



# THE MOSAIC- AUGUST 2024

5TH EDITION



WORLD ANGLLO-INDIAN DAY WAS ON  
AUGUST 2, 2024

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We’d love to get your feedback and you are welcome to send in a short story, a poem, trip down memory lane, recipe, Anglo-Indian books you’ve read, travelogue with photos etc.

Email: [aiacnewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:aiacnewsletter@gmail.com)



## Our Mission Statement

### **PRESERVING, NURTURING AND PROMOTING ANGLO-INDIAN CULTURE, VALUES AND ASPIRATIONS**

#### **Why these three elements?**

**C**ulture: We must foster our special identity, celebrating our achievements in arts, sports, work, and other fields, and recognizing that adaptability to new ventures helps us in good and bad times.

**V**alues: We hold on firmly to love for family and friends, respect for elders, for doing the right thing, for religion, and for plain old-fashioned human decency. We pass all that on to our children, and try to advance their knowledge about being Anglo-Indian while embracing Canadian citizenship.

**A**spirations: Born between two worlds, we've never had it easy. So, we're prepared to work harder than many groups, knowing that grit and aiming higher gets you better results.



# The President's Report

## RUSSEL MICHAEL

*Let me start by thanking the previous Board for all the good they have done for our Association. Without their hard work and dedication this would not have been possible.*

*Secondly, I would like to thank all the members for the opportunity to serve you as the President of the Anglo-Indian Association of Canada. I promise to do my best every day I represent this Association.*

*I am also grateful for the opportunity to work alongside the following members of The Board. They are a fabulous team, and they work very hard to ensure our members are taken care of. I am looking forward to joining in their efforts.*

### The Board Anglo-Indian Association Of Canada



**Russel Michael**  
**Acting President**  
(My observations of our Board members below their name)



**Maria Kerver**  
**Treasurer**  
(It's hard for me to keep up- she is so fast and good at what she does)



**Sherene Antony**  
**Secretary**  
(Always keeps me in check)



**Marguerite St. Romain**  
**Director of Senior Social Events** (I strive to be as organized as Marguerite)



**Althea DeSouza**  
**Director of Communication**  
(Always challenges me, has lots of questions & makes me think twice)



**Sylvia Remedios**  
**Director Special Events and Tours Director** (works very hard and always wants to be close to perfect, which is a great quality)



**Gillian Barbosa**  
**Director of Youth**  
(Always has a smile and ready to help)



## **Following Are Three Buckets On Which We Will Focus:**

1. *Ensure our senior members are given the utmost respect and the best time of their lives.*
2. *Grow the membership organically—we as an association have to encourage our friends and family to become members and participate to increase our numbers.*
3. *Encourage our youth, share positive stories, and make this an association they are proud of and toward which they feel a sense of belonging.*

*I would love to encourage all members to share your feedback/suggestions so that we can serve you better. My humble request is: please send us your feedback in a positive fashion and don't be offended if we do not implement it right away. As you all can appreciate, it's not possible to please everyone.*

## **Events:**

*In a short time, we've managed to plan and execute the following events:*

- ✓ *Community Event – (super successful in our opinion, and judging from feedback received)*
- ✓ *Picnic – (great turnout)*
- ✓ *Anglo-Indian Day Dance – August 10<sup>th</sup>*
- ✓ *Golf Tournament August 18<sup>th</sup> (This year we broke the record for the most participants - 64 players)*

## **Upcoming On The Agenda**

- ❖ *All Inclusive trip to Punta Cana*
- ❖ *Casino Bus Trip*

## **Community Events Coming Up**

- *Christmas dance on December 26<sup>th</sup> – Flagship event*
- *New Year's Eve dance on December 31<sup>st</sup>*
- *More to come.*

*As always, I mention again, these events are planned with you in mind. The Board and I would love to work harder but we need to see you engaged and participating. With that, I will leave you with the following quote:*

***We cannot seek achievement for ourselves and forget about progress and prosperity for our community... Our ambitions must be broad enough to include the aspirations and needs of others, for their sakes and for our own...Cesar Chavez***

*I look forward to seeing more and many more of you at all our events.*

*Regards,*

***Russel Michael (Acting President)***



## The Editor's Note

As A-IAC's editorial team members were in the final stages of preparing this newsletter, the Paris Olympics got off to a wet but spectacular start, helped by Canada's Celine Dion's triumphant return to the stage after battling her rare illness. Her grit and talent mirrored the spirit of the Olympics and their motto of "faster, higher, stronger— together." Soon, the medals for Canada started to follow as athletes of the calibre of the amazing Summer Mackintosh took their pursuit of excellence to new levels. Watching these high achievers swim, race and soar to victory produces a warm glow of inspiration that pushes all of us to aim higher and work harder, in all walks of life.

Here at home, we can treasure excellence in activities less grand than the Olympics but vital in major ways towards building a strong community. Just think of the medical heroes who got us through COVID, or the military personnel, police and first responders risking their lives to save others. Dip into the arts and tally the many stars Canada has in music, literature, fine arts , and other fields. Leaders in business and industry, trades people who keep things running, and journalists who pursue truth in a world of conspiracy theories and mock science. Where does it all begin? In the classrooms of the country, in small towns or cities. Most of us can remember at least one inspiring teacher who nudged us to excel in history or languages or math. Perhaps even to enjoy math.

Did I really write that last sentence? Apparently so. But that's only because I had the pleasure of interviewing a gifted young Anglo-Indian teacher for The Mosaic. Dean Netto is a recent recipient of a cherished national teaching award from Justin Trudeau, himself a teacher before he entered politics. Since 1994, the Prime Minister's Awards for Teaching Excellence have recognized exceptional elementary and secondary school teachers in all disciplines, with more than 1,800 to date. The award honours "their remarkable achievements in education and for their commitment to preparing youth for a digital and innovation-based economy."

As you'll learn in the interview, Dean is one heck of a teacher and innovator. Enjoy his teaching videos, too.

You can also enjoy reading excellent articles by FIVE of our members: Alan Merritt, David Mascarenhas, Joe Gonsalves, Kathleen Macleod, and Peter Lovery.

Once again, we invite you to send us your contributions: a short story, a poem, trip down memory lane, recipe, or travelogue with photos. Want to share your art? Go ahead. And, as always, we'd like your feedback so we can continue to improve and offer you more of what you like best. Please use this email address: [aiacnewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:aiacnewsletter@gmail.com)

***Lionel Lumb, Managing Editor***



## Spotlight On Dean Netto

Our feature interview guest for this edition of The Mosaic is a young Anglo-Indian, **Dean Netto**. He's an outstanding teacher, recently awarded a Certificate of Teaching Excellence by Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. A teacher unafraid to throw aside the book and use unconventional methods to ensure his students can flourish during their school lives. Watch our interview to learn more about how he finds unusual ways to connect with his students and turn them on to tough subjects, such as math.



[Click & Watch Lionel Lumb Interview Dean Netto](#)

(Video Editor: Roshan Seron)



[Click For Video - Dean Netto Accepting the Prime Minister's Award 2024](#)

**Other Dean Netto Videos- Click & Enjoy**

[Dean Netto - 1](#)   [Dean Netto - 2](#)   [Dean Netto - 3](#)



## 12<sup>th</sup> World Anglo-Indian Reunion, Canberra–2024

### PETER LOVERY – A-IAC MEMBER

Lynn and I left Canada together with four other family members in mid-January, 2024, for a six-week vacation in Candolim, Goa, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Lynn found the flight to Australia too long, so she returned to Canada at the end of February. My brother, Jonathan, and I continued to Australia for a short two-week stay. We flew to Canberra on March 9, the evening before the reunion activities started. Accommodation at the Quality Hotel was prearranged courtesy of Jenny Maher, from Perth, and was comfortable and more than adequate for our needs. On our first evening in the Dickson area of Canberra, we were thrilled to discover everything we needed was a short walk away. There was a great selection of restaurants, fast food places, grocery stores, bars, liquor and beer stores, and our hotel had an in-house eatery and a casino as well!

#### **Day 1 Sunday, March 10<sup>th</sup> Ecumenical Service/Meet and Greet**

Waiting outside our hotel were two coaches which we boarded at about 4 p.m. for the short ride to All Saints Anglican Church, Ainslie. The church was a fascinating structure that was once a heritage railway station in Sydney and was dismantled, moved, and rebuilt in Canberra. The service lasted about half an hour, with readings, a short sermon and hymns sung by a harmonious choir.

After the church service, we boarded buses for a somewhat longer ride to the Canberra Greyhound Racing Club. I gather greyhound racing is no longer legal, so the clubhouse is now used for social functions. This was our first group gathering and the place was packed—I am guessing there were 150-plus people. We Canadians were introduced to BYOB, which was fine if you remembered to bring your liquor and glasses—we quickly figured out how to make friends! Excellent music was provided by Terry Morris and son (The Echoes) and they did a fine job keeping people on the dance floor. Dinner included a tray with assorted Indian food, followed by *ras malai* for dessert. We got to make many new friends and reacquaint ourselves with some from previous reunions, which made for a fun-filled kick-off to the first day.

#### **Day 2 Monday, March 11<sup>th</sup> Anglo-Indian Workshop and Research**

This event was held at the Quality Hotel. There was some confusion about the start time (11 a.m. was posted, but it started earlier). Regardless, the room was packed. The familiar hosts included Dr. Robyn Andrews (NZ), Dr. Uther-Charlton Stevens (HK) and Fr. Brent Otto (US), who have attended many previous reunions. This session is now deservedly a full-day event, exploring Anglo-Indian history through the lens of domiciled Europeans and Anglo-Indians during the time of the Raj. The afternoon session continued with the focus on research and papers presented by various PhDs, sharing their special interests and thesis in person and online.

The evenings started to take on added excitement, as ad hoc social gatherings met nightly in the “Tradies” lounge, adjoining the casino. Our very own Rod D’Croix, maestro and



star on the grand piano, led the nightly sing-along late into the evening. By far the biggest contingent at the reunion was from Perth, with more than 100 attendees. People from Sydney came in for select events and commuted a couple of times (a drive of more than two hours). The Melbourne group tended to be there through the week, as their drive takes about seven hours.

### **Day 3 Tuesday, March 12<sup>th</sup> Coach Tour around Canberra**

I took the Canberra Bus Tour on my last reunion trip to Sydney in 2016 when it was offered as a one-day outing. The tour focused on Parliament House along with other historical sites, galleries, and museums in the Capital Hill area. Jon and I chose to be adventurous, renting E-bikes we rode to Capital Hill and did the beautiful trails along the waterfront parks (Burley/Griffin)—the weather was amazing, and it made for a very pleasurable outing.

### **Day 4 Wednesday, March 13<sup>th</sup> Wine Tasting Tour**

The customary two coaches were waiting for us outside the hotel. We boarded at about 11:00 am for Lake George Winery, which is about a 45-minute drive on the outskirts of Canberra. The new owners are a Sikh family. They were very hospitable as they talked us through their locally produced wine and we had the opportunity to sample the offerings. We were served a tasty sit-down lunch and after some fine chit-chat and camaraderie, we set out for our hotel at about 4:00 p.m.

### **Day 5 Thursday, March 14<sup>th</sup> Intl. Federation AGM/School Reunion Jam Session**

The morning International Federation AGM was held in the Quality Hotel and once again we had a full house. Very encouraging, considering in past years the attendance was closer to 50% of the hall. The highlight of the AGM was the announcement that the next reunion would be held in Cochin, India. Dr. Charles Dias from India assured us that preparations were already underway, and that it would be an event to remember! Scheduled dates are **January 11-17, 2026**, which makes it less than two years away—note the new reduced reunion timeline of every two years instead of three.

The evening event was the School Reunion Jam Session held at the opulent Hellenic Club in Phillip. The hall was very impressive and appropriately sized for our group of close to 200 people. There was a delicious three-course sit-down dinner, with superb music by the Nightstride (Sydney) duo of Conrad McDonald and Tanisha Byrnes. The session had a representative from each major school give a brief history of their respective institution and why it was an important part of their life—a few speakers missed the “brief” part! Overall, it was a very entertaining evening.

### **Day 6 Friday, March 15<sup>th</sup> Intl. Federation Symposium/The Concert**

The morning session at the Quality Hotel was a new event—a Symposium on how we Preserve and Perpetuate Anglo-Indian Culture. Once again, a full house for this session,



which included several out-of-town guest speakers, who shared their studies and insights which were very informative and well received by the audience.

The evening event was called a concert and was held at the Southern Cross Club in Woden. The typical concert is held in an auditorium but this one was fashioned with table seating, which facilitated dinner service. An excellent venue with a host of talented musical performers who provided ample dancing opportunities. We had a delicious three-course meal served once again. An observation on Aussie protocol: generally, at sit-down dinners they offer two options for the main course and dessert, e.g. beef or chicken, cake or ice cream. However, when they serve the meal, they do not offer you a choice—the meals are alternated when served, so you're fortunate if you get your choice! I questioned this practice and was told that, typically, the male and female partners are expected to compromise and exchange meals if unhappy with their choice.

## **Day 7 Saturday, March 16<sup>th</sup> The Grand Ball**

The Grand Ball was held at the ornate Hotel Realm in downtown Canberra. Everybody was dressed to the "nines" and oh what a night it was! It was the largest gathering of somewhere between 250 to 300 people and the hall was filled. Two amazing bands played continuous music: Phoenix from Melbourne and Moonshine Drive from Sydney. The sit-down dinner featured multiple courses and was positively delicious. Complimentary wine was available all night with an open bar until 9:30 pm. The dance floor was packed all night long, which is an endorsement that the music was great and everybody was enjoying themselves. The MC, Mr. Carl Vanjour, did a fabulous job of keeping people informed and entertained. There were a few speeches by various dignitaries, but it was kept to a minimum. Ms. Elaine Roach, one of the major sponsors at the reunion, handed out commemorative gifts to the attendees. A truly wonderful night and a fitting farewell to a full week of memorable events

## **On Reflection**

When Canberra was announced as the next reunion site in 2019 in Chennai, it did not receive the customary congratulations and warm support. Many felt Canberra had limited attractions to offer: it had very few local A-I resources to help with planning/organizing and few visitors had relatives in the city—in short, it was not a compelling destination. Add the major COVID delay, with the announcement of high event prices (with restrictions), and it would be fair to say general interest across Australia and elsewhere was tepid. The comparatively low attendance numbers reflected this reality. Sadly, what most people were unaware of was that not a single Federation organization had volunteered to host this Reunion—Canberra was coaxed to step forward to fill the void.

Having attended the Canberra Reunion, I have a different perspective. Canada had seven attendees (Rod, Cassie Remedios, Josephine and Walter Jamieson, Pauline Herron, Jonathan and I) which was probably the fewest ever to attend a reunion. I thoroughly enjoyed myself the entire time, and I realized you do not need to have 1000 attendees at the Grand Ball to make it a success. The 150-plus people who attended most events probably had a



# Anglo-Indian Association of Canada

rollicking time, got to know most of the attendees, developed personal relationships, and positively enjoyed the cultural content shared at work sessions (witness the full house at most events). In this regard, my congratulations to the reunion organizer, Mr. Joe Bailey, and his small, dedicated team, for putting on a quality and memorable event, despite all the challenges they were up against!



**Click Link To View More...**

**[12th World Anglo-Indian Reunion-March 2024-Canberra](#)**



## Community Event and Youth Day – June 23, 2024

*Held at the Sandman Signature Hotel, 5400 Dixie Rd, Mississauga, ON  
By Kathleen Macleod - Newsletter Committee Member*

The first Community Day of this year was well attended. Members were happy to meet again and the room was filled with joyful noise and laughter. The venue offered great facilities and service. The fee of \$15.00, including two free Bingo cards, was quite a treat.

There was a cash bar and the community food table overflowed with lunch and dessert items—a display of Anglo-Indian culinary arts worthy of being published in a glossy cookbook.

There were games, children's activities, music and dancing for all ages. Russel Michael and the Board are encouraging children to participate in our community events in order to foster our Anglo-Indian heritage. The youth director had a gift for all the children present—a cup with the Anglo-Indian flag on it—what a lovely idea!

In his speech Russel emphasized that the board can only do so much; it is up to the members to attend the functions and bring in friends and family to grow the association.

In conclusion, here are a few accolades for our first event.

*Hi Russel!*

*I have a few minutes and you popped into my mind. I thought I would give you some feedback from our last Community Day.*

*Thank you for a wonderful afternoon well spent with several of the members and meeting the Board Members.*

*Your casual, sincere, humble disposition and future vision put a fresh spin to us as members of AIAC. There was a smile on everyone's face, as our Bingo caller you were a hit. Lucky #8, replacing #7 is now in the annals of history. Deirdre and Sherene were fabulous at the bar, giving out special deals with huge smiles. The acknowledgements given for the guests from out of town were warm and welcoming.*

*Surely the parents and grandparents who took the trouble to bring the kids were thrilled to see their kids welcomed into the fold.*

*Everyone took such trouble to bring delectable food for potluck and pitched in without hesitation to help organize a smooth assembly line for consumption. It was a feast!!*

*Great job Team A--IAC!!!*

*Blessings, Alan and Barbara*



# Anglo-Indian Association of Canada

Hi Everyone!

Wayne and I had a lovely afternoon last Sunday.

The venue was great. When we came in, our food was taken to be warmed and there was real crockery and cutlery: Maria brought this to my attention when I started dishing out my plastics. Then there was all-day coffee/tea and cookies!!!

Every single member of the Board had a job, which was done with a smile.

To the young ones, we appreciate you, we know you are juggling jobs, children and housework. To my senior friends, you worked hard to keep the party going.

Congratulations!

Kath and Wayne





## Heavenly Estate

**ALAN MERRITT- A-IAC MEMBER**

**T**HE YEAR was 1961, I was fresh out of an engineering apprenticeship and had joined the large company of James Warren in Calcutta as a draftsman. Within a few months they shipped me off to a place called Kalyani, where a new manufacturing plant had been constructed.

I served a short term there and one day while driving back with my boss's boss, Bob Jefferson, to head office, he asked if I would be interested in taking a position in the company's tea gardens.

With just under two years of work experience, I felt I was standing on shaky ground, and told Bob that I did not feel comfortable with the idea. Bob suggested we drop into his place for a beer and sandwich, before we hit traffic in Calcutta, so we could discuss this properly.

Over our beer, Bob elaborated on tea plantation life, painting a glowing picture that included a supply of free liquor and cigarettes (neither of which I indulged in), an expense account, a house with domestic help and a salary that would go straight into the bank.

I wondered if I had really hit a windfall, or if I was just dreaming.

While not playing hard to get, I told Bob that I felt I was under-qualified to take on the position of resident engineer for the company's tea estates in Assam, the Dooars, Bhutan and Cachar districts. He insisted, "You're just the man we want." He picked up the phone and called Jimmy Brown at head office.

In his heavy Scottish accent, Bob boomed: "Say, Jimmy, we have our man, a young 22-year-old, all fired up and ready to go." I remember my knees were knocking, both because I had taken about three sips of beer and because I was jittery about the job I was prodded into.

Later that evening I was having dinner at the Waldorf on Park Street with my three new bosses—Bob, Miss Boylan and Jimmy Brown—when I was told to get my bags packed and a release would be sent to Colin Millar, the chief draftsman, and that I could fly to Darjeeling for my first assignment, with further instructions to follow.

I walked down Park Street with my hands in my pockets, whistling and singing "Do da do day" all the way to my sister's place on Marquis Street. I remember it was a Saturday night. I told my wife Barbara (my girlfriend at the time) of my going away and, to celebrate the new job, we went out to dinner at Karco's, near the New Market. We both felt sad as I was not sure when I was going to get a chance to return to Calcutta.



## **Leaving Calcutta For Darjeeling**

It was 2:00 a.m. the company car arrived to drive me to the airport in style to take my first plane ride. Or so I thought. It felt like I had won a million bucks. I was thunderstruck when we arrived at a hangar near the airport to board a cargo plane. There was the pilot, co-pilot and me. On the left side of this small cargo plane were tea chests and, on the right, just four seats.

Except for the dimly lit control panel lights, we took off in total darkness on a cool December night. The plane listed to the left because the tea chests made it heavier on that side. We landed at Bagdogra airport a few hours later, with snow and a cold blustery wind—I was wearing khaki shorts.

I was met by an old man who drove me in a Land Rover to Ghoom Tea Estate... up and over the foothills of the Himalayas and down to estuaries of small rivers, and on rugged back roads, just in time to get to work for the first shift.

I met several people, including some beautiful hill tribes' women dressed in gorgeous tribal garb, who worked at the plant, and was later ushered into a tea room. The entire facility was filled with the aroma of fresh-crushed green apples. The Darjeeling tea was to die for—rich in colour and flavour—and the service was top draw, with bone China cups, saucers, side plates and cutlery.

## **Work Schedule**

My mornings started with the night watchman, whose last job was to serve me with a tray of tea, fresh fruit and a slice of toast in bed. I would then jump into the shower, get dressed for work—very informally, no tie and jacket needed—and walk down to the plant by 6:30 a.m. Then at 8:00 it was a trip to the tea room for breakfast and by 8:30 I was back in my bungalow, where I would relax for a couple of hours. Gee, I thought, this was tough work for a young laddie.

By 10:15, I was back at the plant overseeing the production line, checking out machinery, sampling chemical analysis at various stages of production, and witnessing leaf tonnage coming in from the fields. At 1:30 PM I returned to my bungalow for lunch, after which I rested until 4:00. Then I made a last trip to the plant until 6:00, after which the evening was mine to enjoy.

Often, I found myself after dinner driving myself back to the plant to join the maintenance crew. I would hang out with them just to pass the time because living alone was boring.

A young man named Rama, who was of Dutch and Khasi origin, would be by my side as his English was pretty good. I would dive, uninvited and hands-on, into some of the work load, fixing valves, motors, tractors and the like.

When there was nothing to do, I would pick up a broom or put on the kettle for a cuppa for everyone. This would not go down well for the workmen, who would grab the broom from



my hands, treating me like a superior. I did this a few times but then relented, not wanting to offend them, because it was their culture. It was the same issue with my tea-making efforts: I was only allowed to put the kettle onto an old electric coil stove.

## **My Dwellings**

Life was very simple: no radio, TV, phone or nearby movie house. The bungalow itself was simple, with two bedrooms, a dining/living room, a small library, and a washroom. Good quality linens were provided and the dhobi would visit once a week. Furniture was well appointed, mostly made of teak with brass fittings.

I don't recall that I ever went into the kitchen, but I well remember the cook, a man from Nepal. He would be very happy when I would pass on my quota of free cigarettes and liquor to him. I never understood what he said but he turned up some delectable meals and that was all that mattered. A deep verandah at the front of the house overlooked a small rose garden, and the backyard had a few vegetable and flower beds bordered with rocks painted white.

My favourite place was the verandah, with its beautiful view of snow-capped mountains. On clear evenings the stars were really countless, and on the odd time I would see a shooting star. Heavenly stuff!

We had to be careful not to leave too many windows open as once in a while a low-flying cloud would float by and leave everything dripping with moisture.

## **Social Activities**

There were some estates that had no social interaction and others that had plenty, depending on the location. Many had fine local clubs which made visitors welcome, and I was often invited to attend garden parties, picnics, swimming galas, bird shoots and the like. We played tennis, badminton, table tennis, darts, cards, croquet, polo and went on country horse-riding outings.

## **Moved On**

After three months I received a telegram from head office, saying I was to fly out of Bagdogra and settle in Jorhat, reporting to George Brown. Now I was climbing up the ladder, boarding an Air India passenger plane with proper seats. There was no visible cargo, and coffee, tea and sandwiches were on the menu. I think there were about 25 seats, of which just three were occupied.

When we landed at Jorhat, George, his wife Doreen and two-year-old Peggy were on the tarmac to greet me. I was so relieved, George was from Calcutta and Doreen from Burma, and had lunch ready for me, with delicious kofta curry and yellow rice. Yumm! This felt like home sweet home.

We spent the evening driving around to get acquainted with the layout of the tea estate and to talk in general about work assignments. There was no separate accommodation, so I was to stay as a guest for the time being at the Brown's. James Warren



arranged to pay George Brown Rs. 25 a day for my food and lodging. This was a standard rate for anytime I was a guest at any tea garden that I visited.

From then on, I crisscrossed throughout Assam, the Dooars, Cachar and Bhutan, spending my time at various tea gardens, living out of a suitcase. I drove most of the time to get to my destinations but also took a plane ride, train or ferry.

On one occasion, I missed my ferry connection and stood on the docks with evening fast approaching. There were a few locals getting into a dinghy to cross the mighty River Brahmaputra, so I asked if I could go with them because I had to catch a train on the other side. I was given a paddle and invited in but still had to pay a fee. The group had a good laugh at me when I paddled out of sequence and I was told not to paddle anymore.

When we had gone about halfway, I noticed two shady-looking characters whispering to each other while looking at my watch. I thought to myself this could be the end of my journey, they are going to take my watch and throw me overboard. A few minutes later, they came and sat beside me while one discreetly showed me a large knife. I silently made my act of contrition and prepared for eternity.

Another 90 minutes passed and, when we were getting off the dinghy, one man held my arm and the other took hold of my suitcase and separated me from the crowd.

I did not understand their language but knew they were now asking for money. I opened my wallet and gave them all the money I had in it, about Rs. 35. It satisfied them and they went away. Luckily, I always kept some money in my socks, and so managed to pay for my train ticket and food for my overnight journey.

Another incident was when I was returning from Jalpaiguri, sitting in first class reading the newspapers. The train was slowly puffing out of the station when a youngish woman hopped in. She sat quietly and we did not acknowledge each other. She fiddled with her bags and I continued to read my newspaper.

As the train started to slow down approaching a railway station, she stood up and demanded money. I ignored her. She partially undressed and went towards the alarm chain, an obvious threat. By this time the train had really slowed down and I decided to jump off it. But I could not match the speed when I jumped and almost fell head over heels on the platform. I hurdled over a fence and took a rickshaw into town, returning an hour later to catch another.

All the way back I kept thinking I risked being slaughtered on the platform because who would believe me instead of the woman? Ever since, I have believed in angels with wings.

Barbara and I were making plans to get married. Our long-distance courtship was strained. I had to make the big decision, should I stay or leave? This, all depended on



Barbara. Would she be happy living on a tea estate? I asked Barbara if she would make a visit and see firsthand if this lifestyle would suit her. I made arrangements for her to stay with a married couple but the message from her parents was "Request denied."

### Time To Go Home

Almost 5 years had passed since I came out to the tea gardens. I could see the future offered no chance for me to return full time to Calcutta with James Warren. Barbara was waiting patiently for my return. I decided to throw it all away. Three weeks later I was back in Calcutta and city life.

I joined Westinghouse and was with them for five years, serving my passion for steam/electric locomotives, before coming to Canada—a decision I will never regret. In retrospect, the tea estates gave me my best working experience ever.



A tea garden guest bungalow



Allan in his usual dress code while attending an evening dinner at the Planters Club

\*\*\*\*\*

**Click below to start the Quiz.**

**[India Under The British Rule - Trivia Quiz](#)**

**Good Luck!!!**



## Memories of Lahore – Part 2

### JOE GONSALVES – A-IAC MEMBER

In part one of my memories, I gave a general idea of life in the city of Lahore. I will now take the reader down memory lane and recount some childhood experiences living in that bustling metropolis.

Among many delightful memories are the many street entertainers who charmed us children. One of these travelling showmen brought a contraption resembling a portable movie theatre: a box fitted with a periscope allowing the viewer to see beautiful sceneries within while the operator would sing a melodious ditty to serve as accompanying background music. For an additional payment fee, he would change the scenery and the song.

Then there was the *baloowallah* (bear man) who paraded a huge but muzzled black bear through the streets. Once he had a large enough crowd gather around him, he would start the show. The animal would be commanded to hop on one foot while the owner played a happy tune on his flute. Then he would direct the bear to lie flat and do several more tricks, speaking to it in a language nobody could understand. After the show it was time to take around his collection box for donations, which were generally meagre.

As I grew older, I was able to appreciate the many qualities of this historic city, whose recorded history goes back at least a thousand years. Situated on the River Ravi, a tributary of the Indus and one of the five rivers of the Punjab, Lahore is home to dazzling Mughal architecture. The most notable include Lahore Fort, Badshahi Mosque,

Emperor Jehangir's tomb and the Shalimar Gardens. The latter is unmatched in its beauty anywhere in the entire sub-continent.

Packed with other historic landmarks and majestic Mughal architecture, Lahore exudes culture everywhere one turns. It is famous for lively festivals and its long-established literary heritage, not to mention its mouth-watering food and the great bazaar of Anarkali.

The most significant road that runs through the city is the Mall, a fascinating boulevard of shops and public buildings that goes past the National College of Arts and the renowned museum on one side and the Punjab University buildings on the other. Opposite the museum—once run by the writer Rudyard Kipling's father—is the great gun Zam-Zama, on which frolicked Kim, the character in Kipling's novel.

Lahore, I would also say, is also the capital of the film industry in Pakistan, dubbed Lollywood. Many films are produced there, and it is home to countless famous actors, musicians, singers and other people associated with the trade.

Rich in history, the city attracts countless visitors from other parts of the country. It would be right to say that around every corner one can find a mosque or an edifice whispering tales of the past. Most of the buildings are in good shape even to this day. Though some have lost their lustre, their crumbling exteriors are a reminder to visitors of bygone days of glory.



One last attribute which needs mentioning is Lahore’s contribution to education. It is the seat of learning in Pakistan. There are, indeed, three medical colleges, colleges for dentistry, commerce, the arts and engineering, all of which are known at home and abroad for their excellence. Chief among them is the University of Punjab—the oldest seat of learning in the country dating back to 1882—with five campuses.

My memories of Lahore continue to linger in my mind. If I have the good fortune to visit the city for one last time, it will indeed be a blessing.



**Zam-Zama Gun**



**Baloowallah (bear man)**



Three years ago my doctor told me I was going deaf.

I haven't heard from him since.

FUNNYJOKES - WWW.PUN.ME

**What is brown, hairy and wears sunglasses?**

**A coconut on vacation.**

Parade

**What do you call a magic dog?**

A labracadabrador.

RD



**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ANGLOS**

A cartoon by Harry MacLure

**THE CHOO-CHOO TOWN**

EDNA, THIS IS A NICE HOME AND ALL THAT, BUT I'D LOVE TO GO BACK TO OUR GOOD OLD RAILWAY TOWN IN INDIA.

BUT MARTHA, I HEARD THAT ST. SEBASTIAN'S CEMETERY IS FULL UP IN OUR HOMETOWN.



ANGLOS IN THE WIND  
Harry MacLure © 2024

MacLure

**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ANGLOS**

A cartoon by Harry MacLure

**JOB OR JAM?**

STOP ACTING, PETER!  
YOU'RE SICK IN THE BIG TOE!  
YOU JUST WANT TO BUNK FROM WORK.  
MIRACULOUSLY, YOU'LL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE THIS AFTERNOON TO TAKE THAT JONES GIRL TO THE RAILWAY INSTITUTE FOR THE JAM SESSION!



MacLure

ANGLOS IN THE WIND  
Harry MacLure © 2024

MacLure

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## Songs We Anglos Love To Sing

Click On The Song.....And Sing Along

<a href="#">Bombay Mere Hai</a>	<a href="#">Streets of Asansol</a>
<a href="#">Stupid Cupid</a>	<a href="#">Please don't tease</a>
<a href="#">Red River Valley</a>	<a href="#">The Young Ones</a>
<a href="#">It's Now or Ever</a>	<a href="#">Y.M.C.A.</a>
<a href="#">Jamaican Farewell</a>	<a href="#">Tie A Yellow Ribbon 'Round The Old Oak Tree</a>
<a href="#">Oh Carol</a>	<a href="#">Save The Last Dance For Me</a>

**Radio Ceylon Is Back!!!**

**(Send In Your Request Which Will Be Published In Our Next Newsletter!!)**

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[Anglo-Indian Day Celebrated In India Aug 4, 2024 - The Youth & Barry O'Brien](#)

[Danapur Branch - India](#)

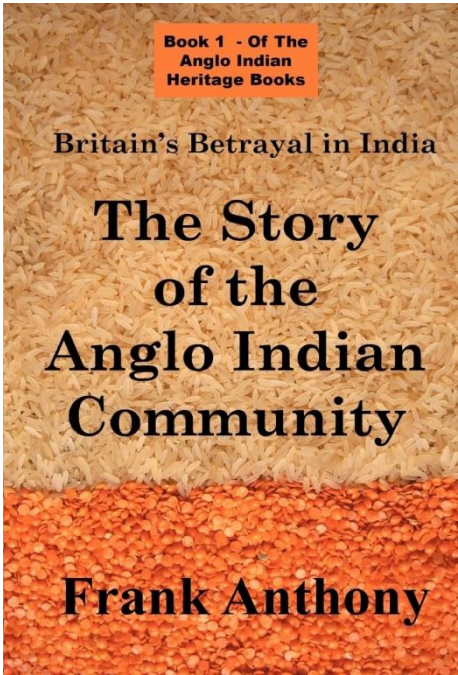
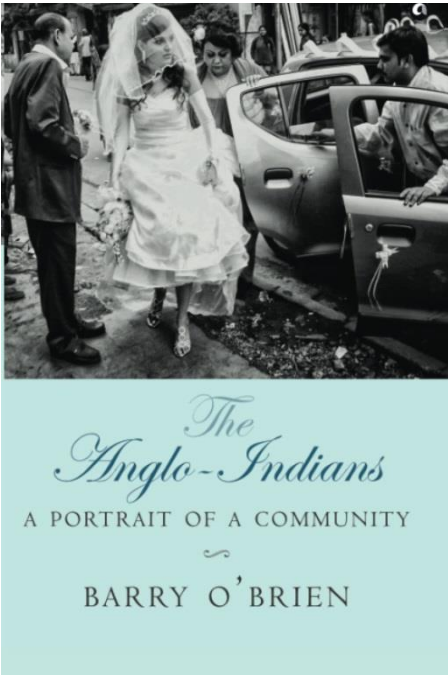
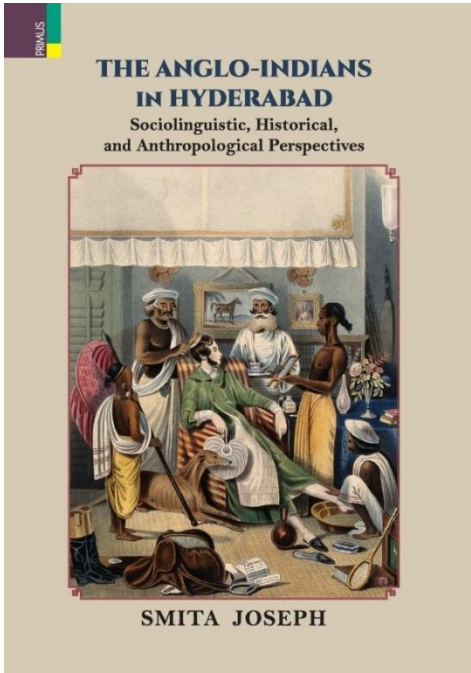
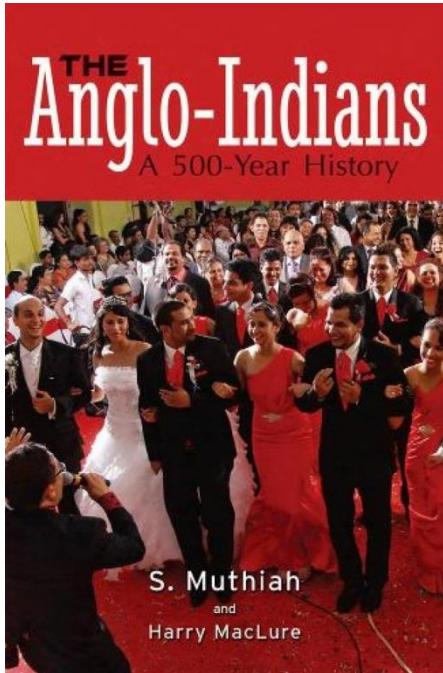
[Western Australia](#)

[The Anglo-Indian Australasian Association of Victoria](#)

[All-India Anglo-Indian Association - Lucknow Branch](#)



Anglo-Indian Books – To Name A Few



Have you read these? More Titles In Our Next Newsletter  
Know Of Others? Please Send In Your List



## Me & My Pet

### COMPETITION for Pet Lovers

Members and Non-Members Are Welcome To Compete

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize: \$100**

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize: \$75**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize: \$50**

Send in a photograph with you and your pet  
Send in a maximum of 4 sentences about: **'Why is my pet special'**

**Cost \$5.00 per entry.**

We need a minimum of 50 entries or \$250 to run this competition. Spread the word!

If you have more than one pet, you can send in separate photographs and descriptions for each paying \$5.00 per entry.

Father, mother, child or anyone in the household can take a picture with the same pet separately, and pay for each photo and description submitted.

But only one photo per person with one pet. You cannot send in two photos with the same pet.

**To enter send an email with the following:**

1. Your full first and last name
2. Telephone number
3. Name of pet
4. Photo of you and your pet
5. A 4-line description about 'Why is my pet special'
- 6.

**Send your email to**  
**[aiacnewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:aiacnewsletter@gmail.com)**

**Deadline: All entries must be received by September 15, 2024.**

The Newsletter Committee will announce the winners a month later.



# Norway & Iceland

## NORWAY & ICELAND ... could they be that different?

*The world is our oyster and there are plenty of pearls to fill our proverbial buckets*

We long ago realized that bucket-list travel shouldn't be put off till later. COVID restrictions in early 2020, and a health problem later on, reinforced that. By the grace of God, we've been able to resume most normal activities. So we decided to embark on a five-week vacation starting on 22<sup>nd</sup> May '23. Three weeks to visit family in the UK whom we hadn't seen for 5 years. And since we were in the vicinity, a two-week cruise to see the spectacular fjords in **Norway**, and the otherworldly beauty of **Iceland**, both places we'd wanted to see for some time.

On 3<sup>rd</sup> June we sailed from *Southampton*. After a full day cruising through the North Sea, our first port of call was **Bergen**. The second largest city in Norway, it was an important trade centre in the 12th-century for the Hanseatic League. The wharf in the area, known as *Bryggen*, still contains many of the old wooden clapboard buildings, and is a UNESCO World Heritage Site. The fish and seafood markets at the end of an inlet bordering Bryggen were interesting, but very pricey, as is most everything in Norway.

Very early next morning we sailed through *Sognefjord*, the second largest fjord in the world, over 200 km long and 1300 meters deep. We docked at **Flåm**, a tiny hamlet with fewer than 400 people, nestled at the bottom of a valley, surrounded by soaring mountains at the tip of the picturesque Aurlandsfjord.



Here we took a trip on the *Flåmsbana*, one of National Geographic's most beautiful train journeys in Europe. Hugging the steep cliffs of rugged mountains, it 'chugged' along sheer ravines with green valleys below. White waterfalls, accentuated by the early morning sunshine, cascaded down steep black granite cliffs, as we emerged from noisy tunnels. A picturesque experience that more than lived up to the hype.

Then it was on to **Olden**, a small village at the end of *Nordfjord*, another imposing fjord. I took a local bus to the start of a trail leading to the *Briksdal Glacier*, an arm of the biggest glacier on mainland Europe. That 40-minute drive alone would have been a wonderful excursion. Single lane winding



roads skirted placid crystal-clear lakes that beautifully reflected the surrounding slopes. Peaceful rural farmsteads dwarfed by the towering majesty of snow-capped mountain peaks. The 3 km hike to the base of the glacier was uphill all the way, often quite steep. It took about an hour, with several stops to take in the glorious views. The glacier is no longer massive, but it is very attractive as it cascades 1,500 metres down to the blue-green lake in the *Briksdalen Valley* below. A tiring hike, but I'm glad I tackled it.

**Ålesund** was our last, and prettiest port in Norway. After a massive fire in 1908, the town was rebuilt in an Art Nouveau style. Pastel coloured buildings with elegant turrets and spires lined the streets and waterways.





In the fjords our massive ship, the length of 3 football fields, with 18 decks, 3,700 guests and 1,350 crew, enough to fill a small town, was dwarfed by high mountains seemingly all around. A speck on the calm waters. Sailing serenely through the fjords each evening gave us a unique perspective, up close amidst the grandeur of this geological phenomenon. Stunning scenery filled the entire frame. Steep craggy cliffs rose on each side, almost close enough to touch. Striking white waterfalls, pencil thin, tumbling from top to bottom down

the contrasting dark granite rocks were a frequent sight to behold. Awe inspiring. The beauty and majesty of God's creation.

Next, we visited four ports in **Iceland**. As we passed to its north, we crossed the *Arctic Circle* (we got a certificate). Iceland is known for its 'otherworldly' landscapes. Most of the interesting sights on the island are not far from the sea, and since living there is very expensive, a cruise is the perfect way to see the highlights. There are two main sightseeing areas. One is centred around **Akureyri** in the north, where our ship had docked. Here's a sampling of the varied scenes we saw on a six-hour tour.



*Góðafoss waterfalls*. The water crashes down noisily in a semi circle of sorts divided by a rocky promontory. Not very large, but the contrast between the foaming, angry falls and the dark volcanic rock all around, set amidst desolate surroundings, was quite striking to behold. Near *Mývatn Lake* we explored the strange pseudo craters there. The walk through the tall, jagged, and strange formations of lava rock at *Dimmuborgir lava fields* was quite unusual. How did they get there? Was it Trolls?

Nearby we got to straddle a deep fissure at the northern end of the continental rift - left foot on the *Eurasian plate* and right foot on the *North American plate*.



Finally, 'unearthly' *Námaskarð*. The reddish, barren landscape scarred by bubbling pools of thick black sulphuric mud and hot steam vents felt like being on Mars! But what really hits you is the smell. Oh, the smell! The rotten-egg stench from the sulphuric mud and steam was pungent and overwhelming.



Next we sailed to **Isafjordur**, a small fishing town at the end of a fjord with a sheltered harbour surrounded by mountains on three sides and the sea on the other that has some of Iceland's oldest and best-preserved buildings. And then to **Grundarfjordur**, one of the Iceland's oldest settlements. The small village is set amidst an imposing landscape of austere mountains and lava fields.

Finally, **Reykjavik**, the capital, starting place of a small group 8-hour *Golden Circle* tour. First we gazed in awe at the endless craggy cliffs forming one side of the miles-wide continental rift. Close by we got into the somewhat gruesome Viking-era history of Iceland at *Thingvellir National Park*, site of the first Icelandic parliament, and a UNESCO world heritage site. The insanely breathtaking rugged landscape here adds the required otherworldliness to shows like *Game of Thrones*, which was filmed around here.





Geysir Geothermal Area was littered with vents bubbling up steaming hot water. This is where the word 'geyser' originated. *The Great Geysir* is now dormant, but it was quite a thrill to see the nearby *Strokkur Geysir* shooting hot water high into the air every eight minutes or so, delighting onlookers and sending those downwind scurrying away.

*Laugarvatn* sits in this geothermally active area.

The black sand here was so hot there were plumes of steam billowing into the air. A young lady wearing thick insulated boots was digging a hole, steam rising around her. She buried pots containing bread dough in the hot black sand, marking each mound with a rock. She would later return to unearth fully baked loaves of rye bread. A local speciality! Just nearby I saw some tiny bubbles rising in a shallow puddle of water. Inquisitively, I poked my finger into the bubbles. Wow! You've never seen anyone pull their finger out (don't laugh) so fast. It was literally boiling hot water rising out of the soil.



We stopped to see some adorable *Icelandic horses* – small and gentle, with short legs, impossibly long, flowing manes, and expressive eyes. Their extra fifth gait (*the tölt*) treats passengers to the smoothest of rides.

*Kerid Crater* was an impressive volcanic crater, with a blue-green lake way down below the rim of the steeply sloping red shale crater.



*Gullfoss Waterfall*, the final stop, must be the most beautiful in Iceland. Hearing it roar as it plunged over two distinct tiers into the gorge below was exhilarating. A path beside the thundering rapids led to a lovely viewpoint at the upper edge. As the sun dropped lower in the sky near the end of a beautiful bright day, a small rainbow started forming in the mist rising from the falls. I spent quite a while just sitting and soaking in the stunning spectacle.

What an experience! The contrast and contradiction that is Iceland. Bright green mosses thriving in stark, black fields of lava, breathtakingly beautiful scenery alongside eerie otherworldly vistas, quiet fishing villages amid soaring cliffs, geysers spurting high out of the ground, and so much more.

Next morning we woke to the sound of foghorns. Parting the curtains all we saw was thick fog – no doubt the result of cold air over the warm Gulf Stream current! The foghorn continued sounding every five minutes or so for the next day and night. After it cleared, we did spot a solitary whale in the vast expanse of ocean, and later some dolphins at play. Only used the balcony a few times on this cruise. Yes, near the Arctic Circle it was mostly cool and often windy. But not a drop of rain all five weeks! Just glorious sunshine! In England, Norway, and Iceland. Really!

We've been on many cruises, mostly to warm, tropical areas. This voyage was the polar opposite (pun intended). It may have been cool, but where else to possibly find such visual wonders? Every place a different masterpiece! Filling up the bucket with so many more pearls!

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*On this adventure we saw the grandeur of God's creation of nature in all its glory.*

*The immense green vistas of the Norwegian fjords stretching from sea to sky; and in contrast, the raw power and "out-of-this-world" stark volcanic scenes that are uniquely Iceland.*

*Yes, these Nordic neighbours really were enormously different.*

*What a wonderful world!*

*Deo gratias*



## Anglo-Indian Recipes

[Calcutta's Pish Pash - Bridget White](#)

[Anglo-Burmese Khow Suey](#)

[Sidney's Dho Dhole](#)

[Pearl's Pepper Water and Beef Dry Fry](#)

Please share your own recipes that we will publish in our Christmas Newsletter

## Memories Captured...

Click on the links below to view more...

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[Christmas Dance-Dec 26, 2024](#)

[New Year's Eve Dance Dec 31, 2023](#)

[Valentine's Ball - February 10, 2024](#)

[Seneca Niagara Casino NY - February 25-27, 2024](#)

[Annual General Meeting \(AGM\) May 28, 2024](#)

[A-IAC Annual Picnic-July 6, 2024](#)



## In Honour of Anglo-Indian Day We Salute

### Famous Anglo-Indian People(alphabetical) – Part 1

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <a href="#">Anglo-Indian people</a></li><li>• <a href="#">List of Anglo-Indians</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">All India Anglo-Indian Association</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Richard Allen (field hockey)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Frank Anthony</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">George Baker (Indian actor)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Maurice Barker</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Clarence Barlow</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Marcus Bartley</a></li><li>• <a href="#">The Benjamin Sisters</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Phyllis Cox Berthoud</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Roger Binny</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Stuart Binny</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Ruskin Bond</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Frank Brewin</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Elvera Britto</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Christine Brown</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Norman Anil Kumar Browne</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Ronald Burns (athlete)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Jyoti Ann Burrett</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">Richard Carr (field hockey)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Kevin Carton</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Bob Chandler (footballer)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Carlton Chapman</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Brandon Chillar</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Leslie Claudius</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Maureen Cleave</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Patience Cooper</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Sara Corner</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Burdett Coutts</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Robert Cranston (boxer)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Bob Crisp</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">Patrick D'Rozario</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Beatrix D'Souza</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Meldric Daluz</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Elizabeth Davenport</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Oscar Stanley Dawson</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Anthony de Mello (cricket administrator)</a></li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• <a href="#">Bernadette Louise Dean</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Henry Louis Vivian Derozio</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Indira Devi (actress)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Seeta Devi (actress)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Florence Dissent</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">Alloysius Edwards</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Lionel Emmett</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">Mary Fenton</a></li><li>• <a href="#">C. G. Finch-Davies</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Robert Finch (Lord Mayor)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Christine Forage</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Thomas Douglas Forsyth</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Nancy Ann Cynthia Francis</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Benjamin Frank</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Ian Fyfe</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">Joseph Galibardy</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Rony Gardener</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Michael Gateley</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Sylvia Gauntlet</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Henry Gidney</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Gerry Glackan</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Marjorie Godfrey</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Della Godfrey</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Earnest Goodsir-Cullen</a></li><li>• <a href="#">William Goodsir-Cullen</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Maurice Green (photographer)</a></li><br/><li>• <a href="#">James Hall (athlete)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Leslie Hammond</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Jacob Harris (cricketer)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Joseph Harris (cricketer)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Wilf Haskell</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Richard Hay (politician)</a></li><li>• <a href="#">Anthony Hayde</a></li></ul> |
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**DON'T FORGET TO ENTER AND INVITE OTHERS TO ENTER OUR COMPETITION ON Pg. 21 'ME AND MY PET'**