



# Kalimpong Association UK

Summer 2015 Newsletter

*Every sixty seconds you spend  
upset is a minute of happiness  
you'll never get back*



# GO has made a start and is now helping OGB's and current pupils

## A report from Margareta

Our recent supporters pilgrimage to the Homes was a great success. Thirty three people participated including OGB's, sponsors, supporters and some with no connection to the Homes. We were privileged to have Sheena, daughter of Revd James Duncan (Dr Graham's successor) with us. Our tour hosts were OGB's, Bradley and Sweta Mawer and Alistair McCabe shared the leadership with myself. You will find reports from our pilgrimage on the following pages.

Our group wanted to contribute to the Homes and £4,000 was donated to GO. This is how some of the money was spent.

Sushil Marda, GO Treasurer, lives in Kalimpong and organised a shopping spree. A collection of games and sports equipment was personally delivered to each of the cottages. Ken Hammond, GO chairman, delivered the packs to the boys' houses and I was privileged to assist Sushil deliver the gifts to the girls' houses. Ruth Glashan and Christine Berry assisted.

Sushil made a speech at each cottage explaining that this was a gift from OGB's around the world, emphasizing that they are not alone but part of a caring worldwide community who are proud of their Kalimpong roots.



We had a lot of fun together ripping off the packaging. Christmas had come early! We had identified a need and responded. The cottages have very little in the way of games or sports equipment. They were so excited to receive their gift. As we went around, behind us we could see badminton nets being strung up on trees, footballs high in the air and lots of smiling faces.



## Calcutta Orientation Programme

Many sponsored children come down from the Homes to the big city quite ill-prepared for the transition. With this in mind, GO has prepared an Orientation Programme for school leavers arriving in Calcutta.

Bradley Mawer writes:

“This initiative aims to provide the graduating OGBs with a sense of what living in Kolkata is going to be like. We will cover topics such as sickness and health, drug and alcohol abuse and college admissions. We will also introduce the new OGB’s to our community in Calcutta and give them useful contact information.”

Our hope is that this one day course will make these young people feel less vulnerable as they begin life away from the protected Homes environment and give them a better sense of the world

they are stepping in to. We want them to feel part of the wider OGB community they are joining.

## Ideas in the pipeline

We have identified a particular area of need where OGB’s are required to pay money up front before they can take up certain jobs. We are exploring ways we can help.

For instance, Natalie succeeded in getting a job as an air hostess, but to take up her position is required to pay a large deposit which will be refunded after 3 years loyal service. Another example: John has been accepted as a steward on a cruise line. In order to take up his appointment he must take some basic seamanship courses. These are expensive and he will not have the funds needed until he starts working.

We are looking at the possibility of setting up a loan system. A generous donation to GO is available to kick-start this project. We just have to decide how best to manage the system.

## JOIN NOW

If you have not already done so, I urge you to join up now! Our invitation is extended to all OGB’s PLUS anybody with a real interest in the Homes. Our organisation is not intended to replace local organisations but to help bring them together.

You can sign up on the GO website  
[www.dghogbs.com](http://www.dghogbs.com)

or send an email to Thuten Kesang  
in New Zealand [Kesang@pl.net](mailto:Kesang@pl.net)

Pictures from the GO gift distribution





*You could do with a break!!*

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**Enquiries to: John G Webster, Planetree, King's Cross, Isle of Arran KA27 8RG  
Tel: 01770 700747 Email: johngwebster@live.co.uk  
Bookings close Tuesday 31st March 2015**

*(Led by John Webster who worked in Kalimpong for 8 years) Charity Registered in Scotland SCO 16341*

## Averil visited the Homes for the first time on our supporters tour



Before I begin, can I thank you, Margaretta, for your friendship while we were at the Homes. It meant such a lot to me and to Sheena (Jimmy Duncan's daughter!) that we were sharing her experiences and memories together and that you were a part of that with us.

### The fulfilment of a dream

When one says the word India, what picture does it conjure up in your mind? Perhaps it is a memory of a delicious Indian take away meal you have enjoyed in the comfort of your own home; or a vision of mountaineers scaling the heights of Mount Everest; or remembering seeing pictures on television of some of the wonderful sights one can see on a tour of the Golden Triangle; sights such as that of the Taj Mahal; or is it that you have experienced the pleasure of getting to know Indian people either where you live or, even better, in India itself?

Twenty years ago, I experienced life in South India but it was in March of this year that my dream was fulfilled and I visited Kalimpong and the Dr. Graham's Homes. A dream that began a long time ago when I first met Rev James Duncan, his wife Molly and their two children, Sheena and Ian here in Scotland in the seaside village of Elie in Fife. Such was their enthusiasm for DGH and their obvious love for India and the Kalimpong region especially that I vowed that one day I would see this part of the world for myself. Well such is life that it has taken over 50 years before I actually stepped out of a jeep on to the soil of DGH!

This adventure began when the group arrived in Kolkata from UK. This vibrant, bustling city was an excellent introduction to North India. We saw so much of the tourist city but the highlight for me was sailing on the Hooghli River and seeing life on the banks. That was real India!



Another plane journey took us to Darjeeling (home of the Raj and all that). So much of that era oozes out of the buildings, I would not have been surprised to have met some residents of yore as we explored this lovely town and Sheena regaled me with memories of her visits there as a child. To meet an elderly gentleman who remembered her father was very special. Then on to the absolute highlight of the whole Indian adventure. We arrived in Kalimpong and DGH.

**Right from the outset I kept thinking about the wonderful vision that Dr Graham had of building such a special village on that mountainside. God truly led him to that very special spot and, over 100 years later, his dream is still being worked out.**

The ethos remains and his standards have been enhanced as they moved with the times but one can feel the friendly ambience wherever you walk. The pupils from the tiniest 3 year old to those almost ready to go to Birkmyre in Kolkata to continue their education and to find a job all were positive, friendly and pleased to be invaded by this group of strangers from far away.

Having taught in the independent sector in Edinburgh, I was so impressed with the standards and attitudes of the pupils I spoke to. It reminded me of home! The vision Dr Graham had for the children from straightened circumstances has remained and the bulk of the pupils come from Kolkata but, once they are ensconced in their cottages, they are all equal.

Yes there is much to be done to upgrade some of the buildings but, as I wandered around and up to the farm and worshipped in the beautiful church, I could feel God's presence and his blessing on the whole community.



The pupils are happy, positive and well rounded young people. This is thanks to the dedicated staff all of whom appeared to be positive and happy to be part of such a unique institution. I loved the fact that they were proud of DGH. Some of them had been pupils there. It is heartening to see that they have returned to give back something to the place they called home when they were children. It is truly their home still.

In our group were one or two DGH former pupils. I loved watching them reminisce with each other and with us. Their obvious pride in DGH abounded. That would have gladdened the heart of the founder.

One day I would like to return to this very special place but, in the meantime, I hope to correspond with one of the pupils and watch her, from afar, grow up to be a credit to DGH and the vision which began over 100 years ago.

**Averil H. Hope-Smith**

## An inspirational adventure among India's poorest

In these days of austerity, we are bombarded with appeals for funds from charities which are struggling to finance their worthy causes. Although their literature contains heart-tugging stories and pleas for help it is not possible for an individual to respond to all.

Yet if it is possible that we can respond positively and engage with those you are funding the rewards can be great, both for the giver and the receiver. This my wife and I experienced recently on a trip to India when we visited two orphanages-cum-schools: one in the foothills of the Himalayas in West Bengal, and one on the plains near Lucknow.

At the invitation of the managing director of McCabe Pilgrimages, we joined a group to journey first to Kalimpong to visit Dr Graham's Homes, founded in 1900 by a Scottish missionary who later became Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The story of Dr John Anderson Graham is both an inspirational and emotional one, especially if you have the privilege to witness his visionary work. While a missionary in Kalimpong at the time of British control he observed the developing problem of illegitimate offspring of the British tea planting community and the local picker women. No-one seemed willing to tackle the problem.



Paul visiting a  
DGH classroom

Dr Graham decided to act and took into care in a rented shack six small children and in the next 25 years built a 'city' catering for 500 Anglo-Indian children. In the first two years he acquired over 300 acres, built a cottage for 32 children and set up a small farm and by a year later had opened a school.

Today almost 1,600 children, some 50% boarders, are on the school roll. About 220 pupils within the Homes and 40 students at colleges are supported by UK sponsors. The boarders, many who are from the poorest districts of Kolkata, are housed in 20 cottages spread across the 500-acre compound which also includes a farm, bakery, hospital and a chapel dedicated to the widow of Dr Graham. Children are taken into the Homes as young as 18 months, but mostly at three or four years old.

**Our group, which included a number who sponsor children at the Homes, enjoyed a joyous welcome from the children at the Sunday service in the chapel and at an open-air gathering where we were all bedecked in silk scarves.**

A small party of us journeyed on to Nawabganj to meet 91-year-old Andrew McCabe, uncle of Alistair. Back in the 1950's Andrew linked up with an old school friend and took over from him the running of the James Harvey Memorial School and Boys Home. With no teaching experience, Andrew took over looking after 25 boys and a school of about 400 pupils. Through his dedicated work over more than half-a-century the home and school have

been expanded with the help of a wide-range of donors so that today up to 200 boys are accommodated in the home and 1,000 boys attend the school which has a strong Christian ethos. We were decked in garlands on our arrival by some of the happiest children you could meet.

Andrew has rescued orphans off the street and taken in boys from the surrounding Buddhist and Hindu villages where they live in thatched huts. The elders of these villages fully support Andrew as many of the children prove to be highly intelligent and go on to college, graduate and are able to compete for the best jobs.

At both homes-schools we found the children smartly dressed in uniform, very polite with happy smiling faces, and very caring for each other. Many of the staff and teachers were themselves residents of the Boys Home.

**Charitable giving, particularly to those organisations aiding the poor and seriously disadvantaged in our world, is made all the more rewarding if you can engage in any way with the recipients of the funds.**

What we experienced in India was a wealth of love on all sides and many of us returned with a deep desire to become a sponsor of one of these children.

**Paul Raymer**

## In My Father's Footprints



John Gelder reflects on his visit to Kalimpong and tells the story of Dr Graham's year as Moderator of the Church of Scotland as seen through his father's eyes.

What a journey! Yes there was the physical journey of travel from the UK to Kalimpong via Kolkata and Darjeeling; there was also the spiritual journey of a visit to Dr Graham's Homes; and also a journey in the footsteps of my father – Noel Patrick Gelder (known as Pat) who lived at the Homes from 1930 to 1939. But it was more than a journey; it was a pilgrimage in the true sense of the word. It was part the recent India Tour organised by McCabe Pilgrimages.

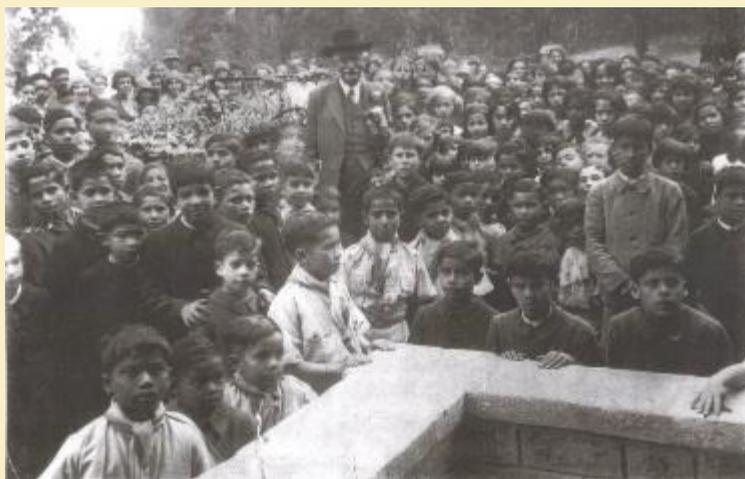
On arrival in Kolkata we were presented with a signed copy of Bernard Brooks recently published book *Footprints of the First Hundred Years – The Kalimpong Homes*. This potpourri of stories about the history, events and characters of the Homes gives the reader quite a different perspective to the conventional histories. On the evening of that first day in Kolkata, Bernard – a former Head Teacher and Principal of the Homes (1958-1988) – gave a short talk about some of the stories he had included (and some that he had not) in his book. He had clearly taken a keen

interest in the life of the Homes and of Dr Graham from his early career in the Church of Scotland.

**One such story was the pride everyone felt at the appointment of Dr Graham as Moderator of the Church of Scotland – the first and only Church of Scotland Overseas Missionary to be appointed to this important role. Although a great honour, staff and children at the Homes were, however, saddened that this would take him away from Kalimpong - to his native Scotland - for nearly a year.**

This story was one in which my father had participated; so, later that evening, Bernard was surprised and pleased to learn of my father's involvement when I showed him an undated photograph of the day Dr Graham left Kalimpong to take up his duties as Moderator of the Church of Scotland. Dr Graham can clearly be seen standing tall surrounded by children and staff in the Garden of his house. Some children are dressed in their Scout uniform, others in school dress. Pat Gelder is seen among the children in the front row, first on the right, as they gather to wish Dr Graham *bon voyage*.

I had the photograph but no date. Later in the tour, at Dr Graham's Homes, we were given the opportunity to visit the Museum. A search of the school log books for the 1930s revealed that Dr Graham left Kalimpong on the 25 March 1931; thus enabling me to date when the photograph was taken. He returned on the 18 March 1932 and the school log records "*Dr Graham Returns. Children welcome him back on the play ground at 11.30 A.M. Half (day) holiday given to signify the event.*"



*Dr Graham leaves St Andrew's Colonial Homes to take up his duties as Moderator of the Church of Scotland. He is seen here standing in the Garden of his house surrounded by children and staff.*

While in the museum, it was also delightful to see on display the Homes' first Admissions Register. The opportunity to search through this led me to entry number 2024, that of Noel Pat Gelder, who had been admitted on the 27 January 1930. And there, next to the register, was a photograph album in which there were several pictures of my father in the Homes' Foundation Day play, Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

The school log also tells us that the play was performed on the evening of the 27 September 1939; that the actors

came from Classes HG and JC (Year VIII) and that it was produced by Misses Rendill and Fraser. My father played the drunken Sir Andrew Aguecheek (third from left in the photograph below).

There is a long history to the Homes we all love and adore. Although not an OGB myself – this was my father's privilege those who have lived at the Homes are part of that story; more importantly, the Homes are part of their story. And it is my interest in family history that has enabled me to follow in his footprints to Kalimpong.



*The cast of St Andrew's Colonial Homes Foundation Day play, Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, performed on the evening 27 September 1939.*

# Class JC 1945 and Cadet Shooting Team 1946

Dear Margaretta,

Reading about Jim Kelly in the obituaries section of the Christmas Newsletter brought back all the memories of my final two years in the Homes - 1945 and 1946.

I Had often wondered about Jim and his younger brother Clive, and now I know about Jim. I also know about some of my other classmates shown in these photos. Larry Jarman settled in Seattle. Aubrey Scott was in Shillong, Kenneth Prince-Wright was with Larry Jarman and me in La Martinere in Calcutta from January 1947 till about April 1948. John Watson is in Canada, I think.

Both Larry and Ken have sadly passed on. We were all together year after year from 4A in 1941, through 5A, 6A, 7A, JC and finally SC in 1946. Incidentally, 1946 was the year that the school introduced SC, else we would all have left the homes at the finish of term in 1945.



Jim Kelly on the left and Larry Jarman on the right taken in our JC year of 1945

I Found these images of those years gone by on my computer.

Thanks a lot, Basil x



**The cast of Twelfth Night** which our JC class performed for the 1945 Birthday celebrations. I remember that I was Malvolio, and Esmee Canty was Lady Olivia.

from left - B. Stonham, Gerald Jones, Esmee Canty, ?? (sorry), Mrs. Lloyd who directed, John Watson. Middle row Hypatia Mortimer, ??, Jane Hutchinson.

The Joker in the play, sitting in front may have been Norman Hutchinson.



This is of the JC class of 1945. Taken on the steps of the science room viewed from the front of school facade. Back row from left - John Watson, Jim Kelly, Kenneth Prince-Wright, Larry Jarman, Gerald Jones, and ??

Middle row from left are Aubrey Scott, Doris Speed, Hypatia Mortimer, Esmee Canty, Norman Hutchinson's sister who's name was either Norma or Jane, I think; and Norman Hutchinson himself. Sitting in front are Archie Shea and Basil Stonham.



The 1946 KPG cadet shooting team with the trophy that we won. We competed against all the other schools that had cadet squadrons, particularly those in Darjeeling. We had to shoot at targets first at 100 yards then 200 yards distance, up on Deolo hill. It was the only time that KPG won the coveted shield.

1946 was the final year for the competition for all of the cadets from all the schools in North Bengal which comprised the NBMR (North Bengal Mounted Rifles) Company. It was disbanded after partition in 1947. The team consisted of 8 members. From left to right: Clive Kelly, Malcolm Smith, Larry Jarman, Lt. Donald Ross, Jim Kelly, ?... ?..., Terrance Stamp, Basil Stonham.



## What a surprise!

**Norman Freeman writes:** Not so long ago I was on my computer and browsing the internet. Looking at Face Book and the FOHI - Friends of Dr Graham's Homes Initiative - website, I read a short write-up by Paul Richardson. He mentioned being the son of Mrs Beryl Richardson. For those who remember her from our school days in the 1950s (and I do) she was Miss Moat, a staff member.

Paul also posted some 94 photos that were taken by his mum during that period and which he had digitised. She was at Lucia King with Miss Dulcie Penny and then went to Thorburn Cottage. There are photos of Thorburn and Elliott girls as well as staff and boys who were with me in Edinburgh Cottage.

Beryl was a friend of Mrs Gillian Davidson (nee Penn), House Mother, Miss Connie Wilkinson, House Aunty, and Miss Sheila Connett, the teacher. I contacted Paul and he gave me his mum's address. We have exchanged letters and she hopes to attend our 2015 Homes Birthday Celebrations in London.

It would be lovely to meet her after all these years.

Mrs Beryl Richardson (nee Moat) was a DGH staff member and served in Lucia King for two years from 1955.

# Remembering St Andrews Colonial Homes

Dear Margaretta

I frequently read all my submissions on the Kho Hai, website. It brings back all those happy memories of my childhood in India. Where else in the world would I have had such a magical childhood. The wide open spaces in Cutlacherra Tea Estate with my whole family.

St Andrew's Colonial homes was my first school in Kalimpong, with Mount Kanchenjunga as a backdrop. Seeing this beautiful scenery every day, out of my classroom window. Dr Graham certainly chose well when he chose Kalimpong as the base of his philanthropic work. As a youngster I was happy with the hundreds of boys and girls of my own age around me. We worked hard but we also played hard. There were playing fields all around us, and the trek through the forest to get to school every morning certainly cleared the mind.

There was always a sense of togetherness and of belonging. The whole school gathered in the vast church every Sunday. Dr Graham was usually the preacher and then after he died there was the new man in charge the Reverend Jimmy Duncan. He was a lot younger but he had the same commitment to the Homes as had Daddy Graham.

We learnt how to swim in the swimming baths and then we also swam in the River Rilli where we went on picnics. Nothing elaborate, just bread and butter and a mug of tea.

But oh how marvellous it tasted when we were tired and hungry and happy. The long trek up the mountain, back to our cottages, nothing could be better for contented children. We had buns and jalabies on the school compound every Homes birthday in September. This occasion was always eagerly looked forward to.

The school concerts in the Jarvie Hall, were always well acted and we ended with the school rallying song 'Rouse up lads and Lasses'. Then the ever familiar piano chord when we all knew that we must stand to attention and sing 'God save the King'. We were all very patriotic in those days. This patriotism has lasted all our lives, whether to India, the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, the USA or any other country where the Homes boys and girls have settled.

There was always fierce competition between the cottages at the annual swimming gala. The inter cottage sports day was held in the huge Ronaldshay park. Before sports day the grass was cut and rolled, white lines were used to mark out the running lanes for the hundred yards dash and a giant oval was marked out for the longer races. Everything was in yards, feet and inches in those days. Miles were the order of the day and kilometres were never mentioned.

Because of the iconic status of the St Andrews Colonial Homes, dignitaries from all over the world came to visit.

**Roderick Chalmers**  
[rmchalmers@outlook.com](mailto:rmchalmers@outlook.com)

# Calcutta contradictions



When my wife attended a conference in Calcutta in January 2006, I took the opportunity to visit the city of my birth

and where I had lived for over 20 years. I was extremely excited about returning to Calcutta and sharing this wonderful city with her.

What can I say about the city? There are now so many elevated roads and flyovers that the once-familiar scene of downtown Calcutta and Chowringhee is unrecognisable. The streets are packed with yellow-roofed taxis at the end of their economic life, all jockeying for position. The roads are replete with well-intentioned cautionary traffic slogans like “Respect the traffic rules”, but nobody cares.

The fortunate circumstance of being Calcutta-born gave me an incredible inheritance, which I grew to appreciate as the years passed. In my childhood, Calcutta offered a glimpse into the declining days of the Raj; it was a city full of the symbols of empire: imposing architecture, the bronze statuary of Curzon, Canning, Mayo, and the magnificent Victoria Memorial.

After Independence, the Calcutta I knew was transformed into a vibrant Bengali city. The dominant British culture ebbed with the departing expatriates and their symbols have been gradually removed to be replaced by Bengali cultural symbols. Mercifully

the Victoria Memorial survived all this transformation and today it still embraces those who wish to enjoy its imposing grandeur and peaceful setting.

## Old school of thought

What can I say about Calcutta? Nobody can be indifferent to it, nor can its cultural, intellectual, commercial or political importance to the rest of India be denied. At the same time one needs to acknowledge the poverty, the human suffering and the incredible lack of social support systems. From my perspective, this is just one of the paradoxes of Calcutta.

## Market magic

As a boy and later a young man, I often went to New Market with my mother when she did her shopping. She liked to pick the fresh produce, the meat and fish. As soon as we entered the Lindsay Street parking area and before our feet had touched the ground, we would be surrounded by a melee of porters with their wicker baskets all wanting to carry our purchases.

This was the Calcutta equivalent of the supermarket trolley but this one was self-steering, and would wait by the car on request. On each market visit, my mother chose the services of the same basket carrier, who would accompany us from shop to shop. All of your senses were active in the market. There were both beautifully aromatic and less pleasant smells.



At the rear end of New Market were all the specialty shops like Babur Ali, which sold imported and smuggled tinned goods. My family shopped here for over 30 years and a visit was always accompanied with a chat with Babur Ali Senior, while his sons assisted him. There was a wonderful trust between Babur Ali and my mother. If she was short of money, Babur Ali said: "It's okay memsahib, pay me next week."

**This is one of my most abiding memories. Trust and a handshake were more important than a piece of paper. Later on in life, I realised that this was the best way of getting to know people, by developing trust. It was a respectful practice from an earlier time that we missed when we left India.**

When I revisited the New Market in 2006, I had a most remarkable experience. The porter who had carried my mother's shopping recognised me after well over 40 years and asked after my mother by name.

More was to come. The flower seller, the staff at Babur Ali and at a Tibetan curio shop all recognised me and asked after my mother's health: they were truly saddened on hearing that she had long since died. I was pleased to see that shopping at New Market in 2006 did not seem to be any different than it was in my mother's time.

**Mike Hruska**

(to be continued in our next magazine. Mike's stories first appeared in the Calcutta Telegraph)

# STRINGS FROM HEAVEN

As often happens when I least expect it I come upon a talent to reckon with and over the years I have learnt never to wait.



He was only nine but I had rarely heard a violin played with such confidence. The son of a worker on the Homes campus, he strode on to the stage with rubber chappals and shorts with tee shirt most casual to perform for us at a variety programme and when he was through I was left stunned. This was raw unique talent as I had rarely seen.

The programme over I sought him out and asked who his parents were.

Would you like to join Dr Grahams' Homes as a student I asked him without knowing a thing about him or his background and the smile end to end said it all. We took him in the very next day.

I brought him to Kolkata during his vacation and asked the conductor of the Calcutta Chamber Orchestra to

coach him. We tend to dismiss talent if they don't have the qualifications particularly in western classical music and that was the first reaction. But I persisted and sent him the music for a piece which the Calcutta Orchestra would be performing the next season.

It was a difficult one requiring a standard which even the established players found challenging. He matched the orchestra stroke for stroke.

The Governor of West Bengal, in the audience, was to also note the performance – a young kid now 11 amongst senior performers draws attention. He topped the Talent Search Competition with a hands up performance that year.

And so I positioned him to play a solo at the Race Course Concert – 5000+ people and he began. It was winter and damp strings in open air can play havoc with tone and with a few strokes of the violin he knew it was badly out of tune. Even a top artiste could have been completely thrown. He stopped – went to the piano and re-tuned his instrument whilst a full hushed audience watched in silence. And then he began to play again. He could have been the Fiddler on the Roof as he had the audience enthralled and could have done anything he wanted with them and just only 11 years old.

Prayash is a Facebook friend now and passing music exams too. He went to Europe to perform and is back in his final year at School. I wish there were enough opportunities for young talent in this country or enough scholarships to send them abroad. He could be great but will possibly end up teaching music somewhere – a good thing no doubt, though I keep thinking that he could have been amongst the greats had fortune shined on him.

Talent in this country has to fight every step of the way – in music, sport, the performing arts or whatever the sphere of excellence may be.

To succeed these days, most children need someone to champion their cause. Champions are hard to find but magic can happen and I will not stop believing it can!

***From Michael Robertson***

**Former chair of the Board of Management**



# Obituaries



## Rosalind Smith

Hello,

I am writing to let you know that my aunt, Mrs Rosalind EDWARDS (née Smith) sadly passed away on 16th February 2015 in Basingstoke. She was 75 years old.

Aunty Rosalind was a former pupil of Dr Graham's Homes, based at Mansfield Cottage where she joined my mother, Bertha NARULA (née Smith).

Thank you,  
Ms Rekha NARULA

**Condolences to Rekha from Thuten Kesang and his family in New Zealand**



**From: Henry Simon**

This News Letter is really Excellently Done! well done!  
So many thoughts and this is why DGH IS Special.

**Keren, Keziah, Philo & me**

**From: Olga Harding**

What an interesting and amazing NEWSLETTER. It was so well put together and the photos were even more interesting .

What a lot of hard work and thought to collect all that information and formulate it all into a truly great

celebration of the 114 Birthday of the HOMES. It was so good that there were articles from so many parts of the world where OGB'S had travelled and settled. **Thank you.** We hope Vincent is responding to all the treatment he is being given.

**Roy and Olga**

**From: Bradley Mawer**

[bradleyfujrgn@hotmail.com](mailto:bradleyfujrgn@hotmail.com)

Thank you very much for the most wonderful newsletter. Reading all the articles just re-affirms my faith in the 'family of DGH'.

So many stories made known, so many journeys shared. What a privilege to be a part of our beloved Dr.Graham's Homes. No other institution could ever come close! I hope that those in-charge of the decision making take the time to read your newsletter so that they can

have at least the minimum understanding of the legacy they have been put in charge of.

**\*Not sure if this is already in place** but I would highly recommend that a copy of your newsletter (or several copies) be kept in the school library for the students and staff to read.

In closing, Vince continues to be in our prayers as do the rest of your family. God bless you and strengthen you.

With warm regards,

**Bradley**

**From: Lolly Raphael**

Thank you so much for sharing the Christmas newsletter which I thoroughly enjoyed reading. It was great to see Auntie Theo's pic and the accolade given to her by your circulation of the newsletter which she definitely deserves. She has always kept a low profile and nearly spanked me today when she heard I had sent the pic to you. She looks forward to receiving a copy of the newsletter from you.

**Lolly**

**From: Michael Robertson**

Thank-you for the Newsletter, Margaretta. informative and useful as always.

**Michael**

**From: Alison Clark**

I was so pleased to see pictures of the young people in the Christmas edition of the magazine. They look so good in their school uniforms and of course they all wear shoes now. When I went to the Homes in 1961, the children did

not wear shoes. They all look so well and happy.

It is also good to see people like Thuten Kesang, George Borthwick, Nancy Halliday and many more who were in the Homes when I was there.

I was really hearten to see Bernard looking so well and joining in with all the fun. I have lost touch with him as my latest emails [some time ago] were returned to me. do you have his latest email address? It would be good to be in touch with him again.

## LOST & FOUND

**Dear readers, if any one has any knowledge on this query below please do get in touch with me or with Dan**  
[dantan.balaram@entercoms.com](mailto:dantan.balaram@entercoms.com).

My name is Dantan Balaram and I am a Grant and Frazer chap from the batch of 2004. I hear I had some relatives in the Homes – Christopher Balaram and Gordon Balaram. My father, Edward Balaram also had a sister who is now apparently in the UK (I don't know her name though). Would you be able to help me in knowing their whereabouts?

## A chance encounter ...

Sylvia who was on our India tour, visited her local nursing home in Scotland and met ...

**Jess Macey**, who is now 92 and partially sighted. At school she lived in Birissa Cottage.

**If anyone remembers Jess, please get in touch** at: Raith Gates Nursing Home, Kirkcaldy, KY2 5NW  
Tel: 01592 583327

We are grateful  
for this contribution  
from Alex Murray  
(now 92 years young!)

The McRobert Memorial Tower  
Dr. Grahams Jones  
Kalimpong, Bengal.

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The memory it awakens,  
Its call to face lifes day,  
To Chapel, School and pastime,  
To worship, work and play.

Our God we bring Thee thankful hearts  
For memories grave and gay,  
The exhortations it recalls,  
To walk the headward way.



# Forthcoming Event

## Birthday Celebrations

September 26<sup>th</sup> 2015

Methodist Church, Hinde Street, London W1

Doors open at 12noon

Meeting commences 1pm sharp

Room MUST be vacated by 5pm

### NEW FEATURES FOR OUR NEWSLETTER

We are looking for some new features for our newsletter and need your help! Could you make some suggestions e.g. "A day in the life of ..." or snapshots, latest achievement or things your children or you have done which made you smile. We are looking for upbeat, heart warming, positive stories so if you have any please email Margareta :

[purtills@btinternet.com](mailto:purtills@btinternet.com)





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

[www.kalimpong-association.co.uk](http://www.kalimpong-association.co.uk)



Kalimpong Association UK



[www.twitter.com/kalimponguk](http://www.twitter.com/kalimponguk)

**Many thanks** for taking the time to read this newsletter.

If you would like to contribute to the next newsletter, please contact:

Mrs. Margaretta Purtill: [purtills@btinternet.com](mailto:purtills@btinternet.com)

Our sincere thanks to Alistair & Nada at McCabe Pilgrimages  
for their help in producing this newsletter