



The Kalimpong Association (UK)

Autumn 2011 Newsletter

A note from the editor

Dear OGBs, friends, supporters, and well-wishers, welcome to the autumn newsletter – my first as new editor.

You may all have heard by now about the earthquake in India. At the time of writing, the situation is still developing, but it is clear that the Homes have suffered. I'm sure that we all offer our best wishes to everyone who has been affected by this natural disaster – connected to the Homes or not.

On a cheerier note, it is fantastic to see people sharing their ideas and opinions on how we can all help to support the Homes. There are two very interesting articles in this edition of the newsletter which may really inspire even more of you to join the debate on the future of the Homes, and take action to contribute to their survival.

We also now have a brand new Facebook and Twitter page, so do be sure to like us and follow us, and get involved in the conversation – we'd love to hear from you!

Finally, it remains for me to wish the Homes a very happy 111th Birthday. Let us hope that in spite of recent setbacks, this will be a prosperous year for the school.

I hope you enjoy this edition of the newsletter.

Wendy Woodward

Editor



Kalimpong Association UK



www.twitter.com/kalimponguk

Indian Earthquake

Update and Appeal

The Dr. Graham's Homes campus suffered considerable structural damage in the recent earthquake in the region which measured 6.8 on the Richter scale. Less than 100km from the epicentre, it was fortunate that there were no injuries to children, staff members or employees. Assessment of the damage is ongoing and restoration work is expected to commence soon.

Many of the kindergarten/junior school children have been sent home; whilst the senior students are living in temporary accommodation, including classrooms and tents, in order to continue with their studies. Substantial funding will be required to renovate the buildings.

We once again appeal for your help and generosity: please donate towards the Earthquake Restoration Fund.

You can do this via the secure online bank account. Simply follow this link and donate whatever you can afford:

<https://www.charitychoice.co.uk/donation.asp?ref=8401>

Alternatively, you can give your donation to your local OGB committee.

100 year Graham's takes a battering – seven boarders' cottages evacuated, some classes off at Kalimpong school

Kalimpong, September 20: Sunday's earthquake has caused extensive damage to the 111-year-old Dr. Graham's Homes, forcing authorities of the premier educational institution in the hill town to suspend classes from nursery to Class VIII till October 10.

The school will remain open for students of Classes IX, X, XI and XII.

The quake has damaged 19 of the 22 cottages that house the co-ed school's 900-odd boarders. Some classrooms, too, have developed cracks. The Katherine Memorial Chapel and the Steele Memorial Centre, the school's infirmary, have also developed multiple cracks.



McGregor cottage

Seven of the 19 damaged cottages have been evacuated. "We have accommodated the boarders from the seven cottages in other cottages and the KG section," headmaster S.L. Banerjee said.

Most of the damaged cottages are over 100 years old.



Steele Memorial Hospital

Spread over 500 acres, the school, founded in 1900 by Scottish missionary Dr John A. Graham, also has a workshop, a bakery, three playgrounds and a farm.

The headmaster said some of the 11 staff quarters, including his, had suffered structural damage. "Initially we thought we would carry out repairs during the Puja holidays (scheduled from October 2 to 10). However, engineers advised us that given the widespread damage, it would take more time to repair the structures. That is why we decided to suspend classes from nursery to Class VIII from today till October 10," he added.



SMC hospital upstairs

The school has a student strength of 1,460, of whom 920 are boarders.

The boarders whose classes have been suspended have started leaving for their homes. "They will return on October 11 and, normally, classes will resume the next day," Banerjee said.

The headmaster said the damaged structures didn't appear to be beyond repair. "We have not yet estimated the damage caused to our property. We will have to look at the comparative costs of restoration and of rebuilding the damaged properties," he added.

The seven other ICSE schools in the town resumed classes from today after a day's holiday following the quake.

"The other schools have not suffered much damage," said E.B. Sherpa, the president of the Kalimpong unit of the Janmukti Secondary Teachers' Organisation's ICSE/CBSE wing.

Sherpa said his organisation would soon hold a meeting to discuss the damage caused to Dr. Graham's Homes.

“Homes is a heritage school of not just Kalimpong but the entire hills,” he said. “We will all come together to help Homes recover from the destruction.”

Source: The Telegraph, Calcutta, India

Photographs: Dr Graham’s Homes

Towards a New Vision

Some thoughts from the McCabe family visit to the Homes in April 2011



Alistair & Lynne McCabe with their children, Angus and Eva visited the Homes to remember Mollie McCabe who died last year.

Dr Graham’s Homes was founded 110 years ago by a pioneering missionary who dedicated his life to a ministry with a clear vision.

1900 was during the time of the Raj and funds for the new homes came easily from empire builders with a conscience. The work thrived and grew. On my visit 110 years later, I was surprised at the quality of the construction of the children’s houses. Elliott Cottage, built in 1902, has solid, original floorboards and still feels absolutely fit for purpose. Dr Graham was ahead of his time, and the concept of children being housed in cottages throughout an idyllic hillside setting is still, I believe, an excellent model. In summary, my opinion is that Dr. Graham’s Homes, 110 years on, has the potential to go forward successfully for another 100 years.

All of the above is not new and I think generally accepted, but I came away from my visit unsettled and I have now given some thought as to why.

I question whether the Homes today has a clear vision of what it is and where it is going. The Homes has conflicting aims which I think need to be separated and more clearly stated: it is both a top level school for well-to-do parents and a place of refuge and education for poorer families.

The Homes are in financial difficulty and need to recruit at least another hundred children (fee-paying or fully sponsored) to balance the books.

The advertising for the Homes sends out mixed messages.

I think fundraising for the Homes is hampered by images of well-dressed children, swimming pool, public-school church, famous choir touring the UK, etc.

I suggest a new focus in promotional material focusing on the type of child the Homes is helping. State a clear purpose. A good quote from Philip Gibson is that “We should ask people to support the education of poor children in a top school because this is what leads to an approach to equality in society.” With clearer promotional material, organisations such as the BBC’s “Children in Need” could I think be successfully approached for funding. I think it is difficult to promote the mixed metaphors projected by the current advertising.

The Homes are unique with a wonderful heritage. Like Dr Graham, I think the Homes can attract funding from wealthy individuals and corporations if its message is straightforward. Proudly build on the vision of Dr Graham, but change the message for the next century with a clearer vision of the Homes as giving hope to poor and needy children, both from the Anglo-Indian community and from beyond.

Sponsored children make up about a third of the pupils.

A problem is that, in most cases, sponsorship money is not covering the real cost of a pupil’s place. Inflation is high in India and this is constantly eroding the value of the funds received. Traditionally, full fee-paying students would subsidise the poorer, but with the shortfall in pupils, this is not happening. The budget gap is currently large and predicted to become larger.

Philip Gibson is doing an excellent job as CEO at the Homes and is acutely aware of the problem I am highlighting. There is a reluctance locally to share the crisis with the foreign committees who are doing so much already to keep the Homes afloat. My view is that everyone needs to get involved to safeguard a great heritage and find a future vision which may be very different from the past.

Leadership

Dr Graham and others like him followed in the footsteps of the likes of David Livingstone and William Carey. This generation had a calling to a lifetime of service. They created institutions such as the Homes and recruited like-minded long-term staff to help them fulfil their calling. This era of missionary service is largely gone with only exceptions remaining. A modern missionary planning a “long-term” commitment might be thinking in terms of three or four years. The Homes since the time of Graham has suffered greatly from short-term changing leadership and it may be unrealistic today to try and recruit a long-term chief executive.

Leadership, I think is the biggest challenge facing the Homes. Philip is instigating a culture based on ambition to give of your best - whether it be pupils, house-parents, teachers or estate staff. Finding a dedicated and properly qualified replacement to build on what Philip has started has to be a priority.

There is a real feeling that the current status quo is not sustainable. Change is needed for the Homes to prosper. I would like to see those with an interest meeting with authority to implement changes which I think are necessary and unavoidable.

The Homes are blessed with a great location, a wonderful history and enthusiastic supporters. My mother Mollie died last year. She never tired of recounting her happy days at the Homes in the 50's with my late father George, when both my sister Anne and I were born. Her death has spurred me on to give more of my own time and energy to help the Homes go forward positively into a great future.

Alistair McCabe 15 May 2011

“Fellow OGBS, Family and Friends of DGH and Well wishers”

A bit about myself: I'm Michael De' Rozario, joined the Homes as a wee little fellow in 1987 and left when I was a man, big and strapping, in the year 1996. I was also, like most of my Anglo friends, a sponsored kid. I started my career in Assam cottage and was privileged to be a Willingdon Beret when I left - by the way, for any Fraserite out there: we beat you guys at the singing competition and water polo - go Berets! I guess that covers it all as far as a brief introduction goes.

I see that in spite of our many differences, there is one common thread that flows through us irrespective of race, colour, cottage or batch - and that is we are all, at the end of the day, Homes guys - or OGBs. Thus, in spite of the various opinions expressed and the differences (seemingly) present. I see only concern for the Homes. Each person, though each might put it in a different way, is concerned for the Homes and its future.

I am very young and inexperienced, and probably not too wise either. However, I will say one thing and that is: I've been around the world and back, been there done that; and I owe it all to the Homes. In saying that, I owe a very huge debt of gratitude to my sponsors, the overseas committees who supported us Anglos and my teachers. The Homes simply shaped me and thus allowed me to shape my own future. I am who I am now because of all the people who took interest in me - a person they had never seen or would probably never meet in their lives. That I and in extension, we all, are here, is due chiefly to people who just did what they thought had to be done. Look at the results - most Homes guys turned out just great!

With the approval of all concerned, I'd like to make a few observations; and I hope you will all forgive me in case they seem presumptuous in any way.

All the talk in the world will not amount to anything as long as we Homes guys keep talking without actually trying to make the time and effort to stand up for what we believe in. This will take effort, time, commitment - things which most will not have or be able to spare. However, the simple truth is that if we want something, we need to go out and get it - it's not

going to come to us. It's time we stopped waiting for someone else to do something about things!

To be fair to all concerned (and as much as we might not want to admit to it) at times when the going has been tough for the Homes, it has always been the board, the various overseas and OGB committees who have come through for us kids and pulled the Homes back to a safe position. As such, as much as we might all disagree with each other, each other is all we have.

While I cannot comment on the financial situation of the Homes (not knowing much about it) this I can say: that when we used to live in and hang around Birkmyre, there was many a time and occasion that we were not happy at things that were attempted. I refer to a case when Ricardo White caught some workers trying to chip off the name plaque in Birkmyre Hostel. When he challenged these workers, they replied that they had been ordered to do so. I think Ricardo filed a case against the Birkmyre management - though I am not sure about the status of this case as Ricardo is not in Kolkata now. I think Muffet would recall what I am talking about - as he was always one of the most vocal and staunchest supporters of the Homes and Homes guys living in Birkmyre.

In my limited experience I've seen that there is a time for talk and there is a time for action, and I guess now would probably be the time for action. Having it out with the board or anyone else would probably just end up causing a rift and creating discord and mistrust; which would lead to the one thing nobody wants - which is to jeopardise the future of the Homes, Birkmyre and the kids.

I could suggest a few steps which would be simple to implement and yet make a difference:

First and most important, understand exactly where we (in terms of Homes OGB/overseas committees) stand, and where we are going. If we can each chalk out a five or ten year plan and share it with each other - thus having everyone on the same page - then everyone concerned could work towards the same goals for the Homes. At present, though there are so many people doing so very much, since each group/committee is working by themselves it's probably extremely difficult for the people concerned to keep trying to motivate themselves

when it might seem that their efforts are miniscule and that just so much remains to be done. So, we need a PLAN OF ACTION.

A few years ago, Shibu tried implementing a membership fee here in Calcutta. We were still in college (and usually broke) and couldn't keep up with the monthly/yearly fee payments; and the rest of the OGBs out here in Cal simply didn't have the time or inclination to either register themselves or make any payments. Maybe we could organize something like this: have a census of all Homes guys living all over the world and make up an active register/list/index of all OGBs - past and present. Besides which, a record could also be kept of all kids joining/leaving the Homes. This task could be broken down country by country, state and region wise. Each of us could assist by reaching out to Homes guys and spreading the message via Facebook/Orkut/MySpace etc.

Talking about myself, I've not really done much or been able to give back much in terms of financial assistance to the Homes - unless you count teaching Japanese to the Homes guys for free and sending a Homes guy to Japan on a life changing scholarship. I've been too busy I guess trying to build something for myself and my family, especially since I didn't have much to begin with. However, I appreciate that there are people with even less. So, if there is any small way in which I can contribute or be of help, I definitely will.

Even if we all cannot help financially, maybe we can each help by contributing of a little of our time or skills. We are all something - doctors, carpenters, and engineers - whatever.

The senior people in the various overseas and OGB committees can come together - if not physically then by using the tools of this age - Facebook, etc - to come up with a plan of action, splitting up responsibilities so that each can handle his share. It has to be a top-down movement and the seniors among us can advise each as to how we can best contribute.

The bottom line is that we need a definite plan of action on which to work instead of just hitting out at the wind. In the instance of any malfeasance, I'm sure a concerted effort by everyone would probably be more effective at ending this sort of thing over a shout from the rooftops by any single individual - Michael.

MANSFIELD COTTAGE OLD GIRLS REUNION

MANSFIELD GIRLS LUNCH HOSTED BY STAN AND PAT HARDIE, PURLEY, SURREY, 06.07.2011

On 6th July 2011, ten old Mansfield Cottage girls met at the home of Pat Hardie, to welcome fellow Mansfieldite, Doris (now known as Siri) Fox, visiting from Montreal, Canada; along with her Canadian-born daughter Nima, who lives in Saskatchewan, and was visiting the UK for the first time. Much planning went into the event, and all enjoyed a lovely afternoon with a curry lunch followed by strawberries and cream, and Indian sweets.



Millie Archer (Sidey – Batch 1951 – LK 1953); Pat Hardie (Wilsone '52); Nola Beacher (Ball '56); Diana Nuttal (Ball '56); Siri Jarrett (Doris Fox '58); Joyce Filby (Fox '60); Sarah Ramsey Lewis (Roxburgh '60); Irene Harrison (Hill '62); Florence Snell (Hopper '62); Pemma Fox (Pamela '64). Siri's daughter Nima Spaniel (Jarrett)

Needless to say, in Dr. Graham's Homes tradition, there was much chatter, reminiscences, and showing of photographs of yesteryear in Kalimpong, as well as recent pictures of children and grandchildren.

The following are the names of the Mansfieldites who joined us. For ease of recognition, only maiden names are given, along with the year each left Kalimpong; and because some had travelled great distances to join us, included in brackets are the places from which they had come.

Millie Sidey: 1951 (London SW); Patsy Wilsone: 1952 (Purley, Surrey); Nola Ball: 1956 (Chichester, Sussex); Diana Ball: 1956 (Grayshott, Surrey); Doris Fox: 1958 (Montreal, Canada); Joyce Fox: 1960 (Bognor, Sussex); Sarah Roxburgh: 1960 (Glasgow, Scotland); Irene Hill: 1961 (Alderley Edge, Cheshire); Florence Hopper: 1962 (Cardiff, Wales); Pamela

Fox: 1964 (Kew, Surrey). Nima, Doris' daughter, had visited the Homes in 1986.

Proof indeed that you can take us out of Kalimpong, but you can't take Kalimpong out of us...

Special mention must be made of Barry Beacher, Nola's husband, who acted as chauffeur and made it possible for four of the girls to attend.

Pat Hardie

Other News

Results of the inter-cottage competition held on 30th April. Elliott and Calcutta Cottages were adjudged the best with Macgregor and Wiston taking the 2nd place. Unfortunately, Thorburn was not up to the mark and came last. However, everyone did make an effort to see their gardens were tended to and the pathways cleaned too. It was nice to see the gardens of Lucia King, Wales Lodge and Birissa looking really good.

Owing to the declaration of the election results in West Bengal on the 13th May, the Prize Day and May Fair functions were postponed to the 20th and 21st May.

Given below is the complete result in order of merit:-

Girl's side: Elliott, Macgregor, Mansfield, Woodburn and Thorburn.

Boy's side: Calcutta, Wiston, Hart Assam, Heathland, Scottish Canadian, Centenary and Murray.

Good News:

From Thuten Kesang (New Zealand 5/8/11) I will be transferring about \$25,000.00 to the Homes for the Seven Cottage repairs which I offered to undertake as a project from New Zealand Committee.

Robert Street sent to the school, a generous donation from the Shillong OGBs of pressure cookers for all the cottages. This is a welcome addition to the kitchens and will be well used.

The spirit that's uniquely Anglo-Indian

Just passing on the 'Roots' of a unique race of people that never had a country to call its own!!!!

The British Empire once held absolute power in over 52 countries - about two-fifths of the world. But there was only one jewel in the crown - India. The first European settlers in India were the Portuguese in 1498, about 100 years before the British. The Dutch, the French and the British followed. They were all here for the duration on. The inevitable happened and a new mixed race community emerged. Even though the British came in peacefully as merchants and traders, they soon colonised the subcontinent of India. But the British needed allies to protect the jewel in the crown and so began a deliberate policy encouraging British males to marry Indian women to create the first Anglo-Indians. The East India Company paid 15 silver rupees for each child born to an Indian mother and a European father, as family allowance. These children were amalgamated into the growing Anglo-Indian community, forming a defensive structure for the British Raj. This was a deliberate act of self-preservation by the English. This unique hybrid individual was ethnically engineered by the occupying British, so much so that the Anglo-Indians were the only micro-minority community ever defined in a country's Constitution. Article 366 of The Indian Constitution states: "An Anglo-Indian means a person whose father or any of whose male ancestors in the male line is or was of European descent but who is domiciled within the territory of India and is or was born within such territory of parents habitually resident there-in and not established there for temporary purposes only".

So you can see we were intended to be a permanent micro-minority. In 1830, British Parliament described the Anglo-Indian as those who have been English educated, are entirely European in their habits and feelings, dress and language. They were more "Anglo" than "Indian". Their mother tongue was English, they were Catholic or Anglican, and their customs and traditions were English. While most of them married within their own circle, many continued to marry expatriate Englishmen. Very few married Indians. Without Anglo-Indian support British rule would have collapsed.

Railways: We ran the railways, post and telegraph, police and customs, education, export and import, shipping, tea, coffee and tobacco plantations, the coal and gold fields. We became teachers, nurses, priests and doctors. If it had any value, the British made sure we ran it. And when it came to secretarial duties, no one could touch our Anglo-Indian girls - the best stenographers in the world and with a beauty to match. Were we favoured? Yes, the English trusted us. After all, we were related by blood. We worked hard. We became indispensable. We lived comfortably and were protected by the British Raj. Like the British, we had servants to do all our domestic work. The average Anglo-Indian home could afford at least three full-time servants - a cook, a bearer and the indispensable nanny (ayah).

Part-time servants included a gardener, a cleaner and a laundry man (dhobi). Of course, we learned to speak Hindi to be able to argue, give orders, bargain, accuse and terminate employment and throw in a dozen Hindi expletives. Imagine our horror when we were later to migrate to England, Canada and Australia and we no longer had servants to do our domestic chores. Who can remember looking at our first toilet brush and asking "what do we do with this?" We had to learn to cook, clean, garden, do the laundry and take the garbage out and look after the kids.

Christmas cake: The tradition of making your own Christmas cake was a sacred Anglo-Indian custom. Each family had a secret cake recipe, handed down from our grandparents. About a week before Christmas, the local baker was contacted. He would turn up to your home with two very large terracotta bowls that looked more like satellite dishes - one for the egg whites and one for mixing. Mum would dish out the ingredients. This was all mixed together under her watchful eye and distributed in to about dozen or so cake tins and labelled with your name on it. This labelling was all important. We did not want him to return that evening with someone else's cake recipe. Heaven forbid!

Music and dance: Music, movies and socialising were high on the agenda. We loved a dance. Afternoon dance jam sessions were a magnet for the teenagers where we jived, jitterbugged, tangoed or just fox-trotted. Many a lasting liaison was forged on the dance floor and today many of us are celebrating 40-year plus

marriages. Our mums sat around gossiping and seldom took their eyes off their darling daughters. I know I speak from experience. I met my wife at one such event and now 44 years later I still fancy her.

The Anglo-Indian railway and cantonment towns that sprung up around the major cities cultivated a unique social and industrial blend with a heartbeat. Their dances were legendary. At the drop of a hat, the city cousins would jump on a train and travel for anything up to six hours to get to that up-country dance. Many of our lives revolved around the biggest and best railway system in the world. And the trains ran on time! Today, the Indian Railways transports over five billion passengers each year, employing more than 1.6 million personnel. Between 1853 and 1947, we built and managed 42 rail systems. This was a legacy we can be proud of.

Contributions: During World War I, about 8,000 Anglo-Indians fought in Mesopotamia, East Africa, and in the European theatre -- three Anglo-Indians were awarded Victoria Crosses. In World War II, they fought at Dunkirk and flew in the battle of Britain. Guy Gibson of the Dam Busters was one such Anglo-Indian, and we were in North Africa, Malaya and the fall of Singapore. Merle Oberon and Juliet Prowse, Tony Brent, Engelbert Humperdinck, Cliff Richards are all Anglo-Indians. The Anglo-Indians took India to Olympic hockey glory. From 1928, India won five consecutive Olympic hockey gold medals. In fact, when India faced Australia in the semi-finals of the 1960 Olympics in Rome, it was a unique occasion. The captains who came face to face were both Anglo-Indians – Leslie Claudius and Kevin Carton.

Education: English education played a major role amongst the Anglo-Indians. Anglo-Indian schools numbered close to 300 and were prized. They stretched from Bangalore in the South to the cooler northern hill stations of Darjeeling in the foothills of the Himalayas. Each was modelled on the posh English public school system. We ran them as teachers and principals and to this day, these schools are coveted across the sub-continent.

Identity dilemma: The Anglo-Indian has always faced an identity dilemma because of our mixed origins. Europeans said they were Indians with some European blood; Indians said they were Europeans with some Indian blood. The world

of Anglo-India vanished on August 15, 1947 when India became the largest independent democracy in the world. The British packed and went home. Over 300,000 Anglo-Indians remained. We felt apprehensive and abandoned. So we, too, packed our bags and began to migrate to Australia, Britain, Canada, the U.S.A. and New Zealand. Many of you will remember the dreaded Income Tax Clearance document you need to leave the country and further faced the strict Indian foreign exchange regulations that allowed you only 10 pounds each. Imagine starting life in a new country with 10 quid in your pocket. Some had to leave behind their savings; others simply resorted to the risky black market, losing a 30% of savings.

Identity: The Anglo-Indian identity is disappearing. We have found new lives and merged into the mainstream. Our generation, who were born in India, growing up in the 40s through to the 60s, are possibly the last true Anglo-Indians.

Look around you. Where is the next generation? Most of our children were born abroad and their connection to Anglo-India is very fragile. They have married Aussies, English, Canadian or other Anglo-Indians born outside India. They prefer to be regarded as English, Australian or Canadian. Our grandchildren will assimilate and forge a new identity based on their country of birth. Putting aside history, I believe we could regard ourselves as an exotic cocktail that had its origins over 300 years ago. We have matured and become a unique aromatic spirit, generously flavoured and very stimulating. We were a force to be reckoned with. We were the shakers and the stirrers.

Please pick up your glasses and toast your State of Origin and New Horizons.

Source: SAR News, Bangalore.

A Death in London

The distinct flavour of Calcutta's fading colonial phase

Ashok Mitra

The small news item, with a London dateline, was missed by most newspapers in the country, including those based in Calcutta. Joe

Galibardy, the rage of Calcutta hockey in the pre-World War II decades and right half-back in Dhyan Chand's victorious team in the 1936 Olympics, died on May 17 last. He had migrated to England in 1956 and settled in a London suburb; he was 96.

Memory is a stock of joint supplies. The very mention of Joe Galibardy chokes the corridors of the mind with a harum-scarum procession of other exotic-sounding names: Tapsell, Carr, Furtado, Carvalho, Carapiet, suchlike; these names spelled the hockey season in Calcutta in the 1930s. Field hockey in that era was almost unknown in the rest of the world. It was the pastime of British colonials of the lesser breed who had come out on business or on a job to South Asia. The caste system was pronounced among these expatriates: the top layers of the ruling class in Calcutta, if not privileged to be the seat of the imperial administration, still the hub of major mercantile activities. The city's all-white *crème de la crème* had cricket and tennis as their preferred modes of relaxation. They used to congregate in two or three hoity-toity clubs in which membership was severely restricted. Those belonging to the subordinate species among the expatriates, even if of pure British stock, had to look for a different address. That went for other offal like Anglo-Indians, Jews – whether of Caucasian or other lineage – and descendents of the heterogeneity arriving in the previous two centuries from near and distant foreign shores in search of a living in the burgeoning second city of the empire. All such species trooped into either the Dalhousie Club or a sporting body sponsored by this or that profession or service group. Hockey in Calcutta was for a long while dominated by four clubs, with a riot of ethnic diversity in their roll of members – Calcutta Customs, Calcutta Port Commissioners, Bengal Nagpur Railway, the Rangers. A round robin league competition under the aegis of the Bengal Hockey Association took up most of the season. It had the format of teams distributed over a hierarchy of three or four divisions and providing for both promotion and relegation, depending on the performance of the clubs. While the Jhansi Heroes, shepherded by Dhyan Chand and his brother, Roop Singh, shone in lonely splendour in that regimental establishment in the far interior of the country, Indian hockey was really the story of the Calcutta and Bombay outfits. Bombay had that dazzlingly marvellous team, the Lusitanians, with its bevy of Fernandeses

and D'Mellos. Both the Lusitanians and the Jhansi Heroes would visit Calcutta to take part in the Beighton Cup tournament that followed the hockey league fixtures. Excitement would run high.

Admittedly, this excitement had a specificity. It was confined to stray sections of the sports-crazy clientele of the city. Hockey as a sports event involved substantially greater outlay than the ubiquitous football called for; the lay Bengali kept generally aloof from it. Interest in hockey grew only in the wake of the stunning exploits of Dhyan Chand and his team-mates in successive Olympics; patriotic emotions would swell at the flimsiest opportunity in those otherwise glum and dull colonial days. Even so, the passion of those who crowded the few galleries in the Calcutta Maidan swirled mostly around football. The out-of-the-blue annexation of the Indian Football Association Shield by the goody-goody Bengali team, Mohun Bagan, by defeating a British regimental team in 1911 – exactly a century ago – spurred further their sectarian passion for football.

The natives, anyway, maintained some distance from hockey. At the other end, to the upper-crust expatriate establishment groups too, the game was non-U; they continued with cricket and, of course, tennis. Hockey was for their menials. The city police commissioner, for instance, would relax on indolent late autumn afternoons serving gentle lobs in a mixed doubles on the lawns of the sprawling Ballygunge Sports Club; the wife of the joint commissioner would be his partner. The police sergeants, although very often pure-breed English or Scot or Welsh, would find it awfully difficult to gain entry into this exclusive club; they sauntered to either the Dalhousie Club or that shelter of last resort, the Calcutta Police Club, sulked and played hockey. In contrast, the heterogeneous mix of the Eurasian underclass who succeeded in wrangling jobs in the railways or customs or the office of the Calcutta Port Commissioners or in the forest ranges of Bengal, Bihar, Assam and Orissa – Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Portuguese, Anglo-Italian, Anglo-Dutch, native Christians, Goans, Jews, Armenians of other hues, Parsis – suffered from no inhibition. They took in good grace their inferior ranking and exclusion from the elite clubs and joyfully concentrated on hockey. Nimble on their feet, with a flair for dribbling the ball with their sticks, and possessing an eerie

skill in converting short corners into goals, they lorded over the game. The leading teams took their turn to win the annual league championship, and it was carnival time when the Beighton Cup tourney commenced late April. The hockey season was breathlessly short, but crowded. Along with the Jhansi Heroes and the Lusitanians, there would also be a number of other out-station teams participating in the Beighton.

A *pot pourri* of wide-ranging surnames crammed the sports page in the hockey season, apart from Galibardy and Tapsell, other ones, like Costello, Carapiet, Lazarus, Surita, Pinto, Bannister, Bareto, D'Costa, and, of course, Lumsden. The three Lumsden brothers in the Rangers Club played hockey, cricket, football, tennis. One team playing in the hockey league was the Armenian Club, chock-full of members of the Jewish community. Armenian merchants for a long time had a near-monopoly of the city's real estate business; they loved hockey. Their scions did courses at St. Xavier's College till as late as the fag end of the 1940s, when some of them drifted into Utpal Dutt's Little Theatre Group. To go back to the not too remote past, Siegfried Sassoon, the World War I poet, was of Calcutta Jewish stock. So were the Cohens, one of whom, decades later, joined the Communist Party of India and stayed with it for quite a while. That heritage is totally lost.

The fate of the Armenians has been no different from that of the other ethnic group which contributed so sumptuously to Calcutta's hockey. Galibardy, who had quietly migrated to England more than half-a-century ago, has emerged as a news item only on the occasion of his death. Nobody knows what happened to the Tapsell and Carvalho families and to the rest of the lot. The extraordinary churning of ethnic diversity that marked the city's fading colonial phase had a flavour of its own. Does not this slice of social history cry out to be researched?

To be fair, the cricket teams too would now and then spring a surprise. The Calcutta Cricket Club was snobbish to the core. Its skipper for more than a decade, A.L. Hosie had impeccable managing agency background. His successor, T.C. Longfield – now a minor footnote in cricket annals because Ted Dexter, Test captain of England in a later period, married his daughter – was equally high caste. But Calcutta CC's long-time opening batsman was one

Behrendt, a nondescript half-Dutch, a lefty, stockily build, who would routinely despatch the first ball he faced to the boundary for a four. Another prominent member of the team had a surname which was Flemish all over, Van der Gutch, even as a Pugsley, supposedly of mixed Burmese-Irish-Portuguese descent, became a Calcutta football hero in the same period.

Did Joe Galibardy – or, for that matter, Charlie Tapsell – deserve a biography? Who knows? Or is it a case of who cares? Cultural anthropologists can have a lovely intra-mural debate on the issue.

Tate team celebrates National win

It is wonderful to include this write-up - what an accolade and our congratulations to John who personally trained this team to be awarded the best in Security in the whole of the UK.

The security team at TATE Britain has been awarded a Best Team award in the British Security Industry Association (BSIA)'s Annual Security Personnel Awards 2011.

This Wilson James Ltd team of 38 security officers is responsible for the safety of staff, visitors and multimillion pound art assets held at the high profile gallery, both during opening hours and during silent hours. Over the past 12 months, the team has contributed to heightening the standards of the customer visitor experience by actively participating in the Visitor Experience Review process, and taking on new responsibilities as a result of the review, including looking after the huge volume of lost and found property. In addition, the team has established itself as the Gallery's fourth emergency service: all officers are first aid trained and at the forefront of managing accidents and incidents.

Piers Warner, Head of Visitor Experience and Operations at TATE Britain, supported the team's nomination for the award and commented: "The team are often seen as 'problem solvers', not only in the security environment. We all appreciate the scope of the work they carry out and are always impressed by the world class service the team delivers on every occasion."

Graham Dunkley, Security Coordinator at Wilson James, added: “One of the contributing factors to the team’s success is the ability of all individuals to see the bigger picture and communicate effectively amongst themselves as well as with the client and, in particular, the facilities management and the site delivery service teams. Their commitment and can-do approach means that the client has the assurance that the smooth running of its business interests are never far from the security team’s mind.”

The winning team was ecstatic with the award, and commented: “We are flattered to receive this award. It truly represents recognition for all the hard work everyone has put in towards supporting the new Visitor Experience concept at TATE.”



John Kirk, Security Team Leader, is pictured accepting the award on behalf of the team by Lynne Featherstone MP, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Equalities and Criminal Information (left in photo), during the BSIA’s annual luncheon on 13th July, which was held at the London Hilton on Park Lane.

Roxburgh Newsletter

Dear friends,

It is time to update you with some of our activities during the past 6 months.

February

Early in the month we were able to attend one of the meetings in the city at which the speaker was William Graham, Dr Billy Graham’s grandson. William mentioned that Dr Graham would still have liked to visit India again and

also mentioned that George Beverly Shea was still singing at 104 years old!

9th – We left for Pagu arriving there the same day.

11th - Peter, Priscilla and Hudson joined us 2 days later and it was lovely to see them again and note how much Hudson had developed.

12th – Our wedding anniversary produced a great surprise with the arrival of the Calgary family who James and Margaret were not expecting until the next day. It was so lovely to be together for that special day. The cousins all got on so well and even Hudson was introduced to the ‘pool’ for his first swim. Austin enjoyed the completely new environment and went in to school one day. The time together was all too short.

On our way back we had a weekend in Chennai with friends.

March

We were invited to join leaders from one of our Bengali churches for a couple of days by the sea. This was a time to get to know the leaders better and a beautiful break even though the journey was by bus, tonga, boat and car and took several hours.

Soon after, James had to go to Mumbai for a week of meetings.



All together from L Peter, Priscilla, Hudson, Eva, Steve, Beth, Isaac, Margaret, James, Austin, Chloe, Ruth, Troy

April

10th – 21st/23rd – Isaac had a longing to ‘see snow’. So a holiday in the Himalayas was the answer. From Pagu and Kolkata we all arrived,

including Steve's mother, in Delhi and then had a 15hr overnight bus ride to Manali in HP.

We had a wonderful time and all enjoyed the snow and beautiful views of the mountains and became very tanned. Then on to Shimla, the erstwhile Summer capital of India for a few days of fellowship with the Pastor and his family of the N L F churches in that area.

The only disadvantage of Shimla is that everywhere is either up or down and no transport is allowed in the top part of the town!!



Fun in the snow!

May

A quiet month for which we were thankful in the heat and humidity!

13th – A change of government in West Bengal© and already Mamata Banerjee is making big changes after 34 years of Communist rule.

June/July

James had 5 days in Mumbai for board meetings and ministering on one of the churches. He returned on 20th.

22nd to 6th July – Margaret left for Pagu for 2 weeks with the family. It was a real change and good weather with plenty of greenery around. The school was preparing for Sports Day with Beth teaching about 120 3rd and 4th standard kids a dance.

Also Eva started school – very excited the 1st day but after that not keen to go though she is settling in now. Now she is much more settled. Isaac is in 2nd standard.

The new State Government in TN decided to change the text books but the High Court has ruled that out for this year. So really getting down to study has been very delayed for all schools like the one Steve and family run. The school has over 700 children now. New buildings are going up so that 11th and 12th standards can be added.

This year the school had 100% pass in the 10th standard board exams which is excellent.

26th to 2nd July - James went North Bengal and Sikkim as some problems had arisen. He also had time to visit some of his school friends in Kalimpong.

June 26th - Hudson celebrated his 1st birthday.

July 24th - Hudson started to walk and has graduated to a front facing car seat😊.

August

24th – Chloe will celebrate her 3rd birthday and will start at a Montessori school in September.



Hudson's 1st Birthday- So happy with his truck

Looking ahead

We are looking for new premises for our English Sunday service as the place we have used for years is no longer suitable.

In October we are planning our usual Conference in Kolkata at the time of Durga Puja. At Diwali we are planning a Nepali conference in North Bengal for the believers from West and East Nepal, as well as from Sikkim and Siliguri. It will take people from West Nepal about 2 days to arrive in Siliguri!

As we get older we find we tire more easily but are grateful to the Lord for the strength and

With our love,

James and Margaret

LOST & FOUND

Errol Webber would be interested in learning of any information regarding the Macmorans (Helen and James) from Thorburn Cottage. James may possibly be living in England. If you know of the whereabouts of the family, please contact Errol Webber: errol.webber@gmail.com.

OBITUARIES

Julian White Laloo

17th September 1952 – 19th April 2011

Eulogy

“While we are mourning the loss of our friend Julian, others are rejoicing to meet him behind the veil.”

Thank you friends and family for being here. If Julian were here with us today, I am sure he would be coming around to all of you to have a little chat. That was Julian; he always had a story to tell.

There are many things for which Julian will be remembered but what we will never forget are his stories about wines and his boarding life.

Julian was a little boy when he went to a boarding school in the hills of Kalimpong where he spent his entire school life of ten years. He

left school in 1969 after completing his class eleven and receiving the Indian School Certificate. He loved and enjoyed his school life and reminisced about it whenever he happened to meet up with OGBs, many of whom are here today, to say their last “goodbye”.

After leaving school, Julian continued his studies all the way to attaining his Masters in English and finally was awarded a Doctorate by NEHU. He married his beautiful wife Rebecca in 1978 and between them they have four grownup children.

He was an intelligent man, and it was only right, that he joined the teaching fraternity and taught English in Sankardev College until his illness overtook him. He was fondly known amongst his friends as the “nutty professor”. He was very expressive, and among his many traits was the constant waving of hands whilst speaking.

He was an adventurer and did many mountaineering trips in the early 1970s in the foothills of the Himalayas in Nepal. He had a stint in journalism and interviewed the then Chogyal of Sikkim, ruler of the tiny kingdom, who was chief guest in one of the school functions when he was in school.

One of his favourite hobbies was the making of wines. I don’t know where he acquired this talent for wine making, but then it was no difficulty with a man of his calibre. He took part in many of the wine festivals held in Shillong every year.

In one of our many gatherings, he spoke at great length about the wines he made and there was no stopping him. It was his favourite topic. He would explain in great detail how he made wine and if you happened to visit his house, it was difficult to walk away without a bottle in hand. Neither would he hesitate to tell you that it had to be paid for! I would tease and ask him if he provided a roll of toilet paper along with his bottles, as I found one of his bottles of wine to be comparable to a laxative!

His friend Jim told me of an incident when Julian was sitting next to a friend who was reading a local newspaper that happened to be the page on which the obituary column was, and Julian was heard to comment, “I know all these people!” He was fun to have around.

The last time I had a truly happy interaction with Julian, was last year on the first of October, when we had a gathering at my residence, of the old boys and girls from our school. Julian thoroughly enjoyed meeting up with the many friends and acquaintances from school, especially those who had come from overseas that he had not met since his school days. We shall miss him in our future gatherings.

He was so fond of his school that even though his children did not go to the same school, they have come to know so much about it and speak as if they too are OGBs. This is a trademark of all OGBs from Kalimpong. If one married an OGB, the spouse and children joined the OGB fold and were, so to say, "adopted OGBs". You will have noticed, that he is today, wearing his school tie.

Julian had his fair share of troubles and tragedies which he took well within his stride. He was a brave man. In spite of his pains and troubles and never ending visits to the hospitals, he never once mentioned to me that he was suffering from deep vein thrombosis. It can be most painful and requires constant medication and unfortunately it was the cause of his final downfall and demise.

To his family Rebecca, Emica, Hunlang, Shemphang, Miamica, and Mary his mother, we love you and we want you to know that you have friends, especially the OGBs of Kalimpong, and that we will be there for you in this your difficult time.

God Bless.

Phyllis Nelson

Phyllis passed away in the late hours of 16 July after living with back and leg pain for many years, the result of a motor car accident.

She will live on in the hearts of Bill her loving husband, her daughter Caroline, her many grandchildren and great grandchildren, and her stepsons Mark, Thomas and Buz. Phyllis was a very loving person for her children as well as anyone she met and befriended. She loved them all and there were many.

William Albert George Seth

16.11.1935 – 25.6.2011

William was born in Adra, India in 1935. He attended Dr. Grahams Homes from the ages of 5 to 16 years old. Upon leaving the Homes he started working for Duncan Bros in Calcutta early in 1951. William left India for the UK with his older brother Noel in 1953.



He joined the RAF (Conscription) for 3 years instead of 2 because he wanted to travel during his National Service. He managed to see Kenya and Egypt and was in that part of the world when trouble broke out over the Suez Canal.

After he returned to the UK he found employment with British Rail and Bowater Scott until he joined the Post Office at Mount Pleasant.

He met and married Dorothy Gasper in August 1959, became a father to Jacqueline in 1960 and in 1963 to David.

In 1986 he took early retirement from BT (he chose BT at the time the Post Office was split), and he and Dorothy moved to Spain. They remained in Spain for 4 years and then returned to the UK. Bill then started working at Mount Pleasant again until he was made redundant just before his 64th birthday.

Bill was a keen D.I.Y enthusiast and fitted many a kitchen and wardrobes for family and friends. He loved his dogs (7 in all over the years).

Bill managed to return to India 3 times during his retirement years and had only just returned to the UK in February 2011. He had wanted to visit his sponsor child, Teresa, in Adra, and spend time with her and her family before school began again.

Bill took ill in late February and was diagnosed with Lung Cancer and a tumour on the brain. He declined treatment as he felt well at the time and had no symptoms.

Bill eventually passed away at home among his family on June 25th 2011. He had a very strong faith, having retaken his Baptism vows on Easter Sunday 2011, and was truly happy to the end. He is sadly missed by his family (by now 4 grandchildren); wife, daughter and son, and his siblings and other family and friends.

Dudley Ingels

19th May 1920 – 25th July 2011

Dudley was born on 19 May 1920 to Arthur and Jenny, a brother to George, Melville, Norman, Leslie, Phillipa, Betty, and Beatrice.

Dudley married the love of his life, Betty, on 11 October 1961 and they would have celebrated 50 years this coming October.

They had two sons – Russell and Gary. Heather, Dudley's daughter from his previous marriage, has always been dear to him as well.

Dudley was a man of many talents. He was an Army Reservist, although he did not see active duty.

He was a talented worker as a High Voltage Cable Jointer in India. He was trained in

Manchester, England, and due to his expertise, was highly sought after and became the first permanent high voltage cable jointer within the Sydney County Council upon moving to Australia. He and Betty and the boys were sponsored out by Nan and Ted Kelly who lived in Lawson in the Blue Mountains.

Dudley lived in Balmain for approximately 6 months whilst Betty and the boys stayed on Lawson until they were able to rent a unit in Gladesville. He then settled in Carlingford which was considered to be 'out in the sticks' by most people at this time. He and Betty built their home in Ebony Avenue, and Dudley was even recently heard proudly telling how his was only the 6th home to be built on his street.

He did a lot of driving each week for work as he upgraded electricity power stations. He worked with Pat Foley, who became a good friend (and he and Dudley only caught up a couple of months ago and shared a beer and old stories).

Dudley was the last remaining sibling, just surviving his younger brother, Norman, who lived in England. Dudley was a family man who was proud of his children, enjoyed smoking a pipe and having a nip of scotch every now and then (something he's passed on to Russ).

Tribute

I called him 'Cuddly Dudley' - an absolute darling and my heart goes out to Betty, Russell and Gary. I have precious memories of happy times with them in Sydney. – *Florence Snell*

Our thoughts are with the families of Julian, William, Phyllis, and Dudley.

Thank you for reading this newsletter.

If you would like to contribute to the next newsletter, please contact Mrs. Margaretta Purtill: margaretta.purtill@sfct.org.uk

Don't forget, you can find us on the web:

www.kalimpong-association.co.uk

**Our sincere thanks to Alistair McCabe of
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