, most of which had been ceded to Germany in 1871. They crossed into French-held territory at Sarrebourg .*



*Nancy, Place Stanislas*

*The Place Stanislas is in the centre of Nancy, and is today a Unesco World Heritage Site, the fourth most visited in the world. It is named after Stanislas I, King of Poland (1737-1776) , the father-in-law of Louis XV of France, who gave him the Duchy of Lorraine when Stanislas was exiled from Poland.*

April 29<sup>th</sup>.

Went out shopping from 10.15 – 11.45 in Nancy. Bought piece of orange-coloured glass (box) for guest-room; some food for road; cigarette-holder for Lorna, and E. got celluloid bag-top for her bead bag. A fresher day with cloud and sunshine alternate.



Left NANCY for VERDUN via Pont à Moisson, Thiancourt and Plain of the Woivre, which latter when we got to battle area began to look like the Somme with its immense distances, blurred communication trenches and ruined trees. Some of the road had been re-done but a good deal was worn out. Had coffee on a rise over a young tender green forest, where heard the cuckoo, about 14 km from Verdun, among the trenches, wire and the bones of the dead. I found length of copper wire which Taylor at once pinched. Reached VERDUN 4.40. Found Coq Hardi busily reconstructing itself, full of workmen, a haze of dust and a riot of hammering. Went on sort of search party with concierge for unoccupied rooms. Finally got two nice ones – across the passage for E – with quaint cretonnes and toilet alcoves. Striped blue and white wallpaper. Town full of flying dust of repairs and rebuilding. A divine warm afternoon. Town more badly knocked about than I had imagined but they had worked harder than at Arras. No rest and no pains. A little after we came, came Julia and General Taufflieb in car from Rheims and, of their great kindness, laid out generous programme for next day, to see Verdun.

*In its savagery and the appalling scale of casualties, the battle of Verdun was, to the French, what the Somme battle was to the British.*

*“**Ils ne passeront pas**” (“They shall not pass”) – from a phrase used by General Nivelle to express utter determination that the Germans would not capture the Verdun forts, was on everyone’s lips. (Nivelle actually said “**On ne passe pas**” (NO ENTRY!).*



April 30<sup>th</sup>.

A most marvellous day, beginning at 7.30 a.m. in two autos with a Commandant L’Epinasse (wounded army area .63) for military guide. Julia, E and General in one car, C and I and the Commandant, at first, in our own; went first to Fort Tavannes which though cruelly knocked about, maintained the traces of a fort. Next Vaux where we heard the tale of the underground fighting. Visited the Souterrain and saw the hacked ripped and mangled carcass of it all. The green was covering the shell-pitted ground all about, but, to my mind, only made it more deathlike.

Next to Ossuaire opp. Douaumont and long walk over smashed duckboards to fort itself (4 bored soldiers in charge) through heaped and useless desolation which is even on a vaster scale than the Somme or the Salient. Visited Souterrain and military museum where the Commandant gave Elsie a queer shaped shell rather like an imperial crown as a souvenir.

Then back in the hot sunshine where saw the coffins of the bones of those recovered in certain sectors and made my offering to the rebuilding. Aumonier (with Croix de Guerre and 4 citations) had a fine face. Thence to the concrete-piled almost prehistoric memorial of the trench of bayonets, perhaps the most wonderful of all in its starkness.

Then back to V(erdu) along Poivre – more striking than any cut-up hillside I know. In its aridity, desolation and parallel lines along slopes, reminded one of the tombs of the Kings in Egypt. General idea of applied Death, past all resurrection. Lunch at 12. Rest till 3. Then out (our car) with Julia, the General and a young handsome Lieutenant, horribly nervous, as guide, to see the General's end of the show. First to Mont Homme, and a long hot walk on road cutting old boyaux in that direction while the General identified ancient landmarks (curious distant view of a woman in black, hacking with a pick, as tho' searching for dead among the piled shell hummocks). Thence, over awful road, up to Fort de Bois Bourrus which General had held, and where he had been gassed. Like approach to medieval castle. No reply from guardian, enormous baying of dogs: motors hooted together until this Robinson Crusoe appeared. Fort was a lonely masonry affair not much knocked about, with tremendous command. Climbed up to top to see whole countryside and C insisted on climbing down the 45° rubbish into the ditch and thence all through the Souterrain. General's rooms, etc, etc, all down below in foul atmosphere.

Thence to General's own cemetery at Froméreville where he had so many of his men buried (3400 in two cemeteries – at F. and close by). Saw the P(arish) Priest (Père Guichat in the flesh) and the disorder and neglect of French cemeteries, among bead wreaths and hideous decayed photos under glass.

Wound up with a visit to Verdun citadel, when Commandant met us again and showed us room or gallery where one Thin (a corporal of the 132<sup>nd</sup> Regt.) chose which one of 8 unknown dead should go to Paris while all Verdun looked on and held its breath. Then the little hot mess with its ancient firebacks and the Golden Book. Immensely interesting. Finished with a good dinner at 7.45 (mine) and some decent champagne which we had all earned – especially the white-haired bell-throated devoted propagandist Commandant.

*Forts Tavannes, Vaux and Douaumont were all forts to the north-east of Verdun, the city itself being the centre of an arc of fortifications from north-west through north to east.*

*Many of the forts were of quite modern construction, sunk below ground level, with artillery mounted in turrets, not unlike a contemporary battleship. Thus there was an 'underground' ('souterrain'). The 'Aumonier' was the 'Chaplain'.*

*The trench of bayonets is a rather macabre memorial to a detachment of French soldiers who were buried alive by a shell burst, and whose presence was unknown until 1919 when their former Commanding Officer returned to the scene and noticed the tips of some bayonets sticking out of the ground. The 'Côte de Poivre' is an east-west ridge, north of Verdun, running down to the east bank of the Meuse; and the Fort de Bois Bourrus is on the opposite side of the river.*

*The French 'Unknown Soldier' of WWI was interred on Armistice Day 1920, in a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The Golden Book recorded the names and details of all the soldiers who were awarded the Verdun medal by the City of Verdun.*

*A similar 'blind' selection for the British Unknown Soldier had been made at about the same time, with the interment taking place in Westminster Abbey on the same date.*

## May 1<sup>st</sup>.

Left Verdun at 11: with Julia and General in their car bearing us company to St. Menehould where we lunched (the Gen. and I) on the gilled pig's feet wh. are a speciality of the Hotel St. Nicholas.

Thence to Rheims in increasing high wind across utter desolation of Dommartin, Valony and the Suippes to Jonchéry and then the long straight road from St. Hilaire to RHEIMS. White chalk glaring trenches, fields with poor crops and furlongs of heaped barbed wire. No villages, but a few Chinamen, and always on our right the skinned chalk hills.

Moronvilliers way and along the Suippes: general idea of almost insupportable sorrow. Passed white mounds of F(or)t. Pompelle and the heaps of chalk that mark the Auberge Alger. Then into Rheims, more knocked about than them all put together. Difficulty in reaching Grand Hotel du Nord where all seemed dirty and proprietor's eyes sunk in his head with liquor. Went to see Cathedral which is being cleaned and scraped: had chocolate and cakes in small clean shop (5 p.m.) and on return saw forlorn red-flag procession of remarkably fat and well-fed youths declaring "war against war", "Vive les Soviets" and so forth. Town full of blown fine dust and apparently all repairs at a standstill.

*There does not seem to be a Hotel St. Nicholas at St. Menehould any more. They were travelling West North West through the country of the salient gained by the Germans in their last major attack on the western front, in the late spring/early summer of 1918. The “Chinamen” they saw would have been men of the Chinese Labour Corps, recruited by the Allies to do labouring work behind the lines. They were now employed to assist with clearing up the battlefields.*

*Moronvilliers was a village North East of Rheims which found itself in the front line in 1914. Its inhabitants left and the village was totally destroyed, and never rebuilt after the war. Fort Pompelle was one of the fixed defences around Rheims. The Auberge Alger was a hostelry nearby which was blown up by a large German mine in December 1914: the resulting crater was some 150 feet across and 40 feet deep. Today, the site is covered by a large war memorial.*



*the Moronvilliers war memorial*

May 2<sup>nd</sup>.

A cold grey overcast morn – a month earlier one would have said snow. Told Taylor overnight we wd. start at 10: but things being well advanced and seeing him pass under window with car, we said we would go when he was ready. Whereby we stole a full half hour. Got off 9.25 on roads of which nothing need be said to Soissons via Fismes and Braisne, for Compiègne. The day thinned as we went but fairly cool. Mem. Passed to south of Soupir and line where our men first dug in. Reached Soissons about 11; and then made detour to Viller-Cotterêts on road marked “improper pour autos” (“unsuitable for motor vehicles”) – vile bad pavé but workable.

Reached V.C about 11.50; saw graves of Morris, Tisdall (I.G.) (*Irish Guards*), Lambton and Geo. Cecil (G.G.) (*Grenadier Guards*) in communal cemetery: nothing done to 'em. Thence to Rond de la Reine to well-kept peaceful grave of the Ninety Four Guardsmen under the beeches.

The woods full of drifts of bluebells. Elsie coned (tentatively) to Compiègne where a very good dèj. at Palace. The day turned off warm and blue. Left Compiègne about ¼ to 2. Roads good. She picked up her skirts and ran to good purpose. BEAUVAIS at 3.15. Went to the rooms and I lay down and slept from 4 to 5. 5.30 stroll to Cathedral and round shops. Bought me an enormous lock-back knife and E saw hat she thought she w'd like. Went back to the hotel but the fit had passed (Hat was child's size.) Back to very good dinner. (Before going out saw proprietor's baby, Denise, 7 mo., whose existence had been obvious year before.) Darkling stroll thro' town after dinner and looked in St. Etienne church evening service. A very good day all through. Got wire Daffin Garage, place has been reserved for the car for 4<sup>th</sup>. Also telephoned metropolitan Hotel for rooms (Dieppe) and Bath. Whole family most unclean.

*They were now travelling through the battlefields of the Marne, where the first German onrush in 1914 had been stopped, and the first trenches dug, which gradually spread north and south to the Channel coast and the Rhine. George Cecil, whose grave they visited, was the son of the Kiplings' great friend and neighbour, Lady Edward Cecil.*

*They had visited this area in July 1920, during a tour of the battlefields, for which no diary remains. The dead of the Guards Division were initially buried in ordinary French cemeteries, or small private cemeteries of their own. Later they were reburied in Imperial War Graves Commission cemeteries, though Lady Edward Cecil (who married Lord Milner later this year, had a private memorial erected for the Guards, near the place of her son's death.*

*At this time (and until the 1960s), many French towns, particularly in the north, were still paved with pavé, granite blocks, often extending some distance out of town. The surface was very hard-wearing, but uncomfortable to drive on if your car's suspension was at all 'hard'. This editor took a trip from Paris to Brussels in 1949 which had his teeth chattering in his head by the time Brussels was reached. The prevalence of pavé made it necessary for the suspension of French cars to be much softer than British cars.*

May 3<sup>rd</sup>.

A rainy morning. Left Beauvais 9.50, cheered by arrival in hotel courtyard at 8.30 of very large shiny motor with enormous fat taxi-driver-like chauffeur: two women and one English schoolboy: cage of lovebirds and disconsolate lapdog and gruel of bonnet boxes. Whole outfit belonged to one Huntly-Walker **“3 days from San Remo and driving like the devil”**. He was staying in Paris but had sent on his family (and pets) from there at 6 a.m. to get to Calais. Chauffeur loudly at issue with schoolboy who had the French and the commonsense of the whole equipage.

Road to Dieppe good (E. conning) very good. Weather wet and windy. 104 Km or 66 miles in 2 hrs 10 mins. Arrived Metropole DIEPPE 12 (*Noon*): where owing to accident to heating of water supply we were shifted from one set of rooms 47-48 to another (260). Rooms cold and had (*no?*) fire. C at entry into hotel much upset by lack of personnel to handle baggage. One small boy had to do it, while a large man looked on. (“I’m not panicking. I’m in a rage.”) She had a bad night – with pains in legs. Mem. Always have trunks on chairs to save kneeling. Very good dinner.

*The Huntly-Walkers must indeed have “driven like the devil” to get from San Remo in three days.*

May 4<sup>th</sup>.

Rain, mist and cold. Up at 8 to get trunks ready for car. Went to docks at 10 to see about car’s transit tickets, etc. Hotel prop. just mobilised for occupation of Ruhr basin. Very few people aboard but three small French boys returning to school at Brighton. Most amusing. One in specs and Boy Scout costume. Boat left at 1.10. Weather clearing and flat calm: arr. Newhaven 4.20, but not away in car (in heavy showers) till 5.20. All quite smooth, but slow. Must write A.A. Weather cleared beyond Lewes. Car did her last 20 m. in 37 min. Home, looking divine, 6.37. So ends the most successful and interesting of all our runs. Alsace and Algiers both priceless possessions added to our list.

*The mention of “occupation of the Ruhr basin” is interesting. Germany was forced to agree to massive reparations which were included in the Versailles Treaty. Most of these were to go to France which had suffered most. But almost immediately Germany defaulted on the payments (many of which were to be in kind, rather than in cash), and France resolved to take unilateral action to get their reparations, by occupying the Ruhr basin. But this did not occur until January 1923. So it is evident that France was preparing to take action nearly two years before their troops invaded.*

*There has been no mention of Lorna Baldwin for some time, though Elsie has featured. The last mention of her was on April 19<sup>th</sup> at Avignon, but there is possibly a mention of 'girls' in the plural on April 24<sup>th</sup>, when they were at Beaune. However, the 'Carrington Extracts' of Carrie's diaries indicate that Lorna was with them to the end, though not in Carrie's own words.*

*The Kiplings made a second battlefield tour in July/August 1921, but either no diary was kept, or it has not survived.*

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