



# CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

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This Association was formed in October 1976 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia. There is a steadily growing membership of over 1,200, drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical and Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local Branches in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Ceylon, Malaysia etc., the building up of a Records file in the India Office Library & Records; and many other projects for the preservation of historical and architectural monuments.

The annual subscription rate is £2, with an enrolment fee of £8. There are special rates for joint membership (husband and wife), for life membership and for associate membership. Full details obtainable from the Secretary.

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## ON THE BANKS OF THE CHAMBAL

Casual observers of the 1857 uprising usually assume that all the action took place around Delhi and Lucknow, such of course, was not the case. Tim Ash who recently returned from a visit to Kota, formerly one of the numerous Princely States of Rajputana, has a different, and little known story to tell. It is not a story of widespread massacre and reprisal but it is none the less tragic, reflecting on a smaller scale the horrors of that year. The Brij Raj Bhavan Palace Hotel, an old building, set in shady gardens, stands high on the banks of the River Chambal slightly to the north of the old city of Kota. In 1857 it was the British Residency and the home of the Political Agent, Major Charles Burton, 40th Bengal Native Infantry and his family; they had lived there for thirteen years. About ten minutes walk away in the direction of the city is the small disused British Cemetery, neglected and overgrown. A canopied white marble tomb stands just inside the broken gateway with the inscription:

'In memory/of/Mary Elizabeth/the beloved daughter of/Captain and Mrs Burton/born 30 October 1840/died 25 May 1854/her pious spirit passed from death unto life/for such is the kingdom of heaven/when the pangs of death assail me/weep not for me/Christ is mine/He cannot fail me/weep not for me/this tablet is placed by her parents, brothers/and sister/she will not come to us but we can go to her.'

Immediately beside it is a larger and more ornate tomb, its inscription now removed. Had it not been, the observer would have known how within three short years Mary's father and two of her brothers were laid beside her after a tragic and violent episode at the Residency. In May of 1857 Major Burton was summoned, with the Kota Troops, by the officer commanding at nearby Neemuch for the protection of that place from the mutineers. His wife, four sons in their early manhood, and a teenage daughter accompanied him to Neemuch where the eldest son was employed as an Assistant Commissioner. Leaving his family at Neemuch, Major Burton proceeded on field duty but during his absence the Neemuch Garrison mutinied and destroyed the cantonment before fleeing the station. The Burtons and other families escaped to the small fort of Jewud where the eldest son had command but their home and possessions were all destroyed or looted by the mutineers. Major Burton and his troops were hastily recalled to Neemuch to protect the refugees until British Troops arrived to take over the station. He remained there until October when the Maharaja of Kota requested him to return. This he did accompanied by his two younger sons, Arthur, aged 21, and Francis, aged 19, while his wife and remaining children stayed at Neemuch.

They arrived at Kota on 13th October and met with every mark of kindness. All seemed peaceful but two days later Major Burton

saw a large party approaching the Residency. At first he assumed that some of the troops of the Maharaja had come to pay a friendly visit but in a moment the building was surrounded and entered by the soldiers who had mutinied spontaneously. Abandoned by all their servants except one brave camel-driver, Major Burton and his two sons took refuge in an upper room with the few arms that they had been able to snatch. Minute by minute they waited for help to arrive from the Maharaja while the house was looted below them. After five hours of firing Major Burton wished to plead with the mutineers for the lives of his sons, offering himself as a hostage, but his sons would not agree. They then knelt down and uttered their last prayer. A final plea to the Sikh soldiers, supposedly guarding the Residency, to free the boat on the river below to enable them to escape fell on deaf ears. Scaling ladders were obtained, the mutineers ascended and Major Burton and his two sons were murdered. The Maharaja was enabled the same evening to recover the bodies and have them buried but he himself was now a virtual prisoner in his palace surrounded by his mutinous troops. It was not until March 1858 that Kota was retaken for the British by Major General Roberts and the Rajputana Field Force after a short siege.

The bodies of the Burtons were disinterred and buried in the Kota cemetery with full military honours. The missing plaque on their tomb recounted the manner of their deaths and concluded chillingly: 'This tablet is erected by a broken hearted wife and mother. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay.' Two years later two of the rebel leaders, Jai Dayal and Mehrab Khan were hanged within the grounds of the Residency where their crime had been committed. Today the Brij Raj Bhavan is a peaceful haven from the bustling and fast expanding industrial city of Kota with its nuclear reactor and dam. There is nothing here to mark its tragedies. But ask the retainers, and they will tell you that in the still of the night an English voice has been heard by the chowkidars to say, 'Don't sleep - no smoking'. Does the ghost of Burton still patrol this peaceful place?

#### MAIL BOX

In 1854 a hundred year lease was obtained from the Raja of Chamba on a small hilly area in what is now Himachal Pradesh. The site was to provide a sanatorium for British soldiers and the ground first had to be cleared of jungle before Captain Fagan of the East India Company could make out lines of supply and communication to the plains below. Six years later more land was leased for a Cantonment and Dalhousie (named after the Governor-General) came into being. By 1867 it had grown to become a first class municipality, boasting a post office, the 'Bull's Head Hotel' and Flagstaff House, with its beautiful gardens. In 1900 the Dalhousie Club opened and became a popular social

centre, with its eight tennis courts and white-washed, high ceilinged billiard rooms. Naturally cemeteries were needed too, and an evocative report has been received on them, and the town today, from Mrs Elspeth Cox, wife of a Canadian missionary, who recently visited it. She went first to the Military Cemetery, closed in 1945, which is surrounded by a stone wall, not unlike Cotswold stone, and still remarkably intact, so much so that the gateway is walled up and visitors have to climb over it. Records show 126 burials though only about twenty-five readable stones remain today. The earliest extant was dated 1877, in memory of Pte. John Baker, 34 Regt. who died aged twenty-four. The latest records the resting place of Mary Weir, wife of a soldier who died in 1937. Burial registers still remain at St. John's Church in the charge of the Minister and although damp and crumbling, they are still readable.

Many deaths, especially among children were caused by illness. Enteric Fever was prevalent and the 1918-19 influenza epidemic that killed so many in Europe took a heavy toll here too. Enteritis and bronchial problems were common, surprisingly so in an area that should have been a healthy spot. One little boy died of rabies after being bitten by his puppy. He was the son of Farrier Walker of the R.F.A. and was buried in 1912. Below the Dalhousie Club are the six terraces of the civilian cemetery, all overgrown but still in use by the few Christians in the town. The chowkidar keeps the gate locked so again one has to clamber over the stone wall. Goats and sheep inside keep the grass down and many stones are still readable. Among them is that of Charles Hugh Lewin, thirteen month old son of Isaac and Katherine who died in 1865. One of the most elegant is that of a twenty-six year old missionary, Frederick Walthen M.A. of Wadham College Oxford who belonged to the Church Mission, Amritsar and who died of dysentery in 1865.

Elspeth Cox looked for many days for the grave of the former 'President' of Dalhousie, a Miss A.O. Stiffel (or Stiffle) who with her brother had once run 'Stiffel's Restaurant' in Lahore. She had owned property and run hotels and even today people talk of her kindness. Every day at 3.00pm she would listen to complaints from people and instigated a loan system for the very poor. Finally her grave was found, simply recording her death on 27 October 1949 at the age of sixty-eight, her MBE and the fact that the stone was erected by the citizens of Dalhousie. The third cemetery is a small private one attached to a convent school run by a European Order on the site of what was probably the first house in the town, owned by Captain Fagan. Only the sisters are buried there, with the exception of a Scots-born Canadian woman, whose funeral Mrs Cox attended. The new grave stone had to be brought from Amritsar and 'the Indian bus driver was reluctant to act as carrier. In a tragic-comic incident he insisted the stone had to be bought a ticket and it sat beside him, in a seat, all the

way. Despite many changes the report concludes 'The spirits of former Britishers will always haunt these hills and when the "Pyar ke dunde" (lovers' weather) closes in and around the old stone houses, it is hard to believe they have ever left.'

Still in the hills, this time at Dagshai, a small cantonment to the south of Simla, comes a strange tale sent in by BACSA member Lieut. General Stanley Menezes. Combining both the past and the present in an eerie mixture it begins with the death in childbirth of Mary Rebecca Weston, wife of a doctor, who was buried in December 1909 in one of the two cemeteries there. According to an old chowkidar, Sadhu Ram, folk lore recounts that Mary Rebecca, after an agonising labour of three days, told her husband just before her death, that somebody was standing behind her with his wings open, to guide her to heaven. Afterwards Dr. Weston performed an operation on his wife (why he didn't do this earlier is not clear), took out the infant, who did not survive, and laying it at the side of the mother took a series of photographs. These he sent to Italy and a beautiful statue was made in marble which is reputed to have cost Rs. 14,000, with another Rs. 300 for its carriage from Kumarhatti Railway station to the cemetery. Later the doctor became unbalanced and was not allowed to enter Dagshai though he continued to provide material so that the statue could be cleaned.

An incredible belief grew up among the locals that by chewing bits of marble from it, barren women would be able to bear children. As a result the lovely work of art has been badly eroded by chipping away, as the photograph on p.33 shows. But the story does not end there. Recently Lieut. General Menezes received a long poem in Urdu (which he has kindly translated), written by a local teacher, Mr. Paul about the grave. In flowery rhyming couplets it tells how the teacher has become ensnared by the statue, and begins 'Oh, my Rebecca, seeing your grave, my eyes shed tears/Kneeling before you, I raise both my hands in prayer' and goes on to castigate the 'Sinners who have vandalised this tomb'. It is moving tribute to an Englishwoman who cannot have imagined how she was to reach the hearts of local people from beyond the grave.

Another poignant reminder of the respect in which many Indians hold British graves even today comes from an article in 'The Statesman' by S.K. Bakshi. As a young assistant on an Assamese tea plantation, he was instructed by his manager Archie McPherson to pay particular care to a small walled enclosure containing a solitary grave. (Attached cemeteries were common among remote tea plantations.) Mr. Bakshi learnt that the interred person was one of the many stragglers who had staggered into India from Burma following the Japanese invasion and had succumbed on reaching the plantation. He was the only son of parents who lived in Glasgow and they had visited the grave twice in five years.

On 15 August 1950 a devastating earthquake struck the area and Mr. Bakshi was fully employed in rescue and repair work. But as soon as he could, mindful of McPherson's words, he went to examine the grave. 'The walls were a scrabble of loose bricks and the grave had split open. The coffin was exposed and while I attempted to close it, I discovered that there was no trace of any remains, only boulders inside the wooden box'. Mystified he approached McPherson who told him that the grave was not a true grave, but a monument where the deceased's parents could pay their respects and where they believed he lay in peace. In reality he had been brutally murdered in a POW camp by the Japanese where McPherson had been a fellow prisoner. After the war he had not had the heart to tell the parents what really happened. Perhaps his decision was wrong, but Mr. Bakshi had the walls reconstructed and whitewashed, the head-stone replaced and flowering shrubs replanted. Now he is Manager himself he makes sure that his young assistants accord the memorial the same respect that he has done.

Chowkidar has already noted in previous issues the sad story of the Boer prisoners of war who were exiled to prison camps in Sri Lanka and India during the Anglo Boer war of 1899-1902. Now South Africans have been tracing these camps and a long article appeared this January in 'South African Panorama'. About 5,000 people, including children as young as ten were imprisoned, many of them at Diyatalawa, in the hilly Uva province of Sri Lanka. Many attempts were made to escape, but in a strange country with the harbour under British rule, these proved futile. During an epidemic of gastric fever 141 Boers died and were buried in the adjoining cemetery. With the end of hostilities and the repatriation of those who survived, the cemetery became derelict and was later levelled. The names of those buried are today known only from a simple memorial erected on the site. But others were interred in the Kanata churchyard, at Colombo and there the well-preserved stones record the Krugers, Jouberts and Massyns who died far from home. The article does however note the 'positive' side of the Boers' enforced exile and the contribution some were able to make to the island. At the request of the then Governor General, the Boer General J.H. Oliver assisted with his specialised knowledge of horse-breeding and noted poisonous plants growing on local farms. Commandant Krause, an expert on museums, mounted exhibits in the natural history section of the Colombo museum and with the help of a fellow taxidermist, obtained its first mounted animals. F.E.O. Mors helped in the development of the island's printing industry, while perhaps the best known working prisoner was Hendrik Engel who became first warden of the Yala Game Reserve. With the news that the struggle for Boer independence had been lost, most prisoners took an oath of loyalty to their new sovereign, Edward VII and were repatriated. Others decided to remain in Sri Lanka permanently, a small but interesting footnote in the island's history.

One of BACSA's aims is naturally the safe-guarding of cemeteries where possible, (this is why our magazine is called Chowkidar), but we were a little taken aback by a recent report from Lucknow. BACSA member Kevin Patience visited the Christian cemetery adjacent to the railway line there and 'was accosted by the Chowkidar armed with a rather sharp spear demanding Rs.10 - five for him and five for the cemetery. I gave him eight, which eased the tension somewhat!' reports Mr. Patience. It is good to see that some chowkidars are taking their jobs so seriously, but we cannot recommend this approach too often. Sadly he found the graves in a 'very poor state of repair with broken headstones,' but did learn that a group of churchgoers from Christchurch is interested in maintaining this particular cemetery.

#### THE MISSING GRAVES OF MANILA - PART TWO

Eighteen months ago Chowkidar told the story of the brief occupation of the Philippine Islands by a force of the East India Company from 1762/3 and speculated on the fate of the first British cemetery in Manila. Now Dave Mahoney, a BACSA member based in Hong Kong has been able to bring the story up to date and fill in a curious little gap in colonial history. About 800 men died during the occupation of the capital and although all traces of tombs are irretrievably lost, contemporary maps indicated a 'Burial place of infidels' at La Loma. (Infidels at that time included non-Catholics and European Protestants). A few miles from La Loma are the descendants of the Indian troops of the British expedition, though their distinctive features are slowly disappearing. After the Philippines reverted to Spanish authority, trade began to flourish and ports were established in several places including Sual in Pangasinan on Luzon Island and Iloilo on Panay. Protestant cemeteries were established and a burial place for the 400 to 500 foreigners from Europe and North America who were living in Manila became an urgent necessity. In 1827 the first British Consul General was appointed and it was his successor John William Peary Farren who in 1860 established a Protestant Cemetery in the capital. Sadly he became one of the cemetery's first residents. On 11 March 1864 a lease was signed between Farren and Don Jose Bonifacio Roxas for a parcel of land at San Pedro of 5.55 acres. The lease was to run for 90 years at an annual rental of 100 pesos (about £2.50).

In 1907 the cemetery area was reduced to allow for the construction of an electric street car line and the rent subsequently reduced. Road widening took more land in 1941 but nevertheless the lease was extended until 31 December 1987. Of the five hundred odd burials the majority were British, with Germans the second largest group. Those interred included master mariners from Liverpool and Plymouth, businessmen from London and Lancashire, a Parisian shopkeeper, an operatic

impresario from Milan and a diplomat who served in the American Consular Service for 45 years. The cemetery was also open to Jewish people and Japanese, although Japan removed all remains of its nationals during the occupation in 1942. The most interesting burial is probably that of Prince Ludwig Zu Lowenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberge who went to Manila as a military observer during the revolution against American occupation and was killed by a stray bullet in March 1899. The 93 recorded British deaths during the Second World War were mainly of priests and civilians, from natural causes, privation, enemy action and execution by the Japanese and Filipino collaborators.

As in many tropical countries, deterioration in the cemetery was rapid. Rain washed away the soil round the graves, stones were stolen to be recarved and the area became a 'playground' for the locals. In July 1973, fourteen years earlier than planned, the Cemetery was handed over by the British Consul to the Ayala Corporation, the successors in title to Roxas, who donated money to help transfer all remains to a new resting place. Those grave stones said to be 'historically valuable' were given to a 'British Association', unknown and today untraceable. The site of the old cemetery is now a housing estate known as Olympia Village. A few British graves in the Sual Cemetery remain and are well looked after, but the Iloilo Cemetery in the heart of the city was closed in 1946 'for the purposes of health and sanitation'. So the story of the missing graves has been pieced together. They are still missing, but at least something of their history has now been recorded, thanks to the field work of BACSA members.

#### CAN YOU HELP?

A most unusual event took place recently in the old Manama Cemetery, Bahrain. It was not a burial because the area was closed in 1965, but a Business Mens' lunch! If this sounds a ghoulish place to gather for a meal, the reason behind it was an excellent one. While the group tucked into their picnic, Arthur Sinclair of the Bahrain Bankers Training Centre gave a talk on the fascinating stories behind some of the graves. Mr Sinclair who is also Treasurer of the Christian Cemeteries Committee first became interested in the old site when he noticed a headstone with the name of a chief engineer from his home town of South Shields, England. Over the years groups of business men have given up time to tidy the cemetery by weeding it. First opened in 1900 on land donated by the then Amir of Bahrain it became the last resting place of missionaries, young RAF servicemen killed during the War and several children believed to have died in an epidemic at the turn of the century, when repatriating bodies was impossible. A group of unnamed crosses in one corner are believed to mark the remains of passengers on two French planes who were killed in the 1950s as the result of a crash when the

pilots mistook a nearby causeway for the airport runway lights. The cemetery is tended by a blind Bahraini watchman who has been there so long he can find his way around without difficulty. Both Manama and the new cemetery at Isa Town are funded by local donations and the Committee are always seeking new ways of raising money for maintenance. Robert Jarman, a BACSA member who returned this Spring from a spell of duty in Qatar, has compiled the following records from Manama; plan, copies of the Deeds, photocopies of the Burial Register, detailed descriptions and photographs of all the graves and enough information to write up a proper history of the cemetery. He appeals to readers for information about people known to have been buried at Bahrain and Qatar too, so that biographical details could be added to his papers which he has kindly offered for the BACSA archives when completed.

In March this year Maurice Puech of Meerut wrote to 'The Statesman' with a query about his ancestor Captain Puech who was killed in Rajputana about 1800. The newspaper printed a reply from Ravinder Kumar Singal, advising Mr Puech to contact BACSA, which he promptly did. The Captain came from France (where some of the family still live) and was supposed to have died at the Battle of Malpura, near Jaipur in 1799, while serving in the Chevalier Dudrenec's Corps when they were overwhelmed by the Rathor cavalry. But Compton's European Military Adventurers in Hindustan mentions another Puech, a Lieutenant who was serving with Perron's Fourth Brigade and was wounded in the storming of Sounda, near Ajmir in 1801. It is possible that the two Puechs were one and the same man - it is certainly an unusual name and that the Captain was only wounded at Malpura. However, we are no nearer solving the whereabouts of the Puech tomb - burial records at Ajmir do not cover the period, and Maurice Puech would be grateful for any further clues.

George ffoulkes from Hampshire recently inherited a number of family papers on the Fischer family of South India who trace their origins to a soldier of fortune, Johann Georg Ludwig Fischer who served the French at Pondicherry in 1753 as 'Commandant des Troupes allemandes'. He later settled in Tranquebar and his son became a Danish citizen. The latter's son, George Frederick became Zemindar of Salem and like some other Europeans in similar circumstances married a Muslim lady who was Mr ffoulkes' great grandmother. Little is known about her - apart from her name Nani, though she was addressed in letters as the Goodoo Bee, which is possibly a corruption of Gori Bibi, the usual title for a fair-skinned Indian wife. According to the Estate Manager of the Salem Zemindari she was a local girl who was working as a coolie in the indigo factory when she caught the eye of George Frederick. Their son Robert erected a white marble tomb for his mother on a plot of land surrounded by a wall and containing small rooms for passing Muslim pilgrims. The plot was known as the

Makhan and was maintained by an annual grant from the Salem Zemindari, which was sold on the death of the last Zemindar at the end of the second World War. Mr ffoulkes saw the Makhan in 1940 but wonders if it still survives today, with its Urdu inscription. Perhaps someone visiting the area could look out for it and photograph this relic of a fascinating Anglo Indian family?

Christopher Dracott's great-grandfather arrived in India in 1858 and soon found a job as 'Head and Confidential Clerk' to the Governor-General's Agent at a salary of Rs. 250 pm. After the early death of his wife Anna, he remarried, this time to Charlotte Hammond, and six children were born to them, five sons and a daughter. The boys married into such families as the Madges, Laceys, Fords, Goodalls and Hammonds and at least three of them died and were buried in India. The youngest son, Frank Herbert, returned to England after Partition in 1947 and died in London. Christopher Dracott is Frank Herbert's grandson and is trying to piece together details of the Dracotts and their relatives in India.

'A full blown medieval castle standing in the south Indian countryside' near Bangalore was visited in 1937 by BACSA member Paul Norris. He has recently moved to Kenilworth in Warwickshire and was able to tell his local History Society of the Indian castle, which is supposedly modelled on that of Kenilworth. Not surprisingly, there is a romantic story attached to it. A European coffee planter fell in love with a girl while on leave (we do not know where) and asked her to marry him. She agreed on the condition that he would build her a replica of Kenilworth Castle in India. This he did but after a few years of marriage she left him and broken-hearted, he killed himself. The castle stood on the Kengen Road a few miles south of Bangalore and naturally a photograph of it, if it still exists, would be of enormous interest to the Kenilworth History Society and to Mr. Norris.

A friend of BACSA member Prue Stokes visited Zimbabwe this February and was confronted with an interesting query. She met an English woman there whose parents had lived in an Army bungalow in Sialkot in 1940 where they found a 'well bound typescript book with photographs titled 'WE' which was dated about 1921 and written by the wife of the then Commissioner of Jhansi'. The book was part biographical and part stories. There is a dedication in it 'To Lad. In Memory of many happy days in Jhansi 1917 - 1921. From Priscilla'. No other name is mentioned but Priscilla had a niece nicknamed Bobby, who was staying with her and seems to have married an army officer. Priscilla does not appear to have had children herself. The book is now with Prue Stokes and the owner would be very happy to return it to any member of the family, if they can be traced. 'It is unique', she writes, 'and should rightly belong to one of their descendants. I would not part with it to anyone else as it will always give me a

lot of pleasure and I browse through it often.' Are there any claimants?

In the Church of St Edmund the King with St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, London, set above the chancel floor is a brass plate noted by Elizabeth de Bourbel, which records the death of Marian Sophia Benham, daughter of the Rector of the Parish. Born on 12 February 1867 she 'went forth in eager zeal to India, with steadfast purpose to offer herself up to the work of ministering to the heathen women and children, and bringing them to the Redeemer's feet. On the very evening of her arrival at the place of her Ministry a fatal accident befell her and she died a month later January 10th 1904'. There is no further indication of where she died nor what accident caused her death at the age of thirty-seven years. Which missionary service was she attached to, one wonders, and does her tomb in India still exist?

Correction: The Spring issue of Chowkidar carried a story on the 'Scottish nabobs' including Captain William Loraine. It was erroneously stated that his memorial plaque has been resited on a wall of the Old Military Cemetery, Shillong, together with others from the Silchar Church. In fact the Shillong plaque commemorates a later Captain William Loraine, who died at sea on 11 April 1877. The earlier William Loraine died in Edinburgh in 1812. Many thanks to our readers who pointed this out, including Oliver Carruthers of Shillong who was responsible for getting the 1877 plaque re-erected and reports that it is being well cared for.

#### THE COTTON MUSEUM IN INDIA

The fate of British statues in India after 1947 was a sad, though understandable one. Almost without exception they were removed from their plinths to stand ignominiously in back yards, museum grounds and other out-of-the-way places. Only very recently has an attempt been made, as in Delhi, to retrieve these memorials of British rule and recognise them as a part of India's history. It was therefore startling to learn this year that two new statues have been erected to an English engineer who dedicated his life to taming India's rivers and irrigating the plains of present day Andhra Pradesh. BACSA's President Sir John Cotton was proud to tell us of the memorial and museum recently erected to the memory of a collateral ancestor Sir Arthur Cotton KCSI at Dowlaswaram, near Rajahmundry.

After obtaining a cadetship for India at the age of fifteen Arthur studied at Addiscombe and showed such early promise that he was able to join the Royal Engineers without undergoing any examination. In 1834 he proposed a permanent weir across the Coleroon at Tanjore and it was the success of this scheme that prompted the Madras Government to plan extensive irrigation in

the Godaveri Delta. In 1844 he was sent to Dowlaswaram and began work there three years later, often in difficult circumstances with unskilled labour and primitive equipment. He envisaged a series of storage reservoirs across the Godaveri, the Krishna and the Tungubhadra rivers from which would emerge a network of canals both for irrigation and navigation and at the completion of this great work started a still more ambitious plan for other parts of India. He believed that his skills could aid the farmer and dreamt of India as a 'land overflowing with milk and honey' by clever management of its rivers. Now India has paid tribute to this man of vision in a new museum housed in the residential quarters where he lived as Chief Engineer. The museum contains models of some of Sir Arthur's projects and replicas of equipment he used like the plough machines for lifting the automatic flood shutters. Also on show is the five tonne boulder which kept the waters at bay during construction of the barrier. A new life-size statue of Sir Arthur with an inscription in Telegu and English has been erected in nearby Hyderabad too. (see photograph on p.33) It is a beautifully crafted work (we do not know the name of the sculptor) and shows the bearded engineer gazing out over the lands that he was able to irrigate. Not surprisingly we learn from Sir John's son Brian, that their distinguished ancestor is literally worshipped in the villages of Godaveri and Krishna districts. Small statues are kept of him in homes, to which regular puja is offered and to this day devout Hindus offer ablutions to 'Maharishi Cotton' whenever they bathe in the holy river.

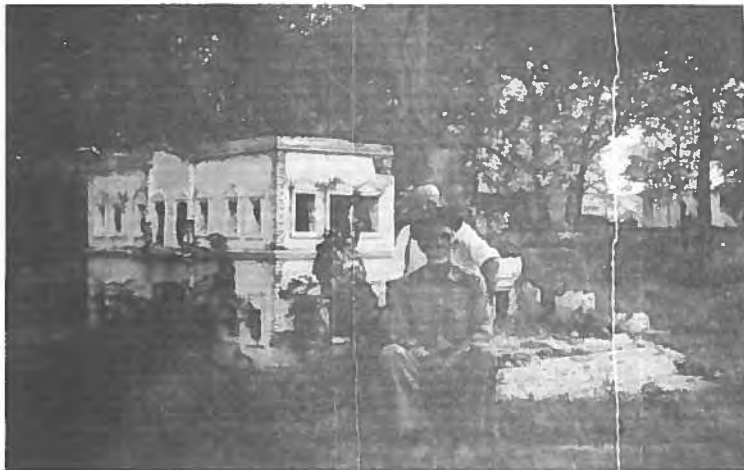
#### NEWS FROM HYDERABAD

Three years ago BACSA author Philip Davies noted in his book Splendours of the Raj the sorrowful state of the model Residency at Hyderabad. The delightful little building, really a doll's house in stone, was erected in the grounds of the Residency by Major James Achilles Kirkpatrick, one time Resident at the Court of the Nizam. The story behind the model was a romantic one. Kirkpatrick had married a Muslim lady, Khair-un-Nissa despite opposition from her family and his own superior officers. Because his wife was in purdah she could not visit the public apartments of the Residency that Kirkpatrick built, but naturally wished to know what they looked like. The model was constructed in perfect imitation of the house, complete in every detail and remained in excellent condition until 1947 (see photograph p.32). Now both Philip Davies and BACSA President Sir John Cotton report on the dilapidation caused to the model through a tree falling on it and general lack of maintenance. Mr Davies has tried to interest everyone in Hyderabad about the fate of the little building. He even generously offered part of the proceeds of his book towards restoration but he tells us that his letters to Hyderabad have remained unanswered. BACSA is now seeking to work through an



Above: Our President at the Hyderabad Residency Model in 1943. It was then in pristine condition. See story on p. 31

Below: The damaged Hyderabad Residency Model in 1987.



Above: The newly erected statue to Sir Arthur Cotton at Hyderabad. See p. 30

Below: The mutilated tomb of Mary Rebecca Weston at Dagshai. See p. 24





INTACH member there to see what can be done. As a recent photograph shows (see p.32) more than half the model has been lost, and all of the parapet has disappeared. It would be a fitting tribute to the Indo-British connection if this little symbol of a relationship that transcended barriers of class and race could be restored to its original beauty.

Also from Hyderabad comes news of a visit that Australian BACSA member Joyce Westrip paid this year to the Parade Ground Cemetery there. She has sent a number of photographs of memorials and graves and reports that the cemetery was 'in quite good condition generally, but it might be timely to try and preserve some of the older tombstones which are crumbling'. Among those which particularly caught her attention was a grandiose monument of square form topped by a fluted obelisk. The clear inscription in curious lettering commemorates John Henry Desborough, Captain of the '11th Regt Madras NI in the Hon Company's Service who died in June 1804 at Baulapoor in Berar on his way to Hyderabad from Scindia's Camp where he commanded the Resident's Mr Webb's escort.' Desborough was 29 years old when he died and came originally from Huntingdon in England.

A 'rather elegant statue' in the same grounds depicts a middle-aged woman in a loose flowing robe, with an Edwardian hair-style and a little necklace of beads. She holds a circular wreath and was, we learn from the inscription beneath, Florence Chambers Hillier, wife of Dr Edgar Hillier, who passed away on 6 November 1915. Yet another stone records the grave of Robert Cyril Woodlands Brown, who died while visiting his missionary daughter. It bears the three-legged symbol of the Isle of Man, where he was born and notes that his wife is buried in Northampton and gives the number of her grave there. A well preserved flat stone is in memory of Kathleen Prendergast daughter of William Joseph, who died in July 1900, aged only 15 years. Her father was, Joyce Westrip believes, a tutor to the Princes of the Nizam's Court and his grand-daughter is still living in England. It would be interesting to learn more of the Prendergast family, the first member of whom appears to have lived in Oudh during the late 18th century and we hope for some information on them.

#### DELHI REPORT

Two of the Delhi Cemeteries, Rajpur and Lothian Bridge, continue to cause concern, despite much effort and goodwill by all who have visited them recently. This January, BACSA member Lady Galsworthy endeavoured to trace the memorial of her grandfather, Lieutenant E.J. Travers of the 1st Punjab Infantry who was killed while in charge of a gun emplacement on the ramparts of Hindu Rao's house on the Delhi Ridge during 1857. He was interred at Rajpur and Lady Galsworthy was saddened by her visit to the

Cemetery there which has been heavily encroached by illegal squatters (see Chowkidar No 4 Vol 4). The inscription on Lieut. Traver's tomb, which is now thought to have vanished, commemorated two other officers who fell during the recapture of Delhi, Captain W.G. Law and Lieut. W.H. Lumsden and bore the words 'This testimony of love and respect is placed here by their comrades in whose hearts death alone can efface the memory of these gallant soldiers'. The present desolation of Rajpur is made all the more poignant by a letter Lady Galsworthy wrote to her grandmother, Mrs Eaton Travers, in April 1959, when she was living in Delhi. Then she was able to report: 'Mr Gill, Secretary of the Cemetery Committee showed me a chart and exactly where to find grandfather's grave - and I went straight to it. You certainly need not worry in the slightest about how it is being looked after - it couldn't be better and I was most impressed by the state of the whole Cemetery and with the very peaceful atmosphere. There were several malis watering the flowers and tidying the paths and the whole place looked as though someone had taken an interest in it. There were quite a few flowers planted round the outside of grandfather's grave, two or three lovely lilies at their best.' It is sad that over the last thirty years this once pleasant area has deteriorated so greatly, not only because valuable records have been lost but also because the people of Delhi no longer have the use of a restful retreat.

Nicholson's Cemetery, Delhi, on the other hand is well maintained and two intriguing gravestones, both identical and adjacent caught the attention of Tim Ash. To the memory of Privates James Scott and George Stratford of HM 62nd Regt. of Foot who died suddenly at the Imperial Assemblage on 7 January 1877 the inscription reads: 'How sudden and awful was the stroke/ By which the thread of life was broke/ Reader reflect what happened to me/ For aught thou knowest may come to thee'. Happily the fate which befell the two men is unlikely to occur to the present day traveller! The true story was published in the 'Times of India' of 15 January 1877 and notes briefly 'A sad affair took place in the Fort at Delhi on the night of the 7th. Some soldiers of the 62nd Foot had been playing at cards, when one of the party named Riley, who had lost money, loaded his rifle and fired three shots at his comrades, killing two and missing a third'. The scene can be easily imagined - excited by the Durbar and probably inflamed by drink the unfortunate card-player seized a rifle and despatched his colleagues over what was no doubt a trifling amount of cash. How often, one wonders, amid the boredom and heat, did similar deaths occur? These are perhaps unusual in that they were fully reported, but there must have been other incidents where events were hushed up for the 'Honour of the Regiment'.



BACSA BOOKS (books by BACSA authors)

The Indian Army and the King's Enemies 1900-1947 by Charles Chenevix Trench.

This evocative book encapsulates the official accounts of the several campaigns in which the Indian Army participated in the period 1900-47, as also several personal diaries, private papers, memoirs and divisional and regimental histories. It embodies as well numerous reminiscences and anecdotes, some nostalgic, some poignant and some hilarious, based on Lieut. Col. Chenevix Trench's and his contemporaries' service in the Indian Army. The author spells out his aim in the opening sentences of his Foreword, 'This is not a history. It is a book about the British Indian Army, its officers and men, in peace and war, in victory and defeat, during its last forty years.' In this postulated endeavour, he has been admirably successful. This book then is not military history, nor Indian history, but an insightful narrative of one of the most remarkable human relationships the world has ever seen, or, for that matter, ever will see. Dwelling sometimes on a campaign, sometimes on an action in a battle, sometimes on a particular regiment or personality, the author's sympathetic narrative is factual, warts and all, for instance, Jemadar Mir Mast deserting in France in 1915, and being presented with the Iron Cross by the Kaiser, while his brother, Jemadar Mir Dast was presented by the King with the VC about the same time.

What emerges is a tapestry in which was interwoven a concept of personal honour, a sense of duty and service based on loyalty to the regiment, and distantly to the Crown, with the Indian soldier sequentially enduring hardship, risking wounding and often going to a certain death. When Philip Mason's magnificent book, A Matter of Honour, An Account of the Indian Army, its Officers and Men encompassing two hundred years was published in 1974, it was validly hailed as a classic. Lieut. Col. Chenevix Trench's splendid book, in its genre, is felicitously complementary to Philip Mason's and will undoubtedly have a permanent niche in any bibliography as to the Indian Army. (SLM)

Thames and Hudson 1988 £18.45 including P. & P. pp. 312

Musings of a Memsahib Anna Chitty

This delightful little book is exactly what its title says - a series of musings on life in India during the 20s and 30s, told by the 84 year old author to her daughter Jean. Anna Chitty kept no notes or diaries but as she says she has the gift of almost 'total recall' and she brings vividly to life her travels in India as an officer's wife. Because she had to move where her husband was stationed, she seldom remained in the same place for long, but she ranged

widely over the country, from Madras, which she loved, to Simla, Kohat, Calcutta, Shillong and Murree. Though her reminiscences cover ground that will be familiar to readers of the period - the Saturday Club Calcutta, Christmas Camps, tiger shooting etc, her observations are acute and she dispels the myth that a memsahib's life was an easy one. She had her fair share of danger - a motor-bike crash put her out of action for a time, but there were compensations. One of her first memories is the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta and her disappointment in seeing this 'very unsmiling, sulky young man, who walked between the lines of guests with no acknowledgment of all the salaams' is a fascinating side-light on royal behaviour which has certainly not found its way into more official histories of the Raj. It is a pity that on the same page Mahatma Gandhi's name is spelt incorrectly and that the growing struggle for Independence struck her as little more than an inconvenience in getting to the Calcutta Club. But it does point up the very enclosed world of many English women of the period. However, the reader should take it for what it is - a portrait of a lost world, less than half a century ago, and it succeeds very well. There are some lovely little sketches by the author's friend, Lorna Impey, descendant of Sir Elijah, first Chief Justice of Bengal and the whole book is a gently nostalgic work that will give pleasure to many. (RLJ)

Belhaven Publishers: 8 King's Saltern Road, Lymington, Hants  
SO41 9QF 1988 £5.25 + P. & P. pp. 126

From Trombay to Changi - the Story of the Arakan Coastal Forces  
Ed. Tony Goulden

At the time of the Pearl Harbour bombings there were only five 'Thorneycroft' vessels of the Burma RNVR in the Bay of Bengal, with a handful of other craft at Singapore. The latter were all lost, according to Admiralty Records, though in fact they fought their way back to Calcutta, picking up en route the Heinrich Jessen which later became HMIS Barracuda and two small tankers, the 'Lady Myrtle' and the 'Sabari'. The story of how this tiny fleet was joined by other flotillas, who were able to range around the Indian Coast, searching harbours, estuaries and chaungs for sampans and landing agents, one of whom was able to rescue a Eurasian girl held in a Japanese officers' brothel is pieced together by the editor, Tony Goulden from the reminiscences of officers of the Arakan Coastal Forces, now in their late 50s and 60s. Proceeds of the book will go towards the officers Reunion Fund.

Obtainable from O.A. Goulden: Quarry House, Stoke, Andover,  
Hants. 1988 £11.50 including P. & P. pp. 400

Under Malabar Hill Maisie Wright

Under Malabar Hill is the story of a young woman's life and travels in India between 1928 and 1933. Maisie Wright's social work in the Bombay University Women's Settlement was a far cry from the daily routine of the typical European memsahib. She certainly saw life from a different angle and her straightforward and lively account, in the form of letters, written with more than a touch of humour, give unusually vivid glimpses of India during that period. Picturesquely decayed temples, ornate wedding rituals, garish festivals, communal riots, hopelessly overcrowded railway carriages are just a few of the scenes that attracted the author's inquisitive eye and her relish for new situations. But this is a book of exploration of people as well as places and perhaps most revealing - and moving - are the pen-portraits of Maisie Wright's women friends and the huge pressures and personal dilemmas they faced in a world of great social transition, amid the uncertainties and dangerous excitement of India's Independence movement, inspired by Mahatma Gandhi, whose presence is felt in these pages.

BACSA 1988 £7.50 + 75p postage pp. 198

Cantonment Cemetery Vizianagram : Christian Cemeteries of Bimlipatam both by David Cooke

These two booklets record the inscriptions in two of the lesser known - but nevertheless historically significant - towns on the East coast of India, half-way between Madras and Calcutta. Dutch and English cemeteries are included, reflecting the tangled relations between the two countries in the 17th and 18th centuries; and there are 19th and 20th century graves as well. The earliest Dutch grave is 1661 and the earliest English one 1762, both in Bimlipatam. There are biographical notes, plans and photographs of numerous tombs with a chronological index. In addition each booklet contains informative lists of sculptors, foreign connections, and occupations including priests and missionaries, surgeons and apothecaries, port and telegraph officers, military and marine, police, railway officers, merchants etc.

BACSA Vizianagram 1988 £6.30 including P. & P. pp.60 Bimlipatam 1988 £7.80 including P. & P. pp.80

Peshawar Cemetery - North West Frontier Province Pakistan Susan Maria Farrington

A Handbook of Peshawar Cemetery, the main cemetery of that city, known locally as the Taikal Payan Cemetery, with details of nearly 900 monumental inscriptions dating from 1849. Also maps, plans, mortality graphs and lists of causes of death, epidemics,

regiments, engravers and photographs held by the author. Here, through stone and marble, a poignant story unfolds - of soldiers who died in tribal affrays on the North West Frontier, their wives and children, civil administration, businessmen, medical staff, clergy - all part of the jigsaw which makes up the Peshawar cantonment cemetery. This unique and comprehensive booklet is illustrated with old postcards and line drawings which capture with much accuracy the atmosphere of this frontier town. Illustrations by Diana Farrington.

BACSA 1988 £9.75 including P. & P. pp.195

Early Cemeteries in Singapore Alan Harfield

This revised and up-dated handbook covers much new ground. The old Fort Canning burial ground is here with complete coverage of all the memorial stones now located at the site and, in addition, the author has traced, through the archives at Singapore, details of persons who were interred in that burial ground but for whom a memorial stone no longer exists. There are also sections on the first European burial ground, on what was Government Hill; the Bukit Timah Road Cemetery; the memorials that were removed from the present day Bidadari Cemetery to the Military Cemetery at Ulu Pandan; the memorials to be found in St Andrew's Cathedral, and in particular the memorials dealing with the Singapore Mutiny of 1915. This comprehensively researched handbook is illustrated with over 150 photographs, plus sketches, maps and plans of various cemeteries, and contains an invaluable 30 page index for researchers and those who wish to trace members of their family who died in Singapore.

BACSA 1988, £16 including P. & P. pp. 400

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS (that will interest readers)

The Anglo-Indian Vision Gloria Jean Moore

One would hope that in this world misunderstanding, ignorance and prejudice could be redressed. This book tries to get the balance right about Anglo-Indians. It narrates their history in India from the days of the East India Company's beginnings in 1600 till 1947 and the Independence of India. The courage and loyalty of the Anglo-Indian through the 1857 up-rising and two World Wars were to avail him little. The realisation was shattering. The core of the problem was one of race, colour, place of birth and parentage. The author could have stated it more clearly than she does. A descendant of an English father and an Indian mother was an Anglo-Indian. He was not English to the English, nor Indian to the Indian. He was half-way a

half-caste, a Eurasian, country born, twelve annas to a rupee (one anna is 1/16 of a rupee). The true Englishman, in India to make a living or even a fortune, deliberately downgraded the Anglo-Indian to the subordinate posts in the hierarchy and carefully reserved the superior grades for the Englishman by birth and race, white and 'pukka'. The Anglo-Indian was given preference in posts in the revenue, judicial, medical, police, customs and excise, posts and telegraphs and the railways. These were the essential services. The 'burra sahib' was cunning. He praised the Anglo-Indian for his loyalty to the Raj and secured the smooth running of the services by the Anglo-Indian during the strikes and political upheavals of the 1930s and 1940s. The numerous feats of courage of the Anglo-Indian throughout are cited again and again in this book. Sadly it was all in vain. The Anglo-Indian was used most cruelly as a pawn.

In August 1947 the Anglo-Indian was forced to make a choice between remaining in India or 'quitting'. Those that stayed and had the education and the qualifications and who integrated themselves fully as Indian nationals as never before, achieved high office. Those without the education or qualifications or economic resources, went to the wall, like the 'poor whites' in the USA. Those that emigrated to Britain or Canada or Australia have prospered. There are examples in plenty in this narrative. It is irritating that there are so many printer's errors in the book. It is a pity the tenth chapter devoted to Anglo-Indian education was not written more carefully and presented coherently. All the facts are there but they could have been marshalled better. Those 'hill schools' were splendid and imparted as good an education as anywhere, thanks to devoted teachers, Baptist, Catholic or Church of England. What has become of the Anglo-Indians? Who cares? This book, however, preserves and presents a record of their achievements. The future historian may read it and the fine bibliography it provides if he wants to delve deeper. (BREL)

via BACSA A.E. Press, Melbourne 1986 £8, postage extra. pp.184

#### Land of Chindits and Rubies May Hearsey

In this autobiography May Hearsey tells the story of her childhood, youth and marriage in Burma, spanning three decades up to the war years of the 1940s. Her mother was a Burmese village girl from Helon, in north Burma, her father an English forest officer. The life in villages and townships is recounted in many anecdotes and episodes, broken up into about 50 short chapters, with pleasingly old-fashioned headings (Up the Irrawaddy, Trip to Taunggyi and Life among the Shans, We are Plagued by Snakes, Happy Existence at this Island Garden of Eden). It is written with no great literary pretensions and the subject matter is almost wholly personal and domestic. But it is

far from mundane or trivial, for we are reading about Burma, which is the least prosaic of countries, where, when you hear a crow cawing sweetly nearby, you can be absolutely certain that good news is coming your way! There is good news and there is bad news; the family suffered grievously from violence and disease and May Hearsey had the experience of having to desert her mother at the time of the Japanese invasion, the bitterness of which never left her. Yet a spirit of acceptance and forgiveness, her twin inheritance of Buddhism and Christianity, permeates the book. It deserves to be read by Burma enthusiasts and anyone with a curiosity about life in a comparatively under-privileged corner of our colonial society. One word of advice: turn a blind eye to some lazy proof-reading! (JW)

Leverston-Allen, 32 Frognall Court, Finchley Road, London NW3 5HG 1982 £4.50 inc. postage pp. 222

#### Women of the Raj Margaret Macmillan

Because the majority of middle and upper class women who went to India were not expected to work, they filled their days in writing long letters home and keeping diaries, often illustrated with water colours. It is from these that authors have begun to examine the part that such women played in maintaining the machinery of the Raj, from the side-lines. It also means that much of the material used has become over-familiar, with repeated extracts from the Eden sisters, Fanny Parkes and other literate ladies. Despite its title it does not embrace the story of all British women in India. Those who did go out to work as teachers, hotel owners, shop-keepers and entertainers, seldom had time to put pen to paper and their lives are only to be found in the records of the East India Company when they applied for travel permits, pensions, or help from the Company when things went wrong. Neither does it mention (except in passing) the wives and mistresses of ordinary British soldiers who led a rough life in the makeshift cantonments where alcohol was the only escape, for both sexes, from the monotony and danger of army life. The book is therefore the story of the memsahibs, usually rather suburban women and how they coped with their exotic surroundings, cushioned by retinues of servants. But the author does have some interesting things to say about this privileged society. She points out that it was essentially a young group of people who ruled India. 'It had few old people because its members came to India to work and retired back to Britain. It had young children but those in their teens were usually off in schools at Home. The result...was "a hard, practical, rather uniform society, uninspired by the imagination of youth nor softened by the sentiment of old age."' Added to the sense of exile, which everyone seemed to suffer from, was a sense of danger, certainly after 1857, that the

whole fragile balancing act of ruling India with a handful of white people might suddenly topple over into disaster.

I found the chapter on 'Unconventional Women' the most interesting. Missionaries, novelists and women who married into Indian families did step outside the bounds of convention, eliciting various degrees of disgust, intolerance and amusement from their country-people. Again, it was often upper-class women who did so, having the confidence to brush aside the 'rules', because they knew them so well. One would like to have learnt more of Miss Angelina Hoare, 'daughter of a well-to-do English family, who "slaved among the natives in the paddy-fields, almost as one of themselves, wearing a sari, and tramping up to her knees through the marshy rice-fields."' The story ended suddenly in 1947, before the boats carrying the memsahibs and their husbands reached England. 'Up to the Suez Canal, the old social hierarchy still held. Burra memsahibs could still make lesser women shake in their shoes. It was at Port Said...that the changes started'. By the time the liners docked in England the order of rank had been smoothed over as if by a giant egalitarian iron and 'men and women who had been great figures in India were now jostled aside and put, a final indignity, into second and third class railway carriages'. It was an ignominious end for women who had carried the burden of supporting the Raj. (RLJ)

Thames & Hudson 1988 £12.95 pp. 256.

#### The Raj Landscape Jagmohan Mahajan

This is the first major book in which an Indian author has examined the work of European artists in his own country. The arrival of painters like the Daniells, William Hodges and Henry Salt in the late 18th and early 19th century, which was inspired both by stories of exotic landscapes, picturesque ruins and the lure of money to be made by commissions from Indian princes, was important for two reasons. Firstly it gave substance to the verbal and written descriptions brought back to the West by early traders and Company officials, and secondly, perhaps more importantly it showed Indians something of their own country for the first time. Despite a flourishing school of Indian painting, ranging from exquisite Mughal miniatures to 'country' paintings, there was no tradition of landscape works, other than as backdrops to courtly or peasant life. Those who could not travel to see for themselves the Taj Mahal or the rock caves of Elephanta simply had no idea what they looked like. In the century before photography brought natural and man-made wonders to the majority of people, it was the views of European artists who first revealed the richness of the Indian scene. The book examines illustrations of seven major cities, including Varanasi and Agra, as well as Simla, from the European perspective. Many of the artists noted were amateurs,

often Company officials or soldiers who found time to record their surroundings, while off duty. Very few women artists are recorded, Honoria Lawrence, a gifted amateur only rates a mention, but the book is a good compendium of all major Europeans working between the 1770s to the 1870s. Edward Lear, one of the last artists noted was enchanted by the ghats of Benares and declared that 'Nothing short of a moving opera scene, can give any idea of the intense and wonderful colour and detail. And nothing is more impossible than to represent them by the pencil'. Nevertheless his own spirited drawings are full of interest. The text relies heavily on written descriptions of the scenes illustrated, and the author backs them up with his own comments. Here it becomes obvious that he himself is not an artist and too often he falls back on over-used clichés, like 'charming' or 'delightful' to describe pictures that would have benefitted from a more critical appraisal. He has not been well served by the printers either, who have managed to imbue the sun-lit scenes with a peculiar shade of green in most plates. But the book is a valuable work of reference and a major achievement in bringing again to Indian eyes their own country, seen by Western artists. (RLJ)

Spantech Publishers, Spantech House, Lagham Road, South Godstone, Surrey 1988 £23.00 including P. & P. pp. 150

The R.S. Surtees Society continues with its good work of publishing facsimile editions of Kipling's stories, first issued in the Indian Railway Library series exactly a hundred years ago. Four books have already been issued: Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White and Under the Deodars and the Society hope to reprint The Phantom Rickshaw and Wee Willie Winkie this autumn. Full details of prices, etc, from The Secretary, R.S. Surtees Society, Rockfield House, Nunney, Nr Frome, Somerset.

My dear Walter R.W. Morland-Hughes

Subtitled 'Observations of a Gurkha Officer 1937-43' this little book reproduces in colour the author's letters to his younger brother, Walter. After his first Home Leave, Morland-Hughes travelled back to India via Canada, Japan, China and Burma. His letters are not long, only a page each, in his curiously child-like hand and all delightfully illustrated. But they have an added poignancy when one learns that he suffered from dyslexia, then an undiagnosed reading difficulty. He struggled successfully to overcome this handicap, passing the Army First Class Certificate of Education examination and entering Sandhurst at 18, where he finished with honours. To bring himself to the highest possible standard he rose daily at 4.00am to study. His promising career

was brought to an untimely end by his death in action in Italy, aged only 33. He had already been awarded the MC for personal courage in an earlier incident. At his best, his letters have the inspired lunacy (and a particularly English one at that) of Edward Lear or Sellars & Yeatman of 1066 and All That fame. The Burmese, he explains 'seem to be divided into tribes according to their chins. There are Chins, Kachins, Knochins and Tuchins (or double chins) ... and the loyal toast of "chin chin" will always be drunk where ever Burmese forgather'. Proceeds of the sale of the book go to the Gurkha Welfare Trusts, an idea that would have pleased the author.

Quiller Press 1987 £6.95 pp. 60

Monumental Inscriptions in the Library of the Society of Genealogists Part II Northern England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Overseas Ed. Lydia Collins & Mabel Morton 1987

This catalogue, issued late last year, covers material acquired by the Society's Library up to early 1987. The Introduction explains that the aim of the work is to indicate to those undertaking research the existence of some kind of copy, however incomplete. The record is briefly listed under towns (parishes) and counties with a separate Overseas section including Hong Kong, India, Malaysia and Sumatra. At £2.40, by post £2.75, from The Society of Genealogists, 14 Charterhouse Buildings, London EC1M 7BA, it is an invaluable where-to-look aid and should have much interest for BACSA members in pursuit of early memorial inscriptions. (EdeB)

Coromandel by BACSA author Pat Barr, is her first novel set in India. Published by Hamish Hamilton this Autumn it costs £11.95. Unfortunately it arrived too late for this issue of Chowkidar, but a preliminary 'dip in' makes one eager to read on. It will be fully reviewed in our next number.



