



THE WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

No. 171

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

September 21st, 1995

Think About it

Compromise is the art of cutting a cake so that everyone believes he or she got the biggest piece.

-Ludwig Erhard in The Observer, London.

EDITORIAL

Everyone was speculating the extent of the trouble in town and how school was going to close for three days. A dream come true. The Headmaster laid everyone's hopes to rest with one sentence. 'Don't believe in rumours and if you do don't spread them.'

The Head made his most unpopular decision by arranging classes on Sunday, making Saturday a Holiday. The dream of having a great weekend went up in smoke. Classes were arranged in the Activity Centre, Dining Hall and P.H.

Class Eleven had the luck (?) of having classes in the Dining Hall. A teacher walked into his English class to find everyone drinking coffee. No-one had the courtesy to even offer him a cup, an incident that seems to have upset him greatly. They probably didn't get any studying done that day what with the clatter of plates and mugs and all other dishes and of course the calls of the bearers.

Class Twelve was lucky in a way of having classes in P.H. They could attend first school in their night suits (if they had any) and sit (or lie) on their bunks during classes (and go off to sleep). But the nightmares of the previous year returned to haunt them. I remember being caught one such day with my pants down by a lady teacher and it wasn't she who started screaming.

One distinguished science teacher kept waking up the guys of the commerce section for his class. Some other teachers were intrigued by the legend of P.H. and kept snooping around and looking in all the rooms and cupboards to satisfy their curiosity. It was an offense which offended all the boys.

It was no point in having classes on

those days because nobody got any studying done. May be if school had closed on those two days we might have studied voluntarily but since the system decided we must have classes and study instead of idling around, the boys decided they would attend class but wouldn't study. Hence, the two days were sort of holidays for the boys.

Mr. Kandhari went to Delhi in between and school was a different place. It was like paradise. The audio-visual room was booked for all six schools for three consecutive days. Some people even went to the extent of cutting out someone's else's name from the book and writing their own. The school food plummeted to new depths and some guys raised a ruckus in the dining hall.

Have you ever tried to organise a major event in three days? Class Twelve did just that when they arranged a social meet with Mussoorie International School. The first to be held in Welham history. The boys thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They were all there in designer jeans and shoes. (All of them are now suffering from lovesickness and bunking almost all classes.) A report was supposed to be published but descriptions of some of the guys made them look like Orsino. Being my anti-social self was easy because I tried to look very busy organising things. After witnessing the whole event I have decided to quote something Jim Morrison said:

Words assemble,

Words be quick,

Words resemble walking-sticks.

So I'll always be a wordman,

Better than a 'Birdman'.

--Sudeep

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

Every Eleventhie is in a state of trepidation; each expecting to be immediately disowned by their parents as they have all received letters unfairly stating that they had been 'caught' with money.

The fact is that two boys were caught breaking bounds due to which a meeting of the eleventhies was called. We were informed of the circumstances and advised to hand over our money lest we be caught with it and rightly punished. All of us believing in the seemingly outdated method of owning up to our fault readily, handed over our money. We were relieved that we no longer had money to keep or hide, to be fair.

Later, we were told that fiery letters had been sent to our parents saying that the next time we were 'caught' with money we would be immediately expelled.

All of us are feeling very let down and cannot help feeling that deception is the easiest way out. We think something should be done and fast before all of us end up with a warped sense of fairness.

"So, Dad, I was telling you the truth when I said everyone owned up with the money and that we were not 'caught'. No, I was not the only one, all of us were involved, not that that justifies things but I just thought you should know."

Back to you Ed.

Yours in despair,

Class XI

Dear Ed,

I would like to thank the Welham Community, especially the Staff for the encouragement they have given to me in the past two years. I would not be where I am if it had not been for them. Welham will always occupy a special place in my memory. Thank you, once again.

Yours sincerely,

Puneet Pant

(Ex-No.381,Ganga)

(Puneet Pant is now undergoing training at the Naval Academy in Goa.)

(2)

WELHAM NOW

1. Results of the English Handwriting Contest which was held on 5th of September, 1995.

Class IV A

1st Pranab Shreshtha
2nd Abhimanyu S. Karki
3rd Varun Chaudhary

Class IV B

1st Aseem Sethi
2nd Akshay Modi
3rd Anupam Biswas

Class V A

1st Saurav Ranjan
2nd Tarun Saraf
3rd Ashutosh Pandey

Class V B

1st Tanmay Jain
2nd Siddarth Saraf
3rd Gautam Mahajan

2. The school was represented by Rumaan Kidwai, Aneesh Kapoor and Ankur in the Inter-School G.K. and Nature Quiz held in Welham Girls' High School on the 9th of September, 1995. They lost to Doon School by a narrow margin of 2 points.

3. Rumaan Kidwai and Aditya Sud went to Scindia School, Gwalior, on the 16th of September, 1995 to participate in the Platinum Jubilee English Debate. They were escorted by Mr. Bakshi. They put up a good performance but were unfortunate not to acquire any individual positions.

4. The school was represented by Aneesh Kapoor, Ankur Nigam and Saurabh Sinha, on the 17th of September, 1995 in the Limca Book of Records Quiz held at St. Joseph's Academy. They stood third out of a total of sixteen teams from Dehra Dun and Mussoorie. Scholar's Home stood first with Welham Girls' and Convent of Jesus & Mary sharing the second position. The Quizmaster was Barry O'Brien, the younger brother of Derrick O'Brien who hosts the Bournvita Quiz on Zee T.V.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

KAMIKAZE BOMBERS

It was a fine morning. The sun shone brightly in the sky. One could hear the distant chirping of the sparrows. I turned and my eyes fell on the person lying beside me. Even in sleep she looked more beautiful and fetching than any woman I had ever met. Her well-proportioned face with the deep red lips still made my heart leap with ecstasy whenever I glanced at her.

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I took a quick shower and shaved. Looking at my face in the mirror, it dawned on me that age had slowly creased my face. I could notice a few wrinkles near my eyes and furrows on my forehead. I came out of the bathroom. She had woken up and was sitting on the bed, upright. She was watching me intently with a sorrowful look in her eyes. I kissed her on the cheek and went downstairs to the kitchen.

I put the bread in the toaster and the kettle, containing milk, on for boiling. I could hear her moving upstairs. She came down wearing a night-gown, few minutes later. She kissed me. I put butter on the slices and poured the milk in the cups. We ate our breakfast in silence. I left her to clean up and went upstairs to change into my uniform.

By the time I came down, the kitchen was spic and span. She had changed into an old light pink coloured dress, the first dress I had presented to her after our wedding. Still, after ten years, she looked as ravishing and radiant in that dress as she had looked then. It was as if age had abandoned the idea of tampering with her face as it had done to mine.

I went out to the garage and took out the car, parking it in front of the door. I went back inside the house and had a good look at everything that there was there to look at in the house—my photo album, my prizes, the medals. I kissed the photograph of my late seven-year old kid who had died in a car accident. A tear trickled down the side of my face. I wiped it and went outside.

She was already sitting in the front seat

next to the driver's, staring ahead into empty space. I started the car and drove away. We did not utter a word as we drove towards the base. I gave my name with the rank I held to the attendant sitting behind the counter. A cheerful voice on the loudspeaker announced the departure time of my flight. I still had five minutes to spare.

Tears were trickling down her face as she fought hard to prevent herself from breaking down there in front of me. I took her in my arms and kissed her on the lips. The kiss was long and full of passion and of my love for her. We broke up but she clung to me, holding me fiercely in her delicate arms. I stroked her hair and whispered 'I love you'. To some stranger, it may have sounded melodramatic, but I had said it to tell her how much she meant to me. I kissed her again and turning, strode briskly towards the gate to avoid further delay. Just when I was about to step inside and be gone forever, I turned back and waved to her, throwing a flying kiss towards her. As the doors clammed shut separating us, I saw her standing there, tears streaming down from her eyes, her face buried in her hands.

I went out on the airstrip and walked to my plane, which was being swarmed over by attendants. I climbed into the cockpit and started the engines. I saw her running towards the plane but did not stop the engines. I heard her imperceptible cry of 'I love you, too' against the thunderous roar of the engines. I pressed the lever forward and the plane took off. I looked at her till she became a tiny speck, then I lost sight of her. I was on my way to complete my mission, to destroy the enemy.....and also, myself.

**—Ashish Gupta
Class XI**

NOTE :- The Kamikaze Bombers were suicide bombers who used to crash-land their planes on the enemy ships or buildings in order to destroy them during the second world war.

TO BE WITH YOU.....

(This poem is for all those who found my previous one frighteningly tearful, too gentle or whatever. It's for those who told me that they were howling after reading it. Not by getting moved but because it was simply frightening. I hope this is better.)

*You're so close to me and yet so far,
Till now with my emotions I am at par.
Just thinking of you satisfies the soul,
There is absolutely nothing about you that
leaves me cold.*

*Listening to your voice fills me with joy,
When you wanna play, I wanna be your toy.
I'll take on the world to get closer to you,
I can't define what my love can do.*

*When my world was dark, you were my light,
And since then, only you've been in sight.
Whatever the time, I'll do what you say,
Even if I have to go out of my way.*

*You're the best thing that's ever happened to
me,
You're all I need sweetheart, can't you see.
When I'm with you the whole world seems mine,
I know I haven't got you but atleast I'm trying.*

*You're in front of me when I close my eyes,
And as I open them your image dies.
So I wish I get eternal sleep,
Atleast your picture will be mine to keep.*

*I guess at the moment I'm nothing to you,
But all I can do is tell my love is true.
It'll never fail, never die, or even fade,
I know it's for me that you've been made.*

*I can't sleep at nights I lie wide awake,
This Utopian world, you have to break.
Turning and twisting throughout the night,
Thinking you'll come and brighten my life.*

*On phone your voice is ever so sweet,
Every giggle of yours is like a musical beat.
You don't even know what you've done for me,
Given me a lovely feeling of eternity.*

*Now you've gone but memories remain,
Nothing seems right, nothing seems the same.
I wanna be next to you, I wanna be your man,
We could be together, of course we can.*

*If you think I'm crazy, you're absolutely right,
I'm crazy for you, you're my day, you're my
night.
Looks like into my life you've been hurled,
I love your hair, so naturally curled.*

*Don't think I'm fickle `coz that's not true,
I'm the one who wants `To Be With You.'*

*--Ankur Nigam
Class XII*

A YOUNG SOUL

*Sitting across the street, his eyes in wait of a
customer, eyes full of hopelessness, despair and
disillusion,
Looking for someone he could call `sir'.
Many felt sorry, but all avoided contact with his
eyes,
'Cause to peer in those brown sorrowful eyes,
was to recognise man's humanity and lies.*

*Is this what an eight year old's eyes are sup-
posed to tell?
To starve all day and be ignored by those who
go to church and ring the bell.
As the heavenly chimes fill the air, no one hears
his silent cry,
'I have done no wrong dear God, why have you
put me on this earth to starve and die.'
But none heard him and all passed by without
even a sigh,
As he sat, eyes full of shattered innocence
looking at the sky.
Each tear was like a diamond on his unwashed
face,
Sweet drops of pearls and gems fell from one
who had fallen from grace.*

*As dawn came, life began,
Elders busy, kids being fed.
But no one noticed and none saw,
That one young soul who had been born was
now dead.....*

--Akshi Saxena

THE WHITE MACKINTOSH MYSTERY

The cloudless night sky was sprinkled with millions of stars. Mist was rolling down the opposite mountain. Outside the long wall of glass windows, I got a sweeping view of the faint flickering lights of villages up on the hills, across the Ravi. It was a slightly smudged view. The weather was uninviting. I turned away from the windows and drew the heavy curtains across.

A huge fire blazed in the fireplace. The air was fragrant with mingled scents of dry pine and fresh flowers. I settled down comfortably on a deep overstuffed arm chair with a new book. It was a collection of Edgar Allan Poe's spine-chilling murder mysteries. My parents had gone out of station for a wedding in the family and my cousin who was to keep me company had gone out. I was content to feast on the hot buttered popcorn by my side and losing myself in the cold world of scary characters.

A loud tap on the window snapped me back to the present world. I listened carefully waiting for another tap. When silence prevailed once more, I went back to my reading. Tap! Tap! There it was once again. Cautiously I sat up. I tried to analyse its cause. My cousin was very fond of practical jokes but I was sure he was considerable enough not to scare me out of my wits like this. Anyway when he would come back he would be tired and walk up the porch and ring the bell. Suddenly there was a louder tap on the window. I sprang out of my chair and walked up to the window. Cautiously I peeped out. There was not a soul to be seen on the lawn which was bathed in the moonlight. Just then the moon disappeared behind a cloud and there was inky darkness and utter silence.

I checked to see if all the doors and

windows were latched and then walked back to the drawing room. I thought to myself that my imagination was running wild. I was convinced when I thought I saw a beam of light on the front lawn.

Fear ran through my body and for a moment I sat motionless. Was it a burglar? I walked stealthily over to the door. The clock sat ticking away in a loud voice. I opened the door hurriedly but did not see anyone. Then through the window I saw the outline of three people. I ran and rang up the police about burglars trying to enter my house. The room was pitch dark. I switched on the lights of all the rooms.

Then the bell rang and I looked through the peephole door and heaved a sigh of relief. It was my parents and my sister. They had decided to come back early and surprise me. On seeing the lights turned down they assumed that I was asleep and they were trying to find out a way of waking either my cousin or me. Just then my cousin came dashing up the drive.

All of a sudden I remembered ringing up the police and I told my parents about it and they laughed their heads off. The police came and asked where the burglars were. My father had a tough time convincing the police that it was no burglar but they had come wearing white mackintoshes with their hoods drawn up and so I had thought that they were burglars.

The policeman was a very good one and just laughed and went away. After this we all sat and convulsed with laughter. Ever since then to this day, this episode is known as 'The White Mackintosh Mystery'.

**--Debashish Banerjee
Class IX**

AM I GOING MAD ?

I have seen in my whole life long, elephants, toads and lions but I tell you, I have never seen a cat whose whiskers are green, or a caterpillar with a hundred legs or even a Zebra with stripes black and red. I have seen a kangaroo jump ten feet high but have never seen one which has touched the sky. I have seen a beaver build a dam quite large but have not seen one that has built a barrage. I have seen a lot of things change in my eighty years but never has

a kitten changed into an ape in a day!!

I think I'm hallucinating. I remember when there was a recipe of delicious aloo-puri and bhel but now people have for meals only a grain! I think I am turning mad, so it will be preferable for me to take a nap. I'll be down tomorrow with the latest news maybe if I'll see an elephant turn into a mongoose!

**--Sahil Vohra
Class VI**

THOSE WACKY MY HOUSE

This is a story about my house. We have a house in the village. We have a stud farm behind our house. I go with my father to the stud farm to see the horses. One day we went fishing. My father threw a hook, and it got stuck in a tortoise shell. My father thought it was a fish. He pulled his rod and before it came out of the tortoise shell, his rod broke. Then we came back to our house. That is the way I spent my holiday.

*--Parmarj Singh
Class II*

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

There was once a man who wanted to be rich. So he began to make a statue in 1980. In three months he made half of the statue. When the police saw the statue it was very tall. The man had worked for eight years, till he succeeded. Then he named it 'Liberty'. President George Washington gave him one zillion dollars and from then the man was a zillionaire.

*--Sidharth Chandra
Class II*

WOODSEATERS MY DREAM

One day I dreamt about a fish. It was very big. I was inside the fish's mouth. It took me to the end of the sea. I saw a small fish. I saw a blue whale. It was very big and its teeth were very sharp. The blue whale was going to eat me up but I was saved because the fish ate the whale and after one day the fish ate me up. As the fish ate me, I realised I was dreaming.

*--Raunak Tibrewal
Class II*

THE RICH MAN

One day a rich man went for a walk. He saw a boy called Liang. He was very poor. He had nothing to do and nothing to eat. When the boy was going home, he found some food to eat. He was happy. Then the rich man went home and ate his breakfast. He ate many things for breakfast. He was very happy.

*--Raghav G.
Class II*

W. O. B. N.

Abhinav Chaturvedi (Ex-Roll No. 430, Batch of 1992-93), at present is studying in Yeshwant Rao Chavan College of Engineering. He is doing Electronics and Power (3rd year) which is a combination of Electronics and Electrical Engineering.

Excerpts from a letter to Mr. Kandhari from Captain Sameer Duggal (Batch of 85 Ex- No. 72, Jamuna):-

It gives me great pleasure to learn that the School is doing very well in all spheres of activity. I am very certain that under your able stewardship WELHAM will achieve greater

(6)

heights and keep up to its motto 'From strength to strength'.

I passed out from Welham with the Batch of 1985 (Ex. Roll No. 72, Jamuna) and joined the Army Public School, Delhi thereafter. After finishing my graduation from Kirorimal College, Delhi, I joined the Army as a Cavalier, presently my regiment is in Jammu. There are three officers from our batch in the Army, two in the Armoured Corps and one in the Bde of Guards.

We regret that the print in the last issue was corrupted by a computer virus. Corrected copies of the Oliphant are available from the editor on request.

RINGSIDE VIEW

The school soccer team went to Lucknow for the I.P.S.C. North Zone 'A' tournament on the 31st of August hosted by Sainik School. The team had practised hard and were looking forward to gaining some exposure. The team had to win two matches to qualify for the I.P.S.C. tournament to be held in Patiala.

The first match was against M.N.S.S. (Motilal Nehru School of Sports), Rai. Our team was licked 9-0 in a very one sided match. The M.N.S.S. team were too skilful and experienced for our players as the name of the school suggests.

We had better luck against Modern School (Barakhamba), Delhi. We lost 3-1. The school team played poorly in the first half but put the pressure on in the second. Of the last 45 minutes the ball stayed in the Modern School half for about 35 minutes. Prashant Singh scored the solitary goal for Welham in the tenth minute of the second half. The last match against Sainik School was delayed because the Chief Guest didn't turn up. The school team had to leave Lucknow that evening so the first half was of thirty-five minutes and the second was twenty-five minutes. We lost 3-0.

Now that they are back from Lucknow they are thrashing all the local school teams in the Council Schools Football Tournament. The school team played their first match against Guru Nanak Academy. The team played excellently and the inclusion of some new players, namely, Akshi Saxena, Gaurav Katwal and Gaurav Chaudhary did not hamper their coordination. The team won the match 2-1. Prashant Singh struck in the fifth minute of the second half and Manish Kumar soon followed. St. Thomas proved to be no match for the Welham team as they were wiped out 4-1. The goal scorers for the school were Samarth Singh, Mukti Bikram Shah and Manish Kumar. (The St. Thomas let in a self goal.)

The Inter-House football matches (Section C) proved to be more interesting than usual. There were hardly any one sided matches and there was a surprise winner. Underdogs Jamuna played Cauvery in the first match. Cauvery had eight players from the school team and were confident of a win. Jamuna surprised

everybody by playing very competent football. Lovish Sharma showed his dexterity in the football field by scoring the only goal. Jamuna won the match and seemed to be a potential threat. Abhishek Mohan and Gaurav Katwal let no one through the Jamuna defence.

The other underdogs Ganga played Krishna next. The Ganga played well in the first five minutes. Maneet Arora netted the ball for Ganga in the first five minutes. His skilful game was appreciated. The Ganga team seemed to lose energy after the first ten minutes and Krishna scored three goals in a span of about five minutes. The goals were scored by Ankur Nigam, Aneesh Kapoor and Samarth Singh. Ankur lobbed a ball that bounced over the goalkeepers head. Samarth struck thrice after that and Vivek Sharma scored one goal for Ganga. The final score was 6-2.

The clash of the titans was the match between Cauvery and Krishna. The score was 2-1 in favour of Cauvery. Mohinish Gupta who has emerged as a new player struck for Cauvery and the second goal was scored by Manish Kumar. Krishna's solitary goal was scored by Gaurav Chaudhary. Ganga and Jamuna played each other in the next match. The Jamuna defence played well against Ganga's attacks. Sohrab Mulla scored for Jamuna winning the match for them.

The deciding match was played between Jamuna and Krishna. Jamuna had to draw the match to win the cup, and that's just what they did. The score was tied at 1-1. Krishna had a lot of bad luck as they missed a number of easy chances to score. Gaurav Katwal converted a penalty to tie the score for Jamuna. Akshi Saxena scored for Krishna. Samarth Singh missed a penalty in the second half and his brother Prashant missed to convert some easy free kicks. The last match was played between Cauvery and Ganga. Cauvery licked Ganga 5-1.

Rahul Goenka and Sunit Mehta represented school in the I.P.S.C. Table Tennis tournament held in Birla Vidya Mandir, Pilani. We stood fourth out of twelve teams and lost in the semi finals against Modern School, Delhi. Our Congratulations to the team.

Results of I.S.C.-95

01. Nitin Bhanot - 93.2 %
02. Mayank Tiwari - 92.25 %
03. Ashish Mathur - 91.75 %
04. Waseem Ahmad Trumboo - 88.5 %
05. Piyush Sharma - 88.2 %
06. Kirtiman Singh - 86.0 %
07. Anurag Agarwal - 84.5 %
08. Puneet Pant - 84.5 %
09. Rohit Jaiswal - 84.2 %
10. Sanidhya Sindhwani - 84.2 %
11. Sameer Gambhir - 83.7 %
12. Vikas Kumar - 83.5 %
13. Amit Oberoi - 83.0 %
14. Pavan Agarwal - 81.7 %
15. Biswajit Talukdar - 81.5 %
16. Sharad Poddar - 80.7 %
17. Asif Iqbal Burza - 79.0 %
18. Gautam Khattar - 78.5 %
19. Vijit Shrestha - 77.5 %
20. Jayant Gokhale - 77.25 %
21. Kapil Sharda - 75.5 %
22. Nitin Agarwal - 75.0 %
23. Davinderpal Sahni - 75.0 %
24. Udai Vashisht - 73.5 %
25. Gaurav Wahi - 73.0 %
26. Danish Ansari - 72.5 %
27. Harpreet Sawhney - 72.5 %
28. Jayendra B. Shah - 70.5 %
29. Rana Randeep Grewal - 70.2 %
30. Vijay Bishnoi - 69.5 %
31. Alok Mehta - 68.0 %
32. Vijay Nishant - 66.0 %
33. Abhishek Khattri - 65.0 %
34. Himanshu K. Singh - 63.0 %
35. Imit Arora - 60.0 %
36. Jai Amardeep Singh - 58.0 %

I.C.S.E.-95

01. Nimish Agarwal - 91.0 %
02. Vivek Garg - 91.0 %
03. Maneesh Kumar - 90.8 %
04. Ashish Gupta - 89.6 %

05. Sachin Dhir - 89.6 %
06. Karan Sood - 89.6 %
07. Amiya Setu - 89.6 %
08. Dibyanshu Poddar - 87.2 %
09. Sameer Raina - 86.8 %
10. Amarnath Jaiswal - 86.0 %
11. Anshul Amurag - 85.2 %
12. Kaushal Kishore - 83.8 %
13. Rajan Jain - 83.6 %
14. Vikas Kumar - 83.6 %
15. Amol Ballani - 82.2 %
16. Arpit Agarwal - 82.0 %
17. Gaurav Shekhar - 81.8 %
18. Vikash Chaudhuri - 81.4 %
19. Akbar Ali Khan - 78.0 %
20. Aditya Sud - 77.8 %
21. Varun Lohia - 77.4 %
22. Arjun Bhatia - 76.0 %
23. Gurkirat Singh Aurora - 76.0 %
24. Dhruv Raj Singh - 75.2 %
25. Shakti Agarwal - 75.0 %
26. Hussain Zaidi - 74.2 %
27. Hemant Chauhan - 74.2 %
28. Rumaan Kidwai - 74.0 %
29. Puneet Gambhir - 73.0 %
30. Aditya Singh Jhala - 72.8 %
31. Saurabh Sinha - 72.4 %
32. Ashish Patodia - 72.0 %
33. Gaurav Panjwani - 71.4 %
34. Rohan Baweja - 69.4 %
35. Akash Sharma - 69.0 %
36. Chaitanya Wahi - 67.2 %
37. Vishvesh Poddar - 65.6 %
38. Jatin Oberoi - 65.0 %
39. Muzaffar Ali Khan - 65.0 %
40. Vinayak Prasad - 64.0 %
41. Samarth Pratap Singh - 62.6 %
42. Gautam Khullar - 62.4 %
43. Surya Sud - 61.6 %
44. Amit Sekhri - 56.8 %
45. Gurpreet Gambhir - 56.4 %
46. Abhishek Bakshi - 55.2 %
47. Zayed Abbas Khan - 51.2 %
48. Vivek Bansal - 47.0 %

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