



Editorial Note

I'll admit—when I was first told I'd be writing this editorial, I stared at my screen for longer than I'd like to admit. You'd think that being the first-ever Deputy Editor-in-Chief would come with a wave of inspiration, or at least a sense of control. But no. All I could think about was the deadline—and how it loomed like a storm cloud, just waiting.

I tried opening with something dramatic—"It was the best of terms; it was the most chaotic of terms"—but that felt like Dickens had been dragged through too many assemblies. I even attempted something philosophical about leadership in crisis, but the words sounded hollow. Then I looked at my desk: a crumpled article draft, tangled earphones, and a coffee mug that had been empty for two days. And somehow, that mess felt more real than anything I could force myself to write.

This term has been relentless. The kind of busy where days blur and weeks vanish. Where schedules stack like a game of Tetris, you're destined to lose. Meetings ran into deadlines, which crashed into events, and through it all, we just kept moving.

But there's something strangely exhilarating about it, too. Like Sisyphus, doomed to push his boulder uphill—except here, we do it voluntarily, and sometimes we even laugh while doing it. For some of us, this chaos isn't just survival. It's where we come alive. It's where we learn to lead, to improvise, and to shoulder things we didn't think we could. It's in the scramble that we often realize who we are becoming.

Of course, there were moments when it all felt like too much—when one more notification was enough to tip the balance. But then came the quiet offsets: a conversation in the common room, a joke cracked at the wrong moment, or the fleeting clarity that, somehow, you were growing—faster than you realized.

And that's the paradox, isn't it? We race to keep up, all the while missing the fact that it's this—the mess, the noise, the occasional breakdown—that teaches us the most. Not just how to cope, but how to build something worthwhile amidst the storm.

So if this term felt like it ran you over, don't worry. Sometimes, just showing up is the win. And maybe, in all the chaos, we've done a little more than survive—we've learned to thrive.

*Until the next deadline,
Siddhant Singh Parmar
Deputy Editor-in-Chief*

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Guess the Faculty, Editorial Note

Did You Know?

The Golden Jubilee of Mayo College was celebrated in the year 1930, although it was overdue by five years. The Chief Guests on the occasion were Lord and Lady Irwin.

One of the College Monitors' approached His Excellency the Viceroy for granting a holiday, he smiled and said, "Never hesitate to make a request, because at worst the answer can be in the negative."

The College Monitor was one of the distinguished Old Boy, Brigadier Apji Randhir Singhji of Koela (Kotah).

*Dr Mohit Mohan Mathur
HoD, History & Museum*





INTER-HOUSE PLAY

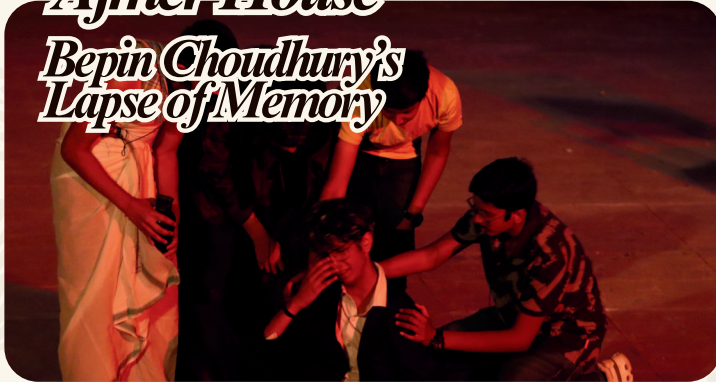
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Comedy is acting out optimism. Tragedy is embracing sorrow. A monologue is the heart's unspoken truth. Improvisation is the chaos of the moment. And dramatics is the soul's way of speaking when words alone aren't enough.

-Eashan Agarwal”

Ajmer House

*Bepin Choudhury's
Lapse of Memory*



Jaipur House

Mrs Packletide's Tiger



Rajasthan House

*The Ransom of the Red
Chief*



Colvin House

Murder by the Book



Jodhpur House

The Bet



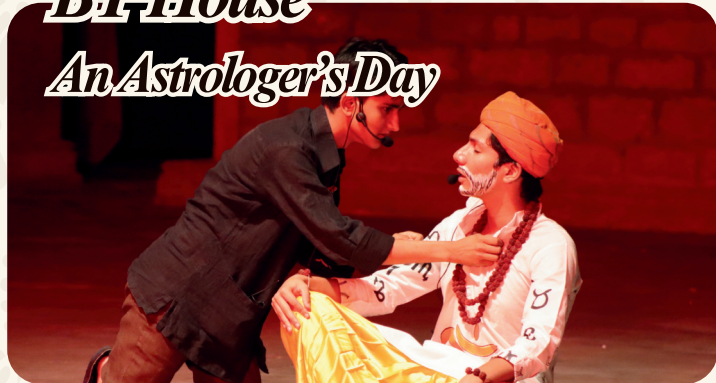
Bharatpur House

Umpiring!



BT House

An Astrologer's Day



Kashmir House

The Dictionary Man





INTER-HOUSE MUSIC

Western Band



Hey, Soul Sister
Ajmer House

03:36



There is a Light that Never Goes Out
Rajasthan House

04:04



Boulevard of Broken Dreams
Jodhpur House

04:22



Come as You Are
BT House

03:38



Viva La Vida
Colvin House

04:02



Make you Mine
Kashmir House

03:52



Counting Stars
Jaipur House

04:17



Zombie
Bharatpur House

05:06

APRIL TIMELINE

1

ARRIVAL OF
NEW BOYS

4

IH
HOCKEY

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SCHOOL
FATE

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BOOK FAIR

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IH
PLAY

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MUSIC

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HAPPY
NIGHT

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NEW
HORIZON

Diary of a Mayoite



April Monday

Dear Lord Mayo, I often wonder, when you laid the foundation of this school over 150 years ago, did you ever imagine students would still be dragging themselves through its routines, still blaming you for their misery, still writing about it in secret journals? I bet even back in your time, the day started with the same chaotic yelling, someone howling at the top of their lungs, trying to wake an entire house of half-asleep boys. What a delightful way to kick off a Monday morning, right? Mondays are the worst!

Despite my reluctance, I jumped out of bed (almost literally) and rushed to get ready. As usual, I was late for my morning horse-riding session. Sleep-deprived but determined, I somehow made it to the stables, and guess what? I didn't forget my gear for once. That alone felt like a small personal victory. The riding session was intense and thrilling; with a good dose of unintentional acrobatics, (I got tossed off the horse a few times). But honestly, that's just part of the fun now. I was spending some quiet time with my horse afterward, feeding and petting them, when I realized I was running late for house fall-in.

Panic. Full sprint back to the house. But just as I feared, the dreaded three bells had already rung. So there I was, slipping into line, trying to blend in behind my batchmates and look as innocent as possible. And, to my amazement, no one caught me. Small win number two of the day! I rushed back to my dorm, changed, and caught up with my friends heading to breakfast. It's funny even though we spend nearly the entire day together, every morning we meet like we've been separated for months. Same loud laughter, same excitement. Breakfast was actually great today, a rare treat. But I had to eat fast because I had an assembly presentation coming up. We prepared something special on friendship, and seeing the audience respond with applause made all the effort feel worthwhile.

Then, it was time for classes. First up was physics, which I surprisingly enjoyed, followed by a double block of math. That session felt eternal. By the end of it, the entire class looked like a scene from a zombie apocalypse. Thankfully, english class followed. We barely studied; instead, it turned into a sort of therapy session, and we all needed that break.

After a quick fruit break, I had a dramatics session with the PG play director, a sneaky but productive escape from regular classes. Right after that, there was a Mayo magazine meeting with the principal. We discussed the upcoming issue, and I left buzzing with ideas and excitement. Finally, lunchtime arrived, and we all devoured our meals like we hadn't eaten in days. But the day was far from over. Dance practice for the upcoming Happy Night at Alwar House was next. It was intense, and by the end of it, I was drained. Thankfully, I had an hour-long power nap scheduled, something I will never take for granted again.

Once recharged, I played a football match against an outside team. It was a decent game, though I wasn't too thrilled with my performance and walked away with a couple of bruises. After a quick shower and change, I headed for dinner as my reward for surviving the day.

Prep time followed, and then, although my body was ready to collapse, I couldn't resist joining my housemates for a late-night basketball game. Finally, the day ended with a chill chat session with the boys, our unofficial tradition.

To be honest, I don't really need dreams when life here already feels like one loud, wild, exhausting, and absolutely unforgettable one.



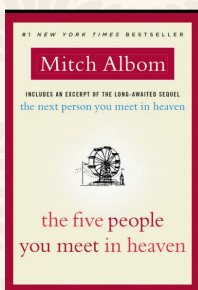
BOOK REVIEW

"A room without books is like a body without a soul"

- Cicero

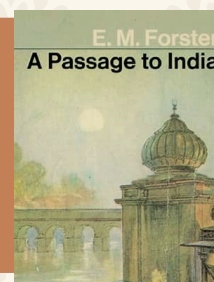
The Five People You Meet in Heaven, by Mitch Albom, is a touching and thought-provoking story about Eddie, an elderly man who dies and meets five people in the afterlife, who help him understand the meaning of his life. The book explores deep themes like purpose, connection, and forgiveness in a simple and emotional way. It's perfect for teens who enjoy reflective stories that make you think and feel. Overall, it's a powerful read that shows how even ordinary lives can have extraordinary meaning.

- Arhaan Narang, VIII



A Passage to India, by E.M. Forster is, at its heart, a tale of individuals trying to bridge a profound gap. A British schoolmaster, and an Indian doctor—two men caught between cultures, expectations, and prejudice—form an unlikely friendship in the heat and tension of British India. Forster writes not only about racism and colonialism, but also about loneliness, hope, miscommunication, and the silent, agonizing ways people reach for one another in a world that keeps them apart. His words still feel painfully true.

- Dhruv Agarwal, X



Motion of the Edition: This House Regrets the Rise of Philanthrocapitalism.

Keyword definition:

Philanthrocapitalism is a term used to describe a form of philanthropy that applies business principles and market-based strategies to charity. It's essentially when wealthy individuals or corporations use their money, resources, and entrepreneurial skills to solve social problems in ways that aim to be more efficient, scalable, and impactful—much like a business would approach a market opportunity.

FOR

(we regret the rise)

Too much power in one person's hands

Rich people get to decide which problems are important, even if they're not the ones we really need to solve.

Not fair or equal

Poorer people and smaller charities don't get the same chances or money, so their voices get ignored.

Feels more like business than kindness

Instead of helping out of care, it starts feeling like a competition or money-making idea.

AGAINST

(we do not regret the rise)

Big problems need big money

Rich people have the money and tools to quickly help with serious issues like health and education.

Smarter giving means better results

Philanthrocapitalists use ideas from business to make sure their help really works and doesn't go to waste.

Encourages more people to help

When people see that giving can make a real difference, more people and companies want to join in and help too.

Tip of the Month: Attack the argument, not the person.

MUN

MUNs run on caffeine, countless sleepless nights, and position papers submitted at the final second. Amid the chaos and late-night energy, we find purpose, forge friendships, and discover the thrill of shaping global conversations—one resolution at a time.

-Ojasya Garg

Achievements in MUN

Awards: MCGSMUN

- **High Commendation :** Viraj Verma, Kanishk Ganeriwala
- **Special Mention:** Shaurya Tyagi, Kanishk Kapoor
- **Verbal Mention:** Veer Vikram Kochhar , Suhaan Modi , Divit Chandak , Raj Anand Kataruka , Siddhant Singh Parmar, Ojasya Garg

Awards: SCIMUN

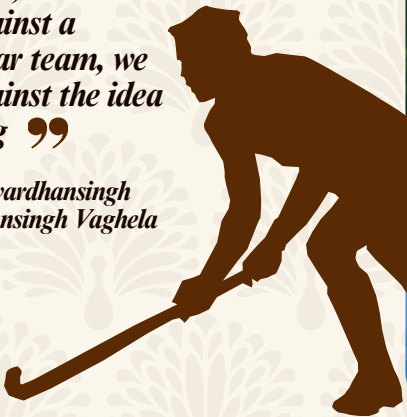
- **Pranshu Kedia– Outstanding Delegate**
- **Kanishk Ganeriwala– Outstanding Delegate**
- **Atishay Jain – Verbal Mention**
- **Parav Kohli – Verbal Mention**
- **Rudransh Singhal– Verbal Mention**

Hockey

“

At Mayo, we don't play against a particular team, we play against the idea of losing”

- Shauryavardhansingh
Ripudamansingh Vaghela



Inter-House

The Inter-House Hockey Tournament for the Senior & Middle groups was held at Mayo College, Ajmer, from 04th to 08th April 2025. Each participating house brought forth their best players, igniting the field with enthusiasm and zeal. The closing ceremony of the Inter-House Hockey Tournament was graced by the presence of Mr. Rajesh Soni, HMJS, Mayo College. Kashmir House emerged winner in the senior category, and Jodhpur House emerged winner in the middle category.

Aryaveer Gautam of Jaipur House was honored with the prestigious Bhadada Trophy this year, recognizing his outstanding contribution and performance during the tournament. His dedication and excellence set a high standard for his peers.

Inter-House Results

MIDDLES

POSITION	HOUSE
First	Jodhpur
Second	Bharatpur
Third	Rajasthan
Fourth	BT
Fifth	Colvin
Sixth	Ajmer
Seventh	Kashmir
Eighth	Jaipur

SENIORS

POSITION	HOUSE
First	Kashmir
Second	Bharatpur
Third	Ajmer
Fourth	BT
Fifth	Rajasthan
Sixth	Jaipur
Seventh	Jodhpur
Eighth	Colvin

My Tryst with Hockey

I still remember the first time I picked up a hockey stick in Class 6. I didn't really know what I was doing. I just knew I liked the way the game felt—fast, raw, and intense. We didn't have a turf or any fancy gear. Just a ground, a group of boys, and a growing love for the sport.

By Class 7, I found myself on the IPSC team, representing Mayo at the national level. That year, during our inter-house tournament, I was named Man of the Tournament. It felt surreal. That moment gave me a kind of belief I hadn't felt before—that maybe I was actually good at this, and maybe I could go further.

It's never just about the trophies or medals. It's about the way the game pushes you. The early morning practices, the sore muscles, the quiet walks back after a tough loss. The unspoken bond with your teammates when you're fighting for the same goal. Those are the things I'll always remember.

Over the next couple of years, hockey became more than just something I played—it became something I lived. I played IPSC in Classes 7, 8, and 9. Each year came with its own challenges, but Class 9 will always stand out. We made it to the finals again, and I scored the first goal for our team in that match. For a second, it felt like everything was coming together. We didn't win, but I still carry that moment with me. It reminded me why I fell in love with the game in the first place.

One of the things I'm proudest of is that we made all this happen without a fancy setup. No turf. No spotlight. Just passion. And that, honestly, makes the journey even more meaningful.

Hockey has taught me a lot—about leadership, about bouncing back, and about putting your heart into something even when things don't go your way. And most importantly, about how the real wins aren't always the ones on the scoreboard.

Akshaj Agarwal, X

News

- Mayo College has won the United for Hockey (UFH)-2025.
- Madhvendra Singh Chauhan has won the Player of the Tournament

Interview with the Vice Principal



1) A new environment warrants new challenges and experiences. Any key experiences you wish to highlight? What has your experience been like so far?

Response : I can honestly say my experience has been superlative from the very moment I stepped into Mayo College. I was bowled over by the incredibly warm welcome, especially the thoughtful and heartfelt way in which my home was furnished and set up for me. Not for a moment did it feel like I was entering a new work environment. I was met with warmth and grace wherever I went, and most delightfully by the students.

I absolutely enjoy dining in the Mess. It's such a lovely way to connect with the community. I count myself lucky to have arrived at a time in the school year when I could watch all the House Plays and the Music performances. Both are close to my heart, and sitting in the audience was a genuine treat.

I'm still getting used to the surreal sight of peacocks strolling casually across this breathtakingly beautiful campus. The urge to click a photo every time I see one is hard to resist!

2) This year is pivotal to Mayo College, being the sesquicentenary. What is your vision for the remainder of the year?

Response : It is an extraordinary privilege to have joined Mayo College in its sesquicentennial year. For me, this is a year of learning — richly and deeply — about the school and its legacy. My approach is to watch, listen, read, observe, and grow.

I'm especially looking forward to the Prize Giving, which I know will be steeped in tradition and splendour. In a milestone year like this, it promises to be something truly special. It's a unique moment to understand what gives Mayo its heartbeat, and I'm soaking in every bit of it.

3) No institution is perfect; there shall always be flaws. Are there any flaws you have seen in school? How will you go about rectifying them?

Response : It's far too soon to comment on any flaws. In a legacy institution like Mayo, what may appear as a flaw to a newcomer might actually have a well-thought-out reason behind it.

I'd rather spend the time, at least a year, understanding the systems, traditions, and rhythms before offering critique. That said, there is one flaw I freely admit to. The desserts served with every meal are outrageously tempting! As someone with a sweet tooth, it's a delicious dilemma — and one I'm trying to fix in myself.

Open Letter by College Vice Captain

Eight years ago, I walked through the gates of Mayo College for the first time, a little boy with wide eyes and a heart full of wonder. Today, as I pen this letter as your College Vice Captain, I do so with immense gratitude—for a school that is not just a mere place of education but a feeling of its own, a feeling that is reminiscent of home, a feeling called 'Mayo'.

Within these widespread walls of opportunity, I have found brothers in friends, mentors in teachers, and lessons in every challenge and triumph. The journey from a shy junior to a student leader has been one of growth, reflection, and deep transformation.

Leadership, as I've come to understand, is not about standing above others—it's about standing with them. It's about being the hand someone reaches for in times of struggle and the cheer in their moments of success. As Vice Captain, I'll always be trying to uphold the values this great institution instills in us: respect, empathy, integrity, and honor.

Mayo's legacy is not built on buildings alone, but on the values, we live by. It is in how we carry ourselves—with dignity, with humility, and with pride in our traditions.

As we celebrate 150 years of this magnificent institution, let us pause to remember that we are part of a heritage unlike any other. Generations before us have walked in these corridors, and generations after us will too. It is our responsibility to protect, enrich, and pass on the culture of excellence, brotherhood, and purpose that Mayo stands for.

To the juniors who will soon take our place—know this: Mayo will crush you, challenge you, make you want to give up, make you want to leave, make you bounce back, and love you all at once. Embrace it. Learn from your peers, cherish your friendships, and uphold the values this school holds dear. Because Mayo does not just prepare you for the world—it prepares you to lead it. That's what I, as the Vice Captain, wish to see my school be in the near future. Maybe this is something you wouldn't understand now, maybe this is just another letter in another publication that reaches you on another random day, but believe me, once you're there, that's when you'll see it—how this school is much greater than the likes of you and me. So, seize the moment, enjoy each day, and live every second, because it's never coming back. Don't sulk at loss or what you don't have; rather, appreciate what is around you and cherish it. Remember, everything you're not makes you everything you are.

Here's to 150 years of Mayo College, of forging global leaders with rooted values. And here's to the next chapter, may it be one of courage, grit, and character.

- Viren Singh Tak



Staff Submission



"One often meets his destiny on the road he takes to avoid it"- Master Oogway (Kung-Fu Panda)

How often in our lives do we come face to face with the veracity of this utterance? What is meant to be, will be and there is nothing in this world that can conspire to stop it!

Many moons ago, in the heady days of my youth, drunk on the promise of excelsior, I avoided my destiny, or at least thought I had! Navigating the lanes of life, eight years back, one serendipitous day, I inevitably ran into my Moirai and I just stood.

Teaching was a profession, a destiny, I never wanted to embrace- despite my parent's wise counsel and my apparent inherent skill for the role! So, I planned and tried to chart a separate path, a path that took me away from teaching. And it took me a while to understand that plans are jokes created by humans for God's amusement. Destiny looked on; a silent, amused spectator to my grand designs, letting me believe that I am the author of my own story. And like the surprise twist in the plot, it showed its hand when least expected. – so here I am today- an Educator. There were bouts of self-doubt, trying to find coherence in the mad journey - The more I tried to resist, more it grew on me and gradually acceptance and the final "It is what it is". "C'est la vie".

As I embraced it with all my heart, it became a way of life, a calling. It felt as if it was meant to be - the serendipitous turn of events that led me to teaching. The unadulterated joy of teaching, spending time with children and the unimpeachable devotion you get everyday is a benefaction of no mean proportions.

To summarize, I quote one of my favourite poets, Mary Oliver, "Sometimes I need only to stand wherever I am to be blessed" ... and I am glad I just stood that day!

*-Ms Akanksha Bhanot
HoD English*

Guess The Faculty

The happiest, most jolly person on campus, most concerned about students' friendships, the bicep size favourite colors and best friends of students, popularly called the Happy Boy.

Teacher Quote

"Listen my dear, come here without fear, you are smart but I am not foolish."

Enjoy previous Editions :

MAYO GAZETTE

*All Mayo College
Publications at
one place.*



Word of the Month: Arcane

Meaning: Understood by few; mysterious or secret.

March Edition Answers:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. A Joke | 3. Wind or Air |
| 2. Footsteps | 4. Mushrooms |

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