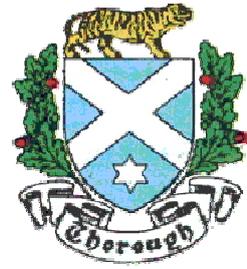


# THE KALIMPONG ASSOCIATION (UK)



## Spring 2009 Newsletter

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Every year brings changes and leaves behind memorable events:

New Year Resolutions to Serve the Planet – Resolve:

“Humanity, despite its artistic pretensions, its sophistication and its many accomplishments, owes its existence to a six-inch layer of topsoil and the fact that it rains”

At this time of year many of us resolve to break a habit, make a change in our lives or give something up. Often such a resolution is seen as a sacrifice. However, from ‘sacrifice’ comes liberation! Recently at a New Humanity conference that I attended, 500 of us took a Vow of ‘Non violence’ in thought, word and deed. What a joy it is to let go of one’s hatred, dislikes and destructive habits. I was asked what resolution I would make this year to serve the planet. I hope my actions will inspire you to do something similar.

“How about we decide to leave our cars parked wherever we’ve parked them and use them only when it’s really necessary? Or turn off the tap while brushing our teeth and flush the toilet less; switch off electric lights when we leave a room; separate newspapers, glass and plastic and recycle them all (hopefully most of us are already doing this)? We could lobby the government to have shops and business places switch off their lights throughout the night and lobby them to make plastic bags illegal! We should all learn to cook, eat seasonally, and support our local shops; find out where the local allotments are, and get digging and planting – and if you have a garden, make a compost heap with your kitchen waste. Many people want to grow their own food but lack the skills or confidence to have a go. If you have green fingers why not pass on these skills to friends and families and find a fun way to be green and get both communities and vegetables growing? We could get together with friends, family and neighbours and see what we can do on a community level together. In short, we could get off the couch and become an ACTIVIST! Go on – become the change you want to see in the world.

If you want to feel rich, just count all the things you have that money can’t buy.

Margaretta Purtill - President

From the Editor’s Desk



I felt that this picture of Daffodils would be appropriate for the Spring Newsletter as their appearance always heralds the beginning of Spring, sunshine and new life.

We are often asked “What do you do with your time now that you are retired?” We keep ourselves busy in our home and garden in our own time and at our own pace – which is wonderful. The best thing is not having to get up for work every morning and being able to have a leisurely cup of tea in bed before deciding what to do. We are also able to pursue our hobbies and pastimes and I have started reading and painting again while Jeff does the Sudoku and is now learning to play the Guitar. We also visit the local markets once or twice a week for our fresh fruit and vegetables, enjoy going for long walks and swim during the summer months. At the moment we are busy landscaping our neighbour’s garden which is keeping us busy and fit.

Jeff and I had an amazing holiday in Australia in January/February this year and it was wonderful meeting so many OGB’s who took time out of their busy lives to come and meet us. We will provide a write up of our experiences down under and aim to include this in the Summer Newsletter.

There are a number of interesting articles which I hope will grab your attention. Firstly Arifin Graham has written about his trip to Kolkata and DGH last year, followed by John Dempster’s account of his visit to the UK in August 2008.

I hope this year is a good one for all of you. Remember to take care of yourselves and each other and I hope you have an enjoyable Easter.

Yolande Fegredo - Editor

## GLIMPSES OF KOLKATA AND KALIMPONG

It is already nearly a year since the 2008 International Conference was held in Kolkata. For two intensive days, the Board of Management, OGBs, and Committees from around the world met and discussed many topics of mutual interest, from sponsored children to finances, to the future development of the Homes.

Many valuable contributions were made, and it assisted in building good working relationships for many of us who live at such great distance from India and each other. It was worthwhile to have all the international councils represented, and I felt that it was also particularly valuable to have the participation of a number of OGBs – from the UK, Nepal, New Zealand, Kalimpong and Siliguri. In my view, greater engagement and participation by those who care deeply about the Homes and its mission will only serve to strengthen the possibility of a success in the future.

While in Kolkata, my wife Wiluya and I appreciated the opportunity to visit the Birkmyre Hostel with OGBs Thuten Kesang, George Smith and John and Juliana Duckworth. Though currently in need of some repair, it is a jewel of a building, with a great deal of potential for the benefit of the Homes.

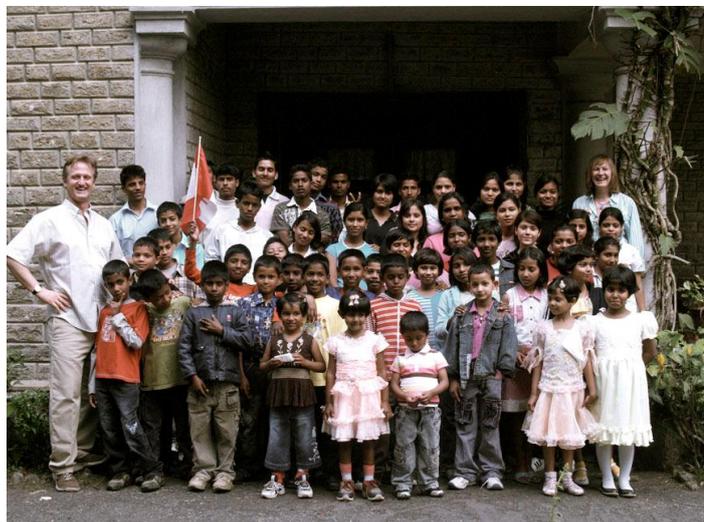


John Duckworth & Thuten Kesang

After the conference, we travelled to Kalimpong to stay at the Homes for a week. We had many opportunities to spend time with the children, visiting classes and cottages, and on our last day, hosting a Tea for the Canadian-sponsored children. It meant a great deal to us, to visit and talk with the children – ranging in age from the very young to those nearly ready to graduate from the Homes.

The Canadian Council Sponsored Children  
at Graham House

One of our Sponsored Boys



It was a week rich in experiences. Every morning would begin with an early walk around the campus, always finishing with a visit to the bakery. The bakery staff, headed by Mr. Cheltri, is dedicated and caring in its work. The measuring, kneading, forming buns and loaves, baking and delivery to the Central Kitchen runs like clockwork. I enjoyed meeting OGB Mr. Ginger Clark, who, with a twinkle in his eye and a warm smile, tends the ovens, ensuring that each loaf is baked to perfection.



Ginger Clark at the Bakery

A visit to the farm was also worthwhile, with an opportunity to meet some of the staff as they arrived in the early morning. I was heartened to see the sign in the farm shop that reads: "All the products are from Dr. Graham's Homes Farm, where only organic farming is carried out." It was good to see the Homes at the leading edge of this important and growing agricultural movement.

One afternoon, Mrs. Sugimoto of the Japanese Committee took us to see the floriculture project that she has worked tirelessly to develop for the benefit of the Homes. It is clear that she works with complete dedication and sincerity, and the Homes is a fortunate recipient of her considerable efforts. It was delightful to see her truly in her element, cutting flowers for us in one of the greenhouses.



Mrs Sugimoto (President/Chairman - Japan Committee)

The Crossroads Fest – a two-day celebration of the considerable talents of students from the 11 ICSE schools in Kalimpong – was held during our stay and Principal Aubrey Sampayo kindly invited us to attend. The DGH boys and girls excelled, making us all justifiably proud.

As the Board of Management wrote at the time of Dr. Graham's death in 1942: "The first call on the Homes shall always be the children in greatest need; the one vital and essential consideration the highest good of the children themselves." It is my hope that the Board of Management, the OGBs and the Councils can work together and be guided to ensure that the vision and inspired ideals of the Homes' founders will continue to be fulfilled.

On behalf of Wiluya and myself, and all of the Canadian Council, I send very best wishes to the OGBs in the UK and around the world. For me personally, it is a pleasure and a privilege to know the OGBs that I have met, and look forward to meeting many more of you in future.

Arifin Graham  
Chair of the Canadian Council of Dr. Graham's Homes  
Victoria, BC, Canada

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## SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2009

THIS IS A REMINDER FROM VINCE PURTILL, TREASURER, THAT THE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2009 ARE NOW DUE. A SUBSCRIPTION FORM IS ATTACHED WITH THIS NEWSLETTER SO PLEASE SEND THIS TOGETHER WITH YOUR CHEQUE TO VINCE.

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## COOKING TIPS

Fish Odours – To remove the odour from your hands after preparing fish, rinse them with lemon juice.

Keeping Pasta Long - There's no need to break up spaghetti to fit the pan. Just poke one end into the boiling water and coil it round as it softens, until it is all under the water.

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FOOD QUOTE – "My advice if you insist on slimming: Eat as much as you like – just don't swallow it." – Harry Secombe

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DID YOU KNOW? Food scientists have discovered yet another benefit of red wine. A glass with a meal can help prevent food poisoning by killing common bugs, including E coli, Salmonella and Listeria.

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BITE THE BULLET: Means to grin and bear a painful situation. It comes from the days before anaesthetics. A soldier about to undergo an operation was given a bullet to bite.

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## FIT IT - A Smoke Alarm



It's a frightening fact that you're almost twice as likely to die in a house fire if you don't have a working smoke alarm. Although around 80% of the population own smoke alarms, statistics show that in one in eight house fires attended by fire and rescue services the smoke alarm failed to work, largely due to flat or missing batteries. Make sure you fit a minimum of one smoke alarm on every floor and test the batteries every week.

Log on to [www.firekills.gov.uk](http://www.firekills.gov.uk) for more information

## INNER VOICE - A Tribute to Daddy Graham

What do we do when we see social issues that need to be tackled and the big problems that face society? Just fret, fume and express our frustration to do anything to improve the situation. At best, we feel disillusioned about life in general and humanity at large. But not so Rev. J A Graham. He was a visionary – who worked hard to Heal, Educate and Improve the lot of the people. This, he did by providing a home to the neglected, uneducated and often unwanted European and Anglo-Indian children in the slums and bustees of India.

The visionary in Rev. J A Graham could gauge the mammoth problem. He and his wife took it upon themselves to heal the wounds and scars and to improve the living conditions of so many children. To provide a home and to educate the under privileged so as to make them useful citizens of India, became the aim of this Scottish couple. What started with six children in a bungalow – later got transformed into 17 cottages and two hostels with house parents looking after the children, a proper school, a chapel and a small hospital to look after the sick. This dream, though, was nestled in a small town called Kalimpong but the backdrop of the Kanchenjunga was making Rev. Graham aim higher and higher. While entire hill children were receiving the best education along with the Anglo-Indian children, efforts were also made to teach better means of farming to the local people in an effort to improve local handicrafts, which in turn would improve their living standards.

Apart from regular classes and teaching in the school, the children were also taught by their house parents how to clean and look after themselves. Despite all the hardships faced in arranging funds and overcoming other management hurdles, it was ensured that the children had an overall development. The OGB's (Old Girls and Boys) endlessly reminisce about their school days, their walks to the school barefoot in the earlier days and the treat of buns and jelibies on the school birthday. There is a bond that exists between OGB's that is very unique.

The older students were responsible for a younger child and ensured that they were dressed for school, assisted them with their homework, and all children had to help out in the kitchen and in keeping the cottage sparkling clean. Over naughty children would get their share of spanking!! The perfect home experience cottage vie with each other for honours in all fields, be it academics, sports or even cleanliness. No wonder that with such good grooming the children from Dr Graham's Homes, Kalimpong have gone all over the world and have been successful in all walks of life – engineers, sailors, farmers, publishers and even politicians.

So was Rev J A Graham a true Scottish Knight or a Bharat Ratna? But, to the thousands for whom he provided a Home in Kalimpong and nurtured their growth to different success levels in Society – he will always remain – Daddy Graham.

By Florence Harrop

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## UK TOUR AUGUST 2008

As everyone knows, it takes a long time to fly from Perth, Western Australia to London. We flew Emirates and were lucky in that on both the Perth to Dubai and then the Dubai to Heathrow sectors the plane was less than half full so we were able to stretch out in the centre section of each aircraft and so slept for most of the 20 plus hours it took to get to the U.K.

Christine and I spent the first four days sightseeing in London. Giving the tube a miss, we favoured the buses and were soon hopping on and off and getting around London quite easily.

On our first morning we went to Buckingham Palace and toured the State Rooms and the Queen's Gallery, Covent Garden. After lunch we walked around Covent Gardens and then took the bus to the Tower of London. It was late afternoon and the size of the crowd waiting to get in was quite large and we decided to return to the hotel for a rest. The next morning we arrived at the Tower just before 9 a.m. to find that we were the fourth couple in the queue. When we left, we had a bit of a wait before we could return our audio units, due to the very large crowd of tourists that had gathered to take the tour.

We visited St Paul's Cathedral, and then Trafalgar Square where a giant TV screen had been erected. Together with an appreciative audience, we saw the Opening Ceremony of the Olympic Games. What really impressed us was the orderliness of the viewing crowd. After a while we went into the National Gallery and, like many others over the past years, marvelled at the collection. When we came out of the Gallery, a newly married couple had just exchanged their vows in St Martins in the Field and their guests had joined them outside the church. The church bells were pealing, the

Games broadcast was still on, and the crowd had swelled. The Olympic flag was raised. A smoker lit up a few `seats` away on Christine's right just as the Olympic torch entered the stadium. And then the cauldron was lit in Beijing.

Back at the Ramada Hyde Park hotel for the third night, and we were woken just a few minutes after midnight by a fire alarm. We evacuated the hotel of course and joined the other guests on the pavement. The fire brigade pulled up within minutes and shortly after we were told it was a false alarm and back to bed we went. After breakfast that morning we took the bus to Hyde Park corner and walked along Constitution Hill and returned to Buckingham Palace and the Queen Victoria memorial. It was another perfect day. Looking up, you could see 8 contrails in the clear blue sky. We were there to see the Trooping of the Colour (the ceremony takes place at 11:30 on alternate days, weather permitting) but as it was still quite early we decided to walk along the Mall and past Clarence House, crossed to Pall Mall and made our way to Piccadilly Circus. Back to Nelson's Column at Trafalgar Square where, close by, we found a post office open on the Saturday. Then to the National Portrait Gallery which was not as good as the National Gallery, but then, being no painter myself, how would I know?

In the afternoon, that perfect day turned sour as the rain set in, just as we were on our way to Harrods in Knightsbridge. And I have never, ever, seen such a jam-packed place as what confronted us that Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> August afternoon in Harrods. After a short while we conceded defeat and scraped our way out of there, and returned outside to the steady drizzle. I notice that once on the streets, there are very few, if any, eaves or canopies or overhangs of buildings that one can shelter under from the rain.

The Globus Britain In Depth tour began the next day, on Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> August. The Tour Director Peter Robinson introduced himself and, on the completion of the 13 days tour, proved to be informative and up-to-date, knowledgeable, highly competent, entertaining, and an all round good bloke. I reckon he made the trip much better for all of us. The big red tour bus, a pleasure to be on, had just 35 of us in the tour group. The nationalities were more or less equally shared between the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Canadians and the Americans. Half of the tour party still held down jobs, and included in this group were twin 16 year old girls and their slightly older sister with their American parents.

We departed London on schedule at 9 a.m. and about an hour later were in Henry XIII's Hampton Court Palace in Surrey. We admired the various gardens and liked the look of the great vine which was planted some 200 years ago. Then on through Sussex to the Regency seaside resort of Brighton and the Royal Pavilion. King George IV and his successor King William IV must have had some great parties in this exotic former royal palace. After the tour of the pavilion, we took ourselves off and decided on an Indian restaurant for lunch. I opted to try the bhel puri for starters and it was pretty good. After lunch the bus took us across Hampshire to the Hilton at Southampton, Britain's largest port, for the first night of the tour. It was here that the Tour Director shouted the first drink for everyone (and he never did that again).

Tours such as the one we were on were very easy on the traveller. Everything, apart from the options, was paid up front, much before the tour commenced. The tour cost included all hotel stays, every breakfast and most dinners, all gratuities to the Tour Director and the Tour bus driver, all entrance fees, all baggage handling gratuities to hotel staff, everything. The hotels were invariably the best hotel in the city or the town, and we seldom had to stand in queues to enter tourist sights. Places such as Hampton Court Palace and Belvoir Castle were opened to the tour group before being opened to the general public. Sufficient time is spent at each stop for sightseeing by yourself or with the aid of a qualified guide. At the hotels the tour director would tell us what time dinner and breakfast would be served and where our dining tables would be. Our suitcases would be delivered from the tour bus to our hotel room, and they would be picked up from outside our hotel room the next morning and taken to the tour bus. We would also be told the time when the tour bus would be leaving the hotel. The meals must have been very good because I put on quite a few kilos.

We departed Southampton the next morning at 8:30 for the West country and stopped at Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire. The morning was bright enough but a cold wind was blowing when we walked around the stones which make up the megalithic monument. We were not looking for crop circles, even though they are found in the area around Devizes. A short drive later and we were in picturesque Salisbury with its vast cathedral, the ultimate in Early English Gothic, built 750 years ago. After lunch we were driven past Exeter in Thomas Hardy's Dorset, to the Barcello Torquay Imperial hotel in Torquay on the English Riviera, in the ceremonial county of Devon, where we were to spend our second and third tour nights.

England had been conquered just three times; by the Romans, by the Vikings, and lastly, by the Normans. As far as I know England has no natural predators, no bears or wolves, but it does have 2 types of non-venomous snakes in the Eastern countryside.

The colour green predominates in the month of August (it might also predominate during the entire year).

After breakfast a relief driver took us into the heart of wild Dartmoor National Park. (Tour bus drivers keep a log book of hours worked and our regular driver Richard was due a rest). A slab of granite under a thin layer of soil makes up much of Dartmoor, where yellow gorse and purple heather grow. Patchwork quilt views are seen from the tops of the moor hills looking down into the valleys. Sheep and semi-wild Dartmoor pony's graze, as do `belties`, which are cattle black in colour having a patch of a white `belt` around their girth. We were taken to Widdecombe in the Moor and if there ever was a picture postcard scene, then this was it. Apparently it is the most popular tourist spot in Dartmoor and if you go there you will see why. It was also the setting for Conan Doyle's Hound of the Baskervilles. We had tea and cake and bought packets of fudge to take back home but as it was in my keeping, the fudge never made it to Australia.

At around noon we were brought into historic Plymouth. In 1768 James Cook departed this port for the Pacific. We were shown the Mayflower steps from where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked in 1620 for America, and also Plymouth Hoe where legend says Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls when the Spanish Armada approached the Sound. At lunchtime we sat on a bench overlooking the harbour in the barbican area with its cobbled streets and small shops, and tried the Cornish pasties. What looked like a hornet alighted onto the palm of my left hand. I looked at it in amazement, but was surprisingly not alarmed. About 10, 20 seconds passed, and off it flew. It was as good an excuse as any to have our first taste of English ice-cream. A harbour cruise completed our visit, after which we returned to Torquay.

Day 4 of the tour we left Torquay and headed to Glastonbury in Somerset, made famous by the legend of King Arthur and of the sword Excalibur. After a brief stop we went on to the world heritage city of Bath. Jane Austin lived here, as did the artist Gainsborough, and Robert Clive of India fame. With the help of the audio head-set tour guide, we roamed the excavations of the Roman Baths. I put my hand in the naturally occurring light-brown spring water flowing (at about 16 litres a second) into the open air courtyard bath and it was HOT. The creamy gold Bath stone is used on most of the Georgian buildings and I guess everyone has seen either photographs of the Royal Crescent in Bath, or in the film Vanity Fair. I liked Bath because even though it is in the big 5 of sight-seeing cities in the U.K., there are no high rises and the city is `gentle`, not overwhelming. There are no traffic jams and all seems to be calm there. The tour took us through Gloucestershire into the principality of Wales where the road signs are in Welsh and also in English.

Cardiff, where there are excellent examples of Victorian architecture, greeted us with a downpour, which nearly demolished Christine's umbrella, but that did not deter some of us having our picture taken in front of Cardiff Castle and nearby, the less than glamorous Millennium Stadium. It was good to see that none of the carved stone animals adorning the wall of the castle were damaged or defaced in any way. After a wander we trooped back into the bus and were driven through the county of Glamorgan into Newport in Monmouthshire where we spent the night in the Hilton.

Day 5 and we headed north in the Valleys whose iron ore and coal were the raw materials for the Industrial Revolution. Road works in progress forced the tour bus to take a detour which brought us onto narrow country roads, and thrice we had to back out to make room for other traffic to pass. Through picturesque Brecon Beacons National Park and into Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire. We looked down from gently rolling hills onto valleys and homes and sheep and cattle and fields of purple heather. The white sheep had rounded bulging bellies, and they have it so good that some of them simply lie on the grass and chew away. The branches of the trees here were much nearer to the ground than what I had seen in Perth. Brecon, at the end of a valley where, long, long ago, glaciers smoothed the tops of hills, is a picturesque small village and this is where we stopped. We ate lunch at Llangollen beside the River Dee in Denbigshire, and bought nectar-sweet doughnut peaches imported from Spain to munch on the bus. Llangollen has history and scenic walks and we should have spent more time there. But we had to leave Wales. Narrow roads with tall green bushes grow right to the road edge and there is not much room to spare as we pass traffic going in the opposite direction.

The walled city of Chester was next, where a walking tour took in the black and white half-timbered buildings, the two-tiered shopping arcades called the Rows, and the Roman remains. In the evening we arrived at Buxton in the Peak District in Derbyshire and our next two nights were spent in the Barcello Buxton Palace Hotel.

The highlight of day 6 was a four hour visit to magnificent Chatsworth House, the stately home of the Duke of Devonshire. It was here that we marvelled at the luxury of the interior and wandered through the gardens with its cascading fountains and backdrop of the Derbyshire countryside. The House was used in the film Pride and Prejudice, as was the newly released The Duchess with Keira Knightly. On display in one of the many rooms were gowns, dresses, and coats worn by the cast of The Duchess. It was a lovely sunny day and picnickers had set up on the expansive grounds, and when we were leaving yet more visitors were arriving. We watched from a small bridge overlooking the River Derwent as fish lazily circled the baited hook of an optimistic angler. Chatsworth House is magnificent in every way, and is unlike any other that I have seen.

We returned to the spa town of Buxton in the afternoon and spent the rest of the day sight-seeing. We had a forgettable dinner at the India Palace restaurant, and, instead, should have tried the Thai restaurant next door (hindsight is a marvellous thing).

On the morning of day 7 we drove into the scenic Lake District National Park in Cumbria for a visit to Grasmere, home to the poet William Wordsworth. He is buried in the Wordsworth family grave in the churchyard of St Oswald's Church which itself is on the banks of the River Rothay. After a visit to the Wordsworth grave and a walk in the town we sat in the rear courtyard of Rowan Tree Café and saw ducks floating by as we tasted Grasmere gingerbread, the local delicacy. There is a reverence for wildlife, for the environment, here. The tourists that we saw were mainly Japanese and East European.

We crossed the River Sark and left England (there is no fancy border signpost on the west side as there is on the east side of the land) and entered the county of Dumfriesshire in Scotland. We emailed our arrival into Scotland to our children back in Oz. Amazing scenery with tall hills and green fields and low stone walls and cute cottages. In Scotland the road signs have white lettering on a blue background, distances are in miles, and the speed is miles per hour. In the U.K. the cars have a white rego plate in front and a yellow rego plate in the rear.

At half past one in the afternoon we rolled into Gretna Green. This small town was packed with tourists, all interested to see the Blacksmiths shop where many runaway couples were wed. This is the largest privately owned and managed visitor attraction in Scotland. After a short stop for lunch we bought some Made in Scotland clothing and didn't forget to pick up some toffee/fudge. We left for Scotland's largest city, Glasgow. At a quarter to three in the afternoon we passed the small village of Lockerbie where, in December 1988, a Boeing 747 exploded in mid-air, killing all 259 passengers and crew on board and eleven villagers on the ground.

In the evening we arrived at the Thistle hotel in Glasgow. Glasgow means green place and this city is known as the city with the most open spaces/parks in all the U.K. I was stationed in Glasgow from March to August 1974 during the building of a Merchant Navy bulk carrier for my first Australian employer, the British Phosphate Commissioners. Needless to say, the city has changed out of sight and the Royal Grosvenor hotel that was my base in 1974 has, I am told, long gone.

Glasgow has imposing university buildings and elegant Georgian squares built by the wealthy tobacco barons. We had a problem at the Thistle hotel when, shortly after ordering our dining selections for the evening meal, the fire alarm was activated. All the dining guests were ushered out of the hotel and even as we gathered outside, the fire engines were arriving. It wasn't long before the problem was sorted out, possibly a false alarm, and the firemen were off. After dinner a wedding party arrived and, accompanying their guests were a band of young bagpipers looking smart in red tartan, kilts, and black coats.

On the morning of day 8, a Sunday, we were on the small cruise boat Lomond Chieftain, cruising on Loch Lomond where salmon which are now entrapped here are accustomed to fresh water. This was Rob Roy MacGregor country and rhododendrons still bloom. A young, lone bagpiper played for us as we trooped off the boat. And then we were in the Highlands: the hills are various shades of green, lush vegetation (bush and tree branch) overhang the road and it is serene and beautiful. Wild Rannoch Moor: Glen Coe, where the MacDonald clan were massacred: lovely Loch Linnhe: and Fort William beneath Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain. The peak was enveloped in cloud in a brooding sky as we made our way to Loch Ness. Three gigantic bronze figures in battledress, woollen caps and climbing boots make the world famous Commando Memorial near Spean Bridge, and the views from this Memorial looking out over the Nevis mountain range is stunning. Four cyclists in line cycled by, with their panniers covered in plastic to keep dry from the mist and rain. Loch Ness is 20 miles long and as we motored past we could see hikers and, now and then, the occasional tent on nearby green hills. On very sharp bends the traffic would pull up and wait if necessary to permit safe passage. We passed lakes with small islands covered in purple heather, and sometimes bare hills with a touch of green cover interspersed with rocks. But heather predominates. There are locks here and we had to wait at one while a small boat slipped through. Fences were high to keep wild deer away from the highway. And suddenly we saw our first Highland cattle, all shaggy and big and very different. And we saw the monster, albeit a replica of Nessie, in a fenced off little pond close to the tour bus stand. We had lunch at Fort William, bought fresh sweet strawberries and plump raspberries at \$4 a pack from a roadside stall at Drumnadrochit, and in the evening we arrived at the Ramada hotel in the Highland capital of Inverness.

Immediately after breakfast on the morning of day 9, we were on the battlefield of Culloden Moor. Here, in 1746, the English defeated Bonny Prince Charlie in a bloody battle that lasted barely an hour. I took snaps of the thistle that were everywhere on the field, and of the simple stone memorials to the many Clans that had taken part in the battle. The Bonnie Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, fled to France, but two years later he was expelled and went to Rome. He became an alcoholic and died 44 years later.

After Culloden we drove through distillery country to take a tour of the Glen Livet distillery, after which we each received a shot of their famous whisky. There are hundreds of distilleries around here. On the road again we had, on our left on a nearby ridge, about a dozen windmills spinning away, all white against a green foreground and a blue sky above. Towards and over the Grampian mountains, over Lecht summit used by skiers in winter. A ski lift waits for the snow and skiers to return. The hillsides as far as you can see are covered in heather. No trees, just smooth hills covered in purple. I was surprised to learn that neither sheep nor deer eat heather, that the heather is burnt and that grouse eat the new shoots. Be aware though that before you start waltzing off to collect heather, that there is a danger of adders being in the heather.

At Crathie Church, we sat on the pews while a church Elder informed us about the church which the Royals attend when they are in Balmoral Castle. During his address, the Elder's dog, black and shiny, kept going from tourist to tourist and then jumped onto the pew and sat with us. The River Dee is between Crathie Church and Balmoral Castle. We only had glimpses of the Castle, which does not appear to be big, as we sped towards Braemar for lunch, home of the Royal Highland Games for over 900 years. We passed a stone house where Robert Louis Stevenson passed time, and where Treasure Island was written. Black-faced sheep with thick white woolly coats munched away on green grass. The Glenshee skiing area slopes are very steep and were of course deserted. The road signs here are white on green, just like in Australia. The scenery changes to dense shrubbery. We cross a Bailey bridge built by the army 53 years ago and move into fruit growing area where gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries thrive. In the evening we arrived at the capital city of Edinburgh where we were to spend two nights in The George Hotel. An optional extra which we attended and very much enjoyed that first day in Edinburgh was a Scottish evening with dinner, wine, and a show featuring singers, dancers, musicians and a bagpiper, and the Ceremony of the Haggis. The main male dancer, a Japanese, learned Scottish dance in Tokyo, and was a hit with the crowd.

The next morning, a local guide resplendent in his kilt took us around Edinburgh city, which would have to have one of the best cityscapes in the world, with Edinburgh castle standing high and proud on its craggy precipice. Famous scientists, inventors, and novelists are associated with this city and include Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson (there is no monument to Stevenson in all of Scotland), both of whom were born in Edinburgh, and the poet Robert Burns. Joseph Lister, the maker of Listerine, Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, and the rogue William Brodie, the inventor of the trapdoor gallows, who died on one. There is even a memorial to the Greyfriars bobby which I think is an excellent thing. We drove up the narrow Royal Mile to the castle to admire Scotland's Crown jewels, then explored Holyrood Palace. The Edinburgh Festival was on and the city was packed with tourists.

In the afternoon we visited Leith docks and toured the former Royal Yacht Britannia. This was an eye-opener for me as I expected a yacht of great comfort and beauty, and instead walked through a cramped, dated, and uncomfortable (for the Marine crew) ship well past its prime. Very little, if anything, was brought up to date where the navigation and accommodation of the Yacht was concerned, and I admire the work by all the Officers and Seamen who served on her.

A most enjoyable lunch was taken at a non-tourist restaurant Maisonette in Leith.

In the evening we packed our raincoats and joined the throng to see the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. This memorable event is on during August and is performed regardless of the weather. Halfway through the third event and the rain began and poured steadily right through to the second last event. The bands performed without a hitch, through the rain, and it was magnificent. Forty musicians from the Indian Army Chief's Military Band of New Delhi played here for the very first time and, in my opinion, did a good job. Two performances stood out for me; the all-girl Lochiel Champion Marching Drill Team from Wellington in New Zealand with their intricate display of complex precision drill (they performed some of the drill backwards in great style), and the drill team of His Majesty the King of Norway whose bayonet tipped rifle routines mesmerized us all. No umbrellas are allowed to be used and if anyone unfurled and raised one, they would be quickly told to bring it down. All the spectators sat in the rain with their raincoats on and the show was magnificent.

Sadly, for we loved Edinburgh, we left this great city on day 11 of the tour and drove past Galashiels straight to Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford House for a fascinating guided tour. The River Tweed, brown in colour due to recent heavy rain, flows nearby. His house is packed with historic relics, and with swords, guns, chain mail, lances and other weapons and coats of armour, and the library contains thousands of books. The ceiling is heavily carved. We walked in his walled garden amidst the many colourful plants, and the fruit and vegetable patches, and admired the two stone sculptures of his dogs. Scott's home is looked after by a charitable trust as no direct descendant remains, the last survivor, a woman, was unmarried and died in 2004.

On the way we passed what I thought was a lighthouse in a ridiculous site (in that it was inland), but what was in fact a Wellington Monument erected on top of a hill that celebrates his victory at Waterloo. A little later we had to stop for a

while on the road as an accident had occurred (a driver had seen an oncoming `wide load` truck, had panicked and slammed on his brakes. This resulted in the car immediately behind the first car rear-ending the first car. No injury to anyone).

On past the Jedburgh Abbey ruins to an old 2 storey stone house in which Mary Queen of Scots once lived when she was a circuit judge. Many homes and most, if not all, of the villages, towns and cities we passed through had beautiful and well tended garden displays, up to and including hanging baskets of various sizes, of plants and of flowers full of colour and diversity. They were taking part in the Britain in Bloom competition. The aim of the competition "is to encourage communities of all sizes to make positive and lasting improvements to their local areas for the benefit of local people".

A few minutes before noon we stopped at the Scotland/England border. While we alighted, a lone piper played. One of the three young American girls in our tour party danced the highland fling and soon other tour buses rolled in. Tourists poured out with cameras at the ready and it was great fun.

Next, into wild Northumberland National Park. We stopped at a small section of Hadrian's Wall which now lies beside a main road and we were amazed to see that it was not fenced off and yet it had not been vandalized or covered in graffiti.

By mid-afternoon we entered England's most complete medieval city, the walled city of York. Christine was, naturally, thrilled to be here again as she was born here and studied here and was returning after quite a few years absence. York was built by the Romans, and at one time under Septimius Severus, the entire Roman Empire was governed for two years from York. The Vikings in turn captured York and today at the Jorvik Viking Centre there is an award-winning museum that recreates the sights, smells, sounds and flavour of 10<sup>th</sup> century York. York Minster is a cathedral to see, as is the narrow Shambles, and Clifford's Tower. And the cafe to beat all other cafe's is of course Betty's.

We spent the night in the Ramada York hotel. After breakfast on day 12 we set off for the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire, one of England's grandest stately homes, which houses an amazing private collection. It is a lived-in castle in that the Duke and Duchess and their family live there. What impressed were the Italian sculpture (especially Raffaele Monty's Statue of a Veiled Vestal in marble) and the loads of paintings by Gainsborough, Holbein, Reynolds and Poussin, amongst others. Large rooms are packed with swords and shields and such while heads of elk and deer and even buffalo adorn the walls. Peacocks strut their stuff around the ground and do not seem to mind tourists or of having their pictures taken. Christine patiently stalked and photographed big fat striped bumble bees as they flew from flower to flower in the garden. Later, I enjoyed a tasty chocolate caramel slice in the castle's cafe.

About noon we passed by what little remains of Sherwood Forest and is now Forestry Commission land. A new airport in Doncaster Sheffield is named after Robin Hood. Then, through Lincolnshire where their tulips are exported to Amsterdam in the Netherlands.

We motored past Coventry in Warwickshire and so missed any chance of seeing a modern-age Lady Godiva, and headed to Stratford-upon-Avon. A tour group photograph was taken opposite the newly-thatched cottage of Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. The new thatch roof cost \$150,000.00 and is expected to last 45 years. We had a short wait in a queue to get into Shakespeare's birthplace but it was worth it. We sat on a bench in the town and listened to a busker play. Tourists were everywhere and the Japanese would have been the biggest contingent. For our second last night of the tour we stayed in the Holiday Inn Stratford Hotel, and it was on arrival here that I realized that I had lost my mobile phone. However, the buffet dinner in the hotel that evening came highly recommended, and we feasted to our hearts' content.

The morning of day 13 of the tour saw us enjoying a morning's drive into the heart of the English countryside. We took our photos in the quaint villages of Chipping Campden and Broadway in picturesque Cotswold. In the afternoon we took the optional outing to spectacular Warwick Castle and, in the Victoria garden, I saw a deer dart into a bush. In the evening we joined the Tour Director for a dinner in the Boar pub.

On the morning of day 14 we paid our respects at the grave of Sir Winston Churchill at Bladon near his birthplace of Blenheim Palace in Oxfordshire. The grave is in the grounds of a small old church. The final highlight was a walking tour in the city of Oxford, the oldest seat of learning in the United Kingdom. Christine spent some time in Blackwell booksellers, and then another, looking for books on Walks in the Cotswolds, on symbolism in paintings, on architecture. It was a sunny and warm day as we walked along broad streets and gazed at the `city of dreaming spires` .

We returned to London in the afternoon and said our goodbyes to our fellow tour group members, some of whom were going on to Ireland, to France, to Spain. Most of the Americans were returning home. Peter the Tour Director was leaving that night to take charge of another tour, this time on an ocean liner in the Mediterranean.

Christine and I left London and caught the train to York where we spent four days catching up with rellies and sightseeing. We returned to London by train and then caught the Heathrow Express, to Heathrow airport. If you're into chocolate fudge cake in a big way as I am, then try one at the O'Neill pub in the airport and you cannot go wrong.

And then it was all over. The trip, the tour, the holiday, was superb. I had put on 4 kilos. We were privileged to see all that there was to see, but at the end it was good to return to Perth, as Australia is home.



L-R: Brenda Freeman, Dave Freeman, Charles, Yvonne Felix (nee Geileskey), Christine Dempster, Jean Chambers (nee Geileskey) and John Dempster

John Dempster  
Perth, WA

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## THUTEN KESANG

Our congratulations to Thuten Kesang on being nominated for the Unsung Hero's Award which is awarded by a private organisation in the USA called 'Wisdom in Action'. The ceremony will be held at the end of April 2009 in San Francisco.

Thuten has promised to provide us with full details of this great event and hopefully this will be published in the Summer Newsletter.

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## OBITUARIES

### VANESSA JANE DUPRATT (nee HENDERSON)

Born on 8th August 1951 "ROSY" as she was better known went to KPG at the age of 11 having previously studied at St. Joseph's Convent, Kamptee in Nagpur. As she was a first cousin to us Freemans and in new surroundings, Aunty Flannigan got her transferred from Bene to Mansfield to be with my younger sister Yvonne and myself.

Rosy was a pretty little girl, shy and quiet. Average as a student she studied up to Class 9(MSF) before joining Commercial Class. In 1969 she left school and joined the Indian Iron & Steel Co Ltd now know as ISP-Steel Authority of India Ltd(SAIL), a prestigious firm in her hometown of Burnpur where she worked for the next thirty two years.

She was a good dancer but unfortunately Diabetes got the better of her and in 2003 her right leg was amputated from below the knee necessitating in her opting for Voluntary Retirement.

Leading a quiet life she and her husband Brian brought up their two sons Mitchel who presently works in the Gulf and Errol who is pursuing his MBA in Calcutta.

Without warning on Tuesday 3rd February of this year she took bad and all efforts proved in vain as she had a massive heart attack and passed away leaving us all shocked.

Rosy leaves behind her grieving husband and two sons and her brothers Carl (Australia), Leonard, Perry (ex-Laidlaw) and her only surviving sister Jeanette (Lobo) and a host of relatives and friends.

" GOODBYE LITTLE ROSE "

By Delphine Freeman

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### GEORGE HENRY HARLE

Sadly my father George Henry Harle has just recently passed away at the grand old age of 92. He was the youngest member of the family to attend Dr Graham's Homes, having told me many stories about his time there, how strict it was in those days, but he had nothing but praise for the teachers.

Having learnt so much from my Dad about his time in India, I was very interested to know as much as possible as I knew time would be running out for him to remember. Sadly his memory was fading in the last year, but I am so glad I listened with great interest as all this can now be passed on to his many grandchildren and great grandchildren for the future. All these stories will be kept within the family Bible.

My Dad's brother's name was Horace, his sisters were Dorothy, Gladys, Beryl and Esmarelda, sadly, they have all since passed away. Their mother's surname was Graham and she was related to Dr Graham as the name Coryton Graham is in the family Bible too. My father used to receive the School Magazine in the UK quite regularly for many years. I am sure as I sort through his personal belongings that I will come across some very interesting articles.

My special thanks go to the School for giving my father such a great education. He was a fine, polite, proud and interesting man, who served the military well in the Royal Artillery and Police in India during and after the war.

Being of Scottish descent our family gave my father a grand send-off at his funeral, with a Scots Piper playing, which was wonderful and moving.

We loved our Dad so much and he will be greatly and sorely missed by our Mother Dorothy who shared 65 years of marriage with him and his five daughters. He was also Uncle and Great Uncle to many.

God Bless

By Rosanna Pooley (nee Harle) (Daughter born in India in 1946)

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## MR GEORGE IPE

If Lady Margaret Thatcher will be remembered as the "Iron Lady of Europe" the same could be said about Mr. George Ipe who had earned the sobriquet of being the Iron Headmaster of Dr. Graham's Homes, Kalimpong. Mr. Ipe joined the Homes in the year 1961 and stayed in Yule House until he shifted to Graham House as the Headmaster from the year 1971-1977. He was a man of small stature but more than life size in presence. He and his wife came from South India, Kerala and were both practicing Christians. What I do remember of Mr. Ipe as a student was that he was a no nonsense man but behind that stern exterior mask he had a very subtle sense of humour which made him one of a special kind. He taught us physics as physics should be taught, "with total precision" leaving no margin for error. He was also a very good mathematics teacher.

He strongly believed in maintaining a strict sense of discipline both outside and inside the classroom but at no time was he not sensitive to the needs of both the students and the staff who looked upon him with more respect than just love. Mr. Ipe walking up from Graham House with measured steps could send both staff and students scurrying for cover. He fully believed in the Biblical adage in not sparing the rod to save the child as the writer of this article duly experienced and can vouch for it yet with all gratefulness and no malice.

Sadly, Mr. George Ipe left Dr. Graham's Homes in the year 1977, and gave his invaluable service as Principal of Paro High School, Bhutan where he served till his retirement. It was sad to hear that on the 28<sup>th</sup> of October, 2008, Mr. George Ipe breathed his last in Kerala his home state, leaving behind his beloved wife two sons and three daughters. A fitting memorial service was held in our Katherine Graham Memorial Chapel on the morning of 5<sup>th</sup> November, 2008 and it was so wonderful and coincidental to have one of Mr. Ipe's own colleagues Rev. S. Filby (who with his wife Joyce is on a sabbatical to the Homes) conducted and gave the eulogy.

The global Dr. Graham's Homes family fondly remembers Mr. Ipe as a thorough gentleman who lived his faith to the full. As a student and any student who came under his care and tutelage we salute and thank him and pray that his dear soul rests in peace. Our sympathy, condolences and prayers are with his wife Mrs. Ipe his sons and daughters.

By David Foning  
Bursar  
Dr Graham's Homes, Kalimpong

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## MR CYRIL ROBINS (MATHS TEACHER)

Sadly Mr Cyril Robins died in February at home in Strathmiglio, North of Edinburgh, Scotland. He leaves behind four children – 2 boys and 2 girls.

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## NEWS ABOUT THE SCHOOL

On the 4 December an unbelievable 800 people filled St Paul's Cathedral, Kolkata with people even standing in the aisles. The programme commenced at 6.30 p.m. but by 5.30 p.m. the Cathedral was filling up fast. Every seat was taken and extra chairs were added where possible. The children were magnificent and little Pyrush aged 9 was the highlight of the programme, playing Vivaldi on the Violin without a sheet of music!! I am keeping him in Kolkata until February and having him especially trained by the Conductor of the Kolkata Chamber Orchestra to enhance his technique.

OGB's Ben Westley now an accomplished performer in Kolkata and Lindsey Cantopher from the UK (who flew in especially for the choir) joined the 80 strong group. The first half of the programme was a selection of Carols both traditional and classical. After the Vivaldi performance the group opened up the tempo much to the discomfort of Andrew Simmick our Presbyter who is a very traditional Homes Boy! However, the audience loved it and there were many tears and accolades for the children. A young lady came up to me after the programme and offered to buy a violin for the little boy.

The Tollygunge Club was next on Saturday evening. It was the first time we performed at the Tolly and they made sure that all stops were pulled out to look after the kids. Once again it was brought home so strongly to me that we have a Protector up there looking after us. On the morning of the 4 December at 7.00 a.m. a cricket bat signed by the Indian Cricket Team (on their winning the recent ODI's against England) was delivered to me at home asking me to have it auctioned at Tolly with a reserve price of RS 1 lakh as a contribution to the Homes. I took the bat to Tolly and a chance call from Derek O'Brien telling me he was coming for the show led me to request him to conduct a last minute auction. The children started a sound check at 4.30 p.m. and there was a group of people sitting in the Tolly Shamiana (Marquee). Suddenly I found them intently watching the children and the President of Tolly came up and asked me to speak to them about the Homes.

Midway through the show Derek was invited to auction the bat. An elderly German gentleman from the group, who had tears running down his face began to bid for the bat. In the end he bought the bat for RS 2.50 lakhs!! We were all bowled over. Subsequently he returned the bat for the children and it will now have a place in the museum.

It was a pleasure to see for the first time in many years so many young OGB's at the St Andrews service. Young Rev Mathew Subba an OB now studying for his Masters in Divinity at Bishops College was the Preacher and he so eloquently brought the message 'Love Thy Neighbour' in the context of Daddy Graham. The Choir sang and so did a group of OGBs.

The next day was the big event at the RCTC. In spite of the recession we have already collected over Rs 8 lakhs. One of the Tolly members arranged a ferry trip on the Hoogley for the kids, many of whom have never travelled in a boat and are naturally thrilled at the prospect.

I was also informed that Sachin Tendulkar was sending another cricket bat for auction. This one he signed after he reached the world run record rate.

God continues to watch over the Homes.

Michael Robertson

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## ASSAM COTTAGE APPEAL FINAL UPDATE: 12 MARCH 2009

The Grand total of donations received for the Assam Cottage Appeal fund, which celebrates its Centenary this year, is £1,300.00.

This appeal is now closed and a cheque will be forwarded in due course.

A FINAL BIG THANK YOU TO ALL WHO SUPPORTED THIS APPEAL – HOPE IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!

Malcolm Johnson  
Ex-Assam Cottage

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## ALPHABET MOTIVATION

<b>A</b> void negative sources, people, places, things & habits	<b>N</b> ever lie, cheat or steal, always strike a fair deal
<b>B</b> elieve in yourself	<b>O</b> pen your eyes and see things as they really are
<b>C</b> onsider things from every angle	<b>P</b> ractice makes perfect
<b>D</b> on't give up and don't give in	<b>Q</b> uitters never win and winners never quit
<b>E</b> njoy life today, yesterday is gone, tomorrow may never come	<b>R</b> ead, study and learn about everything important in your life
<b>F</b> amily and friends are hidden treasures; enjoy their riches	<b>S</b> top procrastinating
<b>G</b> ive more than you planned to	<b>T</b> ake control of your own destiny
<b>H</b> ang on to your dreams	<b>U</b> nderstand yourself in order to better understand others
<b>I</b> gnore those who try to discourage you	<b>V</b> isualise it
<b>J</b> ust do it	<b>W</b> ant it more than anything
<b>K</b> eep trying no matter how hard it seems, it will get easier	<b>X</b> cellerate your efforts
<b>L</b> ove yourself first and foremost	<b>Y</b> ou are unique of all God's creations, nothing can replace YOU
<b>M</b> ake it happen	<b>Z</b> ero in on your target and go for it

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<b>Forthcoming Events</b>	<b>Dates</b>	<b>Venues</b>
<p align="center"><b>AGM</b>  <b>The Kalimpong Association (UK)</b>  <b>The Kalimpong Association (UK)</b>  <b>Charitable Trust</b></p>	<p align="center"><b>Saturday 20 June 2009</b></p> <p align="center">Doors open at 2.00 p.m.  AGM commences at 3.00 p.m.</p>	<p align="center">Methodist Church  Hinde Street, London W1</p> <p align="center">Tube: Bond Street</p>
<p align="center"><b>BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION</b></p> <p align="center">Donations of items for the Raffle would be most welcome</p>	<p align="center"><b>Saturday, 19 September 2009</b></p> <p align="center">Doors open at 2.00 pm</p>	<p align="center">Methodist Church  Hinde Street, London W1</p> <p align="center">Tube: Bond Street</p>

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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.**