



Dr. (Brigade Surgeon) J.H. Condon



Mr. Arthur Foy

EXCELSIOR



Mr. Alfred Powell

121st Founders' Day Edition

Masthead designed by Nishtha Dua 11S



Mrs. Foy

Dear Readers,

The First Terminal Examination has finally got over. After the crests and troughs of elation and depression, the phases of satisfaction and resignation, it is that time of the year that every member of the School looks forward to.

The School is a beehive of activity. The teachers are in the Staff Computer Room, busily preparing the report cards and mapping out the performance of their students over the first half of the year. The participants of the Swimming Gala scurry to the Swimming Pool, impatient to prove their mettle against the waves. They emerge dripping wet but deeply contented. Mr. Misra and his band of faithful followers move around the campus, adding the final touches to the artwork that adds to the beauty of our surroundings. The students have whole-heartedly given themselves up to their life's mission of making those yearly buntings that dance colourfully and merrily on the way to the office. Green and yellow streamers twist and turn around the pillars in the Dining Hall. The Gymnasium is slowly but surely metamorphosing into the most significant venue of the year. Now and then, one can suddenly hear the voices of our choir members rising in unison in the stillness of the afternoon air. Yes, the air of festivity and cheer is unmistakable.

Yet, in the midst of this frenetic bustle, we never for a moment forget that generosity of spirit and wisdom of certain exceptional visionaries without whom none of us would be here today. If time is the true touchstone of that which is exceptional and true and of value, surely the fact that we are celebrating our 121st Founders' Day should serve to gauge the magnitude of what we have inherited. May we never take this legacy for granted. May we never take our debt of gratitude lightly.

And, as many of you begin your journey back home, may God's grace carry you safely to those hearts and arms waiting anxiously to receive and welcome you. May you spend warm moments of love and laughter with your near and dear ones, may you share times that will sustain you whenever you are distressed and downcast, may you treasure memories that you will remember and cherish in the years to come.

When you return, may you be fully ready to run the race again, knowing that though much will be over, there will yet be much more to come.

Excelsior !!!

~Editorial Board

WHISPERS FROM THE PAST...

EDITORIAL.

As this is the first issue of our School Magazine, it would be as well for the boys to realize the purpose for which it is being published. We attach an educational value to such a publication, nor do we do it for the sake of publicity and the thought of monetary gain never enters our minds. What, then, is the object of publishing a School Magazine?

Since its foundation many boys have "been through the mill" in Bala; they have helped to build its traditions and to realise some of its aspirations, always keeping in mind its motto, "Excelsior". Even in their schooldays they had seen changes taking place; new buildings had sprung up, new playgrounds had been made, a new routine had been set up, the curriculum had been widened. These changes are still taking place. Every year, when we return from the winter vacation, there is something new in store for us. When a boy leaves school, his thoughts often revert to his schooldays. No longer does he think of them as an imposition which was only made tolerable by systematic truancy and bluff, but rather as the most carefree and the happiest that he ever enjoyed. These thoughts must naturally lead him to reflect on the present state of his School, and his curiosity is very easily satisfied if he has access to a School Magazine: it forms a link between the Past and the Present. He can even write for the Magazine and give the present generation of boys some idea of life after schooldays are over.

Secondly, the Magazine forms a record of the School's activities; in fact, it makes a very comprehensive and interesting history, which is written from first-hand knowledge and personal experience. And finally, the Magazine helps to develop a spirit of friendly rivalry and competition in literary work, (for every boy has a secret desire to "see himself in print"), and this spirit spreads to the other spheres of the school's activities.

It would be well, too, for the boys to realize that only they can make the Magazine a success. The Teachers can help, but the boys must do the spade work. We must also remember that the general public is not likely to be interested in our Magazine, but only those who are in some way connected with or interested in the School. Our articles should therefore deal with some phase of School life and be of local interest. Original short stories, poems, limericks, drawings and caricatures would also be interesting. We hope that more boys will come forward to make our Second Number a success.



Jabr Khet

Where the Homes were started in 1890 and occupied till 1894.

Wynberg

The Home of the Girls since 1894. This shows the frontage of the new Wynberg (Maj. Hart Memorial) to be completed in 1941.



Allen

The new School built in 1926 for the boys who hired off from Wynberg and went to Bala Hissar in 1919.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT.

As this magazine will be sent to some of our Overseas friends who have never had the opportunity of visiting us in Mussoorie, I include first of all a brief sketch of the history and geographical setting of the School, quoting from the latest Prospectus.

From a meeting in Kanpur in 1887 of friends who became our Founders, came the first small school at Jabar-Khet along the Tehri Road. This provided education in the Hills for some twenty children of parents who could not afford to send them to more expensive schools. It was established as a Non-Conformist school, although from the beginning, as far as funds permitted, no children of any denomination were refused admission.

In 1894 the School was located on the present Wynberg Estate, and the years onward form a romance of love, faith, generosity and sacrificial service of those who built up what is now the great work of "Wynberg-Allen".

In 1916 the Governing Society was formed, the object of which was to provide for and give to children, wholly or partly of European descent, an education based on Protestant Christian principles, to maintain such children and to give them an academic and practical training conducive to economic welfare and happiness.

The Schools are managed on inter-denominational lines by a representative and influential Board of Governors appointed annually.

The work of the Society has made continuous and great progress. The Schools now accommodate over 370 children and are second to none in the country: in

the varied facilities they offer, and in the results they have achieved. Physical and moral welfare receive equally careful attention as academic interests, from a fully capable Staff. A number of the Staff have been appointed from overseas, thus ensuring a high standard of English in the Schools. In this connection also, the admission of children of overseas personnel in India, including the children of missionaries is welcomed. The Schools also especially cater for children of Officers in the Services.

"Wynberg" and "Allen" are both situated on hill tops within five minutes walk of one another. They are on the old Kipling Road from Rajpur, just before the final steep rise to Landour. The scenery surrounding them, consisting of mountains clad with Himalayan oak, deodara, rhododendrons and richly coloured maples is some of the finest in the world. Close by is the Mussy Falls Valley; below stretches the Doon; still further off is the rugged line of the Siwaliks beyond which diverge the silver streaks of the Ganges and the Jumna; and just over the Landour ridge behind us rises almost from our estate the great massif with the age-long snows in the distance. From aesthetic and health points of view the situation of the Schools is the best possible. With altitude and extensive forested estates, they have the added advantage of being within easy reach of the centre of the town of Mussoorie.

Situated on the southern slopes of the Mussoorie Hills, at an elevation of about 6,400 feet, and offering the advantage of a healthy climate, our Institutions seek to give as sound educational and other facilities to children as they would obtain anywhere.

"Wynberg" and "Allen" aim at placing within the reach of parents in moderate circumstances a good, practical, Christian education for their children. The schools are primarily for girls and boys of the Anglo-Indian community. Some of these, so far as funds of the Society permit, are admitted on reduced fees. Indian scholars of all communities, whose customs enable them to enter happily into all School activities and life are warmly welcomed on the same terms as Europeans. Students from Indonesia, China, East Africa, Thailand, Afghanistan, Burma, Bahrain, Japan, Switzerland, Canada and England have all settled happily into the Schools. Special diet arrangements for vegetarians etc. are made as required. The Schools are modelled on Public School lines and thus the House and Prefect systems form an integral part of school life."



In England middle names were once illegal!!!

Humming birds are the only birds that are able to fly backwards!!!

Dogs sweat

Don't go around saying the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing. It was here first. ~ Mark Twain

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR

1. Flying Officer Charles H. Dyson, D.F.C.

Last year we were proud to record the honour gained by Charles H. Dyson, D.F.C., one of Allen's heroes. His courage and skill translated into action are a halat with him, and we of his old School share in the glory of the thrilling exploit recorded by Itenter on Dec. 16th, and quoted below:

JHANSI PILOT'S RECORD.

SIX ITALIAN PLANES SHOT DOWN IN 15 MINUTES.

An R.A.F. pilot, born in Jhansi, has established a record in the Western Desert by shooting down six Italian aircraft in 15 minutes.

"Flying 12,000 feet up between Bardia and Sollum, the pilot saw six Heeds 65s escorted by five Caproni 42s.

Immediately after he had attacked, the R.A.F. pilot saw two Italian pilots bale out. He turned his attention to the other three Capronis. Two bursts of fire from his guns caused two more Italian pilots to bale out.

The remaining Caproni was flying far below. The R.A.F. pilot dived and directed a long burst of fire towards the Italian plane. This Italian pilot also baled out.

Five other Capronis then appeared and the R.A.F. pilot speeded up to 400 miles per hour over the Sollum Bay where he succeeded in bringing down another Italian.

Three Capronis then attacked him and the R.A.F. pilot realising that his glycol tank had been punctured, attempted to return home.

A burst of fire from him discouraged his pursuers, and despite smoke and fumes from escaping glycol, he contrived to land.

After spending the night as the guest of a Brigadier-General, he led a convoy of Italian prisoners across the desert from Tumar and returned to his unit and was flying again the next day."

Late in December the following was received from Mr. Abbott—"Confirmation of the above received from Egypt this evening by Post." Christmas Day.



Pilot Officer Charles Dyson, D.F.C. (with Bar)
Royal Air Force

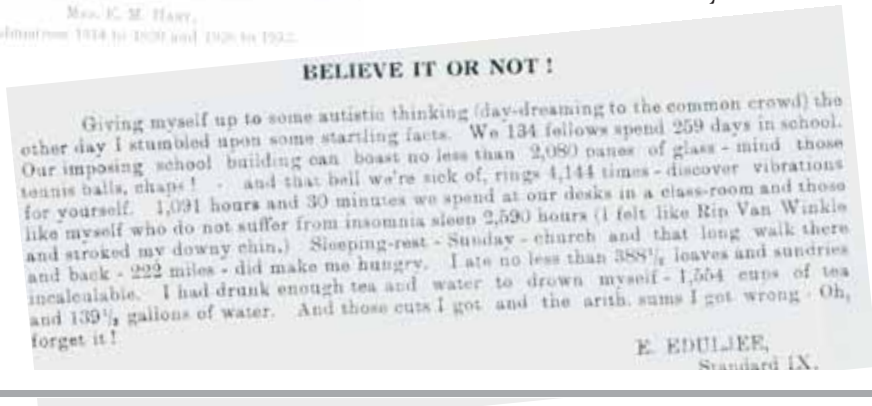


FOUNDER'S DAY . 1953.
I.E Daven port—Holder of the
All-India(Women's) Javelin Record



Mrs. E. M. Hany,
Headmistress from 1914 to 1921 and 1926 to 1932.

Our School through the ages-
1890-Christian Training School
1913-Wynberg Orphanage for Poor and Destitute
Anglo Indian Children
1920-Wynberg Homes for Poor European and
Anglo Indian Children
A proposed H Allen Memorial Boy's School for
boys above 12
By 1935 Wynberg Girls High School had 177 girls
and Allen Memorial Boys School had 122 boys.
Wynberg Allen had always been co-educational
till the 4th standard. In 1963 a complete change-
over took place and it became one of the first
schools in India to become fully co-educational.



through their paws. The fear of the number thirteen is known as triskaidekaphobia. Turkish baths were invented by the Romans.

I always arrive late at the office, but I make up for it by leaving early. ~ Charles Lamb

Courage

“Stand your ground and never show your back to your enemy!” resounded the loud captain.

The heavy drops of rain and the thunder in the clouds could not stop him from being heard by all hundred of us.

We responded in unison, “Yes Sir!!” But somehow that one man’s voice seemed louder than all of ours put together. Captain William Sheargood. That was the name. The name would almost sound incomplete without the rank.

“Remember—it’s not y’all that are going to suffer, it’s them.” His fiery eyes were almost like the Devil’s as he gazed into our souls with them. “Now is the time for action, for reaction and forrrr justice.” The captain was on horseback whereas we were soldiers on foot with only rifles on our back.

War had broken out between our beloved country and our loathsome neighbour. The year was 1878 and the month was June which explains the rain.

We were the members of the 53rd Battalion under the legendary captain William Sheargood. This was my first time and I was certainly hoping it would not be my last. We were a hundred in number and I was cadet number 83. No name, just a number. We were all stationed near the border where enemy sightings had been confirmed by our scouts.

Our base camp was located about a kilometer away from the border.

The rain wasn’t helping the situation much. We were all standing, our bayonets on our rifles ready to face the oncoming charge. This was when the captain screamed “CHARGE!!” It seemed that his vision was excellent because he could see the enemies coming towards us from so far. I noticed the size of our flank and soon realized that we were clearly outnumbered.

The captain’s talk seemed to have done the trick on many of my comrades just like it had affected me. My blood was boiling absolutely hot. Adrenalin was pumping through me as I shot down my first opponent.

The battle seemed to start going against us and then all of us heard the Captain say, “Courage men, courage!!”

It was as if we were recharged with some supernatural strength and we kept on hacking at our opponents with our bayonets. My arm ached from the jerk of the rifle, my legs trembled but still I never backed away. Bodies lay scattered all around me, the rain and blood mixed with the night giving it a brownish colour. I slit my enemy’s throat and my enemy stabbed my thigh. At first I felt numb and during that period of numbness, I shot the man at point blank range. I knew that in was going to hurt so I tied a scarf around the wound and continued limping but still fighting, with courage in my heart. Somehow, I felt as if we could win although we were outnumbered.

I let this hope fill me and charged at my opponent. My rifle entered his stomach penetrating through his skin. He gasped and moaned no more. I was feral knowing that my Captain too was fighting and killing many more than I had. Out of curiosity, I turned my head to look for the Captain. I found him running towards the camp. I turned back just in time to see the butt of a rifle coming towards my face....

I woke up to find myself back at our base camp. Did we win? I tried to move but found that my hands were cuffed. I tried calling out for help but then two enemy soldiers came inside and started kicking me. My face, my stomach, everything hurt after they were done with me. My thigh began to burn. Maybe I was getting an infection but then that wasn’t the time to care about infection - if I was going to be killed soon.

After an hour or so the men came; two were already well acquainted with me. They uncuffed me and took me to a bonfire. The rain had stopped. Sitting near the fire was someone who seemed to be the enemy captain. When I came closer to the fire I saw a figure stooping near the enemy captain’s feet, sobbing. I knew who it was. All that aura of pride and strength, was dashed away for what I saw before me was a pitiful excuse for a man.

“Courage, men, courage!!”

Anonymous

Monday Morning Blues

My heavy eyelids, as heavy as iron, refused to open as our warden came to wake us up. Finally, they opened two millimeters. My friend Joanna’s poem echoed in my head:

'Monday, oh Monday!

Why did you come today?

Just leave us be,

The magic it'll work, you'll see.'

Earlier, I had found this poem silly, but now I thought, 'How true!!'.I dragged myself up on my elbows and with a heavy sigh thought, “Monday morning, first day of the week!” and croaked ‘Good morning , Aunty!’

I then realized that I had forgotten to take out a fresh pair of socks and a white shirt for the day.

After going through another round frantic hunting, I retrieved my shirt and pair of socks out from the boxroom.

All of us got dressed with swollen eyelids and long faces, and then it hit “THE Maths Test!!” That was enough for the eyelids to push back and eyes to pop wide open. Funny how “The Maths Test’ controlled our legs and adrenaline rush. All the girls who were moving in slow motion were then running to and fro, in and out of the bathroom and the dormitory. Lockers banged, combs ran (through the hair, of course) and the next thing you know, everyone was sitting at their respective tables, practising maths for ‘The Maths Test’. We had been too busy during the weekend having a good time and enjoying ourselves.

Halfway through study time, everyone realized that we all were studying the wrong chapter.

Miraculous pens were moving faster than the human brain could think it possible. Pages were frantically flipped, accompanied by the impatient clicking of tongues and shallow exhaling.

And then, the deepest, darkest blue shade of Monday morning—the cry-‘Pack up!!’.Followed by a shade of black—getting ready to go down to Allen. We could practically see ‘The Maths Test’ in our minds, flashing its massive canines at us.

We lined up to go down to Allen, bracing ourselves for not only Monday Morning Blues, but also for the Monday Afternoon Dark Blues , Monday Evening Navy Blue and Monday Night Blacks.

Mahika Banerjee 10B

Humans blink their eyes twenty five times a minute.

Rice papers are not made of rice.

Gorillas are unable to swim!!!

I worked my way up from nothing to a state of extreme poverty. ~ Groucho Marx



Peter Godfrey 12C



Tamanna Basu 11C

*The
Artist's
Palette*



Gunveer Singh 9B



Anisha Tamrakar 12C



Andrew Teron 12S

No word in English language rhymes with the word month.

Originally, tomatoes were grown for decoration and not for eating.

Having one child makes you a parent; having two makes you are a referee. ~ David Frost



Amrinder Singh Bindra 12C



Insha Bhatt 12C



Tenzing Lama 9B



Prerna Khullar 12C

A fly's taste buds are in its feet.

Penguins are able to leap over six feet into the air.

Less than half of the London Underground

The cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education. ~ Mark Twain

THE FRIEND IN MY HEART

'Lord Jesus Christ – Thy name has power,
 You shine brighter than the North Star.
 If we only listen to His holy messengers,
 We will always be protected from dangers.
 He will always lead us to the right path,
 So ignore the devil and listen only to His voice in your heart.
 He'll never leave you when you're in trouble,
 But hold your hand tight all the time you suffer.
 Never lose hope if He delays an answer to your prayer,
 He is always listening, He is always there.
 So, never lose hope in Jesus, our Lord,
 His holy power is divine,
 And He will always be with you throughout your life.

Nikita Pahwa 7 A

Pranvi Manglic 7 A

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE...

I tried to lay my muddled thoughts to pen,
 Thinking of the wrath of Ms R. Sen.
 Are there too many topics in my head?
 Or none at all? Just plain dread?
 The elements of Nature: forests, mountains, oceans and rivers
 A variety of emotions: blazing anger and nervous shivers.
 I push them all away
 Just thinking of what in my defence to say.
 When I turn up with a blank piece of paper,
 Smarting under the editors' caper!
 This is luck! Student discrimination!
 Or just maybe my exaggeration?
 I put on a face of anguish! And then, my imagination soared.
 Wait. I'm going to get on board!
 My swirling brain finally won the fight
 The topic of my poem is: "I don't know what to write."

Mahika Banerji 10B

MEETING WITH THE MAYOR

On the main street
 I had to meet
 The mad little Mayor
 Who hardly had hair
 As soon as I went there
 I met the Mayor
 The Mayor stood with a lad
 Who was completely mad!
 The little youth
 Had only one tooth
 Who only screamed
 And was as mad as he seemed.
 As soon as the Mayor saw me
 He asked me for the key.
 For this I had to pay a great cost,
 For that key I had long ago lost.
 So he looked at the youth
 With only one tooth,
 The youth put me in a jail,
 From where I couldn't send any e-mail.

Aishwarya Bhagat 8A

OH! BASKETBALL!!

A game
 That is not so tame,
 And is loved by all
 Is glorious basketball!!
 At the whistle's call
 Children short and tall
 Gather outside the biggest hall!
 The cheer leaders scream
 As the players are teamed,
 They want a basket!!
 They want a basket!!
 Let us haste!
 As they tie their lace,
 The game will go on,
 And stop only at dawn!
 Then, sadly it will end,
 Towards our dorm we will
 wend.

Shimona Gupta

EVERYBODY IS SPECIAL

When I wear my night suit red
 And go to sleep in my bed,
 I wonder at a huge star
 And ask myself, "Why is it so far?"
 I see the star light
 And ask, "Why is it so bright?"
 I think all this is a gift to me,
 And everybody should also see,
 In this world nobody is bad,
 And He can't see anybody sad.

Harshita Singal 7B

is actually underground.

The toothbrush was invented in 1498.

The term 'disc jockey' was first used in 1937.

It's not the people who are in prison who worry me. It's the people who aren't. ~ Arthur Gore

An Act of Kindness???

Swat Valley, Pakistan, 9:30am.

Heavy artillery and bombing echoed just above my head. I decided to move out of the abandoned mosque. Crouching low and crawling at the same time, I hid behind a house and advanced at the same time. I knew I was entering the warzone. A young militant sprayed a volley of bullets on us. He was well concealed behind a concrete pillar on a roof. Since I was in a position just right to climb up some steps and shoot him from behind, I was given the thumbs-up to by the commander-in-chief.

I reached the roof. He was surrounded by a heap of ammunition. He was just a boy of thirteen. I crept up, light-footed, behind him. I touched his neck with the muzzle of my sniper. He stopped the firing and turned around. His face showed determination and courage - too much for such a young a boy - but blue eyes were far too innocent. I told him to escape and even gave him a route. I couldn't bring myself to kill him. He pushed away from me and disappeared around the bend. I told the chief that the boy had tricked me and vanished. I showed him fake bite marks on my arm.

Swanson Warehouse, present day Pennsylvania, 3:15pm.

I was surrounded by enemies. I had with me my friend and fellow combatant who was injured. My ammo was up. My 24 years of veteran service flashed across my mind. I looked around for an escape. I found an aperture in the wall. Taking a pebble in my hand, I threw it on the wall. I risked being captured but this was the only way to escape. The wooden walls had become old and fragile. One blow could smash the whole wall.

In an instant, the terrorists were on me. All of them pointed guns at my groaning friend and me. The leader concealed behind a mask peered down at me. Then he took off his mask and to my surprise I recognized him for the boy whom I had saved 14 years ago. I was shell-shocked. He thanked me for the deed I had done then and explained to me how dedicated he was to the jihad and how he had sworn himself to be a hardcore Islamist militant. He then ended his lecture by saying "Maktub" which meant "It is all ordained."

He spoke two quick words and everybody loaded their guns. Breaking into a run, I thought of my friend and his bullet-ridden corpse. I crashed into the wall. It smashed easily and soon I found myself rolling downhill. I reached the camp late that night.

I received two bullet shots, one on my arm and the other on my thigh. After that I spent a lot of time thinking over the incident. I regret not having killed him. One small act of kindness had cost me dearly.

Pragun Tuladhar 9B

Little angels...little devils??

"Okay, Robert! The first class you're being assigned to is the kindergarten. Fifteen children, six girls, and nine boys. Move it now, and don't let me get any complaints. Don't forget I did you a favor by hiring you without any experience," said Principal Felton before he shooed Robert out of his office. Oh, by the way, Robert is a young man of 22, who has just acquired his first job as a teacher. He is very shy and not very good at handling children.

"TAKE US TO THE PLAYGROUND!!" was the first thing Robert heard as he entered the class. It was so loud that he thought it was probably the last thing he would ever hear. He tried to show his authority by saying "NO" and saying that they had to revise their alphabet. But it was equivalent to speaking to the walls since nobody listened to him and they all ran out. He ran behind them to get them back.

As soon as he entered the garden, the first thought that crossed his mind was that his job was gone. The kids were in a mess!! Mud covered each and every bit of their clothes, faces and hair. A girl was trying to eat dirt. Another two were fighting over a doll. The other girls were splashing about in the pond. Four boys were playing tug-of-war with another boy as the rope. Another one was refereeing another three were cheering.

"Stop it, children!" Robert shouted. No one listened. A handful of dirt flung by the dirt-eater hit him on the face. He tried to rescue the makeshift rope. In return, the boys started playing, this time with him as the rope. He tried to resolve the fight over the doll but ultimately got whacked on his head with the same doll.

Amidst all this chaos and confusion, the worst thing which could happen happened. Principal Felton walked into the garden with a group of parents.

Everyone's mouths fell open as they took in the scene. Robert, covered with dirt, wet and his shirt torn, in the middle of all this, smiled sheepishly at Principal Felton and asked, "So how am I doing for my first day?"

Prakriti Kataria 10B



Amrinder Singh Bindra 12C

The electric chair was invented by a dentist.

The can opener was invented 48 years after the can was introduction.

On average,

Dancing is a perpendicular expression of a horizontal desire. ~ George Bernard Shaw

Mission Impossible

Hiding in the basement, hardly breathing – well hardly alive. It was for the first time I heard myself say, “We have made a terrible mistake by coming here. If he finds us, I’m sure he will kill us.” The “we” here are myself i.e. Amy Potter, and my friends Peter Colvin (Fatty as we call him) and Rose White. We had been friends for as long as I remember and we had always vowed that we would live together and would die together. So, what was God’s fault? He was only fulfilling our wishes, we were about to die— together. Back to the story.

We were trapped in the basement of a warehouse which was barren enough to be considered haunted. We are here to stop an exchange of some smuggled goods. No - we are not a bunch of detectives - we are students from high school. We came to know about this transition through a technical fault – our telephone lines got interconnected - mine, the smuggler’s and someone who was paying for the goods – let’s call him Mr. X. (Sounds like something straight out of a B grade movie, doesn’t it?) He seemed to be quite a dangerous man with a fierce voice. My friends and I were kind of afraid but excited also. We decided to call the police and tell them everything. This turned out to be useless, as they did not believe a word we told them. How could we make them understand that children sometimes tell the truth? So, we decided to go to the warehouse mentioned by Mr. X - not only to stop the transition but also to prove ourselves – you know - ego??

We got ready for the day with rubber shoes that did not make noise and were suitably dressed in black clothes – we would be undetectable phantoms in the dark. We set out with great courage in our hearts. Who knew we would land up here? We were early and waited outside the entrance of the warehouse for the two men to enter. They entered from the back door. How were we supposed to know that warehouses have backdoors? We entered the warehouse but couldn’t see them anywhere. So, we continued on investigating and reached here in the basement. We were about to get out when we heard fighting about something. We were forced to stay inside.

And what can you imagine – Mr. Peter starts to feel hungry! What timing! And Miss Rose cannot keep her mouth shut and has to murmur. Well, they both will say that this is my version of the story. They are going to write theirs, too. Hard luck for you. Anyway, where was I - yes – so that was one moment in my life when I regretted that they were there. Suddenly, all the noise from outside stopped - just when I was beginning to understand parts of their conversation. I heard a man running and a lot of firing.

Cautiously, I got out of the basement. One of the guns had providentially fallen right outside the basement door. (The movie continues, doesn’t it?) I picked it up with trembling hands, it was heavy. I, with my two petrified friends, tiptoed towards the two men and what I saw was quite unbelievable – there weren’t just two men but twenty men. It was at that time when my heart entered my mouth and my hair stood to attention. How could we, three high school children, fight twenty – actually there were nineteen men - one was dead on the floor. We cursed the phone connection, the police and yes, my hand that was trembling badly with the gun.



Anmol Rajbhandari 12C

We concluded that we should let them fight, at least some would die, and our work would become a bit easier. We re-entered the basement. After twenty minutes or so three men were left plus the two leaders. Then, the fight stopped. The masterminds had been in the shadow all this time and when I saw one of them I nearly fainted. One was a very important personality who was working for the government. Now, we had to stop this. We saw some heavy sacks hanging up right above their heads. We decided to drop them on their heads but we didn’t have knives to cut through the ropes that held them up and our teeth weren’t that sharp. We made Fatty sit on the rope till it snapped. The three men fell unconscious. We came forward, I leading with a gun in my hand and threatening to fire on those villains, though I didn’t even know how to hold it.

Anyway, we were saved - by the usual late arrival of the police who had also received information about the transition. They were amazed to see us there and thanked us. This way an impossible mission made possible. Of course luck played a part.

Shubhangi Shinghal 12S

a human breathes 23000 times a day!!! The names of all the continents begin and end with the same letter. The human heart creates

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some hire public relations officers. ~ Daniel J. Boorstin

Tête-à-tête

On the 31st of May, the Editorial Board was privileged to interview Mr. Sajo Mathews, an ex-student of the school. Mr. Mathews studied in Wynberg Allen School from 1991 to 1997. He completed his B.Tech and M.Tech in Ocean Engineering and Naval Architecture from the prestigious IIT Kharagpur. He is presently pursuing PGP from IIM Ahmedabad.

Q. How do you find the school after so many years?

A. Well, it's quite different in terms of infrastructure but there are still some old memories that linger in my mind.

Q. Did you catch up with any of the teachers that taught you?

A. Many of them have left but I was able to catch up with Mrs. Cashmore, Ms Edgar and Mr. Misra. I was also able to meet Mr. Edwards.

Q. How do you feel the school has changed over the years?

A. There are many more facilities now such as the tennis court. To keep it short the school looks 'slick and shiny'.

Q Any incidents that you can remember from school?

A. I was more of a shy guy and as such I do not remember any major incidents but I still remember playing five stones with my friends up in Wynberg. It was really a lot of fun.

Q. What activities did you participate in school?

A. Hardly any - to be honest. I remember I was selected for the Marathon in Junior School but it eventually got cancelled as there was a hailstorm on the day of the Marathon.

Q How did you find the atmosphere in IIT?

A. It's totally different. While you're in school, you feel as if you're a topper but with so many bright minds you feel somewhat an average person. The best feature of the IIT is the interaction that you get with your batch mates and teachers who are really knowledgeable.

Q. Do you have any advice for students who like you are preparing for institutions such as the IIT?

A. There is no golden key to success. I believe you can be successful by just getting the basics right. If your concepts are clear you won't have a problem.

Q. Is there any part of school that stands out for you?

A. My parents were staff members of the school and we used to live in the house just below the Auditorium. I fondly remember running up those stairs in an attempt to reach school on time. The Auditorium really stands out for me. I must say its really sad that now it's burnt.

Q. Do your parents still talk about the school?

A. Yes, of course they do. They were here for 14 years and it will always be a major part of their lives.

Q. What do you feel you have gained from Wynberg Allen School?

A. I must say that it has helped me to gain a proper foundation that I have been able to utilize in my life.

Q. What were your hobbies?

A. I enjoyed collecting stamps. I was also interested in learning the violin which I have finally managed to do.

Q. Finally, do you have any message for the students?

A. Nothing much, have fun but remember to work hard when it really matters.



enough pressure to squirt blood over thirty feet. Leonardo da Vinci invented the scissors. The blood of an octopus is blue in colour.

He knows nothing and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career. ~ George Bernard Shaw

OUR BELOVED ALMA MATER...

1. What is the original name of old Wynberg?
2. Who was known as the “Foster Father of the Wynberg Home”?
3. On which date was the first Founders’ Day held?
4. Name the person who proposed a separate school for senior boys to be run in conjunction with Wynberg.
5. Which place served as a home for the Amir of Afghanistan?
6. Which two girls schools were the first to participate in the Mussoorie Olympics in 1937?
7. Which student from Allen was awarded the “Distinguished Flying Cross” for gallantry?
8. Why was Wynberg initially set up?
9. Give the full names of the founders of our school.
10. Who provided medical aid to the students when Wynberg was first set up?

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futoshiki

Example

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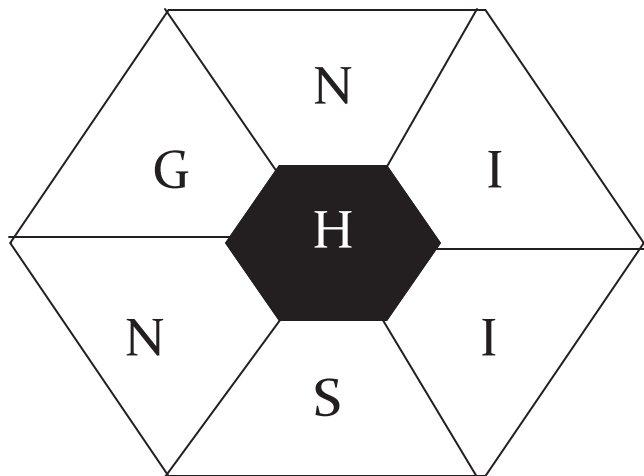
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This is very close to Sudoku, but is not considered by everyone as a Sudoku variant but rather a separate puzzle as it does drop the box constraint and adds a new method. Futoshiki, also called Futoshiki, is usually on a 5 x 5, 6 x 6 or 7 x 7 grid, and adds inequality signs to the puzzle. Certain cells are marked as greater or less than one or more of their neighbours, and you must use these constraints to help solve the puzzle.

A glaciologist could easily give you a drink of water that was frozen during the life of Christ. President Bush and Saddam Hussein both

War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength. ~ George Orwell

SPELLATHON



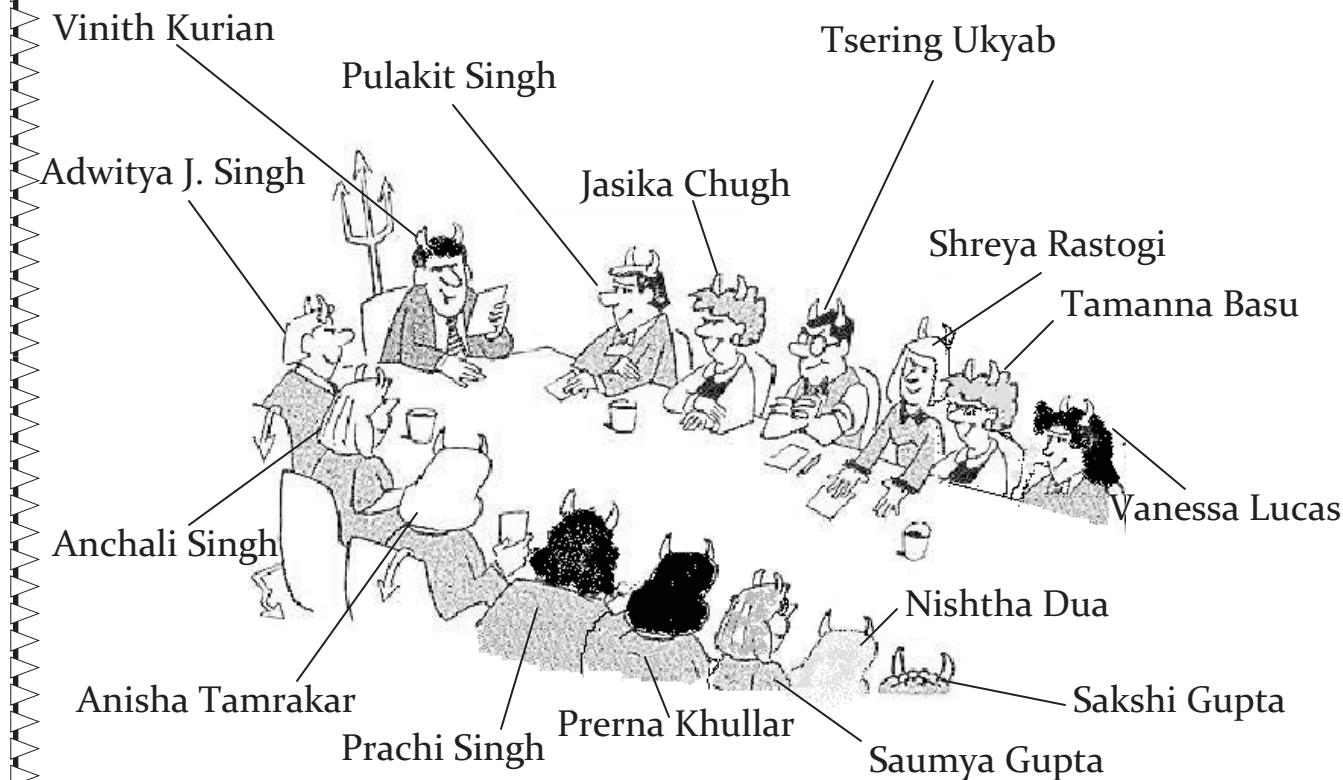
How many
four or more
letter words
can you make
using the
central letter?

02— Average

03— Good

04— Outstanding

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have their shoes made by the same Italian shoemaker.

The ticker wishes you a safe journey home and...HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!!!

A computer once beat me at chess, but it was no match for me at kick boxing. ~ Emo Philips