

EDITORIAL.

"Everything is in a state of flux : nothing remains," said the old Greek poet, and that is as true of cabbages as it is of kings. And editors are very like cabbages somehow,—sedentary, thick-headed creatures, eaten up by the caterpillars of care. And even these, and this is specially true of editors of a School Chronicle, are but passing shadows down the eternal blank wall of time. We cut our little caper underneath the spot-light, mouth a word or two, make a gesture or fail to make one, bow, and then retire into the wings with as much grace as we can command. Others take our place. There are always others. The House of Windsor takes the place of the Emperors of the Moguls, Caesars yield to Soviets. The Palaces of Nineveh are replaced by the Sky-scrapers of New York, and all in turn will be superseded.

And so we go, but cheerfully; with thanks for what we have received and hope for what we are about to receive. What we have received can be learnt by reading between the lines of this Chronicle, which is the record of the many-coloured activities of school life : what we are about to receive can be faced with the faith that the memories of that life inspire. A very young modern poet, Frank Kendon, has expressed our feelings so well that we shall be forgiven for printing some of his lines here.

Now to the world we'll go, my body and I,
Leaving the comfortable nights and days,
The books where wise old men in wise old ways
Wrote down their thoughts of life in years gone by.

Snap up the switch, and let the darkness down;
Shut the two doors; deliver up the key.
These things pass on to others; but for me
They have grown lifeless—I must seek my own.

There is no break in this farewell. I go,
Eager as sailors to the uncharted sea—
To wreck or Eldorado—steadfastly;
Whither, save hence, I do not care to know.



ANNALES SCHOLAE.

GOVERNORS.

THE MOST REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, Metropolitan of India (*ex-officio*).

THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF CALCUTTA (*ex-officio*).

*COLONEL F. M. LESLIE.

*H. E. STAPLETON, Esq., I.E.S. officiating D. P. I. Bengal.

*O. M. MARTIN, Esq., I.C.S. Deputy Commissioner, Darjeeling.

*G. A. EASSON, Esq., Chief Engineer, P.W.D., Bengal.

*R. N. REID, Esq., C.I.E., I.C.S.

†F. J. DURNFORD, Esq.

†D. G. SMYTH OSBOURNE, Esq.

†MRS. P. K. MAJUMDAR.

*Nominated by the Government of Bengal.

†Nominated by the Diocesan Board of Education.

STAFF.

THE REV. R. L. PELLY, M.A., Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge (Rector).

W. J. KYD, Esq., M.I.H. (London), St. Mark's College, Art Diplomas, South Kensington. Distinction in Education Diploma.

CAPTAIN A. HUMPHRIES, 1st Class Instructor P. T. (Army), 1st Class Education Certificate (Army).

STAFF.—contd.

- R. EDWARDS, ESQ., Inter. B.SC. (London), University of the S. West of England.
- H. CLARKE, ESQ., B.SC. and Diploma in Education, University of Leeds.
- R. B. DOHERTY, ESQ., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin.
- A. S. T. FISHER, ESQ., B.A. (Honours). Abbot Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford.
- H. E. COOMBES, ESQ., I.SC., Madras, Teacher's Certificate, Ghora Gali.
- B. DATTA, ESQ., M.SC., Calcutta.
- B. RUDRA, ESQ., B.A., Calcutta.
- MISS B. B. ROBINSON, Dow Hill Training College.
- MRS. SIMPSON, 1st Class Certificated Army School Mistress.
- MISS SHELVERTON, L.A.B., L.T.C.L. (*Pianoforte Teacher*).
- J. CHAPMAN, ESQ., Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, England (*Violin Teacher*).
- MRS. COX.
- MISS N. HUMPHRIES, Senior Cambridge School Certificate, Dow Hill Training Coll., Kurseong.
- Matrons :—MRS. HUMPHRIES, MRS. SIMPSON, MRS. EDWARDS.
- Hospital Matron :—MRS. FORBES, Order of the Crown of Italy, etc.
- Medical Officer :—MRS. R. L. PELLY, M.B. (Oxon.)

PREFECTS.

- H. Booth, Head of the School, Captain of Football.
Head of Clive House.
- J. K. Majumdar, Head of Hastings House.
- L. Elias, Head of Havelock House.
- D. De (Left July).
- R. Lakin, Captain of Cricket. Captain of Hockey.

PREFECTS.—contd.

H. N. E. Hart.

G. S. H. Paxton.

J. A. Wise. Head of Lawrence House.

K. K. Majumdar.

H. L. Khastgir.

H. R. Cloy.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Senior Cambridge School Certificates (December 1929).

A. M. Khan.

K. K. Majumdar.

H. J. L. Phillips.

Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music Examination, 1930.

Stewart (Piano).

The Trinity College of Music Examinations.

Bleasdale ma	(Piano)
Marshall ma	”
Vandyke	”
Smith	”
Boldy mi	”
Taylor	”
Kellett	”
Clarke	”
Boldy ma	”
Meyer	”
Hammond	”
Stoutt ma	”
Tin	(Violin).
Gregory ma	”
Gwyther L.	”
Beard mi	”
Williamson	”

PRIZE LIST.**FORM PRIZES.****FORM VI.**

1st prize	Khastgir.
2nd „	Majumdar ma.
Progress and Application	Peacock ma and Tandan ma.

FORM V.

1st prize	Carrau.
Progress and Application	George.

FORM IV.

1st prize	Fox.
Progress and Application	Gregory mi.

FORM III.

1st prize	Simpson ma.
2nd „	Dryden.

FORM II.

1st prize	Edwards.
2nd „	Nicol.
Progress and Application	Taylor.

FORM J. IV.

1st prize	Marshall ma.
2nd „	Beard mi.
Progress and Application	Vandyke.

FORM J. III (A).

1st prize	Hart min.
Progress and Application	Martin ma.

(B)

1st prize	Berkeley Hill.
Progress and Application	Cooper ma.

FORM J. II (A).

1st prize	Meyer.
2nd „	Mackertich mi.
Progress and Application	Gregory IV.

(B).

1st prize	Smith.
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FORM J. I.

1st prize	Nailer.
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SPECIAL PRIZES.**MOORE PRIZES.** (Examination in Latin and Scripture.)

1st prize (open)	Khastgir.
2nd prize (open)	Booth.
Prizes for boys under 16	(Not awarded).

SPECIAL PRIZES.—contd.

1st prize (under 14 & 12)	Simpson ma.
1st prize (under 14 & 12)	Dryden.
2nd prize (under 14)	Sookias mi.
2nd prize (under 12)	Archard.
Special prize for Scripture only	Cloy ma.

DRAWING PRIZES.

1st prize (open)	Gregory ma.
2nd prize (open)	Paxton.
Prizes for Middle school	(Not awarded).
1st prize (junior school)	Cooper mi.
2nd prize (junior school)	Hart min.

READING PRIZES.

1st prize (open)	Paxton.
1st prize (Middle School)	Vandyke.
1st prize (Junior School)	Bleasdale ma.

Consolation prizes in the three divisions were awarded to Kellett, Simpson ma and Hammond.

SACRISTAN'S PRIZE Booth.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE PRIZE Carrau.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PRIZE

Barker.

MUSIC PRIZE

Boldy mi.

A special gift prize was awarded to Lakin for his three years' services as Choir Accompanist.

DUNFORD CRICKET BAT Reid ma.

HOBBIES PRIZES:—

Special Prizes for Design	Elias ma.
Paintings.	Fox.
Collections	Martin ma.
Woodwork	Hosmer.

VALETE.

Chaudhuri,	De,	Khan, A. M.
Otto,	Phillips,	Sookias, O.
Cooksey,	Fuller,	Alexander,
Anderson,	Aquino,	Cox,
Hatton, T.	Seymour,	Taylor E.
Bell, A. D.	Burdon,	Connell,
Maxwell,	Singh,	Broom,
Mathews,	Nahapiet,	Walker,
Welburn,	Beasley,	Maung,

VALETE.—contd.

Rogers,	Wilson,	Garland,
Ball,	Bell, J.	Dawson,
Sturrock,	Bell, J. D.	Calvert.
	Robson.	

AVETE.

Armour, D.	Armour, J.	Armour, R.
Arratoon, K.	Arratoon, S.	Allen, F.
Bentley	Berkeley-Hill,	Brodie.
Catchick.	Cleland,	Coueslant.
Dhanjibhoy.	Davies.	Gasper, L.
Grant.	Hodson.	Jefford.
Lall.	Lall, J.	Gupta.
Martin, H.	Marshall, H. H.	Ohn.
Prosad, L.	Prosad, B.	Panni, B.
Panni, M.	Robinson, H. A.	Reed.
Stuart.	Sookias, J.	Sookias, A.
Smith.	Stoutt, S.	Thomson.
Tin.	Tandan, N.	Tandan, R.
Turner, J.	West.	Ali.
Nailer.	Malins.	



RECTOR'S REPORT.

Nineteen-thirty has been a stormy year for India, but with us there has been peace and steady progress. Excepting for the earthquake which dragged us all out of our beds on July 3, there is nothing very extraordinary to report. We have been fairly successful at public examinations. During 1929 we secured 5 passes in the Cambridge School Certificate and 6 in the Junior. In both one candidate got honours. (Some of these results were reported in our last issue). In the October examinations of the Trinity College of Music we had 17 Passes, two of whom won honours. In games we have done well and only narrowly missed carrying off high honours. Excepting for some troublesome chicken-pox at the beginning of the year and 3 slight cases of diphtheria, our health has been excellent.

This story of quiet progress has shown a marked contrast to the political storms which have been disturbing the plains below. We have had nothing to remind us of those storms except the presence of an armed guard on our Armoury every night. Yet the troubles below are affecting us very seriously. Trade depression makes it hard for parents to face our bills, and at the same time the Government not only feels the effects of that depression, but also is compelled to spend so much on police that little remains for education. We are all the more grateful for the grants we have been promised in aid of our Art Room, Geography Laboratory and Carpenters' Shop.

Hobbies have been well maintained. Drawing and painting have profited much by having a special room set aside for the purpose. Dancing has flourished with a special class under Miss Godden for the senior boys. Debates went well in the earlier part of the year but have been discontinued latterly. The Carpenters Club has at least produced a fine ping-pong table, but it has suffered from lack of expert supervision and instruction. It will

not reopen till July when we hope to make a fresh start. In gardening Miss Robinson has achieved some excellent results with the juniors, and the Scouts have made really phenomenal progress during the year under Mr. Coombes. An important development has been seen this year in our junior school. A room has been set apart under Miss Humphries for a beginners' class on Kindergarten lines, and the new venture has proved an unqualified success.

In closing I want to express my very warm thanks to all who have with me borne the burden of the school through all these months. I have deeply appreciated their loyalty and patience and unfailing readiness to step into gaps. The school is very fortunate at the present time in the men and women who form its staff. I should also like to thank the prefects who have been a real strength to the school. I am sorry to be saying good-bye to so many of them and especially sorry to lose Booth who has made a very great success of the difficult post of Senior Prefect.

Mrs. Pelly and Elizabeth and I are going to England and shall not return till June. The Rev. G. Keable of Bishop's College, Calcutta, will come into the Rectory early in March and act for me, while Mr. Clarke will be in charge of all the ordinary administration of the school.

STAFF NOTES.

At the beginning of the year Mr. and Mrs. Coombes joined us in place of Mr. Westrup, and Mrs. Forbes succeeded Mrs. Jack as Hospital Matron, while Mrs. Pelly took over the duties of Medical Officer. Mrs. Simpson succeeded Mrs. Phillips as matron of Johnson Hall and Miss Humphries came to take charge of the newly organised "Junior One." Mr. Davey was still quite unfit for work and left us in May. We were able to collect enough money not only to send him to England in comfort, but also to hand him a present of £150. The School gave him a travelling clock.

In May Mr. Datta joined us as Science Demonstrator. In July Captain Humphries who had been carrying a giant's burden surrendered the Bursar's office to Mr. Clarke, who has been most ably assisted in that department by Mrs. Clarke. Mr. Seal left us after long years of faithful service as head clerk, and Mr. Thapa took his place.

September saw the resignation of Mr. Sahai, who has done most effective work for us as Hindi teacher during the last 4 years, and we were fortunate to secure Mr. Benjamin Rudra in his place. Mr. Rudra is a cousin of the late Principal S. K. Rudra of Delhi and comes to us with a great reputation for athletics.

At the end of this year we lose Mrs. Simpson, who leaves for England. Few people have loved the school so well as she, and few have been so well loved in return. Her place as matron of Johnson Hall will be taken by Mrs. Cox, while Mrs. Cox's teaching work will be undertaken by Miss Dorothy Bryan, who took a first class certificate at the Naini Tal Training College, and has

since had 3 years' teaching experience. We also lose Mr. Fisher. As teacher of English, as trainer of the Choir and as producer of plays he has made a unique contribution to the life of the school. His place will be taken by Mr. K. M. Cuckow who is a Cambridge graduate and has taught at schools in England and on the Continent. Lance-Corporal Weaving, our Cadet Instructor, also leaves. He was very popular here and proved himself a true friend of St. Paul's.



SCHOOL NOTES.

We congratulate A. M. Khan, K. K. Majumdar and H. J. L. Phillips on gaining the Cambridge Senior School Certificate as a result of the examinations held in December 1929.

We congratulate J. K. Majumdar on obtaining his Air Pilot's Certificate and are inclined to credit the rumour that he is the youngest air pilot in India.

We also congratulate E. C. H. Reid on his Boxing success at the Globe Theatre, Calcutta, where, on the 25th of January, he defeated D. K. Chatterjee, on points. A detailed report of the bout does not appear elsewhere in our columns as our Vacation Correspondent in Calcutta was unavoidably absent.

We have to thank Mr. Kydd for the cover design for this and last year's number of the *Chronicle*.

Several new prizes were offered this year. Mrs. Pelly presented prizes for drawing. All sketches had to be from life, a stipulation which guaranteed a certain originality of design, but originality of subject was rather lacking from the drawings submitted. Members of the new Art Club were too easily satisfied with the view out of the club-room windows. Having been asked to recommend suitable subjects for next year we would suggest the quarry for cubist pictures, any waterhole near any school camp for figure studies, the school compound for character sketches, any member of the school after a visit of Blackie's for Post-impressionism.

Prizes for Reading and for contributions to the school *Chronicle* were presented by Mr. Fisher. The first prize in the latter competition was won by J. A. N. Carrau for the articles appearing above his initials in this number of the *Chronicle*. We hope these competitions may become a permanent feature of the school year. The names of this year's prize-winners are printed elsewhere.

Idlers on the school compound have been treated this year to a specially varied programme of unofficial sports and pastimes. The more obviously popular of these, given in chronological order, were Hop-Scotch, Taws, Tops, and Kites. It is curious that these are all among the very oldest games of civilised man. The word "Taw" is merely the name for the Greek letter T, drawn by the blasphemous youth of Athens, perhaps, on the dusty floor in dark corners of the Parthenon as a base from which to throw his marbles. But if these four favourites are very old, other quite popular pastimes are very new. Can anyone in the Rectory tell us who invented "Cobweb-catching," and what is the proper name for this sport?

In addition to the Scout Camp there have been three holiday camps held this year. Mr. Doherty took a party of eight to Badamtam for a week-end at Easter and a very select party to Peshoke in Poojah week. At Badamtam they bathed in the Rungit, at Peshoke they just bathed, sometimes in a tank but more often out of it. For the Whitsun holidays Mr. Fisher took a party of eight to Sitrapong power station and they, too, bathed—at first in a tank, but as they used to emerge with hair thick with mosquito larvae they found a large pool under a waterfall in a neighbouring ravine and bathed there instead. An Oxford influence was observable in the costume that was sometimes adopted. When the party wasn't bathing it was consuming the dishes prepared by that efficient and most inventive cook, Booth. Those who were lucky enough to go on these camps cannot thank Mr. Doherty and Mr. Fisher enough for giving them the chance of enjoying such a holiday,—so much bathing. We publish photographs of the sites visited.

We have been remarkably free from epidemics this year and as a direct result of this we have had many added opportunities of meeting our friends of S. Michael's and Queen's Hill Schools, going to their entertainments, welcoming them at ours. One of the most charming incidents of the year was, of course, the dance given by some of the Senior boys to some of the Senior girls of the "Dio" on October 2. The hall was transformed into a bower of bliss, every detail of which was

reproduced in the shining mirror of the floor. Changing lights played across the scene. . . Was this our prep. hall?—bewildered juniors asked. The only answer was the select orchestra playing "My Blue Heaven." As a direct result of this we have had an epidemic of poetry. Some lines of one of the poets have been given room elsewhere.

The club has latterly been embellished by the arrival of a ping-pong table of official aspect and dimension, the creation and gift of H. Hosmer. We thank him: Mr. Edwards and Mr. Fisher say it is a very good table. We hope to try it for ourselves next year when the experts will have separated.

The climate of Jalapahar makes the preservation of the School library a most difficult task. At present the fungoid growth is barely checked and the thought of inwardly digesting any library book is beginning to daunt the toughest. But there are rumours of better days ahead, of probably a duster, or possibly a fire. The librarians dream of comfortable chairs, of a gramophone and records of good music (other than jazz), of bursting shelves. . . . We invite fairy godmothers and old boys to help make these dreams come true and suggest that every boy leaving the school should present a new book to the library.

And, lastly, what about that swimming bath? Those gentlemen who are going to the seaside for their holidays should bring back their buckets and spades and we'll start digging it.



CHAPEL NOTES.

The Metropolitan visited us twice during the year and on his second visit administered Confirmation to 13 boys and gave his blessing to three Armenian boys.

One noteworthy event during the year was the baptism of Pamela Edwards on March 16, and another was the Carol singing on the top of Water Tower Hill on the morning of Ascension Day. The Choir has sung at two weddings at St. Andrews' Church and its presence there on Sunday evenings has been warmly appreciated. The Chaplain has been good enough to express that appreciation in most substantial forms.

Among our preachers have been the Revs. J. Huffton, G. Keable, P. J. Heaton and Messrs. R. T. Archibald and A. S. T. Fisher.

OFFERTORIES :—

			Rs.	A.	P.
Chapel Building Fund	107	13	9
Additional Clergy Society	19	9	3
Sriratanpur Cowboys' School	44	12	6
Old Church Homes, Calcutta,	40	8	6
Chapel Expenses	30	14	0
" Kalu " a blind man	14	12	0
Bible Society	21	2	3
St. Michael's Extension Fund	52	0	0
Total			...	331	12 3

The above figures include the offertories at the joint services with St. Michael's School.

THE CHOIR.

Very little need be added to the remarks about the work of the choir which have already been made and which will be made in a review of the school concert. [We have been a little handicapped by the youthfulness

and inexperience of the trebles, which the loss of Bell-- and of Kellett at half-term—has made rather apparent, but that is a promising sign for the future as most of the present trebles should remain in the choir for two or three years. We shall be sorry to lose Oakley who, although very young, has made a real effort to fill the gap caused by Kellett's retirement.

Mr. Clarke and Mr. Coombes joined us at the beginning of the year, and the former especially has made himself invaluable as the mainstay of the Basses.

Musically the best performance of the year was the carol-singing from the top of the Water Tower Hill on Ascension Day, for which three quite new carols were learnt. We have also learnt two or three new anthems—notably Mozart's *Ave Verum*—some 30 new hymns, and descants and introduced a new chant book, *The New Cathedral Psalter*. This has been a heavy programme for a young and inexperienced choir, but nothing venture, nothing win, and at least we have enjoyed ourselves and laid a good foundation for future achievements. *Jubilate Deo*.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

This year Saturday evenings have been brighter than ever before, owing to the excellent management of Mr. Doherty, the kindness of friends, and the native talent of the school. Take the cinema for example. Educational films were almost entirely discontinued and as a result we had fewer but much better pictures, like *The Three Musketeers*. Then the Rev. Thompson, unaccountably charmed by the vocal efforts of our choir on Sunday evenings at St. Andrew's, sent the school such excellent films as *Bulldog Drummond*.

We had lantern lectures by Mr. Clarke, The Rector, and Mr. Archibald, and, early in the year, an astonishing exhibition of Acrobatics and Jugglery by a family of Chinese experts.

But in the panorama of the year's entertainment it is the concerts that stand out as landmarks. A very beautiful little concert was that given on August 23, by a party of friends collected by Mr. Fisher. Mrs. Vere-Hodge sang some songs we knew and shall remember, and some recitations which it will be impossible for us to forget; Captain Adams, an old friend of the school, gave us a cople of Chopin's Preludes and a Brahms' Waltz on the piano. Colonel Winckworth gave us the rare treat of listening to a beautiful instrument beautifully played—the 'cello. Finally Mrs. Panting, violinist, enabled the other two instrumentalists to give us a pleasant Trio by a modern composer—Armstrong Gibbs.

Just before they left Jalapahar in September the band of the York and Lanc's. Regiment gave us a concert as a very generous return for the loan of our sports ground for matches and practices. Perhaps the most interesting item of the programme was the Haydn *Farewell Symphony*, but the most popular was probably the excellent jazz provided, and the whole concert was thoroughly enjoyed by the school.

And so we come to the House Concerts. During the past few years competition between the houses has goaded boys and housemasters alike to a frenzied pitch of enthusiasm and this year, surely, a climax was reached. Only Clive pretended to give us the "informal little function" they were once supposed to be, and Havelock produced such an excellent programme that it had to be repeated before our friends of S. Michael's School. Havelock started with a miniature Revue containing a chorus of Darjeeling ladies and all the star turns of the first half of term—the armoury guard, Ghandi, the school battery of prams, and a song against pacifists composed by Mr. Fisher (the whole Revue smelt a little strongly of Mr. Fisher). This was followed by a song *Oh no, John!* sung in Spanish costume by Mr. Fisher and Kellett, a song which has become quite a by-word in Darjeeling. Elias ma and Paxton have mocked it, the artist of our contemporary, *The Orchid*, has illustrated it, others (too many to mention by name) have even imitated it. Did they have John's success? Well, it depends on how well they copied the kiss. John's very heart was in it. But the real talent of Havelock was concentrated in their production of Shaw's play, *Androcles and the Lion*. Poor little Androcles was played by Mr. Fisher—enough said—but Elias ma, both as bullying wife in the first scene and as the bull of a Christian in the second, played his part well, while Hart ma as Caesar and Kellett as Centurion were equally efficient. The enormous success of the play as far as the audience, and especially the junior school, was concerned depended, however, on the quite extraordinary impersonation of a lion by Tandan ma and his scenes with Androcles will linger long in the memory of the school.

The Lawrence House Concert was quite in the Lawrence House tradition, all that we expected it to be, a triumph of organisation, full of assurance, full of elegant finish. The costumes were lovely and they were

new—we recognised none of the old familiar garments from the school property box and the stage was a fitting setting for them. Fabulous birds sang among the branches of a sub-tropical arbour of Eden, Cupid discharged his bolts in an old-time Chelsea garden—a little overdressed it is true, but that was not Miss Robinson's fault, for, wherever school equipment and Darjeeling ethics allowed, everything she and her colleagues produced was right, rich with a rare flavour of the Rococo. Probably the most popular items of the programme were the two action songs *The Shepherdess* and *Old Man River* by Mr. Coombes and Captain Humphries, assisted by a Cupid or Coons as the case required. There were various topical sketches, a harmonica display by Reid ma, a very well-articulated recitation by Keyworth ma. Lawrence House is to be congratulated on maintaining its own high standard so well.

Hastings House concert came in a whole rush of events at the end of the year and in spite of this handicap gave us a most excellent show. Of course Mr. Clarke saw that it tasted of jazz rather a lot, but that is something new and only pleased us all the more. *The Wedding of the Painted Doll*, a fully illustrated musical item, was the best thing they gave us. The bare legs and thighs of the chorus, especially at the encore dance, rose to incredible heights and fell all together in rhythmic witchery. Mrs. Clarke had trained them well. Gregory ma deserves a special measure of congratulation for his behaviour as the Sheikh's favourite dancing girl in the programme number entitled *Darjeeling Cinema Stars*, which seems to have been his own invention throughout. [We foresee a new star for the ballet. A topical sketch entitled *The Trial of Kenneth Bone* terminated a very jolly evening.

An account of the big School Concert is given elsewhere: it only remains for us to notice the many impromptu concerts given by the Senior boys in which the caprice of Elias ma and the whimsicality of Paxton have had full play, and very funny play it was. There was such a lot in the year's concerts for them to make fun of, for which we are as thankful as they.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

The School Concert, held during the Poojah holidays to attract visitors, amuse parents and augment the War Memorial Chapel fund, has now become something of an annual function, and this year Mr. Fisher and his talented company of artistes provided an entertainment the standard of which will be very hard to maintain. The choice of the day—October 8th—was rather unfortunate in that it was the last day of the holidays, the last day of the races, and His Excellency the Governor therefore unable to be present with us; it was made still more unfortunate by a strike of jockeys, delaying the races and preventing visitors from coming on to the concert afterwards. A further reason for the poor attendance was the fact that every other school in Darjeeling had already given a concert and visitors were beginning to think that they had had enough. They soon learnt from their wiser friends who came what great things they had missed.

The dress rehearsal on the 4th showed that the programme was too long and that much more help was needed for the management of stage and stage effects. Moreover an epidemic of sore throats put a sad handicap upon the choir. But all these things were remedied for the afternoon of the 8th, and everything ran smoothly, in calm assurance. The unaccompanied part songs of the choir sounded as songs of that period—17th and 16th century—were meant to sound. The ignorant asked for accompaniments, the connoisseur leaned back in his chair and was satisfied. The performance, so long as it is adequate, is nothing: the music is everything. It can stand by its own merits as it has stood for hundreds of years. Of the songs sung by members of the choir the opening five part Madrigal *Welcome Sweet Pleasure* and the closing two part *Sweet Kate* were the most

popular, perhaps because they were the most lively. The Canzonet sung by Boldy ma and Stoutt, Oakley and Williamson is a strangely charming little piece.

The remaining part of the musical programme was designed to show how songs used to be sung in other times from ours, and consisted of two scenes, one of an Elizabethan dining room after the ladies had retired from dinner and left the three gentlemen over their wine glasses, the other of a merchant ship in the early years of the last century when sailors struck sail or weighed anchor to the rhythm of sea shanties. So we learnt that Sir Walter Raleigh captured a Spanish Admiral just because he wanted a tenor for a madrigal, that the toughest of rum-drinking sailors could and did sing beautifully and tenderly when he had to leave Shenandoah and his daughter across the wide Missouri. The sea shanties were very good, the Elizabethan gentlemen excellent, but the best part of both was the way they made the old days, when singing was a man's game, live before us.

The producer and performers must be congratulated on making a real discovery in the one-act play *Mr. Sampson*, for it must be among the most perfect one-act plays in existence. The story of the heavy, middle-aged countryman who cannot decide which of the two middle-aged ministering spinsters he is going to marry—he wants both, and envies the 'eathen Turk—is told perfectly simply with a quiet convincing humour. A suggestion of tragedy gives a poignant taste to the whole, a taste which lingers on the palate because the mystery of Mr. Sampson's choice is never solved for us. The three actors, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Miss Robinson were careful not to overact their parts, content to let the words and action speak for themselves. The characters were English West-Country, so that Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were quite at home with the soft burring accent

and Miss Robinson was a conscientious and successful pupil. It was altogether a very happy little performance. Mr. Sampson was a delight.

The *Thread o' Scarlet* was undoubtedly the most popular item of the evening and brought it to a fitting end.

It was a startling contrast to the other play, for we were given twenty minutes of gathering horrors and then a sudden, terrible and unsuspected conclusion. Not a single hitch occurred to shatter the illusion of actual tragedy and bring the audience back to earth. Booth and Paxton worked wonders with the stage effects: the lightning was blinding and instant upon its cue, the clatter of hail most terrible to hear. As for the actors they consumed tankards of black beer and felt perfectly at ease—all except Mr. Doherty who never got the whisky he kept coming for, and Mr. Fisher, who had a bad conscience. Mr. Clarke was excellent as a village tradesman and the characters of Breen and the travellers were played as perfectly as the parts would allow. The most difficult part, was, of course, that of the real murderer Butters, for he had little to say and yet had to focus the attention of the audience on himself and maintain a state of tense emotional and nervous strain throughout the play. Needless to say Mr. Fisher's dramatic experience was equal to the task and the play was a notable success.

One-act plays lend themselves to amateur acting, yet we believe that the two plays mentioned above were the only two produced in Darjeeling publicly this year. (We are not including musical plays of any description.) The Darjeeling public likes plays—well then, the Darjeeling public should keep an eye on the programmes of S. Paul's School concerts!

PROGRAMME.

1. Madrigal "Welcome sweet pleasure" *Thomas Weelkes, 1598.*
Song "Gather ye rosebuds" *Henry Lawes, c. 1640*
[The Choir]
2. ONE ACT PLAY "Mr. Sampson" *Charles Lee*
Caroline Miss B. B. Robinson
Catherine Mrs. R. Edwards
Mr. Sampson Mr. R. Edwards
SCENE:—A room in the two sisters' Cottage.
3. Elizabethan Conversation and "Pastime with
Good Company" *Madrigal by Henry VIII.*
(Messrs. Clarke, Coombes and Fisher)
4. Sea-Shanties { "Blow the man down"
"Shenandoah"
(Mr. H. E. Coombes and Seniors)
5. Canzonet "Sweet nymph, come to thy lover" *Morley 1586.*
(Masters Boldy, Williamson, Oakley and Stoutt).
6. Song. "Ca' the ewes to the knowes"
"Sweet Kate" *Scotch Traditional Robert Jones 1609*

[The Choir]

INTERVAL.

7. ONE ACT PLAY "The Thread o'Scarlet" *J. J. Bell*
Migsworth } village tradesmen Mr. H. Clarke
Smith }
Butters }
Flett, landlord of the Inn L. Elias
Breen, an odd-job man Mr. R. B. Doherty
A Traveller Mr. R. Edwards
SCENE:—Smoke-room of a small village inn, some
eight miles from the county town.
TIME:—The Present.

GOD SAVE THE KING-EMPEROR.

GAMES.

There are some very encouraging things that might be said about our games this season, and on the other hand there are many things that have left us disappointed.

We have entered, despite our weaknesses, into all the local competitions from a twofold point of view—firstly, to make those competitions a success and, secondly, to encourage the Junior School to take a more intense interest in the School teams, seeing that future teams will be drawn from their ranks.

The standard of all our games has been maintained—that of our fives has been definitely improved thanks to the Rector and Mr. Fisher.

In cricket we were undeniably weak—what we should have done without Mr. Coombes and Mr. Edwards is best left to the imagination. The paucity of batsmen and bowlers reacted rather badly on the fielding of the team—it was not so good as it has been in recent years. We congratulate St. Joseph's on regaining the Edinburgh Shield and hope next year to give them a better fight for it.

A disappointing characteristic of both the hockey and football teams was the inability to finish off a good movement by scoring—the forwards always seemed too prone to want to manœuvre into an easy scoring position whereas they could have scored much more frequently if they had been quicker to shoot from the position in which they received the ball.

But that does not deter us from being proud, and justifiably so I think, of our season's record.

At football we met St. Joseph's on three occasions—the first of which (at North Point) we lost by a single

goal—later at home we succeeded in beating them by 3 goals to 2 after a very good game. The third time was in the first round of the Herlihy Cup and was played at North Point; after being in arrear by 2 goals to 1 at the interval we succeeded in winning by 5 goals to 2. The outstanding feature of the game was Booth's goalkeeping—we give him our heartiest congratulations on his magnificent display. We were again runners-up in the Herlihy Cup, losing in the Final to 'B' Company York and Lancaster Regt., who were too heavy and sturdy for us. This is the second year in succession that we have participated in the Final of this tournament—perhaps the third time will be lucky!

We were disappointed in being unable to arrange games with the D.C.L.I. who were stationed at Leborg, but we were correspondingly grateful to the York and Lancaster Regt., for providing us with opposition for both 1st and 2nd XI's on so many occasions.

The three local hockey tournaments gave us three reverses by 1 goal to *nil*. The weather was severely blamed in our first match—it favoured our heavier and slower military opponents much more than it did us, but even so we had to play extra time before they scored their goal.

The Newton Cup match against Victoria was an exciting affair—and here again extra time had to be played before Victoria scored a very lucky goal. Our congratulations to them on winning the Newton Cup. We trust that next year the competition will be arranged earlier so that all the schools will be able to play.

Looking over the result shews us that we lost more matches than we won—altogether we played 31 matches, won 10 and lost 18—but we feel that the results do not reflect the true nature of our games this year and that they were actually better by far than the results indicate. We look forward eagerly to next year full of hope and confidence.

CRICKET,

Played 6 matches, Won 2 and Lost 4.

Versus

Mr. Dudley's XI. Won by 68 runs—129 to 61

*Odd Numbers. Lost by 30 runs.—114 and 73 to 60 and 157

*D. C. L. I. Lost by 2 wkts.—141 and 93 to 118 and 120

*Planters. Lost by 55 runs.—160 and 54 to 124 and 145

*St. Joseph's. Lost by 7 wkts.—94 and 71 to 132 and 158 (for 7)

*Municipal. Won on 1st innings—160 and 211 to 132 and 45 (for 4)

*Edinburgh Shield Matches.

Batting Averages (Qualification 5 innings)

	No. of innings	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Mr. Coombes	11	0	98	336	30.54
Reid ma.	10	0	48	169	16.90
Cloy	10	2	38	116	14.50
Mr. Edwards	11	0	25	132	12.00
Lakin	11	0	45	132	12.00
Booth	5	0	18	42	8.40
Khastgir	9	2	30	54	7.85
Walker	5	0	24	39	7.80
Paxton	11	4	11	46	6.57
Elias ma	11	0	35	54	4.90
Wise	10	3	6	22	3.14
Brindley	8	0	5	14	1.75

Also batted

Mr. Clarke	1	0	24	24
John ma.	4	0	11	13
Majumdar ma.	2	1	5	5

Bowling Averages (Qualification 10 wickets)

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Mr. Coombes	82.5	24	290	31	9.35
Mr. Edwards	143.2	20	484	43	11.25
Reid ma.	52.2	5	196	17	11.41

Also bowled

Lakin	11	1	58	6	9.67
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Catches. Mr. Coomes, 6: Elias, 6: Reid, 5: Mr. Edwards, 4: Cloy, 3: Wise, 3: Lakin, 2: Brindley, 2: Paxton 1

FOOTBALL.

Played 18 matches. Won 7, Drew 3, Lost 8. Goals for, 42 : against, 44.

June	12	A York & Lancaster Regt. XI	Lost	1—2
„	16	'A' Co. York & Lances.	Won	2—1
„	21	Government High School Past & Present	Lost	2—3
„	24	'A' Co. York & Lances.	Drew	6—6
„	26	Presidency & Assam District	Lost	3—4
July	3	'A' Co. York & Lances.	Won	3—2
„	4	St. Joseph's (at North Point)	Lost	0—1
„	9	Hospital Staff Jalapahar	Lost	0—4
„	10	Hospital Staff Jalapahar	Won	4—1
„	14	Signallers York & Lances	Won	2—0
„	17	A York & Lances XI	Drew	2—2
„	19	St. Joseph's (at Jalapahar)	Won	3—2
„	22	York & Lances. Military Police	Drew	4—4
„	30	*St. Joseph's (at North Point)	Won	5—2
„	31	York & Lances. Band	Lost	2—3
August	7	*H. Q. Wing P. & A. District	(Semi-final) Won	2—1
„	12	York & Lances. Signallers	Lost	1—2
„	16	*'B' Co. York and Lances. (Final)	Lost	0—4

*Herlihy Cup Matches.

HOCKEY.

Played 7 matches. Won 1, lost 6. Goals for, 5 : against, 10.

August	23	*York & Lances. Detachment	Lost	0—1
„	25	York & Lances Detachment	Lost	0—3
Sept.	4	†Police	Lost	0—1
„	26	York & Lances Detachment	Won	4—0
Oct.	10	Jaipal Singh's XI	Lost	1—3
Nov.	1	§Victoria (at Jalapahar)	Lost	0—1
„	7	Victoria (at Kurseong)	Lost	0—1

*John's Shield Match—after extra time.

†Darjeeling Hockey Cup.

§Newton Hockey Cup—after extra time.

COLOURS.

The following colours have been awarded for the season 1930.

CRICKET.	FOOTBALL.	HOCKEY.
Lakin	Booth	Lakin
Booth	Lakin	Booth
Reid ma	Cloy	Wise
Elias ma	Reid ma	Reid ma
	Paxton	Khastgir
	Khastgir	Hart ma
	Wise	*Gibbs
	Hart ma	*Cloy
	Gibbs	*Majumdar ma
	*Majumdar ma	*Paxton
		*Brindley ma

*denotes Half colours

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Sports day was celebrated this year on October 25th under ideal weather conditions and in the usual atmosphere of high excitement. In spite of a recent illness His Excellency the Governor honoured us with his presence and Lady Jackson very kindly presented the prizes. Hastings House is to be congratulated on the very decisive way it won the inter-house Relay and the Staff Cup presented to the House gaining most points for all events combined. We also congratulate Lakin and the other winners of the Challenge Cups.

As usual the ladies of the compound saw to it that the visitors were given an excellent tea in the hall, and as usual His Excellency the Governor saw to it that we were given a whole holiday,—a happy finish to a happy day.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.—*contd.*

Here are the details of the results :—

(CLASS I (open.))

HIGH JUMP—1st Cloy I, 2nd Majumdar I. (Height 5 ft.).

LONG JUMP—1st Lakin, 2nd Majumdar I. (Length 18 ft. 7 ins.).

100 YARDS—1st Majumdar I, 2nd Hart I. (Time 11-1/5 secs.).

120 YARDS HURDLES—1st Hart I, 2nd Reid I. (Time 18-3/5 secs.).

HALF MILE—1st Carrau, 2nd Paxton. (Time 2 mins. 26-3/5 secs.).

QUARTER MILE—1st Lakin, 2nd Hart I. (Time 59 secs.).

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL—1st Lakin, 2nd Gibbs. (Distance 90 Yds.).

Senior Challenge Cup won by Lakin with 10 points.

CLASS II (under 16 years.)

HIGH JUMP—1st Peacock I, 2nd Edwards. (Height 4 ft. 5 ins.).

LONG JUMP—1st Fox, 2nd Sen. (Length 16 ft. 6 ins.).

100 YARDS—1st Sen, 2nd Tandan. (Time 11-3/5 secs.).

220 YARDS—1st Sen, 2nd Hart II. (Time 28-2/5 secs.).

HALF MILE—1st Khan, 2nd Ohn. (Time 2 mins. 36-1/5 secs.).

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL—1st McGinley, 2nd Sen. (Distance 66 Yds. 1 ft.).

Junior Challenge Cup won by Sen with 11 points.

CLASS III (under 14 years.)

HIGH JUMP—1st Martin I, 2nd Nicol. (Height 4 ft. 3 ins.).

100 YARDS—1st Cloy II, 2nd Sookias II. (Time 12-3/5 secs.).

220 YARDS—1st Cloy II, 2nd Davies. (Time 30 secs.).

QUARTER MILE.—1st Cloy II, 2nd Allen I. (Time 68-3/5 secs.).

Class III Challenge Cup won by Cloy II with 9 points.

CLASS IV (under 12 years.)

HIGH JUMP—1st Mackertich I, 2nd Oakley. (Height 4 ft. 5 ins.).

100 YARDS—1st Cooper II, 2nd Mackertich I. (Time 14 secs.).

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.—*contd.*

220 YARDS—1st Cooper II, 2nd Oakley. (Time 32 secs.).

QUARTER MILE—1st Cooper II, 2nd Oakley. (Time 75 secs.).

Class IV Challenge Cup won by Cooper II with 10 points.

CLASS V (under 10 years.)

100 YARDS—1st Meyer, 2nd Martin III. (Time 14-2/5 secs.).

220 YARDS—1st Meyer, 2nd Grant. (Time 34 secs.).

QUARTER MILE.—1st Grant, 2nd Mackertich II. (Time 1 min. 21-3/5 secs.).

QUARTER MILE HANDICAP—1st Armour III, 2nd Grant.

CLASS VI (under 8 years.)

100 YARDS—1st Turner II, 2nd Panni I. (Time 16-3/5).

150 YARDS HANDICAP—1st Panni II.

INTER-HOUSE RELAY RACE—1st Hastings, 2nd Havelock, 3rd Lawrence, 4th Olive.

GYMNASTICS.

The Gymnastic Display was held on the last Saturday of term, November 15th, as a prelude to the prize giving. The various items were all well appreciated by the small audience that the late season of the year produced especially the Swedish Drill, the Tableaux and the Flower. A noteworthy innovation this year was the Junior gym. class, and the whole display was an excellent tribute to the hard work and keen interest of Captain Humphries.

The following is a list of the Gym. Eight.

Reid ma (Capt.)

Gibbs

Cloy ma

Carran

McGinley

Gregory mi

Gasper

Reid mi

SIKIM CUP.

	Clive.	Hastings.	Havelock	Lawrence
Football ..	5	33	40	22
Hockey ..	29	26	22	23
Cricket ..	30	10	20	40
Boxing ..	20	10	30	40
Fives ..	24	23	35	18
Gym ..	6	12	6	26
Shooting..	1	24	4	22
Hobbies ..	14·5	17	15	7·5
Music ..	16	25	17	15
Cambridge Exams ..	4	88	72	54
Sports ..	45·6	71·2	44·5	42·2
Prize List	38	35	8	20
Work ..	100·7	100	93·8	100
Total ..	333·8	474·2	407·3	429·7

CADET CORPS.

Thanks to our Commander, Capt. Humphries, with the able assistance of Lance-Corporal Weaving, we still retain our usual position as No. 1 Platoon of the N. B. M. R. Cadets. The platoon has worked splendidly throughout the whole year and everyone showed great keenness and enthusiasm.

On May 11th we attended the funeral of Lt.-Col. J. O. Little. It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of our Commanding Officer.

On June 3rd the platoon paraded on the Market Square in honour of the King's birthday and again distinguished itself.

During the year we have been twice inspected: on July 1st by our new Commanding Officer Lt.-Col. Powhele, and on October 3rd by General Orton, when the untiring efforts of Captain Humphries were rewarded with the success they deserved. The General declared that he was very pleased both with the turn out and drill, and he therefore asked the Rector to grant us a holiday as a mark of his appreciation.

On November 11th we attended the Armistice Day Service at S. Andrew's Church.

During October the enrolled cadets fired their annual course at Lebong. The Webb Cup and Grant Gordon Cup, fired for by enrolled cadets only, were both won by Cadet Reid; the McGinley cup for junior cadets was won by Cadet McGinley.

Finally the activities of the year were brought to a close with an exhibition of Physical Drill given as an item of the Gym. Display on the last Saturday of term.

Sergt. H. BOOTH.

SCOUTS AND CUBS.

SCOUTS.

The Troop ("Carmichael's Own") started this year with thirty-five scouts. The five patrols with seven in each had just been made and we were going along full steam ahead, when we had to say "farewell" to Hart and Fox. They left us to join the Cadets and we wish them the very best. This meant a re-organisation of the patrols because we lost in them two patrol leaders. However, things were soon put straight. Every boy put his shoulder to the wheel and before long the whole troop could boast of its scouts being at least Tenderfeet, with a few stray Second Class Scouts here and there. Of course it was our ambition to have a troop of Second Class Scouts, and now we claim to have twenty-four of our number as having reached that standard—a splendid achievement I think.

Reviewing the activities of the troop, apart from the passing of tests, we naturally turn to our first appearance in public on the King-Emperor's birthday. A big parade was held in the Market Square, when the Scouts took up their position at the Northern end. We lacked nothing in smartness when it came to marching past His Excellency, at the salute. Previous to this we had a short parade up here in front of the flag on Empire Day.

The "red letter" day in the scouting year was undoubtedly the day we left for our Poojah camp. We are very grateful to Mr. Bee of the Senchal Dairy Farm for the loan of his bungalow at the foot of Tiger Hill. The house was more than enough for us as regards accommodation, in spite of the fact that the "Bull-pups" had to occupy a closed-in verandah. But they loved the idea, chiefly because it was near the "grub" table I suppose! The "Lions," "Swifts" and "Stags" each had a nice room to themselves, and looked after it with great care and pride.

We did all our own cooking with a few "tips" from "Spring Heel Jack," my long suffering bearer, who added much to the fun in the kitchen. The cooking and duties for the day were done on Inter-Patrol lines, and the "Swifts" I must admit excelled themselves and came out top; the "Lions" were a close second. The sing-songs at night, though not round a camp fire, the ground being too wet, were very successful, and I congratulate Sookias of the "Lions" on his splendid impersonation of the various members of the Staff. He kept us in roars of laughter for fully an hour, and I have decided to award him the Entertainer's badge. A programme of Scout competition was carefully drawn up for each morning, and scout games for the afternoon. The former were competed for with great enthusiasm on the part of the scouts, and the "Swifts," under Patrol Leader Williamson, ran out winners by the narrow margin of one point. I congratulate them very heartily.

The home-coming was a sad one; the prospect of School once again was not very pleasing, I was given to understand. I should like to thank Mr. Kydd and Capt. Humphries for their invaluable help. Without the latter's we might have starved. How dreadful eh, Scouts? and then lastly came the scout competitions at Government House for the Keelan Ambulance Shield, and the Jackson Shield for the best all-round Troop. In the former we came third and in the latter we came second to Victoria, being beaten by them by one point. We all worked very hard, and next year—well, we'd rather not say what we intend doing.

In concluding a most successful year of scouting I can't help but say that the Scouts played the game splendidly in everything, and I hope that next year they'll be as keen, if not keener, so that we may have even a more successful year of jolly good fun and work too. "Be Prepared" Scouts.

H. E. C.

CUBS.

Everybody at S. Paul's under 11 years of age is a cub. Nobody dreams of being anything else. That is why the Wolf Cub pack is so large and jolly.

P. S.—We think that those three sentences are quite good enough for a report upon the year's work and play, but the Editor doesn't agree. He says we have got to howl far better than that. All right, then, we'll show him what we can do. We can keep in step when we march past the Governor on the King-Emperor's birthday—the photographs proved it. We can produce a blood-curdling play—did you see "The Last Lollipop" at the Rehearsal of the big School Concert which all the schools in Darjeeling came to see? There were some very difficult bits of acting in that performance; for instance, somebody sucked the stick of dynamite in mistake for the lollipop and it got so wet that it wouldn't explode and we had to blow ourselves to pieces without it. It is a very difficult thing to do. And lastly, we can pass tests. By the end of last year only one Cub had gained his first star; at the end of this year seven cubs had gained first stars and three—Oakley (leader of the pack), Keyworth and Blaker—had won their second stars. The honour of being the Best Six of the year was won by Black Six, with Brown Six as a very close runner-up.

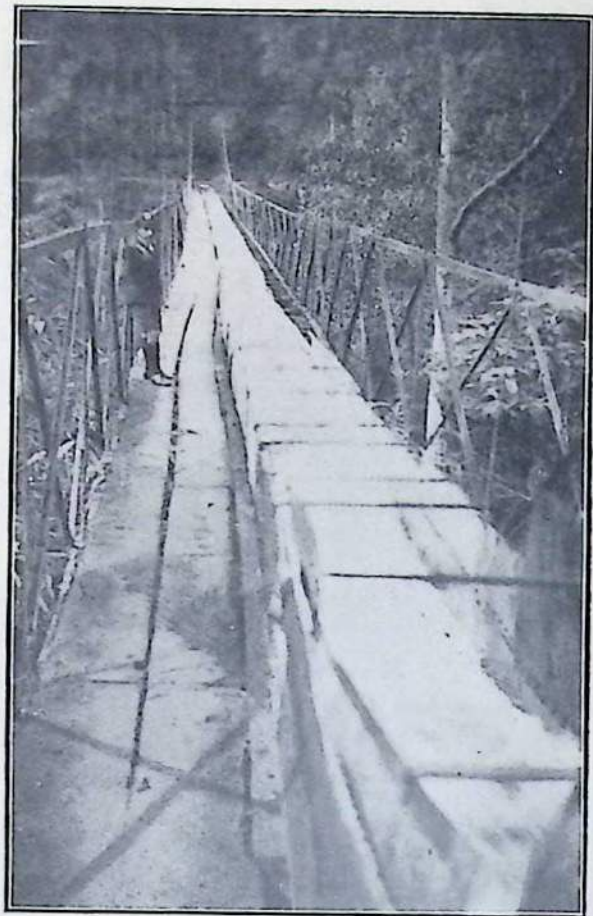
This is a very big howl we are making but we have almost finished. Surely the highest praise that was ever given to the work of the Wolf Cub Pack was this little piece of conversation overhead on the train on Going Home Day.

1st Cub (aged 9). We missed Cubs this afternoon. Which would you rather do,—go home, or have Cubs?

2nd Cub (aged 7). I would rather have Cubs and then go home.

His breath was sweet with the smell of toffee and his voice dreamy with delight.

AKELA.



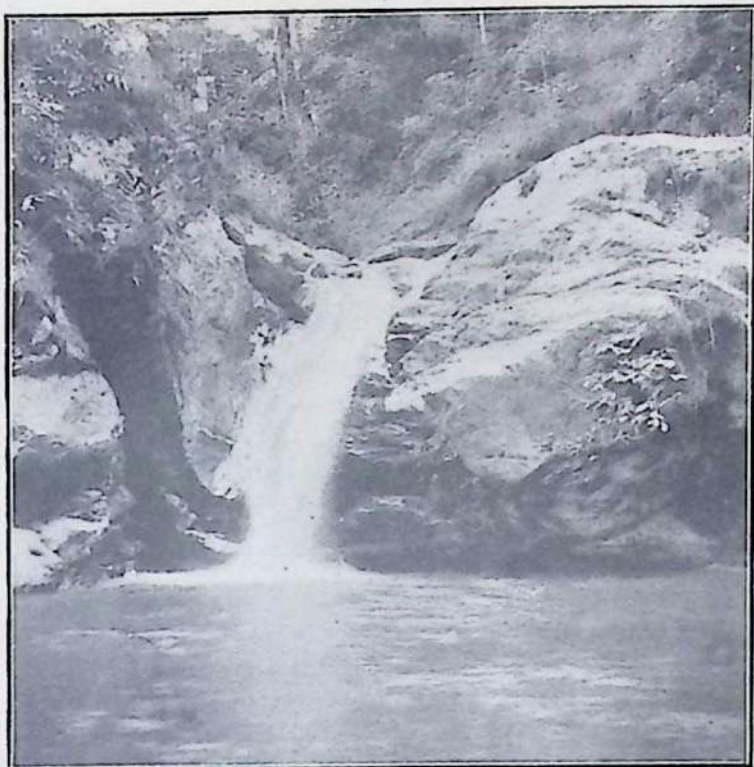
Aqueduct, Sitrapong.

Photo by L. George, Esq.



The Camp at Peshoke.

Photo by R. B. Doherty, Esq.



Bathing Pool, Sitrapong.

Photo by J. J. O'Dwyer, Esq.



The Rungit near Badamtam.

Photo by J. J. O'Dwyer, Esq.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Being commissioned by the editor of the Chronicle to collect all available 'copy' of the effects of the earthquake at St. Paul's, I ran up and met Smell who was nursing one of his usual grievances against Sandy at the time. Having offered my condolences I drew from him the following story :—

It was in the later part of the night of July 2nd that this cataclysmic event occurred. Having barked defiance at the jackals with a "bustie" cousin of mine, I thought I could do with a spot of sleep after my exertions. I had barely settled myself on the stage of the Prep Hall when a tremor shook my frame. I wondered idly if it was the effects of the ball-curry the boys had given me at dinner and had almost decided on the ball-curry when another shock toppled me off the edge of the stage. Now thoroughly alarmed, I decided to bury the hatchet and consult Sandy on the matter. Dashing off, I had barely arrived when a loud hub-hub of feet pounding down the stairs of Senior Dormitory arose. There was a crash, a muttered curse and two figures disentangling themselves from Mary's pram fled out on to the quad, displaying bare feet and flapping pyjamas in all their glory. They were closely followed by others similarly clad. The school bell was now rung by a "dark horse" from the Rectory, beating the favourite from Senior Dorm on the tape, or should I say the bell-rope? The quad then rapidly began to fill with boys from the various dormitories, who stood about in huddled groups, shivering and giving their opinions of the earthquake at the tops of their voices. The staff now made their appearance in an elegant parade of dressing gowns, some of those on view being especially tasteful. I wandered among this seething mass of humanity listening to the many raucous voices recounting the heroic manner in which they had behaved when the shocks overtook them, and had much ado to

keep myself from being crushed when the rain drove us under the "covered ways." Here we took refuge on mats provided by some thoughtful person. No further shocks having been felt for some time and the night growing chilly it was deemed safe at last to make a move for the dormitories. These were regained with much fear by some of the younger generation. But though not disappointed in their expectation of other shocks following at intervals, these were of so slight a nature that a few of the more sober ones were able to snatch a few hours of fitful sleep before the rising bell.

J. A. N. C.

VENGEANCE.

Here was I,—an outcast, just come from prison. As the people passed by they looked at me disdainfully and my heart burned with rage. A man trod on my toe, barging me off the pavement, and I vowed vengeance. But one person had pity on me and took me indoors and gave me food and got me the job of assistant barber.

As time went by my master trusted me more and more, and since he had no wife he promised to leave me his shop and money when he died. Next Sunday I went for a walk and thought of my former days and wickedness. Thus I contemplated as I walked homeward. When I was certain that the will had been made I acted swiftly and without mistake, and so I came into my inheritance. The body was taken away and the matter cleared up.

Under my shop was a cellar. I made a trap-door under the chair on which my customers sat, and bided my time. One morning the man who had insulted me on the pavement came into my shop. I started shaving him. When I came near his throat I smiled. Suddenly I slit his wind-pipe, opened the trap-door and he departed this life. My blood was up and many customers shared the same fate.

One day the coal merchant enquired why I had not been taking coal, demanded to see my cellar and tried to force the door. As we struggled I stabbed him and lifted the trap-door to dump his corpse when in came—a policeman. The game was up and I was caught. At 9-30 this morning I'll stand on the gallows and swing.

F. R. KELLETT, Form IV.

MY WORST CRIME.

*(The Editor cannot be expected to supply Private
Detectives with information concerning the date
and duration of the locust plague.)*

When I resigned from the army at S. Paul's School I had no relatives and only one faithful friend, my dog "Smell." I was out of work and very hungry; so was my dog. As we walked through the rows of shops in Fifth Avenue we arrived at a baker's. I perceived his name was "Blackie" by the inviting poster outside his shop,—*"Dine at Blackie's."* The smell of the vegetable pies was too much for Smell—it always was his trouble—and he dashed inside. Almost at once I heard him yell. I ran into the shop and saw my dog being chopped up by Blackie who was saying to his assistant, "Yes, he's nice and tender and will make good meat pies."

The blood rushed to my head: I felt dizzy, and, with a strength greater than my own I caught the two rascals and tossed them into the oven, shutting the door upon their cries. As soon as I realised what I had done I ran out of the shop and fled to the jungle below my old quarters at S. Paul's School where I am living on locusts and wild honey.

M. ELIAS, Form IV.

A CHRISTMAS PLAY.

(The following manuscript has fallen into the Editors' hands and we have thought it worth printing. It was written and produced last year by form Junior 2B in Scripture lessons and is almost entirely the work of the boys themselves.)

SCENE I.

(Near Bethlehem; wolves howling.)

MARY: Oh Joseph, when will we get to Bethlehem! I feel frightened. The wolves are only a little patch behind us.

JOSEPH: There's no need to be afraid. See! we are in sight of Bethlehem already.

M.: Oh good! But I do hope we shall find some room to sleep in.

J.: I heard that a new inn had been opened, but it will very likely be full as so many people have come for the enrolment.

(Silence until they arrive. A stout Innkeeper, bustling about to see that everybody is comfortable, sees Mary and Joseph.)

INNKEEPER: Well, what do yer want?

J.: Have you room in your inn, for two people only?

I-K.: There isn't room for one person.

J.: But we must have somewhere to sleep for the night.

I-K.: But man, I tell'ee there is not a corner left.

J.: Then can't you even let us have a barn?

MARY: Please, please sir, try your best to get a place for us.

I K.: *(Looks at Mary, then slowly scratches his head and says,)* Ye can have the cow-shed if ye want. It's nice and clean. Come along!

(When he reaches the barn he takes the cows one by one and ties them up.)

MARY : Oh thank you very much, sir, for taking all this trouble ; it is a good shed to spend the night in.

I-K. : Wait, I will send a sweeper with some fresh, clean straw so that you can make a bed for yourselves. And see that he sweeps out the shed properly when he comes. Goodnight.

M. & J. : Goodnight, sir, and thank you !

(Mary sits down and Joseph makes preparations.)

J. : I will hang this piece of canvas over the door, and hang the lantern up here and I will make a bed over here by the manger out of the straw when it comes.

(The sweeper enters with straw and the cows begin to moo. Joseph makes up the bed.)

MARY : Put some in the manger too.

J. : All right.

(The sweeper meanwhile is lazily sweeping the shed, When he has finished he yawns and goes out. The cows gradually stop mooing.)

MARY : Did you see to our ass, Joseph ?

J. : Yes, I did. Now don't you worry ; you go to sleep ; you must be very tired. Come, let's say our evening prayer.

God bless this house from thatch to floor
And safely keep the door,
Four angels guard our bed,
Two at the foot and two at the head.

(They settle down and go to sleep.)

SCENE 2.

(A field outside Bethlehem. Three shepherds round a camp fire. There is a howling of wolves.)

TOM : Have you got all the sheep in, Ben ?

BEN : Ay, sheep are all in fold.

JOE: (*Slapping his arms*). It grows cold o' nights now. Let's have that log on the fire, Ben. Something queer about this night, eh Tom?

TOM: Mighty queer. Seems to me to be getting lighter, not darker, and hark! even the wolves sound uneasy.

(*The howling dies away in a whine.*)

BEN: And that star is awfully bright.

JOE: See! It must be the sun that has got out of bed too soon!

(*They crowd together in fear as the light increases.*)

ANGEL: (*From out of the light*). Fear not, for I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be for all people. Go to Bethlehem and you shall see a baby, a Saviour King, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger, with Mary and Joseph.

Chorus of angels:

Glory to God in the highest

And on earth peace to those who please Him.

(*Shepherds come to their senses one by one as the light fades.*)

TOM, JOE & BEN: (*Slowly, one after the other*) Am I dreaming?

(*They blink at each other, then slowly begin to smile.*)

TOM: Well, I'm off to Bethlehem to see the King.

JOE: I'm going too, to see the Saviour.

BEN: But what about the sheep?

TOM: They needn't worry you my lad. There's a heaven full of angels just the other side of the darkness. They'll mind 'em till we get back.

BEN: Then I'll go too, to see the Little Boy.

(*They all shyly produce a little present, without showing it to the others. They approach the stable. A gentle mooing is heard.*)

Moo, Moo-oo, Moo-oo-oo.

(Outside they stop and whisper and nudge. The cows moo louder and an ass brays.)

MARY: Oh who is this coming to disturb us?

TOM: O Mother we have not come to disturb you but to worship our baby King.

JOE: The angels told us a Saviour had been born; where is He?

JOSEPH: Jesus is here in the manger.

(They peep into the manger and kneel.)

TOM: Hail, my King! I bring you my reed pipe.

JOE: Hail, little Saviour! I have carved you a little sheep with my penknife.


BEN: Hail, little tiny Boy! I have made you a ball from my lambs' wool.

(They kiss their presents and give them to Mary.)

MARY: The little Jesus thanks his friends.

(The shepherds depart. The cows moo gently again. All is peace.)

Moo, Moo-oo, Moo-oo-oo.



CREEPING DEATH.

The pain was maddening him. It seemed impossible to lie still enough. The smallest blade of grass by his side, releasing itself suddenly from the weight of his body, seemed to shake him all over, so that the pain of his broken leg made him scream. And it was just as impossible to keep his mind still. It ran amok to the rhythm of the stab, stabbing pain, just as he had never been able to keep his feet from beating time to the rhythm of jazz, although he hated jazz. So now he pictured himself, under the torture of the pain, as cut off from the world he knew by an endless wall of smooth black granite down which he ran, for ever hoping that the wall would end and let him turn the corner at last, but for ever despairing.

Come, this would never do. He must think, and think clearly. It would take his boy another hour to get to the nearest village and bring help. Yes, another hour at least. Oh God! Why had he gone out shooting alone? Why he had chosen such a wild, unfrequented piece of jungle? Why didn't he see that damned piece of vine tendril, or whatever it was, stretched across the path? Why didn't the boy come?—Oh, yes, of course, it would take nearly an hour before he could possibly return, of course, of course, of course,.....the stab, stabbing pain.....

Far away a brain fever bird broke into wail, repeated it in gathering crescendo until it became a scream, stopped suddenly, and then began to wail again. Surely that was himself screaming in pain? A mosquito played the topmost note of a violin in his ear: he dared not move and attempt to drive it away. He saw a couple of leeches, three, four, climbing down the tall blades of grass at the edge of the path. That was curious, for they usually climbed upwards. It was then that his ears, so sharpened by pain, first noticed a rustling in the jungle all round him, like the whispering of a thousand lips. He had his gun loaded and ready for any serious

emergency, but this couldn't be anything serious, for the sound came from all sides. It was merely the stir of insects that his morbidly sensitive ears could distinguish. Nevertheless as the sound seemed to grow louder and draw closer, he picked up his gun from the ground by his side and laid it across his chest.—Damn! One of those disgusting leeches had fixed itself upon the back of his hand. That was why they had come down the grasses, was it? They had scented his blood. He rubbed his hand against the hard ground of the path alongside him, hoping to dislodge the creature, but when he raised his arm to look, it was still there, and a second had fixed upon his wrist! He turned his head in quick alarm and there, a few inches from his eyes, was another of the loathsome little beasts, shooting out its blind black mouth at every step, groping for his blood, and from the grasses at either edge of the path there stretched rank upon rank of leeches craning towards him and already descending to the path, wave after wave of them breaking upon him from all sides of the jungle, thousands of black, sleek throats coming to slake their foul thirst at his body. Lustfully they fastened on the blood-soaked bandages round his leg. A sweat of horror broke out upon his skin. He tried to rise and tried to run, but even as he made the effort he collapsed and fell back upon the path in a dead faint. The leeches closed upon him, like a sea of waving tentacles.

When the body was found it had been drained of every drop of blood, and lay white against the pleasant green of the jungle. The skin was wrinkled and shrunk, like a half-deflated air-balloon.....

ISAAC MAUERBURG.



POEMS.

(Partly compiled from earlier versions.)

A SCHOOL SONG.

In 'Forty-five, in low Calcutta,
Ambition blessed our birth,
And now we front the stars of heaven,
The topmost school on earth.
Up stairs of wind Himalayan eagles
Carry their crested heads :
Take them as emblems of our journey,—
Onward and upward, the REDS!

Close, where eternal glaciers slumber,
There, from her granite walls,
In powdered pride cold Kanchenjunga,
Gives greeting to S. Paul's.
And high as rests our clouded dwelling,
Higher our spirit treads.
Where an eternal roadway, beckons,—
Onward and upward, the REDS!

A. S. T. F.

"THE DAY HAD COME."

The day had come, the stakes were fixed,
Fate gave the sign to throw ;—
I no such boldness would attempt,
And started very slow.

Yet I received no curt reproof
For my but slight advance,
And I should never falter if
I had a second chance.

J. A. N. C.

THE DIO DANCE.

The Dio Dance has come—and gone,
And many hearts are left forlorn,
Grieving for the sight of her,
Who in the foxtrot leaned so near,
Whose beauty left him in a daze,
In the waltzes dreamy maze.

Although his wits are all at sea,
He gallantly leads her into tea;
The chatter of a raconteur
He pours within her lovely ear,
When, offering everything in reach,
She trifles with a bit of each.

The meal being done he waits to learn,
Whose arm she will take on her return
From putting on her hat and cloak—
A serious art with women folk;
Then, spurning a lover's wretched tears,
He sends them off with hearty cheers.

J. A. N. C.

A PORTRAIT AND A STORY.

About his presence seems to brood
A grave and austere quietude
That no occasion small or great
Can ever mar or dissipate.

An evil-doer brought to book,
Shrinks and trembles at his look;
No, not in care and craven dread
Of dooms descending on his head,
But purely from a sense of shame—
It makes him feel so much to blame.

From school to school one hears the story
Of how, while wandering round the quarry,
He saw behind a rocky ridge
Four senior prefects playing bridge,
Though every self-respecting ass
Should certainly have been in class.

Perceiving that extreme dismay
 Had turned their faces dirty grey,
 With marvellous sympathy and tact,
 (And this is vouched for as a fact)
 He stilled their hearts' excited thumps
 By kindly asking what were trumps.

FORM 3.

The Third Form boy's a lucky boy,
 His life is just one round of joy,
 His work he deems a form of play,
 Devised to pass the hours away;
 His masters, too, are all in league
 To save him from the least fatigue.
 When tired of marble, hopscotch, top,
 He seeks amusement in the "shop,"
 And finds it pleasant to beguile
 A pleasant hour with nail or file:
 In class his luck is just as good,
 His youthful needs are understood,
 And the jovial education staff
 Divert him with good humoured chaff,
 Although he finds his play and school
 Quite entertaining as a rule
 Detention Drill's his chief delight,
 And oh, it is a cheerful sight,
 To see him and his little friends
 Performing complicated bends,
 Or doubling at a quickish pace
 With radiant smiles upon his face,
 And what a loud indignant hiss
 Will greet the hateful word "Dismiss!"
 "Not yet, not yet, oh fie for shame!"
 The little fellows all exclaim,—
 "Just one knees bend before we part,
 "You can't deny us,—have a heart!"

OLD PAULITES NOTES.

Several old Paulites visited the school during the year, among whom were P. Walsh, S. Behrend. H. Farrow, A. Lawrence, K. Cox, S. Emmett. Visits from old boys and news of old boys are always particularly welcome and we are only too pleased to publish in this column any item of interest concerning them. Will readers kindly make a note of this and help to supply the information we need?

The old Paulites Hockey team have done well in Calcutta, but were rather unfortunate in being beaten by the Loyal Regiment in the third round of the Kaivan Cup.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to H. Farrow on his marriage to Miss E. Price on July 28th, and wish them every success in their future.

Aubrey Maxwell and Frank Connell passed into Lancing at the end of last year. We learn that Connell stands first in his form IV A and has played regularly for both the Football and Cricket teams for boys under 16.

D. De is now in London, "pursuing his studies" before proceeding to Cambridge next year. Perhaps he will see O. Sookias in London—if he visits the West End.

M. Prichard is at Felstead School and F. Welburn at Worksop.

Here is an extract from a letter received from the Rev. F. V. Dawkins:—"Congratulations on beating S. Joseph's at football! . . . I took the part of the Earl of Essex in 'Merrie England' at Minehead in May, and in July I went to Ober-Ammergau and was much impressed by the Passion Play. The whole atmosphere of the place was wonderful, and the play was magnificently acted. . . The winter season is now coming on, and we shall be very busy in the parish."

A. D. Bell has broadcasted songs from Calcutta two or three times this year. We saw some very enthusiastic notices in the papers about "Calcutta's boy soprano." It is a pity that a wireless set is such a difficult proposition in Darjeeling.

H. Cooksey is still in hospital, where he has been lying in bed for nearly a year. We shall be very glad to forward any magazines, etc., that friends can spare.

Mr. Westrup writes cheerfully from time to time. He is at Westcott House Theological College, Cambridge.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with great sorrow that we heard of the death of Terence Kenneth Keatinge, who was at St. Paul's from 1921 to 1924. He died on September 25th suffering from acute appendicitis. The news of his death came as a shock to those of us who knew him, for he was a great favourite with both staff and boys. He was an outstanding figure of the Cricket, Football and Hockey teams, and held the heavy-weight championship of the school in 1923-24. We extend our deepest sympathy to his mother and relations in their great loss.



OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries, and apologise for any unintentional omissions :—

The Tonbridgian, The Johnian (Leatherhead),
The King Edward's School Chronicle (Birmingham),
The King's College School Magazine (Wimbledon),
The Cottonian (Simla), *The Cottonian* (Bangalore),
The Orchid, The Sanawarian, The North Point Annual,
The Blue and Gold, Report of the C. M. School, Kashmir,
S. Andrew's Colonial Homes' Magazine, The Zion Hill
Chronicle, Col. Brown's School Magazine.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Contributions for publication from past and present members of the school are always welcomed. All communications should be addressed to :—

The Editor of the "Chronicle,"
S. Paul's School,
DARJEELING.



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