



CHOWKIDAR

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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 1,600 (1994) 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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Myth and Reality

Although atrocities were committed on both sides during the Uprising of 1857, it had previously been thought that desecration of European cemeteries in India did not take place, as occurred, for example, fifty years later in the Chinese Boxer Rebellion. It was, perhaps, so dreadful for Victorian Britain to contemplate, in the wake of attested crimes, that collectively, they simply refused to admit that it could have happened. Recently, however, evidence has been accumulating of disinterment and the defacing of monuments, certainly in places like Lucknow, where fighting was at its fiercest. Between June 1857 and March 1858, the city was governed by its Indian inhabitants, many of whom certainly had no reason to like the British, whose East India Company had sent their Nawab into exile in Calcutta.

The elaborate tomb of Major General Claude Martin, in the basement of La Martiniere School was an obvious target, especially after its masters and pupils had taken refuge in the British Residency. British troops reoccupying the School found the marble tomb broken open, and the General's embalmed body gone. In the little Kaisarpasand cemetery, the brick and stucco tomb of Mariam Begum, the English wife of Nawab Ghazi-ud-din Haider was mutilated. Ad hoc burials took place during the six month's siege of the British Residency, but the dead were not to rest in peace, as a report in 1874 by Darogah Abbas Ali shows: 'The bodies of the brave men and women who fell during the siege and were buried there, were, after the final relief, torn from their graves by the mutineers and scattered about, the whole place was dug up in the mad search for treasure, so that on the re-occupation not a trace of the graves, and indeed hardly a vestige of the original order of things remained.'

Perhaps the most poignant symbol of all is the empty cantonment cemetery at Mariaon, four miles north of Lucknow. Now surrounded by suburbs, all that stands by the walled enclosure are two solid, brick pillars which villagers point out as the gateposts. But these have always been a puzzle, certainly to the Editor, who has walked round the site several times. Why such an elaborate entrance, and where were the graves? Mariaon cantonment had, after all, been in existence for fifty years, and there is at least one recorded burial, that of the Rev. Polehampton's firstborn son (see *Chowkidar* Vol.6 No.4) A few months ago, a pre-1857 photograph of the Mariaon cemetery was found at the India Office Library, identified by those same brick 'pillars', which are now clearly seen to be memorials. (see p.13) It was a handsome graveyard, with early 19th century tombs of all shapes and sizes, many topped with urns, some surrounded by iron railings. All were lost when the cantonment was put to the torch on the night of 30th May 1857, which marked the start of the Uprising in Lucknow. There seems little reason to doubt the old Darogah when he says the

motive for disinterment was the belief that Europeans were buried with their jewellery or 'treasure'. PJO Taylor, the historian, has found several reports of grave-robbing during this troubled period, and no doubt, once we accept that it did happen, further examples will be discovered.

But there is a curious little codicil to this story. One of the most celebrated images of the relief of Lucknow is that of the Sikanderbagh, photographed by the Italian, Felice Beato, in March 1858. There stands the windowless, bullet-marked summer-house, but one's eyes are always drawn towards the horrifying skeletal remains of its Indian defenders, some apparently still in regimental uniform. But the storming of Sikanderbagh took place four months earlier, on 10th November 1857, to be exact, as British troops fought their way out of the city, not in. It has always seemed odd that the dead should not have received an honourable burial or cremation, for they had fought gallantly, and Lucknow was, at least briefly, free. Now the mystery has been solved, in a photographic exhibition currently at the British Library. Fearing that his 'Mutiny' photographs would not look dramatic enough, Beato had skeletons brought into the Sikanderbagh courtyard, to add a ghastly touch of verisimilitude to his shots. The camera never lies, or does it?

Mail Box

'Khooni zamin' (bloody earth) was the name given by locals to fields at Bhitaura, near Fatehganj West, Bareilly. UP. 'where nothing would ever grow'. It was here, exactly two hundred years ago, that Sir Robert Abercromby, fighting for the East India Company, defeated the Rohillas, a warlike tribe, originally from Afghanistan, who had been fomenting trouble on the borders of Oudh for years. It was a short campaign, lasting only eight weeks, and the outcome was not in doubt. The Rohillas were decisively beaten and the Nawab of Oudh profited to the tune of Rs 40 lakhs. But 'defeat was very narrowly averted' on the battlefield of Bhitaura. 'Captain Ramsay was ordered to charge with the Light Cavalry; but by an error in judgement he presented his flank to the enemy, was charged, and his regiment was cut up. It was at this disastrous moment that Captain John Mordaunt, Col. George Burrington, Major Thomas Bolton, Lts. Baker and Tilfer, and all the officers of the 13th N.I. were killed. The rest of the line stood firm, however, and defeated the Rohillas. Captain Ramsay left the field and the country and is shown as 'deserted' in official lists. it is said he entered the French service.'

An Indian correspondent, Jamshed Mathur, recalled how during the early 1960s, workers on the night shift at a local engineering plant built near the battlefield, reported seeing a white cavalry officer dismount from his horse, sit under a tree and light up his pipe. 'On evenings I would walk across a maidan

from my house' writes Mr. Mathur 'to a small rise in the plain where there were perhaps half a dozen tombs, obviously of Britishers killed in the battle of long ago. The area was completely neglected, enshrouded in brambles, and I was terrified of snakes!' Mr. Mathur, now working in America, kindly contacted a colleague at Bareilly, who walked over the site this January and reported that the Bhitaura graveyard now contained 'only one memorial structure erected in the memory of the Company's soldiers killed in action in the war with Rohillas. Beside this memorial, there are two graves reported to be of Rohilla Sardars who were also killed in action, and villagers from nearby area used to visit these graves for lighting candles, etc.' The memorial itself is a square shaped tower about 7' high on a platform 14' X 14'. The construction material is brick and lime slag. The epitaph 'Erected by order of the Governor General in Council' lists, in addition to the officers noted above 'Captains Nor. Maclead and John Maubey, Lts. Commings, Wells, Hinksman, Richardson, Plumer, Birch, and Odell. 'And the European and native non-commissioned officers and privates who fell near this spot in action against the Rohillas October the 24, AD 1794.' The present condition of the memorial is good.

The Maldives are a group of inhabited little islands in the Indian Ocean, west of Sri Lanka, notable chiefly for coconuts and cowrie shells. Fonadu Island, just north of the capital, Male, was designated as a cemetery for foreigners, but a recent report implies that graves had been cleared to build an aerodrome after the second World War. HCP Bell, the archaeologist, whose biography was reviewed in the last *Chowkidar* described the cemetery island, built on a coral reef, in 1922. it contained the graves of two Englishmen, Captain JC Overend (or Overend) and Private Victor Luckham RMLI of the HMS PROSERPINE. Overend had previously served in HM's 36th Regt. and subsequently became co-owner of the 'Ketch of Tranquebar', a ship carrying cloth to Colombo. She had sailed from Tutticorin, Madras Presidency, on 6 January 1797, under the command of JH Thuring, a lieutenant of the Marine Survey, of the Dutch East India Company. The vessel was blown badly off course, and stranded in the Maldives. Most of the cargo was pilfered by islanders and Captain Overend taken to Male, where he died of 'Maldive Fever' on 16 March that year. Curiously, his original gravestone, last noted in 1887, had been replaced when Bell saw it 35 years later. The new stone now recorded Captain Overend RN/HMS 'Doris' / 1797, and Bell wondered 'how the original gravestone had vanished, and how and why Overend had received his posthumous promotion to the Senior Service'. Private Luckham had been drowned on a picnic with a naval party on 9 September 1909, while bathing off the neighbouring island, Hulule, and had been buried with full military honours. The graves of both Englishmen were of carved coral, and both had foot stones, as well as head stones. Travellers to the Maldives must be rare, but if anyone is planning a visit, please report on whether these two stones are really lost for good.

A few Britons have memorials both here, and in the sub-continent where they died, and one such is James Parsons, a Government officer of the Mineral Survey in Ceylon. His death in 1907/8 was recorded in great detail: 'On the morning of December 29, about 10.30 he went off for a walk, through the forest which on some sides surrounds Nuwara Eliya, bent, among other things, on geologizing. He was seen, at about 11 o'clock, walking along the road which passes near Oliphant estate factory reading a book. The afternoon set in very wet and cold, and Mr. Parsons did not return. The forests were searched the whole of that night by gangs of coolies from the neighbouring estates and the search went on next day and for days until every square yard of ground had seemingly been explored, but no trace could be found. At last, on Easter Day, April 11, three and a half months after his disappearance, his remains were found in some thick scrub about two chains distance from the south west corner of Oliphant estate, between the upper division of the estate and Pundaloya. The forest round the spot was very thick. The discovery was made by a Tamil tracker, who had made many previous searches. Everything was intact, clothes, gold spectacles, watch and chain, compass, purse, only his walking cane and a leather case were missing. Mr. Parsons had evidently lost his way, been benighted and died of exhaustion.' The newspaper account from which this is taken goes on to relate similar stories of Europeans lost in these dense forests, including a party of clergymen, out on a walk in 1885, who were lost for 27 hours and only found their way on to the railway line near Nanuoya through hearing the whistle of the engine. The unfortunate Mr. Parsons, who was born in 1876, son of Dr. J. St. J. C Parsons, is commemorated by a small memorial in Arnos Vale Cemetery, Bristol, but I wonder whether his burial place still survives at Nuwara Eliya?

Edward Brennen, the English philanthropist of Tellicherry, on the Malabar coast, has been described, in a recent Indian newspaper article, as a 'forgotten benefactor'. It was Brennen's wish to start a free school 'for boys of all castes, creeds and colours', and he left Rs. 8,600 in his Will for this purpose, the school ultimately becoming Brennen College. Most of his money was spent on worthy projects, and in 1846 he entrusted Rs. 3,000 to the Accountant General Madras 'for the Tellicherry Poor Fund'. Other sums were set aside for the development of the town where he lived and worked. After his death, an adopted son contested the Will at the High Court in London, and the ruling was that the money should be invested in England and the income from it remitted periodically to Tellicherry. Unfortunately a legal tangle has meant that the poor have not been beneficiaries, as he intended. Brennen is buried in the 'English Cemetery' at Tellicherry, and the tomb, which appears to be in good condition, was cleared of shrubs some time ago, when the centenary of Brennen College was celebrated. It is not possible to read the date of death from the newspaper photograph of the tomb - it looks like 1858, and it would be interesting to learn more of this good man, who spoke of a casteless society so many years ago.

Everyone who travelled to India on a British boat in the old days, will remember stopping at Aden, on the tip of the Arabian peninsula. The freeport was returned to Yemen, in 1957, and its church, Christ Church, became derelict during Marxist rule, when the country was bitterly divided along political lines. Now, with its re-unification, there is good news from the Bishop of Cyprus and the Gulf, John Brown. He has been able to visit Aden and reports that the structure of the church is still fairly good. In April last year, the Grand Mufti issued a fatwa decreeing that 'there is no objection for the church in the city of Tawahi, Aden to continue conducting religious services and to allow it to be renovated. It is our duty to allow members of the Christian community to exercise their religious rites, and to worship in their churches, as it is the case in our mosques and Islamic centres all over the United Kingdom and the rest of the Christian world.' This is a welcome counterpoint to the fanaticism of some sections of Islam, and it is hoped that Christian worship will again take place, and that the church can be restored. No doubt BACSA members will know of burials at Aden, during the long voyages home and out.

The Swiss in India were the subject of a recent *Chowkidar* article and now we learn of the Favre family and their Indian connections. Fritz Favre was the fifth generation of a watch-making firm founded in 1737, and he visited India twice during the mid-nineteenth century to set up a branch of his company in Bombay. His eldest son, Armand, an engineer, was engaged in building roads and railways in the Punjab and Kashmir. The second son, Adalbert, another watchmaker, 'jeweller and merchant'. was in charge of the Bombay office of Favre-Leuba, and died there suddenly at the age of 30. It is obvious that the family came to love India, for a third son, Auguste, lived there for some time and thereafter visited annually, until his own death in 1908. A relative, now living in Delhi, Frederic Favre, regularly visits the Bombay cemetery where Adalbert lies and recently found the burial register, recording his great uncle's burial on 14 March 1880. The cemetery custodian, Mr. MG Tivarekar, had found the registers in poor condition when he took over nearly twenty years ago, but has since had them bound. An endowment made by the Favre family in 1942, invested in government bonds, pays for the perpetual upkeep of the grave. The cemetery is divided up, says Mr. Tivarekar, 'with the Protestants on the left, and the Catholics on the right.' The majority of visitors come to tend graves dating from the 1930s onwards, but Frederic Favre is the only one to place flowers on a grave over a century old.

And a nice little tailpiece. A recent correspondence in the Indian newspapers has sought to define the origins of the word 'Ferangi', used to describe a foreigner. Received opinion had it that this ancient word, known also in Persian and Arabic, dated back to the Crusades and the 'Franks'. But Mr. Venkatesan of Madras writes that 'when John Company's hordes descended on Tamil terri-

tory and settled around Fort St. George, the local yokels referred to them, contemptuously as 'Parangi' since their florid sunburnt complexions and pot-bellied frames closely resembled a variety of local pumpkin called Parangi Pazham. The British, who could not spell or pronounce a single Indian, or Tamil, word, even if the very survival of the empire depended on it, corrupted it to Feringhi, which is how it passed into the lexicon.' An ingenious explanation, which I don't necessarily believe!

News From Kabul

'During a three day visit to Kabul in late August 1993' writes BACSA member T.A. Willasey-Wilsey, 'I was able to pay a short excursion to the cemetery there, thanks to a lull in the fighting. Kabul remains, as I suspect it always was, an exciting and sometimes dangerous city. The Mujahideen of all the various factions, occupying their checkpoints throughout the city, seem friendly enough but are armed to the teeth. The regular rattle of machine-gun fire and the explosions of mortars and rockets testify to the traditional martial spirit of the Afghan. The British cemetery lies at the northwestern corner of the Bimaru Heights, in exactly the same position as shown on the maps of 1879 and in contemporary photographs. I am not clear whether it was at the same location during the 1839-42 British occupation of Kabul. I tend to think not, because it is nearly a mile away from the position held by Elphinstone's army then, whereas it is on the edge of the Sherpur cantonment occupied by Roberts's army in 1879.

By the standards of cemeteries in the sub-continent, the Kabul cemetery is in reasonable condition. At some point the British Embassy arranged for a brick wall some ten feet high to be built around its perimeter, replacing the original mud wall, and this remains in remarkably good condition. The entrance comprises two large wooden doors built of solid but ancient wooden planks, but these remain intact and have not been used as firewood. The trees inside the cemetery were not so lucky. In 1992 they were all removed by the Mujahideen group occupying the area. Some gravestones have been damaged but there is little evidence of the vandalism that one sees, in, for example, Nowshera and Simla. Perhaps the most exciting feature of the cemetery is the row of 10 gravestones preserved from the two Afghan Wars, one from 1842 and nine from 1879-80. These had suffered damage during an exceptionally cold winter in the 1970s and had subsequently been cemented vertically along the south wall of the cemetery. It is possible to decypher most of the wording, although some were quite badly damaged.

It is something of a wonder that the cemetery has survived at all. In 1987 the British Embassy passed responsibility for its upkeep to the Italian Embassy,

because the latter had a resident priest Father Panaghati. [By this time the cemetery was used as a Christian burial place for people from many countries.] He was a keen supporter, but he departed in 1988 as the security situation began to degenerate prior to the Soviet withdrawal. Since then Kabul has become increasingly dangerous and there are now no resident European Community embassies there. The chowkidar cum grave-digger has not been paid for over two years and yet he still works there and is remarkably obliging. His monthly salary of 20,000 Afghanis equates to £13. I arranged to pay him two months salary but a more permanent arrangement will have to be agreed. Whether the cemetery will survive is a matter for speculation. The walls, the gate and the chowkidar are all encouraging features and there are still occasional burials from among the tiny Christian expatriate community. However it could easily fall prey either to some missile strikes, or more seriously, to the local need for building materials. Finally I asked several people whether the cemetery had a name. Some called it Sherpur cemetery, others (inaccurately) Shah-i-nau), but the local name is Gora Qabr' - the White Mans' Graveyard. The adventurous, not to mention, courageous, Mr. Willasey-Wilsey photographed the area, and noted the inscriptions. Luckily BACSA has a complete record of graves here, compiled by Dr. William Trousdale before the Russian Invasion. Although it is possible to identify all the second Afghan war stones, that surviving from the first Afghan war is too mutilated to make much sense, reading only '...Sept..42 Erected by his brother/officers/Kindly good and brave/respected and beloved/ by duty only moved/...honored grave...' Yet as the author says, it is a remarkable survival in this troubled land.

Can You Help?

An account in last Autumn's *Chowkidar* of Captain Alexander van Cortlandt Skinner aroused a lot of interest, especially among descendants of the van Cortlandts. Arriving in America in the 17th century, the Dutch family settled in New Amsterdam (later New York), and became prominent in business and civic affairs. During the American Revolution, the majority of them sided with the Colonists, apart from Philip van Cortlandt (1734-1814) who was subsequently disinherited by his father, and forced to leave America. He fled to India where at least two children were born. BACSA member Richard Muir is descended from Philip's eldest daughter. But it was Philip's grandson, Henry Charles (1814-1882?) who became the most celebrated member of the Indian branch. His mother was an Indian woman, and thus Henry Charles, who fought with the British during the Uprising of 1857, became an Anglo-Indian hero. Through his father, Henry Charles, was educated in Britain and obtained a commission in Ranjit Singh's army, where he became a battalion commander. After the Punjab was annexed, he entered British service as an Assistant Commissioner and retired with the pay and allowances of a British colonel. (This

information from Christopher Hawes who has been researching early Anglo-Indians.) Henry Charles also raised the Haryana Light Horse, which operated in Hansi and Hissar, and this is where another prominent Anglo Indian family, the Skinners, lived. Bill Kirkpatrick, from Canada, and himself a distant Skinner relation, recalls how he met the Skinners during the winter of 1946/7, when they were living in what used to be the Officers's Mess of Skinner's Horse at Hansi. We cannot yet trace the exact connection between the van Cortlandts and the Skinners, but it seems likely to have arisen at Hansi, and it is possible that Captain Alexander's mother was a daughter of Henry Charles. Then there was Captain Arthur Cortlandt Anderson, whose early death in 1870 was supposed to have been the result of a fakir's curse (See *Chowkidar Vol 5 No 4*). Obviously this was an extensive family with strong military connections, and perhaps a family tree can now be compiled.

Anne and Barry Gregson of Manchester wanted to know if BACSA had any details of Lt. John Rumley, who died in 1819 at Goomrapoondy, Madras District. Although BACSA does not normally conduct research directly on behalf of enquirers, by chance the following entry was found in the 'List of Tombs of Chingleput, Coimbatore and Cuddapah', recorded in 1900: 'Isolated tomb at Gummidipundy [sic] 16 March 1819 Lieutenant Rumby, [sic] HM 30th Regt, who died on the 27th year of his age. This tomb has been erected by his friends as a memorial of their respect and esteem for one who they must ever remember with most affectionate regret'. Little more is known about John Rumley, other than that he had already served in the Peninsular Wars and at Waterloo. Is it possible that his tomb still survives today, almost a hundred years after it was last noted? And what was the young soldier doing, when he met his death?

Last Spring Virginia van der Lande appealed in *Chowkidar* for information about an old statue of her great grandfather. Col. John Cumming Anderson, which had stood in Mount Road, Madras. No-one seemed to recollect it, so we are publishing a photograph on p.12 in the hope it may jog a few memories. Dr. van der Lande tells us that Col. Anderson was buried in the new cemetery at Simla, (Plot A. No. 50), though he actually died in Madras, from poisoning, a fact which was hushed up at the time. The Simla inscription was erected by his brother officers who worked with him in the Public Works Department. The Madras drinking fountain statue more fulsomely related that he was 'A modest and gallant soldier, an able Engineer, and a warm and true friend.' Information on both tomb and statue would be appreciated.

William P Maidbent was born in Dorset in the 1790s and went to India early in the 19th century. In 1833 he was pensioned from the Army Commissariat Department (Bombay) with the rank of Conductor. He was Secretary and

Master of the Sailors' Home at Sonapore, Bombay for a number of years, and died in Poona in 1866. He married twice and was the father of at least ten children - seven sons and three daughters. His great great granddaughter, BACSA member Helen de Silva (nee Wheeler), would like to know more about him and whether he has any other direct descendants. She would welcome letters at 8 St. Olave's Road, Clifton, York YO3 7AL.

Daniel Willans was the son of Major Thomas James Willans (who died in Shillong in 1886 or 1888). The Major's children were sent home to Ireland to live with relatives at 'Fort William' in County Fermanagh, and Daniel probably accompanied his siblings. He is said to have been a 'scapegrace brother... turned out of the house by his grandfather, General Sir Richard Harte Keatinge who was the first Governor of Assam. Daniel emigrated to Canada and appeared in the northern Ontario mining area early this century. He never spoke about his past, but appeared as an educated man, probably with a military background. He made a substantial amount of money, which has remained unclaimed since his sudden disappearance in 1936. One of his sisters used to send him cigarettes from England, and that is all that is known! His great niece, Mrs EA Forestier-Walker would like to obtain a birth certificate for him and indeed to have any information about Major Thomas's descendants.

Major General Edmund Wintle and his wife Frances (nee Wilkinson), retired to Bath, where the General died on 8 April 1881 at 29 Royal Crescent. His eldest son, Edmund Henry Cullen Wintle also became a Major General of the Bengal Staff Corps, and another son, Alfred Tritton Wintle may have been a Major General Royal Bengal Artillery. Mrs. Wintle, whose late husband was Edmund Henry's great grandfather, has been trying to find the graves of these soldiers in the Lansdowne Cemetery near Bath, but the site is very overgrown and there are no satisfactory maps. Could any BACSA members help with photographs of the Generals, or clues to their burial places?

Fenton Charles Aubrey (or Dumont-Aubrey), born 1904, became a European Sergeant in the Rangoon City Police. He was taken prisoner by the Japanese in January 1942, but survived, only to be killed in Mandalay after the War. A relative, Florence Aubrey from Northern Ireland, would like to know where he was buried and whether a headstone marks his grave?

Finally, a very old chestnut, but one which has not previously appeared in *Chowkidar*. A television company, Granite Productions, asks if anyone has ever seen the Indian Rope Trick performed, and if so, would they be willing to describe it? Several explanations have been put forward, from a jointed wooden 'rope' that locked firm when rigid, to a kind of mass hypnotism that made spectators believe they had seen a small boy up a rope. Ideas and eye-witness accounts please!

What The Dickens?

This is a cautionary tale for would-be restorers. In 1986 Bunny Gupta wrote to 'The Statesman' about the grave of Walter Landor Dickens, in Bhowanipore Cemetery, Calcutta. Walter was the second son of the author Charles Dickens, and godson of the poet Walter Savage Landor, whose tribute to his lost love Rose Alymer, adorns her obelisk in South Park Street. Young Dickens came to India and held the rank of lieutenant. He developed a blood disease, and while waiting to return Home on sick leave, died in the Officers' Hospital, Calcutta, on the last day of December 1863. He was only 23 years old, and he was interred in Bhowanipore, often known as the Padre's Godown. Bunny Gupta is a long time member of BACSA's sister organisation APHCI (Association for the Preservation of Historical Cemeteries in India), and she wanted to draw attention to Dickens' sadly neglected grave. 'Soon, perhaps' she warned 'it might disappear.' She wondered how many students of literature at Calcutta University knew the grave was there?

Subsequently, these same students collected money for the restoration of the Dickens' tomb, and permission was obtained for it to be re-sited in South Park Street cemetery with other historical tombstones. It lies today in the first area on the right, near the grave of Charlotte Hickey, wife of the diarist, and indeed, is in excellent company. A little plaque was left at Bhowanipore, explaining that the grave had been transferred. Now we learn that two women, Henrietta Rutherford-Jones of New Zealand and Shelagh McKay of Scotland 'restored' the empty Bhowanipore site (how, we are not sure), on 16 February 1991 'as a tribute to the great novelist', who now presumably joins that select band of people with two graves.



Bihar toy

Books by BACSA Authors

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

Ceremonies of the Lhasa Year Hugh Richardson

The author spent nine years in Tibet between 1936 and 1950, first as Agent at Gyantse and then in charge of the British (later Indian), Mission at Lhasa. He pays due tribute to Dr. Michael Aris, his editor, and to Anthony Aris, publisher, both of whom are erudite on Himalayan matters. The text describes the events, mostly religious, of the Lhasa year. Although many of the descriptions of ritual and dress are intricate and symbolic, they offer much of interest to the layman. The photographs, all black and white, are profuse and clear, mostly taken by the author. There is a useful bibliography of works in English, French, German and Tibetan and some use is made of the accounts of others, but the greater part of the book is based on the author's own observations.

This is a month by month record of the great ceremonies and will be all the more valuable as memories of the old Tibet recede. The first month of the Tibetan calendar could fall at any time between February and March, and was fuller than any other, starting on the first day with a dance ritual to drive out the evils of the past, followed by other ceremonies between the 2nd and 27th, many attended by the 14th Dalai Lama after his arrival in 1939. The exquisite dresses and ornaments and the wearer's offices were decreed by tradition, like almost everything else in this calendar. The 4th day was the start of the Great Prayer, attended by monks from many monasteries, the 15th was the Festival of the Great Miracle and display of butter offerings; on other days there were military exercises of Mongol origin. In many of these and subsequent events there were dancing boys, foot soldiers, cavalry, processions, archery, races, the 'possession' of oracles and so much more. No other month was as eventful as the first, but the fourth month saw the great procession of the Dalai Lama from the Potala to his summer palace and later months included the birthday festivals of former Dalai Lamas, a day of incense offerings, masked ritual dances and much else. All this pageantry was integral to Tibetan religious life, with deep spiritual significance.

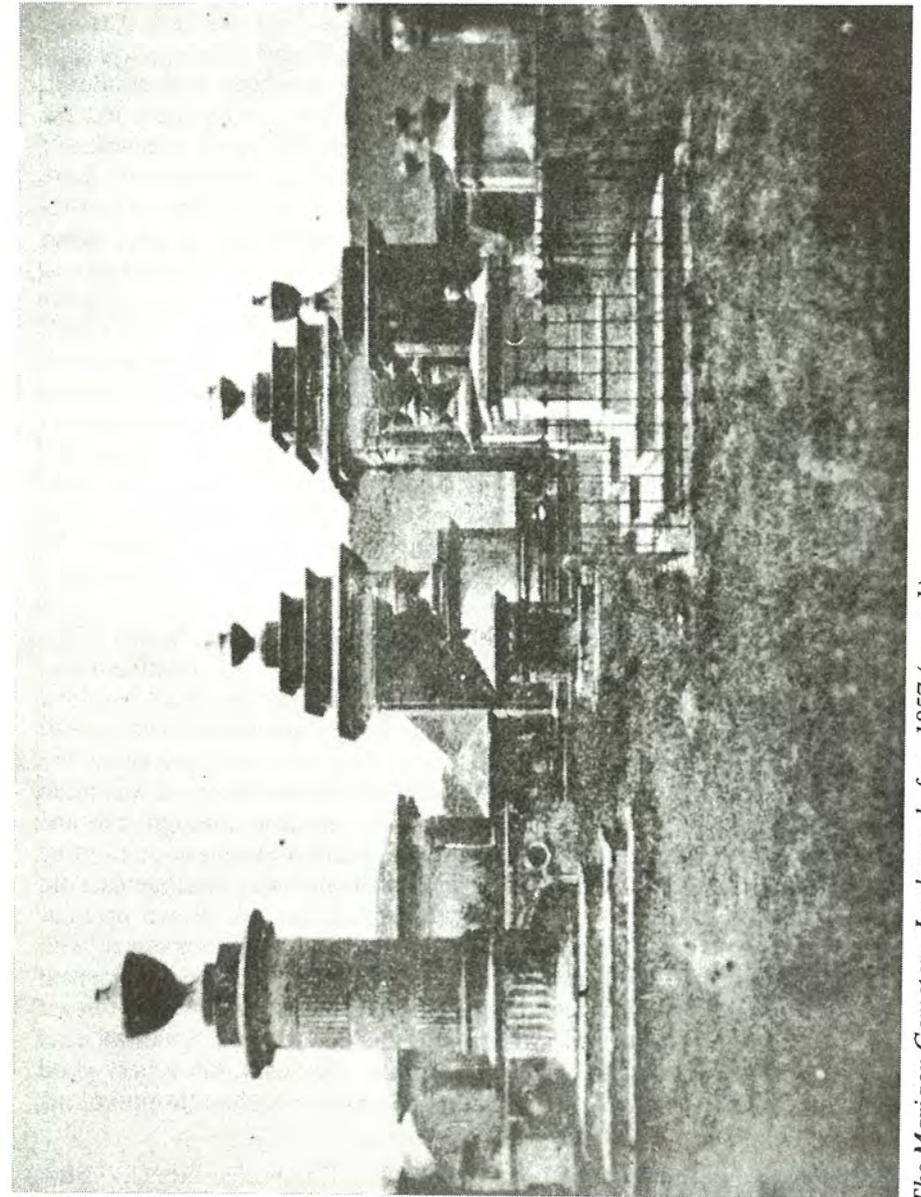
Although the occupying Chinese now permit the practice of religion, it is allowed only in a few places, in a patronising way, for they regard it as a harmless superstition and see temples as places only of artistic interest. But, as the author writes 'There has survived in them something numinous not made by hands'. Fortunately this work will ensure that the essence of Tibet and its religion will be appreciated by many readers who are not Tibetan scholars. (PC)

1993 Serindia Publications, London. £17 pp136

The memorial to John Cumming Anderson that stood in Mount Road, Madras (see p.8)



A memorial in the Foreigners' Cemetery, Yokohama to the officers and men of U.S.S. ONEIDA which was sunk in a collision with the steamship BOMBAY in Yedo Bay in 1870. (One of over 4,000 graves recorded in "Gaijin Bochi, Yokohama, Japan" by Patricia McCabe, published by BACSA March 1994)



The Mariaon Cemetery, Lucknow, before 1857 (see p.1)

A Plume of Dust John Prendergast

As the author stood sadly on board HMS WINDRUSH in 1948, and watched Karachi slip from view, he felt he was leaving for ever the land of his birth, where his forefathers had served for generations. Six months later, by a 'sudden and happy turn of fortune' he was back, this time as Military Attache, Kabul and his enjoyable book begins with one of the least known periods of post-Independence. The British embassy in Kabul (a delightful little building), had recently been upgraded from a legation. From here Prendergast and the Ambassador mingled with other diplomats and kept an eye on a handful of RAF personnel lent to the Afghan government. Reciprocal arrangements were made for Afghan officers to attend courses in England, which were a fair success, except for one man, who, misinterpreting the friendliness of an English waitress, made a pass at her. He was reported, and unfortunately the author was not able to intervene, the Chief of the Afghan Army merely expressing his regrets and saying 'that the officer would be recalled and shot. Life is held cheaply in this hard country and ideas of honour are strict.' The Russians were, understandably, much in evidence at that time, and the author learnt how to keep reasonably sober at Embassy dinners, where numerous vodka toasts were drunk. Curiously, at first, neither the Russians, nor the Afghans, realised the significance of the British withdrawal from the sub-continent. They had become so used to playing 'The Great Game' that they could not believe it was over and even claimed that the British were still in full power behind the scenes.

The author returned to England in 1950, to continue soldiering, but by 1967, when his younger son went up to Cambridge, the call of the sub-continent was too great to resist. So with his wife Peggy, the two began a series of overland journeys, at first by land-rover, then by increasingly adapted vehicles, until they had notched up nine trips in all. Of course, these were the days when you *could* travel to India by road (although in parts of Eastern Turkey it was more by mud track). It was possible - even fairly safe - to drive through Iran and Afghanistan, on the Hippy Trail, where camping grounds always seemed to be full of singing Australians and stoned Japanese. Breakdowns (mechanical) did occur, and garages were few. Anyone whose radiator has blown up near Kandahar, or whose fan-belt goes on the Galatia Bridge, will empathize with this adventurous couple. Corbett National Wild Life Park, UP, where they spent the winters, was a peaceful haven after being 'on the road'. 'Elephants I never forget' is one of the chapter titles describing this period. This is not an easy book to classify, neither quite history, geography, nor travel, but a very good read in the comfort of one's own armchair. A short, but thought-provoking Introduction by Mark Tully, too. (RLJ)

1993 Pentland Press Ltd, 3 Regal Lane, Soham, Ely, Cambridgeshire CB7 5BA £16.70 incl. postage & packing. pp220

Guide to Burma Nicholas Greenwood

This down-to-earth guide book has a nice mix of sensible advice on relevant topics like dealing with currency restrictions and the black market, current prices for hotels and goods or how to survive the bureaucracy of customs and immigration formalities by keeping a sense of humour. It is well indexed and the author describes all there is to see with great care and an obvious knowledge of the country and its past. Greenwood has a very chatty style of writing, and is not only extremely informative but entertaining as well. My one concern is whether, in future editions, he will be able to maintain such up-to-the minute accuracy with prices, flight numbers, etc. However, this first edition is highly recommended and every traveller to Burma should ensure they have a copy in their hand luggage. With this, and the *Lonely Planet* guide, no other would be required. (SD)

1993 Bradt Publications UK, obtainable from Right Now Books, 36C Sisters Avenue, London SW11 5SQ. £10.95 plus postage. pp225

African General Service Medals RB Magor

When our distinguished BACSA Council member, Richard Magor, produced the first edition of this work in 1977, it heralded a considerable upsurge of interest in the medals of the continent which had been neglected by collectors - with the exception of the wars in South Africa. It is to be hoped that this enlarged (by 100 pages) edition will revitalise interest in the numerous police actions against slave traders, gunboat actions in shallow waters and bush campaigns across the east, centre and west of the continent. This is not, nor does it profess to be, a rollicking read about swashbucklers, but a painstaking labour of love by a dedicated researcher content to pass on his knowledge to those interested in the extensive, but in some cases, rare, series of medals.

He achieves this with concise, clear descriptions of the history and geography of mostly hostile country - considered suitable only for soldiers native to the continent itself, and of India and the West Indies, and a special breed of British sailors - and the fighting itself. This includes a bold and justifiable plea for recognition of the remarkable siege of Dawkita in the Gold Coast (where the defenders were outnumbered 175 to 1), and rewarded with only one DSO. Alongside Rorke's Drift (15 to 1) with 11 VCs - such is fashion - or more probably, the Government's wish to eradicate the memory of the defeat at Isandhlwana the day before. Particularly important to medal collectors is information pertaining to medal recipients themselves and the author has provided details of Despatches published in the London Gazette, Rolls of medal recipients where practical, full details of troops present, biographies, etc. The index reflects Indian Army involvement, with entries for (among others) the Sikh Infantry, Sikh Pioneers, Skinner's Horse, Baluch Camel Corps, Bengal

Infantry, Bombay Pioneers, Corps of Guides, Hyderabad Contingent and many more.

It should be remembered that unlike the Indian sub-continent, Africa did not have a standing army of career officers but only those seconded for short term service. Accordingly, very little was written on African campaigns and, in the information desert, Magor's book is *the* source. It is of course not now fashionable to dwell on events a century ago when the inhabitants of the Empire were called upon to extend British influence, thereby subjugating free and independent people. But this is history and this valuable work is important to understand these events. At £38 the price may seem to be high, but I suspect this will bring little profit to the author, after all, it is less than half the cost of a very average medal - and worthy of a place even on a non-collecting member's bookshelf. (DM)

1993 The Naval & Military Press, 1 Old Bond Street, London W1. £38.00 plus postage. pp285

A New System of Slavery: the export of Indian labour overseas 1830-1920
Hugh Tinker

The author is the doyen, the 'Lat Sahib', of the modern, perhaps more radical, historians of India and related areas. His achievements and academic output are truly impressive. After service in the Indian Army and civil administration, a return to Cambridge in 1946, there followed appointments at SOAS as lecturer, Reader and Professor until he became Director of the Institute of Race Relations in 1969, followed by a move to Lancaster University as Professor of Politics. With more than 20 books to his credit, he also has a deep love for India, as illustrated by the lines from Tagore with which he ended a review of his career and ideas in the *Indo-British Review* (Vol XIV No.1) 'For dreams fade, hopes fail, the gathered fruits of the year decay/ But I am the eternal truth/ And you shall meet me again and again/ In your voyage of life from shore to shore.' After resigning as Director of the Institute of Race Relations, Professor Tinker devoted five years to research and writing, publishing three volumes on communities throughout the world originating in India - the book reviewed here, first published in 1974, *Separate and Unequal: Indian and the Indians in the British Commonwealth, 1920-1950* (London 1976) and *The Banyan Tree: Overseas Immigrants from India, Pakistan and Bangladesh* (London 1977).

In *A New System of Slavery*, Professor Tinker provides us with the first comprehensive survey of the export of Indian indentured labour required for the production of plantation crops in Mauritius, South and East Africa, the Caribbean, Guyana, Sri Lanka, Malaya and Fiji, plus, for a period, in French

and Dutch territories. Such labour also provided railway-building gangs in, for instance, Uganda. By 1830 the old system of slavery had been abolished in large parts of the world but the author reveals features in common between slavery and indentured labour, the recruiting and shipment from India, the suffering during the voyages, the bondage and life on plantations overseas, the awakening of Governments and nationalist politicians to the evils of the system, and its final abolition. His impressive use of much archival material and his penetrating insights are stimulating. There is an extensive and useful bibliography and this edition has been updated with a new preface and epilogue by the author. Some of the lessons of this indispensable volume are relevant today in parts of the world where exported labour is still used extensively. Thoroughly recommended. (IP)

1993 Hansib Publishing Ltd, London. £11.99 plus £1.50 postage. pp434

Mad Dogs and Englishmen - A Bengal Adventure Michael Pitt

The author served in the Army during the last War and then went on to a career in teaching. In 1963 he took up an offer from the British Council to go to what was then East Pakistan and open a Cadet College at Momenshahi, near Dacca. He has a fine sense of humour, which he needed with the usual problems that beset anyone trying to get any project off the ground in the sub-continent. He describes Bengal and its taxing climate, the problems of getting there and then the bureaucracy that is endemic to the country. There are so many meetings, cajolings, plans agreed and cancelled and so on and he deals with many of them easily, but occasionally almost sinking under the 'suffocating system of red tape'. He ends with the words of General Ismay that 'one safe rule in India was to expect the unexpected' and says that he learnt the wisdom of that rule. Finally, he asks had it been worth it? 'to the extent that one had been taught a whole crop of lessons about the strengths and weaknesses of human nature - not least, one's own - there could only be one answer: emphatically, Yes'. An enjoyable book. (with acknowledgments to the Indian Army Association Journal)

1993 Pentland Press Ltd. 3 Regal Lane, Soham, Ely, Cambridgeshire CB7 5BA
£16.74 incl. postage & packing. pp207

India Served and Observed William and Mildred Archer

An autobiography by Dr Mildred Archer and her husband, the late Dr WG Archer, each an authority in their own right on different aspects of Indian art, with international reputations needing no elaboration. He wrote of his time in India as an ICS officer, mainly in Bihar, from 1931 to Independence. She recorded their daily activities, but from an unconventional angle. Both took an unusual interest in Indian art, many aspects of which were then almost com-

pletely unknown in the West. Both held socialist views and had Indian friends before they reached India.

When they returned, reluctantly, to England their unique knowledge of primitive and sophisticated Indian paintings led to a stream of learned articles and books from both *his* base at the Victoria & Albert Museum and *hers* at the India Office Library. The first comprehensive bibliography of their work forms a valuable appendix to this important, impressive and very readable book. Full of interesting personal detail, this will stand as a monument to the achievements of a unique couple.

1994 BACSA £9.00 plus £1 postage. pp170

Books by Non-Members (that will interest readers)

[These should be ordered direct and not via BACSA]

Anglo-Indian Attitudes: The Mind of the Indian Civil Service Clive Dewey

In this book Clive Dewey spins out the result of 27 years of study and research, and reveals the story of two fascinating, but totally contrasting, characters who worked in the Punjab in the early years of this century. One was Frank Brayne, product of generations of fervent, dogmatic and narrow evangelicals. The other was Malcolm Darling, Eton and King's, nephew of a dean of Canterbury and cousin of the famous ICS Lyall brothers, an intellectual to whom the most important qualities were friendship, love, truth and beauty. Mr Dewey's unravelling of the background in England and Scotland of these two men is as absorbing as his account of their careers and frustrations in India. Indeed, 42 of the 224 pages of the text are devoted to 'The making of a humanist' an account of Darling's family background, the wide ramifications of their upper middle class professional connections, their Scottish and Bloomsbury setting; Darling grew up there 'in the densest concentration of intellectuals in Britain'. His humanistic outlook had been skilfully nurtured by admirable teachers and tutors and mentors - and friends - at school and university. The author has devilled into the Brayne milieu, with its Lugard relationship (Lugard was Brayne's uncle and godfather), and the restricted evangelical parsonage lives, with equal thoroughness.

Brayne does not come out with really shining glory. He started with some contempt for Indians and their customs; on some matters Indians were too stupid to be consulted. An almost frenzied energy driving along theoretical avenues dictated by his moral preconceptions, seemed always to be stultified by lack of perception; enthusiasm outran common sense. Hating the secretariat-wallahs,

who could have given his schemes a fair wind, he tried to go over their heads to viceroys, MPs, Times editors, etc; a mug's game. His account of 'The Gurgaon Experiment' had some impact outside Gurgaon, but left the people of that district no better off in the end; Brayne had only contempt for Gandhi, regarding his followers as scum, but Gandhi was right in pronouncing the experiment a failure. So with his radio scheme, so with other initiatives. Subsequently his Commissioner commented that, while pursuing his various schemes, he had not inspected a single tehsil, and advised him to stay where he was, in England.

I suspect that Mr Dewey found Darling a more congenial character (certainly I do after reading this book). Here was a scholarly man, with an open, unprejudiced, intelligent and friendly approach. Darling empathized with Indians, in villages and towns and princely states, to a remarkable degree, and drew on his experience to produce outstanding publications which 'pullulated with actuality' (contrast Brayne?). And yet.... his Indian friendships soured, the hostility of Indian politicians hurt him, and he and his wife found Anglo-India - the Anglo-India of his friend EM Forster's *A Passage to India* - repellent. That feeling was reinforced after the 1919 Amritsar riots, a turning point for Darling as for India. This talented young man's entry to the Punjab Commission, with all the right connections and qualifications going for him, did not lead on to a governorship, nor to a happy life in India and away from his friends and the environment in which he had grown up. The setting for this book is an Indian Empire which seems to be light years away from the India which the reviewer knew, in the last ten years of British rule. That setting, the Punjab in the first 30 to 40 years of this century, can only be contrasted and not compared with the non-military provinces, such as Bihar, in the opposite corner of the sub-continent around the time of the second World War. As a matter of detail, this book is well produced, with clear and easy to read type. And there are copious interesting photographs. A highly recommended book. (RNL)

1994 Hambledon Press, 102 Gloster Avenue, London NW1 8HX. £25 plus postage. pp292

Reminiscences of Indian Wildlife KS Dharmakumarsinhji of Bhavnagar

The Indian bustard. 'One morning as the sun rose opposite me I noticed that the egg was hatching. The hen bustard helped to draw the cracked shell away and placed it on the side of the nest as the wet chick emerged with eyes partly closed. Then giving it the warmth it required she brooded, watching out for danger as before and remaining stiff and motionless except for the quick but slight turning of the head. After half an hour she rose, looked at the dry chick and walked away with the empty shell, dispelling it in the grass further away, then returned to the nest immediately. With the remaining broken shell still at

the nest she broke it into small bits with the tip of the bill and then swallowed them.' Closely observed, concise, vividly described, instinct with fellow-feeling for the creatures he lived among - this is an admirable book by a shikari who was devoted to conservation and a naturalist with a keen delight in the sheer skill of cheetah pursuing black buck or a peregrine flying at crane.

Birds of prey were a special interest (he wrote *Birds of Saurashtra* in 1955 and contributed to the monumental *Encyclopaedia of Indian Natural History*, BNHS 1986) and he was an experienced falconer, though his accounts of flights by wild hawks and falcons bear out his opinion that wild falcons' performances are superior to those of trained falcons, in both speed and variety of quarry. And yet the excitement of the chase is undeniable: 'The black ibises now knew that they were being attacked.... and one out of the flock peeled out to sacrifice itself, with a call note of defeat (which couldn't be heard by us) and then closing its wings now and then descended rapidly at a steep angle. The peregrine followed in a steep dive close behind with half closed wings.... The ibis was doing its best to reach the river below but before doing so the peregrine had bound to it and both birds came tumbling down, wings flapping, spinning as they landed on the opposite side of the river. A Pathan horseman ready for such eventualities was at once sent charging across the river to protect the falcon from eagles or pariah dogs...' He comments later, '...in none of the flights had an eagle intervened and it was said that the Sheikh had destroyed most of the eagles in the vicinity, a measure very destructive, but nothing in comparison with the destruction of birds by insecticides and pesticides as seen today. There is now hardly a hawk or eagle left in the countryside.' This lamentable state of affairs he had undoubtedly done his best to remedy through his work on the Indian Board for Wildlife. Nowhere in the world is the knowledge of the inter-dependence of creation more ingrained in the national culture than in India, and we can hope that developing public sympathy with the causes KS Dharmakumarsinhji promoted will continue to grow. (JP)

1992 The Nature Conservation Bureau Ltd, 36 Kingfisher Court, Hambridge Road, Newbury, Berks. RG14 5SJ. £13.45 incl. postage & packing. pp105

Madras and Beyond Alan Bayne

Born in Madras in 1912 Alan Bayne spent his childhood in Chingleput, 35 miles south of the city, where his father was an Agent who 'imported and sold things'. His position was grand enough to rate a private 'saloon' for his railway journeys. Here, when a year old, young Alan had the misfortune of losing an eye as a result of an accident, a deficit which was not to hinder his progress through life. Life in Madras was exhilarating for, besides the railway carriage, his father possessed a banana-yellow Arrol Johnson with brass fittings 'pol-

ished to a frizzle' in which they took evening drives along the sunny, breeze-cooled Marina. Bedazzled thus, the Great War passed practically unnoticed but for the EMDEN's pot shot at Madras in 1916, setting alight the oil tanks near the harbour. In 1920 the children were shipped to England for their schooling and Alan found himself at prep school in Etchingham Park where he was regarded as something of a freak because of his accent. Come to think of it, an Anglo-Indian accent given a Madras slant with a Chingleput twist must have been really something. After Etchingham Park there followed 'five awful years in Cheshire'. Meanwhile his parents had left Madras and gone to Calcutta where, we are told with endearing candour, his mother had a short affair with a tall man from the Chartered Bank. Then, his father's ill health forced them to return to England and a lean spell ensued during which Alan helped out by getting a job in a textile mill, until his father's recovery and another offer from out East which took the family back, this time to Ceylon, Out there Alan went into Insurance where he was to make his mark.

Spare-time life in the local Volunteer Corps, a Supply and Transport unit known as the 'Stout and Tonics' is amusingly described, moving into what is perhaps the least-engaging part of the book. Replete with the obligatory punkahs and panthers, cobras, house-boys and dak bungalows, it mirrors closely the experiences of a host of others of his ilk. The ladies played a not unimportant part in Alan's life and it is a measure of his footwork that he steered clear of the altar for as long as he did. His great passion was cars and a number of them are pictured in the book. The second World War kept him busy too with a spell in Burma to boot. He was 46 when he married Ann, having met her on board ship. Married life in Colombo went swimmingly and in its description of it the book picks up considerably to show that 'the family man' was what Alan Bayne was always cut out to be. (MJM)

1993 The Book Guild £12.95 pp205

True Tales of British India Michael Wise (ed)

I can't imagine too many old India Hands grasping eagerly for this book on first sight. Its title, conventional jacket and opening section on 'The Mutiny' (surely a bad idea?) suggests yet another tired trek over the well-worn territory of Famous British Writing About India. But don't be put off! This collection of 'Tales' proves to be refreshingly unpredictable and original and certainly contains some material that will be unfamiliar even to BACSA's selective and well-informed readership. Some celebrated names are indeed represented - WH Russell, Lady Curzon, Kipling (naturally) - but the majority of contributors are far lesser lights with fascinating and little-known tales to tell. There's Lt-Colonel T Lewin on his daring ruse with a 'marked bullet'; Edward Charles on tricky matters of taboos and kitchen hygiene; 'Amir', a delicious anecdote

from the Duke of Manchester about the convolutions of Indian/British etiquette and Louis Hagen's candid account of Calcutta in 1945.

To wrest any kind of order from such an abundance of material available must have been an awesome task and I'm not convinced that Mr. Wise's section-headings (Orientals Observed, Dangers and Disasters, Travellers and Tourists, etc) are any more than catch-all tags attached to various story-bundles in the hope of giving a coherent shape to the whole. Had I been the compiler I'd have included fewer Boys Own Paper yarns of animal slaughter and soldierly der-ring-do - Winston Churchill's account of 'Bullets Everywhere' is a classic of the latter kind. And I would have presented instead some rather more subtle accounts by women on such difficult matters as, for example, the purdah system, plus a section on childhood. For the remembered magic of early years spent among the ayahs and bearers in an Anglo-Indian setting is very vividly and feelingly described in so many memoirs of the Raj.

But I admit that collections of this kind encourage readers with some small knowledge of the subject to criticise both omissions and inclusions and generally convince themselves they could have done a better job! That I am not suggesting. Instead, I hope this collection sells well as it stands, and so persuades the publishers to produce another one - or three or four. For as anyone who researches the area knows, there are so many buried gems among what Michael Wise describes as 'the inaccessible mass of books and papers on dusty library shelves' that are concerned with British India. (PB)

1993 In Print Publishing Ltd. £11.95 plus postage pp292

Burmah: A Photographic Journal 1855-1925 Noel F Singer

The Silken East VC Scott O'Connor

It is gratifying to those with an interest in Burma that there is now a growing number of books being produced on this subject. *Burmah*, a slim, coffee-table book which purports to be the first attempt at publishing early Burma photographs has been produced by Noel Singer from a collection he has amassed over the past 25 years. Well researched, the pictures are beautifully reproduced, a good proportion being page-sized sepia photographs. Many are of structures, such as the old south entrance to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon, which are no longer standing. The book gives a simple overview of Burmese life, touching on most aspects, with a useful bibliography. Singer tells where early photographs can be viewed and lists photographers and postcard publishers of the period, which is a boon to serious students. A nice touch is the captioning of each photo with Burmese script. Although the majority of pictures are of the indigenous side of life, the author has included some interesting examples of

British Burma; one I particularly like is of the Mandalay racecourse c1890. I wonder if it still exists? The panoramic view taken from Mandalay Hill of pagoda, palace, city wall, moat and town is especially fine and helps one imagine the layout of a Burmese city. Of the 104 pages, 25 are text while only eight contain coloured pictures. It is a pity that more use was not made of this resource, as tinted postcards are still available and reasonably priced. However, those used are well displayed three or four to a page: Perhaps I'm being greedy in wishing for more. The examples here look to be in mint condition and possibly this was the criteria. Unfortunately for a book of this calibre, it should have benefited from more careful sub-editing, as several errors have crept in, the most annoying being the incorrect page references to some of the photos. On the whole, though, this is a wonderful book and will be much admired by all with an interest in the country.

A book which complements the above is a reprint of the *Silken East*, originally published as a twin volume edition in 1904 and here taken from the single volume second edition of 1928. It calls itself 'A Record of Life and Travel in Burma' but it is much more than that. VC Scott O'Connor is known as a travel writer of high repute and his encyclopaedic knowledge of the country comes across on every page. The 384 page book is lavishly illustrated with both colour plates of paintings and black and white photographs covering every aspect of his Journey around Burma. He not only deals with the usual 'tourist' areas but reaches the distant corners as well. The book is a standard work on Burma and this reprint comes at just the right time for those who long to own a copy but can no longer locate or afford the original. The publisher, Kiscadale, has done much in recent years to increase the awareness of Burma, its culture and people and we can only hope that reprints and new books of such high quality will continue to be published. (SD)

Both books published in 1993 and available from Kiscadale, Gartmore, Stirling PK8 3RJ, Scotland. £35.00 each plus postage

Verse Written In India Gordon Ray

The author served in the Indian Civil Service from 1937 to 1947 in the province of Bihar. In 1991, two years before his death, he published this book of poems written during those years. Gordon was a traditionalist so it is natural that he wrote in conventional form and metre. However, the choice of subjects came entirely from his personal experience, his approach to them was his own, and his opinions and emotions sincere. His range of subjects was very wide, including the village pathways as well as the Ganges and the Himalayas, the beggars in the city as well as the women workers in the paddy fields, and also his reactions to famine, massacre, and Partition. His poems provide a vivid

record of the impression made by the India of that time on an intelligent and sensitive young man. (EML)

1991 Stockwell, Ilfracombe, Devon, EX34 8BA. £5.50. pp54

Books also received: The English Rose and other stories of British India William Richardson. 1993 Square One Publications, Sansome Place, Worcester WR1 1UA £8.50 pp206

Bedtime Stories for the Military Minded HI Stewart. Obtainable from the author at Whitehill, Whiteleaf, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP17 0LY £2.50 incl. postage and packing pp41

Dara Shukoh: a play Gopal Gandhi. 1993 Banyan Books, 59 Regal Building, Connaught Circus, New Delhi 110 001. £17 incl. postage by registered air mail pp201

Eight Modern Masterpieces: critical essays - Lawrence, Forster, Hemingway, Maugham, Isherwood, Connolly, Green, Orwell John Whitehead. 1994 Hearthstone Publications, The Coach House, Munslow, Shropshire £25.00 pp162

Stop Press

The long awaited 'BACSA' number of the Indo-British Review has just been received. It is entitled 'To Independence and Beyond' and contains thirteen substantial chapters, the majority of which are by BACSA members. It was commissioned from, and introduced by, the Editor of *Chowkidar*. Members who had worked in India before 1947 and who had 'stayed on' or had re-visited after Independence were asked to describe the changes they experienced, as the infrastructure of government, the armed forces, police and businesses became Indianized. There are contributions from Mildred Archer, WA Chaning Pearce, Douglas Dickins, JC Griffiths, Sir Owain Jenkins, RR Langham-Carter, Major Henry Lincoln, Lt. Col. AA Mains, James Murray, RV Vernede, W Wilson Mayne and an article based on writings by the late Sir Harry Champion.

'To Independence and Beyond' will be fully reviewed in the next *Chowkidar*, and can be obtained from the Indo-British Historical Society, 21 Rajaram Mehta Avenue, Madras 600 029, India, by sending a British Postal Order for £10.00 to cover air mail postage.



Bihar toys - as illustrated in our book
"India Served and Observed" by
William and Mildred Archer (see page 17)