



CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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Notes on BACSA

The 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 1,700 (1996) 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., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

The enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Secretary.



The Association has its own newsletter, *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or condition of a relative's grave etc. There are also many other publications both on cemetery surveys and aspects of European social history out East.

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The Havelock Grave at Alambagh

Every Victorian town of any pretention has a Havelock Street. There are twelve streets and avenues in London alone, named after General Sir Henry Havelock of 1857 fame. His statue stands on a plinth in Trafalgar Square. The painting by Barker of the meeting between the three Generals, Havelock, Outram and Campbell at the Relief of Lucknow is one of the abiding images of Victorian England. It was Havelock and his men who were first on the scene at Cawnpore, too late to save the murdered women and children there. The horror of the massacre drove the soldiers on to Lucknow, killing in turn any Indian who crossed their path. Although opinions differ today on Havelock's tactics, no-one, in India or Britain denies that he was a seminal figure in the Great Uprising. So it is particularly sad to find that his grave and obelisk are currently under threat of encroachment in the dilapidated Alambagh cemetery on the outskirts of Lucknow. Havelock died of dysentery on 14 November 1857 just as the British defenders of the Residency were being led to safety. A substantial monument erected over his remains by his widow and family records that 'The Divine Master whom he served, saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labours, in the moment of his greatest triumphs.'

BACSA member Arun Saxena first alerted us to the perilous condition of the Alambagh cemetery in 1994, when he photographed it. Since then a crude wall has been built contiguous to the Havelock obelisk, and the fine tomb of Lt. Dundas Gordon of the Bengal Artillery, who was killed at the Alambagh in January 1858 has utterly disappeared, in fact the grave has been gouged out. General Havelock's great grandson, Mark Havelock-Allan QC joined BACSA and the battle to preserve the monument. The Editor inspected it during a recent visit, and got *The Pioneer* to publish a sympathetic article in November 1995. In May this year Grahame Murray, who has been visiting the site since the 1940s was horrified at what he found. 'The garden is no more - the whole area has become a dump for bricks and rubbish and what open space there is, is used by children for playing games. The whole situation needs attention immediately. I can see that if something isn't done soon, and I mean within a matter of two or three months, the situation may well be irredeemable.' Mark Havelock-Allan and Arun Saxena have been indefatigable in their efforts to save the memorial. Everyone in authority has been contacted from the Prime Minister of India, the Director of the Archaeological Survey of India, INTACH, the former and present British High Commissioners, the Minister of Culture and the Bishop of Lucknow.

A proposal to relocate the obelisk and remains in the well-kept Residency cemetery was rejected by the ASI, though funds and expertise were available to carry this out, at no expense to the Indian Government. The Ministry of Culture

has now pledged in a letter to the British High Commission of 31 May 1996 to inspect the site and to 'initiate necessary measures for conservation and maintenance of the cemetery and the monument. Every step shall be taken to ensure that the monument is preserved as per the norms of conservation of such monument and its upkeep is accorded priority on a continuous basis.' There the matter rests for the moment. BACSA hopes to get regular inspections made of the Alambagh by some-one on the spot, and will be watching, like a hawk, for any further deterioration. Visitors to Lucknow can help by reporting back on the cemetery, which is located at Chandranagar on the Alambagh Road, next to a large old gateway, the original gatehouse of the Alambagh Palace (see p.132).

Still in India, a report in the Spring *Chowkidar* described the famous Baptist Church of Havelock association at Agra, as being in a ruinous condition. Our information was wrong. In fact the Havelock Baptist Memorial Chapel, which was built in 1873 in the Agra cantonment, is still maintained and in use. A decade ago it contained a bust of General Havelock and Mark Havelock-Allan would like to know if it is still there.

Mail Box

Despite BACSA's achievements in the Indian subcontinent, it is salutary to remember that not all English cemeteries there can be maintained, or even saved. Many have already gone, within the last decades, and others are disintegrating rapidly. We can however, build up a record of what did exist, and note where a cemetery once lay. BACSA member John Payne has compiled two very detailed reports on his travels through Gujarat and Rajasthan, in search of these disappearing sites. His experience at Jetalsar Junction in Gujarat, was a sad one, but not untypical. Enquiry from the *Sarpanch* (village head) and bystanders elicited that the local cemetery had been levelled between 30 and 35 years ago. Mr Payne was shown a large field, said to have been the local graveyard for the railway colony. All that remained were 'numerous chunks of dressed stone... some are shaped and suggest that they could have formed part of the base of some grave or monument.' It was unclear how the consecrated land had been transferred to agricultural use. Local legend spoke also of a British cantonment or camp nearby, although no written record has yet been found.

At Kheda, also in Gujarat, a Christian *darzi* took Mr Payne to Ratanpura Village, where 'the remains of an extraordinary building' were found in the middle of the fields. They proved to be that of a large church, which is believed to be that designed by Captain Thomas Ramon and consecrated in 1822 by Bishop Heber. Graves surrounded the ruins, and there are more in a nearby walled compound, although no inscriptions remain in either place (see p.133).

By contrast, at Junagadh, on the road from Jetpur, there is a reasonably well maintained cemetery, which is still in use and shared amicably by Catholics, Anglicans, Jews and Parsees. One inscription commemorates Alice Lillian Fink, daughter of William Carey and grand-daughter of Rev. John Christopher Fink, Baptist Missionary at Serampore. Born in 1859, Alice Fink 'was for twenty years Honorary Organist of the Union Church Simla.' She died at Manavadar on 14 February 1936, and John Payne wonders 'how and why this lady ended her days in a small town near Junagadh?'

Another BACSA member, Henry Brownrigg, has been exploring Orissa recently. He found that the cemetery at Cuttack, formerly the state capital, was 'a delight - a sort of miniature South Park Street full of domes and pyramids and obelisks. It is very well maintained by the Baptists, who have a large local community. I met the Pastor and conveyed my appreciation for the care with which the cemetery is maintained.' Sadly, there was a different story at Puri, where a stretch of the cemetery wall there is missing, and the site is used by village people as a latrine. The chowkidar had illegally sublet adjacent land to squatters, and a court case is now pending. 'Nothing has been done to maintain the cemetery, where some mainly mid-19th graves of medium aesthetic interest are being rapidly destroyed by shrubs and creepers. The local Christian community is small and... suffer some discrimination from the Hindu-dominated local authority. I recorded the remaining inscriptions, some of which are listed in WH Lee's *Inscriptions in the District of Puri 1898*.'

Peter Leslie, who lives in France, has a most interesting story to tell about his family's long connections with the subcontinent, from 1802 to 1948, to be precise. John Chamberlain was one of the first Baptist missionaries in India, and was posted to Agra, to begin work at the new mission. But a falling out there 'with a high spirited military officer respecting the discipline and military government of his Fort' led to Chamberlain's expulsion. To his surprise, he was then offered employment by Begam Sombre, the widow of the European mercenary, Walter Reinhard, who had converted to Catholicism. (See *Chowkidar* Spring 1996). Part of his job was to teach the young David Dyce Sombre his lessons. Chamberlain had married, and lost several little girls to an early grave, but Mary Anne, born 27 September 1813, survived and grew up to marry Andrew Leslie, who later succeeded her father as Baptist missionary at Monghyr. 'Subsequent Leslie generations were Attorneys at Calcutta, at the Supreme Court and then the High Court. The family law firm is still in its old premises at the corner of Hastings Street in a building constructed by my great grandfather on the site of Warren Hastings' old mansion.' Peter Leslie's grandfather survived the great Bihar earthquake, while the houses of his two sisters, who were indigo planters in Champaran, were completely destroyed. 'Both my grandmothers worked as companions to various Ranis or as tutors to young

Rajas... and my maternal grandfather was portrait painter of a large number of Indian notables, Nepalese Ambassadors etc.' The family history which Mr Leslie is currently writing, will certainly be well worth reading, with such a lively cast, and information on Monghyr would be appreciated by him.

Incidentally, after the story of Begam Sombre appeared, a descendant of David Dyce Sombre's English wife contacted BACSA to tell us of some family treasures that had been handed down, including Walter Reinhard's two commissions signed by Louis XVI, letters from the Pope to the Begam, after her conversion, and various Persian documents. These will, in due course, find a home at the India Office Library.

A curious French connection was brought to our notice recently, via a radio programme heard late at night, that mentioned 'a Bourbon off-shoot who went to India and whose descendants are now in Bhopal'. Sure enough, an article in *India Today* turned up immediately afterwards, with more details. Balthazar Napoleon Bourbon III, the current head of the family, works as a tractor driver, but his *haveli* in the congested Jehangirabad area, bears the fleur-de-lys on his window grills. Thirteen generations ago Jean Philippe, a cousin of Henry IV, the first Bourbon king of France, came to India, and took service with the Emperor Akbar. Philippe's descendants served the Mughals until the break-up of the Empire in the 18th century, when they drifted south to raise an army for the Nawab of Bhopal. By then the Bourbons were completely assimilated into Indian culture, and the Anglo-Indian community. They fell on hard times, when the British pensioned them off. Some left the city, others died in penury, and many took to drink. Now all that remains is the *haveli*, an adjoining school and about 30 acres of land. Balthazar the tractor driver jokes 'We call ourselves Bourbons on the rocks.' The family are known by their Muslim names, and few of their neighbours realise that in this curious backwater lives a scion of the medieval French kings.

Eileen Hewson of County Sligo, Ireland has been a frequent traveller to Ladakh, in the foothills of the Himalayas, but she has only recently come across the Karzoo cemetery at Leh. Little is known about it, and it has been derelict for years, she tells us. Enterprisingly she has contacted the Rev. Gergan of the nearby Moravian Church and together 'with a mutual passion to restore the grounds' they have gone ahead. It is hoped that work will be completed this Autumn. Only four headstones remain, and two of these are from the 1980s. The third is that of the Moravian geologist, Dr Ferdinand Stoliczka, which we noted in 1986. The fourth commemorates the Rev. Father Daniel Kiely of the 'Mill Hill Missionaries', who was born on 19 May 1855. He was in Kashmir by 1877 and travelled up to Ladakh the next year, but died at Leh on 23 April 1889, and is buried in this remote spot. What, one wonders, were the Mill Hill Missionaries and what attracted them to the distant Himalayas?

From Bombay Foy Nissen writes with further information on Sir Maxwell Melvill, a High Court Judge, whose splendid Gothic monument at Kirkee was noted in 1993. Sir Maxwell was also commemorated by a handsome brass plaque on a window-bay wall inside St Thomas' Cathedral, Bombay. This gives more details of his career, and indicates that he died from cholera in August 1887. Strangely, the epitaph begins 'A delicate constitution, which had diverted a brilliant University career to the service of his country in India and afterwards prevented his acceptance of a seat on the Viceroy's Council, never daunted his personal courage nor slackened his pursuit of official duties.' One is surprised that service in India was considered more suitable for 'a delicate constitution' than donnish life at home, especially as the inscription goes on to mention 'his scholarly ability'. Certainly his qualities of 'sound judgement and quick perception' made him a much respected figure in the judicial world.

Mike Lyons from Weston super Mare has an interesting tale about the great Bombay Docks explosion of 14 April 1944. The *SS Fort Stikine*, carrying a deadly mix of cotton and explosives blew up, killing an unknown number of people, flattening 300 acres of dockland, destroying twelve other ships, and creating a massive tidal wave. 'What was not mentioned' says Mr Lyons, is that there was 'an undeclared cargo of gold bullion in the hold. These bars were scattered over Bombay, which really did become "Sonapur" for a period. No mention is recorded of what happened to the bullion!'

Happy memories of Mussoorie's Picture Palace were recreated by the advertisement in the Spring *Chowkidar*. George Dunbar from Birmingham tells us he was a senior student at Woodstock, the American High School during 1932/34. He would often skip afternoon classes to go to the 'Palace' and became great friends with the projectionist. 'Not only did he teach me all about the projectors, but on many occasions he would leave me to run the film while he went off, goodness knows where. I saw most of the epic films of the day free to boot!'

An Unknown British Engineer in Japan

In 1962 the Governor of Japan National Railways dedicated the tombstone of a young Englishman in the Gaijin-bochi, the foreigners' cemetery in Yokohama (recently surveyed for BACSA by Patricia McCabe). The epitaph reads: 'Edmund Morel was born in 1841. He studied and mastered civil engineering, both in London and Paris, and came to Japan in March 1870 as the Chief Engineer for the construction of the first Japanese railway. He led the construction of the railways between Shimbashi and Yokohama, and between Kobe and Osaka. His contribution to the foundation of the Japanese railway system was remarkable, and he was never afraid of offering his frank opinion to the

overnment. His views were always appropriate and in touch with the times, aiding progress and innovation in Japanese civil engineering. Sadly Morel died on 23 September 1871 in the midst of construction work, from the worsening of tuberculosis, brought on by overwork. His wife died just 12 hours later.'

In a well researched and sympathetic article published recently, Mr Yoshihiko Morita, Chief Representative of the Export-Import Bank of Japan has traced the career of this remarkable engineer, who had literally laid the foundations of Japan's railway system before dying at the early age of 30. Mr Morita has established that Morel was, in fact, born on 17 November 1840, not 1841, and because of a difference between the Japanese and Western calendars in the 19th century, actually died on 5 November 1871. He was born in the St James district of London, where his father was a wine-importer. The Morel family moved to Ladbroke Road, Notting Hill, and the young boy was educated chiefly at King's College, although even then, he was of a delicate constitution. He left England, possibly in search of better health, in 1862 and worked in New Zealand and Australia on railway construction.

Soon after his arrival in Japan he began work by surveying land in the Hodome area, as the first stage of the Yokohama-Shimbashi railway. At this period there was considerable personal risk for foreigners working in Japan, because of a wave of xenophobia, and bodyguards had to be provided for such men. There was also conflict in the Meiji government and opposition among feudal rulers to the new-fangled, Western idea of railways. The leader of the Satsuma region said firmly that 'The extravagant enterprises of installing steam-operated machines and constructing railways should be stopped completely and efforts made to improve our military capability.' So it is even more remarkable, that Morel, dogged by failing health, was able to proceed at all. But his detractors were won over during the trial railways run in September 1871. A former critic, now converted, wrote enthusiastically in his diary 'It is something that has to be seen to be believed. Nothing is as much fun as this. Without establishing this means of transport, we will not be able to make our country flourish.'

Only a week before Morel's untimely death he was presented by the Meiji Emperor with a testimonial of gratitude and a substantial prize of 5,000 *ryo* (about £1,000). During the eighteen months he lived in Japan, he would frequently invite Japanese colleagues to his home and lecture to them on engineering. He also proposed the establishment of a Ministry of Public Works and an institution to train young engineers, arguing that Japan had to plan for the future to become self-sufficient, and learn not to depend always on the West or skilled workers. His suggestions were taken up by the modernist camp

within the Meiji government, and rapidly translated into a new Ministry and an engineering college.

Morel's companion, who was buried next to him, was a Japanese woman. At that time, mixed marriages were illegal, only being permitted after 1874. Mr Morita therefore concludes that she must have been his mistress. Nevertheless, she was a dearly loved woman, and as the 1962 inscription shows, was posthumously regarded as his wife. It is suggested that she either committed suicide on Morel's death, or more likely, had herself contracted tuberculosis in nursing him during his last illness. A Japanese apricot tree flourishes over their grave today, which appropriately, bears both red and white blossoms. Mr Morita acknowledges that 'Morel appears to be neither known nor respected by the British.' Although there were to be later technical criticisms of his work, Edmund Morel was accorded great respect and has left a 'towering reputation' in Japan. Truly a case of a prophet without honour in his own country.

Can You Help?

One of the most interesting things about *Chowkidar*, and in fact about colonial history in general, is the way in which the past is unexpectedly brought to life through readers' letters. In particular, those old heroes and villains who have taken on such mythical status that they seem almost unreal today, often turn out to have been very real indeed, especially when their descendants write to BACSA. We now, for example, have nearly enough members with famous names to re-stage the Indian uprising of 1857, and we could certainly cast other episodes from our colourful past. These musings were prompted by an enquiry from Sir Ronald Lindsay, a descendant of Herwald Craufurd Wake (1828-1901), one of the defenders of the 'Little House of Arrah', during 1857. Arrah was a district headquarters in Bihar, where a handful of British officers and railway men, together with fifty brave Sikhs, chose to make a stand against rampaging sepoys. Their successful defence of the two storeyed house, originally designed as a billiards hall, was described as 'a turning point in the Indian Mutiny', and has been likened to the defence, two decades later, of Rorke's Drift. Sir Ronald is carrying out research on the Arrah siege, and is particularly interested in original sources, some of which have recently come to light. He feels that there may well be yet more unpublished contemporary letters or manuscripts in existence. For example, the then Commissioner in Patna, William Tayler must have described the siege 'as well as painting a water-colour of sepoys attacking the bungalow'. The picture's whereabouts seem to be unknown today, though a number of prints of it exist. Any information on unpublished sources, and the painting, would be welcomed by Sir Ronald, c/o the BACSA Secretary (see back cover).

A number of intriguing queries have come in recently, which are not connected with cemeteries, but which seek to tap the extraordinarily wide range of knowledge among BACSA members. Practically no query, however recherché, goes unanswered in *Chowkidar*, so readers might like to try their teeth on these.

Dr Rolin Franck, from Paris, writing through a BACSA member, says 'Among the one hundred cases of wolf-children I have collected in the world, there is the case of a British "jackal-girl" (the only case of a British wolf-child), who was under the protection of the Maharani-Regent of Cooch Behar in 1923. She was allegedly captured among a pack of jackals but died a few months afterwards. She could not speak, but she was rather light-coloured and had blue eyes (so they thought she was a sun-burnt British girl), but a medical analysis leads me to think that she was nevertheless Indian. Such a British "jackal-girl" should have involved much enquiry (who were her parents? etc)'. There were also many reports of British officers having seen alleged "wolf-boys", and some of those arose around the cantonments of Sultanpur or Agra and must have been seen by hundreds of people. Are there any unpublished letters by officers or men, recounting such sightings? Any suggestions or recollections will be forwarded to Dr Franck, via BACSA.

The last case of smallpox in the world was recorded in India in November 1977 and there is a handsome plaque marking its eradication in the entrance hall of the School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine, London. Although regarded lately as a 'foreign' disease, in fact smallpox had killed uncounted numbers in Britain during the medieval period, especially in sequestered communities, like monasteries. Everyone who went to the Indian subcontinent in the 1970s or before, bears the 'tikka', the circular mark where the vaccine, developed by Edward Jenner, was injected. Now a letter from Professor RA Shooter of the Jenner Educational Trust, based in Jenner's own house in Berkeley, Gloucestershire, seeks references to smallpox and vaccinations in the Indian subcontinent. We know that Lord William Bentinck, as Governor General, rashly did away with the Company vaccine department, on grounds of economy, which quickly led to much loss of life. Even earlier, in 1786, children were being inoculated at the Orphan Society in Calcutta, ten years before Jenner, in Gloucestershire, vaccinated a local boy with cowpox taken from a milkmaid. All kinds of superstitions surrounded this dreaded disease, and it would be interesting to hear readers' reminiscences, which will be passed on to Professor Shooter.

The Rev. Jeff Hopewell is a council member of the International Playing Card Society, and has written several articles on Indian playing cards, known as *ganjifa*. The cards were handpainted on card or stiffened cloth, and were

usually round. Ivory was occasionally used for luxury sets and there were several different styles. The Mughal pack, for example, has 96 cards, 8 suits of ten numerals and two court cards. There is also the Dasavatar and Ramayana pack, the latter based on the story of Rama. At one time, the Rev. Hopewell tells us, *ganjifa* could be found throughout India, and he would be grateful for recollections of the game. If anyone has a *ganjifa* pack he would be most interested to see it. Letters via the Secretary please.

The Chittagong Armoury Raid in April 1930, referred to in the Spring *Chowkidar*, brought a letter from Chittagong, from Ronald Bose, Honorary Secretary to the Cemetery Committee, Christ Church. He tells us that although much has been written about the raid, by Bengali historians, he feels the full story has yet to be told, and wonders if readers could direct him to published accounts, or eye-witness reports. BACSA member Dr Dorothy Younie, whose husband presided over the long trial of the raiders, published a book of letters about the incident, but there may well be other documents or personal accounts too. Letters will be forwarded to Mr Bose.

Father Heuken, whose query on James Bowen's burial in Jakarta appeared in the last *Chowkidar*, was delighted to receive more information from BACSA member Peter Elphick, on the sea captain. 'I am always astonished that in European archives, persons and events from a long time ago can be traced back' he writes. He wonders if information on civilians is as comprehensive. 'In the yard of the country-house of Ciseeng/Koeripan between Jakarta and Bogor I recognised a tombstone of an English family of William Menzils (1860). He may have owned the estate after the time of Sir Stamford Raffles (1811-1816).' Does the name Menzils ring a bell, he asks?

A new BACSA member, Pauline Packer, has been researching her family history, and she is particularly interested in her maternal grandfather, Francis Jack Needham. He joined the Bengal Police in 1867 and after numerous postings in southern Bengal and the Naga Hills, was transferred to Sadiya, Assam in 1882. He remained there until his retirement in 1905, having led several exploratory expeditions into the upper reaches of the Brahmaputra and to the border with Tibet. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, in recognition of his contribution to geographical knowledge. On his retirement, he settled in Shillong, with his wife and family, and lived there until his death in 1924. Although details of his life between 1882 and 1903 are well documented, it is the earlier years, from 1868 to 1882 that interest our enquirer. Any clues on where to search, via the BACSA Secretary please.

Mrs Joan Scott writes with a query on whether anyone is currently compiling a list of amateur dramatic performances put on during the colonial period in

India. This is a huge subject which has never been properly researched. Our ignorance extends to professional entertainments too, of which there must have been many, for references do occur to playhouses, but what went on in them? We know, for example, that a band of thespians were travelling around upper India as early as the 1780s with a satirical play based on the life of the Nawab of Awadh, but what was it called? Was it ever published? ENSA performances, and the Kendall family of 'Shakespearewallah' fame also come to mind. Mrs Scott has some excellent photographs of shows put on during the First World War, in Darjeeling, with programmes, cartoons and scripts and it would be interesting to know if anyone is currently working in this field.

Snippets

An article about BACSA published in *The Pioneer* in India on 27 March 1996 was copied to us by no less than four people, and tells an interesting story too. The author of the article was BN Uniyal, a BACSA member, who had just finished reading 'Ulysses in the Raj' by Paul Norris, published by BACSA in 1992. Mr Uniyal introduced *Pioneer* readers 'to a quaint little organisation housed in a distant corner of London... dedicated to the preservation of European cemeteries in South Asia. "BACSA", when articulated, means in Hindi and other north Indian languages a *baksa* or 'box', once a common Indian euphemism for a coffin'. Be that as it may, so taken was Mr Uniyal with the book, that he drew it to the attention of the Greek Ambassador, HE Constantine Ailianos who was visiting the Athena Nursing School in Lucknow at the time. He also kindly presented him with a copy, and in due course, Paul Norris received a charming letter from the Ambassador. By chance, the Ambassador had been going through some Archives and had noted the nomination of prominent Calcutta Greeks as Honorary Consuls or Vice Consuls in the last century. At least four members of the Ralli family were appointed between 1857 and 1884. The Ambassador promised to give the book 'all necessary promotion in Greece' and said that during his travels he would visit the cemeteries, 'which provide valuable, silent, but eloquent testimonies of the presence of Greeks in India'. (Paul Norris' new book is reviewed on p.140).

Military humour is usually considered something of an oxymoron, but a few definitions and explanations from an officer's diary of the 1920s recently raised some laughter in a distant corner of London. They sound surprisingly modern, too:

- Under consideration = Never heard of it
- Under active consideration = Will have a shot at finding the file
- The R.E.'s have it in hand = You had better try and do the job yourself
- Will have it laid on = Will ask 8 different departments to do my job for me

- Snowed under = Unable to take more than 2 hours off for lunch
- Kindly expedite your reply = For God's sake try and find the paper the General is creating about.

Notice Board

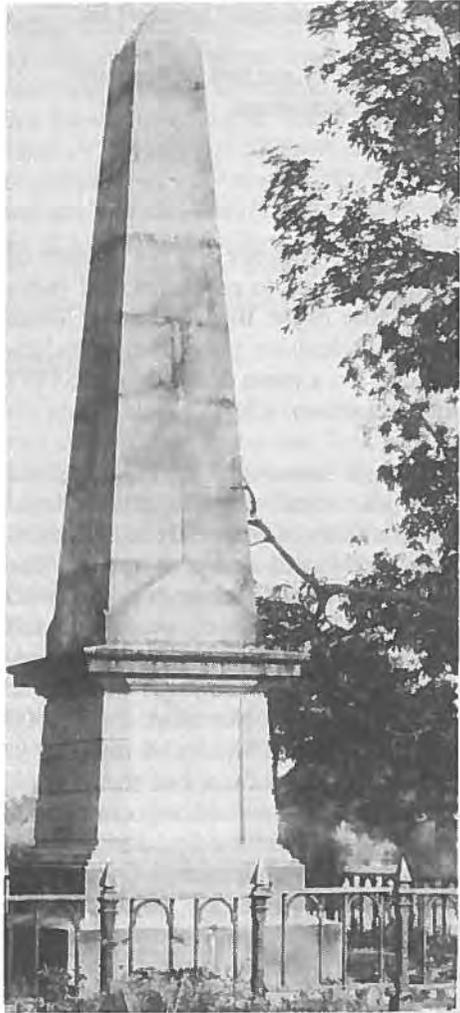
Where were you in August 1947?

Next year sees the 50th anniversary of Indian Independence and the creation of Pakistan. Plans are well advanced in both countries to commemorate those momentous times, which also signalled the close of the British Empire. There will be special exhibitions, cultural events and television programmes, including a filmed version of 'Midnight's Children.' On a more domestic note, 1997 is also BACSA's 20th anniversary and the 20th year of *Chowkidar*.

To celebrate our first two decades, a 100 page *Souvenir Chowkidar* will be published next Spring (older readers may also recall the special edition of 1987). Short stories by best-selling BACSA authors have already been written for the issue, and there will be much to interest and amuse members. The Editor also wants to publish a compilation of reminiscences from people who were in the Indian subcontinent during the period immediately preceding, and following, Independence. This will be the final occasion on which such memories can be shared. If you would like to contribute, here are some guidelines: please be concise and write about only August 1947. Not more than 1,000 words please, and the Editor reserves the right to shorten articles. A snapshot in words is the aim, that encapsulates the hopes (and fears) of the period. Contributions from our members in the subcontinent will be especially welcome. Material should be original, i.e. not already published, and if much is received, the Editor may consider a separate, one-off publication.

Jaisalmer in Jeopardy

In 1994 the British writer Sue Carpenter visited the desert town of Jaisalmer, in Rajasthan and was saddened at the state of collapse she found there. Heavy rains the previous year had brought down some of the intricately carved balconies of the Salim Singh Haveli, one of the city's most splendid merchant houses. The broken balconies were still lying where they had fallen. An entire wall of the 16th century Maharani Palace had collapsed, and been partly rebuilt with cement. Many people would have simply shrugged and left. But almost single-handedly, Sue Carpenter has mobilised public opinion, publicised the destruction of this architectural gem, contacted everyone who could offer help in restoration, and started a fund-raising campaign. The World Monuments Fund, which selects the hundred most endangered sites annually, recently



Left: the Havelock grave at Alambagh c.1900

Below: Dundas Gordon's grave, demolished 1995



the Havelock grave today (see p.121)

*Right ruined church and
and graveyard at Kheda,
Below Gujarat (see p.122)*



nominated Jaisalmer and the Taj Mahal as the places most at risk in India today. Patrons of the 'Jaisalmer in Jeopardy' campaign include the Maharaja of Jaisalmer, the Maharaja of Jodhpur and Directors of the ASI and INTACH. Anyone who wishes to contribute, either financially or by offering relevant information about the fortress city, should contact Sue Carpenter at 20 E Redcliffe Gardens, London SW10 9EX.

Kipling Down Under

BACSA members may not know that there is a branch of the Kipling Society in Australia, which holds three meetings a year at which papers are read, and organises one visit. The society's library of Kiplingiana is deposited in the library of Monash University, Melbourne. More details from the Vice President, BACSA member Leo Hawkins at 13 Studley Park Road, Kew, Victoria. Tel: 61 3 9853 9573.

Books by BACSA Authors

[These can be ordered via BACSA, at no extra cost to the purchaser]

A Companion to the 'Indian Mutiny' of 1857 PJO Taylor

1857 is one of the more notable dates in modern Indian history. The East India Company's rule over large parts of northern India was seriously contested that year, resulting in the Crown taking over the administration of India in November 1858. Sometimes referred to as the First War of Indian Independence, this, as much else about the events of 1857, is the subject of debate. By quoting (the concerned sources being given in each case) all that is currently known about each incident, skirmish, battle, character and leader, the Editor, PJO Taylor has provided the most comprehensive collation to date of material pertaining to what is commonly referred to as the Indian Mutiny. In addition, contemporary contributors have covered certain facets, like the 1856 annexation of Awadh (Oudh); Cawnpore (Kanpur) before the outbreak; the fate of the leaders of the rebellion at Cawnpore; Bundelkhand in 1857; and the reasons for the military defeat of the rebels.

This Companion has 1,500 main entries, listed alphabetically right from Maulvi Ahmadulla Shah, Arrah, and Azimullah Khan, through Delhi, Lucknow, Meerut, the Nana Sahib and Tatyia Tope, to Wajid Ali Shah, Bahadur Shah Zafar and Zinat Mahal; also a comprehensive summary of the main events in chronological order, thus providing an overview; an interesting glossary of words then in use; a useful bibliography with over 1,000 entries; 250 black and white illustrations, and 24 pages of full colour. The debate as to

whether Major General Sir Hugh Wheeler of Cawnpore in fact had two wives - one British, one Indian - is deftly resolved. He only had one throughout his service and he was killed along with her; she was an Anglo-Indian (the word 'Eurasian' was then in use). Subsequent writers variously referred to her as English, or as Indian, thus leading to the incorrect conclusion that he had two wives. Of the biographical entries as to the chief protagonists, 250 are Indian and 200 British; the topographical entries are 225, and nearly 70 pertain to campaigns, battles and individual military units. The atrocities by both sides are evenly portrayed. The hanging by the British of a British woman, a sergeant's widow, 'Mees Dolly', for, inter alia, 'egging on the mutineers' is also covered.

PJO Taylor, initially an officer in the Mahratta Light Infantry, developed a lifelong interest in the Indian Mutiny. He contributes weekly to *The Statesman* of Calcutta and New Delhi, his earlier works being *Chronicles of the Mutiny* (1992), *A Star Shall Fall* (1993), *A Sahib Remembers* (1994) and *A Feeling of Quiet Power* (1994). This *Companion*, his latest publication on the subject, is verily an encyclopaedic magnum opus, whose 'function... is not as much to tell the story of the Indian Mutiny/Rebellion of 1857, as to direct the scholar or the general reader to appropriate sources of information'. As to his difficulties, Taylor records in his Preface, 'The task of the historian is bedevilled by two cynical observations, each of which unfortunately contains a measure of credibility: 'The first casualty of War is Truth', and 'The Victor writes the History'. He has resolved this dilemma objectively. (SLM)

1996 Oxford University Press, Delhi £32.00 / Rs 995

Poor Relations: The Making of a Eurasian Community in British India 1773-1833 Christopher Hawes

There has been a noticeable increase of late, not least among Anglo-Indians themselves, in the questions being asked about the origins of the mixed race community created by the British in India during the period of the Raj. *Poor Relations* comes as a timely addition to what we may or may not already know. I had the opportunity of listening to a talk by the author, Christopher Hawes, in advance of his book which gave me an insight into his (I have to say), sensitive emotional approach to the subject. This comes through in his handling of the sea of information into which he has dipped - as evidenced by a not inconsiderable bibliography. That it has been written by someone outside the community has perhaps made it a better book than it might otherwise have been. This is not to say that the writer's interpretation of some of the facts at his disposal has always been entirely valid, such as his somewhat tinted view, for instance, that the Company's policy in encouraging intermarriage, thereby creating a mixed race, was motivated purely by a desire to keep their servants on the 'straight and narrow' oblivious of the consequences.

One quickly appreciates why the author has chosen to focus on the years 1773 to 1833, being the period which saw an explosion in the Eurasian population in India and the subsequent placing of such stifling restrictions on their prospects for advancement as to account for much of the poverty in their later years. In 1791 came the enforcement of the rule to exclude Anglo-Indians from all covenanted service and the army, and, a few years later, the withdrawal of benefits to Eurasian widows. Smouldering too, at this time, was the unfortunate misconception in ruling circles that political aspirations beyond their station, backed by superiority in numbers, would trigger a revolt such as had been staged by creole settlers in distant French San Domingo. There were no political undertones to Eurasian aspirations, Hawes points out, merely a wish to lessen the social and occupational gaps between themselves and British society. Anglo-Indian claims to their acceptance by the British were based on their social and cultural identity whereas, to the British, differences were more important than similarities, the predominant disparity being skin complexion. In a crisp and flowing style Hawes' narrative proceeds to fascinate and grip, every assertion buttressed by some intriguing example from the archives. Not only do we encounter a commanding parade of such Anglo-Indian worthies as the Skinners and the Gardners and the Palmers of history, but sundry little-known stalwarts who, but for Hawes, would have been doomed to perpetual obscurity. *Poor Relations* can be recommended unreservedly for what it is; a hitherto neglected chapter in the British India story. (MJM)

1996 Curzon Press £25.00 pp217

The Enchanted Loom RV Vernède

In September 1942 an Indian Forest Ranger set out to collect flower seeds, exploring the area leading towards Trisul, the 23,360 ft mountain at the western end of the Nanda Devi massif, in Garhwal. Reaching a small pool, the Rupkund, Mr HK Madhwal was astonished to find a huge number of disintegrated human remains scattered round the pool and on the steep scree slopes. He estimated that they might represent 200 persons, and some, half buried in the frozen scree still retained hair and flesh. Nearby artefacts included *chappals*, bamboo and birch-bark umbrellas and wooden utensils, many still in good condition. Raymond Vernède was at that time Deputy Commissioner of Garhwal, and though he left India in 1947, the mystery of the bones continued to intrigue him. Through correspondence with Swami Pravananda, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he was able to follow attempts to solve the puzzle. After several false leads and wild theories, an expedition in 1956 led by Dr DN Majumdar, collected enough remains to send for radio-carbon dating in the USA (at that time a new method of dating objects). Tests identified two distinct ethnic groups among the remains, and dated them approximately 650 years old. Women and children were among the group. The most likely

conclusion is that a large group of north Indian pilgrims, accompanied by local, mongoloid-type village porters were overcome by a natural disaster some time during the 14th century AD. A local ballad, still current in Mr Vernède's time, told of a pilgrimage by Raja Jasdaul of Kanauj, who married the daughter of a Garhwal ruler, and whose licentious behaviour led his party to death on the mountains. 'There is nothing surprising about it having survived for so long. In a country with few written records the songs and ballads preserve episodes of their history, in particular the more dramatic events.'

This book is not a factual recreation of Raja Jasdaul's pilgrimage, but something more subtle, a novel based in the 1850s around Man Singh, son of a village leader, a hill Rajput of upper Garhwal. A pilgrimage from the village had been conducted to Nanda Devi every twelfth year, a tradition established by a Garhwal ruler in the 14th century. (This much is a fact.) Young Man Singh is chosen by a holy man from Ajodhya to lead a group of fifty pilgrims that year, leaving behind his young sweetheart, Lokni. What Man Singh finds, after a long and terrifying journey, leads to an explanation of the disaster that overtook the Raja many centuries before, and more importantly, the reason why it happened. It is, as the author says, 'the mystery of the human mind, that enchanted loom, whose magic shuttle weaves a different pattern for every human life out of the common threads of love and hate, of greed and fear, of ignorance and desire.' Somerset Maugham once described a 'book-bag', the thing that every resourceful traveller takes with him on a long journey. Among the contents 'there were books to read when you were ill... and there were books for bad weather...' This is just such a book. It creates its own original atmosphere, distinct from any particular genre, a unique story that will cast a lasting and powerful spell over anyone who reads it. (RLJ)

1995 Colin Smythe Ltd. Publishers PO Box 6, Gerrards Cross, Bucks SL9 8XA £13.99, or obtainable from the publishers for £15.00 including postage. pp162

Himalayan Leaf and Flower Ruskin Bond & Ganesh Saini

For one who loved the mountain flora of India and Burma there was a certain nostalgia in reading this pocket-sized book. It is divided into three unequal sections that deal with the foothills, the temperate Himalayas up to around 9,000 feet, then up to the treeline and beyond. It does not attempt to be comprehensive - which in so slim a book would be quite impossible. But it does give an idea of the flora at the different altitudes, and anyone reasonably familiar with the British mountain flora would find much that was familiar, from the greatest of the earth's mountain ranges. One must hope that later editions will have

each and every one of the all too numerous mis-prints corrected, and one error: orchids growing on rocks or on trees are not 'parasitic'. They manufacture their food in the same way as 'conventional' plants. i.e. by photosynthesis. Using plants/rocks as a perch is no more than just that - a neat dodge to get into the light quickly. (JKW)

1996 Indus (Harper Collins) Price not given pp64

The Calcutta Cookbook: a Treasury of Recipes from Pavement to Palace
Minakshie Das Gupta, Bunny Gupta, Java Chaliha

ABC of Indian Food Joyce Westrip

One of travel's great unsolved mysteries is why one cannot find a good Bengali restaurant in Calcutta. There are plenty of Chinese restaurants, especially in the Park Street area, and international cuisine in the grander hotels, but what about the famous fish and rice dishes of the past? Unless you make friends with a Bengali family, and are invited to share a meal at home, you are unlikely to taste such food in Calcutta. This book does not explain why, but it does show how the different groups of immigrants to Job Charnock's city have all contributed something of their own culinary specialities, to provide an eclectic cuisine. Chapter Four, 'Firinghee Flavours' mentions the Dutch, with their wine and cheese, the Portuguese who came via Goa, with spicy meats and mille-feuilles, the French who brought their yeast loaves (the word *pau* is supposed to be a corruption of *pain*), and the Jews with their *mussa* (matzo) of unleavened bread. The Muslim rulers brought their own meat-based recipes with them, and Ibn Batuta, the great traveller, gave a fascinating description of courtly Muslim 'mat-manners' as elegant people gathered around the *das-tarkhwan* (tablecloth). Many Indians find it hard to believe that potatoes, tomatoes and even chillies were not indigenous until fairly recently. Yet the names, *vilayati alu* (potato) and *vilayati begoon* (tomato) indicate that they were brought in by Europeans. Over 200 recipes are interspersed with a fascinating history of Calcutta food in this bargain of a book (less than the price of an Indian take-away). For those who would hesitate to start the day with a soup of goat's trotters (page 111), there are plenty of other feasts in store, and food for the mind too.

For everyone who has ever hesitated to ask what a particular Indian dish contains (remember Thackeray's Becky Sharp, who thought a chilli sounded 'delightfully cool' after a hot curry?), Joyce Westrip's book is the perfect answer. Small enough to be tucked away discreetly into a pocket or purse, it is a simple dictionary of food terms. 'Goshtaba - velvety smooth meatballs in a light cardamom-flavoured sauce (Kashmir), Payasa/payasam - milk pudding dish made from rice: made on festive occasions and as a temple offering' are

typical entries. There is a useful bibliography and blank pages for your own notes at the end. An invaluable, though pricey little book. (RLJ)

The Calcutta Cookbook 1995 Penguin India Rs150 pp403

ABC of Indian Food 1996 Prospect Books, Allaleigh House, Blackawston, Totnes, Devon TQ9 7DL £4.99 or £6.24 including postage pp91

Sweet Kwai Run Softly Stephen Alexander

The horrors suffered by Far East POWs in Japanese camps have resulted in more books being written about this subject than any other aspect of World War Two. Most of them have been written by people who were there, and this reviewer has concluded that writing their experiences down - getting it off their chests, so to speak - and seeing them in print, has a therapeutic effect on the authors, and as such is to be lauded. Many of the new batch of books published since 1992, the 50th anniversary of the fall of Singapore, have been self-published at considerable expense to the authors after the manuscripts were turned down by main-line publishers. Stephen Alexander's book is one that in better publishing days might well have been picked up by a main-line publishing house. Not only is it well-written (many of the others are not), it does not continuously harp upon the downside of life within the camps (as many of the others do). Just occasionally, good things happened, as one has always imagined they must have done, and the author chronicles them. He even incorporates humorous incidents that irrepressible Tommies and Aussies have always been famous for, even under the worst of conditions.

Alexander, who was commissioned in the 135th Field Regiment, is not quite as coy as some other officer authors have been about mentioning the pulling of rank, and worse, in the infamous Burma railway camps by some of the more senior British officers. The abrogation of their duty towards their men on the part of more than a few officers is one aspect of camp life that perhaps needs further airing in the hope that it never happens again. Fortunately there were others, like the colonels 'Knocker' Knights and Toosey, both mentioned by Alexander, and the famous Australian medic 'Weary' Dunlop, whose actions tended to balance the books. A book well worth reading. (PE)

1995 Marriotts Press, 174 Long Ashton Road, Bristol BS18 9LT. Tel 01275 392347. £15.00 pp266

Tamara: Memoirs of St Petersburg, Oxford and Byzantium

Tamara Talbot Rice, ed. Elizabeth Talbot Rice

Tamara Talbot Rice was born into a privileged Jewish household in St Petersburg in 1904, a world which came to an abrupt end during her adolescence. It was clearly a warm and loving environment within a vital and

closeknit extended family network, and the writer thrived on her capacity to maintain relationships with colourful and talented people throughout her life. She writes with vigour and sharp observation of the communities which she encountered throughout her long life, both in childhood and after her family's abrupt departure from Russia, following the execution of her favourite uncle Sasha. Rather than straight autobiography, we are offered a series of extended vignettes featuring groups of people, many of whom played significant parts in their areas of expertise, but in the main giving a picture of 20th century culture to which she was uniquely fitted to contribute. In a century where there has been much political movement and many private tragedies ensuing, there can be few who have used their personal experience to such public benefit in scholarship and the visual arts. She was well able to hold her own in scholarship and public life with her husband David and others whose contributions she discusses in her book.

She married David Talbot Rice on New Year's Eve 1927 and was therefore involved from the start in his archaeological work in Turkey. She gives vivid and often amusing accounts of their travels there both before and after the Second World War, particularly living in Constantinople and Trebizond as well as making expeditions into the hinterland, expressing great affection and respect for many of the Turkish people she met. She describes pre-war diplomatic life, and the cordial relationships they established with locals and expatriates alike in both cities; she appreciates help given by the Kurdish in difficult road conditions and regrets their refusal of any payment. She hunts for frescoes and entertains Rose Macaulay but barely mentions her own scholarly contribution to the endeavour.

Her daughter Elizabeth Talbot Rice has tactfully edited the memoirs left unfinished at her mother's death in 1993, and provided a historical background to the different sections. As a result the rather disjointed later part of the book is set in context, making it more cohesive. The subject matter of Tamara's book finishes with her husband's death in the early seventies, although her own scholarly activity continued through the last twenty years of her life, and it seems that with the loss of her husband David the heart of her own personal community went too, since their work and life was closely interrelated. The memoirs evoke an era now disappeared. Tamara's part is lively, slightly incoherent, anecdotal and passionate. Her mother impressed upon her that as an emigré, she would be a 'guest wherever she lived'; in her adult life she observes, wonders, explores and for the most part accepts the idiosyncratic communities in which she finds herself. She engages warmly with the many sympathetic characters she attracts, rapidly learns to recognise (but not identify) the antagonistic and relishes the unexpected; there is no doubt that she 'sang for her supper'. (VRB)

1996 John Murray £19.99 pp274

From Lebanon with Love: Letters 1947-48 Donald Foster

It is hard to better the blurb that accompanies this charming book:

BACSA member Donald Foster, author and broadcaster on Arabian affairs, has edited the letters written to his wife during a year at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies (MECAS); the so-called 'British Spy School' in the hills near Beirut. It is a fascinating account of travels, people and places, written with lyric intensity and much humour. The very scent of the Levant coast is lovingly evoked, especially in the dozen pen-and-wash sketches by the author. A subtext and postscript tell poignantly the story of a great love.

A decade after the time described by Donald Foster, we, an airline family took a house in Chemlan for the summer to escape the heat of Beirut, yet close enough to the airport so my husband could easily get to work (Chemlan hangs over the airport like Ravello to Amalfi), and provide my young children with an idyllic mountain village in which to roam and play. Later, when the children were safely parked in British boarding schools, I returned to Chemlan to do the 'Background' course at MECAS; a week's course in English on the background to the Arab world attended by an assortment of diplomats, bankers, soldiers, oil executives and mysterious unlabelled people like me that had come for the hell of it. So I consider myself eminently qualified to comment on Mr Foster's book and attest to its accuracy in evoking atmosphere, places and people in the Levant.

Every line of this touching book rings so true, filled as it is with exasperation, irritation, and affection for this wickedly seductive land. All of us who have lived in the Lebanon, for example, have made inconvenient and fruitless trips to the central Post Office to collect unsolicited gift parcels from well-meaning relations abroad, only to be sent away empty-handed to have to return another day. All of us have pleaded with those same relatives *never* to send us another parcel in the Lebanon again, as Mr Foster did. Mr Foster's pictures show his true talent for observation of place and colour and how delightfully it is written. (AT)

1996 Privately printed, £20.00 inclusive, orders via BACSA pp94

Jane Penelope's Journal and Governess to King Feisal II of Iraq 1940-1943 Elizabeth Morrison

The link between these two short accounts, published in one volume, is the author. It was her great grandmother, Jane Penelope Herring (née Swetenham), who kept a brief journal of a voyage between Calcutta and Singapore and to Basra, via Muscat. Jane Herring's husband was a sea-captain, and she gallantly

accompanied him to sea, although she had her two little girls with her. They were an unlucky family, for Anthony Herring died of sunstroke in July 1850 at Bushire in the Persian Gulf, followed by Jane's death only four months later, possibly in childbirth. But the two daughters survived, and the author is descended from the eldest, Agnes Elizabeth, after whom she is named. Elizabeth Morrison has led an adventurous life in India and the Middle East too, though as she says, by good fortune it was far less tragic than that of her predecessor. She was appointed governess to the infant King Feisal II in 1940 and spent three years in the Baghdad Palace, the Qasr al-Zehoor, fending off palace intrigues, and endeavouring to give the little boy as normal an education as possible, in the circumstances. In the end the situation proved impossible to resolve, and she left her charge, with regret, in 1943. His undoubted potential as a ruler was never realised, for he was assassinated in 1958, leaving Iraq vulnerable to thugs and bullies. An unusual little book, nicely illustrated and produced. (RLJ)

1995 Silent Books, obtainable from the author at Granhams House, Granhams Road, Great Shelford, Cambs FCB2 5JX £12.95 including postage

Follow my Bangalorey Man Paul Norris

This latest BACSA book, set between 1923 and 1939, gives a historical and social account of the town of Bangalore in Southern India, as seen through the eyes of the author during his childhood and schooldays, with his Greek grandparents. There are lively descriptions of the Bazaars, the Cantonment, the environs of the town with its Tamil, Canarese, Telugu and Muslim inhabitants. The British side is covered with accounts of Garrison life, the work of the churches and scholastic life in a Catholic school. It is a delightful, detailed account, which will evoke memories and provide an important source of material for social historians of pre-Independence India.

1996 BACSA £9.00 plus £1 postage pp171

Books by Non-Members (that will interest readers)

[These should be ordered direct and not via BACSA]

An East India Company Cemetery - Protestant Burials in Macao Lindsay and May Ride, ed. Bernard Mellor

This latest book on the Macao Cemetery is not only an excellent record of this cemetery, but an adornment to the literature of Asian cemeteries in general. Earlier publications include Braga's *Tombstones in the English Cemeteries at Macao* (1940) and Manuel Teixeira's *The Protestant Cemeteries in Macao*

(1988). Other material is in the BACSA archives. This book of over 300 pages uses the results of the study of the cemetery by Sir Lindsay and May Ride made throughout the years he was at Hong Kong University (1928-1964). Fittingly his own interment in 1977 (one hundred years after the cemetery was closed) is the last to be memorialised. The records assembled and photographs taken by the Rides have been skilfully edited by Bernard Mellor. He has also added, in Part I, useful and well illustrated material on the historical and geographic significance of Macao, an account of the Honorable Company's China trade as well as what followed and a discussion of burial practices and problems for Europeans in China in the 19th century.

Part II - the larger part of the book - starts with a map of the cemetery, helpfully groups the graves and notes developments in tomb design and inscriptions. The following 200 pages give detailed notes on every interment, a photograph and a recording of the inscription as well as biographical details on the deceased. These were principally British in origin, civilian and service, but with a significant number of American mariners and European traders. All entries and information are comprehensively indexed; there is an excellent chronology and a comprehensive list of courses on literature relating to the BACSA area. (LH)

1996 Hong Kong University Press £35 obtainable from the BACSA Secretary pp324 including 200 illustrations

India Handbook Robert Bradnock

This is absolutely the right kind of guidebook to take with you, whether you are new to India, or a seasoned old hand. In fact it is especially useful for people returning to India, because some things, at least, do change quickly and there is nothing more embarrassing than being caught out when leading newcomers to your favourite haunt only to find said haunt has disappeared or been transformed. Good new hotels are springing up all over the place and it is easier to find air conditioned, luxury coaches these days. The Handbook is sensibly laid out. Each town of note has a short summary of its history, its places of interest, a clear map, useful tips (e.g. don't let your camel driver get drunk in Jaisalmer), accommodation, luxury and budget, tour companies and shopping details. There is a well-illustrated guide to the flora and fauna and sensible maps. This is a pocket-sized book for a big pocket, that packs an enormous amount of high grade, accurate information into its 1,438 pages. I have only one criticism. Fairlawn Hotel, Calcutta, is one of my favourite hotels, with its chintz furnishings, white-gloved table bearers, and old-fashioned charm that simply cannot be recreated in newer establishments. A kinder word for it please, in next year's edition. (RLJ)

1996 (5th edition, updated annually) Footprint Handbooks £16.99 pp1,438

Horse and Foot Alec Harper

This is the story of a cavalry subaltern who was born in India in 1914, and who, apart from schooling in England, lived and worked there until Independence. On returning home he played and taught polo at Cowdray Park, and became Hon. Secretary to the Hurlingham Polo Association from 1971 to 1989.

1995 Quacks Books, obtainable from the author Lt. Col. AF Harper, DSO at Amersham Farm, Amersham, Midhurst, W. Sussex GU29 0BX £10.00 pp181

Forthcoming

Our Bones are Scattered: the Cawnpore Massacres and the Indian Mutiny of 1857 by Andrew Ward. September 1996 John Murray, London. £30.00 pp730

Dark Legacy - the story of Walter Reinhard, Begam Sombre and David Dyce Sombre by Nicholas Shreeve. November 1996 published by the author. Tel 01903 884960 (evenings) for details. £15.00 pp196

Republished

Under the Old School Topee by Hazel Innes Craig. First published as a BACSA book in 1990, now updated and revised. Available from the author at 53 Hill Rise, Rickmansworth, Herts WD3 2NY. £10.00 including postage

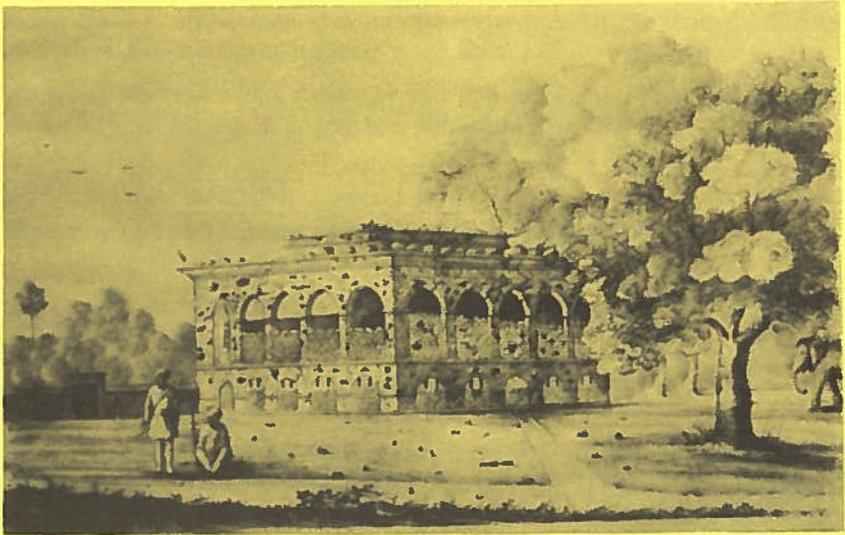
Changes of Address and ***A House in Pondicherry*** by Lee Langley. Two prize-winning novels now out in paperback, published by Minerva.

Books also received

Gallipoli by Michael Hickey. 1995 John Murray £19.99 pp363



* Books from India: where prices are given in rupees, the books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, Uttar Pradesh, India. Mr. Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £3 for registered airmail for a slim hard-back and £2 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request.



The little house at Arrah (see p.127)