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CHOWKIDAR

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NOTES ON BACSA

The Association was formed in 1976 and launched in Spring 1977 to bring together people with a concern for the many hundreds of European cemeteries, isolated graves and monuments in South Asia.

There is a steady membership of over 1,200 (2016) 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 building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. 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 the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: www.bacsa.org.uk

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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THE STRANGE LIFE OF MARY WARWICK

Chowkidar has published many curious tales over the years, but the story of Mary Warwick, also known as Major Michael Warwick and later as Brother Michael Warwick ranks high among them. It is, says Anthony Spender, the great grandson of Mary Warwick 'a tragic and brave life. She adopted a male persona and lived in India for twenty-five years helping the poor near Nainital.' Mr Spender has kindly given us detailed notes and photographs, including that of her grave at Jeolikot, in the little cemetery next to St. Anthony's Mission.

The story began in 1868 when Mary Alice Berners was born in Kensington into a well-to-do family. At the age of twenty-one she eloped with Lieutenant Charles Spencer-Warwick of the Devonshire Regiment and the couple were subsequently married at St George's Church in Hanover Square. Almost immediately the Spencer-Warwicks were sent to Burma in the aftermath of the third Anglo-Burmese war. Here their son John was born but sadly the next child, a daughter, died on the voyage home through the Red Sea. A third child, Gillian, was born in 1893 and that same year Mary, an attractive young woman, was presented at Buckingham Palace. However, by 1900 Mary had obtained a decree of judicial separation in the Lahore Chief Court, citing 'great unkindness and cruelty' towards her by her husband. Returning to London Mary took her two surviving children, John and Gillian, to be baptized into the Catholic faith at Brompton Oratory before returning with them to the family home at Woolverstone in Suffolk. The divorce was finalised in 1907. Six years later Mary travelled alone to India where she remained for the rest of her life. During World War One her youngest brother Hamilton, her son John, and her son-in-law Lionel (grandfather to our correspondent), were all killed and we next hear of Mary in 1923 at The Priory, near Nainital, where she is calling herself Mr M. Warwick.

An astonishing transformation had clearly taken place. An Indian neighbour described Mr Warwick as 'the quintessential sahib; he enjoyed drinks with his kind at the bar...and was very much part of the social scene and ran charitable organisations. It was only when he went to his grave that they discovered he was actually a woman posing as a man.' Even stranger is the description by Ian O'Leary, a pupil at the Hallett War School in 1943. 'We had heard of a lonely English monk who led a solitary life in a monastery he had built, far from civilisation.' This was Brother Michael who 'seemed very old, with closely cropped white hair, a long monk's robe and sandals on his feet'. The 'monastery' was handsomely furnished with a book-lined library, comfortable bedrooms, and luxurious

carpets but curiously there were no other monks – ‘only Brother Michael, his servants and a native pharmacist to dispense medicine to any sick passing travellers’. Ian and two schoolboy companions were entertained on several visits, their host relating stories of his world-wide travels. On 9 April 1944 Brother Michael died of heart failure, following acute bronchitis. Dr Gangola of Nainital confirmed in writing that his patient ‘Mr Warwick’ was in fact a woman. Questions seemed to have been raised at the time about a ‘strange death’ and it is possible an exhumation followed by re-interment took place.

Earlier this year, Anthony Spender and his wife Mary visited India as guests of the family who had bought Brother Michael’s hilltop house at Basgaon after her death. This must be the well-furnished ‘monastery’ that Ian O’Leary described. ‘It was far bigger than we imagined a single person would need’ Mr Spender told us. There were a number of stories handed down among local families, confirming that Brother Michael was very kind to the poor and did indeed dispense medicines to them. She was a generous supporter of St. Anthony’s Mission down the hill at Jeolikot and the Mission in turn looked after her in her final illness.

Tales were told of her ‘regal’ style of life, with grand parties held at Basgaon where guests, including the Governor, were carried up in dandies. The house took nine years to build, Brother Michael directing its construction from a tent pitched in the grounds. It was completed in 1930 and its library held almost 10,000 books, some of which were inscribed ‘Major M. Warwick’. When visiting Nainital on horseback ‘she dressed as a British Army major with a pencil thin moustache’ and attended official receptions at Government House. Curiously no-one seemed to question the major’s antecedents or former regiment.

Her great grandson speculates that the reason for adopting a male role was that as a divorced woman Mary would have been unable to live a full life in British Indian society of the time, and for the same reason would have felt unable to return to England. There are unanswered questions though. Surely it would have been simpler to play the part of a respectable widow than that of a man? Then again, although a devout Catholic convert, Mary may have found the idea of convent, or mission life in India too constricting. Clearly there was enough money available to fund a comfortable life in the hills, and to help the poor at the same time. But we will never know what prompted the disguise because neither Mary, nor Michael, ever chose to talk about it. The simple inscription on the grave records ‘In Loving Memory of M.A. Warwick, died 9 April 1944 aged 76. R.I.P.’ (see page 84)

MAIL BOX

The delightful little village of East Hoathly in Sussex once straddled the main road between London and the coastal town of Eastbourne. Bypassed today, it is a typical English village known chiefly for its local diarist Thomas Turner, an 18th century shopkeeper who recorded eleven years of his life in minute detail. But it has another modest claim to fame as your Editor discovered recently during a visit.

Lieutenant Colonel George Rees Kemp was an officer in the East India Company’s army, commanding a detachment of Bombay troops on the borders of Rajputana (today’s Rajasthan) in 1824. Colonel Kemp did so well that he was personally commended by the Governor General of the day, Lord Amherst, who said that the Colonel had ‘performed in a very satisfactory and efficient manner’. Several years earlier George Kemp had been present at a funeral service in India where a very young widow, Ann Martin, was mourning the sudden deaths of her husband and first born child. George gallantly stepped in to marry Ann, and the couple had a number of children, four of whom died as infants in India. The couple’s last child was named Edward Thomas and he followed his father’s footsteps by enlisting in the Company’s Army, in the 61st Bengal Native Infantry. Meanwhile Colonel Kemp had been promoted to the rank of General and had retired to Spring Lodge in East Hoathly, where the Prince Regent is said to have visited him.

Young Edward, twenty-four years old, and now a Lieutenant, was in the thick of the Indian mutiny, leading troops at the capture of Najafghar, north of Delhi in August 1857, and the recapture of Delhi itself the following month. Although the mutiny was officially declared over in November 1858 there were still some mopping up operations to be completed, and in particular the capture of rebel leaders. Tantia Tope, a former gunner who had led the Nana Sahib’s forces, was one of them, weaving his depleted army through Oudh and Rohilkhand. He was pursued by Brigadier General Walpole and a Field Force, which included Edward who had been put in charge of a small unit, the Kumaon Levy, consisting of ‘young and inexperienced boys’. Chasing Tantia Tope’s 2,000 strong army along the bank of the Sharda River, Lieutenant Kemp was mortally wounded at Sissaiya Ghat on 16 January 1859. Described as a ‘brave officer’, Kemp was one of only five European officers who died in the skirmish. A week later Tantia Tope was captured, and he was hanged in April 1859. It was a wretched way for young Lieutenant Kemp to die, having survived major encounters in 1857. Only a hasty burial would have been possible somewhere near Camp Sissaiya and probably nothing more than a simple wooden cross to mark the site.

So within the choir of East Hoathly Parish Church, old General Kemp commissioned a simple, dignified memorial to his son. The marble plaque was carved by Edward James Physick, one of the leading sculptors who had exhibited at the Royal Academy. It consists of a fallen shako and sheathed sabre, with this inscription:

Edward Thomas Kemp, Esq, Late Lieutenant of the 61st Regiment Bengal Native Infantry youngest son of General G.R. Kemp of Spring Lodge in this Parish who was killed during the Indian Mutiny whilst with a very small force he gallantly attacked a large body of the rebels near Bareilly on the 16th day of January 1859 in the 26th year of his age having previously been present at the siege and capture of Delhi in 1858 and at the Battle of Nujjufghur in the preceding year. E.J. Physick, sc. London N.W.

There are two inaccuracies in the inscription, due no doubt to distance and lack of clear information at the time. Bareilly is a good 40 to 45 miles west of Sissaiya Ghat, where the main encounter took place on 16 January 1859. The battle of Najafghar and the siege and capture of Delhi all took place in 1857, not 1858. The symbolism of the fallen shako is clear and the sheathed sabre appears to signify that the fight is over. Spring Lodge, the former Kemp family home, still stands on the outskirts of the village.

Iraq is only minimally within BACSA's remit, although there were early links with the English East India Company and an English factory or warehouse had been established at Basra by 1643. The Company's ships patrolled the Persian Gulf to protect traders from pirates and a British Residency, funded by the Company opened in Baghdad in 1798. In the last century considerable numbers of British and Indian soldiers were killed during the hard-won advance from Basra to Baghdad in World War One. Recent reports on the Commonwealth War Cemeteries at Basra and Amara have been particularly depressing; in fact the cemeteries have virtually ceased to exist. The War Graves Commission admits that it is 'extremely challenging for the Commission to manage or maintain its cemeteries and memorials located within Iraq' at the present and one doubts if it will get any easier. A photograph published in *The Times* earlier this year showed boys playing on and around the Basra graves which had previously stood among manicured lawns but that are now just a muddy swamp. One corner of the cemetery had been given over to civilian graves, which have fared just as badly. The one identifiable stone pictured was that of an American, Raymond De Young who died on 31 December 1930, aged twenty-two. De Young was a temporary teacher at the Basra Boys School, established by The Arabian Mission, an organization set up in 1889 by the Reformed Church in America.

We know virtually nothing about him, except that he arrived in Basra in 1929 and was dead the next year. The cause of death is not known. The Arabian Mission, set up to promote Christianity through education and medical aid was a brave but doomed venture that ended in 1973. But one has to admire the idealism of those young men and women in that inhospitable and now war torn country.

Last November Mrs Vicky Smith contacted BACSA for help with finding her grandmother's grave in Bangalore. Mrs Smith's family were tea and coffee planters near Chikmagalur now in Karnataka, southern India. Luckily BACSA has an Area Representative in Bangalore, Mr David Barnabas who offered to accompany Mrs Smith and her sister, Bay, to the Church of England cemetery there. (see page 84) The grave was found, and cleaned and the two granddaughters reported that: 'We found that it was a much more emotional experience for us than we had been expecting. Our grandmother, Kathleen Browne, died from cancer in 1941 at the age of 52. We never met her. She has a substantial slab of grey granite as her memorial, with a large flat cross upon the slab, which bears the simple inscription "Thy will be done". These poignant words seem to embody the resignation, acceptance and incomprehension that my Grandfather might have felt. Perhaps, after losing one's wife suddenly and painfully, allied to the problems of growing coffee and tea in the 1930s and the increasing pressures from Indian Independence, India became too much for him, for he left for good in 1947. The family had been out there since 1876, so India was well and truly their home by then. How grey and small England must have seemed! For us, being able to stand by our grandmother's graveside brought all this home to us and allowed us to gain an insight into our forebears. This was incredibly moving and important for us.'

Although Kathleen Browne's grave was in relatively good condition it was noted that 'all around her grave there were new headstones with new names, where the old British headstones had been removed and the graves reused. A huge slice of social history is in danger of being lost in this way. David Barnabas is particularly concerned about this. The cemetery has an open sewer running through it not far from the grave and is now a place where packs of dogs and vagrants congregate. It is rapidly falling into disrepair.' Bangalore has a number of old European cemeteries, because it was a popular British resort, with a thriving Greek community too. At present BACSA has agreed to fund a photographic record of pre-1947 headstones in the Kulpally Catholic cemetery at Bangalore and if this is successful BACSA will consider similar records for the other town cemeteries here.

Three years ago *Chowkidar* published the story of Andrew Jaffrey who spent his latter years developing the cinchona or quinine plant in Darjeeling, where he died in 1885. Now with perfect synchronicity we have the story of his counterpart in the Nilgiris, southern India, William Graham McIvor. Both men were Scots, Jaffrey from Govan and McIvor from Dollar, a small town in Clackmannanshire. Born within a year of each other, in 1824 and 1825 respectively, both trained at the Royal Botanic Garden in Edinburgh and both were appointed to supervisory posts in India. After his training, McIvor worked at Kew Gardens before travelling to the Ootacamund Horticultural Gardens in the Nilgiri Hills in 1848. The first cinchona saplings arrived there from South America twelve years later and McIvor became Superintendent of Cinchona Plantations. The bark of the trees had long been known as a preventative against malaria and the Government of India was anxious to secure and develop this valuable commodity.

McIvor knew little about the natural habitat of the plants, and grew them at first under glass. He quickly developed successful methods of propagation and an experimental nursery and plantation were laid out on the mountain peak of Dodabetta, near Ooty. Living on site, McIvor experimented with different environmental conditions and in August 1862 the first permanent planting of cinchona was carried out by the Governor of Madras, an event noted in the *Illustrated London News*. Advice on the design of 'propagating houses' was quickly conveyed to Andrew Jaffrey in Darjeeling although we do not know if the two men ever met. McIvor was confident enough to become a private investor in cinchona speculations, offering plants for sale and persuading others to invest. Military men in particular, who had experimented with coffee, took up the challenge and by 1866 there were about 30 cinchona plantations in the Nilgiris. Disputes arose about the best way of harvesting the bark, and McIvor's method of removing alternate strips from the tree, and wrapping the 'wounds' in moss to encourage regeneration worked well. He died in 1876, leaving the Gardens without a superintendent, although the private plantations continued to flourish.

BACSA member Mrs Phillida Purvis made an extensive tour in South India earlier this year, producing a very comprehensive and illustrated report. Among her photographs is that of William McIvor's tomb in the graveyard of St Stephen's Church at Ooty. Although the cemetery was fairly overgrown, Mrs Purvis says that this grave was in immaculate condition (*see page 85*) and indeed it is, with sprigs of cinchona flowers and leaves delicately carved on the tombstone. But who, one wonders, was the 'little wife' who erected it and donated a new chancel to the church?

THE FOUCAR FAMILY OF MOULMEIN

Adam Foucar, son of BACSA member Antony Foucar, and the new Area Representative for Burma, visited Moulmein in late November 2015. He has kindly sent us his report and photographs. 'Armed with a family tree and details extracted from books written by my father and grandfather, E.C.V. Foucar, both born in Burma, I visited St. Patrick's Church in the Shwe Daung Quarter accompanied by my guide Aung Swe Aye. The parish priest, Fr. Stanis indicated the cemetery. Passing through an iron gate, recent work funded by BACSA to lay cement paths, improve drainage and repair walls was immediately apparent. It would still be a challenge to find graves with family links, since some would be over 150 years old and likely to have deteriorated in the tropical conditions; however, armed with a torch and Aung Swe's enthusiasm for colonial history, we located a cluster of graves belonging to the Darwood, Snoball and Sutherland families. Among them were two of particular interest belonging to Magdalena Snoball and Petronella Sutherland. Not only were they my great-great-great-great and great-great-great grandmothers respectively, but they were also half sisters, whose respective grandson and daughter married and gave birth to Margaret Lillian Darwood. She had married my great-grandfather Emile Joseph Foucar here at St. Patrick's Catholic Church in 1890. Emile had left Germany in 1880 to join an older brother managing the family timber business.

In the church vestry, Fr. Stanis and I rummaged through the church records to find Emile Joseph Foucar's marriage certificate, which had been handwritten in Latin with the blue ink remaining remarkably fresh on albeit moth-eaten paper. Since he had been of Huguenot descent, on the previous page was an entry in English stating that he would allow his wife to practice her religion and that any children would be brought up as Roman Catholics. They were married by Fr. (later to become Bishop) Alex Cardot, whose tomb is in the transept of the church, witnessed by family and friends doubtless from the community of "Little England" in colonial Moulmein. Emile Joseph Foucar became a founding member of the Moulmein Volunteer Artillery in 1885 and went on to become its Commandant in the years leading up to World War One. Although becoming a naturalised British citizen in 1901, he remained the German consul in Moulmein; this would create complications when Germany went to war with his adopted nation. It is encouraging to note that today St. Patrick's Church has a thriving congregation numbering some 350-400, who enthusiastically celebrated in April 2016 the 187th anniversary of the church's consecration in 1829 and the 50th anniversary of Fr. Stanis's ordination.

Encouraged by discoveries at St. Patrick's Church, we next visited St. Matthew's Anglican Church where we discovered a First World War memorial plaque in the northern aisle that included two members of the Foucar family who had fallen while serving with London rifle regiments defending the Ypres salient in 1915. The church showed little signs of use but, as with St. Patrick's cemetery, there was evidence that a *chowkidar*, or at least a *mali*, was present in the churchyard. I subsequently discovered that my great-grandfather's elder brother Ferdinand had married Martha Grasmann at St. Matthew's Church in June 1877, acquiring the timber company Grasmann & Co. from his father-in-law the following year and renaming it Ferdinand Foucar & Co.'

Note: *The Burma Register* published by BACSA in 2015 contains details of the family graves of the interconnected Foucars, Sutherlands, Darwoods and Snoballs.



above: Snoball and Sutherland graves at Moulmein

CAN YOU HELP?

'An unkempt graveyard and a ruined church' are usually indicators of a good story and such is the case here. But for once the desolate site is not in South Asia, but in Kilkenny County, in south east Ireland. To be precise, it is the neglected graveyard of Famma, which can be glimpsed occasionally on the road from Thomastown to Inistioge. It has clearly not been accessed for years, and what was once the pathway is now quite overgrown. But Mary Casteleyn, vice-president of the Irish Genealogical Society and Bernie Kirwan, a local genealogist, have uncovered a real treasure during their survey of the graveyard.

Lying flat on the ground, just outside the church, is a weathered inscription that reads in part: 'This stone was erected in memory of Michael O'Gorman who lost his life on 9th July 1841 in the city of Candahar, Bombay. He rests beneath a silent tomb, deprived of life in early manhood, not by the valiant on thebut by a coward's deadly weapon, slain, far from his home in Ireland, he fell by the assassin's hand.....thousands his untimely fate shall mourn...'

What was Michael O'Grady Gorman doing so far from home and what provoked his assassination? The misleading reference to Candahar, Bombay is partly explained by the fact that Michael O'Gorman had enlisted as a private soldier in the East India Company's Army, in the 2nd Troop Bombay Horse Artillery, which was based at Kirkee, in the Bombay Presidency. So why was he in Afghanistan? He had, it seems, been plucked from the ranks to become a 'writer' or clerk to Major Elliott D'Arcy Todd, a Persian-speaking officer who had been sent to Herat and who was to become Political Agent there for a short time. Todd's impossible mission was to win over the local ruler to Britain's side at the start of the Great Game. Despite substantial bribes it didn't work and Todd, with O'Gorman at his side, left for Candahar in February 1841, without the formal permission of his superior officers, which led to his subsequent demotion.

O'Gorman must have been a remarkable young man (we do not know his date of birth), and he had clearly received a good education in Ireland to have been picked out by Todd. Perhaps he was a forerunner of one of those adventurous Irishmen in India that Rudyard Kipling was to write about later in the century? O'Gorman was taking his morning walk through a crowded street leading to the old citadel of Candahar on 24 July 'when a fanatic who had come in from the country on purpose to murder some European officer to which he had been excited by the Mullahs, seeing no other victim nearby and being misled by the genteel appearance of [O'Gorman], plunged the knife into his heart'.

The murderer was immediately secured by a sepoy who laid him low with a lathi blow. The hapless fanatic was taken before the British Political Agent and promptly blown from a gun. It was Lieutenant C.F. North, the Assistant Political Agent, who had the sad task of writing to Michael O'Gorman's sister in Dublin. He told her how her brother's murder was 'not the only instance of the kind in this hostile country'. The young man had lingered until noon, when he expired, and Lieutenant North read the burial service over him, in the absence of a clergyman. North added that 'no one can regret his loss more than I do, as his good conduct and

qualities, far superior to those usually found in men in his situation entitled him to the respect and confidence of his superiors', an indication that O'Gorman had indeed risen high. He was buried in the cantonment cemetery, which was to receive many more bodies after the second Afghan war, forty years later. Today only faded photographs remain of the site. Lieutenant North had been seconded to his post from the Bombay Engineers, which no doubt reinforced the idea that Candahar was, sort of, somewhere near Bombay. The confusion of the date of death is harder to explain. Clearly 24 July 1841 is correct.

But there is one last puzzle. The redoubtable Lady Sale, one of the few survivors of the forced retreat from Kabul the following year, wrote that Michael O'Gorman 'is a man of bad character; he has lately got himself into bad repute by writing letters to the newspapers under the signature of "Sharpe". He was also connected with a man by the name of O'Grady Gorman in a correspondence with the Russians which was proved by a letter found amongst the papers of the latter after his murder in Candahar.' So Lady Sale, a sharp, but rather gossipy woman, thought there were two men involved, both with the surname O'Gorman. Could it be that the Irishman had adopted a second persona, and was secretly a Russian agent? Perhaps some *Chowkidar* readers may be able to add more to this tale? Meanwhile, the full story with a photograph of the Famma cemetery can be found on: <http://kilkennygraveyards.blogspot.co.uk>

In 1971 BACSA member John Green-Price tells us he was travelling through India, as a young man, and visited the grave of his elder brother who tragically died of dysentery at the age of eight months. The baby was called Guy Chase and he died on 18 April 1938 at Bareilly, where his father, then Major Francis Green-Price was stationed as a member of the Royal Indian Army Service Corps (RIASC). A contemporary photograph of the grave shows a marble cross with a neat surround and the inscription picked out in black lettering including the words 'A little child shall lead them'. By the time John Green-Price found the grave more than thirty years later, the cross had gone, and the lettering faded, though it was still identifiable. Now, many years later, he wonders if it still exists at all.

Bareilly's cantonment cemetery, where we imagine the burial took place, is located at Janakpuri and BACSA's sister organization, Families in British India Society (FIBIS) has recently employed a photographer there who has recorded over 450 tombs. Unfortunately that of Guy Chase Green-Price is not among them. Possibly the grave has vanished, or was inaccessible, but if anyone is visiting Bareilly, a search would be much appreciated. Please contact Mr Green-Price c/o the Editor.

BACSA member Colonel Gerald Napier tells us that for some years now he has been working on a condensed history of Indian military engineering in the 18th and 19th centuries, that is, work undertaken by British engineers, sappers and miners in the subcontinent. These men often received little credit for their exploits, but without them the East India Company and later the Government of India would have been rendered almost ineffectual. Military engineering was not simply employed on the battlefield, or in besieging forts, but in crossing rivers with temporary bridges, in making new roads and indeed in the construction of buildings. When India's princes wanted a new palace built in the fashionable European style, they would often 'borrow' a British engineer. Captain Duncan McLeod of the Bengal Engineers, for example, designed and built palaces for rulers in Awadh and Murshidabad. Colonel Napier would be interested to contact members who might have any family archive material such as letters, diaries or artwork that might contribute to this story. Please email him on: g.napier@btinternet.com or write c/o the Editor.

Four years ago Lord Strathspey, Chief of the Scottish Clan Grant, visited Canada, where he met a number of distant and hitherto unknown relatives. Some time in the mid-eighteenth century a male member of the clan had settled in North America, where he married a local woman and founded a family that today forms part of the Cherokee Nation, and the Métis First Nation in Canada. One of the most prominent leaders of the Métis, or mixed-race community, was one Cuthbert James Grant, born in 1793, the second son of the Scotsman. Cuthbert was sent to Scotland for his education, a fairly clear indication of paternal interest and DNA testing has confirmed that Cuthbert's many children are indeed descended from the Grant clan and thus members of a new sept or branch.

What has this to do with BACSA you might ask? Hoping to repeat the success of the Canadian discovery, Adrian Grant writes from Fife to tell us: 'This work is far from finished for we may note that many Grants lived and worked in India, whether for the East India Company, or serving in the army etc., some with considerable distinction. While some of these returned to the United Kingdom after their tours of duty, we are confident that at least some settled and had families in India, some with other ex-pats and others with Indian ladies. So.....we would very much like to make contact with such of the descendants of these as may be interested in re-connecting with their Scottish roots, allowing them the better to celebrate the Scottish part of their heritage while at the same time enriching the Clan by sharing with us the India heritage they also possess. I look forward to any help you may be able to afford me in forging such connections.' Please write to Adrian Grant at 7, Shiels Avenue, Freuchie, Fife KY15 7JD, Scotland. Or email at: standfast@idnet.com



above: 'Brother Michael's' simple grave at Jeolikot (see page 74)

below: sisters Vicky and Bay at their grandmother's grave in Bangalore (see page 77)



above: William McIvor's handsome tomb at Ooty (see page 78)

below: the restored inscription on Therezia Younker's tomb at Adiyamankottai. Mr J. Barnabas of the Salem Historical Society is second from right. (see page 86)



SMART WORK IN SALEM

A couple of years ago BACSA published a booklet on the old Anglican Cemetery at Salem in south India. The booklet, edited by BACSA member Denise Love, was based on surveys and restoration work carried out by the Salem Historical Society. One of the entries was for Maria Leonora who married John Boalth, the Deputy Collector in 1827. Maria's parents were Therezia and John Younker, the latter being clerk of the church at Negapatam. Because Therezia was not buried in the old Anglican cemetery, her inscription and tomb were not described in the BACSA publication. But the tomb was known to the Salem Historical Society who discovered it, after some detective work, inside a temple compound at Adiyamankottai, which had previously been in the Salem District. The tomb had been located at the request of a Younker descendant, visiting from New Zealand. It was a fine square tomb, standing in a grassed area, with its original inscription on black granite. The temple, a recent development, stands within the old fort, which is itself under the protection of the Archaeological Survey of India. The wording on the tomb notes that Therezia Younker died on 8 February 1846, and additional information reveals that she was a missionary, like her husband, from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (SPCK), which was established in London at the end of the seventeenth century. (The name Younker is of Dutch or German origin.)

The tomb, standing within the fort, is a protected monument, so when members of the Historical Society found that the inscription had been hacked off the tomb by vandals, they were 'shell-shocked' as they put it. Some damage had been caused to the base of the tomb as well, but curiously, the space where the inscription had been was now filled with brick and smoothly plastered over, as if to conceal all traces of the epitaph. Complaints were registered with various local officials, including the District Collector, the Police and even the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. The police acted swiftly. They recovered the missing epitaph, and arranged for it to be reinstated on the tomb. (see page 85) Temple authorities and residents in the area were interrogated, but the culprits were not identified. Now, thanks to the vigilance of the Salem Historical Society this 170-year old monument is fully restored and hopefully better protected in the future.

Correction: BACSA member Professor Barry Lewis has kindly pointed out that the caption on page 60 of the Spring 2016 *Chowkidar* is wrong (the Sultanpet Cemetery). The photograph in fact shows an entrance to the nearby village, not the abandoned British cemetery. The latter is simply in a nondescript field about a quarter of a kilometre east of the village.

NOT SO SMART IN SHORAPUR

David Barnabas, BACSA's Area representative for Bangalore District has forwarded a distressing story and photograph published in the *Times of India* in June. The isolated grave of Captain George King Newberry, who died aged 39 on 8 February 1858 has been comprehensively desecrated and its inscription destroyed. Captain Newberry of the 8th Madras Light Cavalry was part of a British unit attacking Shorapur Fort, and its rebellious leader Raja Venkatappa Nayaka. The young raja had been tutored by Captain Philip Meadows Taylor, that remarkable civilian administrator and prolific author who wrote sympathetically about relationships between Indians and the British. Meadows Taylor's 'regency' and tutelage resulted in an anglicised ruler, who nevertheless contacted the Nana Sahib of Cawnpore for ideas on leading his own fight against the British during the Indian mutiny.

At first it seemed the raja had the upper hand. Sunday the 7th of February saw many British and sepoy troops killed, but it was the following day that the tide seemed to turn. A successful sortie captured Shorapur Fort and the raja was later seized. It was during this encounter that Captain Newberry lost his life. An intriguing suggestion in the newspaper report is that the raja himself arranged for the cremation of the captain's body. If true, this would be unusual at a time when Christians were almost uniformly interred. The size of the desecrated tomb would seem to indicate a burial.

The raja's subsequent fate was a sad one. Meadows Taylor, who had obviously grown fond of his young charge, pleaded for a lenient sentence for him and won a comparatively short term of four years for his unsuccessful revolt. We don't know exactly what happened next but it appears that on his way to prison, Raja Venkatappa Nayaka seized a pistol from his escorting guard and turned it on himself, with fatal results. Returning to Captain Newberry's lonely tomb, we learn that it was protected by the state archaeological department, which doesn't have the same resources as the Archaeological Survey of India. Although a protective wall had been built around the tomb by a local land administrator, this was no protection against encroachment and 'illegal cultivation', where crops are grown on another person's land. Local villagers allege that the tomb destroyers were after treasure, but the police are not convinced and have registered a complaint. Meanwhile debris, broken stones and brick dust lie in front of a gaping tomb. The only good thing to come out of this sorry mess is that it has made the headlines, another indication that an increasing number of local people are becoming more aware that what lies around them, Hindu, Mughal or British, is all part of India's history.

GARDEN CEMETERIES OF THE FUTURE

Dr William Pettigrew of the University of Kent has been experimenting with an innovative idea using digital technology to inform visitors about the old cemetery of St Mary's in Madras (now Chennai). The implications for other garden cemeteries in South Asia are considerable. In an article commissioned for *Chowkidar*, Dr Pettigrew explains how he went about the task of using digital applications to enhance garden cemeteries:

'India has long promoted its heritage with reference to the burial places of outsider cultures. One need only think of the majesty of the Taj Mahal for confirmation. While Mughal (and earlier) burial sites have been fully integrated into India's urban and heritage plans, BACSA members know well that European cemeteries have remained mostly separate from Indian heritage and disconnected from their flourishing urban contexts. Initially, this separation was by design. The English idea of the garden cemetery – made famous at Highgate and elsewhere – was partly inspired by the Indian practice of building burial grounds away from city centres. But the cemetery gardens of the 18th century are now in the beating hearts of rapidly expanding Indian cities. Their future looks more uncertain than ever as property values rise and as local awareness of their cultural, architectural, and human interest diminishes. But such sites could offer Indian cities precisely what they need: tranquil public space for quiet, respectful reflection.

How might this work? Take St Mary's on the Island burial ground in Chennai, as one pressing example. I first visited this astonishing site in June 2013. I was impressed by the spacious calm the site provided within the dense storm of Chennai's disorientating network of flyovers. I soon became aware of the huge scale of the monuments. Some are perhaps 15m high. Built in a variety of architectural styles and using various stones from Europe and also South Asia, they offer a superb array of the finest sepulchral art of the late 18th and 19th centuries. I also witnessed the scale of the dereliction. Massive inscription slabs had fallen onto the floor. Tombs were partially open. Marble had been stripped away from the monuments now adorned instead with sleeping stray dogs and defaced with animal ordure. The entire site is overgrown despite the best efforts of the Chowkidar there to clear it back through sporadic burning of the foliage. The resulting ash makes a sinister coating for the cemetery – a brown-grey veneer that covers stone and leaf. The beauty of the space and the significance of the architecture are undeniable. I returned to London determined to learn more about its history. Some digging in the India Office Records quickly proved that the site is of immense historical

importance. St Mary's on the Island predates its more famous counterpart in Kolkata, South Park Street Cemetery, as a pioneering example of a garden cemetery by 4 years. I also learnt about some of those buried at the cemetery. A magnificent mausoleum houses the remains of the brilliant Scottish doctor and botanist, James Anderson, who died in 1809. On the four corners of the dome (now beset by the sort of foliage Anderson may well have fixated upon) is the word Anderson written in Tamil, Telugu, Persian, and English – a measure of the diverse constituency who benefitted from his medical expertise.

Although mostly 18th and 19th century, a few of the graves date from the early 20th century including that of the immensely popular Victorian novelist, Adela Nicholson, (pseudonym, Laurence Hope). The burial ground contains nothing less than a roll call of the mothers and fathers of the city of Madras and its subsequent illustrious inhabitants. Conversations with friends and colleagues in India taught me that this information was not widely known among people living in Chennai. Many knew of the cemetery, but few ventured inside.

I set about thinking how local people could become more interested in the cemetery. I began to think that there might be digital means to this end. Knowing that many of the inscriptions on the tombs were now obscured but were recorded in London, a colleague (Dr Edmond Smith) and I programmed QR (quick response) barcodes (ultimately to be used on marker posts around the cemetery) that would enable local mobile phone users to access information about each monument as they visited.

In March this year, we trialled this technology with students at the Union Christian Matriculation Higher Secondary School in Chennai. This visit, along with a meeting with Mr V. Sriram of Heritage Walks Chennai confirmed the extent of local enthusiasm for our scheme. An audience with the newly installed Bishop of Madras established that the Diocese would support our efforts. As such, our idea to use digital technologies to connect local users with documentation in London to help build local support for the restoration of the cemetery is beginning to gather momentum. Meetings with conservation architects and representatives of the Diocese are planned for later this year. Thanks to this research and the technology and the ongoing input and support of BACSA, the possibility of integrating this richly fascinating and tranquil garden cemetery into the urban and heritage landscape of dynamic Chennai looks ever more likely.'

Dr William Pettigrew, University of Kent (w.pettigrew@kent.ac.uk)

MORE FROM BHAGALPUR

We sometimes forget that foreigners who lived and worked in India during the colonial period were not only British, but from many other countries too. Over the years BACSA has looked at some of these smaller communities – the Greeks in Bangalore for example, or the Armenians in Calcutta. Tombstones are sometimes the only reminders of the diversity of the subcontinent's population, with their foreign, that is, non-English, inscriptions. Clearly some areas were more 'British' than others during the British Raj, just as some places were shunned for postings or leave. Bihar never seemed a popular posting for Raj officials, nor does it figure much in colonial reminiscences and perhaps for this reason it proved a more sympathetic home to a variety of Europeans.

Syed Faizan is the new Area Representative for Bihar and Jharkhand and has already sent us useful information about the old Anglican Saheb ka Qabristan (graveyard of the Sahebs) at Bhagalpur (see *Chowkidar* Autumn 2015). Now he turns his attention to the Catholic church and cemetery here, also in the Sahebganj quarter of Bhagalpur, as well as the abandoned cemetery of St. Saviour's, and he has uncovered some interesting names of planters and missionaries who were certainly outside the main stream of colonial society. The church was rebuilt at the beginning of the last century, when Italian craftsmen were brought from Bologna. Tablets to the earlier Fathers line the wall and near the entrance are an interesting group of inscriptions that commemorate the flourishing Dequadros, or De Quadros family, whose descendants still live in the city. The name Dequadros is of Portuguese origin, and there are reports of Dequadros ship captains in Indian waters in the early 17th century. Another Portuguese name is Lopes and there is a memorial to 'Felix Sebastian Lopes, zamindar' born in 1799 who died in 1869 and was 'a devoted father, true friend, charitable neighbour, a kind and just landlord, and a pious Christian'.

'The main cemetery lies to the East of the Church and it contains more than thirty intact graves with almost all of them in proper condition, although, the overgrowth of weed coupled with the blackened and worn-out inscriptional letters had made our task of recording the inscriptions a little tougher, nevertheless, we were successful in recording the details of almost all the gravestones. The cemetery is situated in an enclosed boundary and its entrance gate is flanked by the statues of two angels on either side. These graves and memorials had been sculpted by the expert artisans and sculptors of Chunar (U.P.), Calcutta, Monghyr (Bihar) and Patna. Apart from the English language there are graves which have inscriptions

in Latin, Italian and German languages as well, indicating the native countries of the departed souls.' Noteworthy graves include that of 'Lousia Piron, relict of the late Joachim Piron, Deputy Collector of Monghyr, who was born on 25th October 1800 and died on 30th November 1875, aged 75 years 1 month and 5 days. The monument was erected by her son-in-law Thomas Grant Esquire.' Joachim Piron is possibly the son of Colonel Jean-Pierre Piron, a French soldier of fortune who was working for the Nizam of Hyderabad in 1797. There are other interesting names here too like Justin Ludvic Antonini, an Assistant Indigo planter at the Kahalgaoon factory, who died at the early age of twenty-four 'cut off in the prime of his youth' as the gravestone mourns. The Antonini family came originally from Venice and one wonders what brought them to this (fairly) obscure corner of Bihar.

Mr Faizan next visited the abandoned St Saviour's Church, located in the Champanagar locality of West Bhagalpur. It is difficult to locate he says, because it is no longer in use, but the old Police Training Academy nearby should help people to find it. 'A vast gated cemetery east of the church is situated on a high mound and enclosed by massive boundary walls, so the graves are safe and intact.' The site is very overgrown, but would certainly benefit from a survey. There is a memorial here to the Revd. Ernst Droese formerly of the Berlin Mission who subsequently joined the Christian Missionary Society and who spent 35 years in Bhagalpur working with the local Santhal and Pahari tribes.

This saintly man had arrived in India in 1842, and was ordained by Bishop Daniel Wilson. He set up a number of Missions and was the first person to establish the local language, Malto, in written form. Since the tribespeople were largely illiterate there had seemed no need for a written language. The Revd. Droese retired to Landour, where he died in 1891. His wife, Johanna, who had 'shared his labours' for forty-five years, subsequently returned home to Germany. Graves of other missionaries are here too.

NOTICES

Military History Essay Competition. Many members will remember with affection the late Lieutenant General Stanley Menezes, a long time BACSA member, who, before local Area Representatives were established, was responsible for the whole of India. After a distinguished career in the Indian Army, which he joined in 1943, he rose to become Vice-Chief of the Army Staff, before retiring in 1980. General Menezes was invaluable among many other things, in getting cantonment graves restored in India and he was the liaison officer between the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the Indian Ministry of Defence.

His unrivalled knowledge of army history was generously shared with anyone who asked and he was a frequent contributor of book reviews for *Chowkidar*. In his honour the United Service Institution of India (USI) and the Editor of *Chowkidar* have established the Lieutenant General S.L. Menezes Memorial Indian Military History Essay Competition. This annual competition is open to all serving or retired officers of all nationalities and consists of a short essay (up to 4,500 words, including footnotes) on any topic relating to India's military past, on land, sea or air. The prize is a cash award of Rs 10,000 and the chance of publication in the USI Journal. Full details are on the USI website: <http://usiofindia.org> under USI events or from the Editor.

Children of the Raj is an informal discussion-lunch group that began about 15 years ago. People who were born during the British Raj, now meet twice a year in Suffolk to share stories, memories, observations and ...curry! BACSA member Natalie Wheatley tells us there is no committee, and no rules. Interesting speakers are always welcome and the last meeting saw 74 people in attendance. The Spring 2017 meeting is on 2 March at Woodbridge, Suffolk. For further details please contact Mrs Wheatley on 01394 382658 or email: natalie.wheatley@tesco.net

The South Asian Decorative Arts & Crafts Collection (SADACC) in Norwich is a real Aladdin's cave of treasures from the East. A charity, founded in 2010, it seeks to record, conserve and preserve the arts, crafts and culture of South Asia. Temporary exhibitions of beautiful textiles and artefacts mingle happily with old furniture, pottery and paintings and there are contemporary items for sale too. BACSA's Autumn 2016 outing will be visiting the Collection on Thursday 24 November. Full details are contained in this Autumn mailing.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

For the Love of a Highland Home

Kathy Fraser

Two years ago *Chowkidar* reported that traces of a handsome Mughal-style tomb had been tracked down near Delhi, which once contained the body of Alexander (Aleck) Fraser, one of five brothers who had sought their fortunes in India. Four of the Fraser boys lost their lives abroad and only James, the eldest, returned to the ancestral home of Moniack, near Inverness, in the Scottish Highlands. It was the determination to keep Moniack, also known as Reelig House, in the family that led to the constant quest for money to redeem the heavily indebted estate.

The author has done a remarkable job in telling the story of the brothers, following the discovery of 'a battered old trunk' containing a rich archive of journals and letters between the Fraser boys and their parents. Kathy Fraser was also intrigued on entering Reelig House in the 1970s as a bride, to find a set of five sepia images hanging in the hall - photographs of the boys' portraits painted by Henry Raeburn, the noted Scots artist. The original portraits had been sold in 1879. The Raeburn portraits are an early indication of the disjuncture between the actual financial situation of the debt-laden *pater familias* Edward Satchwell Fraser 'Reelig', and his expectations of how a Highland Laird should behave.

Because lack of money was the spur that sent the five Fraser sons abroad, it is worth noting that their father's debts continually hovered around £30,000, sometimes diminishing a little with loans from friends and occasional remittances from India, but certainly not helped by Reelig's expenditure. The sum is equivalent to almost two and a half million pounds today, and probably not many of us would sleep easy in our beds with a debt of that size hanging over our heads. But Reelig, the 14th Laird, sends the boys to expensive schools, gets William, his second son, into the East India Company as a writer, and invests in a slave plantation in Guyana. A further estate purchase at Dunchea in Scotland followed.

The task of telling a story that begins in 1751 and ends in 1846, and that straddles three continents (South America, Europe and India) as well as Scotland, is immense. This is a long book of nearly 400 large pages, but not a single page is without interest. The whole family (except William, now in Delhi), wrote copiously to each other and Reelig copied everything into a series of letter-books, which form a continuous narrative until his death in 1835. There is much incidental information about the boys' adventurous lives. There are descriptions of life in Guyana, and pretty horrible it sounded too, being 'abominably ugly, perfectly flat' and with the ever present fear of rebellion by the unfortunate slaves working in the cotton plantations. Both James and Edward, who had been sent there to oversee the family estates were glad to leave, James bringing with him two slaves, one of whom, Black Toby, was to accompany his master to India and home to Scotland.

Edward was the first of the boys to die (in 1813 not 1816 as page 163 has it). Working in Delhi, he began to show signs of tuberculosis, which at that period was almost inevitably fatal, and only alleviated by laudanum. A river cruise to Calcutta was ordered, followed by a sea voyage to St Helena, with its fine climate. Aleck accompanied him as he grew weaker, and Edward died in his brother's arms and was buried on the island.

Aleck was the next to go, also it seems from tuberculosis. In an attempt to escape the burning heat of Delhi, he encamped near the Jumna with William and James and died in his tent there in May 1816. He was buried where the tent had stood.

William, the best known of the brothers, rose to the position of Agent to the Governor General and Commissioner of Delhi. He had become almost Indian himself, painted in native dress, and living with a number of *bibis* and children from these relationships. One of these, little olive-skinned Amy, was sent to Scotland with the cover story that she was a friend's daughter, but eventually it came out that the unmarried William was her father. Both William and James commissioned local artists to paint figures and scenes of late Mughal life in and around Delhi and these exquisite images were put together in what became known as the Fraser Album, which was rediscovered at Moniak in the late 1970s. It is ironic that a single page from this album, which sadly was broken up, would today fetch £30,000 – almost the sum that Reeling needed to pay off his debts.

William was assassinated in 1835 by the disgruntled nephew of a Muslim colleague. His grave is now at Skinner's Church (St. James's Church), old Delhi with an inscription that begins: 'The Remains interred beneath this monument were once animated by as brave and sincere a soul as was ever vouchsafed to man by his Creator...' George, the youngest son, died five years later at Aurangabad, on his way to Bombay, and home, with his young wife. His tomb was discovered last year. It was left to James to carry on the male line and to take over the Moniak estate. He became an expert on Persia, being put in charge of two jolly Persian princes temporarily in exile in England before escorting them home. His retirement was spent in writing and later in planting exotic trees at Moniak, where a small monument commemorates the five brothers.

Only a couple of errors are noted in this book, which can easily be corrected in a new printing – the author is a bit wobbly on some historic place names – Kanpur was only used after 1947, it was Cawnpore during the brothers' days, and Uzbekistan didn't come into existence until the 1990s. A detailed book like this deserves a professional index too, which can't be done with 'search and find' on the computer. Otherwise it is a splendid story and deserves a wide readership. (RLJ)

2016 Grey Thrush Publishing, Australia. ISBN 978 0 9924865 4 9. Available from the author, Mrs M.K. Fraser, Reelig House, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire IV5 7PP, Scotland. £22.50, including postage and packing in the UK. pp406

BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS OF INTEREST

The Making of India: The untold story of British enterprise

Kartar Lalvani

News of this book began to filter through to BACSA members immediately after its publication earlier this year. The author, founder and chairman of the large vitamin company Vitabiotics, was interviewed on the commercial radio station LBC, a rare honour for an Indian historian. And Dr Lalvani *is* Indian, born in Karachi in 1931, then moving to Bombay, before settling in London, initially as a student. Even more astonishingly he is full of praise for the British Raj, and in particular for its engineers and entrepreneurs. He has dedicated his life, he writes 'in realising the blessings and opportunities afforded to me by the unique Anglo-Indian connection'. And he asks pertinently 'What would India be like today if the British had simply chosen to stay at home?' Golly! This is inflammatory stuff in today's politically correct world and will subsequently be dismissed by many historians of colonial studies. But the book has been warmly welcomed both here and in India, not so much for its revisionist views, which are certainly present, but for the sheer accumulation of evidence that the British did, for multiple reasons, shape the face of today's India.

It is undeniable that the fruits of Britain's Industrial Revolution and the European Enlightenment both found a warm welcome in India, which had been struck by dissent and division during the eighteenth century as the hitherto firm hand of the Mughal emperors began to waver. Railways, steamships, iron foundries, bridges, canals, telegraphs and new roads all changed the face of the landscape for ever, bringing the huge subcontinent together as an (almost) cohesive force for the first time. In particular the railways, as well as moving people and goods over previously unimaginable distances, were impervious to the distinctions of Indian society. The Chief Engineer of the Madras Railway said in 1854 it was not the responsibility of the railways to recognize 'creed or caste' and the only distinction was that 'which can be purchased by money' – a useful early exercise in democracy and the shift from the medieval to the modern.

But to imagine that all these enterprises were carried out entirely by Britons would be quite wrong. Few of them would have been possible without active Indian support. It was the Parsi Wadhia family that built the first dry-dock in Bombay in 1755 and many of the best ocean going ships too, including 170 ships for the East India Company. Another Parsi, Ardaseer Cursetjee, was sent by the Company to study steam technology in England and on his return to Bombay was put in charge of a hundred British engineers there.

Other Parsi entrepreneurs include the great Tata family, who provided the steel for the hastily constructed railtracks in Mesopotamia during World War One. There is no doubt however, that it was in Britain's financial interests to have a captive market in India for all manner of goods, and that many of the manufacturing giants in the Midlands, like the Butterley Company in Ripley and Ruston in Lincoln did very well out of exporting its wares to India under favourable tariffs.

The author notes other, less obvious, benefits of British rule like the Indian Forestry Service and the establishment of Botanic gardens. Again, one could argue that these were not purely altruistic enterprises, though they did of course provide work for many local people. And it takes a brave man to suggest that the British Raj, at its peak, was particularly interested in conserving wild life.... but nevertheless the establishment of Kaziranga as a reserved forest and the creation of what later became Corbett Park are cited. Dr Lalvani has produced a valuable reference book and its proceeds will go to fund a new Indo-British research group into our shared histories. We wish him well and would like to learn if this is something to which BACSA can contribute. (RLJ)

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Mr Ram Advani (1920 – 2016)

Mr Advani's name first appeared in *Chowkidar* in 1998 as a bookseller based in Lucknow who could provide any new book published in India to BACSA members in Britain. The great advantage was that members could pay simply by posting a sterling cheque. At a time before Amazon and online purchasing, this was an invaluable service and helped promote books that would otherwise have been difficult to obtain. But Ram Advani was much more than just a bookseller. He was an institution and national and international newspapers mourned his death in March. His shop was the meeting place in Lucknow for scholars of all nations, for friends, and for anyone interested in books and good conversation over a cup of tea. For a privileged few, including several BACSA visitors, there were sociable dinners at the 'Club' - the Golf Club that Ram had helped to establish overlooking the grounds of La Martiniere College. He was a good and deeply loved friend of the Editor among many others. (RLJ)

Back cover: Nothing at all to do with cemeteries, but this permanent fibreglass model of Big Ben, on the road to the airport in Calcutta, has been delighting BACSA travellers and others for nearly a year. An almost perfect replica, standing 135 foot tall, it is of course, called Little Ben.

Notes to Members

When writing to the Honorary Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you please send the letter c/o the Honorary Secretary who will forward it unopened.

Members' email addresses will not be given out. If an email is sent for a member, via the Editor or the Honorary Secretary, it will be forwarded to that member. It is then at the discretion of the member to reply or not.

If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the Projects Coordinator (email: rosemarylee143@btinternet.com) or the Honorary Secretary to find out if it has already been recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI notice, which is always worth doing, but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.

The Editor's email address is: rosieljai@clara.co.uk



above: Little Ben at the Lake Town – VIP Road Junction, Calcutta.