

## The Kipling Motoring Diaries

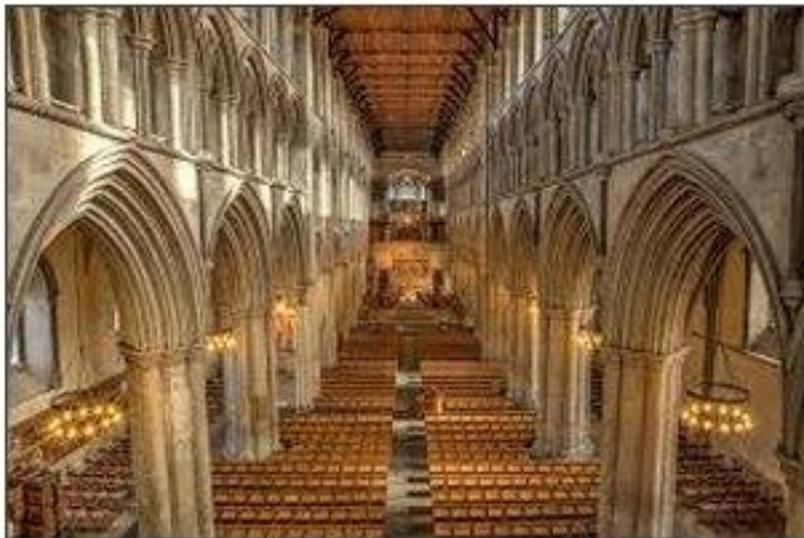
September 1921

*The Kiplings, Rudyard, Carrie and Elsie made a motor tour to Scotland, lasting three-and-a-half weeks, getting as far north as Dornoch, some forty miles north of Inverness. Carrie's diaries are thorough as to the itinerary, but very little detail. However . . .*

### Bateman's - Stamford

#### Sept. 3

Left Bateman's 9.15 a.m, fine day, very heavy Saturday charabanc traffic up to town. London 11.10, and away from Brown's at 12: via Edgware Road. St.Albans 12.55 via Radlett: Frogmore, Colney, etc. all fenced with 10 m limits. Lunch Red Lion (St. A) very good hindquarter mutton sold at 1/6 per lb. wholesale, the Landlady said. Waitress scornful and abstracted as usual.



*St Albans Cathedral*

After lunch to Cathedral. Norman, Early English and early decorated. Vile new choir stalls but fine monastery screen. The whole place lovingly cared for, almost too scraped. Away at 2.15 into flat and parched midlands via Hatfield, Baldock, St. Neots and west of Huntingdon. Tea by roadside on a straight stretch rather like Wetherby with steady motor traffic, about one per minute pouring down it (4.20). Into STAMFORD (George Inn) at 5 p.m. M. one piece owing to lumbago. A perfectly fine day and good well-posted roads throughout.



*They left London on the old Watling Street (A5) rather than the Great North Road (A1), presumably because they wanted to visit St. Albans.*

*So far as we know, they hadn't visited the city before, so we assume that the comment about the waitress was a general one about the lowering of standards of service since the war. Throughout this diary, the naming of towns and villages is inconsistent in its use of Capitals and underlining.*

*The summer had been very hot and particularly dry, with a highest temperature of 32°C (89.6°F) in June. They rejoined the Great North Road at Hatfield.*

*We are not sure what Kipling meant by the remark about "one piece". (M is 'Mother'.) However, it is apparent that Carrie was suffering from back pain.*

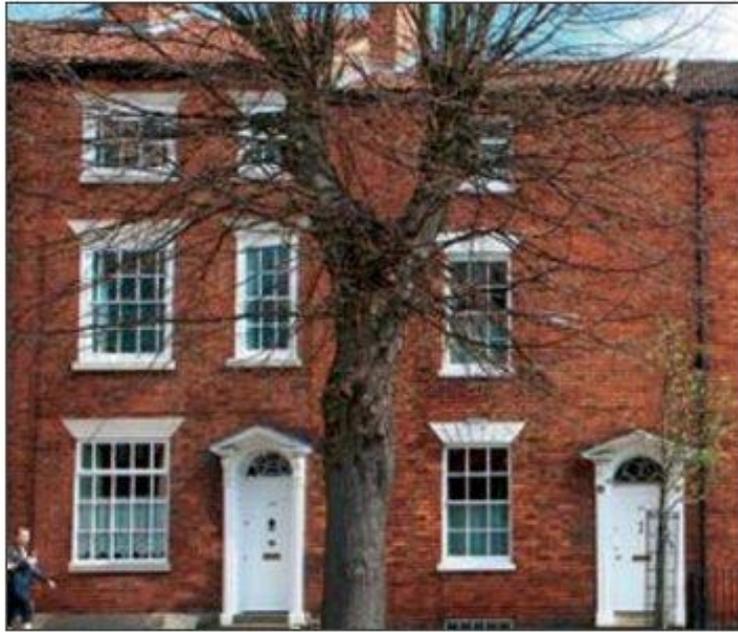
Stamford – Harrogate

M. 150½

Sept 4

STAMFORD. A fine day after a good night but M. very stiff. Hotel, food and bedding all good. Saw the field of the freemen, with river on both sides and cows grazing. First green grass seen in months.

Left George at 10.50. Arr. Barnby Moor 12.37 (58½ m. in 107 min.) transmission system distinctly audible from time to time: but springs greatly improved.



*Georgian houses in Grantham*

Wonderful orange and purplish brick houses and villages with their new war memorials all new in bright sun. Grantham: Newark: Retford.

No drought effects visible from Stamford. A root and corn country – rolling - almost statuesque for the midlands. Heavy Sunday traffic and lots of wife-killers.

Barnby Moor rather like Burford Bridge with stacked motors. Two small nephews of Eric Geddes much interested in our car. Fairish lunch at Barnby Moor – cold. Nice damp garden at back full of flowers and green turf. Left Barnby Moor at 1.55 via Doncaster all empty in her Sabbath calm. The day got warmer as we went. Thence into Wetherby and l(ef)t. turn to HARROGATE (Queen Hotel) 3.57. Bare but clean and enormously respectable. Walked into town to see Baths – a soft green warm hollow. Came back in a Victoria with a grey horse. M tired but walking well. Hotel dinner.

*It clearly had been a very dry summer in Sussex and the south. Barnby Moor was evidently a recognised stopping place on the Great North Road, between Retford and Doncaster: today its 'main road' is no more than a minor road – it has been by-passed by the re-built A1 and the M1. The Kiplings probably stopped at the 'Bell', an old coaching house.*



*Ford Model T*

*The advent of the Model 'T' Ford, (it had first appeared in England in 1911), now selling for about £100, had put motoring within the reach of the middle classes, and it is evident that the habit of taking a Sunday jaunt in the family car was becoming established. We assume that by 'wife-killers' he meant bad drivers (male – not many women drove): and Burford Bridge (in Surrey, between Dorking and Leatherhead) was a recognised house of call for Londoners going to spend the day on Box Hill, the beauty spot and outpost of the North Downs above the Mole gap.*

*Sir Eric Geddes (1875-1937) was at this time the Minister of Transport. It is not clear whether Kipling was being humorous, or whether the two boys were, in fact, Geddes' nephews.*

*There is no entry for Sept. 5<sup>th</sup>, but they seem to have remained in Harrogate for the day, before moving on, on the 6<sup>th</sup>.*



*The Queen's Hotel, Harrogate*

## Harrogate – Ayr

Sep. 6.

Left Harrogate 9.10 a.m. Fine day with clearing mist. Ran via Ripon up the long straight of Leeming Lane to Catterick Bridge. Here I forgot Scotch Corner! Went on past Brompton-on-Swale and then panicking cast back by bye-lanes to Richmond via Skeely. In Richmond took wrong turn from barracks, got involved among narrow lanes and a flock across the road. Went back to Richmond once more, and at last found proper road which, after many turns, shot us into the long straight from Scotch Corner to Greta Bridge. As we entered it, we met Wombwell's menagerie – a dozen beast vans drawn by horses and three camels plodding behind one another. Just as in 1919 we had met some caravans N. of Grantham with elephant pulling one caravan. All told, my error had wasted 40 mins. at least. Good going to Greta Bridge, thence to Bowes beyond which, on high moors, we had a 10 min. stand-easy by a kennels. High clean airs, space and great naked moor-tables spread around. We made good time: road improving from Brough to Appleby. Splendid from Appleby to Penrith and best of all to Carlisle. We did the last 35 miles in 58 minutes. Elsie at Carlisle misled us to Station and Count(r)y Hotel, instead of Crown and Mitre. A singularly awful place.

We got out after lunch and had our coffee at Crown and Mitre which did us good. Also bought one 10½d knife to spread butter. Left Carlisle at 2.35 having arrived 1.10.

Passed Gretna Green: Annan & Dumfries. Thence to Thornhill along valley of the Nith. A pretty woody corniche, but of twisted going.

Reached AYR in dull grey weather but still hot and oppressive. Station Hotel rather reminiscent of Caledonian, and complete staff of Scotch servants putting one wrong at every turn.

*Kipling managed to get them 'lost', by turning west early, instead of going on another two or three miles to Scotch Corner, to take the A66 road over the Pennines to Appleby and Penrith. As a result, they went into the by-lanes round Richmond, before making their way back again to the main road, where they came upon the menagerie on the move. They crossed the 'spine of England' and stopped for their stand-easy 'on the roof'.*

*Kipling wrote a long letter to their friend Mrs. E W Hussey (PINNEY, **Letters**, Vol.5, pp 85-8), covering this trip from Harrogate until they reached Beaufront Castle on their way home. The 'Caledonian', of which the Station Hotel at Ayr reminded him, refers to the Caledonian Hotel at the west end of Princes Street, in Edinburgh.*



*The Caledonian Hotel. Edinburgh*

Ayr to Iveraray.

Sep. 6.

M. 204

Alarums and Excursions among the unhelpful Scots to get information as to roads and ferries over Clyde. "Inquiry Office" at Ayr station represented by one flapper in white blouse washing hands and helplessly saying "How does one get a car across the Clyde?" Finally, intelligent youth recommended Renfrew ferry

*Some of the places they drove through in Scotland*



Left Ayr at 10.45 via Kilmarnock, Stewarton and thence by Moorish road (mea culpa, but 'twas pretty) to end of a big reservoir, then out into Paisley via Barrhead. From Barrhead to Renfrew all tram. Found ferry at Renfrew in act of sailing out as we rolled on. No notion the Clyde was so narrow. Even at its narrowest, all worked like clockwork. Moral: do not panic too much in advance. Turned into Dumbarton road – about 8 miles among shops and people going to work. After one glimpse of the Elephant at Dumbarton we fled on to Helensburgh (The Queen), neat, clean and white, by the sea.



*Queens Hotel, Helensburgh, in 2018*

A wee pup called a Shetland Collie was being killed by the kindness of four or five boys on the round green lot by the sea wall. Telephoned to Argyle Arms at Inveraray for rooms and left at 2.15 via shores of Loch Lomond. Turned at Arrochar and crossed Glencoe – 'Rest and Be Thankful' – rise of 461 feet, grade 1 in 7.



*'Rest and be Thankful'*

A deuce of a rise that brought the Duchess to her lowest speed. No surface. Arrived Inveraray 4.10.

Good hotel. Climate soupy and relaxing. Went for a walk after tea along loch-side and in avenue after. Curiously interesting isolated race-proud little place. Very good dinner but the poorest beds ever known. Lay awake till 3 a.m. in tepid heat.

*Kipling was expecting a lot from a Railway enquiry office, whose job was to provide prospective passengers with details of that company's train services (the Glasgow and South Western) – particularly when the place he wanted to know about was served by a different company, the Caledonian, which was the 'Sou-West's' great rival: and in any case, despite the increase in private motoring (see our note for Sept. 4), the idea of entrusting one's car to a ferry was still novel.*

*The Clyde is, indeed, still narrow, a mere 200 yards or so at this point. We wonder about "people going to work" at this time of day – getting on for midday: they were passing behind a succession of shipyards, all busy replacing merchant tonnage sunk during the war. Helensburgh was one of the more affluent suburbs of Glasgow, with large houses belonging to shipping magnates.*

*The main road to Argyle and Bute and the lower part of the Kintyre peninsula led over a spectacular mountain pass at the head of Glen CROE (possibly a misreading of Kipling's writing in the original transcription from his m/s). The original road, probably the one which Kipling took, was laid out by General Wade in his great scheme of road-building in the years immediately after the Jacobite rising of 1745. It has since been progressively improved. When this editor first took it, in 1967, it was still steep, but not bottom gear steep. It has been further improved since then.*

*Inveraray, the seat of the Dukes of Argyll, was indeed isolated in the 1920s. It is less so today.*



*Inveraray*

Inveraray – Ormidale.

Sept. 8

M.93.

Weather changed and went soft. Hunted for information about roads to Dunoon, was referred by Post Office to a Mr. Dewar who told me: also bought flies and casts from local ironmonger. Then went for a walk with C and E for 1½ hours in woods behind Argyll Castle on the Dalmally road. Wonderful trees and sub-tropical luxuriance of ferns. Set off at 2.10 for Ormidale via Strachur – ran behind Ardkinglas (the old Mrs. Noble’s). The road recommended was from Strachur along Lock Eck to within 5 m of Dunoon. Very good indeed. It ended in a sharp swing to the right over an iron bridge and a sudden view of Holy Loch with what looked like a small fleet of cruisers and destroyers. Thence we ran R. into a moorland road posted “To Glenleaf”. Fairly rough but in no sense difficult as it swung across the bare moors.



*Loch Striven*

We came down gradually to the head of Loch (steel-grey water) Striven then saw a road running up the mountain side like a wall: “Rest and be Thankful” was naught to it. The Duchess dropped to her lowest [*gear*] and scrambled up by her teeth and toenails: for there was no surface – nothing but a slither of gravel and stones clicking under her mudguards. It kept on getting worse, and Loch Striven kept on getting smaller beneath our anxious wheels till, at last, she howked herself on to another bare brown moor where the road ran green across the brown and the sheep did not trouble to move out of it till we were almost atop of them. So we came swinging and lurching among what seemed sizable mountains till we found a road that dropped among trees, to another Loch (Riddon) below and after halting between two stone bridges (one road led to Ormidale and one to Glendaruel tho’ we did not know it) we asked at a farmer’s house who gave us directions and we ran at once through kept park lands beside a busy river, among and under fern and birch and oak up to Ormidale House, bleak whitish stucco – and a profusion of specimen trees all tucked into the narrowest part of the Glen. Run exactly 49 m. which took us a little over two hours; we not knowing the road.

Here followed 9-10-11-12 & 13 Sept. at Ormidale House as the guests of Daisy Low. Car only went to Glendaruel and back.



*Ormidale House, Argyll*

*From Inveraray they returned up the west side of Loch Fyne to its head and then south again down the east side till they were past Inveraray, when they turned inland at Strachur to cross to the other side of the Cowal peninsula. The Mrs Noble at Ardkinglas was Mrs. Saxton Noble, who features in Carrie's diaries and who was the hostess at Elsie's first 'big' dance (see Carrie's diaries for 15 May 1914)*

*Holy Loch was a warship anchorage, at this date for redundant warships after WW1. The signpost "To Glenleaf" must have been "To Glenlean". 'Daisy' (Juliette) Low was a distant cousin of Carrie's. They had stayed with her two years previously at Comrie (see Carrie's diaries for 3 Sept. 1919). So far as we can determine, Ormidale was owned by the Duke of Argyll at this time, and used as a 'shooting lodge' being let for most of the year as a 'holiday let' for well-to-do families.*

*The Duke of Argyll today owns some 800-plus square miles of land on the Kintyre and Cowal peninsulas.*

## Ormidale – Aberfeldy

### Sept. 14

Left Ormidale House in fine blowing rain at 10.30 and by way of experiment took the locally recommended road through Glendaruel to the shores of Loch Fyne. Altogether the route was a success: being at least 9 m. shorter than our in-road via Loch Eck, with no gradients worth the Duchess's while to notice. It climbed a bit at the head of Glen Daruel and the surface was rutty, and the ruts were not the D's gauge, so she lurched a little, but no more: and we dropped easily over moors on to Loch Fyne where a triple sign-post marked 'Glendaruel, Tighnabruaich and St. Catherine's'.



*Loch Fyne*

The latter we took: found the road very fair, past Ardgour up to the head of Loch Fyne, round to Inveraray and thence to Dalmally at 12.40. 53 m. The last sixteen were very vile indeed, surfaceless, narrow, blind, twisted. Dalmally Hotel small and queer but not so bad. Here the idea took us to go to Oban [*the Oban Highland Games were the attraction*] which we did at 2: in weather that was rain rising to a gale. Ran Oban road (Pass of Brander) in 1 hour 10 mins but the mists cut off Dunstaffnage Castle and here and there glimpses of the flanks of great burn-slashed moors. Oban at 3.10 – a full gale with gusts of lashing rain: the local eminents in kilts, tartans, etc, etc, all the race instincts on top.

Curious effect of 1/3d enclosure's line of tinted fawn and dun waterproofs against a wall of rock. All the competitors had served in the war.

We only saw an obstacle race and some beautiful reel dancing on sawdust-sprinkled platform by four boys of Dunblane Mil(itary) School. who danced the Reel of Tulloch to the pipes (a marvellously dressed piper): the whole show immensely interesting and explanatory of much about the Scots. But we could barely stay the hour and got away about 4.10 after buying some wondrous cake with cream and ginger nuts. Back to Dalmally with the gale at our backs and low mists making the Pass of Brander almost dark. White foam and heavy-handed flaws of wind hitting down on the lochs as we passed them.



*Pipe band at the Oban Highland Games*

General impression of interminable defile of mist-capped mountains and impertinent local railways climbing among them – grey waters of rivers and lochs alternating with bright green bottom lands where oats and grass and hay looked equally far from harvesting. So to Killin where the Dochart wars and fights as though it would enter the village sideways. Then all along Loch Tay to where we were staying at Glenarting, the place as lovely as ever and the road good until Kenmore where timber hauling had knocked it to bits. Aberfeldy through a wet windy twilight under bowing and threshing trees at 7.45 p.m. A queer hotel, ‘The Palace’ with gas but a decent dinner.

Whole run 162 m. mostly over roads of extreme twistiness and doubtful surface.

*The weather was, it's not unfair to say, typical of the west coast of Scotland – wet and very windy. Certainly, once off the main-est of main roads, the roads were rudimentary: no macadamised surfaces, let alone a sniff of tar macadam. This editor drove over parts of the same route in the Cowal and the upper portion of the Kintyre peninsula some fifty years ago, and although the road surfaces were good, most of the roads were still single track, and twisty. Taylor must have had tiring days, lugging two tons of ‘Duchess’ around.*

#### Aberfeldy – Dornoch

Sept. 15

M. 162

Left Aberfeldy at 10.50 after spirited hour or so by C. and E. at provost Hager’s Tweed Emporium where they ordered about seven quid’s worth of cloth, jumpers and a shawl for the forthcoming Taylor baby (ii). Business in shop most brisk but I was not allowed to buy a Graham tartan travelling rug. Wonderful run to Kingussie in alternating rain and sun. The mountains like new-washed pebbles; enormous breadths of heather in bloom, brawling waters and the undefeated little railway dodging about through it all. C said justly enough as the great mountains closed in – “Why go to Switzerland or Canada?”



*Kingussie*

Snowbreaks beside the exposed stretches of the Highland R(ailwa)y – mere sleepers on end: not pukka sheds – immense boniness and rawness of earth. Also war memorials with long lists of names in the smallest and loneliest of villages. Made Kingussie at 1 o'clock. (Duke of Gordon Hotel – too many folk and too little attention), was sat at same table with a Miss Coburn and her Pa and Ma, who, in the war, had driven Macphail and a General to Bateman's. Fattish with short teeth. Elsie recalled her when she introduced herself. She was driving own parents and a small vile Pekinese who looked after the car. Met also Rev. Fleming who christened Peter Aitken at Cherkley in the old days.

Upon this (and other signs) we left as swift as might be for Inverness at 2 p.m. through flat cultivated lands and cultivated pine – some cut and some fresh planted. Inverness at 3.30 and went straight on to Dingwall through Beauly along Lochside over good roads. Dingwall (National Hotel) 4.30 tea: good oat cakes and scones. Left in heavy rain at 5 via Alness and took short (17 m) cut from short of Alness across the moors. It was mainly one purple cup of desolation with grouse and black game and rain and here and there a pony and beaters. Mists stumbling on their knees up the sides of the dripping mountains, rain that hit us at every angle: then clearing to a view of a loch and the Firth somewhere across the hills. Fine road with good metal and well engineered descent to B(onar). Bridge road. Our hearts turned over when we saw it again and passed the Old Manse at Creech (*Creich*) as it was 22 years ago. Evening lifted and we got to the Hotel of All the Splendours (Station Hotel) at 7 p.m. Dressed for dinner and met one Bailey who said he had come back with us from the Cape in 1907. Miss Gilbert, manageress, silver-grey hair and tall, with immense character and expression, very kind to us. This place is possessed by all the devils of golf; but nice. Battleships and lighthouses seen by night. Car runs perfectly.

*This was a long day's drive, largely on what passed for a main road in 1921 (except for their cut off over the moors, which avoided the longer detour by Tain), which must have been tiring for them, as it certainly must have been for Taylor, in the very mixed weather they had. The reference to the Firth means the Moray Firth, rather than Cromarty Firth which they had left behind them when they turned inland over the moors. We are not quite sure why he should have mis-spelled Creich, where they had spent five weeks in August/September 1899 while Kipling recuperated after his pneumonia in New York, earlier in the year, and they could both come to terms with the loss of Josephine.*

*It would have been unusual to have a woman managing a major resort hotel (it had been built by the Highland Railway, and was still owned by that company). The battleships seen by night would have been ships of the Home Fleet, which was settling back into its peacetime routine, and had come north from its home ports in the south after summer leave, at the start of its 'autumn cruise' to exercise in the waters which had been so familiar, less than three years previously.*

## Dornoch

### Sept. 16

Rose, scandalous late: and after breakfast went shopping for Shetland wool shawls and spencers and motor veils at the local shops. Also Gillespie for large-scale motor maps. A failure. Thence along the links, every one much pleased with climate, looks and spirit of the place: discussed possible return to these parts.

At 2 o'clock went to Creech manse in car to call on the minister (Ritchie).

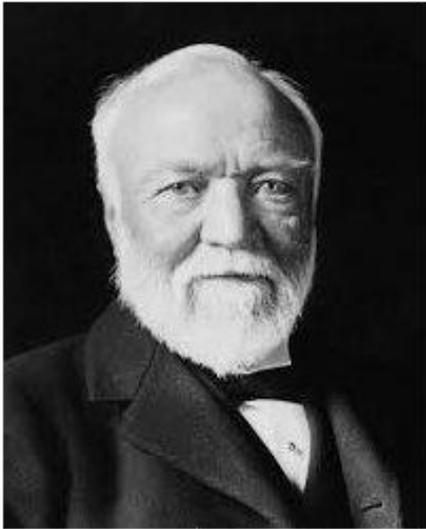
He was at Skibo, but his sister Miss R., elderly, who had made a most marvellous escape from Russia in '18, received us with great kindness and gave us some fruit. Manse now as it always had been and brought back the past to our minds.



*Skibo Castle*

To Skibo Castle at 4, where met Mrs. Carnegie, Mrs. Miller with her 18 months baby (almost as old as she was when last we met), Clarence Carnegie, Dunlop-Smith's brother, new Principal of Aberdeen, Ritchie, the parson, who has evidently wretched my stay at Creech with Celtic legends, Mr. and Mrs. Yates Thompson, the former gave me messages from the uncle of Nigel Lyon, RN (the Admiral's son who was drowned in collision in the war); young Miller reminded me a little of Kermit.

Mrs. Henry Gladstone was there too; as liberally false-sounding and seeming as ever. Spoke of the G.O.M. like a telephone out of a long shut-up room. Mrs. C very kind and nervous for the visit to all of us had waked up the past; told me how her child 22 years ago had been presented with a penny watch by our John in the Creech days. Saw priceless drawings by Phil and the Pater when our whisky ran out at the Manse. Walked in the old and new gardens. A curious visit altogether. But before going there, we had run on from Creech through Bonar Bridge to the falls of the Shinn and that wonderful view atop (vile road); we saw three (or one thrice) salmon meditating their leaps up that brown, swirling, slithering water-path in that moist brackened ravine. Somehow we managed to make 40 miles in the car before we came in. Arranged details of our trip south in the evening and decided to go to Inverness tomorrow (Saturday) at three. Thence on Sunday to Perth and lie up at Peebles Hydro. Walked with C on the links in the twilight.



*Andrew Carnegie*

*Skibo Castle was the home of Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American millionaire and philanthropist, who had died two years earlier. It was he who had offered Creich Manse to the Kiplings in 1899 for Kipling's extended convalescence after their return from the disastrous visit to New York. Mrs. Miller was the Carnegies' daughter. We are not sure who Clarence Carnegie was – we presume a family connection; Dunlop-Smith referred to the Kiplings' acquaintance. Sir James Dunlop-Smith (see Carrie's Diaries for 1916, 4 July). Kermit was Kermit Roosevelt, 'Teddy' Roosevelt's son, who had twice visited Bateman's before the war. We assume that Mrs. Henry Gladstone was the widow of the Grand Old Man's eldest son: all Liberals and their connections seem to have been suspect in Kipling's mind.*

*A spencer was an old-fashioned ladies' garment, covering the upper portion of the bosom. Phil was Kipling's cousin, the artist Phil Burne-Jones.*

## Dornoch – Inverness

### Sept. 17

C & E began to pack after breakfast. "It is their hobby". I sent a wire to Lord Lovat at Beaulieu to say that we would motor through there this afternoon. Met also a General Bridges who said he was a friend of Landon. Talked to me about the Prince.

Left Dornoch 2.45 via Tain and Invergordon which last we greatly wanted to see. Also Nigg across the water. Seven battleships lay at Invergordon, over against the interminable single street that mothers and wives knew so well in the war. The weather cleared to absolute blue and sunshine as we went and all the main street smiled over its extortions of rent and food in the past. We met walking parties far out along the flat road, of most obvious N(aval) O(fficers) in shore-going tweeds: marines and blue-jackets, W(arrant) O(fficers) and petty ratings (Query: Why did two flatfoots stand outside a Temperance Hotel in Invergordon?)



*Invergordon, 2018*

Curious how much passion and sorrow could flow through one street and leave no sign or trace. Heavenly hot sun carried us on to Alness and Dingwall and Beaully where we went on to Beaufort Castle having sent Lovat a wire. Heavy red stone castlefied structure of the middle 80s but immensely comfortable and full of flowers and a good spirit. After tea, she took us to the garden a ten minutes' walk across the park, where behind 16 foot rose-pink brick walls I saw the most wonderful herbaceous borders I had ever imagined. They ran on a curve with a small canalised burn between two-foot strips of velvet emerald in masses of sumptuousest colour chrysanths, cosmos, American groundsel, salvia, clarkias, asters, eschscholtzias, snapdragons, etc, etc – the whole autumn tribe massed and countermassed in all good shades – and this marvellous wall abounding them. Praised be Allah for the glory and magnificence of his creations! Felt immensely better over what was a new experience. Thence into Inverness, 14 miles, which we reached just on 7 p,m on a perfect cloudless evening with a hint of coming frost in the air.

Station Hotel not as good as at Dornoch but vastly better than the average. Went forth almost at once to forage for food for tomorrow's run. Got some biscuits, butter and cake, which should serve in event of delay. Hotel already centrally heated down in main hall. Fairish dinner served by very pretty maid. To bed early in grey stone city most of whose people seemed to be standing around on the pavements.

*Their journey south had taken them out to Tarbat Ness and Tain, rather than heading directly over the moors from Bonar Bridge. Cromarty Firth, a big sea loch, had been a secondary anchorage for units of the Grand Fleet during the recent war, and was still in use as such between the wars and in World War 2. Wives and families could find lodgings there, which was not possible at Scapa, the base of the fleet in the Orkney Islands, some 20 miles off the Scottish mainland.*

*The 'flatfoots' (probably the Naval Patrol, rather than the local 'bobbies') outside the temperance hotel were unlikely to have had many problems. (Despite the Navy's continuing reputation for drunken rowdiness on shore, Dame Agnes Weston's temperance campaign was fairly successful, and a surprising number of the lower deck 'signed the pledge', so there was a small market for temperance facilities.)*

*The gardens at Beaufort Castle evidently made an impression. (The entry also reveals his degree of botanical knowledge.)*

Inverness- Peebles

M.80

Sep. 18

Got away after v.g. breakfast at 8.50 a.m. Cloudless sky, bright sun and white frost melting on roofs of sleeping city. One single plumed chimney to most of the houses. Some not even that. Blinding effects of sun-stricken hoar-frost on fern and tree trunks by the side of the road and life-giving air. Road as blind, twisty, surfaceless, unfrosted and skew-bridged as ever, but the morning made amends for all. The Duchess pulled superbly. About Kingussie the clouds on the height thickened but the change was impressive from clear to sombre hill-outlines. Had a stand-easy in the heather 11-11.20 in Glen Garry when a silent and unexpected Ford swept up behind us. Ran the Pass almost without noticing it and realised that from Killiecrankie to Perth the road was practically all villadom. M(*other*) thought she saw the Astor liveries waiting by one of the churches by the way. Made Perth in clearing weather – the clouds were only over the highlands – at 1.7. 117 miles in 4 hrs – mins.

V.G. lunch at Station Hotel where we stayed till 2.30 and took coffee. Weather here turned milky warm. Struck our first really good roads from P. to Stirling, passed the well-known turn to Crieff. And the long straight (Strathallan) where we raced the old lady in the chocolate landalette, 1919. From Stirling swept south via Denny, Dennyloanhead, Riggsend, Airdrie, Newtown, all prosperous Lanarkshire with the miners sitting about bloated with their blackmail. At Carluke struck off the road E. to Carnwath and a little beyond it, between Carluke and Carnwath had tea by the side of dainty pink road on the edge of a fir plantation that seemed 100 miles away from any mines. A warm afternoon with melting soft scene here in a rounded and cultivated landscape, manhandled for many centuries. 5. -5.40 was our rest.

Then, in a glorious evening light, into and out of Carnwath (Mem: that is a tricky road) and so past Newbiggin, Elstrickle, and on towards Blythe Bridge (another bayonet point turn to be remembered), 10m. from Peebles which is reached by narrow well-tarred, picturesque winding road. Nothing in our 1919 experience gave us any notion that PEEBLES and its surroundings were so completely lovely. Found large pink and white hydro (which had been a hospital in `19) well up on the hill and after a v.g. dinner fell among certain people of enthusiasm which necessitated retreat to not overfurnished bedroom well placarded with regulations urging us to be punctual to meals but not giving the hours of 'em. Altogether a nice place, barring the lot of those who wanted to talk. And so to bed after the longest run of the trip. This is by far the best way from Perth to Peebles. The Duchess superb throughout.

M. 213

*The road from Inverness to Perth, the A9, today a smoothly-engineered dual carriageway all the way, was clearly still unimproved – hence their average speed of under 30 mph, from Inverness to Perth (though it must be remembered that the maximum speed limit, anywhere, was still only 20 mph: and while this was widely disregarded on the open roads, in towns and villages it was usually observed.*

*Carrie's snobbery (and an interesting sidelight on a way of life now totally gone) is evident in the remark about the apparent presence of liveried servants of the Astors in the highlands.*

*South of the highland line, the roads improved, and they were reminded of their foray to Perthshire in 1919 (of which no diary remains) when they visited Cousin Daisy Low at Crieff (see Carrie's diaries for September 1919). This year, their route from Perth to Peebles made a wide sweep through Lanarkshire, almost to Glasgow, avoiding the ferry crossing of the Forth, and transit of Edinburgh which would have been the most direct route. There had recently been a long and bitter miners' strike, which had resulted in considerable inconvenience to the public, although it could scarcely be said that the miners 'won', although Kipling seemed to think that they had.*

*We are not sure why he particularised all the small villages and towns of south Lanarkshire, unless he was tickled by their names. (It may be noted that today's gazetteer has 'Newbigging' ('g' at the end), 'Elsrickle' (no 't') and 'Blyth Bridge' (no 'e' at the end of 'Blyth')*

*A 'Hydro' was a hydropathic hotel, where one could take the waters.*

## Peebles – Beaufront

### Sept. 19

Left Peebles circa 12, for Melrose and a fine day, and good roads. Lunched at Abbey Hotel, went for a small walk to renew acquaintance of two years ago. Then 2.15 away to England on old route. Jedburgh, Carters (*sic* – he got it right later) Fell, Otterburn, Corbridge and Beaufront. Burst back tyre (nearly 4000) just before rise to Carter Fell which the Duchess took on top gear (with comfort) at 21-22. Road from Carter Fell to Otterburn under repair and vile bad from Otterburn to Corbridge, just remade, and she slung over the dips like a bird. Arr. Beaufront Castle 4.40.



*Beaufront Castle*

*A short day, essentially straight down today's A 68. They had spent a day at Melrose in 1919. We are not sure of the significance of the "(4000)", unless it were an estimate of the mileage done on that tyre. Beaufront Castle, the home of Lady Rayleigh (formerly Mrs. Cuthbert) is near Hexham.*

Sept. 20-21-22-23-24.

Beaufront Castle with visits to Chester's Roman Camp and museum ("Bagiwaglos, probably a Christian") about 90 m. local trips including taking E. to Newcastle to train for Inverness games.

*We imagine that Kipling recorded the name of Bagiwaglos because it tickled his sense of humour. Elsie had evidently made a hit with someone, to have been invited to go to the Inverness highland games, one of the great social occasions in Scotland.*

Beaufront – Edin'b'g

Sep. 24

Away in fine weather at 11 via Roman Wall road to Newcastle, which we skirted at edge of suburbs and cut round into S. Gosforth. Lunch at White Swan, Alnwick – dirt, darkness, disorder. Absolutely the vilest hotel yet, and shall report to A.A. Thence Berwick-on-Tweed, narrow bridge where bullock leaned on our near fore mudguard. Beautiful blue sea at intervals on the right. Splendid road into Berwick and after, via Cockburnspath, Dunbar, etc, getting better and better. Ran into Princes Street 4.45. Went to station (N.E.) on chance of catching E. returning from Inverness and found her. Stayed at Roxburghe Hotel (very old, but clean) and to bed very early.

*They were re-tracing their steps to pick up Elsie, and were successful in meeting her at the Waverley station – which belonged to the North British (NB) Railway, rather than the North Eastern (NE) – Kipling was no doubt confused by the machinations of railway politics, which had seen the NE Railway running its trains all the way to Edinburgh from Berwick, over the rails of the North British Railway.*

### Edinb'g – Carlisle

Sept. 25<sup>th</sup>

Easier day. Breakfast 9: and after M's hobby which included some packing and rearrangement for Elsie, went for a Sabbath walk in Princes Street. Felt like Arctic explorers but a good show of lilies, chrysanths, etc in public gardens. Got away, rather to Taylor's scandal, a few minutes before noon. Grey day, clearing as we went south. Superb rolling road to Peebles which we reached at 12.40 Got one o'clock lunch (first class) and away at 2.15 – weather improving as Edinburgh's grey was left behind – for Hawick via turn short of Galashiels to Selkirk (very twisty road). Hawick an embowered dream of hanging woods on steep hillsides. Thence through Teviotdale to Carlisle.



*Old Carlisle*

Bad surface but lovely run specially through narrowest part of Ewesdale – a miniature Highland pass with burn at one side. Note – Nice picnic party by way waved at us. 15 min. stand-easy near Cannobie. Carlisle (Crown and Mitre) 4.45 and afterwards walked queer crooked streets of old houses (Masonic Lodge, R.A.O.B., Wesleyan Church, Unitarian ditto) to Carlisle Castle, where nice Provost Sergeant (whose ten-year-old daughter had been born in Burma) of Border Regt. offered himself as guide, thereby delaying walk with his wife and child. Took us round a most interesting tour accompanied by his Newfoundland “Prince” (“worth two men to me in my duties”), explained us all the history of chapel; hanging windows, Queen Mary's gate etc. Heard Retreat sounded and saw flag on tower not pulled down. Voice in a dark passage as we came out, “There'll be trouble about this”. Reply with infinite languor “I'm not on duty”. After glimpse of Cathedral, to bed at 9.

M. 100

Time 210 minutes

*Clearly, a cold day in Edinburgh (experientia docet) an easterly wind fair whistles along Princes Street: and on a Sabbath morn, there would have been few other people out in the street. And Taylor, we assume, still believed that there should be no travelling in the 'Church Interval', between 10 and 12 on a Sunday morning, when all good folk should have been attending divine service – hence, his 'scandal'.*

*The R.A.O.B. was the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, a fraternal order, involved in raising money for its own members and for charities in general. It dates back to 1822. Kipling featured a similar organisation "the Foresters" in his tale 'The Vortex' from A Diversity of Creatures.*

## Carlisle – Stamford

### Sep. 26

Up early and well away at 9.15. Beautiful warm morning. Duchess disgraced herself by wearing newspaper across her radiator till a few miles along the Penrith Road when she boiled with disgust. Great shame. Thereafter stormed along superb Penrith and Appleby road into Brough outside which gipsies with drove of horses gave us false alarm of Brough fair. Luckily not till tomorrow. A day of fine bold going. 15 min. stand-easy beyond Scotch Corner by a wood inside a stone park wall, Harrogate (Majestic and all its glories) at 1.5.

Times	9.15; 11.25 = 2 hrs 10 mins	= 130 min.
	11.40 1.5 = 1 hr 25 mins	= <u>85 min</u>
M. 111		= 215 min.

Left Harrogate at 2.45. M. going to provision shop & buying sweet cakes and strongly perfumed pig sausages. She did not buy mere bread or tasteless rolls (she gave Taylor bread and butter) but insisted in telling us that the rolls were not sweet, when we had our aft. Stand-easy from 4.45 – 5.15 by woodside just short of Tuxford. Thermos full of Carlisle coffee very good. The Duchess ran divinely. Went on at 5.15 – reached Stamford 6.50; were passed beyond Grantham by atrocious yellow car which left us simply standing. But it waked up the Duchess at the day's end. Time H. to Stamford

2.45 - 4.45	=	120 mins
5.15 – 6.50	=	<u>95 mins</u>
		215
114½ m.		215 min
Total 225½	=	430 min.

and not so dusty either. A lovely day which didn't tire M. too much. E's behaviour very bad, specially when she ran us into Mil. Camp just below Catterick Bridge and lost us at least ten minutes before we rediscovered proper road to Ripon. This before lunch but we felt it all the long day. Grey weather, warm with streaks of sun. George Inn at Stamford and our old rooms 9 & 10.



*The George Hotel, Stamford*

*Elsie's behaviour refers to her map-reading ability - or lack of. We sympathise. The one-inch Ordnance Survey is not always 100% clear on which way to turn at junctions, especially where a crossing is involved. Brough horse fair was one of the largest in the country, and took place in the main street, so passage through the village would have been difficult.*

*This diary ends here – Carrie's diaries show that they went home to Bateman's the following day.*

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