



CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR CEMETERIES IN SOUTH ASIA (BACSA)

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AIMS OF BACSA

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 1,450 drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc.; the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections; and many other projects for the preservation of historical and architectural monuments in South Asia.

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

EDITOR: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones 135 Burntwood Lane, London SW17 0AJ

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Family Stories

Few people are so incurious that they do not wish to know about their immediate ancestors. If family histories can be enlivened with old letters, sepia photographs and battered diaries, then so much the better. BACSA members Mr. and Mrs. C.F. Brooke-Smith are very lucky in that they have all three and have admirably decided to put them together to tell the story of Henry Prescott Roberts and his wife Ellen Thompson, the grandparents of Mrs. Brooke-Smith. Ellen was born in 1855 in India, daughter of Captain (later General) Charles Thompson, serving with the 9th Native Infantry. Her mother (nee Minter) died when Ellen was only nine years old. After an education at Longparish in Hampshire, she returned to India to look after her widowed father. She was twenty-one when Henry Roberts began courting her at Baroda, and the couple married in October 1877. Henry was born in 1846 in Cheshire and studied to become a surgeon at the Royal College, being appointed to the Indian Medical Service in 1869. The particular interest is in the long diaries that the two kept, Henry's detailing his first voyage out (as a 'griffin', a newcomer) and Ellen's the trivial, but fascinating round of a young memsahib. Henry was indeed very green, and had an unpleasant sea journey to India, most entertainment being provided, it seems, by the cockroaches on board which he and his friends would lob over a screen on the quarterdeck 'amongst the ladies and hearing them scream and scuffle'. Arriving in Bombay he put up at an hotel in Byculla, run by Mr. Pallonji and was allotted to the bachelors' quarters, where Englishmen were 'all lying back in long easy chairs with their feet well up in the air in long cotton pants and jerseys'. After six weeks Henry was ordered up to Mehidpur, 60 miles from Indore, a journey he began in a 'civilised railway coach' and ended 'creeping behind a bullock cart which could hardly get along over the roughest of roads'. But once settled in, he writes lyrically about early morning rides in the cold weather through thick jungle, or cotton fields, under a cloudless sky with the rising sun dispersing the mists.

Ellen enjoyed riding too, but was really a lawn tennis enthusiast, usually getting a game in every day to keep herself 'in trim'. There were plenty of dances and dinners among the Europeans and occasional visits to wealthy Indians, like the meal she attended given by Sir Madara Rao at the Muchapoora Palace, where the Gaekwar of Baroda was present. 'Sir M. Rao made a very good speech. Mr Melville's [the Resident] was very poor. After dinner we went upstairs and had dancing, the 9th band playing.' During a visit to Bombay Ellen had her photograph taken at Bourne & Sheppards but 'the day being cloudy the photos were not successful' and she had to resit the following day. She visited the Fort, Crawford Market, went to watch polo, had a drive by the sea and on Sunday a walk in Victoria Gardens, before going to church. Both diaries reveal the hardships as well as the pleasures of living in India during the heyday of the Empire. There are cobras lying in wait, smallpox and cholera in the lines and telegrams bringing news of sudden

postings to the other end of India. What strikes the reader today is the attitude to Indians, as though they were very rarely encountered, and when they were, they 'disgusted' Henry, while Ellen prattles on artlessly about 'one of the Rewa Khanta Rajahs [who] played lawn tennis very well and spoke English perfectly. It seemed so strange to see a native joining in our fun and appreciating it'. But it is because these writings are so honest, with all their gossip and prejudices that they are a valuable record of late 19th century India, and we look forward to receiving further chapters in due course. (See photo on p.10)

The Brooke-Smiths have been working from writings, but another BACSA member, Michael Satow has a living record of life in 19th century China in his mother, who is 98 years old, being born in Foochow in 1893. Recently he got her to write something of the first years of her life there, before Hong Kong was leased to the British. Her memory (as well as her handwriting, of which he sent a sample) is impeccable. Evelyn Satow reminds us that the then Chinese Government, under the old Dowager Empress, had agreed to certain ports being open to the west for trade purposes, among them Canton, Hong Kong, Foochow and Shanghai. Mrs. Satow's father was engaged in the tea trade and she remembers being weighed on the tea scales and the wonderful smell of his office, behind their house in Foochow. The Chinese servants wore the traditional dress of long trousers and jackets, fastened across the front, with loose sleeves. The men all wore pigtailed and small shiny hats with a red 'button' on top. Her ayah wore the same costume, but with her glossy hair in a bun stuck with three long silver pins. The house was built of granite, with wide verandahs covered with bamboo blinds. Baths were taken in 'huge earthenware tubs' and earth closets were used which were emptied daily by the 'bucket lady'. The kitchen was in a separate building, as were the coolies' quarters, the office and the wash-house, which was in continuous use as everyone changed their clothes two or three times a day. The whole compound was walled, with a big gatehouse.

About eight miles from Foochow was the mountain resort of Kuliang, where the family would stay during the summer in a bungalow called 'The Tuft', built on a flat site. In spite of a large thick wall around it, one particular typhoon caused a six foot hole in the bungalow wall and 'of course, the roof leaked, and it meant buckets and basins everywhere.' While at Kuliang, the Kucheng Massacre of 1895 took place nearby. (See Chowkidar Autumn 1985.) Evelyn Satow's mother believed her family were spared 'because she had given first-aid to several people who had been mauled by tigers' but she always slept with a revolver under her pillow. The Foochow consul, Mr. Carles, had been caught up in the Boxer Rising when he was posted to Tientsin, and had to take shelter in the cellar of his house, his five children sleeping in drawers from a chest. Like many Europeans, he took a keen interest in nature and the shrub *viburnum carlesii*, which he found up the river Min, was named after him at Kew. Junks used to come down to the coast to trade, built in

the traditional fashion with a high stern, and steered with a long oar. The bow flared out and had an eye painted on it so the boat could 'see'. The sail was made with enormous bamboo battens through it. The Treaty Ports, as they were called, were isolated from each other, and when visiting Amoy, a hundred miles south, the servants who accompanied the family could not understand the local dialect, so 'pidgin English' was used to communicate. Mrs. Satow's memories paint a vivid picture of a vanished world, and we are grateful that she has shared them with us.

Mail Box

While BACSA thrives on reports from recent travellers of European cemeteries in South Asia, it is instructive to remember that people have been describing them for over two centuries. 'Anglo-Indian' writers like Rudyard Kipling and Flora Annie Steele found graveyards particularly evocative places on which to hang a tale, while 18th century authors drew the appropriate moral from them. A hitherto unnoticed description of a cemetery comes from a novel written by Mrs. B.M. Croker in 1913 entitled 'In Old Madras'. In it, Mr. Mallender sets out to explore the 'parade ground, the old horse lines, and a vast walled enclosure, which proved to be the cemetery. Is anything in the world more forsaken, and forgotten, than an up-country burial place in India, where rest unremembered, and unknown, the unconscious builders of Empire? Here, the explorer aimlessly wandered, among flat gravestones, huge tombs of various forms, and sizes, pyramidal, bomb-shaped, or square, all of either stucco, or red sandstone, and all gradually crumbling, in the fierce tropical sun. Mallender was impressed by two facts; the dimensions of this well-peopled enclosure, in comparison to the size of the cantonment, and the perfect order in which it was maintained. The walks were weedless, the inscriptions legible and undefaced. Who, in this dead station, undertook "Le culte des morts?" Another remarkable fact was the youth of the departed! Scarcely one of these had seen thirty years. Many headstones bore no names; but a gigantic red tomb, recorded the intelligence that seventy-eight of the men, and non-commissioned officers of the Green Dragon [sic] Regiment, who died of cholera were there interred. The stranger paused, and read on a slab: "Sacred to the memory of Geoffrey Hailes of the 30th Regt. M.N.S. wantonly shot by a Sepoy of his company on the 5th Dec. 1831, aged twenty-seven years". Near by lay "the mortal remains of Alidora Pegler, who died August the 9th 1785, aged twenty-one years". Not far from Alidora, was the grave of "Dorothea Summers, a dutiful daughter, a loving wife, and a happy mother, but departed this life, one day after the birth of her son, May 22nd 1796, aged nineteen years". The poor girl had not been granted much time, to realise the happiness of motherhood'.

The description of the cemetery continues in great detail, mentioning the graves of Richard Horsley, Charlotte Travers and Robert Gordon, Surgeon. Our correspondent, Margaret Tait, who sent in the extract adds 'I don't know whether Mrs.

Crocker went to the trouble of making it all up, or whether she actually copied grave inscriptions in some old cemetery, but they seem to have a certain ring of truth about them'. They do indeed, and it would be fascinating to identify this cantonment cemetery, somewhere 'up-country', in an area of red sandstone.

Another description, this time of Calcutta's Park Street cemeteries comes from a letter published in 'The Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter', the scholar. The 'burial ground is situated on the borderland between the English and the native quarters... You first pass the old cemetery on the left hand. Great trees surround this city of the dead. No more burials are allowed in it; the ground has received its prey, and now lies gorged and pestilential beneath the thick dank foliage, as silent and deserted as Pompeii under its fifty feet of ashes. A hundred yards further on you come to the gate of the new cemetery on the right hand of the road. Nothing becomes old sooner than a graveyard... the new cemetery which is now filled nearly to the surface with dead men. We passed along one walk after another, the tombs lying closely on both sides, not a single space or interval left for a newcomer. The marble slabs already streaked and discoloured with the rains, the brick and terracotta graves already crumbling to pieces; the soil so neatly kept, but so little of it now left for flowers, everything in that state of trim desolation which is the proper thing in "new cemeteries"'. Our thanks to W. Homer for bringing this letter to our attention.

And what of the funerals themselves? From a new member Mr R.M. Lyons comes a description of a burial at St. Andrew's Church, Poona in June 1887. Major John Lyons (his grandfather), late of the 2nd and 3rd Bombay European Regiments, had been bitten in the leg by a tiger, while out shooting. He was taken to the Sassoon Hospital, which had been endowed by a member of that philanthropic Jewish family settled in Bombay. At first the wound seemed to heal well but on the morning of Friday 17th June he was found almost unconscious and unable to recognise his family who were quickly sent for. He expired that night and the funeral party started from the hospital at 5.00 pm the next day. By chance, Major Lyons' old regiment was stationed at Poona at the time, under its new name of the 2nd Battalion the Durham Light Infantry, and the Commanding Officer detailed the band to play 'a solemn funeral march'. The procession was headed by the undertaker, followed by the hearse with its 'massive coffin richly ornamented with brass work' and 70 carriages bearing relatives and friends. Draped with the Union Jack it was carried to the newly dug grave in the north west corner of the cemetery surrounding the church. The funeral service was conducted by the Presbyterian Chaplain, the Rev. Henderson. 'The whole of the arrangements of the funeral were carried out by Messrs G.B. Brown in their usual finished style' and the simple inscription on the coffin was 'a plain and fitting record of the end of a genial, plucky, fine fellow of the old school'. Perhaps the tomb still exists in Poona today?

Two up-to-date reports on cemeteries at the furthest ends of BACSA's remit have come in recently. The first, a touching story from the Gulf Daily News, follows on from work done tidying up the Bahrain cemetery, which was reported in Chowkidar Autumn 1990. Kevin Patience, who helped organise the clear-up was subsequently contacted by a British woman, who wished to remain anonymous. She requested that flowers be placed on the Bahrain grave of her fiancé Flying Officer Richard Austin Gaiger, who was killed on 22 November 1961 when his Hunter aircraft developed mechanical trouble and crashed over Qatar. A member of the Royal Society of St. George who took part in the clear-up, was happy to place a wreath on the grave, to mark a 'love that never died'.

From Chiang Mai in Thailand comes a note on the Foreign Cemetery there sent in by Major Roy Hudson, present Chairman of the Local Committee which has joined BACSA as an Associate Member. The cemetery was established in 1898, when the then British Consul, Mr. W.R.W. Beckett approached the local authorities on behalf of the American missionaries and British teakwallahs to ask for land. A Deed of Gift was granted by King Chulalongkorn, on the condition that Mr. Beckett would look after the cemetery. Nearly a hundred years later, a successful appeal for funds (to which BACSA subscribed) means that the Local Committee can employ a full time caretaker/gardener, whose salary is paid from the interest on the net amount collected. For those who wish to know more of the 76 people buried or commemorated there, the booklet 'De Mortuis: the Story of the Chiang Mai Foreign Cemetery' by Major Richard Wood MC, is recommended, price £1.50, plus 30 pence postage, from BACSA Secretary.

A query from A.R. Allen in the last Chowkidar about Britons or Anglo-Indian men, who fought with the mutineers in 1857, brought a lively and learned response from Peter Stanley of the Australian National Military Museum. Entitled 'Sheik Abdulla, or the reluctant renegade', it pieces together the story of a Sergeant Major Robert Gordon of the 28th Bengal Native Infantry, a Scot from Galloway. Gordon had been a cabinet maker before enlisting in the Company's artillery, in Liverpool in July 1837. There are still gaps in the story, but it seems that Gordon was captured by Major Hodson after Delhi fell to the British, and that he was dressed 'like a sepoy' and calling himself Sheik Abdulla. He had been fighting with the mutineers and because his British captors considered hanging was too good for such a traitor, he was going to be blown from a cannon, an extreme penalty for Indian mutineers. Somehow, Gordon talked his way out, claiming that he had joined the mutineers under threat of death, that he was strictly guarded at all times and had fled to the British for fear of Indian retribution. The story is not yet complete and it is possible that BACSA members may uncover fresh evidence. Meanwhile, Mr. Stanley puts in a plea for specific information on European troops of the East India Company involved in the 'white mutiny' of 1858-59. He is writing a 'military social history which will try to penetrate the hidden world of the barrack-room and the officers'

mess, and will draw extensively on diaries, letters and memoirs, particularly by "other ranks" of the Company's force.' He is looking particularly at Bengal, Madras and Bombay in the period 1824-61 and can be reached at the Australian War Memorial, GPO Box 345, Canberra, ACT 2601, Australia. Please do not send original material, but descriptions in the first instance.

From Dennis Castle of Twickenham comes a reminder of old Simla and in particular, the Gaiety Theatre. Recently restored by INTACH, one hopes that it is again the venue for performances that will entertain a new generation. From 1942, General Headquarters, Simla used the Theatre to produce five revue shows to entertain troops undergoing training. Professional actors arrived for auditions, together with military bandmen and actors already called into service. GHQ named their company 'The ACES Show' and the first two revues were produced by Mrs. Peggy Creswell, wife of an Indian Army major, and herself an accomplished actress. After each run, the company would then set off on tour, playing in camps, barracks and hospitals. Dennis Castle, then a Captain, produced the third revue called 'Going Places' which included the Russian Rudenko family who specialised in juggling and dancing. By early 1944 ENSA had arrived from England and began to play professionally at the Gaiety, although the Simla Amateur Dramatic Society also continued to produce plays. Later, Major Castle worked with Colonel Jack Hawkins (who was to become a much loved film-star), in running ENSA until 1946. One of his duties was to send players up country from Bombay and Calcutta, including stars like John Gielgud, Jack Hawkins, Noel Coward and Vera Lynn. When Coward played at the Regal Cinema in Delhi, tickets cost Rs. 30 and the Viceroy attended. But for Major Castle, nothing matched the pleasure that he got from producing his own show 'Going Places' at the Gaiety. After the war it was produced for BBC television at Alexandra Palace 'the first ever programme to have started in the Gaiety, Simla...it was a little memory of that theatre's fame'. Dennis Castle subsequently became a novelist, writing mainly about India, and produced one of the Editor's favourite books 'Run out the Raj' reprinted in 1986 by Constable.

More on Kaisar-i-Hind

An appeal for information about recipients of the Kaisar-i-Hind award brought in a flood of letters from readers, the greatest number of answers so far received to a single query. Twenty-five letters were sent in, twenty-three of them from BACSA members, often very detailed and informative. Useful information came in from Major Alan Harfield who enclosed a short article from 'The Journal of the Orders and Medals Research Society' Autumn 1986 which gave the history of the decoration, founded in 1900. Two medals were originally issued, First Class in gold and Second Class in silver. These were later joined in 1933 by Third Class in bronze. Major Harfield also sent in Lists of 1915 and 1925 published by the India

Office showing the recipients in alphabetical order, though not with their citations. If these India Office Lists were published until 1948, then there will be a complete record of all holders. Looking at the names, it seems that the majority of First Class medals were awarded to men, Second Class roughly 70 per cent to men and 30 per cent to women, and Third Class, mainly to women. Colonel MacFetridge sent a copy of the Royal Warrant of 1900 instituting the award which could be given 'without distinction of race, occupation, position, or sex' to those who distinguished themselves 'by important and useful service in the advancement of the public interest in India.' The Warrant clearly shows that the correct spelling should be 'KAISAR' with two 'A's' so we have amended our heading accordingly.

A breakdown of BACSA letters shows that of the eighteen medals awarded to members, relatives or friends, sixteen were to women and only two to men. (This may well say something about the longevity of memsahibs!) One member, Joan Lacey, got two medals, the first, a bronze in 1937/38 for work in women's hospitals and the second, a silver in 1943/44 for work in army hospitals. The earliest award noted was in 1918 to Lady Constance Frazer for war work. It was natural that women should be concerned with bettering the lot of their Indian sisters, and the majority of awards are for work in zenana hospitals, orphanages, welfare work, female education, Girl Guides, and social services. Three awards were given to mark relief work after the terrible Quetta earthquake of 1935. During the 1940s women carried out vital war work in army hospitals, raising funds for troops and running canteens for them. The two male recipients noted both received their medals for famine relief work before the second World War.

It would be invidious to single out particular recipients, so we print here alphabetically the names sent in by BACSA members. All letters will now be placed in the BACSA Archives as a valuable, detailed record of those who received the Kaisar-i-Hind medal.

Audrey Chitty 1929; Lady Olive Crofton 1942; Esme Dew 1921; Lady Constance Frazer 1918; Lady Sheila Frazer 1943; Mrs. Muriel Gill 1947; Mrs. Phyllis Humphreys 1946; Antonia Hutchinson 1947; Gwendolen Keene c. 1935; Joan Lacey 1937/38 and 1943/44; Alison (Daisy) Macbeth 1937; Mr R. H. T Mackenzie 1939; Margaret Martyn 1944; Margaret Mary-Crick c. 1920; Lady Sarah Mudie 1941/42; Mildred Prager 1937; Rev. F. D. D. Roberts c. 1921; Mrs. Olive Trevelyan c. 1935; Francis Stewart Robertson c. 1945.

Can You Help?

Not all the queries that BACSA receives find their way into the pages of Chowkidar. As our knowledge of British burial places abroad expands, so too do the number of experts that can be called upon to answer specific requests for information. Increasingly letters with queries can be passed to BACSA members

who have special knowledge of cemeteries in South Asia and who can often supply detailed answers. One such query came in on 4th February this year and by 11th February a reply was on its way from a member in America! BACSA cannot always promise such speed, but all queries are carefully considered and any answers passed to enquirers with a scale of fees and expenses if appropriate. David Mander from Milton Keynes was hoping to trace the last resting place of an ancestor, Colour Sergeant Amos Saving who served in the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Regiment. He was thought to have died during the second Afghan War in 1881 at Kandahar, and interestingly Mr. Mander had been directed to BACSA by the Ministry of Defence. His letter was forwarded to our Afghan expert, Dr. William Trousdale, currently in California, who is compiling a list of all Britons who served in Afghanistan between 1878-1881. He estimates that he will eventually have 70,000 names and was able to tell us that Amos Saving did indeed die at Kandahar on 24 January 1881, probably of dysentery or pneumonia. Kandahar was still occupied by the British after the end of the war from September 1880 to the following April. Amos Saving was buried in the principal European cemetery there, beyond the north wall of the city. The cemetery is extant although its monuments have long since disappeared. But a photograph taken in March 1881, now in the National Army Museum, clearly shows a pyramidal monument to the dead of the 11th Regt. with Amos Saving's name picked out in black on the white plaster which covered this brick shrine. 'The names could hardly have survived more than two rainy seasons, and the monument itself not much longer, if it was not destroyed by the Afghans who re-occupied the city' writes Dr. Trousdale, so Mr. Mander is doubly fortunate in having his query answered and backed up with visual evidence too.

Two more queries posed recently have also been answered. The naturalist Gerald Durrell enquired in the Times Literary Supplement for English nursery rhymes translated into Hindi for a proposed book. We were able to refer him to the article in Chowkidar Spring 1990 where this subject was extensively examined, and to put him in touch with a fellow Channel Islander enthusiast, BACSA member Simon Digby.

Two members were able to answer the last Chowkidar's question 'Who was the Ballard of Ballard Pier in Bombay?' Foy Nissen tells us that General John Ballard of the Royal Engineers became Master of the Bombay Mint in 1861 and the first Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust in 1873. The Ballard Estate was developed on land reclaimed by the Trust before the first World War and became a showpiece of integrated urban planning, and the first new business district of south Bombay. New member Mike Lyons writes that his father Paul served with the Bombay Port Trust for twenty-one years and that the Trust consisted of nine people, three of whom were Government officials. Although the pier is now officially re-named Indira Dock, the name of Ballard still survives to this day.

Mary Ann Steggles is writing a dissertation on British works of sculpture, both funerary and commemorative, sent to India between the years 1790 and 1858. She is particularly interested in drawings or photographs of the Cornwallis monuments in Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Ghazipur and Penang, as well as the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro on the island in Madras. Information on the removal of British sculpture from one site to another would also be appreciated. For example, the statue in Kanpur to Queen Victoria has recently been moved. Does anyone know where it has gone? Please write to 33 Gorse Road, Grantham, Lincs NG31 9LH.

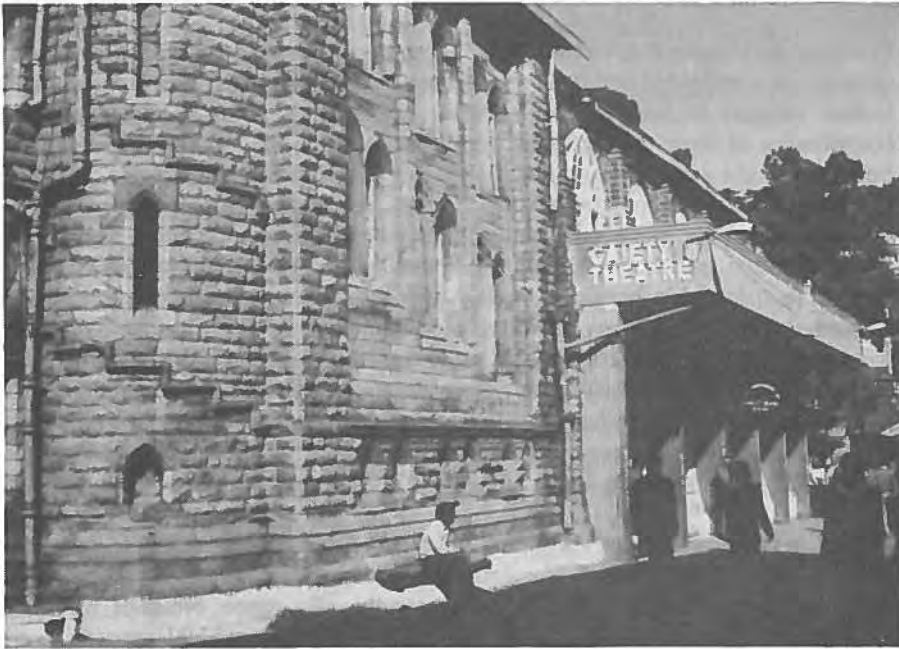
E.J. Boys is a member of the Orders and Medals Research Society and has been engaged 'for a lifetime' on the lives of men who served in the Crimean War and took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Many of the survivors of the Charge subsequently served in India, some dying during the 1857 uprising. Mr. Boys is particularly interested in Lieut. Colonel William Morris of the 17th Lancers who died 11 July 1858 and was buried in Manowrie Cemetery (old part), Poona and Captain James W. Lay of the 4th Hussars who died at Rawalpindi on 16 December 1867 and is said to have been buried in the family vault of the Rose family (which he married into) at Meerut. Information, or better still, photographs of the tombs/memorials should be sent to 17 Chesham Court, Trinity Road, London SW18 3SJ.

Professor Ken Inglis is a Visiting Fellow from the Australian National University, currently at Cambridge and he is researching the interesting topic of memorials in Indian villages to Indian soldiers who served in the first World War. The contribution of these soldiers who were transported to the muddy battlefields of Europe to fight a hitherto unknown enemy is incalculable and Britain's debt to them is not always acknowledged. Professor Inglis' study is therefore one of value not only for us, but more importantly for India too. Though the subject is strictly speaking outside BACSA's range, Chowkidar did record in 1986 two such memorials at Jangal in Himachal Pradesh and Rudmuli in Agra District. It has been suggested that the PWD may have erected such memorials. It is more probable that the memorials were paid for by local villagers, who had been inspired perhaps by the obelisks found in most English villages after the war, and that the local PWD assisted in their construction. Professor Inglis is also interested in learning which Regiments the men of Jangal and Rudmuli joined. Any information and photographs please to Professor Inglis at St. John's College, Cambridge CB2 1TP.

Finally, a query which we know will have BACSA members reaching for their pens. Douglas Zinn of North Carolina, U.S.A. is researching on British tropical headgear from 1800-1950 and in particular the sola topee. He tells us he is particularly interested in its 'social, physical and philosophical aspects, both civilian and military' and would appreciate any comments or suggestions. The



Photograph probably taken at Baroda about 1870. Ellen Thompson is seated third from left; Henry Roberts on floor, first left. (See p. 2)



The newly restored Gaiety Theatre. (See p. 6)



'Calcutta' Treasure Hunt prize draw at the Secretary's home in September 1990 with the organisers, BACSA members and Aurelius Khan, the President of APHCI, Calcutta

invaluable Hobson-Jobson tells us that 'sola' is the name of the plant from which pith was extracted (hence the other name of 'pith helmet') but from obvious association it is often referred to as a 'solar topee' - something to keep the sun off one's head. (Interestingly hats made of elder pith were used in Europe in the early 16th century.) By coincidence, a learned article by BACSA member Alan Harfield has recently appeared in 'The Military Historical Society' journal, looking specifically at sola topee embellishments of the Royal Signal Corps from 1920 to 1939. He also illustrates a black tin 'topee' box, with a domed lid and the owner's name painted on it in white. But there is obviously a whole book to be written on the subject, from the purchase of topees at Simon Artz's shop in Port Said, to their casting into the sea on the last journey home. It was not until as late as the second World War that Britons abandoned the habit of wearing topees, when they saw that American soldiers then in India were not instantly struck dead when going bare-headed. So please put your thinking caps on and let BACSA Secretary have your letters!

Books By BACSA Authors

The Sun in the Morning M.M. Kaye

Mollie Kaye is one of the last survivors of a generation who were born in India when the British Empire was at its height. It did indeed seem, at the turn of the century, that the sun would not set for thousands who lived and worked in the sub-continent. But set it did, leaving a permanent sense of exile among those who had lived through its golden days of high summer. The story of childhood in the Raj has not been better told than in this absorbing book. Kaye has the gift of absolute recall and perfect memory. For years she thought everyone shared this faculty ('a private video in the brain'). When she found they did not, she realised it was time to record her own, sun filled life. Born in Simla in 1908, her father Sir Cecil Kaye (nicknamed Tacklow) had been posted to the 21st Punjabis but when his skill in cyphering was discovered entered the Intelligence Department, retiring as the Director of the Central Intelligence Bureau. The Kaye family, mother Daisy, sister Bets, brother Bill and young Mollie, commuted between Simla and Delhi as the seasons changed. Perversely she loved Delhi more, but then it was not the capital city of today. It is almost impossible to realise that old Delhi's population before World War One numbered only 208,000 souls. Memories of the 1857 uprising were still vivid among elderly people, like the sadhu who had seen the white clouds of dust kicked up by the rebel sepoy riding in from Meerut and had heard the magazine blown up. The contrast between Simla, golden in a haze of pollen from the wild cosmos, and bleak, sooty post World War One Britain was a horrible shock when the author was sent 'Home' to school. How could it be home, she protested, when she had lived all her short life in India? Only because we are told

Kaye did return to the enchanted land can one bear to read on. There are so many good things in this book, her laconic, dry humour, her powers of recreation and her total honesty with the ugly as well as the beautiful. Thank goodness there are two more volumes to come! (RLJ)

Viking Penguin 1990 £16.99 plus p&p pp 454 Illustrated

The Stars Still Shine Evelyn Hart

When the heroine of this novel, Camille Winter sets out for Europe on the Trans-Siberian railway in the Spring of 1909, it is the start of an unusual journey by an unconventional young woman. Her father, James, is a British businessman living in Wei-chu on the north China coast and her mother, the indomitable Louise, daughter of American missionaries. Camille's fine soprano voice is trained in Paris and wins her many admirers, including the future Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and his entourage, especially the fickle Count von Bruning, who lets her down badly. There are naturally, many more romantic encounters, both in Europe and China, but Camille finally settles for the rather unsatisfactory Lieutenant Richardson. This is not, however, merely a love story, but a fascinating account of life at the end of the Manchu dynasty, when Chinese society was breaking up, scoured by the dreadful epidemic of plague in 1911 and later by devastating earthquakes. The suffering of the Chinese, both low and high born, during the war torn years forms a poignant counterpart to Camille's operatic and emotional triumphs. Many of the incidents are based on real events, handed down in the author's family. (Both her grandparents lived in the Far East.) Like all good storytellers, she has a twist at the end that leaves the reader regretting the last page has been reached. Warmly recommended.(RLJ)

Century 1990 £13.99 plus p&p

A View From Within Christopher Blake

The book's main theme is the decline and fall of the Empire - in this case the British Empire. The story is essentially autobiographical and commences with a war-time journey by troopship to India and service in that vast country with an interesting account of service with the Dogra Regiment. It then moves to Malaysia, as it is now called, and, joining the Malayan Civil Service, Christopher Blake served until June 1958 when he retired and returned to England. He was there during the grim war against Chinese communist insurgents. The years following the liberation from the Japanese were extremely difficult, with frequent terrorist ambushes and the need by the 'authorities' to rehouse many people in 'new villages'. The author gives a graphic account of the life of a European serving and living in the country during the turbulent years. He covers the ambush and murder of Sir Henry Gurney, the High Commissioner, and explains the problems encountered with the food denial operation which was part of the campaign to drive the terrorists out of the

jungle. There is a brief mention of Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer who was brought to Malaya by Churchill after the murder of Gurney, and who is generally credited with success against the terrorists. The author admits that he only met Templer on one occasion, although it is obvious that Templer's campaign had a profound effect on the administration of the country during his term of office. It is an interesting story, written in a manner that holds the reader's attention and contains many interesting facts that are not generally included in other histories written on this turbulent period. The book has sixty illustrations and, whilst it is appreciated that there is always a need to keep costs low in such publications, many would have benefitted by having been given a full page spread. There is also an interesting postscript to the book in which Chin Peng OBE, the longest serving guerilla leader, emerged for the first time since 1955 formally to sign an agreement in 1989 which officially ended the Malaysian campaign. Chin Peng had from time to time been reported as having died but was very much still alive. There is a similarity between this story and that of Mat Kilau who had fought the British during the Pahang War of 1891-1895, who came out of 'hiding' and was officially 'recognised' by the Pahang Government and given a State pension and later, after his death, his family was provided with a free house by the state. (AH)

Mendip Publishing, High Street, Castle Cary, Somerset BA7 7AN is available at £10.00 plus postage £1.50.

The History of the La Bouchardiere Family 1700-1986 Basil La Bouchardiere

A labour of love is the only way to describe this family history, that has taken the author 40 years to produce, for he began his research in 1950. In a brief introduction he explains how he has been able to produce 27 pages of family trees and he brings the story up to date by listing 38 present day members of the La Bouchardiere family. Many are in Britain, though there are still a few in Coimbatore, witnesses to the long and intimate connection of the family with India. Anyone who knows Basil La Bouchardiere's work as the untiring indexer of Chowkidar, will appreciate this meticulously researched work. Of interest to genealogists, and indeed anyone who enjoys knowing 'what happened to people'. The booklet is not for sale, but those interested may approach the BACSA Secretary.

Rudyard Kipling - The Complete Verse Introduction by M. M. Kaye

A well produced volume which saves the reader darting about between 'Selections' of Kipling, for everything is here, plus a good index. Mollie Kaye's introduction is illuminating and (a plus point) the print is a decent size too for such a comprehensive book.

Kyle Cathie Ltd. Publishers, 3 Vincent Square, London SW1P 2LX. 1990 £18.99 hardback, £9.99 paperback plus p&p

The Pleasures of Reading Percival Griffiths

Not an 'Indian' book, but a lucid series of essays on over sixty famous writers, by a BACSA member. Ranging from Greek literature, through Bunyan, Marx, Goethe and Einstein, to name but a few, the author aims to encourage and help readers through the entertaining wealth of literature. An excellent bedside book.

1990 £12.00 but a reduced price of £10.00 to BACSA members, plus £1.35 postage from BACSA Secretary. pp 391

Apples in the Snow - a Journey to Samarkand Geoffrey Moorhouse

Two years ago the distinguished travel writer took advantage of a relaxation in Russian bureaucracy to travel through the Central Asian steppes, a journey that took him along part of the old Silk Road and through cities like Merv, Bukhara and Samarkand that had been independent khanates until their conquest by Russia in the late 19th century. Even today, after nearly a century of Russian rule, Moorhouse finds that each town he saw still strongly maintains its own identity. But what they all have in common is a memory of the dreadful devastation wrought by the Mongol conquerors, led by Genghis Khan and his descendant Tamerlane. Page after page relates the horrors of the invasion, the bloodshed and wanton demolition of some of Asia's finest buildings. This is not, however, a history book. The author moves effortlessly between the past and present. He witnesses the massive withdrawal of Russian troops from Afghanistan, later talking to some of the homecoming soldiers and he speculates on the changes that the brief flowering of perestroika might bring to the USSR. There are lighter moments too, like the time he was asked to judge a beauty contest in Kazakhstan, where he acquitted himself admirably by choosing the most popular contestant. He permits himself flights of fancy when contemplating the thousands of statues of Lenin throughout Russia. Could he possibly have posed for them all? And what would happen to the international metals market if, in the future, they were to be sold as scrap? Moorhouse's prose is as rich and intricate as the Bukharan mosques he so lovingly describes. Not a long book but a fascinating patchwork of things seen on the road to Samarkand. (RLJ)

Hodder & Stoughton 1990 £12.95 plus p&p pp 189

The Burma of 'AJ' A. J. S. White

The latest book in the BACSA series, with a picture of British Burma between the wars, seen through the eyes of the author, a keen observer of a great variety of incidents in his official ICS life while serving in the outlying districts as well as the Secretariat in Rangoon, whether quelling rebellions, looking after a 'Queen' or witnessing a local balloon ascent. While focussing on Burma, the book covers 'AJ's' whole career from the battlefields of France in World War One to heading the British Council as Secretary-General in World War Two.

Many readers will know by now that, very sadly, A. J. White passed away just a week before this book came out. Long obituaries in the leading newspapers paid tribute to the career of this remarkable man. It is good to know, however, that he did see the final proofs shortly before his death, and that he was so pleased with them. Edited by Chowkidar's Editor, the book is well illustrated with photographs from the author's collection. A handsome and fitting memorial to 'AJ'.

BACSA 1991 £9.00 plus postage of £1.00 from the BACSA Secretary pp 256

Books By Non-Members (that will interest readers)

Field Marshal Auchinleck Alexander Greenwood

There have inevitably been earlier biographies of one of Britain's finest wartime commanders - John Connell's 'Auchinleck, a critical biography', Phillip Warner's 'Auchinleck, the lonely soldier', and Roger Parkinson's 'The Auk, Auchinleck, victor at Alamein'. The author of the present biography was ADC to the Auk for a while in India during the latter's second tenure as C-in-C. Unknown to the Auk in 1940, the author had been a platoon commander under him in Norway and had lost an eye. Even after he ceased to be ADC, he kept in touch for 35 years by visits and correspondence, right to the Auk's death in 1981. This is therefore both an evocative and emotive biography, but objective nonetheless, featuring the breakup of the Auk's marriage as well. The encapsulation is succinct, encompassing Norway 1940, Operation 'Crusader' in North Africa, the withdrawal to Gazala and Bir Hacheim, the withdrawal to El Alamein, and the first battle of El Alamein. There would have been no El Alamein position for Montgomery to launch his eventual offensive from, if Auchinleck had not relieved Ritchie and personally taken command of the Eighth Army, whilst still responsible for the whole Middle East, including Persia and Iraq. Alexander and Montgomery did not have the latter responsibility. The manifold slights, both petulant and petty, inflicted on the Auk by Churchill and Montgomery respectively are analytically covered. It is difficult to understand Churchill deeming Auchinleck's proposed date of mid-September for the offensive from the Alamein position as much too late, but accepting Alexander's and Montgomery's much later date of 24 October as timely. Keeping Auchinleck unemployed for ten months was a graceless act, as was also the decision not to allow the members of the Eighth Army in Auchinleck's tenure in the Middle East to wear the figure 8 on the Africa Star ribbon. It is similarly difficult to understand Montgomery repeatedly going over the Auk's head to the War Office when the latter was his superior as GOC-in-C Southern Command in 1940 in Britain, also later as CIGS writing to Mountbatten in September 1947, 'I would tell Auchinleck to retire and recommend him for a GCSI, nothing more'. 'If' is undoubtedly the central word in 'Life', which the Auk's life abundantly establishes. Some military commanders have to chase luck, and others luck

unquestionably chases. If Auchinleck had opted for the British Army instead of the Indian Army, and if Montgomery had passed out high enough from Sandhurst to have enabled him to be allotted an Indian Army vacancy, the Auk would probably have been CIGS, but would Montgomery have made it to C-in-C of the Indian Army? An unputdownable 'cradle to the grave' account of a very gallant officer and gentleman whom Mountbatten rightly described in September 1947 as 'the greatest Commander-in-Chief that India has ever had'. It is indeed a matter for much regret that there is no statue in London to this very great Field Marshal. Posterity in Britain apparently will only have his statue in Birmingham, erected by a friend, Walter Flack, who had served as a sergeant under him in the Middle East. The Foreword by the Rt. Hon. J. Enoch Powell is sentimental and touching. (SLM)

Pentland Press Ltd. 3 Regal Lane, Soham, Ely, Cambs CB7 5BA 1991 £18.60 incl. p&p pp 338

Indian Copper - Adventures of an Indian Policeman Bill Channing Pearce

'To Guard My People' was the inscription on the King's Police Medal, the highest award for bravery that could be given to an Indian Police officer, whether British or Indian before Independence. The President's Police Medal is the corresponding post-Independence award. Felicitously the author was awarded both, as also the MBE in 1948. When the Mughal Empire was in its last stages, law and order had broken down in many areas, and the British had the task of creating an efficient system of police. Attempts to continue with the indigenous system were a failure. In 1861 the Government of India made a fresh start along Western lines, suitably modified for India. By the end of the last century, the Indian Police had become one of the greatest police forces of the world, with both British and Indians as officers. For the story of the Indian Police from 1861 to 1947 there is Sir Percival Griffiths' classic 'To Guard My People - the history of the Indian Police'. The author's nostalgic account focusses on the period he served in it - 1932 to 1958. His fascinating narrative inevitably encompasses the part he played in various appointments in maintaining law and order over vast, and often turbulent areas. The anecdote is sentimental, and often hilarious, featuring the numerous 'characters' he encountered in his 27 years service. In a short review one need only mention one. Charles Hubbart was a Commissioner in the UP who was always in trouble with his superiors. His claim for a duty journey of 30 miles was reduced by the Accountant General UP to 29 miles. Correspondence failed to resolve the matter, so Charles Hubbart drove out, dug up a milestone weighing several hundredweight which proved his point and had it delivered to the Accountant General. When eventually awarded the CIE he wryly observed, 'You know what it stands for, don't you? Charles' Indiscretions Excused'. The modest unassuming author's affection for the Indian Police is abundantly reflected in this poignant and very readable book. 'To Guard My People' was undoubtedly the motif of his entire service in India. (SLM)

The Book Guild Ltd. 25 High Street, Lewes, Sussex. 1990 £9.50 plus p&p pp 204

Calcutta - the Living City (2 volumes) ed. Sukanta Chaudhuri

The tercentenary of the founding of the city of Calcutta has given rise to many books, articles, exhibitions and films. This latest book is an encyclopedic work. It embraces all aspects of the city's history, growth, culture and development, from its foundation in 1690, to the present day. There are about fifty separate essays, by authorities in their particular fields, well illustrated in black and white. They eloquently bring together the original strands of different evolutionary trends for ethnic, political and cultural groupings found today. These fascinating volumes could well have been named 'Calcutta - Past and Present'. In 1905 an earlier such book by Kathleen Blechynden was published by Thacker & Co. in London. That book was about a city which was essentially British then, a mere 48 years after the 'Mutiny' and which had fallen earlier to Suraj-ud-daula for a brief period. Despite the metamorphosis which has taken place over these eventful years, even now, many of the names of streets, squares, gardens, bridges, rivers, institutions, organisations and even those of flowers and trees, survive in their original form. One cannot change the past, but one can adapt to it. Calcutta is a totally Indian, essentially Bengali, city now and quite the most exciting in the subcontinent. It is a controversial city, proud of its individuality, its warmth and endurance. Much of the reason for these special qualities must lie in the fact that living in Calcutta has always been somewhat dangerous. It is this that makes the Calcuttan a rather special person, capable of unexpected kindnesses, and stoical good humour. He or she may not be conscious of the ghosts that linger among the tombs and obelisks of the South Park Street Cemetery, but they must surely be aware of the vitality which has preceded them. And this book helps us understand why. (MS)

Oxford University Press, Calcutta. 1990 Volume I £25.00 pp 276, Volume II £30.00 pp 365

Calcutta through 300 Years - Changing Visions, Lasting Images ed. Pratapaditya Pal

There is a comment by the great Indian film-maker, Satyajit Ray in the foreword to his book: 'I don't feel very creative when I am abroad, somehow I need to be in my chair in Calcutta...there is something about creating beauty in the circumstances of shoddiness and privation that is truly exciting'. There is nothing shoddy or deprived about this magnificently produced work. It is a beautiful exercise in nostalgia for Calcutta. Each of the twelve chapters is written by an authority on the subject, be they Indian, British or American. The illustrations and text take us on a journey through the eyes and work of artists, in various media, in different generations. At the end we are shown the work of Indian painters of the 'Bengal School', painters such as Mukul Dey, Atul Bose and Jamini Roy - to name those that the reviewer knew personally - who are associated particularly with Calcutta; men of great talent and originality. Alas, they are gone now, as are those

fascinating sitters in the chapter on early photography on Calcutta. Lovers of the city would surely be happy to add this book to their collection of Indiana. (MS)
Marg Publications 1990 £14.00 plus £2.00 postage from BACSA Secretary pp 188

Khaki Mischief Molly Whittington-Egan

In December 1912 British India was agog at the spectacular trial of a pair of lovers who had murdered their respective spouses. Subtitled 'The Agra Murder Case', this fascinating book uncovers the lives and loves of the guilty pair. Augusta Fullam was the wife of a former official in the Military Accounts Department and mother of four children. Her lover, Henry Clark was the family doctor and a brother Freemason of her husband's. It was Henry who supplied Augusta with the arsenic that eventually killed her husband and it was Henry who hired some 'badmashes' to kill his wife in a particularly nasty fashion. Apart from Henry's phoney alibi, what really indicted him were the 170 letters from Augusta that were foolishly kept in a tin despatch-box in her house. These letters, both mawkish and mundane, are extensively quoted to set the scene. Because the author is a solicitor she has made good use of the trial papers to bring the story to its inevitable conclusion. Her own prose is pretty inimitable too. On page 29 we read 'By any standards Henry Clark was a bad lot, but he, this brutish creature caged inside a front of gallantry, was to be tamed by Augusta Fullam, a tubby temptress with tenacious claws'. But who cares? This is a rattling good story for those who like their murders with an Indian flavour and a clever twist at the end. (RLJ)

Souvenir Press 1990 £14.95 plus p&p pp 255

Japanese Agent in Tibet Hisao Kimura

The story of a Japanese man who was able to pass as a Mongolian during the second World War and was later recruited by British Intelligence when he reached India after an overland journey via Lhasa. A good read.

Serindia Publications 1990 £14.95 plus p&p pp 232

The Raj - India and the British 1600-1947 ed. C. A. Bayly

This huge book, weighing in at nearly 5lbs is published to accompany the Exhibition of the same name shown at the National Portrait Gallery in London this winter. Edited by Chris Bayly, who was also responsible for arranging the Exhibition, it is divided into four chronological sections - 'Mughal India and the Rise of the East India Company', 'Company Supremacy and Indian Resistance', 'The Victorian Raj and the Rise of Nationalism' and 'The Road to Partition and Independence'. Each section is sub-divided into topics like 'British landscape painting in India', 'Photography in 19th century India', 'Colonial Anthropology' and 'Artistic Responses to Colonialism in India'. The emphasis is naturally on visual representations of the country and its peoples, and nearly all the exhibits on

display are illustrated here, many in colour. Those who could not visit the Exhibition should not feel they have missed out if they are able to read this book. In fact many may learn more from its perusal, than those who did go to the National Portrait Gallery, for the display was horribly crowded into a couple of corridors and two small rooms. It was impossible to study at length the fine portraits hung too high or too low on the walls, often poorly lit, and certainly poorly captioned. (A review of the Exhibition by the Editor of *Chowkidar* appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts*, January 1991.) The book contains brief biographies of leading figures, including Bishop Heber, Sir William Jones and, of course, Warren Hastings. It will prove an essential work of reference in the future. Chris Bayly, writing in the *Bulletin of the British Association for South Asian Studies*, says that public response has been valuable and informative, pointing out for example, that some of the figures in the famous scroll painting of the Delhi procession of 1816, used to publicise the Exhibition, were the 'Yellow Boys' of Skinner's Regiment. It is a pity that the list of acknowledgements in the front of the book managed to get both BACSA's name, and the reviewer's wrong, but those in the know will be able to decipher them. A handsome book and well worth its reasonable price. (RLJ)

National Portrait Gallery Publications 1990 £19.95 plus p&p pp 432

Arts of India: 1550-1900 ed. John Guy and Deborah Swallow

Like the 'Raj' catalogue reviewed above, 'Arts of India' is the book of the Exhibition, this time a permanent exhibition in the newly opened Nehru Gallery at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. It is a symbol of the abiding interest in pre-Independence India that room should be found at last to display some of the many treasures from the sub-continent. The V & A has the largest holding of Indian material outside India. For years, much has languished unseen in storage. The idea of an Indian Museum in Britain, bringing together under one roof, the riches brought back from the East, floundered in a mess of bureaucracy after the second World War. The Nehru Gallery, sponsored by both Indians and Britons, is a step in the right direction, and this very handsome book is a celebration of the treasures in the Museum. The book concentrates mainly on the arts of pre-Mughal, Mughal and provincial Courts, though there are chapters on the textile trade during the European period. The V & A collections have always been particularly strong on textiles and looking at the illustrations here, beautifully reproduced, one can quite see why Indian fabrics were so prized. Samuel Pepys noted in his diary in 1663 'a chinte [chintz]...that is paynted Indian callicoe...which is very pretty'. Here too are paintings, some commissioned by Europeans, furniture, like the gold covered throne of Ranjit Singh, and inlaid church furniture for the Portuguese, as well as jewels, jade and glass hookahs. The eight chapters, by various authors take one lucidly through the political, social and cultural events that produced such wealth. Neither too specialised nor populist, the book can be enjoyed in its own right, or as a preview to the exhibition. (RLJ)

Victoria & Albert Museum Publications. 1990 £19.95 plus p&p paperback pp 240



The Burma of 'AJ'