

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL



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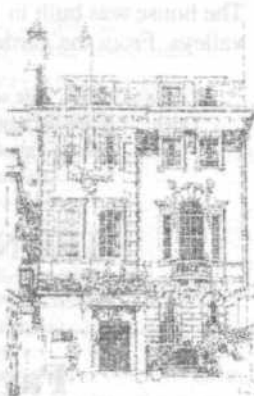
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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 5 May 2004**, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, **the Society's Annual Luncheon**: Guest Speaker, **Sir Christopher Bland, Chairman of BT**. Details sent with December 2003 *Journal*.

**Wednesday 14 July 2004**, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **A.G.M.** A cash bar will serve drinks at 5.30 p.m. before **Max Rives'** talk **Kipling and France** at 6 p.m. Tea will be available before the meeting for those who book in advance. Details to follow.

**Wednesday 15 September 2004**, 5.30 for 6.00 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Stamers-Smith Memorial Lecture: Professor Tom Pinney's** lecture will be on "Some Reflections on Kipling's Letters". Details to follow.

March 2004

JANE KESKAR & JEFFERY LEWINS

### SIR PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR, D.S.O., O.B.E.

We congratulate Sir Patrick, a long-time member of our Society, on his appointment as a Knight Bachelor in the 2004 New Year Honours. The award was made for services to Literature and to U.K–Greek relations. –*Ed.*

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### THE HISTORY SHOP, LOUGHTON, ESSEX

I must apologise to all members who placed orders with this organisation for the two CDs reviewed on p.59 of the September 2003 *Journal*. I have been trying to contact this Shop but have heard nothing since 27 October, and can only assume that they have closed down. – *Ed.*

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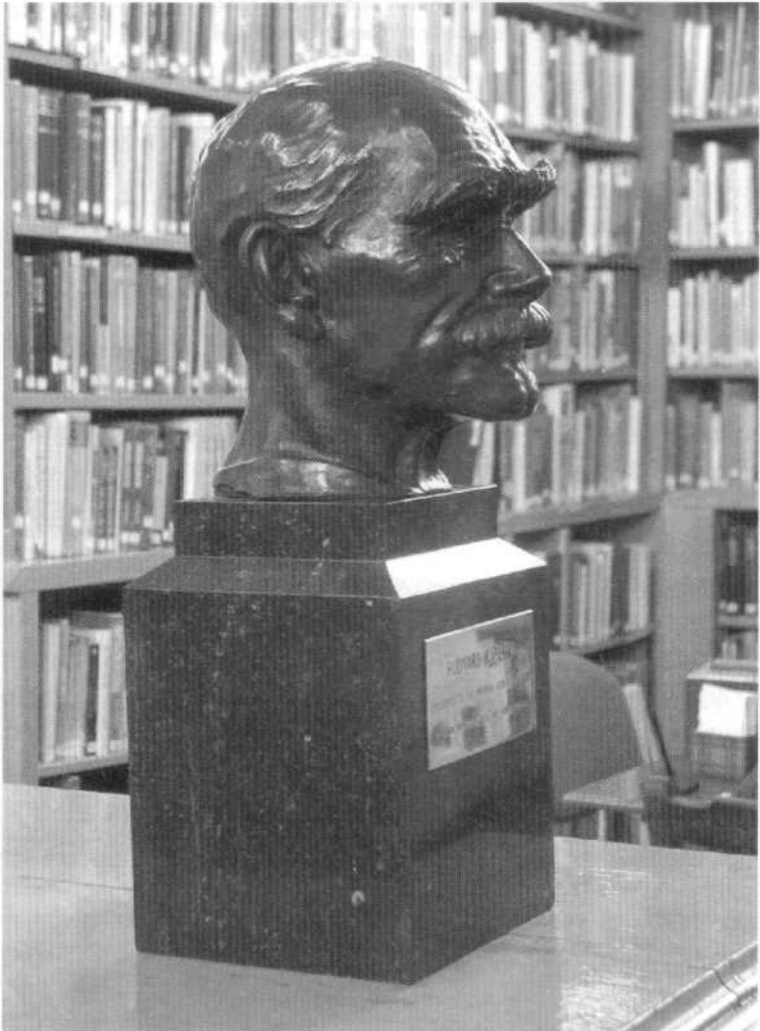
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**A BUST OF KIPLING IN THE LIBRARY  
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See page 38.

## EDITORIAL

In the past we have published reprints of some of Kipling's uncollected work, some of his letters, and some relatively small items of unpublished work, but never before an unpublished story. For this, we are deeply indebted to two members of our Society in particular – Lisa Lewis and Jeffery Lewins.

Kipling has been Lisa Lewis's favourite author since early childhood. She was introduced to *Stalky & Co.* by a classmate at boarding-school, then discovered the adult stories and verse, which she has been re-reading ever since. After working, or living as an R.A.F. wife, in New York, Moscow and Singapore, she came to London and joined the Society in 1976. She helped in the library and the office and was elected to Council, becoming Vice-Chairman, then Chairman, then served as Meetings Secretary from 1985-1997. She is now a Vice President.

Her first critical venture was a paper for one of our discussion meetings. With the kindly advice of Thomas Pinney, she began to publish in academic journals as well as in the *Kipling Journal*. She made a special study of Kipling's manuscripts. She has edited two paperbacks for Oxford University Press, *Mrs Bathurst and other Stories* and *Just So Stories*; also (with Sandra Kemp) *Rudyard Kipling: Writings on Writing* for Cambridge University Press, including the only known example of Kipling's working notes for a story, which was her personal discovery.

Jeffery Lewins was commissioned from Sandhurst in 1952 and served in Korea with the Royal Engineers. He was sent by the Army to Cambridge and subsequently took up a Fellowship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that led to a Master's and a Ph.D. in Nuclear Engineering. After commanding an Armoured Engineer Squadron, he resigned in 1968 to be the first Warden of Hughes Parry Hall, University of London. Two books and a number of research papers led to his appointment in 1980 as Lecturer in Nuclear Engineering back at Cambridge, and a Fellowship in Magdalene where he was Director of Studies in Engineering and is still Praelector.

His interest in Kipling led to a number of pamphlets describing Kipling's Honorary Fellowship in the College and also to his own appointment as Kipling Fellow. As Meetings Secretary on the Council of the Society, he organised the successful International Kipling Conference in 2001 to celebrate the centenary of the publication of *Kim*. He is a Fellow of the American Nuclear Society, Fellow and Past President of the Institution of Nuclear Engineers, and Council Member for the University of the Third Age in Cambridge.



## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. THE UNPUBLISHED 'STALKY' STORY

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Edited by

JEFFERY LEWINS and LISA LEWIS

### INTRODUCTION

The information that Haileybury, who have the original manuscripts of the Stalky stories, had amongst them an unpublished and unfinished story has been known for some twenty years. Recently the manuscripts [subsequently mss or ms – *Ed.*] including this story, "Scylla and Charybdis", became more accessible and due to the kind agreement of both the owners of the ms (Haileybury) and the literary agents (A.P.Watt) to the National Trust, owners of the copyright, we are able to discuss the story fully in the *Journal* of the Kipling Society. Many of our readers will be familiar with the canon of Stalky stories: *Stalky & Co.*, together with the additional stories collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*<sup>1</sup> ("Regulus"), *Debts and Credits*<sup>2</sup> ("The United Idolaters" and "The Propagation of Knowledge") and *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides* ("Stalky"). These four additional stories appear in the *Complete Stalky & Co.* together with one further story, "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman"<sup>3</sup>.

The present story is set in the late 1870s and appears to introduce the three protagonists of the *Complete Stalky & Co.*: Corkran, M'Turk (called here McTurk) and Beetle. We meet them as second-formers united against all others in the school – in real life Kipling's school, the United Services College at Westward Ho!. Reference is made to other boys and one of these, Fairburn, appears in the later stories.

The setting makes the story appear to be the first in the chronology of the boys but this role is also taken by "Stalky", the story that was published contemporaneously with the other Stalky stories in magazine form, but was not collected until Kipling placed it in *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*. Kipling himself introduces that story in *Land and Sea Tales* with the remark that it failed to appear in its logical place for unknown reasons. And in that story, rather more detail is given about the boys (*lower-second* form) and the origin particularly of the soubriquet Stalky.

So the reason may have been that Kipling was dissatisfied with the way the opening story was developing and put it by while writing "Stalky" and the others that appeared and were collected at that time. Since items put by were often taken up again later, this may be the origin of the failure to include either in the original collection *Stalky & Co.*

Our present story is peculiar in setting the scene on the natural golf-

links where various events unfold. Certainly this is valid for the period as the mass production of the golf-ball enabled the game to spread across the UK and indeed abroad. Kipling, as usual, introduces well-observed technicalities of the game and its equipment that are discussed later. Much turns on the "cheating" observed by the boys and to put this in its proper light we have included extracts from the Rules of Golf of the period in an appendix.

But at this stage, the reader would prefer to be provided with the unpublished *Stalky* story. In our reading there are a few uncertainties which have been identified thus:[?] or [sic]. Additionally, since Kipling was inconsistent in his naming of Yeo as Dicky, Dickie (and once as Dick), and also used Dickie for the Club Secretary's son, we have changed all occurrences of Dickie to Dicky for Yeo, and reserved Dickie for the son.

The incompleteness of the second draft means that to capture the whole story requires the first draft and there must be some uncertainty over where to use this to continue from the unfinished second. Not wishing to omit anything that Kipling wrote, we therefore give the extant second draft to start with, and follow with the complete first draft, indicating the point where we think this would "splice" with the second draft thus: [\* \* \* \* \*]. The reader may therefore wish to skip this preliminary part of the first draft.

One final point on the flow of the story – the ms contains two sheets numbered page 5, which are pp.126 and 127 of the bound volume. Careful reading suggests to us that the first p.5 [126] is in fact redundant for reasons discussed later. We have therefore excluded [126] from the main text, but printed it separately at the end. In order to provide differentiation, the ms volume page numbers will be shown in square brackets (e.g. [131] ).

[Quotation marks denoting conversation in the text. The ms has double quotes, where Kipling hasn't forgotten to use any, in which case the Editorial team "silently corrected" for this. His published works use double or single quotes, apparently according to the house rules of the publishers or magazines concerned. However, in the collections, *Stalky & Co.* and *The Complete Stalky & Co.*, first published by Macmillan & Co. in 1899 and 1929 respectively, and which are probably the best known versions of these stories, single quotes are used throughout. In consequence, the editor of the *Journal* has elected to follow Macmillan and use single quotation marks throughout the text of "Scylla and Charybdis".

In the manuscripts of both drafts, the title of the story has the proofing marks for setting the words in capitals, and in both cases there is the very emphatic inclusion of a full stop at the end of the title. These marks have been respected for the main titles herein, but dropped in the textual commentaries. – *Ed.*]



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.<sup>4</sup>

[131] They strolled across the wind, shoulders touching, hands in pockets, caps driven down on their noses and coat-collars turned up against the fine rain that was sweeping over the Burrows. Underfoot, the salty, sheep-bitten turf squelched at every step. Overhead smoking vapours of the Atlantic drove low in pearly-grey wreaths. Out of the mist to windward, beyond the grey loom of the pebble-ridge came an unceasing roar of the sea rising and falling in rollers two miles long. To leeward a few stray cattle and donkeys showed through the haze. Beyond—blotted out—lay Appledore and the mudflats and sandbanks of the Pool where the Taw and the Torridge join.

In front of them, veiled with the rest, lay the sea of bent-crowned bunkers—hillock on hillock of sand, miniature ravines, wadys<sup>5</sup> and nullahs<sup>6</sup> that fill the far corner of the great triangle of the Burrows. A spliced and rickety driver<sup>7</sup>, an ancient cleek<sup>8</sup> and a putter that had lost half its face showed why the boys had sought that bleak waste. One played golf in the Easter term, when one was not being fagged as a 'caddy'<sup>9</sup> by a senior; and whether one liked golf or loathed it the bunkers were always a city of refuge for small boys.

'Come on!' said the tallest of the three, producing a new and almost speckless gutty<sup>10</sup>. The boys lived very largely on lost balls<sup>11</sup> retrieved among the bents<sup>12</sup> by sharp eyes. 'We'll play from Four to Seven and see if we can get over Charybdis<sup>13</sup> this time.'

He was a child of remarkably cheerful countenance with light hazel eyes and a singularly elastic step. Trousers hem and coat sleeve showed he was growing fast.

'Beetle's lost his again. Oh come on, Beetle!' This was a bony and sallow youth, with a prominent nose and a mouth seldom shut; black-haired, black lashed, with a distinct Irish accent.

The third boy, fat and unhandy, rubbed the wet from his spectacles with a grimy handkerchief, dropped his putter, recovered it, felt through his pockets and raised his hand suddenly to his head.

'I put it in my cap, I remember now. But it isn't there!'

'Serves you right. You're so beastly careless. Well now you'll have to caddy for Turkey and me,' said the hazel-eyed one.

'That's not fair Corkran<sup>14</sup>.'

'Shut up. It's two to one,' said the sallow boy. 'Come on!'

Beetle replaced his hands in his pockets, putter under armpit, grunted, and set out for No.4 green. He had consorted with these two since his first term—a year ago when they were almost as wretched and forlorn as himself. Corkran of the dancing eyes had decreed it, with McTurk<sup>15</sup>, seated upon a play-box, down in the lavatory, after they had

been bullied all one solid afternoon by Fairburn<sup>16</sup> and Cobby Adams. They had invented that famous law of two to one, which settled all questions. So far, Beetle had been the victim but if he could ever win over Corkran or McTurk to his views then it would be two to one against McTurk or Corkran. That day had not yet come but Beetle lived in hope. A year in a boy's life is almost all eternity and Beetle never contemplated independent action of any kind. Together they had grizzled, homesick and miserable; together they had written letters to their people praying to be taken away from 'this beastly place'; together they had been flung into the deep end of the baths to teach them how to swim; together they had cooked sparrows over the gas on a nib; together they had made sloe-jam, kept silk-worms, skinned small vermin and bullied boys smaller than themselves. Together they discussed life: its difficulties—as *ut* with the subjunctive and the protean genders of Gaul; its ambushes: as Fairburn and Cobby; its defeats: gatings<sup>17</sup>, black-marks and imposition; its delights: as tuck<sup>18</sup> and a casual post-office order<sup>19</sup> from a relative; and its successes: a warm place at the formroom fire and little comforts and shortcuts thought out by their united minds. Small boys of twelve, in the later seventies, at a school designed to pass boys into the Army had to make their own life much as the Red Indian makes his.

Ordinary warfare with their fellows they recognised as fair; but a recent invasion of the broad links<sup>20</sup> by men—grown men in red-coats<sup>21</sup>, troubled them greatly. Golf had not then become fashionable and the school which had learned the game *viva voce* at the haft of a broken club, believed, with all the wrongheadedness of young animals, that the links were theirs. Men whom they knew by sight—old[?] men in workmanlike tweeds could play on them of course; but this steady immigration of red-coated strangers they considered an outrage. The matter had been very fully discussed in the formrooms.

'There's another—by gum!' said Corkran when they reached No. Four green. 'You know they brought a whole waggonette full of 'em to "Rowena"<sup>22</sup> last week, all red coats too.'

[132] 'Well, they can't interfere with us.' McTurk turned his back on the red blob in the mist and addressed the ball. Some one most impolitely cried 'Hi!' which is no form of salutation on the links.

'Go on, Turkey,' said Corkran 'It's only a fresh cad<sup>23</sup> of some kind.'

An elderly gentleman encased in a fearful combination of heather-mixture stockings, white spats<sup>24</sup>, orange boots, and elephants'-end knickerbockers<sup>25</sup> (they could have forgiven everything except the red coat) strode towards them crying 'What are you doing on the links. We can't have little boys here.'

A caddy of their acquaintance panted behind with an enormous canvas and leather club-bag, as vilely new as the yellow boots. Now it was their faith—hammered into them by their elders—that a man who needed more than driver, cleek and putter under any circumstances was an ass.

McTurk drove off with a clear clean smack, putting all the wriggle of him into the drive.

'Them's Collegers,' the caddy explained grinning.

'I don't care who they are. I didn't come down here all the way from London—all the way from London—to find the links used by little boys. I shall complain to the Secretary. I shall certainly complain to the Secretary! Puts me off my stroke. Puts me off my stroke entirely.'

Corkran followed McTurk's lead, in silence and they drew off together.

'Hi! Hi! Hi! You boy with the spectacles. Can't you answer me?'

'What a howlin' bargee!' said Beetle hunching one shoulder. 'That's what comes of lettin' all these London cads on to the links.'

They heard the unmistakable snarl of a digging driver shot behind them and the ball came trundling by at a rate of four miles an hour.

'Put back your turf,' McTurk called over his shoulder.

'Put that clod back, Dicky,' Stalky cried.

'Don't cut up the green!' Beetle shouted and they went on into the mist.

'They'm Collegers, Sir,' was Dicky Yeo's<sup>26</sup> explanation as the old gentleman looked ruefully at the scarred turf.

'Don't know how I came to do it. 'Pon my word I don't. They put me off my stroke the young devils. Links given up to a parcel of boys—larking all over the place—taking no notice when they're spoken to. Outrageous, I think.'

His second drive, and it was a good lie too, repeated the first; and was followed by a commination service so rich, so full, so varied that the delighted boys to whom it carried down wind decided at once to abandon their own game and wait developments.

'If he curses like that on the turf, what will he say when he gets into Charybdis. He's bound to be bunkered there. He can't play one little bit' said Corkran.

'I vote we go over to Charybdis and lie up in our cave and listen,' said McTurk.

'Oh, it will be so beastly wet any how,' said Beetle. 'Much better go back to Coll.'

'And have Fairburn bully us till tea? Not much. It's two to one Beetle. Come on.'

Now that terrible bunker Charybdis was in those days—but sands

shift almost as quickly as the years—a deep and ragged crater midway between the sixth and seventh holes about the distance of an average drive. With luck and direction you may land on some twenty feet of sweet short turf that separate its right flank from the low, broken hillocks of pimply Scylla<sup>27</sup> but in five cases out of seven you, trusting to drive over it, drop neatly into the crater the walls of which are sand and the bottom of which is high, rank bents. The boys had scraped out a sort of shallow cave under an overhanging lip of bent-bound sand—such a shelter as sheep stamp out against the wind. Here, for there was a fringe of bents at the mouth of it, they could just squeeze in and entirely unseen, command a full view of the crater from south to north. Here they had heard some very curious and interesting language—such words as little boys are not supposed to know the meaning of—had watched the war-dances of their elders when virtuous heads of families broke niblicks<sup>28</sup> across their knees and called Heaven and Earth and the caddy to witness how they had kept their tempers. Beetle called Charybdis 'Hell' for these reasons.

Here then they repaired, scuttling low like young partridges through the mist and were hardly in position ere a ball came booming and whirring over the lip and buried itself in the bents of the bottom. As a drive it was a success that carried its own penalty.

'By gum!' said Beetle, squirming joyously; for words came after the ball: words and the sound of heavy feet.

'I drove over it. I saw it go over.'

'Yes Sir. I'll go look forward for her. She'll be t'other side bunker; but may be yeou'd better take a look in the bunker too,' said Dicky Yeo.

They heard the old gentleman climbing the steep side behind them. He passed within a few feet of the shelter, and slid heavily into the gulf. 'He'll never find it,' whispered Corkran.

'Looks like a bear at the Zoo—doesn't he!' Beetle giggled. 'By Jove! He's cursin' us still. What a shockin' bad temper.'

'Found un?' This from Dicky Yeo without.

'No. Yes. And a good lie too,' was the answer.

'Go-olly. Did you see that?' said Corkran. 'He took a new ball out of his pocket.'

'And shoved it on down on a bit of hard,' said McTurk.

Beetle wiped his spectacles furiously. The old gentleman had chosen a very good lie; but it cost him two chops with a niblick and one with a lofting iron ere he was free.

[133] Swiftly Corkran hurried to the bottom of the crater and recovered the original ball. 'Look at it,' said he. 'That isn't one of our gutties. Pascall, St Andrews<sup>29</sup> stamped in black. Besides it's cut differently. I knew that by the hum it made. Bags<sup>30</sup>1!'

'What a beastly old cheat,' said McTurk.

'Oh it was only practice—not a game,' said Beetle.

'Well if he'd do that at practice what wouldn't he do in a match,' said Corkran.

'Dunno. You can crib in a qualifying exam. You mustn't in a competitive,' said Beetle whose morals so far were simple and uncontaminated.

'Yes; but this isn't an exam. This is serious,' said Corkran.

'Oh no. It only shows he's a cad. All chaps in red coats are,' said McTurk. 'Listen! Didn't you hear a sally?'<sup>31</sup> Over by the Frying-pan?'

It was the fashion of that [senior (sic)]<sup>32</sup> among seniors to go rabbit-shooting with saloon pistols<sup>33</sup> and when game failed what more natural than that they should devise wars and ambushes, using dust shot instead of bulleted breech caps and, more or less, keeping a crooked left arm before their eyes.

'It's Wigram<sup>34</sup> and that lot,' said Beetle. 'They'll plug at us—for fun. Dust shot hurts too.'

'Tisn't as bad as salt,' said McTurk absently rubbing his calf. Keepers misunderstand boys so cruelly sometimes.

'Huh!' Stalky slapped his pocket. 'I'd back a tweaker<sup>35</sup> against a sally any day.'

Indeed a well constructed catapult<sup>36</sup>—low in the nick, long in the grip and supple-pouched, is in the hands of an expert five times more deadly than any ironmongery that ever came out of Belgium<sup>37</sup>. The Frying-pan was another crater bunker far to the left of the links—the recognised stamping ground of the bold and the bad. A continuous ripple of pops came to their ears, as they wormed through the bents. Seniors do not like to be spied upon by juniors: least of all when their diversions are such that they think it best to turn their caps inside out. The mist, thicker than ever, saved the three from discovery. They crawled to the edge of the Frying-pan and looked down upon a wholly satisfactory war—five seniors a side: each one laid at length behind such cover as he could find. The least movement drew fire from an unseen enemy. It was the end of a hotly contested campaign on bush models in which caps and trouser legs had suffered.

'Plaiستow. I'm running out of ammunition,' a voice whispered.

'Come over to me, then,' said Plaiستow.

'Don't you move Gobby.'<sup>38</sup> This was Ingram across the bunker. 'I'll plug you if you do!'

'Look out! It's a ruse—to put us off. Behind you Ingram! Behind you!'

'Ouch!' Ingram outflanked had been peppered on the calf at five yards and leaped to his feet.



Plaistow and Gobby, their coats over their heads for protection, wheeled into the open and fired left and right driving Ingram's forces (the boys had just sense enough not to rush in on dust shot) up the sides of the bunker, when these descended clad in heather-mixture stockings, white spats and the accursed blood red coat<sup>39</sup>. Apropos of nothing save the smell of gunpowder for he had not been hit, he called them a parcel of young blackguards. That is to say he addressed the fore part of the sentence to the hind part of Ingram fleeing over the ridge. The rest spent itself on the empty bunker all littered with empty cartridges. One does not lead 'sally fights' without knowing something of cover.

'Young devils firing guns at each other. Where the deuce did my ball go to?' He blew his nose wrathfully. 'And they call this golf in southern England!'

'Are you deluding yourself into the notion that you are playing golf Sir?' The bland carefully articulated English voice out of the mist belonged to Plaistow. 'You're miles out of your line, Sir.'

'Am I! Heh? Am I? What's that got to do with you Sir?'

'Oh nothing. Only we hate a fozzler<sup>40</sup>. Don't we?'

'I say you must have pulled atrociously, your last drive.' That was Ingram, the school's golf-champion. The old gentleman literally pawed the sand in his wrath; but he was less lucky than the bull of the arena in that he could not see his enemies.

'Well! Hurry up. Find your ball. Don't stay here all night.'

'Go back to the pavilion and get a plan of the links from the Secretary. It's threepence.'<sup>41</sup>

'I don't know who you are. But let me tell you you're no gentleman.' He was trying to face all ways at once as voice after voice stung him.

'Bluggins—Bluggins—keep your hair on,' warningly and [regretfully?]. The unholy christening was received with joy.

'Why Bluggins is that you, old man? I swear we didn't know you in that coat.'

'Don't go Bluggins. You're just gettin' amusin!'

'Goodbye, Bluggins. Sorry we can't help you to find your ball.'

The boys drew off in silence but to the almost unbearable delight of the three watchers, the old gentleman explained to the mist that he was a major<sup>42</sup> and several other things: that he had golfed on all the links of the North but never in his life had been treated after this fashion. Then he climbed out in their direction.

'We'd better go I think,' said Beetle. 'He's pretty average wrathy.'

'Sit tight. We haven't done anything,' said Stalky. This made no particular difference for the old gentleman found the whipping boys his soul needed.

'Oh you're the young devils,' he began and, with no more explanation, soundly boxed Beetle's ears. 'I'll teach you to insult people on the links. What—what d'you mean?' He had reason to ask because he found himself covered by two catapults, each drawn to the hand. Beetle wriggled free and hastened to bring up his artillery.

*The ms of the revised version finishes here at the end of the third page of foolscap without any formal indication of being abandoned at this point. We continue with the first draft.*

#### SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. – FIRST DRAFT

[122] They strolled down wind, shoulders touching, hands in pockets, caps driven down over noses and coat collars turned up against the fine rain that was sweeping across the burrows. Underfoot the salty sheep-bitten turf squelched at each step; and overhead the smoking vapours from the Atlantic drove low in pearly grey wreaths. Out of the mist to windward, beyond the grey line of the pebble-ridge, came the unceasing roar of the sea, rising and falling in mile long rollers. To leeward a few stray cattle and donkeys showed through the haze of the flats. Beyond the [grey?] blotted out surf lay Appledore and the mud flats and sand banks of the Pool where the Taw and the Torridge meet.

In front of them, mist veiled with the rest, lay a sea of bent-crowned bunkers—hillock on hillock, miniature ravines, wadys and nullahs that fill the far corner of the great triangle of the burrows. A spliced and ricketty [sic] cleek, a putter and a cut down driver lacking half its face showed why the boys [had]<sup>43</sup> sought that bleak waste. One played Golf in the Easter term. That was the custom—unless one were fagging for a senior as caddy; and whether one liked golf or loathed it, the bunkers were ever a city of refuge from persecution.

The tallest of the three began to search through many pockets, removing at last an almost black gutta-percha. He was a boy of remarkably cheery countenance, with twinkling hazel eyes and a singularly light step. Trouser hem and coat sleeve showed he was growing rapidly. The owner of the cleek followed his example but clumsily. This was a sallow and bony child, black-eyebrowed, black-lashed, with a prominent nose; a mouth generally half open and a fairly developed Irish accent.

'Come on Beetle! Where's yours?'

The boy with the putter dropped it—he was fat and unhandy—rubbed the wet off his spectacles with a grimy handkerchief and began his search.

Scylla and Charybdis

They thought themselves in danger, that was certain, but they were bound to regard the fact that the sea was so calm, and that the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived. The sea was so calm, and the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived. The sea was so calm, and the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived.

They were in a predicament, for they were bound to regard the fact that the sea was so calm, and that the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived. The sea was so calm, and the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived. The sea was so calm, and the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived. The sea was so calm, and the wind was so light, as a sign of a storm, and they were not to be deceived.

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'Come on! We can't wait all night. You had it when we left College,' said the driver.

'You put it in your cap, you fool,' drawled the Irishman.

'So I did' said Beetle raising his hat. 'But—but it isn't here now. I must have dropped it.'

'Serves you right. You're so beastly careless. Well, you'll have to caddy for Turkey and me.'

'Catch hold!' said McTurk flinging the cleek at him; Beetle tucked it under his arm with the putter in silence. 'Come on Corkey.'

He had consorted with these two since his first term—a year ago when they were almost as wretched as himself. Corkran of the light eyes had decided with McTurk, in a boxroom, sitting upon a play-box after they had been bullied all one solid hour by Fairburn; and Beetle had taken his orders with meekness and joy. If Corkran and McTurk agreed upon a matter who was he to object. Was it not two to one; and perfectly fair. If he could ever win McTurk or Stalky<sup>44</sup> to his views it would be two to one against Stalky or McTurk. That joyful day had not yet come but Beetle lived in hope. Together they had cooked sparrows over the gas on rusty nibs; together they had made sloe jam; together they had been flung into the deep end of the baths to teach them how to swim; together they had dared to insult a senior and together they had waged war against him when he came to slay them. Together they had grizzled, sore and homesick, down in the lavatories, cheering one another with the thought that they would write home to their parents and be taken away from this beastly place; together they had striven to assist each other with the mysteries of *ut* with the subjunctive and the genders of Gaul. A year in a boy's life is very long. Looking back mistily as children do, they could not remember when they were unallied.

Corkran drove off with a clean full smack, putting all the wriggle of him into the unhandy driver. They would play from the fourth to the seventh hole and see if this time they could clear Charybdis—that big bunker whose other name was Hell. The links have been altered since many times and golf is a game for men, with a literature of its own; but in those far days men were few on the links; red coats practically unknown; and the School, who learned golf at the haft of a broken cleek, regarded them as interlopers.

McTurk was addressing himself to the ball when some one most impolitely called 'Hi!' which is no form of address on the links.

An elderly gentleman, evidently a stranger, clad in a blood-red coat and encased in a fearful combination of ribbed heather-mixture, white spats, and elephant's behind-end knickerbockers, strode towards them angrily: 'What are you doing on the links? We don't want little boys here.' A caddy of their acquaintance panted up behind him, with a huge—and to the boys new—tanned canvas and leather bag.

'Go on Turkey,' said Corkran. It was not etiquette to notice a player. McTurk drove off as cleanly as Stalky but with a more cramped hand.

'They'm Collegers,' the caddy explained with a grin.

'I don't care who they are. I didn't come down here all the way from London to—all the way from London to find the links covered by little boys. I shall complain to the Secretary. I shall certainly complain to the Secretary. Put me off my stroke—put me off my stroke entirely.'

[123] 'Hi! You caddy!' This was to Beetle who was following the others. He did not answer. 'You boy, with the spectacles. Can't you answer me!'

'Oh play golf and don't jaw,' snapped McTurk.

'Go back to London,' said Stalky. 'The links don't belong to you.'

'We've been golfin' here for years,' said Beetle; and turned on his heel, the gentleman pursuing them with language.

'Too beastly,' said McTurk. 'Why they bring down a [sic] whole wagonnette-fuls of men from the hotel to play [usually?]. I counted one of'em.'

'Oh he's a cad o' some kind. Never mind. Where did my ball land, Beetle? Oh it's no good asking you.'

'We're right in the middle of the double-drive hole,' said McTurk. 'We ought to be able to find another pretty soon.' The boys lived very largely on lost balls. He hunted in a patch of bents. 'Here's one. Brand new—lost first drive. Look where the ass topped it.' The white paint was scarred with the telltale crescent on the top. Otherwise it was virgin.

'Phwit!' A ball dropped with a whirr into a thick bed of bents.

'That's old gaiters,' said Corkran. 'He must have pulled about a mile to the left. He'll never find it.'

'Let him sweat then' said Beetle, a few yards further on. 'Here's your ball, Turkey, and a good lie too. Driver?'

'Not much. I don't want to fetch up in the Kafoozalum<sup>45</sup> (a small bunker about fifty yards away). I'm goin' to loft her over. Topped it. Blow!'

The ball, hugging the turf, danced up to the top side of the bunker and skipped over the edge. Kafoozalum like Charybdis was a crater.

'Have you seen my ball? I say, have you seen my ball!' This to [sic: from?] the mist behind them.

'Let him hunt. We ain't his caddies,' said McTurk. 'Look here. It's rather rot havin' this cad yellin' at us. Let's stop and go to Charybdis and see him come along. You can hear him cursin' his caddie.'

'Oh that's Dicky Yeo. Dicky is an awful little brute. He can't mark<sup>46</sup> a ball a little bit.'

'Come on to Charybdis. We can get under the lip of it there—where we made the cave. It'll be drier,' said Beetle.

They turned through the dunes by short cuts known to themselves and the sheep; scaled the forty-foot slope of mighty Charybdis<sup>47</sup>; and curled up under an overhanging lip of bent-bound sand. It was one of their retreats on a hot day, and they had scraped away a very cosy, if cramped, little lair. Bents fringed the front of it so that, once laid down, they could command a full view of the crater, themselves practically invisible.

'How he swears!' said Stalky after a pause, turning on his stomach, his chin between his hands.

'Wonder if he's practicin' or playin',' said McTurk. 'He's whackin' away like—like a woodpecker. Bet you he gets badly bunkered here.'

'Here he comes!'

A ball curled over the edge of the crater; dropped on the only patch [of?] ground that was not hardened by the rain, and buried itself.

'He'll have to chop it up with a niblick—ten whacks, at least—for him.'

'Oh I cleared that. I saw it go over,' they heard him say.

'Golly, what a liar!'

'I'll go forward then. You'd better take a look inside. He'm a bad bunker Sir.'

The old gentleman stumbled up. It was a mere accident that he did not step on the lip of sand and bury all three boys—slid down into the bowl of Charybdis and, unspeakable joy to the watchers, brought down enough sand to thoroughly bury the ball.

'Mark!' whispered Corkran to McTurk. Beetle wiped his spectacles [excitedly?] and stared with all his eyes.

The old gentleman looked, and looked again, using language that ought to have brought a blush to the cheek of youth. But at twelve one does not blush much.

'Found it Sir?' cried Dicky without.

'No—not yet. Oh yes! Here it is. And a good lie too.'

'Whew!' said Corkran. 'Did he drop it down his trouser leg?'

'No. Took it [bang] out of his pocket, new ball. Filthy cheat! Golly. What would he do in a match if he did this while he was practising?'

'I didn't see—I didn't see' said Beetle.

'Well we did. Wait till he gets out an' we'll collar the ball.'

Ten chops and a swipe carried the old gentleman past his hazard[?]. They crept out, unearthed the lost ball, sorely hacked and cut, and were ready to go, when another ball tumbled between them!

'They're all dropping into Charybdis today,' said Corkran. 'Wind shifted I suppose.'

'Bury it,' said Beetle 'and see what this chap'll do.'

Promptly Corkran drove it under with his heel, scooped the sand over it, and they returned to their lair.



(Illustration by L.Raven-Hill from " 'In Ambush' ",  
Pearson's Magazine, December 1898)

Solitude and secrecy are terrible solvents of morality. It was another old gentleman; with his caddy who acted as Dicky Yeo had done. But this player searched longer than the first it is true; but at the end—he found the ball.

'Two to us,' said Corkran, digging up the second cache. 'Well!'

'My winkie,' said Beetle. 'It's too jolly awful. We mustn't play on their beastly links either.'

[124] 'Well, you know, the caddies don't like us. Lost balls are their perk.<sup>48</sup>

'That's what they think. We find 'em though. Three today.'

'Hark! Didn't you hear a sally?'

It was the fashion of that term among the seniors to go rabbit shooting with saloon pistols. When game was scarce what more natural than that they should arrange war-parties among themselves using dust caps instead of bulletted breech caps.

'It's out over by the Frying-pan,' said McTurk. 'Let's go and watch 'em.'

'Then they'll plug at us for fun. Dust shot hurts, too.'

'Huh!' Stalky slapped his pocket. 'I'd back a tweaker against a sally any day.'

In truth, a well constructed catapult, long in the grip, low in the nick, with thin elastic and a supple pouch is more deadly than any iron-mongery that came out of Belgium. They moved cautiously in the direction of firing. Seniors did not like being spied upon especially when their play was such as to demand turning their caps<sup>49</sup>.

Plaistow of the Lower Fifth was at war with Wigram [sic], four boys a side and the battle, a series of Indian surprises, raged merrily in the mist. The boys were careful to keep their elbows before their eyes and fire over a ducking arm. If they caught an enemy in the rear the rules allowed them to fire point blank<sup>50</sup> at his legs. The three small boys nestled in a hollow at the top of the Frying-pan and looked down into the long, low bunker squeaking with delight. Ingram had caught Plaistow on a tightly stretched trouser and the hollow sand walls rang to his outcries.

But Adams—Cobby Adams who afterwards became a naturalist of renown, crawled upon his belly and outflanked Ingram who was gloating over the victory, and peppered him on the calf at ten yards—a beautiful shot. The engagement became general—boy after boy stalking and being stalked in his turn. And the deepening mist lent itself well to the concealed game.

Into the riot of a sudden dropped an elderly gentleman with heather-mixture stockings, white spats and the blood red coat which to a rightly constructed Colleger of those days was rather worse than a red rag to a bull.

Apropos of nothing in particular except the smell of gunpowder, for he had not been hit, he called them 'Young scoundrels.' That is to say he addressed the words to as much of Ingram as had not wriggled into cover. The last of the sentence spent itself on the empty bunker littered with cartridge cases. One does not practice sally-wars without knowing how to utilize cover.

'A parcel of scamps firing guns at each other. I shall complain to the Secretary. I shall certainly complain to the Secretary,' and he blew his nose angrily. 'They call *this* golf in Southern England.'

'Are you deluding yourself with the notion you've been playing golf, Sir?' That was from Plaistow, [from the mist<sup>51</sup>] at the far end of the Frying-pan. 'You're miles out of your line, Sir.'

'Am I Heh? Am I? Don't shout at me from cover, Sir, in that way.'

'I say, you must have pulled shockin' that last drive of yours.' Ingram [Wigram?] was the School's golf champion and what his [youthful] eye and head did not know of the links was not worth knowing. 'You pulled Sir. Don't tell me. You pulled atrociously.'



'Mi—iles out of your line. Pon my soul. You ought to have a dog and a lantern, Sir.'

'Golly, what a lark,' said Corkran squirming in his shelter.

The old gentleman literally pawed the sand as a bull in the arena but he was less lucky than the animal in that he could not see his tormentors.

'Go back to the pavilion and get a plan of the links from the Secretary. It's 3d.<sup>52</sup>

'I—I don't know who you are—but let me tell you this. You're no gentlemen.'

'Bluggins! Bluggins! Keep your hair on.'

'He'm quite raight. Us belongs to Bidevoor grammar schule, us do. Aie!'

'Bluggins, you've sold us enough cheese—yes [?] an' sassingers<sup>53</sup> to know that.'

'Why Bluggins! Is that you? How's the shop getting on Bluggins?'

'Shut up. His name's Smith. Go home, Smith. You're drunk.' With this last shot, Ingram and Plaistow [withheld?] their fire and withdrew in silence. To the almost unbearable delight of the three small boys, the old gentleman explained to the mist, that he was a Colonel and several other things; that he had golfed on every links in the North; but he had never in all his experience met with such treatment.

[125] At this point, but not before, Dick Yeo, bursting with vulgar joy wandered up. No, Dicky Yeo did not know for the life of him who those rude persons might be. Did they say they belonged to Bideford Grammar School? Then very possibly they might so belong. Meantime would Colonel Martin continue the game.

'Not today. Not today. Put me off my stroke altogether. Little boys on the green—very ill mannered little boys—and a parcel of howling barbarians with guns, afterwards. Why they as [much?] as told me I couldn't play the game.'

The Colonel began to climb out of the bunker heading directly for the boys lair. Beetle made a quick motion.

'We're all right,' said Corkran. 'He can't do anything to us.'

Herein lay the mistake, for the Colonel found in them the whipping boys that his soul needed.

'You here! You here! Didn't I tell you to leave the links at once? What on earth d'you mean by disobeying orders in this way? Heh?' He drew his thick eyebrows together and breathed heavily through his nose.

'Who are you?' said McTurk in a note of deep and cold disgust. 'You've bothered us once this afternoon already. Go away!'

'Who am I! Bothered you once, have I. I'm to go away, am I?'

What's the world coming to. Be off at once; or I shall be angry. I shall be seriously angry.'

'What are we doing, please? This is Appledore burroughs [sic]. Even if you were a pot-walloper—'

'Heh! What?' The word was new to the Colonel.

'Pot-walloper—a man who is allowed to graze cattle on the burroughs [sic]. Those cattle.' McTurk pointed into the mist.

'—But confound you, I don't graze cattle, Sir.'

'Well I say even if you did, you couldn't order us about in this way. You ought to know that?'

'Oh come on. No good having a row,' said Beetle.

'No I'm not coming,' said McTurk who as the son of an Irish Baronet held strong views even in his youth on landed property. 'We've done nothing to you.'

'He'll report us to the Head or some rot,' whispered Beetle. 'Leave him alone.'

'Well he can if he wants to. We belong to the College here. You can see our house caps. If you want our names we'll give 'em to you. Then you can report us for anything you like.'

'Oh that's what boys are like these days, is it. When I was your age I obeyed my elders.'

'Well, what d'you want us to do. You say "Be off. Where to? Are you going to hunt us all round the burrows or what?'

The tone was a little too much for the Colonel and he struck at McTurk with the handle of his driver, more in a [petulant?] and admonishing manner than with any intent to hurt.<sup>54</sup> [127] The boy leaped back to avoid the blow. Next instant, the Colonel was, so to say, looking down the muzzles of three loaded catapults—tense drawn;<sup>55</sup> and carefully aimed at his legs.

[ \* \* \* \* \* ]

'You mustn't do that,' said Stalky clearly and shrilly. 'If you go about hitting boys you'll get hurt. We'll give you twenty yards law<sup>56</sup> and then we'll plug at you.'

'We thought you were a gentleman from your stockings,' said McTurk. 'But you're only a cad and it doesn't matter. Are you going to start?'

'If you don't you'll get it now and it'll hurt.'

'Come away, Sir. Come away' said Dick Yeo. 'They'm Collegers. Them tweakers'll nigh kill 'ee.' He hauled at the speechless man's coat tails and the Colonel gave ground, swearing like a trooper but he would not turn his back to the foe.

'Now!' said Corkran. 'Fire low.'

There was a yell of pain and buckshot had sunk into a well filled calf and the Colonel danced.

'Load! Independent firing from the right.' A military school has its enthusiasts. The Colonel fled into the mist.

'What a cad!' was their only comment and after a little talk they dismissed the matter from their minds, and went up to College.

But the Colonel that evening in the Club told a tale that made the Club Secretary look grave. He had been insulted and assaulted by boys—mobs of them—some from Bideford Grammar School, which institution he desired razed to the ground; others—three small devils he called them—with red and black caps who said they belonged to the College on the hill. These last had ... he pulled down the heather-mixture stocking.

'You've been tweaked,' said the Secretary who was also father of a day boy.

The Major<sup>57</sup> did not know the word but he was convinced that he had not deserted St Andrews for the South Country to be treated in this shape. Three small devils with lethal weapons, etc. When and where should they be caught and punished? To this day men remember the wrath of Major Martin in the old Golf Club that was destroyed by the sea<sup>58</sup>. He would pursue the matter to the bitter end.

[128] By a most merciful dispensation of Providence, the Secretary's son was a confirmed "tweaker" as dayboys are apt to be. At fifteen one has many things on one's mind unfitting for a father to know, and when the Secretary asked him questions about catapults and recent adventures his sensitive conscience took alarm so that his father was all misled and said to himself:- 'If it wasn't Dickie, he knows something about it; and as Dickie has already been twice licked this term for "tweaking", he will probably get into immense trouble.'

And that was why the Secretary diverted Major Martin with sweet words from carrying his complaint direct to the Head of the College but promised him many and horrible private revenges.

'We'll catch them sooner or later my dear Sir. We'll show them that we mean business. We can make it much warmer for them than their master can. One doesn't want to make a thing like that public. After all, there's an element of the ridiculous in it.'

'I utterly fail to see it,' said the Major. 'They—they "tweaked" me as you call it—damnably.'

The Secretary—for these things do secretaries earn their wage—approached the Head privily. His son had not yet dared the iniquity of saloon-pistols, and it was the tale of the duels in the Frying-pan that annoyed the Head most.

'Yes I promise you I'll attend to that. I believe there's a regular corps of young warriors of that kidney. I shall presently have a parent writing that her lamb has lost his eyes—through my negligence. I must lick for that. Otherwise,'—his eye twinkled—'it is strictly in accord with the traditions of the School!'

'He says he could tell their—dusty yellow caps anywhere.' The Secretary laughed.

'Caps inside out, too. I wonder how often I have detected that little *ruse de guerre*. I will make enquiries and put a stop to it. Or to any minor annoyances, of course you can deal with the offenders yourself or send 'em to me as you think fit. We must teach the boys that they have not [got] a vested interest in the links.' That was the Head's second term at golf and though not a hardened maniac he was advancedly insane.

'I should know them anywhere,' said the Major at the Club. 'One of them is a little shock-headed beast with spectacles.'

But the heather-mixture stockings and the white spats were rather more conspicuous than Beetle's giglamps and the boys behaved accordingly. Beyond doubt 'gaiters', 'Bluggins' or Smith was a cad; but he was still a grown-up person; and the laws that regulated a man's conduct were barbarous and incomprehensible. They avoided him once or twice, sheering off into the bunkers at half a mile. Occasionally they took refuge in their lair at Charybdis and stimulated by past experience promptly buried or confiscated any ball that dropped in.<sup>59</sup> Three times did Bluggins, and Bluggins was playing a match too, put down a new ball, saying he had found the old one; twice did the other old gentleman who played with Bluggins—they christened him "Pot"<sup>60</sup> because he was somewhat round—do the same thing.

And there were others—four in all. So their stock of golf-balls increased as their estimate of human nature sank.

'For we all have our funny little ways,' Corkran lilted brushing the sand off his knee.

'Which we don't show when anybody's nigh—

My Goodness gracious me

What funny things you see

What funny things are done upon the sly.'

It was an inauspicious carol. The shrill tones carried far across the bunkers; and Bluggins heard them. But he was a tactician too; or it may be that, remembering the tweekers, he shunned a direct attack; for he topped a bunker and disappeared with Dicky Yeo.

For a wonder, it was a fine day and the corrugated iron side of the pavilion glimmered white against the dull blue of the pebble ridge—a mile away, all [shining?] [wet?] in the soft air; and the links were dotted with the accursed red coats.

'It's Fore! Fore! Fore! Every beastly minute,' said Corkran, ducking to the whirr of a golf-ball. 'I like these men's cheek. Half of 'em can't play a little bit; and they jaw at us!'

'Fore! Get out of our light there!' A couple were just driving off from the third hole. They heard the distinct explosive 'dam[n]' as a topped ball slithered [(sic) slithered?] along the turf: and laughed.

'I s'pose we've put 'em off their stroke' said McTurk.

'Rummy thing' said Beetle, reflectively. 'If you look at a man you put him off his stroke, and we don't mind any one cloddin'<sup>61</sup> us even. I've driven off with Hewlett buzzin' gutties<sup>62</sup> at me. Jolly good gutties old Bluggins keeps, don't he!' He looked at a Charybdis ball with affection.

'You ass! That isn't a gutty. I asked Dicky Yeo and he told me Bluggins said it was a St Andrews [tranter<sup>63</sup>]. A gutty goes b-r-r-r but a [tranter<sup>63</sup>] goes wheir! wheir! like a bullet. They're scored different. Besides our gutties have the maker's name in pink. This chap—he lugged out his share of the spoil—is black: Pascall—St Andrews.'

'Let's go over to the Pavilion' said McTurk. 'Bluggins'll be halfway on his round.'

But this was just [where] Bluggins was not. He had turned back hot foot; and even as they reached the [most?] first putting green, where half a dozen men were gathered discussing [comparable? competition?] strokes, his hand fell on Corkran's shoulder.

[129] 'I want you my young friends,' he said grimly. 'I don't think you'll use your catapult here. Hi! Raikes!<sup>64</sup> I've got 'em. These are the young imps I spoke about.'

The Secretary was buying a new driver and stood wagging it in the doorway. A knot of men within were talking apparatus—which is the one form of golf any one appreciates. A caddy or two waiting to go out lounded under the shelter of the eaves; and there were drinks on a table.

'Hullo! What's up!' a small lazy crowd gathered with great swift-ness; and the prisoners were moved into the anteroom.

To do him justice, the Major had decided to forgive the assault, after a severe talking to. This the boys did not know; and he forfeited all chance of mercy when he shook McTurk by the collar.

'Look here—you mustn't do that. We're coming,' the Irishman snapped. 'Tell him to let go of my collar, Mr Parkes.'

Corkran[s] eye swept the amused assembly. Three of them were fathers of day boys; "Pot" was there wiping his moustache after his whiskey and soda; two young men whom he did not know leaned against the wall smiling; Captain Raikes (why had he "tweaked" Captain Raikes' fat spaniel last week!); Mr Parkes the Secretary; Bluggins and three strangers made up the tale.<sup>65</sup>

'We're from the College,' gasped Beetle.

'I think we know that,' said the Secretary. 'You've been guilty of very serious rudeness.'

'Hold on a minute. Give 'em a fair trial. What's the charge?' said one of the young men.<sup>66</sup> 'We don't know anything about it.'

McTurk had stiffened to attention and Corkran and Beetle followed his example.

Major Martin gave the company his version of the affair.

'Well, what was he doing in the Frying-pan at all?' said Beetle. There was a roar of laughter for the Frying-pan was the limbo of the more unlucky. 'It's miles out of his course. We weren't doing anything to him. He came and told us to be off'

'You know he couldn't do that if he was a potwalloper,' said McTurk enraged by another peal of laughter. 'We know it's your golf-club—'

'Thanks awfully,' from the young man.

'Well, it is. But you can't take up the whole of the burrows. If a man can't keep out of the Frying-pan—between the sixth and seventh—'

'Excuse me a minute but can *you* keep out of the Frying-pan? You talk as if you knew the game.'

'Of course I can,' said McTurk. 'You *must* fozzle badly to get into it at all. It's a clear drive from six to the mid-way marker; and a good lie too, if you don't get into the cart-ruts. Then it's another drive—at least it is for me—and your [sic] bang on to the green.' Turning to the Secretary 'You know that Sir.'

Corkran was thinking—as he had never thought before.

'Yes, we all know that. But you seem to forget the fact that even if a man is off his course you needn't tweak at him.'

'We didn't till he hit at us with his club. First he ordered us about and then he hit at us. Why any cad in Northam would have rocked<sup>67</sup> him. They'd have rocked him every time they saw him and we only tweaked him once.'

Then the Major grew very angry. Of course he had hit at them. They were exceedingly insolent. They refused to obey his orders. For aught he knew they might be concerned with the pistol-firing party he had stumbled on.

'What? D'you fire at people with pistols too !'

'No Sir,' from Beetle. 'It's—it's only a little private duelling. We haven't anything to do with that. We're not big enough.'

'Well, Major, I *must* say you've unearthed a fine surprising sample of younger generation.'

The Major did not care what he had unearthed.<sup>68</sup> Thrice had he been shot—'shot Sir—'

'But only in the leg. I'll swear it was only in the legs. Why—Why—suppose you'd hit a man. He'd have hit you in the eye, Sir. You hadn't any right to go hitting players.'

'You called after us like—like cads, Sir. You began shouting at us first—'

'All because he couldn't play a little bit,' Beetle explained to the now [thickening?] crowd—

'You followed us up. We weren't doing anything to you. Then you hit at us. Why fifty years ago—'

The Major interrupted.

'Go on, young man. What would have happened fifty years ago? We want to know?' It was the fair-headed young man again—

'My father would have called you out!'<sup>69</sup>

The courtmartial rocked to and fro at the [polite haughtiness?] of McTurk and the Major became uncomfortable. He was not going to be made a public laughing-stock of by a parcel of young vagabonds. He had not come South from St Andrews, etc.

Suddenly Stalky: his head a little on one side, [elected to throw?] in a dart.

'No. I don't think your father would have called him out, Turkey: Remember? Charybdis.'

'Yes. No. Of course he couldn't. I was wrong Sir. My father couldn't have called you out.'

This seemed to make the Major rather more furious than anything that had gone before.

'Why! Oh Why?' Tears were running down the young man's cheeks.

'You tell, Corkran.'

'Fish 'em out,' was the oracular response, and the men watched while the boys went through their pockets bringing out golf-balls.

'We have a place of our own, just inside Charybdis, where we can lie down and see everything from a little cave place we've made. Once when we were there he came in, and it was sanded up.'

'The ball? The ball?'

'Yes. Then he came in and stepped on it so he couldn't find it. Then we heard Dicky Yeo asking whether he had found the ball; he said he had and he played out—with a new ball. This is the one he left in the bunker. Well, after that we used to go to Charybdis and watch. We've got—'

The silence was painful as Corkran fumbled for a Pascall ball. 'He uses St Andrews tranters'<sup>63</sup> [? Saltires ?]. We've got three of 'em: Pascall St Andrews. And we've seen—'

'Nonsense,' said the Club Secretary genially. 'That's quite enough.'

If you're going to talk nonsense like this—'

'Go on! Go on. We want to know' said the fair-headed youth.

'Oh we can't have boys straying all round the bunkers,' said a voice 'and drawing a lot of [false?] conclusions from their ignorance of the game.'

'Why one of them has spectacles. He couldn't have seen.'

The atmosphere seemed to have suddenly chilled around them.

[130] Beetle was about to insist when a warning kick from Corkran silenced him.

'You'd better run away and get some little knowledge of the game you pretend to know so much about.' said the Secretary.

'But—but—' this was McTurk. Corkran in the [background?] administered another kick.

'You have evidently a very fair knowledge of golf for your age. Haven't they!'

'Never want to see any one drive better for his years than that [(sic) the?] tallest,' said Pot hurriedly. 'Wonder if they aren't hungry? Boys generally are. Do you think you could eat some biscuit—and lemon-ade?'

They thought so; and they did; and the men overwhelmed them with attentions; all except the young man who lay back and laughed. The Major went out with Pot; he seemed to have forgotten his vengeance and the boys ate in silence.

'I think we must be going back to Coll,' said Corkran at last wiping his mouth. 'It's nearly call over.'

'Well, goodbye,' said the Secretary. 'We won't say anything more about the affair and I think the Major will overlook it too.'

'Do you suppose,' said the young man. 'That you've hoodwinked the boys for a minute?'

'Don't know—Don't care,' said the Secretary simply. 'We must—but we couldn't have that sort of thing could we.'

'Certainly not,' said two members indignantly. 'The little devils ought to have been well licked.' And they too went out leaving only the two young men and the Secretary.

'Responsible post yours,' said one.

'Very,' said the Secretary.

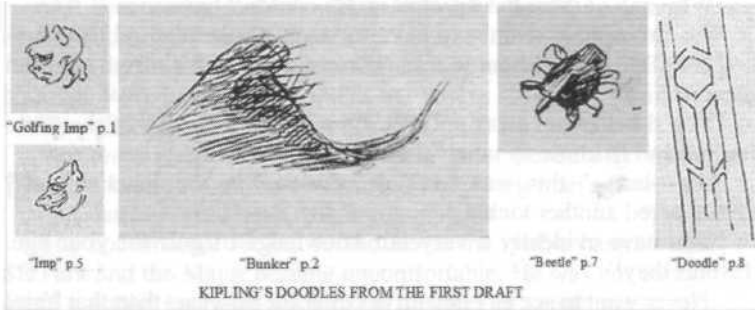
'Much of it, d'you think?' said the other.

'How does a man feel when he's alone in a bunker with a lost ball!' said the Secretary. 'You ought to know.'

'Oh we've felt the temptation ourselves. That youth will go far. You did uncommonly well. It destroys all your fellowship in a club at once.'



*The ms stops here one-third down p.8 to be followed by a typically Kipling doodle of a 'Chinese Chippendalefret. There are five doodles altogether in the first draft.*



(Photograph copyright by Roger Ayers)

#### SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. – FIRST PAGE 5<sup>70</sup>

[126] They did all in their power to dissuade him. No Club cares to appear in print, and the Major hinted at Law. Meantime he would keep his eyes open on the links and woe betide the criminals if he came across them.

Mercifully, heather-mixture stockings and white spats, not to mention auburn whiskers and a slight limp, are fairly conspicuous objects on the green, and moreover the boys were careful never to cross the links openly. They preferred to go down to the sands, trot along the seaward face of the pebble ridge, strike into the bunkers direct and work their way into Charybdis among the sandhills. It was half-an-hour's hard running but Corkran decreed it—at least until time and circumstance had delivered to them their enemy. Afternoon upon afternoon they spent on their stomachs in the cave of Charybdis. Sometimes the Major, a zealous player, would escape the trap; sometimes he was too close upon the ball to allow them to steal forth and hide it but, and this happened three times, whenever a long drive landed him in the bents and Corkran swiftly crouching had taken charge of the ball, the Major after diligent search, would put down a new one and serenely drive out.

It was not only the black stamped 'Pascall St Andrews' that they hid but an occasional southern 'guttie', the clean-whistling closely-scored kind, and—solitude and secrecy are terrible solvents of

morality—the boys' stock of golf-balls rose as their estimate of human nature fell.

'That makes Bluggins—three times in matches too—Pot<sup>60</sup>; he was a somewhat tubby person whose name they did not know; 'and the Snorter.' said Corkran, counting out three St Andrews and four 'gut-ties'. 'If we stayed here long enough we'd collar the whole lot I suppose. It's only taken us a week to nobble these.'

'We shall all be gated next week' said McTurk. 'Member the Head swears he'll gate the whole Coll. [sic] if he don't get the names of the chaps who fired pistols at Bluggins.'

'But no one fired pistols at Bluggins,' said Beetle, with a chuckle.

'Gobby and Ingram<sup>71</sup> shouldn't tell if they had. It'll be rather hard lines on the Coll. I expect they've hid their sallies long ago—in case the play-boxes are searched. Ingram's a stalky chap.'

'But the Head's stalky too,' said McTurk. 'He'll ask for the names of the chaps who were out that day with sallies. Then he'll collar 'em.'

'And then he'll lick 'em extra on suspicion of havin' shot at Bluggins,' said Corkran joyfully. 'Well it don't do Gobby any harm. He's licked me often enough.'

'What are we goin' to do about Bluggins' cheating? We haven't told a soul yet.'

'Dunno quite. It don't matter what Bluggins has done—to the Head you know. He'll lick us for tweakin' him just the same. We mustn't forget that,' said McTurk.

'No-o. I'm thinkin' of it,' Corkran replied. 'What we ought to do, I think, is to go straight to old Raikes<sup>64</sup> and ask him to have Bluggins expelled.'

'Who's goin' to do it? You *have* got cheek' said McTurk.

'It's rather risky. There's no knowin' how Raikes 'ud take it. I thought we might two-to-one<sup>72</sup> Beetle for the job.'

Beetle howled despairfully. Even McTurk had not heart to send him to this doom, and they debated the matter in the cave till their only watch told them that it was within twenty minutes of call-over.

They had missed enough musters that week to make them a little anxious. Juniors were liable to be caned for systematic unpunctuality—as their housemaster had hinted to them the day before. By running straight across the burrows they might just save their names. So they ran. It was two miles and the latter part uphill. Their line took them across the red-dotted links not a hundred yards from the corrugated iron pavilion.

'Ca—can't you crack on a little?' panted Stalky, his eyes on their goal, the far-away College against the hillside. The others shook their heads. 'If we can hold our [pace?] but—we can only—just get in,' said

McTurk.

A red-coat detached itself from the little crowd by the pavilion doors and—it is astonishing how fast a really angry man can run—barred their path.

'I've got you—at last! You young devils. Got you at last have I. Ha! Raikes! I've caught them—the young imps who fired at me. Running away—Eh!'

'Le—le—let me get my wind,' sobbed Turkey. 'We weren't running away from you. Ta—take your hand off my collar. I'll go up to the pavilion.'

Flushed and breathing heavily they were hauled to the ante-room by the delighted Major. Two or three men were sitting at the table over whiskies and sodas, another was splicing a driver. The Secretary, beaked like a bird of prey, was deep in accounts and two freckled young men with enormous bony wrists leaned against the lockers talking together. The Major introduced them to the assembly with no regard whatever for their feelings, repeated his charges three times and demanded an instant execution.

'Wait a minute,' said the most freckled of the young men. 'Give 'em a fair trial. What's it all about? Stealing golf-balls?'

The Major repeated the charges yet again; the boys stood to attention, thinking swiftly. It was a hostile court with but one kindly face.

'Let them get their breath,' the young man persisted. 'Now you give us your version of things.'

It annoyed the Major that there should be any version except his own; and he said so.

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## THE PROVENANCE OF THE MANUSCRIPT

The manuscript of "Scylla and Charybdis" is in a bound volume, 370 mm x 280 mm x 35 mm, of Rudyard Kipling's mss given by the widow, Carrie Kipling, probably in 1936 or 1937, to the Trustees of the Imperial Service College. Like other mss given away in his lifetime and after his death, this leather bound volume has pasted into it a number (134) of pages in Kipling's holograph. It is inscribed "Caroline Kipling from Rudyard Kipling" in the back of the front cover, in a hand that certainly appears to be Rudyard's. In these respects, the Haileybury volume is identical to the volume of verse given by Caroline to Magdalene College, Cambridge (identically inscribed) and to the volume of the ms of *Rewards and Fairies* given by the author to the University of Cambridge Library in 1926 (but lacking the inscription to Caroline of course). The Haileybury volume is likely therefore to have been prepared in this form in the author's lifetime, during or after 1926.

There are two mss for "Scylla and Charybdis" in the volume<sup>73</sup>. The first appears to be the first draft and is heavily corrected. The second, that follows it, appears to be a revised draft with few corrections but terminates at the end of the third page of foolscap. These sheets are typical of Kipling:<sup>74</sup> blue foolscap with Indian ink writing and show a marked drift of the left margin rightwards down the page. For the second draft, there is no direct indication of abandonment or, alternatively, that the revision was ever continued but that the pages might have been lost or otherwise were not included in the bound volume. The most reasonable interpretation is that the revision was indeed halted at this point; Rudyard Kipling would not have wished to hold back any pages in his gift to Caroline. However, there is a problem of the appearance of two pages 5 in the first draft, discussed later.

The volume contains the mss of the stories<sup>75</sup> that appear in *Stalky and Co.* in the sequence of the book but not therefore in the order they were written for magazine publication. These are followed by " 'Stalky' ", published in the *Windsor Magazine*, Dec 1898, the story that does appear in the *Complete Stalky & Co.* but not the other stories that feature Stalky, neither at school nor in his Imperial career. Then there follows the two versions of "Scylla and Charybdis" to end the volume. In view of the completeness of the first which also has substantial crossings out and hurried writing, the incompleteness of the second, which is a fairer version, together with the apparent transcription error of "senior" for "term" in the second, we believe the first in the volume is indeed a first draft and have edited the version accordingly.

The paper used varies considerably through the volume between a

cream foolscap and a thin blue foolscap, the latter typical of the other presentation volumes. Unlike the other volumes mentioned, some of the pages have not been mounted on a cut-out sheet and are therefore more difficult to study for watermarks. However, the "Stalky" story (published Dec 1898) and both of the "Scylla and Charybdis" versions can be examined and have a common watermark consisting of a portrait Britannia in a crowned oval<sup>76</sup>, with below HAND MADE and a cipher made from A and S. The watermark also has vertical lines about 25 mm apart. It is likely therefore that all three were written at the same time. The same watermark appears in the mss of "An Unsavoury Interlude" (Jan 1899) and "The Impressionists" (Feb 1899).<sup>77</sup>

The Magdalene volume is of poems predating Stalky and has amongst them a watermark CRANE & Co, DALTON MASS 1896 BOND No 21, the watermark for the Haileybury ms "In Ambush". The Cambridge University Library volume has watermarks WI & Co EXTRA STRONG 3009 but apparently undated.

Carrie Kipling's letter, reproduced here, is typical of the letter accompanying such volumes, both those presented by the author in his lifetime (e.g. *Rewards and Fairies* given to the University of Cambridge in 1926) and by his widow to Magdalene. There is an obligation that the mss shall not be used for collation, which we take to be comparison with other, specifically, printed versions.

This original manuscript of "STALKY & Co" is given to the Right Honorable the Earl of Athlone and his co-trustees, for the Library of the Imperial Service College, to be held in trust as long as the College continues. Should the Imperial Service College cease to exist this volume is to be given by the Trustees to the British Museum. It was the wish of the Author that his manuscript should not be used for purposes of collation, and the giver of this volume depends upon the receivers of it to see that the Author's wishes are fulfilled.

Caroline Kipling

Imperial Service College had absorbed Kipling's own school, the United Services College in 1906, after its move from Westward Ho! and it was to their Trustees, chaired by the Earl of Athlone, therefore, that the gift was delivered. The mss was highly esteemed and kept by the College at its bankers in Windsor. As a fee was charged each time for taking out the volume and then resealing it, it was rarely studied and the existence of the unpublished and unfinished story "Scylla and Charybdis" was little known. It is not referred to, for example, in Harbord's *Readers' Guide*.

In addition to the bound volume of mss, Haileybury has a simultaneous presentation of a bound copy of original United Services College magazines for the period of Kipling's school-days and shortly after, which the author has annotated to determine authorship of a number of unattributed poems, etc., whose authorship might otherwise be disputed. We expect to be able to make this resource available to Kipling scholars in due course.

The Imperial Service College was re-established in Windsor in 1912. Although the First World War took its toll of Old Boys, it was the financial toll of the Second World War that led to the amalgamation with Haileybury College (established 1862). All three schools had much in common, not least that Cornell Price, Kipling's Head, was a Haileybury man. Formally, this was not a take-over. The official title is "Haileybury and Imperial Service College". Haileybury does not call itself Haileybury College in deference to the juncture with Imperial. It will be noted therefore that the terms of Mrs Kipling's gift are still met and the volume properly resides in the care of the combined institution rather than going to the British Museum. We understand from the Archivist at Haileybury that the volume was removed from deposit with the Windsor bank at the time of the centenary, 1962, but returned sometime later until being finally removed about 1985. It was shown to a limited number of members of the Kipling Society at their Annual Luncheon 2002 and it was on this occasion that we had the opportunity to initiate a substantial study of it.

Imperial Service College had further Kipling connections. The Trustees, rather against Mrs Kipling's wishes<sup>78</sup>, raised a Scholarship Fund after his death. A building, c. 1939, in Windsor was named after Kipling. This building was taken over first by the War Office (it was said H.M. Queen Elizabeth II learnt to drive around it), later by Windsor Corporation during the War and then passed on to commerce with Rank Hovis. This building has been demolished and the site used first by Reckitt and Colman and then by the Intercontinental Hotel Group. The original building had a fine lead plaque of Kipling's "Jungle Book" characters modelled by Benno Elkan on its outer wall. A colour picture of this is available on the Windsor History website and the plaque itself, below, is now inside the new building – see ([www.thamesweb.co.uk/windsor/windsorhistory/isc.html](http://www.thamesweb.co.uk/windsor/windsorhistory/isc.html)) .



The Rudyard Kipling Memorial Plaque

By Benno Elkan

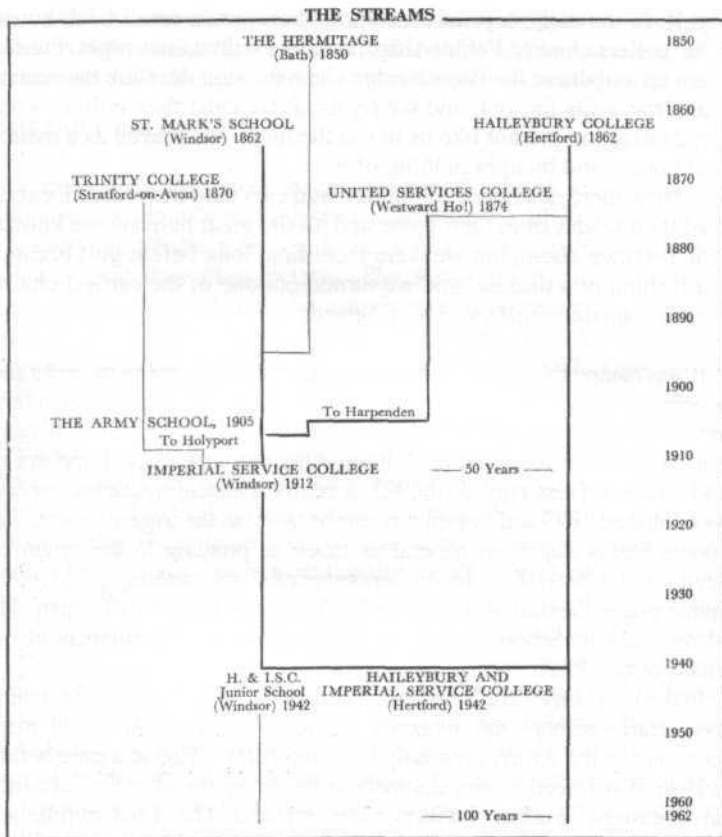
(Photograph by courtesy of the Windsor History website)

[See also Kipling Journal, July 1940, No.54 – Ed.]

Imperial Service College was given a copy of a bust<sup>79</sup> of Kipling which now has pride of place in the Haileybury Library. The inscription states:

PRESENTED TO THE COLL BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS  
ALICE AND LORD ATHLONE. THE BUST IS BY MADAME  
GINETTE BINGGUELY LEJEUNE, AND HAS BEEN ON VIEW  
BOTH IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION IN LON-  
DON, AND IN THE PARIS SALON.

The bust shows the beetle-browed author and originally was equipped with spectacles. We understand that certain current members of the Kipling Society were familiar with the practice of removing these spectacles during their school-days. [See Frontispiece. See also Kipling Journal, October 1940, No.55 – Ed.]



**A Place of Broad Rivers and Streams**

*History of the schools which since 1942 have come to be merged in the present school of Haileybury and Imperial Service College (from G.B.T. Nichols)*

**ORIGINS OF THE STORY**

In "An English School", (Oct 1893) Kipling writes in autobiographical terms of his school, The United Services College:

The Burrows, lying between the school and the sea, was a waste of bent rush and grass running out into hundreds of acres of fascinating sand-hills called the Bunkers, where a few old people played



golf. In the early days of the School there was a small Club-house for golfers close to Pebble-ridge, but, one wild winter night, the sea got up and drove the Pebble-ridge clean through the Club basement, and the walls fell out, and we rejoiced, for even then golfers wore red coats and did not like us to use the links. We played as a matter of course and thought nothing of it.

Now there is a new Club-house, and cars take the old, red, excited men to and from their game and all the great bunkers are known and written about; but we were there first, long before golf became a fashion or a disease, and we turned out one of the earliest champion<sup>80</sup> amateur golfers of all England.

It was natural then for Kipling to consider basing a story on the links and the "old gentleman" in a "red coat". Red coats and red jumpers were commonly worn at the end of the 19th century to distinguish gentleman-players from others using the "common" links. Although this account appears in *Land and Sea Tales* published 1923, a nearly identical magazine version was published 1893 and indeed this can be taken as the trigger to write the fictional Stalky stories in general as much as pointing to the origin of "Scylla and Charybdis". In his autobiography (*Something of Myself*), Kipling places the start of writing the Stalky stories as 1896 at Torquay. He had revisited the School in 1894 on the occasion of the retirement of his Head, Cornell Price.

In the later story "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman"<sup>81</sup>, Kipling explains more clearly perhaps the antipathy to the red coat: "Certain old men, though not in the Army, impiously wore red coats". This at a time before the Boer War forced its abandonment in the Army on other than ceremonial occasions. Further bunkers, The Pit and The Cockscomb, are mentioned. And in this later story, the red-coated golfer is re-promoted from Major to Colonel and is on the College Board of Council<sup>82</sup>, a role bringing him into direct contact with the Head. Correspondingly the boys are older, perhaps Lower Fifth, and M'Turk (not McTurk) has given up his erstwhile golfing enthusiasm: "Turkey had played it for some weeks and pronounced it 'sickenin' " .

Golf at Westward Ho! has been discussed in the *Kipling Journal* before. Mr J.H.Taylor, in his youth a caddy at Westward Ho!, wrote of the game there and its association with United Services College in the first issue, March 1927. More recently Anthony Hanscomb has published further details of Taylor, who was his grandfather, and golf at Westward Ho! in December 2002. This includes describing the entrepreneur who built Westward Ho!, Capt G.F.M. Molesworth R.N. – the model for Colonel Dabney in the opening story " 'In Ambush' " – playing with the limited armoury of driver, iron and putter, known as Faith, Hope and Charity. He

may also have been the model for Captain Raikes in "Scylla and Charybdis," who, though not identified specifically as the *Club* Captain, seems to be cast in this role when Stalky proposed to report a case of cheating to him.

### THE GOLF-BALL

We are grateful to "rodent" of Statsmasters Operation, an internet correspondent concerned with the history of golf, for the following speculation.

Early golf-balls were made of animal skins stuffed with goose feathers and thus idiosyncratic. The Reverend Adam Patterson, St Andrews, is credited with the introduction of gutta-percha balls (gutties) in 1848. These were smooth spheres that could be warmed and returned to shape after playing had deformed them<sup>83</sup>. They did not, however, travel as far as the original "featheries".

Gutta-percha was the common filling of the new style in a smooth moulded casing, mass-produced from around 1880. Manufacturers would typically emboss their name and product name. Kipling's use of Pascall and then St Andrews would be consistent with this, the product name taking value from the association with the Royal and Ancient Golf Club that still is the world centre of golf. The best known maker was Alan Robertson whose name was typically stamped on his gutties.

A *Pascall* manufacturer as such is not known although the model name *St Andrews* was (and is) common. Our correspondent suggests that Kipling himself may have misread such a damaged ball as Pascall, an unusual spelling of the normal Pascal, for the historic manufacturer HASKELL, with the change attributable to club damage obliterating part of the name. Coburn Haskell, an American, was born within a year of Kipling so his products were not marketed at the time of the story's setting but might have been known to Kipling, in Vermont, in the early 1890s. Pascall is an artifice of both drafts; the first may use a saltire as the icon associated with St Andrews.

Kipling's reference to the different sound of such a ball has some factual basis, however. It was found that although the new smooth gutta-percha filled balls were indeed an improvement on the early balls and lasted longer, those new balls that were damaged by "smiles" travelled further than perfect balls. The smooth surface was easily scarred by a mis-struck club, the resulting damage being known as a "smile" since it would be seen as a crescent shape at most angles. After some experimentation, golf-balls moulded with "brambles" were found to outperform smooth spheres. Brambles were used on the Haskell ball before 1905 and differ from dimples in being convex (like a blackberry) rather than concave.

The technical reasons are interesting (although unlikely to be known

to Kipling); that the roughened surface promotes a shift of the coefficient of drag friction to a higher Reynolds number that sees a marked drop in friction associated with a change of the boundary layer around the surface from laminar to turbulent and consequently a longer flight. The dimple also promotes lift. (Third-year engineering students might be expected to provide such an explanation in seeking first-class honours in their final examination.) Correspondingly, the "brambled" ball would sound a different note in flight. Haskell's balls like others at that time, notably Dunlop, had the manufacturers name, etc., relief moulded rather than embossed.

About 1898 Coburn Haskell, in the United States, changed the core of the ball to a rubber centre wrapped with a continuous rubber filament encased in a gutta-percha sphere. Haskell balls looked just like "gutties" but gave the average golfer an extra 20 yards from the tee. Once W. Millison developed a thread-winding machine, Haskell balls were mass-produced by B.F. Goodrich for the U.S. and European market and were therefore more affordable. William Taylor changed the surface of Haskell balls to dimples in 1905 and the modern golf-ball was established.

If the speculation that Kipling misread Haskell for Pascall on a golf-ball were true, then this might date the writing after say 1905 when the mass-produced version was exported to Europe. It is not impossible, however, that Kipling as a young man either in England or during his married life in the United States, in Vermont, came across the name Haskell associated with an earlier product and deliberately varied the name for literary purposes. This particular speculation is helped by dating the story to 1897 when Kipling, now at Rottingdean, had not long left Vermont, United States, where he would have been more likely to see a Haskell ball. The diaries certainly show that he played golf there. Whatever the value of the speculation about Haskell, what the story does show is the ready eye that Kipling had for detail of a technical nature.

#### **THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE STALKY STORIES**

The genesis of the Stalky stories would seem to date from 1893, when Kipling revisited his old school and the writing of "An English School" (published Oct 1893). At that time, the Kiplings were still living in Vermont but were to leave in August 1896. They stayed in Torquay from September leaving in May 1897 to settle in June for a few months at North End House, and subsequently a few years across the way at The Elms, Rottingdean. This period covers the early Stalky stories; later stories would have been written while living at Bateman's (or during holidays abroad). Dates of writing from the Rees/Carrington's diary transcripts are given in the Appendix.

## THE "LOST" STALKY STORY

At least two unfinished and unpublished Stalky stories have been identified from a reading of Carrington's transcription of the Carrie Kipling diaries (subsequently destroyed, although copies of Carrington are available at the University of Sussex special collection and in the Society's Library). In July and August of 1897, Carrie notes that "Rudyard starts to write the *last* of the Stalky stories, which, after the Jungle [Book] fashion, was the first"<sup>84</sup>. In August she writes that he "finished the story but rejected it". The Jungle reference may be to the Mowgli story "In the Rukh"<sup>85</sup> which although written first, in chronology is the last, dealing with Mowgli as a man.

The present story seems indeed to be first chronologically, placing the trio in the second form and perhaps in their second year at Westward Ho! It introduces all three boys in a natural way. It also introduces (in retrospect) Fairburn who appears later as "Molly" Fairburn in the chronicles. The first story in *Stalky and Co.*, " 'In Ambush' ", appeared in the American *McClure's* magazine in August 1898 and in *Pearson's* in December of that year. "Slaves of the Lamp" however seems the first written, published in *Cosmopolis* and *McClure's* April and August 1897 respectively.

However, " 'Stalky' " appears in *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides* with Kipling's preface that this was the first Stalky story which, for reasons he could not recollect, did not appear in *Stalky and Co.* " 'Stalky' " is set in the *lower* second form and also introduces the trio, giving details of the origins of Corkran's nickname, Uncle Stalky (as well as his full name and school number). It is possible therefore that Mrs Kipling is referring to this story in her diary entries for 1897 but that the rejection is from inclusion in *Stalky & Co.* We have a date December 1898 for the magazine publication of " 'Stalky' " in both *The Windsor Magazine* and *McClure's*.

John Radcliffe brought to our attention an alternative "lost" Stalky story, described in the words of a former editor of the Kipling Journal:

**EXTRACT FROM AN EDITORIAL BY ROGER LANCELYN GREEN**  
(*Kipling Journal*, No.202, June 1977)

On 7 March 1938, Sir Sydney Cockerell, who had been William Morris's secretary and was a close friend of all the Burne-Jones circle, wrote a letter to *The Times* describing a visit to Rottingdean in Oct: 1897 during which Kipling read out loud to him and Cornell Price one of the original Stalky stories. And he concluded the letter:—

"On the last of my few meetings with [Kipling], which was at his home at Burwash, less than four months before his death. I had the felicity of hearing him read yet another tale of Stalky and his companions that was then unpublished."

This has been held, rather casually, to refer to "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman," which appeared in book form only in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* in 1929 (after publication in *The London Magazine* for September of that year)—and has, unfortunately been out of print for many years.

But Cockerell distinctly said "less than four months before his death", and the late Mr W. G. B. Maitland (for many years the Librarian of the Kipling Society), wrote to him immediately for more information, and Cockerell's reply, dated 9 March 1938, runs: "I have not seen the story in print and it may never have been finished. No title was given. It was about the finding of flotsam and jetsam on the seashore and the moralising of the boys concerning it, with tags from Virgil spouted by McTurk. I am sorry not to be able to give you further information." [Letter in one of Maitland's scrap-books, now in my possession, R.L.G.]

There is a possible reference to the story in Mrs Kipling's Diary [quotation kindly supplied by Professor Carrington] for 12 May 1935: "R. starts a story about a man who found gold."

The discrepancies between "Scylla and Charybdis" and this account of the late unfinished story make us think that they are not the same. The "1897" reading could have been from a range of the Stalky stories.

Then there is a speculation by Elliot Gilbert in his collection of letters from Rudyard Kipling to his children, *Oh Beloved Kids*, annotating a letter to John at Wellington June 1912:

Bateman's 25 June 1912

Dear Warrior<sup>86</sup>,

... I have suddenly got the idea of another Stalky tale which I hope will turn out a success.

Is this perhaps, Gilbert says, the "lost" Stalky story rumoured to be at Haileybury College? The watermark evidence is against this suggestion. Such a date might just serve for the publication of "Regulus" in 1917 if Kipling put the idea by for four or five years.

Turning to internal and literary evidence, there is the manuscript volume itself where the story appears on pages [122] – [133] in a sequence. The state of the paper and the writing are consistent with an early date for the ms. It would be unreasonable to apply for carbon dat-

ing in view of the uncertainty involved – a period of some 30 years is critical – and the damage that would be done to the ms. We have the watermark evidence to go by. Should there be doubts about our concluded dating the matter might be referred to handwriting experts. The use of McTurk rather than M'Turk links "Scylla and Charybdis" further with " 'Stalky' "; surely *one* of them is the ms referred to by Carrie Kipling in 1897. In addition, the form McTurk is used in the *Windsor Magazine* publications and seems to have been varied to M'Turk for the collected *Stalky & Co*. This might lead us to a date earlier than 1908 for "Scylla and Charybdis". On the other hand, McTurk is used in magazine publications up to "Regulus" (1917) and especially in the *Windsor Magazine* series that is surtitled "STALKY & CO." We have observed no anachronisms that would date the ms later than circa 1900 other than the speculation about the nature of the Pascall golf-ball. Even if this surmise were correct, it would not rule out the earlier dating of the story's writing.

There is literary evidence in the form of commonality between a passage of "Scylla and Charybdis", and a passage<sup>87</sup> of "Slaves of the Lamp, Part I." where both refer to lower formers cooking sparrows over the gas with rusty nibs and a dozen pots of home-made sloe jam. Both versions are no doubt based on Kipling's own school-days but the similarity of presentation suggests that in writing "Slaves of The Lamp", Kipling drew on the draft of the unpublished "Scylla and Charybdis", not the other way round. "Slaves of The Lamp" was published in *Cosmopolis Magazine* in April 1897 and suggests therefore that "Scylla and Charybdis" predates it.

Eliminating both the Gilbert speculation and the late story with its reference to M'Turk quoting Virgil, on grounds of incompatibility with the text, and the agreement of the alternatives with the watermarks, we have two realistic possibilities for "Scylla and Charybdis". The first is that it is the story referred to by Mrs Kipling in 1898 as having been finished and rejected. The ms of the second draft appears unfinished but we have no explicit way of knowing if it is terminated or further sheets were misplaced and lost. However, Mrs Kipling is likely to have known whether the ms had further sheets and if so, it might be thought unlikely that Rudyard – the volume was prepared in his lifetime — would have included just three sheets in the presentation volume, with its implicit questioning of her caretaking.

The second is that Mrs Kipling was referring to " 'Stalky' " which we know was finished and that the "rejected" is linked with the reason that Kipling did not include it in its natural place in *Stalky and Co*. We speculate that this is less likely; but rather that the "Scylla" story in first draft at any rate was "finished" but rejected as he worked the second

draft. "Scylla and Charybdis" had a natural genesis in "An English School" but did not satisfy Kipling, who put it by in favour of " 'Stalky' " as an alternative chronological beginning<sup>88</sup>. Kipling might have expected to return to the unfinished second draft and prefer it, thus putting off the inclusion of " 'Stalky' " in *Stalky & Co.*, a reason for the unexplained omission<sup>89</sup>. This places the writing of "Scylla and Charybdis" to 1897. Much of the material was indeed recycled in "The Satisfaction of a Gentlemen" and the passage of time between the two stories not only re-promotes the Major to Colonel but leads Kipling to express less enthusiasm for golf through the mouth of M'Turk.

The dating to 1897 then rests on two principal pieces of evidence. The manuscript evidence is the identity of watermarks with "Stalky"; they were written then at the same time and one of them is surely the "rejected" story. Second is the literary evidence; that "Scylla and Charybdis" is set in the same period as "Stalky", with the boys in the second form. It is not reasonable then to suppose Kipling started the former after completing and publishing the latter.

#### AN EDITORIAL AND CRITICAL COMMENT

Readers will of course make their own evaluation of the merits of the story. Presenting it has been difficult in the reading of the ms and a few doubts [ ] are left expressed in the version we have provided. We have enlarged contractions such as & – noting that there is no occurrence of *Stalky & Co.* The writing seems to get more hurried, with occasional running out of ink, towards the end of the first draft and accuracy here is suspect.

We have taken the view that where punctuation marks are missing from a working manuscript they should be silently introduced to make the work more readable. The purist will no doubt scan the ms directly; the reproductions here are substantially reduced from its original folio size. A full set of photographs is to be deposited with the Society's Library together with our working copy. We have added commas and inset reported speech in the Macmillan house style of *Stalky & Co.* and used our own judgement on paragraphing.

The major difficulty has been the incompleteness of the second draft, which would naturally be preferred to the first draft, already heavily scored through by the author with immediate revisions. This is compounded by the curiosity of two pages 5. Each ms of each story is internally numbered, presumably by the author, in pencil on the centre-top of the page. In addition the whole volume has consecutive page numbers in pencil at the top right-hand corner. Starting at [122] we have

"Scylla and Charybdis" ending on [130] at an internally numbered p.8. However, there are internally numbered pages 5 at both [126] and [127]. There follows, [131] – [133], a further "Scylla and Charybdis". The sequence, the heavy crossing out in the first and the incompleteness of the second make it certain that we have here in order the first and second drafts, just as there are for other stories earlier in the volume.

The flow of the text in the first draft, however, makes it clear that *the first* p.5 [126] is misplaced. There appear to be two possibilities. The first is that it is an extraneous page that belongs to the second draft. This implies that there must have been a page 4 for the second draft and possibly further pages, perhaps completing the second draft before the story was 'rejected'. However, marks coincident with all the other pages of the first draft show that these pages were all stapled together before being bound in. There are no staple marks on the three pages of the second draft.

Reversing the two pages 5 to give [127] followed by [126], in case misnumbering both '5' caused them to be inserted in the wrong order, does not solve the problem since we find that there are seven instances of very similar phrases occurring in both page 5 [126] and the manuscript page which would then follow it, page 6 [128], the first repetition being:

[126] Mercifully, heather-mixture stockings and white spats, not to mention auburn whiskers and a slight limp, are fairly conspicuous . . .

[128] But the heather-mixture stockings and the white spats were rather more conspicuous . . .

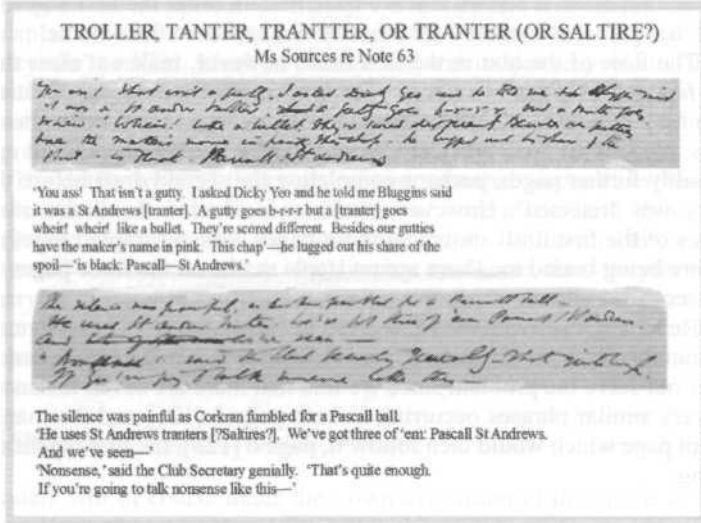
If we accept the physical evidence that page 5 [126] was part of the first draft, then there is a possibility that the repetition was caused by Kipling scrapping and rewriting it without crossing it out as he crossed out much of page 4 of the first draft. If we remove page 5 [126] from the first draft, then we do get a continuous coherent reading without repetition. We therefore consider this to be the likelier scenario and it is the one that we have opted to follow.

In presenting the transcript of the mss, we start with the three pages of the second draft, the closest to a final version. For the purpose of having a complete story, we then give the whole of the first draft. This is followed by the extracted page 5 [126]. The numbering of the manuscript pages throughout will allow readers to form their own opinions of how they might otherwise be read.

The reading of what in places is a hurriedly written ms has not been



easy. We have reservations over one word in particular. The St Andrews ball is twice called a "troller" or "tranter" or something close to that, as is described in note 63. In a third place we have offered "saltire" as an alternative. The three instances have obvious differ-



ences, but the context suggests that they must be the same. The initial letter is not Kipling's usual form for a "t", but similar examples can be found in the ms. In one occurrence it does show some resemblance to the "S" of "St Andrew's", but this is not consistent across all three.

In fact, the editors are unable to agree a reading for this word. One is of opinion that the word is a proper noun or slang expression that is now forgotten and that they haven't been able to excavate. Therefore all the suggestions are equally possible. The other editor favours the "tranter" interpretation.

Possible interpretations of word are:

1. Tranter: The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines tranter as a carrier. Given the use by Hardy in *Under the Greenwood Tree* (Part I, Chap 2: "The Tranter's", 1872), it is likely Kipling knew this meaning. Kipling certainly uses the word as a surname: Tranter of the Bombay side ("A Friend's Friend", *Plain Tales from the Hills*).
2. Tranter: Andrew Lycett identifies tranter as a revolver with its characteristic sound. William Tranter, a relative of Adams, patented a double action cocking mechanism of ingenious

design in Britain 1853. Tranters were in use in Britain particularly by the Royal Navy and in the USA and Australia. The web-site [www.remuseum.org.uk/arms/armindex.htm](http://www.remuseum.org.uk/arms/armindex.htm) has details and also illustrates Belgian pin-fire pistols of c 1860.

3. Troller: In the *Chambers Dictionary*, trailer (from the verb to troll) can be something that rolls, moves or runs about. Unfortunately, though the first instance of the word looks very like troller, the other two don't.
4. Saltire or Saltier: *Chambers Dictionary* defines this as an armorial emblem in the form of a St Andrew's cross. The connection to "Pascall—St Andrews" is self-evident.

At all events, we suggest that this is the boys' local argot for a new type of ball, that carries further than the common gutta-percha.

The names of the other boys involved do not seem to have been satisfactorily resolved. The first draft has "Cobby Adams" which is retained as one of the bullies in the second draft but is changed later for "Gobby", presumably a nickname although it appears on its own, with Wigram (who becomes apparently Ingram) and Plaistow, as protagonists in the sally fight.

Given the incompleteness, it would be hard to hold Kipling to account as to literary merit. We would also say that the story lacks cohesion in being named "Scylla and Charybdis", though Scylla is mentioned only once in the second draft and not at all in the first, the other bunker chiefly involved being the Frying-pan. There are some fine examples of Kipling's descriptive powers. It is a nice final touch that has the residual members of the Golf Club ask themselves "there but for the grace of God go I", a "dying fall" typical of the author. However, this construction, with more than the old gentleman implicated in cheating, seems not to have been followed as specifically in what we can read in the second draft. It has a second old gentleman (presumably "Pot") implicated in cheating but not as explicitly as in the first draft, where there are others that might include the local Club players. "Scylla and Charybdis" takes its place in the Kipling stories based on the individual's moral position and the breaking of social codes, as Professor Connell recently categorises<sup>90</sup>.

Our view then of the provenance of "Scylla and Charybdis" is that it is likely to have been drafted in 1897 as a story to provide an introduction to the canon, to be rejected and replaced by " 'Stalky' ". Its existence, however, open to further revision, supplies the forgotten reason why " 'Stalky' " was not included in the first collection *Stalky and Co*. We believe the Haileybury ms to have been bound in the author's

lifetime and given to his wife, who subsequently gave this and other such volumes away after his death in 1936. The last three pages in the bound volume represent the abandoned second draft – we have no way of telling if this draft were ever completed. The preceding pages are then the original or first draft, with the two pages 5 changed in order during this binding process, overlooking Kipling's own mis-numbering, overlooking again the first page 5 because he had crossed out so much of it as to think he was restarting the page.

This story has undoubtedly the character of many Kipling stories of a wealth of technical detail, an ear for speech and a glamorising of the school boys that, as in all the Stalky stories, is a bombast not to everyone's taste. Quintessentially Kipling's is the phrase "A knot of men within were talking apparatus – which is the one form of golf any one appreciates". Perhaps the severest critic of "Scylla and Charybdis" is the author himself, who rejected it.

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Through the succession of the wills of Rudyard Kipling, his widow Carrie and then her surviving daughter Elsie Bambridge (who bought back the literary estate from Magdalene College and the Fairbridge Farm Schools in 1940), Kipling's literary estate is the property of the National Trust and is used, we understand, to meet in part the expenses of his house, Bateman's, given by Carrie Kipling also to the National Trust. Under the revision of copyright in the European Union, copyright can be claimed until 70 years after the author's death and we are grateful to A.P. Watt, the literary agents to the National Trust, for agreeing to the publication of the transcript. Although copyright of Kipling's works published in his lifetime expires at the end of the calendar year 70 years after his death, i.e. 31 Dec 2006, unpublished work first published as here has further protection to 31 Dec 2039.

Separately, of course, Haileybury own the manuscript and we are equally grateful that they should have agreed to this publication. Neither party authorise any further reproduction or publication. While the copyright of the story remains with the National Trust, the authors of this article lay claim to the copyright of the editorial material presented here. Where noted, Roger Ayers lays claim to the copyright of photographs used in this issue of the *Kipling Journal*, but gives the Kipling Society the right to use them as and when they wish in perpetuity.

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**THE RULES OF GOLF**

As it is played by The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews over their links.

**May 1812**

X. If a ball be lost, the stroke goes for nothing; the player returns to the spot whence the ball was struck, tees it, and loses a stroke.

**September 1875****10. Ball Lost**

If a ball is lost, the player (or his partner in a double match) returns to the spot, as near as possible, where the ball was struck, tees another ball, and loses both the distance and a stroke. If the original ball is found before the party has struck the other ball, the first shall continue.

**26 September 1899**

1 (k) A ball shall be considered "lost" if it be not found within five minutes after the search for it is begun.

29. If a ball be lost except as otherwise provided for in the Rules, the player's side shall lose the hole; but if both balls be lost, the hole shall be considered halved.

**CAROLINE KIPLING'S DIARIES**

Mrs Kipling kept detailed diaries throughout her married life with much of interest to Kipling scholars. They covered her moods, domestic issues, and, of more relevance, visitors and Rudyard's work progress. The diaries were destroyed after the death of her daughter, Elsie Bambridge, on the latter's instructions but following the former's wishes and indeed those of the author: "seek not to question other than the works I leave behind".

However, in Elsie's lifetime two writers (at least) were given access to the diaries and prepared abstracts with a view to authorised biographies. The first was made by Douglas Rees as Research Assistant to Lord Birkenhead and the second by Charles Carrington for his own biography, copied from the originals at Wimpole Hall, Cambs., in 1953. Both abstracts are in the Special Collection of the University of Sussex.

We have re-abstracted entries from both these sources that appear to bear on " 'Stalky' " and "Scylla and Charybdis". In some cases the entries from the two sources disagree and it is not easy to determine whether these are transcription errors (and if so, which is right) or whether the disagreement represents an annotation by the transcribers. Carrington in particular adds personal comment. Rees makes his own annual summary. Our own comments are in italics.

**Rees Transcript** [Yr. Sum = Annual Summary – Ed.]

<u>Year</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Comment</u>
1894	Jul 24	Rud leaves at 1230 for Westward Ho with his father and mother. Rud returns and reports his reception as very fine at Westward Ho and himself very proud to return to his own school as a big man. ( <i>Cormell Price's – Uncle Crom's – retirement from Head of United Services College. Kipling gave the address, published in the U.S.C.Magazine.</i> )
1896	Dec 13	Rud starts a story. School boy life.
	Dec 28	Uncle Crom Price comes for a visit. 30. Uncle Crom leaves.
1897	Oct 16	with Uncle Crom who has come down for Sunday.
	Yr. Sum	Stalky story.
1898	Jul 22	Rud starts to re-write the last of the school-boy stories which after the jungle fashion is really the first. Aug 3 Rud re-drafts his school-boy story which is to be first of the series and called Stalky telling how he got his name. (Pencil note at foot of page "Not included in Stalky Vol.")
1899	Oct 6	Stalky & Co. published. All morning papers seem cheered and pleased. The year opened with R.K. back on to Kim again with a Stalky and a Just So story or two.
1904	May 30	Burwash. Major Dunsterville ...a charming man. ( <i>The original ofcourse ofStalky and known as Stalky later in the diaries.</i> )
1909	Yr. Sum	Golf augments R.K's tennis recreation in Africa.
1910	May 4	Mr Price, Rud's "Uncle Crum ( <i>sic</i> )", died this a.m. at R'dean. 6. Rud leaves at noon for Mr Price's funeral.
	Yr. Sum	Stalky and Pycroft appeared more than once in his total.
1911	Yr. Sum	1911 saw a number of new short stories ... a Stalky story and "As Simple as A.B.C."
1912	Sep 9-13	11 Barnstaple via Bideford going on to Westward Ho!. At Bideford went to see the print room in a shed upstairs where Rud used to correct the proofs of his school paper. Westward Ho gloomy and depressing to a degree. ( <i>See "The Last Term".</i> )
1913-	Yr. Sum	<i>has no mention ofStalky</i>
1916		
1917	Yr. Sum	Diversity of Creatures
1918-	Yr. Sum	<i>has no mention ofStalky</i>
1919		
1923	Yr. Sum	finished the 'Stalky' story "The Janeites" ( <i>sic</i> ) –begun in 1922 –, sorted out stories and wrote verses for "Land

and Sea Tales". (Assuming a comma before *Janeites*, the *Stalky* story would be *The United Idolaters*, magazine form 1924.)

1925	Oct 5	Drive to Westward Ho arriving at 5
	Oct 27	MSS of Traffics & Discoveries as Rud's Rector's gift. ( <i>St Andrew's</i> )
	Nov 3	Rud's books of MSS got ready to take tomorrow to the British Museum, not to be made public until after his death. ( <i>Kim</i> and <i>The Years Between</i> .)
	Yr. Sum	a new <i>Stalky</i> story received a couple of days start. (Presumably " <i>The Propagation of Knowledge</i> ".)
1926	Sep 15	The new book out. "Debits and Credits".
1928	Feb 3	A general tidy up of all work and putting away of MSS.
	Yr. Sum	"The Satisfaction of a Gentleman".
1932	Jul 29	Rud has a spring clean of his canvas h(sic)SS envelope, now more than 40 years old in which he keeps putting finished work.

### Carrington Transcript

<u>Year</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Comment</u>
1894	Oct 30	Golf with the Cabots. ( <i>Vermont</i> )
	Nov 29	Golf
1896	Feb 10	Played golf with red balls in the snow
	Feb 26	R. and Day played golf [Mr Day]
	Dec 28	Uncle Crom Price comes till 30th.
1897	Jan 14	R. begins <i>Slaves of the Lamp</i> . <sup>91</sup>
	Jan 28	Writes some of a second schoolboy yarn.
	Jul 21	Rud working on a <i>Stalky</i> story and going to the dentist.
	Aug 17	Revising " 'In Ambush' ". John born.
	Oct 17	J.M.Barrie, Uncle Crom and the Burne-Jones with R. for a great walk.
	Oct 21	"A Little Prep"
1898	May 24	Working at <i>Stalky</i> ( <i>could perhaps mean the story 'Stalky'</i> ")
	Jun 28	Beginning to work on <i>Stalky</i> again.
	Jul 22	R. starts to work on the last of the <i>Stalky</i> stories which after the <i>Jungle Fashion</i> is the first.
	Aug 3	Finishes the <i>Stalky</i> story but rejects it.
	Aug 13	"the schoolboy stories sent to Watt for magazine use" ( <i>Literary agent A.P. Watt</i> )
	Nov 3	Working at "The Flag of his Country".
	Nov 14	Working on <i>The Last Term</i> .
1899	Aug ?	Proofs of <i>Stalky</i> . Vines ( <i>sic Lines</i> ) from Crom Price
	Aug 21	Wrote the dedication to <i>Stalky</i> .
	Oct 6	<i>Stalky</i> published
	Yr. Sum	1899 Feb – June Four <i>Stalky</i> stories 29 Sep (?) <i>Stalky</i> 8 Aug (?) <i>Stalky</i> verses.

- 1900 Jul 19 Cambridge Chronicle v. Cambridge Independent News. A quarrel between two C. local papers. Beresford (*M'Turk*) released stories without R.K.'s permission. The Judge rejected the whole story, Stalky was fiction and it did not matter what comment
- 1910 May 4 Rud's "Uncle Crom" died at Brighton  
Dec 7 [Again] A Stalky story  
Dec 7 A Stalky story.
- 1911 May 6 A Stalky story, *Regulus*. ("*Regulus*" in magazine form 1917 so this appears to be somewhat early. "*Regulus*" may be Carrington's annotation.)
- 1913 Jul 5 Stalky's son to stay.
- 1920 Jun 11 Stalky comes to stay. Rud greatly enjoys seeing him.
- 1922 Mar 22 "- and Rud working on *The Janeites*."
- 1923 Feb 6 Working at a Stalky story (he has met Carstairs OUSC a few days earlier). (*The story might be "The United Idolaters"; the parenthesis might be Carrington's annotation*)
- Oct 19 "starts to pull into shape some stories he was doing during the Irish Guards period."
- Nov 13 Ready for Mr. Watt: "*United Idolaters*", "*A Friend of the Family*", "*The Janeites*", "*The Enemies to each Other*".
- 1924 Dec 10 Putting Debits and Credits together (*and perhaps starting to write verses for it?*)
- 1925 Aug 13 A Stalky story (again he has just been meeting an old school fellow – Griffiths) (*Presumably "The Propagation of Knowledge"*.)
- Sep? Rud v. busy with his Stalky story.
- 1928 Apr 13 Working on a Stalky story. ("*The Satisfaction of a Gentleman*"?)
- Aug 17 Rud starts a new story
- 1932 Nov 1 "A new story coming up about 'Bunnie' "
- 1934 Oct 20 Rud starts a story. (*Possibly the "flotsam and jetsam" story.*)
- 1935 May 12 Rud starts a story about a man who found gold  
Jun 6 Rud goes to the lunch of his old school.

#### PUBLICATION DATES

These dates are taken from Livingston, corrected in her Supplement\*, noting also Stewart. Magazine dates followed by another date is the collected date

C: *Cosmopolis An International Review*  
L: *London*  
MC: *McCall's Magazine*  
N: *Nash's*

H: *Hearst's Magazine*  
Mac: *MacLean's Magazine*  
ML: *McClure's Magazine*  
P: *Pearson's Magazine*



S: *The Strand Magazine*  
Y: *Youth's Companion*

W: *Windsor Magazine*

**Collected in *Stalky & Co.*, Published in England and America in 1899**

<u>Story</u>	<u>Magazine Publication</u>
"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"	
" 'In Ambush' "	ML, Aug; P, Dec 1898
"Slaves of the Lamp I"	C, Apr; MC, Aug 1897
"An Unsavoury Interlude"	W & MC, Jan 1899
"The Impressionists"	W & MC, Feb 1899
"The Moral Reformers"	W & MC, Mar 1899
"A Little Prep."	W & MC, Apr 1899
"The Flag of Their Country"	MC, May; P*, Jul 1899
"The Last Term"	W & ML, Jun 1899
"Slaves of the Lamp II"	C, May; MC, Aug 1897

" 'Stalky' " (No.I) and the sequence published in the Windsor Magazine from Jan to Jun 1899 (No.II to VI) are shown there under the over-arching title of *Stalky & Co.* This selection is not, however, identical to the collected work under this same title that excludes " 'Stalky' " but includes "Slaves of the Lamp (Parts I and II)".

**Collected in *The Complete Stalky & Co.*, England 1929, America 1930**

All the contents of *Stalky & Co.* (1899) together with:

<u>Story</u>	<u>Magazine</u>	<u>First Collected "</u>
'Stalky' "	W & ML, Dec 1898	<i>(Land and Sea Tales, 1923)</i>
"To The Companions" <sup>92</sup>		<i>(Debits and Credits, 1926)</i>
"The United Idolaters"	H, N & Mac, <sup>93</sup> Jun 1924	<i>(Debits and Credits, 1926)</i>
"The Centaurs"		<i>(Debits and Credits, 1926)</i>
"Regulus"	Met&N, Apr 1917	<i>(A Diversity of Creatures, 1917)</i>
"A Translation"		<i>(A Diversity of Creatures, 1917)</i>
"The Birthright"		<i>(Debits and Credits, 1926)</i>
"The Propagation of Knowledge"	MC & S LXXI, Jan 1926	<i>(Debits and Credits, 1926)</i>
"The Satisfaction of a Gentleman"	MC & L, Sep 1929	<i>(1929/30)</i>

**Published separately:**

<u>Story</u>	<u>Magazine</u>	<u>First Collected</u>
"An English School"	Y, 19 Oct 1893	<i>(Land and Sea Tales, 1923)</i>

"The Hour of the Angel" (*Land and Sea Tales*, 1923)  
 The story "An English School", collected in *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*, is followed by "A Counting Out Song" which might be seen as connected.

#### CONTENTS OF THE HAILEYBURY MANUSCRIPTS

Inside front page inscribed: Caroline Kipling from Rudyard Kipling.  
 Next page: Gift letter from Caroline Kipling.

<u>Sequential page no.</u>	<u>Story</u>
1	" 'In Ambush' " [In the Wuzzy struck out]
11	"Slaves of the Lamp"
19	"An Unsavoury Interlude"
32	"The Impressionists"
43	"The Moral Reformers"
55	"A Little Prep."
65	"The Flag of Their Country"
74	"The Flag of Their Country"
79	"The Last Term"
90	"Slaves of the Lamp II"
101	"Slaves of the Lamp"
115	"Stalky"
122	"Scylla and Charybdis"
131-133	"Scylla and Charybdis"

Drafts are page numbered internally (top centre) and the volume numbered sequentially in pencil top right. A number of internally numbered additional pages are included at the back of various drafts (numbered a, b, c, etc.) Internal p.8 appears missing from "The Last Term" with p.9 beginning after the caesura in the printed text before "The Latin prose paper was a success beyond their wildest dream". The author's quotation marks for titles is shown. [Only " 'In Ambush' " is titled in quotation marks in *Stalky & Co.*].

## NOTES

1. Ms University of Edinburgh.
2. Ms University of Durham.
3. A.L.Corkran appears in the post-school stories "The Honours of War" (*A Diversity of Creatures*) as Lieutenant-Colonel, I.A. (Indian Army) and Colonel Corkran in the earlier "A Deal in Cotton" (*Actions and Reactions*), neither collected in the *Complete Stalky & Co.* The "Infant" who appears in "Slaves of the Lamp, Part II." and "A Conference of the Powers" (*Many Inventions*) appears in "Letters on Leave, II" (*Abaft the Funnel*), but as this was first published in *The Pioneer* 20 Oct 1890 p.436, this precedes all known dates for writing Stalky stories. Similarly De Vitre, of the Poona Irregular Moguls, is a name used in "Letter on Leave, I" (but De Vitre in " 'Stalky' ").
4. Or, as the Americans would say, 'between a rock and a hard place'. [See also notes 13 and 27 –Ed.]
5. Wady (wadi): rocky watercourse, dry save rainy season (Arabic *wadi*).
6. Nullah: anglo-indian stream, ravine (Hindi *nala*).
7. Driver: No 1 wooden club to take the first, teeing off, shot or two. At this time, circa 1885, club shafts would normally be of hickory rather than metal, with a wooden head that might be faced with a metal plate. Cf. 'rattle of broken golf-clubs' (" 'Stalky' ", *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*).
8. Cleek: a No. 1 or No. 2 iron with little lift to the club face. " 'In Ambush' " has Colonel Dabney practising with a cleek, illustrated by L. Raven-Hill in the first magazine publication.
9. Caddy or caddie: golfer's attendant for carrying clubs, etc. Original Scottish from the French 'cadet' (junior).
10. Gutta-percha (Malaysian): golfball core made of blackish latex (gum of the percha tree).
11. Golfballs are sported in "An Unsavoury Interlude", *Stalky & Co.*
12. Stiff-stemmed reedy or rush-like grasses.
13. *Charybdis*, one of the pair of dangers described for Odysseus by Circe when advising him on the best way of returning from her island home, Aeaëa, to Ithaca. "A great fig-tree with luxuriant foliage grows upon the crag, and it is below this that dread Charybdis sucks the dark waters down. Three times a day she spews them up, and three times she swallows them down once more in her horrible way." *The Odyssey*, Bk. 12, Homer – Trans, by E.V. Rieu, The Penguin Classics, 1946. [See also note 27 – Ed]
14. A.L.Corkran ("The Last Term"); Arthur Lionel Corkran, No. 104 (" 'Stalky' ", *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*).
15. In the two collected volumes of Stalky stories, M'Turk. It is only in the *Land and Sea Tales* version of " 'Stalky' ", and the *Debts and Credits* versions of "The United Idolaters" and "The Propagation of Knowledge" that M'Turk is used. The magazine versions also use M'Turk.
16. "Molly" Fairburn identified as a bully ("The Moral Reformers").
17. Gating: a punishment confining to school premises; black-marks: a record that might accumulate to a more dire punishment; imposition: a requirement to copy "lines" (see "Regulus", *A Diversity of Creatures*).
18. Tuck from tuck in: eat heartily. Thus private food at school stored in a tuck-box or

- bought at a tuck-shop. Birkenhead quotes Major-General A.S. Little, R.M., as meeting Kipling when he revisited the School, in the tuck-shop (1893).
19. Order form: money order form cashable at the local Post Office.
  20. Links: the sandy dunes of the seaside, covered with turf or coarse grasses where golf originated, esp. Scottish links.
  21. See "An English School" (*Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*) for an autobiographical account.
  22. "Rowena": a boarding house at Westward Ho!. Presumably named after the Walter Scott heroine in *Ivanhoe* (Ronald Mayo, *The Story of Westward Ho!*, Marland Press, Torrington, undated.)
  23. Cad: ill-bred person; abbr. of caddie.
  24. Spat: short gaiter covering the instep; abbr. of spatterdash.
  25. Knickerbocker: an invented term for a New Yorker of Dutch descent, and then for his garment – loose-fitting breeches gathered below the knee.
  26. Cf. Mother Yeo and daughter Mary "The Last Term" (*Stalky & Co.*)
  27. *Scylla*, the second danger described by Circe, lives in a cave on a crag opposite Charybdis, at a distance of 'no more than a bowshot'. 'She has twelve feet, all dangling in the air, and six long necks, each ending in a grisly head with triple row of teeth . . . No crew can boast that they ever sailed passed Scylla without loss.' Sure enough, Odysseus loses six crewmen to Scylla in avoiding Charybdis.[see also note 13 for source – *Ed.*]
  28. Golf-club with large, round, iron head especially for playing out of bunkers.
  29. St Andrews: the Royal and Ancient, founding golf club outside the City of the same name in Scotland. The maker might be Pascall and his brand name for the ball St Andrews.
  30. Bags: to 'bag' by claiming aloud (schoolboy slang); similar to first towel on the beach-chair.
  31. Sally; sallie: slang for saloon-pistol adapted for use over short range in a shooting saloon.
  32. We take 'senior' to be a copying error. The first draft has 'term'.
  33. Saloon pistols (sallies) figure in "An Unsavoury Interlude" and "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman".
  34. *Sic.* Later Ingram. Both names appear in the first draft.
  35. Tweaker: catapult, as being pulled back in use. According to the *Readers' Guide*, tweaker and sally were actual United Services College's slang.
  36. Boy's contrivance of forked stick and elastic with a "supple chamois leather pouch" to fire pebbles, etc., (" 'Stalky' ").
  37. Belgium: notable for its armament manufacture in the 19th C. See "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman" (*The Complete Stalky & Co.*): 'lock-jawed twenty-two rim-fire Belgian saloon pistol'.
  38. First draft has 'Cobby [possibly Colby] Adams who afterwards became a naturalist of renown'. The second draft has already introduced Cobby Adams but at this point has Cobby crossed-out replaced with Plaistow in the previous line. The first Gobby has the 'G' heavily inked. 'Gobby' Maunsell appears in " 'Stalky' ".
  39. We read this as the old gentleman bringing the sides of the bunker down.
  40. Golfing slang: bungler, making a mess of things. See later Kafoozelum. Known schoolboy golfing slang of 1918: James Kenward, *Prep School*, p.92, Penguin

- Books, 1961, (Michael Joseph, 1958).
41. Pre-decimal money; nominally 1 1/4 p in new currency but worth say 25p in modern currency, 2002. [See also note 52 – Ed.]
  42. First draft has the old gentleman a Colonel Martin.
  43. The word is partially crossed out.
  44. It will be noted that 'Stalky' is used more often in the first draft than the second. In neither is it made explicit why Corkran has this sobriquet although it is evidently School slang.
  45. Kafoozalum (em): from a song, mentioned in "The Maltese Cat" (*The Day's Work*). Perhaps chosen for its association with *foozle* q.v. Note 40.
  46. Mark: to note the position of a ball when it lands on behalf of his player.
  47. The ms here is written around a sketch of the lip of Charybdis.
  48. Perk: perquisite.
  49. Turning inside out to prevent identification of the College or House colours.
  50. Point blank: at short range, probably from the white (blank) centre of a conventional rifle range target.
  51. Or 'the wit at. . .'
  52. Three (old, pre-decimal) pennies – denarius. Perhaps worth 25p in modern currency, AD 2002. [See also note 41 – Ed.]
  53. Sassingers: sausages. Cf. "The Flag of Their Country", *Stalky & Co.*
  54. The first mss page 5 [126] would have been expected to appear at this point.
  55. The ms has 'not' before 'and'. However, this seems to be overlooked in crossing out the preceding phrase 'not five yards from him'.
  56. A gentleman's margin before pursuing an outlaw.
  57. Colonel crossed out, the first indication of demotion by the author.
  58. See "An English School" (*Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*).
  59. We omit a stray word *raised*. This occurs at the beginning of a line in the manuscript and seems to belong to the previous sentence, the rest of which has been crossed out.
  60. Not to be confused with 'Pot' Mullins, Captain of Games in "The United Idolaters" (*Debits and Credits*), and Head of Games in "Regulus" (*A Diversity of Creatures*).
  61. Ms has "talkin' " crossed out. Clodding may be throwing clods.
  62. Cf. 'We've been throwing golf-balls,' said Rattray ("An Unsavoury Interlude").
  63. Trailer, Tanter, tranter or tranter? Kipling's handwriting is so unclear in these references that transcription is very much a best guess. The word seems to begin with a 't' and end with 'er' but the decoding of the central portion is very uncertain. Although dictionary definitions can be found for both trailer and tranter with meanings that could relate to golf balls, they are thought to be stretching the bounds of credibility.
  64. Later identified as Captain Raikes and presumably the Club Captain who would take responsibility for dealing with cheating.
  65. Tale: total, tally (arch.).
  66. It is not clear from the ms if the following reported speech is from the young man or McTurk.
  67. Cf. Rabbits-Eggs rocking King's study in "Slaves of the Lamp, Part I.", (*Stalky & Co.*) with flints.
  68. The ms is difficult here and we have made our own attribution of the next four speeches.
  69. Called out. The challenge to a duel (cf. "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman"). Only a

- gentleman, however, would be challenged; a cad could not. The implication would be better known in 1880 only fifty years after the Regency period when duelling might be practiced.
70. This is the ms page mentioned in note 54.
  71. The capital I in the ms is overwritten slightly as if changed from an incipient Wigram.
  72. The ms has 'two-to one—' with various interpretations.
  73. Similarly there are first and second drafts of "The Flag of Their Country" and "Slaves of the Lamp, Part II."
  74. See *Something of Myself* on working tools.
  75. One draft that did not appear in the printed version of "The Last Term" is irresistible; the School mathematics exam paper was adjusted to read:  

$$p^3\sqrt{++(q+R[(=)2Ya^2bb^2\{\{timethree\}\}\{\sqrt{.}$$
  76. There is some but not complete resemblance to the watermark for much of the ms of *Kim* in the British Library where we have noted pages being marked with a Britannia crest but with the words PALMER and 1897. They seem to have been made to a common specification for much of Kipling's writings from 1894 onwards. See Lisa Lewis, "The Manuscript of *Kim*", in the *Kipling Conference Papers*, Sep 2004.
  77. Dates given are for the first publication in magazine form.
  78. See *The Ramsay-Mrs Kipling Letters*, Magdalene College Occasional Paper No.25, 2001.
  79. Original in National Portrait Gallery.
  80. H.G.Hutchinson (1859-1932) subsequently Captain of the Royal and Ancient; entered U.S.C. Sep 1874 No.3 (*Readers' Guide*).
  81. *The Complete Stalky & Co.*
  82. So titled in "The Flag of Their Country", (*Stalky & Co.*).
  83. However, in "The Satisfaction of a Gentleman", a 'guttie' is melted in a sardine can on the study-room fire.
  84. Quoted by Green with italics in his contribution to *The Readers' Guide*, vol 1. See the diaries.
  85. "In the Rukh", (*Many Inventions*).
  86. John at Wellington, had been on a Field Day with the school cadet force.
  87. p.60 in the Macmillan pocket [and uniform] editions [of *Stalky & Co.*; p.93 in *The Complete Stalky & Co. – Ed.*]. I am grateful to Roger Ayers for spotting the repetition.
  88. In his autobiography, Kipling refers to starting *Puck of Pook's Hill* with a story retailed by Defoe set in a brickyard, which he found unsatisfactory, and similarly another involving Samuel Johnson in the schoolroom (*Something of Myself*).
  89. This is even more puzzling since the *Windsor Magazine* series entitled "STALKY & Co." carries " 'Stalky' " as well as the other stories of the book but the *Windsor Magazine* omits "Slaves of the Lamp (Parts I and II)" published elsewhere. A further anomaly lies in the use of quotation marks. These seem acceptable for the story " 'Stalky' " but Kipling also uses them on the title " 'In Ambush' " but not on subsequent titles.
  90. Connell T.J., "Roger and Francis Bacon and some comparisons with Rudyard Kipling", *Kipling Journal*, No.304, March 2003, p.27.
  91. Pinney, Thomas, Ed. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, Vol.2. A letter to Cornell

- Price dated 18 Dec.1896: Kipling says he is writing a story about U.S.C.: 'in which Dunsty, Beresford, Crofts and all the rest of 'em come in.' He goes on to say it may be published in *Cosmopolis*, which enables Pinney to identify it definitely as "Slaves of the Lamp". This raises the question of whether Dunsterville was indeed called Stalky at school and by Carrie Kipling in the diaries, or Dunsty as here. In his reminiscences, Dunsterville says that he and Kipling never said that he was Stalky, but his title makes that remark disingenuous. Beresford is similarly equivocal in referring to Stalky in his reminiscences (*vide* Orel). Kipling's letter to Price dated 5 Nov 1895 (*ibid.*) is perhaps the earliest reference to the Stalky canon: 'old days at Westward Ho! Sometime I think I'll write a boys book and pitch the scene there.'
92. But not the original title of the Magdalene College gift poem later called "Samuel Pepys".
93. Livingston has *Strand Magazine* (June 1924) which is certainly wrong but Stewart has *MacLean's Magazine* 1 June 1924. The title is spelled 'Idolators' in Livingston and in Stewart whereas *Nash's*, *Debits and Credits* and *The Complete Stalky & Co.* have 'Idolaters'.

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