

THE KALIMPONG ASSOCIATION (UK)

NEWSLETTER



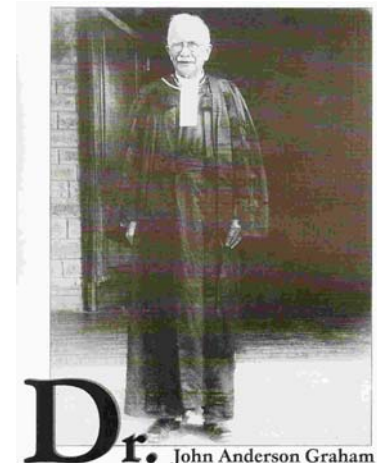
Spring 2008

We need more OGBs to take an active interest in the Homes. Support is always needed. Our hope is that you please help those who are less fortunate than yourself.

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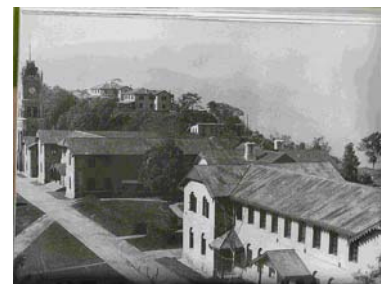
A VISIONARY

In August 1900 Dr Graham acquired 100 acres ground above the mission on the slopes of **Deolo Hill**. It looked desolate but had tremendous potential. The area was to be gradually increased until the final estate consisted of 560 acres. From this, we see something of the vision of Graham. This was to be no small struggling enterprise but a vast undertaking carefully planned. He had the vision, to see in his mind's eye, the hillside dotted with cottages, with the school and other buildings and he went about executing his vision into reality. He was obviously more than a visionary; Graham had seen the Quarrier's Homes in Scotland, founded by Wm. Quarrier, an orphan who had been brought up in a typical drab Victorian orphanage. He had made a fortune and with part of his money he constructed an orphanage of a very different nature, an orphanage based on the cottage system. It was this idea that Graham brought in **Kalimpong**. He was also influenced by the work of **Dr. Barnardo**, who was also interested in the welfare of the orphans.



Dr Graham had boundless faith even without the backing from Scotland. The government circles were delighted that a private agency was undertaking such a delicate service. Government officials from Viceroys to Governors were to support Graham whole-heartedly throughout the difficult days of the institution's growth. Despite the support from different people money often ran out and the Board of Management would call a halt and Graham would ask, "Where's your faith"? Sometimes even before the meeting he would sum up the situation and launch an emotional story or lobby before the meetings took place. Graham felt no qualms about going around with his begging bowl. He also formed an influential Board of Management in India. The Government was extremely liberal and gave a grant of Rs.3750 for the first home and a further grant of Rs.5 per month per child.

At the time he was still a full time missionary of the Young Men's Guild and the Homes was only a part of his life. In the morning he would handle the Missions problems and in the afternoon, he would ride up to the Homes and personally supervise the building of the cottage. He even went into the forests with the forest officer and selected his own trees for cutting. He was just as careful with the selection of his workmen. Anyone careless or slipshod was dismissed.



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TRAVELLERS TO KALIMPONG

Here are some most interesting excerpts taken from the book "A Travellers Tale" written by Enid Saunders Candlin, the daughter of a Hong Kong tea merchant, when she was married and living and working in Calcutta, India. It contains many references to a part of the world that would be familiar to the OGBs of Dr. Graham's Homes, sights and sounds, places and faces that are bound to bring back memories. She writes in the following paragraphs ...

"..... In November of 1943 we took a short leave and went trekking in the Himalayas. We started from Kalimpong, West Bengal, India, a blithe little settlement on a ridge two thousand feet below Darjeeling. Kalimpong was a fine place, with a good school and bazaar, which had somehow escaped the ghastly westernization of the better-known town. Kalimpong was the town where the world traveller, John Norris, had lived for 6 months and wrote his book "Living with Lepchas." It was also the Indian terminal for the Tibetan wool route.

Our Train left Calcutta from Sealdah Station. At Siliguri we changed to the Narrow Gauge Train, the Darjeeling Toy Train, which was going to the rail junction of Gil Kola. After a few miles we entered the valley of the Teesta, a journey far lovelier than the road to Darjeeling. On arriving at Gil Kola, a car took us directly from the railhead to the Dak Bungalow. It was set in a very pleasant garden of flowers in full bloom and had the luxuries of electricity and plumbing. It had only one disadvantage though, a cross and disobliging old chowkidar. He was probably annoyed at being surprised by our sudden arrival, but he cut such a picturesque figure in his hand-me-down British Tweed London jacket, white jodhpurs and dusty turban, that it more than made up for his disagreeable disposition; and at 4000 ft, in sparkling clear air, less than perfect servants are very easy to tolerate.

Soon we set off to find our contact, a Tibetan named Tsering who lived in the town. He was to arrange our tour to Gangtok, Sikkim. We were to go by ponies, even 4 year old Posy. There was only one road, ascending 10 to 12 miles from Kalimpong to Pedong, then a steep 8 miles uphill from JalepLa to Gangtok. It offered the charm of going past terraced fields and looking down hillsides planted with orange trees. One could take the leisurely pleasant pace of the traveller before the engine.

As we explored Kalimpong we found that it had a European colony, chiefly of missionaries of whom the majority were Scots. There were also a number of Schools, the main one being Dr. Graham's Homes, founded long ago for the children of tea planters and native women. The Kalimpong Homes was an immensely respected institution whose pupils had a name for doing well. Through the fresh, slightly chilled atmosphere, the genial sun shone down to warm our backs, ripening the golden fruit, and making the giant poinsettias even more brilliant. These were reflected in the glinting eddies of the gurgling streams, whose sounds added to the many trickling waterfalls, and mingled with the intermittent jangling of the bells around the ponies' necks, had a calming effect.

Twice a week there was a market day that was held on the Mela Grounds, originally started by Dr & Mrs Graham, where local produce and arts and crafts, Mrs Graham started Kalimpong Arts & Crafts, were for sale. However, what struck us most about Kalimpong was its gaiety and light heartedness.

We found that Tsering was well known among the locals so we had no difficulty in finding his home. He lived on the far side of the bazaar (market place), in a house perched on a huge black rock beside the main road leading up the hillside so that from his windows he could see travellers arriving from Tibet. To reach him we had to climb some forty steps leading over the side of the boulder beyond which lay his very small garden, bright with nasturtiums. The house had a tiny square hall flanked by two small rooms on either side and two slightly larger rooms at the back. Every inch of space was crammed with furniture, bedding, pictures, boxes and wool. There was an urn in the kitchen for making butter tea and in every corner shelves, filled with maps, tracts and books, in English, Tibetan, Hindi, Urdu and a few other languages that we did not recognize. Mrs Tsering took Posy by the hand and leading her into the other room, encouraged her to put her hand into a large Goldfish Bowl, whereas most Westerners would have told the child not to touch. Mr Tsering wore a shiny blue serge suit. The apartment had three of its walls lined with three couches spread with rugs and with bedding rolled up. A small table between the beds took up most of the room so that there was hardly room to get one's feet on the floor. But then, one was intended to sit crossed legged. On the walls hung pictures of the Dali Lama, King George and Queen Mary, British battle ships and the Potalla. Extra large Calendars, stacks of newspaper both English and Indian and overflowing bookcases filled mainly with Bibles and Christian tracts. Tsering explained that he was a Christian."

Enid Saunders Candlin, after completing her visit to Sikkim, returned to Kalimpong to take the train back to Calcutta. On the train, her fellow passenger was a young lady who, probably just out of school herself, was returning after having left her younger sister at the hill school. She was very cultured and spoke impeccable English. She explained to them that she was from an influential family in Shillong, Assam, and that her people were descended from a mixture of races. She also said that two of her brothers had already joined the Indian Merchant Navy. Enid remarked that she really enjoyed this girl's company.

She ends the Chapter by saying that she was really impressed with all that she saw and all those she met on her journeys. So much so that when she looks back on this trip she can only feel that it had been a beautiful dream, the settings were so ideal that she really has a hard time believing she was ever there."

**Just a note to let you know that the Christian Travel guide, Tsering is the father of Tashi Pempa Hishey who was sent to Dr. Graham's Homes, and is well known to OGBs. He followed the true Christian witness of his father while running the family Taxi Business and serving the Kalimpong community. He also worked on the DGH board and was the Honourable Patron of

Dr. Graham's Homes to the end of his life. Even today the Homes still rings with his testimony. It comes in the form of a hymn that he requested be sung at his funeral. The whole 60 plus members of his School Church Choir sang out the words of the enduring message of Psalm 23 "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

Elsee Pettigrew

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TOO LATE FOR THIS CHRISTMAS - BUT POSSIBLY AN INTERESTING BIRTHDAY GIFT

Dear Anglo Indian Compatriot! and book Aficinado! To anyone who is interested in buying Christmas presents for Grandchildren, some useful information about the community's Anglo Indian Heritage @ AMAZON? Many of our younger generation, our children and our Grandchildren, are not aware of our roots and the proud history of our community. In order for any people to survive, as a race and community, traditions and history have to be passed down from generation to generation. People who can trace their family origins and are aware of their history and culture and who share a common heritage are more confident as individuals. It is important that all our youngsters have the knowledge of where they come from and their proud history. Our community's has famous books by Frank Anthony, Herbert Alick Stark, Reginald Maher and Cedric Dover. Reading these, the younger generation, and we will be amazed at the achievements of our forefathers, and be very proud of our collective inheritance.

The Anglo Indian Heritage Books chronicle the rich and colorful history of the Anglo Indian Community. Our community has had outstanding achievements at every level of society for hundreds of years but that record of achievement has been hidden, passed over or co-opted as British and Indian History. These Books are an attempt to fairly represent the history of the community by works by Anglo Indian themselves. BUY THEM FROM AMAZON, Anglo Indian Heritage Books. If you follow the links to Anglo Indian Heritage Books @ AMAZON you can read descriptions of the books, other links will take you to Amazon UK where you can buy these books. For USA and Canada residents, visit your own country's Amazon websites.

Rachel Hersey

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Some Gems from Margaretta Purtill

What constitutes being alive? We all have been given a lot to share with others. What have you been given in your basket? What are you really willing to give to have life or love or what you really want? What are you going to do with your wild, precious life? There is a tendency to 'clump' with sameness and uniformity. If you hang around with your own you are not going anywhere. It is how you react to difference that says whether you are a 'clump' or a human. Why does suffering do drastic but different things to many people? Some of us become bitter while others become more human. Relationships break down because somebody decided to tell a lie. We are set free by at least trying to forgive. To 'forget' means that we create new experiences with individuals or groups that give birth to new memories. The end result is to be in communion with one another - at-one-ment. The way to atone is to recreate the community.

Four things you need to remember about stories:

- All stories are true - and some of them actually happened!
- Once you hear the words, 'Once upon a time....' It's happening to you. Stories tell us the truth about ourselves.
- All Stories are written in order to get us to change or to transform us.
- There are only two reactions to every story, either 'it's great' or 'I don't like it!' People rewrite the story to tell their own agenda.

As you mature in life you start including all that you have excluded when you were younger.

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KPG DANCE 18 OCTOBER 2008

Will be held at **The Archbishop LanFranc School, Mitcham Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR9 3AS**. Parking is available for over 300 cars. Easy access by train or bus. Dance the night away to the fabulous sound of "**Franks Multicoloured Disco**". Remember our last dinner and dance - yes folks it's the same disco, 18.00 hrs to 23.00 hrs (6pm – 11pm).

Tickets : £10.00 before 21 September - thereafter £12.00

Available from Committee Members - see last page for contact details.

Margaretta Purtill

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OGB's NEWS

Have you visited the KPG website, if not, why not take a look, the address is www.kalimpong-association.co.uk

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Renewing Old Friendships ...

There is not much I can tell you about my holiday in Calcutta, as it was quiet. I stayed at the Himalayan Theatre apartments and met my old mates whom I worked with in the Licensed Measurers Department, who were visiting Calcutta from the UK. I was very happy to meet Noel Zscherpel as he is a good chap, and was supposed to go to Kalimpong with him but he had already been there when I arrived. I also met Florence Snell, who came with her brother. It's always good to meet OGBs.

Duncan Watford, Australia

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Life in Retirement Mode

Having retired in January this year it is simply marvellous to find out what a life in retirement mode is like. To actually reach retirement age shows that one has been lucky to survive the crazies on the roads to start off with. It would be so easy to simply sit back and laze around and do absolutely nothing at all but I think it is important to make every day count while still enjoying oneself. That being the case, we have in place a system which permits us to maintain the cleanliness and running of the home as it were while still affording us time as a couple and time for ourselves. And it is, as I said above, absolutely marvellous.

We returned on Monday, 10th, from a holiday to Hong Kong. I had last been in Hong Kong 38 years ago while working in the British Merchant Navy, and it has changed out of sight. Christine had not been there before and both of us were blown away. It was clean and tidy with the locals being meticulous and civic-minded. There is no graffiti and no vandalism that we could see. Traffic lights were `obeyed` and road rage is unheard of. The MTR (the mass transport system) works reliably and efficiently moving thousands of people with no drama whatsoever. It is easy and comfortable moving around there. The quaint trams are both a boon and a joy for the overseas traveller. Shopping encompasses both the high end and the low end and we had a great time there. A veritable utopia? I think it is.

We will be going to the Daintree rainforest in Australia in May to get married on the 20th May and will have our honeymoon there followed by a few days in Port Douglas and Cairns. In August we go to the UK for a tour, during which we will also stay in London and in York for a while. In October we will go to Canberra for the Floriade.

My half-brother, Charles, who was in school a long time before my time, is in Arizona and we would like to visit him sometime, most probably in March or April next year. The Grand Canyon is in Arizona and Arizona is to the immediate east of the state of California, which makes making a trip there much more tempting.

We love our garden here and I must tell you that the purple seedless grapes we were fortunate to have, have been out of this world. There were bunches and bunches of them hanging down from the pergola, so many that we had to give batches of them to our neighbour and to our kids. I even froze some and dried others and so we still have them. We are hopeful of having a similar bountiful harvest as it were when the mango trees start bearing fruit. We have a range of fruit trees in our suburban block, a banana tree, an Indian guava, an Asian guava, a strawberry guava, a lemon, a blueberry, two mulberry, a papaw, two apple, a blood-red orange, a navel orange, two mandarin, four grafted mangoes, and four more mangoes I grew from seed, a peach, two plums, a nectarine, four grapevines, and a fig. And I must not forget the avocado. Christine plonks down tomato, beans, eggplant, garlic, onion, chilies, and herbs too numerous to recall, and pumpkins, pumpkins and more bloody pumpkins snaking their way all over the garden beds! I tell you, the snails, during their time in our garden, are everywhere in their hundreds, so much so that we have had to go on regular night patrols to snatch them off green shots to give the plants a fair shot of reaching maturity. We both believe in being as organic as possible and this extends to the garden in a very major way.

Enough. I have written too much.

John Dempster

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A Family Wedding in Sydney

A trip to Australia at any time of the year is a delightful treat! Our chance to experience this came when we received a beautiful invitation to attend the wedding of Louise and Paul in the Sydney Botanic Gardens on the 22 March 2008. Louise is the eldest daughter of my brother Henry, who many of you will remember, and his wife, Helen.

It did not take long for me to spring into action, and while John was in good humour and with the promise of several games of golf, I visited our patient travel agent to implement an itinerary. As the time drew nearer, we had to face the very painful and difficult decision of finding a good home for our latest family additions, namely, Peanut and her kitten, Tiglet. We were very

fortunate in finding a cattery in the next village with excellent facilities and a caring owner. The important decision made we were now able to concentrate on our forthcoming holiday!

On the 25 February we flew from Heathrow (thank goodness this took place before the opening of Terminal Five) to Singapore. The airport building is large, modern, extremely clean and the floral arrangements on the way to the baggage claim area, were second to none. We were met and taken to our very comfortable hotel in the centre of the city. The following day we visited the beautiful, well laid out, Botanic Gardens. The tranquil atmosphere was most welcome. The Orchid House was spectacular with orchids of every colour, shape and size and is very well worth a visit.

The following day was spent shopping and I was fortunate to find a very suitable silk jacket to enhance my wedding outfit! However, no golf for John, as yet! Our next stop was Adelaide where we spent time with our friend, Joy. We enjoyed a trip to the city of Adelaide and a paddle in the sea along Henley Beach - no sharks in sight and still, no golf! We then flew on to Melbourne where our friend, Merrilyn, met us at the airport. We have been friends since the early 60's when Merrilyn and her sister, Fay, came to England on a teacher exchange. We were fortunate enough to telephone Robert Wilson very briefly as he was on his way out to an appointment. We spent a day at the Healsville Animal Sanctuary where we were thrilled to see Koalas, Kangaroos, Dingoes, and Platypus swimming in a stream. A visit to St Paul's Cathedral was very special to us because an architect called William Butterfield, who lived in England all his life, designed this majestic building and was also responsible for the refurbishment of our own Parish Church in Hellidon. Incidentally, the floor tiles around the Altar are the same design as those used throughout the Cathedral.

Once we arrived in Sydney we were very happy to visit Miss Alice Allen, once Housemother at Assam Cottage. She remembered John well. We also visited Betty Ingles (nee Simpson) and her husband, Dudley.

Later on we were pleased to become involved with the pre-wedding celebrations. Henry and Helen had invited all the wedding guests (complete with identification labels - Bride, Groom, Mother of, Father of... etc!) for a delicious lunch prepared by experienced caterers. The garden had been decorated with red, blue and gold balloons, set in a dedicated area. This was very effective. This was a lovely opportunity to become acquainted with all the guests and to meet our new relatives. Unfortunately, it was not possible for Jean, who lives in Canada, to join us for this happy occasion. Believe it or not, we had a downpour of rain overnight and were forced to purchase umbrellas! However, the sun shone on us for the rest of the day and the wedding day was beautiful with not an umbrella in sight.

The stage was set; large white tulle bows were tied around the trees surrounding the wedding site. In the background were the Sydney Opera House and the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and all around us were beautiful gardens. At the appointed time the three bridal attendants, Priya, dressed in blue, Sharmila, dressed in purple and Louise's gorgeous younger sister, Alison, dressed in green made their way to where the guests were assembled.



The beautiful bride, Louise, wearing a long cream gown and a feather bridal headdress, with her proud father, Henry, arrived to where Paul and his Best-man were waiting. The wedding ceremony was conducted by the Registrar. It was simple, meaningful and very touching with not a dry eye on the lawn. As is customary in Australia, this was followed by loud applause and numerous clicking cameras. The Reception was a great success with a delicious meal, sincere speeches and a toast to the happy couple. It was a truly happy day.



Our next destination was Brisbane where Henry is currently working. Their apartment afforded us a wonderful view of the city and the River Brisbane. At night the reflections of the city lights in the river were spectacular. We spent a day visiting Robin Route in his home in Beenleigh, and were happy to make a telephone contact with Val and Tommy Turney and also George Clayton, who live in Queensland. We greatly enjoyed the train ride there and back. At the end of a week in Brisbane we sadly bade farewell to Australia and flew to Bangkok. The statues of Buddha were quite amazing, especially the gold Buddha, weighing five and a half tons! We enjoyed a tour of the city of Bangkok and the following day flew back to the welcome cool of London.

Oh, I almost forgot, John did manage two games of golf at Pennant Hills Golf Club with Henry whilst we were in Sydney!!!

Elena Christie

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KPG NEWS

From: The Chairman, Board of Management, Dr Graham's Homes.

It has been a very hectic period for us with the four concerts in a row - being nothing short of a triumph for the children.

First it was at the St Andrews Ball on the 1 December where they sang a number of Scottish tunes much to the delight of a very select dinner gathering. Our Board Member, Paul Dryden and his wife, organised everything and the net proceeds went to the Homes. It was Rs 2500 a plate gathering with quite a few sponsors backing the Ball. The next morning our traditional Anniversary Service was held at St Andrews Church. That same evening the concert held at the RCTC Lawns, where a crowd of 3500+, were enthralled with their special brand of music and song. It looked like a New Year's Eve Party and the cheese and flowers on sale for the Homes were picked up in the first hour.

The final concert, a Classical and Christmas Concert was held at St Paul's Cathedral on the 3rd evening, where we had over 800 people thronging the Church to witness what, I believe, was one of our finest performances. The Governor of West Bengal, Mr Gopal Krishna Gandhi and Mrs Gandhi, were present as our guests. Considering that the Cathedral sits 550 and we had added another 200 chairs it was something to see and a matter of great pride for the Homes. We were also able to raise Rs 9 lakhs in the effort after expenses. I thought the children would be absolutely exhausted, but not so. The next morning it was a great thrill for them to be at Nicco Park for a beautiful day out before they dispersed for the Holiday. The children's Christmas Tree Party will take place the next week and I am sure it will be a great success.

Yearend reports are being evaluated. It is a very turbulent time in Kalimpong and Darjeeling with the Hills going through another unfortunate round of indefinite bundhs with which we must cope. I just hope with elections round the corner we do not have further disruption. The Class X and XII supported children have been asked to report back on the 16 January 2008 for intense study before the Board Examinations. I just hope all of them will avail themselves of this special opportunity. I have added a rider that there will be no further support through College if they do not come just to make sure they do. Last year only 60% returned for special classes.

Micahel & Marguerite Robertson

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Assam Cottage Appeal update: 15 March 2008

The current donations received so far for the Assam Cottage Appeal fund, which celebrates its Centenary year in 2009, now stands at an impressive £1011.99.

Many thanks for your continued support - special thanks to Evelynne Hunter (nee Peters) and Jean Martin (nee McMahan) for their generous donations received since the last update.

Malcolm Johnson

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INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

At our meeting last evening we finalized the dates for the International Conference as 11th and 12th April 2008. Delegates will be asked to arrive on 10th April and leave any time on the 13th or later. However, the business will be conducted on 11th and 12th, both days and pretty extensively. We expected a single delegate for OGB Associations as numbers will have to be kept in check to control costs. There are going to be three delegated from the UK Committee.

The agenda has been circulated to our committee formally today and hopefully this can be sent to all committees by the 1 February. I look forward to your participation.

Michael Robertson

FUND RAISING

Allan and Denise invite you to dance the night away to the fabulous sounds of
"SILHOUETTE" on **Saturday, 10 May 2008**
Botwell Hall, Botwell Lane, Hayes, Middlesex, UB3 2AB - 7.30 till midnight

All tickets £10
Free plate of hot snacks - licensed bar

Tickets purchased after 3 May will not include free snacks

Dress: Smart - no Jeans or Trainers - No refunds - Rights of Admission Reserved
Children under 12 years will not be admitted

Tickets and further information please call

Allan on **01895 463960** or **07976 687295** (Uxbridge)
Johnny Bartels **020 8578 5175** (Southall)
Dorothy Rainford **020 8795 0314** (Wembley)
Olgar Foxley **020 8813 5009** (Hayes)
Lindy Court **020 8427 0727** (Pinner)
Clifford Skinner **020 8592 0911** (Dagenham)

All proceeds to be donated to help educate young Anglo-Indian children in India
Table reservation available - Email : allandenise@hotmail.co.uk

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OBITUARIES

Jack Neville Jolliffe

Jack was born on 13 December 1926, in Assam, India. He entered the Kalimpong Homes when he was 3 years old and was cared for in Lucia King cottage. Jack was 18 years old when he left Kalimpong; he was employed in Union Carbon, Calcutta and Lucknow, until retirement. He has two sons in India and two daughters in Canada. Jack lived with his eldest son in New Delhi when he took ill and was hospitalized briefly before he passed away on 2 December 2007, a few days shy of his 81st birthday. He also had two brothers, Richard and Arthur, who are deceased.

Cynthia Gough - Submitted by his daughter, Gail Gilbert, Mississauga, Ont.

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Gerald Dumaine

Gerald was born in India on 6 January 1922 and passed away on 29 January 2008. Gerald's funeral was held on Monday, 11 February 2008, at the South London Crematorium, Rowen Road, Surrey.

Gerald's mother had a bad accident and was paralyzed from the waist down. Gerald and Muriel were sent to Dr Graham's Homes, Kalimpong at the age of 5/6, and he remained there until he was 15 years old. Gerald joined the army medical core during World War II.

He worked for Dr Garrow for a while then joined the British India Steamship Company as ship's Bursar for ten years. Gerald met and married Freda. They came to England in 1957. Cable & Wireless then employed him as a telegraphic engineer until his retirement at the age of 60 years. He then set up and ran his own printing service until the age of 72 years.

Gerald was appointed a Trustee of the KPG Charity Trust in 1994.

Freda Dumaine

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Gerry spent his childhood years in the Homes, and was in Grant Cottage. Like so many children of that era, he did not go home for his holidays. He was born in Calcutta and had French ancestry. He was chuffed to learn that there was a Dumaine Street in the French Quarter of New Orleans, USA.

I first met Gerry when I became Hon. Secretary of the Kalimpong Association and Editor of the Newsletter in the 1980s. I would phone him after completing the typing of the quarterly newsletter on the old Gestetner "skins", which we used in those days, and he would come to my home to pick up the newsletter for printing and putting together in his Dumaine Printing

Press. He joined the Committee and took over from me as Hon. Secretary and Editor in 1993/94, as well as continuing to provide his printing services for a short while. He attended all the London reunions until he became ill.

We send our deepest condolences to his wife, Freda, and family.

Patsy Hardie

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Douglas Kingsley McMullen

Douglas died on the 8 October 2007 in St Thomas' Hospital London, after a long illness. He was 85 years old.

I find it difficult to string together phases of his life to compose a true obituary since Douglas made all the preparations for his own funeral, including the destruction of the document from which the Eulogy was read. The acoustics in the Church rendered the reading by an African friend almost inaudible; therefore, what I now write is culled from my own memory.

Douglas and his elder brother, Lionel, now long passed over, were born in Kolkata. Their mother, an old girl who left the Homes in 1916, was Rowena McMullen. The boys joined Wiston cottage in 1927, the newest, built in 1921. Rowena took them home to Dum Dum in Kolkata every winter. When Douglas left school during the second world war, he and his Wiston chum, Peter Crowfoot were made to believe that the manager of the Birkmyre Hostel was to take them for a joint interview to a firm of jute wallahs. But by the end of that day they found that they had signed up as members of the British Army, and were posted to Lucknow for training in the RAMC. Next posting was to Iraq, or to be precise, Basra. The war's ending found the units there closing. One happy stroke for them was that the closing operation as being supervised by an ex KPGite, Dr Cecil Cousins, who died in Essex not that long ago. After Independence Douglas opted for immigrating to the UK. He started training as a nurse in the National Health in 1948. By the time he retired he was in a teaching post in Wandsworth, London.

This is the proper place for me to mention the part, which ex-Wiston Cottage boys played in the early years of our Association. Their names ring bells, Hector Smith, Arthur Abbott, Peter Crowfoot, Andrew Luck Bennett and of course, Douglas. It was a relief to the Committed when Douglas volunteered to chair the sub-committed which was set up to appear to OGBs to contribute the £24,000 necessary to construct and furnish the hotel for senior boys. When the opening date was fixed and the surviving three, Douglas, Norman Hutchinson and myself were invited to participate in the opening. Douglas was unwilling to cancel his trip (an annual event), to the USA. How he loved America! Was it any wonder then that one of his funeral hymns was the Battle Song of the Republic?

Sadly, towards the end of his; life he discouraged visitors. He was too ill to cope. We, who knew him, will miss him. He was without relatives.

Eddie Lamb

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Denzil A Van Haeften

As mentioned very briefly in the last Newsletter, Denzil passed away on the 15 October 2007 in the place of his work, The Good Shepherd Agricultural Mission, Tanakpur, United Provinces, India. When we try to reckon up the life of hardship, which Denzil endured as a leper, it is comforting to learn that he died in peace in the place where he had labored off and on for half a century.

His sojourn in the Kalimpong Homes was short, from December 1944 to April 1950. His movements before he took up farm work at the mission in May 1957 were between Kalimpong when he was a patient in the Scots MacFarlane Memorial Leper Colony and Kolkota where he was employed as a motor mechanic. He must have had a break from farm work to go in for treatment at the colony, for he marries Megan, a fellow-patient there, and has a family of a boy and a girl, Albert and Gloria.

Fate looked kindly on the family, for at the juncture when the leper colony was closing and there was nowhere for them to live, the MacFarlane Memorial Church offered them a plot of land on which to build a hut. At this time our great friend and benefactor, Dr Jim Minto, encounters Denzil on the road from Siliguri to Kalimpong, driving cattle for sale to the butchers. Just that brief encounter with an OGB on the Siliguri road was to have sympathetic movements far and wide for we, on the KPG Association, UK, on receiving Jim's appeal, instantly set in motion brotherly and sisterly acts which provided the family with the necessary funds to build their koti; and, when the time came to have the kiddies admitted to Lucia King. Our Charitable Trust took on the responsibility for providing the necessary wherewithal for their education.

Gloria studied on to become a teacher who is following her profession in the Home and is presently resident in Grant Cottage with her teacher husband, Anil Wilkins, and their two children. Albert benefited while resident in the Birkmyre Hostel in Kolkata from funds provided by the Andrew Luck Bennett Bursary, and is, according to his late father's last letter, dated 31 July, doing very well in New Delhi. It was for just this fort of united action that our Charitable Trust was established. It seems fitting that we use this occasion to call to remembrance the good work in the sponsorship of Anglo Indian children that

our Charitable Trust is constantly engaged, and that it is only through the giving of us KPG folk that the Trust can function. Denzil's case shows that there is a brother or a sister out there who could do with a kindly handout.

We end this obituary on a sad note. Denzil longed for the coolness of the hill of Kalimpong, and purchased a plot of farming land above Grant Cottage where he started building his pukka koti for his and Megan's retirement. In his last letter Denzil writes, "I was in Kalimpong in December last year and saw that the house is almost complete. Although there are a few things that need to be done and with God's grace I believe they will be done too. How are the other OGBs? I would request you to give them my regards."

We extend to Mega, to Albert, Gloria and Anil and their two children our sincere condolences.

Eddie Lamb

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The late Richard McGavin (OGB) 1897-1989

The other day I came across an old letter from Richard who, at one time, was the oldest OGB member of our Association. As the story behind this letter is barely credible, I thought I would share it with members. It was written at a time when Sterling £1 notes were being rapidly withdrawn from circulation, making them very scarce.

On the day of our AGM in June 1986 when Richard was fast approaching the ripe old age of 89, my wife Jean (Harrop), Phyllis Fernandez, Peggy Marshall and I set off early afternoon for London, by car from South Croydon. Some 15 minutes into our journey, we reached the junction of Green Lane and Streatham High Road in Streatham (for those familiar with the area), where we had to turn right into the main road. At that point Jean thought she recognised an elderly gentleman walking on the other side of the road. Without hesitation she jumped out of the car, briskly crossed the road, informed the gentleman that she was a girl from Kalimpong, an OGB, and that she thought she recognised him as a fellow OGB. The gentleman then confirmed that he was indeed an OGB and his name was Richard McGavin.

Jean then informed Richard that, as we were on our way to 'the AGM', he might like a lift there. After this brief exchange, they both got into my car and I promptly drove off. Unfortunately, by the time we had driven only a few more hundred yards, I had to inform Richard that I was desperate to go to the loo, at a point when we still had a fair journey ahead in very heavy traffic. Richard then pointed out that there was a Safeway supermarket just up the road. So I swiftly drove to that Safeway and into their car park, abandoned Richard and the three ladies in my car and swiftly proceeded to the gents in the supermarket. Having restored my comfort, I proceeded to drive out of the car park, whereupon the attendant at the exit asked me to pay £2 for using their car park. He explained that, he had to charge me this flat fee. Rather shell shocked by this, I enquired "Are you saying that had I bought even one packet of crisps for 7p, I would be entitled to free parking?" "Yes" was the reply. As we could not afford to lose further time by shopping for a 7p packet of crisps, I simply drove off with the feeling I had just been the victim of extortion. After all £2! £2!....For that sum, one could use the toilets at Victoria Station on 20 separate occasions!

At the end of the formal proceedings of the AGM, there was Richard, like the rest of us, happily enjoying the tea and food provided, loving the company and engaging in the usual chinwags, as is our custom. However, before we had all done with tea, he came up to me to utter these amazing words; "David, I'm going home now. Thank you for bringing me. Actually, I hadn't planned to come to the AGM.!!!! To say I was amazed and somewhat perplexed would of course be quite an understatement. After all, we had only kidnapped him! The thought crossed my mind: "How could he have remained so calm and unflustered throughout the afternoon if he had been 'forcibly' whisked to a meeting he had no intention of attending?" It says much for our special DGH relationship that he so readily put himself in the hands of people he barely knew.

Richard went on to add that, when Jean approached him in Streatham, he was in fact on his way to Safeway the supermarket! Therefore, on his way home (this time by public transport of his choice!) from the meeting, he would be popping into the store where he would explain matters (my £2 fee for spending a penny!) to the manager whom he knew well. This of course also meant that, apart from depriving him of his freedom, we had quite unwittingly also prevented him from shopping for his groceries that afternoon. Amazing man. I recall dismissing his words as no more than words of comfort from a kind old man, and did not expect any form of reimbursement from the supermarket. However, only a few days later, I received Richard's letter mentioned at the beginning of this story. Dated 16th June 1986, he wrote from his flat in Streatham High Road:

"Dear David,

On my way home on Saturday I called in on SAFEWAY to buy a few items and as chance would have it I came across the Manager. I mentioned what happened. Without hesitation he gave he gave me a refund of the £2 you paid. I converted the £2 coins into pound notes, which are still legal tender. I am enclosing the £2 notes (sic), which you could re-convert into pound coins at any bank. Thanks for the lift. Without it I wouldn't have gone to the re-union. I didn't intend going. All the best. Yours sincerely,

Dick McGavin

PS: Perhaps you could acknowledge safe receipt. Thanks."

Upon receiving this unexpected letter, my first thought was: "What an incredible man. Not only was he true to his word but he was also successful in obtaining a full reimbursement on my behalf." There was also the small matter of finding what were by then quite rare pound notes. I telephoned him that evening to express my sincere thanks for the trouble he had taken and to congratulate him on successfully procuring a refund for me.

Sad to relate that we never met Richard again and I do not think he attended another AGM and reunion after 1986. He passed away just three years later, in July 1989, in his 92nd year. Every time I think of this fascinating episode, it always brings a smile to my face. At the same time I am reminded of a grand old man, a genuinely nice guy, affable, kind, considerate, courteous and very patient. In short, one of life's true gentlemen.

I understand that Eddie Lamb, who may now be our oldest Association member, knew Richard pretty well, a great deal better than I did anyway. As Richard was one of Homes' earliest pupils having been admitted in 1901, to leave in 1915, I wonder if we could persuade Eddie to send in a write-up on what he knows of Richard's post-Kalimpong life. After all, life must have been very challenging, if not exciting, for a young boy leaving school soon after the outbreak of World War 1.

David Gundlach

How about it Eddie, I'm sure it would make fascinating reading?

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Charles Francis Pontin

Charles Francis Pontin, 81, of Mesa, Arizona, USA, passed away unexpectedly on 15 March, at Banner Baywood Medical Center surrounded by his loving family. He was born on 13 August, 1926 in India. Charles joined the tea industry as a young man in London, England, where he met his future wife, Liselotte Boser. His career led them to Toronto, Canada, where they married and then to White Plains, New York, where he worked for many years for an international company, managing its tea business. After retiring to Mesa in 1991, Charles and Liselotte enjoyed traveling to many exotic places around the world. In addition to his devoted wife of 50 years, Charles is survived by his daughter Karen (Jack) Milvaney and his son, Neil (Tracy Peers) Pontin both of Clifton Park, NY. He was also the beloved grandfather of Douglas and Lauren Milvaney and Kristen and Meghan Pontin. Those who knew Charles best will remember him for his devotion to and pride in his family, his extensive knowledge of a broad range of topics, his enjoyment in discussing politics and world events, and for being an avid fan of the English football team Arsenal Gunners. Family will be receiving friends on Wednesday, 19 March, 2008 from 4:00 to 6:00 pm at Mariposa Gardens Funeral Home, 400 S. Power Road, Mesa, AZ. In lieu of flowers, those who wish can make a memorial contribution to the World Wildlife Fund.

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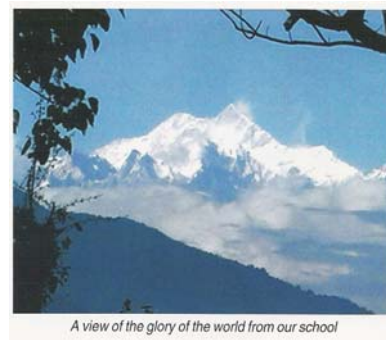
Extracts from the magazine of St Andrew's Colonial Homes - September 1939

HOME (by an anonymous Old Homes Boy)

Kalimpong, dear home of delight
Where childhood and youth were spent;
Its beauty a wonderful sight;
God alone knows what it meant.

From childhood I grew to love
The only home I have known
Thanks to one sent from above
To teach me to love one home.

Where all to me were so kind.
Chapel, school and landscape below,
They come like a flash to my mind
The only home that I know.



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Definition of an Anglo-Indian

The following are the definitions as contained in the 1935 Government of India Bill :

“**ANGLO INDIAN** is a person whose father or any of who other male progenitors in the male line is or was or European descent, but who is a native of India.”

“**EUROPEAN** is a person whose father or any of whose other male progenitors in the male line is or was of European descent and who is not a native of India.”

“**NATIVE OF INDIA** includes any person born or domiciled within the dominions of His Majesty in India or Burma of parents habitually resident in India or Burma and not established there for temporary purposes only.

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It is with regret we bid farewell to our Editor, **Mrs Yvonne Felix**, who for the last two years has edited the newsletter. Yvonne was thrown in at the deep end when we were unable to get anyone to take this responsibility on and may I state, has done a splendid job in editing and giving so much of her time and commitment as well as total dedication. She will be sorely missed and we wish her all the best in whatever road life takes her. *‘A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step’!* May you always know that there are those whose love and understanding will always be with you even when you feel most alone and may a kind word, a reassuring touch, and a warm smile be yours everyday of your life.

It is with relief we welcome back **Mrs Yolande Fegrado**, (who our readers know very well from her past tenure as editor) and we are very grateful that she is willing and able to step into this demanding role. Our warmest and sincere thanks, Yolande.

We are sorry to lose our Auditor, **Mr Gerry Arnold**, who has been auditing our books for many, many years. Jerry has now retired due to old age and we do wish him all the very best and hope he and his wife enjoy many fruitful years together in peace and tranquillity. Out of sight but never out of mind! You have been truly incredible in your total commitment to the Association. Thank you for giving so freely of your time. You will be sorely missed not only by our Members, but most especially by the Committee. Thank you seems so inadequate for all the years of support that you have given us but it comes from our hearts. A humble ‘thank you’ from us all. God Bless.

Margaretta Purtil (President)

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| Forthcoming Events | Dates | Venues |
|--|---|--|
| AGM The Kalimpong Association (UK) The Kalimpong Association (UK) Charitable Trust | Saturday, 21 June 2008 Doors open at 2.00 pm Meeting commences at 3.00pm | Methodist Church Hinde Street, London W1 Tube: Bond Street |
| BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION Donations of items for the Raffle would be most welcome | Saturday, 20 September 2008 Doors open at 2.00 pm | Methodist Church Hinde Street, London W1 Tube: Bond Street |
| KPG DISCO-DANCE | 18 October 2008 Doors open at 18.00 hrs | The Arch Bishop LanFranc School, Mitcham Rd, Croydon, SCR9 3AS |

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Sadly, we have lost our printer, Mr Webber, as he has retired from the printing business. If there is anyone in the UK who would be prepared to take on this job please do get in touch with the President/Secretary.

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