



CHOWKIDAR

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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 1,850 (2001) drawn from a wide circle of interest- Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and the building up of a Records archive in the Oriental and India Office Collections in the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments.

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



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

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THE BARAMULLA TRAGEDY

What happened at St Joseph's Convent, Baramulla on the morning of 27th October 1947, was to have a far-reaching effect, that hardened international opinion against Pakistan's claim to Kashmir. The small town of Baramulla lies on what used to be the main highway between Srinagar and Rawalpindi, but no vehicle has made that journey for more than half a century. The 'Line of Control' that marks the border area between India and Pakistan lies less than an hour's journey away. A tiny cemetery in the garden of the convent containing five graves marks the beginning of the conflict, writes Andrew Whitehead, who is researching the story today.

'A few weeks after the end of British rule, Muslim tribal raiders - mainly Mahsouds and Afridis - swept through Baramulla, looting and raiding, in an attempt to forestall Kashmir becoming part of India. They were well armed, and ill disciplined, their mission mainly to loot medicines and money. Breaking into the convent and the adjoining hospital they shot and wounded the Belgian Mother Superior, and killed her assistant, a Spanish nun. When a British army officer, Lieutenant Colonel Tom Dykes, Commandant of the Sikh Regimental Centre, sought to remonstrate with them, he was shot as well. His wife, Biddy Dykes, was recuperating in the convent hospital, having just given birth there. She came to the door of her room - it seems - when she heard the commotion, rushed towards the prostrate body of her husband, and was herself shot. The same fate was suffered by the Goan husband of the hospital doctor, Jose Barretto, by a nurse, Miss Philomena, and by a Hindu patient, Mrs Motia Devi Kapoor.

The survivors of the raid, including the three young sons of Colonel and Mrs Dykes, aged five, two and two weeks - were kept in a single hospital ward for eleven days, before they were evacuated. Also trapped in the convent hospital were two missionary priests, and a 'Daily Express' journalist, Sydney Smith.' The bodies of the dead were buried in the convent orchard, where Mr Whitehead photographed them earlier this year. The graves and headstones are in excellent condition (see page 84). Extraordinarily, he met an eye-witness of the massacre, Sister Emilia, an aged nun who lives in the convent. 'She recounted how she and several other nuns had been lined up by the raiders to be shot, but were saved by the intervention of a Pashtu-speaking officer among the tribesmen, who had himself been educated at a convent school.'

The Baramulla massacre captured world attention, and caught the imagination of the writer HE Bates, who based his novel *The Scarlet Sword* on the incident. In his history of the Indian Army *Fidelity and Honour*, BACSA member Lieutenant General Menezes wrote: 'Had the raiders not paused at Baramulla to indulge in an orgy of pillage and rapine, Srinagar, which they had planned to reach on 26th

October, and whose electric supply had been already cut, would have fallen.' In panic, the hitherto undecided Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, acceded his State to India, and a Sikh battalion was flown in to save Srinagar. Andrew Whitehead has been able to trace the three children of Colonel and Mrs Dykes and would like to hear from anyone with information about the tragedy, and of those killed or kept hostage. Please contact him via e-mail <andyanu@beeb.net> or through the BACSA Secretary.

MAIL BOX

An interesting query from a local history website in Hampshire arrived recently, via the Oriental and India Office Collections. Chris and Caroline Hayles were seeking information about an unusual and moving inscription found on a war grave in the churchyard of the Parish Church of St Nicholas, Brockenhurst.

'This stone was erected by parishioners of Brockenhurst to mark the spot where is laid the earthly body of Sukha, a resident of mohulla Gungapur, City Bareilly, United Provinces of India. He left Country, Home and Friends to serve our King and Empire in the Great European War, as a humble servant in the Lady Hardinge Hospital for wounded Indian soldiers in this Parish. He departed this life on January 12th 1915 aged 30 years. By creed he was not a Christian, but his earthly life was sacrificed in the interests of others. "There is one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all." Ephesians IV.6'

BACSA member Lieutenant Commander Arthur King of Lymington was contacted, and provided some background notes, gleaned from his local library, which place Sukha in context. His full name was Sukha Kalloo of the Supply and Transport Corps, Service Number 16 and he was a sweeper. He is listed in the Commonwealth War Graves roll, and was one of three Indians buried in the Brockenhurst churchyard. The Lady Hardinge Hospital was established at the outbreak of the First World War to treat troops of the Lahore and Meerut Divisions, and was named after the Viceroy's wife. It was originally set up on the Tile Barn site, just south of Brockenhurst village, but then moved to the Forest Park Hotel, which was adapted to serve as a hospital. One of the reasons Brockenhurst and its neighbours were chosen by the War Office was the abundance of large houses which could be converted rapidly into military hospitals. The proximity of Southampton and Portsmouth, both with good rail-links, meant that recovered soldiers could be returned easily to the Western Front.

A Brockenhurst resident, who as a young girl remembers wounded Indian soldiers arriving at Forest Park, said that 'lots of people were frightened of them, but Mr Martin, the chemist, was very fond of them. I remember him with a

turban, standing in Brookley Road with his own children, surrounded by his Indian friends.' Clearly Sukha Kalloo made a favourable impression on the villagers and it has been suggested that during his convalescence he helped them out with odd jobs, thus earning their special affection. Although some Hindu casualties were cremated on a site in the New Forest, Sukha received a 'Christian' burial, and his fulsome memorial reminds us of the sacrifices made by Indians of low and high caste during the Great War. BACSA's researches will be passed on to Chris and Caroline Hayles, to enhance their website.

On a similar note, came a request from Commodore RK Dhowan, Naval Advisor at the Indian High Commission in London. He was seeking information on the Lascar War Memorial in Calcutta, which was inaugurated on 6 February 1924 by Lord Lytton to honour the many lascars, or Indian seamen, who died during the First World War on the British Merchant Fleet. At present the memorial is looked after by the Indian Navy. BACSA was able to provide some background, and a 1940 photograph of the handsome pillar (see back cover), which stands at the southern end of the Maidan, within a hundred yards of Prinsep Ghat. The memorial was erected by the Shipping and Mercantile Companies to the memory of the 896 lascars of Bengal, Assam and Upper India, killed during active service. In architectural terms it is described as a four-sided column of Oriental appearance, appropriately designed with a prow of an ancient galley projecting from each of its sides, and capped by four small minarets and a large gilt dome. Something to look out for on one's next visit to Calcutta, perhaps?

'Does the island of St Helena come within the remit of BACSA?' enquired Ian Morshead recently. It certainly does, was the answer, because BACSA's constitution defines our areas of activity as those territories formerly administered by the East India Company. Between 1659 and 1836 the Governors of the little island, strategically situated on the sea-route between Europe and the Cape, were appointed by the Company. Here Ian Morshead has located the grave of his great-great-great uncle, Colonel Hamelin Trelawny RA, who was a Peninsular officer of long service, and Governor of the island from 1842 to 1846, when he died in office aged sixty-four. His grave, which is in good condition, lies in St Paul's churchyard (see page 84). Colonel Trelawny was previously the acting Governor of St Helena in 1840 and in charge of protocol and formalities when the French delegation, led by His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville came in October of that year, to re-possess Napoleon's body and take it back to France for burial in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. The island's Governors were handsomely paid by the Company, with an annual salary of £10,000, but when the administration of the island passed to the Crown, this was promptly reduced to a meagre £2,000 a year. Ian Morshead adds that the island's oldest inhabitant, Jonathan the tortoise, still roams the lawns of Plantation House, with his five companions. He was brought to the island in 1882 and is thought to be 150 years old.

Nearly twenty years ago *Chowkidar* probed the mystery of 'Pott's Folly', a curious monument which stands today some 400 yards inland from the bank of the Hooghly at Kulpee, south of Calcutta. We pondered then on its origins and name, and now Mr Giles Quinan, who explored the site during a short visit to Calcutta, has added his own thoughts in an entertaining article. William Hickey, the Pepys of 18th century India, was the first to describe it, when his ship anchored at Kulpee on 21st June 1783. 'In approaching this dreary spot I observed in the midst of the jungle a beautiful column, apparently of stone. Enquiring what this could be in so desolate and wild a place I was informed the seafaring people had christened it 'Pott's Folly' though it ultimately proved of public utility, being of considerable advantage to the pilots when bringing ships in from sea, from its being a conspicuous landmark, always visible when no other object was so in blowing weather.' (See photograph on page 85). On his arrival in Calcutta nine days later, Hickey went to visit his old friend Robert Pott, and learnt the reason behind the erection of the monument from Pott's household steward, Thomas Trant.

A year earlier, in May 1782, the beautiful Emily Warren, a former flame of Hickey's, was travelling by boat up from Madras, with her new fiancé, Bob Pott. In the wretched summer heat, she developed an insatiable thirst, which she tried to satisfy with 'draughts of extremely cold water (made so by art) mixed with milk'. Mr Quinan guesses that this was a form of lassi, the yoghurt-based drink. Just off Kulpee, Emily took two large glasses and almost immediately, complaining of feeling ill and faint, fell back dead on the couch. Bob Pott was beside himself with grief, and after the body, which rapidly putrefied, was towed up to Calcutta, he got it 'interred in the burial ground of the town. Pott caused a magnificent mausoleum to be constructed over the grave by Mr. Tiretta, the Italian architect' which cost nearly £3,000. At the same time, he paid Tiretta another £1,000 to erect the column at Kulpee 'amongst herds of tigers', where Emily had breathed her last.

Now as Mr Quinan points out, there are several odd things about Hickey's account, which was written at least thirty years after the events took place. Calcutta's only burial ground in 1782 was South Park Street cemetery, and Emily certainly isn't there now, nor is there any trace of an architect-designed £3,000 mausoleum. Secondly, the Kulpee monument is clearly of the right date, with its small lakhori bricks, but is it what an Italian-trained classical architect would build, albeit in the jungle? The question has intrigued others, too, including the venerable magazine 'Bengal Past and Present'. The existence of the column, now largely missing, was established, and the fact it had been struck by lightning and broken off. Only twelve inches or so remains of it today, on top of the 35 foot high building. (Tall brick columns were often reinforced with iron, and thus prone to attract lightning if the metal core became exposed.) The three stage block is of solid masonry, confirmed by an exploratory tunnel at the base.

The whole thing, Mr Quinan estimates, would have stood about 70 foot tall, and clearly visible from the river, which has shifted its banks over the last two hundred years. An oral tradition current in the 19th century was that the building had been erected for the tomb of an Indian *bibi*, or for the wife of a Portuguese settler. Certainly there is no local tradition that it was built by 'Pott Sahib', but circumstantial evidence seems to point towards this. Firstly, Hickey remained a close friend of Bob Pott until the latter's death in the early 1790s. Given the lawyer's own relationship with Emily Warren, it seems unlikely he would have got such an important story wrong. Secondly, a great amount of money certainly went towards the erection of the monument. The £1,000 quoted would have included the purchase of the land at Kulpee (for all land in India, no matter how jungly, belongs to some-one), the building of kilns to supply the thousands of bricks needed and lime for the cement, the stucco rendering, and the iron core for the column. The short time between Emily's death (May 1782) and the sighting of the finished structure by Hickey (June 1783), when it had already acquired its name, points not only to a substantial financial outlay but a desire to drive through the project as quickly as possible. It does seem like a grand, impulsive gesture by a grief-stricken young man, as Pott was. The question of whether Tiretta designed the monument to Pott's specifications, or whether it was put up by a skilled local contractor, remains a mystery, as does the final resting place of the lovely Emily Warren.

BACSA member Mr John Queiros told us earlier this year something of the history of his illustrious family and its long connections with India. The founder in India was Don Joseph Chamois de Quieros Chevalier (1759-1822), the son of a Commodore in the Spanish Royal Navy. Usually known as Joseph Quieros, the young Spaniard travelled to Calcutta, where he became an auctioneer and married Theresa le Blanc in 1783. The couple moved to Lucknow about 1786 to work for General Claude Martin, the enterprising Frenchman and founder of La Martinière Schools. One son was born to the couple, named after his father, before Theresa's death in 1790. She is buried in the Kacheri cemetery at Cawnpore, only a broken slab now recording her burial. Joseph went on to father seven more children, although the name of his second wife (if he remarried), is unknown. Members of the family, who spell their name as Queiros, Quieros and sometimes Quiros, remained in Lucknow until quite recently. Three of Joseph's grandsons took part in the defence of the Residency during the siege of 1857, and one at least, is buried in the Residency graveyard. No trace however remains of the grave of Joseph Quieros himself, who was buried in the Catholic cemetery of Qaisarpasand, for his tomb was destroyed by the mutineers of 1857.

But a Quieros tomb that does survive, in remarkably good condition, and in Yorkshire, is that of Mary Quieros. She was married to Joseph's fifth son, Claude Martin Quieros, who was the godson of Claude Martin, after whom he was named,

and who provided money for his education in England. Mary Quieros' grave is in the churchyard of St Peter and St Paul's Parish Church, Stainton, Cleveland (see page 85) and is surrounded by other members of her family, including her daughter Rosalie, who became wife to the Mayor of Cleveland, William Fawcett. The family prospered and owned the village of Stainton Grange for several generations. Mary Quieros outlived her husband by more than forty years, dying at the good age of ninety-two, in April 1888 and providing a fascinating link with the India of nearly a century earlier.

Another link of great interest, and of even greater antiquity is provided by the Reverend Peter Minall who recently asked BACSA for information about his ancestor John Mildenhall, the first Englishman known to have been buried in India in 1614. The name is spelt variously as Midnall, Mildenhall, Minall and Mendenhall. This adventurous man set out with a small party of merchants at the end of Elizabeth I's reign, by the overland route, through Persia. They arrived in Agra in 1603, five years after they had left England. Here they were warmly received by the great Mughal Emperor Akbar, and Mildenhall was sufficiently encouraged to return to England then travel again overland to India. However, on this second journey, he fell sick at Lahore in 1614 and died at Ajmer. His body was conveyed to the Catholic cemetery at Agra, founded by Jesuit priests, and his restored tombstone still exists in what is known locally as 'John Sahib's Cemetery'. The original stone had his name as Mendell, but by the late 19th century, this had been amended to Mildenhall.

An unusual story that happened nearly sixty years ago has been sent in by the Reverend John de Chazal, formerly of the Indian Police, which deserves to be told in his own words. 'The time was the invasion of Burma when I decided to visit a remote part of the north Arcot district bordering the Mysore plateau, with the Javadi hills behind. But when my servants and I arrived we found not a standard PWD rest house but a well-built and roomy bungalow, a mile or so from the nearest hamlet. The explanation soon became clear, it was an old military Mess, doubtless dating from the Mysore Wars that ended with the defeat of Tipu Sultan. The main room was particularly fine and well-proportioned, the ceiling bordered with a decorated plaster moulding, suggesting it had been a Cavalry Mess. I was used to camping in forests and remote places, and found a three-day stay long enough. However, my three-day camp in that Mess was different in that it had a cheerful atmosphere. The time passed quickly and I could imagine the cavalry officers smoking their cigars, laughing and joking. Nor did I feel this in the evening after a couple of chota pegs - it was just as palpable in the day time. I have experienced a room haunted at night by what appeared to be evil spirits; but the ghosts at the Mess were quite different - they were jolly fellows.' Do these amiable spirits still haunt the old Mess today, I wonder, or did they disappear as the British left India, when most, but not all, European hauntings ceased.

CAN YOU HELP?

While searching for the grave of the Scottish missionary Donald Mitchell at Poladpur, in response to a *Chowkidar* query (Spring 1998), BACSA member John Payne found two intriguing items. Assistance from the Tehsildar's office, in this remote village in the Western Ghats had enabled Mr Payne to find and photograph the missionary's memorial from the 1820s. 'However', he writes 'there were two items in the compound of the Tehsildar's Office that caught my attention. The first was a small, upright white marble stone inscribed 'In Memory of Peter Pan 5.1.17'. This I assumed marked the grave of someone's pet animal. More interesting was a small shrine of the type that usually contains an image of a local Hindu deity, with an electric light, and signs of recent offerings.' He was told that that this is a shrine to 'Mr Cat' a British civilian officer, who while on a hunting trip, stayed at the bungalow which is now used as the Tehsildar's office. Returning from a day's shikar, the officer entered a room in which a cat had been inadvertently locked. The cat went for his throat, and both man and animal subsequently died. 'As the combination of cat and death is most inauspicious "Cat Sahib's" ghost still walks the area, is well known and has been encountered by the retired army jawan who took me to Donald Mitchell's grave. "Cat Sahib's" name is not known, but offerings to propitiate his spirit are made at the shrine. Does any BACSA member know of a British officer who died in such circumstances, perhaps of rabies, and probably in the 19th century', wonders Mr Payne, who has added another instance of a British shrine in India to our collection.

Surely one of the most unfortunate men of Victorian times must be Dr William Brydon (1811-1873). It was he who brought the bad news from Kabul to Jallalabad after the dreadful retreat by British and Indian soldiers and civilians during the first Afghan War of 1842. The image of Dr Brydon, exhausted, on an emaciated horse, arriving at Jallalabad, was captured by Lady Butler in her striking painting 'The Remnants of an Army' and reproductions hung on many a drawing room wall, and perhaps do to this day. Having recovered from his ordeal, Dr Brydon served on regimental duty with the Bhopal contingent and in the second Burma War. Here he contracted dysentery and went home to his native Scotland on sick leave. On his return, in 1856, he had the misfortune to be posted to the 71st Bengal Native Infantry, then serving at Lucknow. Within weeks of his arrival, with his wife Colina Maxwell Macintyre, and their two young children, he was trapped in the siege of the Residency. On the evening of 20th July 1857, while dining with Martin Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner, he was shot through the loins and severely wounded. However, the indestructible doctor recovered, and after retirement a couple of years later, went on to father two more children. Only the fictional character Flashman appears to have had the same bad luck to be caught up in the two most crushing attacks on the East India Company during the 19th century.

BACSA member John Cunningham is fascinated by Brydon's life which he is currently researching for a biography. 'Although the doctor's unique involvement in both events is always a footnote in many historical works, rarely is his life given greater coverage' writes Mr Cunningham. Yet he is an important figure, and provided the inspiration for the Scots surgeons Dr Dunstable and Dr Macnab in JG Farrell's *The Siege of Krishnapur*, one of the best novels about the 1857 uprising. In retirement, Dr Brydon was Surgeon-Major of the Ross-shire Militia, and because of his wife's connections with the Highlands, the family lived at Nigg, Ross-shire. He is buried in Rosemarkie churchyard, on Scotland's east coast. After his death his wife and children went to live at Rosenberg Cottage, Cromarty. What would interest Mr Cunningham is archival material, local traditions about Brydon, and most importantly, contact with his descendants. Material in the British Library has been covered exhaustively, but an appeal through *Chowkidar* may well bring in some hidden gems. Contact Mr Cunningham at <jcc@cunningham1958.freeserve.co.uk> or via the BACSA Secretary.

Dr Charlotte Cory, a BACSA member, is writing a book about a family who were in Ceylon in 1860. This is based on a diary kept by Lora Elizabeth Wilkinson, daughter of the Commander of the Royal Engineers. The family were stationed in the Fort at Colombo between 1857 and 1861, and knew the Governor of the time, Sir Henry Ward. 'The diary', writes Dr Cory, 'provides a splendid snapshot of the life of a military family as Lora's main concerns were domestic. For three months in the summer of 1860, Lora's father was acting Governor, after Sir Henry left for Madras and Sir Charles Macarthy arrived to take up command. I would be very grateful to hear from anyone with expertise on Ceylon at that time, or intimate knowledge of the Colombo Fort.' Contact Dr Cory on <mail@charlottecory.com> or via the BACSA Secretary.

Maurice Bierbrier, Assistant Editor of *Debrett's Peerage*, seeks BACSA members' help in tracing families with former Indian connections. In particular, he is anxious to trace any descendants of Hugh Arthur Pakenham, who died in Fatehgarh in 1869. Hugh Pakenham was a captain in the 11th Bengal Cavalry, stationed at the cantonment above Cawnpore, on the river Ganges. Four sons were born in India, one after the other - Robert (1860), Hugh (1865), Lygon (1866) and Aleck (1867). The two eldest boys were sent to England to be educated at King William School on the Isle of Man. Only Hugh appears to have returned to India, where his son James William Lygon was born in 1896. Hugh was subsequently widowed, and on his remarriage a daughter called Clara was born in 1922. 'Perhaps their stay in India was too tenuous for anyone to remember them', hazards Dr Bierbrier, but he would appreciate any information on the family, especially the male descendants, who may be connected to the Earldom of Longford. Letters please to *Debrett's Peerage*, King's Court, 2-16 Goodge Street, London W1T 2QA.

Dr Vijaya Gupchup from Mumbai (Bombay) is writing a history of St Thomas' Cathedral, and would like to contact BACSA members with memories of worshipping there before 1947, or who attended baptisms, marriages, funerals and other occasions. Please contact her by e-mail <gupchup@soochak.ncst.ernet.in> or write to her at 76 Blue Haven, B. Hire Marg, Malabar Hill, Mumbai 400 006.

Philip Geddes from Hampshire has been researching the history of his great great grandfather, Colonel Philip Goldney, for some years. Colonel Goldney led a very colourful and interesting life, working in Sind as one of Charles Napier's 'young lions' in setting up the administration there after its seizure in 1843. Although he expressed his doubts over the East India Company's proposed takeover of Awadh, he was nevertheless appointed to command the brigade in charge of annexation in 1856, and was subsequently appointed as civil commissioner for Faizabad, in that curious period between annexation and mutiny. Deeply concerned about the situation in Awadh, he conducted the trial of 'Sikander Sahib', the Maulvi of Faizabad, Syed Ahmadullah, who was regarded as a troublesome fakir, intent on stirring up communal violence early in 1857. The Maulvi was imprisoned by the British, but released by the mutineers on 8th June as they plundered the treasury. Of the twenty-one officers in Faizabad during this critical period, only five reached safety, the remainder being drowned or murdered. Colonel Goldney was ambushed and killed on the river at Begumjee, his wife Mary Louisa escaping through hostile country with three children.

Martin Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner at Lucknow, said of Colonel Goldney's death: 'It would be unjust to the memory of this deserving soldier not to mention that, from every account that has reached me, he maintained a most manly and gallant bearing during these trying scenes at Faizabad. He believed that he should not survive them. But with a noble chivalrous feeling he resolved to remain at his post to the last.' Where was Colonel Goldney buried, asks Mr Geddes, and can anyone provide further information about this brave man? Ideas please via the BACSA Secretary.

Julia Emsden recently visited Sri Lanka and while there saw the grave of her great great grandparents, Julia Margaret and Charles Hay Cameron, at St Mary's, Chapelton, Bogawantala. Also, quite by chance, she found the graves of one of their grandchildren and a daughter-in-law in the churchyard at Nuwara Eliya. Julia Cameron was born in Calcutta, the daughter of James Pattle and his French wife Adeline de l'Etang, herself from distinguished French parentage. Mrs Emsden has already noted from the BACSA membership list one or two family connections, and indeed the Pattles, Camerons and de l'Etangs frequently crop up in the Anglo-Indian history of the last two centuries. Information on the family, particularly during their time in Ceylon, would be welcomed, via the BACSA Secretary.

THE TIGER LADY OF JAULASAL

A short item in the Spring *Chowkidar* about Mrs Smythies and her close encounter with a tiger brought in a large postbag, including letters from Nepal, America and Ireland. Although the episode of the tree-climbing tiger took place in 1926, several of our correspondents knew Olive Smythies, her husband Evelyn Arthur Smythies, and their son Bertram, whose obituary appeared in 'The Daily Telegraph' two years ago. Both the Smythies were big-game hunters, Evelyn being the Chief Conservator of Forests in the United Provinces at the time. Olive Smythies' own account of her ordeal was published in *Tiger Lady, Adventures in the Indian Jungle* (1953), and told again in the excitingly entitled *Big Game Encounters - Critical Moments in the lives of well-known Shikaris* edited by Stanley Jepson. A photograph of Mrs Smythies, the tiger (skinned) and a uniformed Indian shikari is included in Jepson's book. Pretty scary stuff.

What actually happened in December 1926 varies in minor details, according to our correspondents, and I have chosen Gawain Douglas's account, as it was told to him by Mr and Mrs Smythies themselves, in Naini Tal, in 1936. It is necessary to appreciate, at the beginning, that Olive Smythies was a very serious contender in everything she entered, including yacht racing on the lake at Naini. She was also a 'burra memsahib, second to nobody below the rank of a major-general in her opinion, and she didn't like losing'. 'Although tigers, unlike leopards, do not climb trees, they have a formidable leap, and with a powerful upwards spring, can easily get at something fifteen feet or so up a tree, if sufficiently provoked. For this reason, a machan, or platform (sometimes a tightly-stretched net between branches), was seldom placed less than eighteen to twenty feet above the ground.

Mr and Mrs Smythies were sitting in rather low machans, in separate trees, not far apart, from which they could cover each other and hope to get a safe shot at a local, dangerous tiger. The ground sloped fairly steeply upwards behind Mrs Smythies' tree, and a little while after settling herself, she turned round to find herself at eye-level with the tiger, who had circled round to the higher ground, only some twenty to thirty feet away. He immediately bounded down the slope, leapt up at her, and hooked his claws into the netting of the machan, which he shook violently, in order to spill her out. Her rifle fell first, while she tried vainly to stamp on the animal's huge paws to dislodge them. Suddenly the machan parted company from the tree, and she, and it, fell to the ground, with the tiger underneath. Her husband took a chance, fired at the noisy, tangled, struggling mass at the base of his wife's tree, and hit the tiger, which dropped dead. Apart from badly-torn clothing, some severe bruising and scratches, she was unharmed, and when the shikari and beaters ran up they found the victorious memsahib seated on the ground midst the wreckage of the machan with the dead tiger stretched out beside her.' Of such stuff are legends born, adds Mr Douglas.

THE GRAVE OF 'LURGAN SAHIB'

In reviewing Peter Hopkirk's book *The Quest for Kim* a few years ago, mention was made of the mysterious figure of AM Jacob of Simla, on whom Kipling based the character of Lurgan Sahib in the immortal *Kim*. Readers will not need reminding of Lurgan Sahib's curio shop on the Mall in Simla, a veritable cave of treasures. Little is known for certain about the early life of Mr Jacob. He was supposed to be a Turkish Jew, others said he was an Armenian, but all agreed he was a man of mystical and magical powers. His life ended sadly in Bombay, as a bankrupt, when the Nizam of Hyderabad reneged on the purchase of a diamond. BACSA member Foy Nissen had been unsuccessful in his search for Jacob's grave in the Sewri cemetery until late last year. Visiting the site on 20 November 2000 to look for another grave, he writes 'I was startled but delighted to notice the freshly washed, gleaming white horizontal marble grave-slab commemorating A.M. Jacob barely two metres away. Enquiries revealed that it was Miss Justine Hardy who had re-activated the search a few days earlier and with dry weather as her ally, had persuaded the cemetery supervisor to have the site cleared to reveal the slab with its inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Mr A.M. Jacob of Simla. Born at Diarbekir-Turkey, died at Bombay 9th January 1921. Rest in Peace.' Mr Nissen adds that the assumption that Jacob was Jewish 'now seems less tenable when we know he was buried on 10th January 1921 by the Port Chaplain, the Reverend EJ Martyn-Roberts. It seems more likely he was an Armenian.'

NOTICES

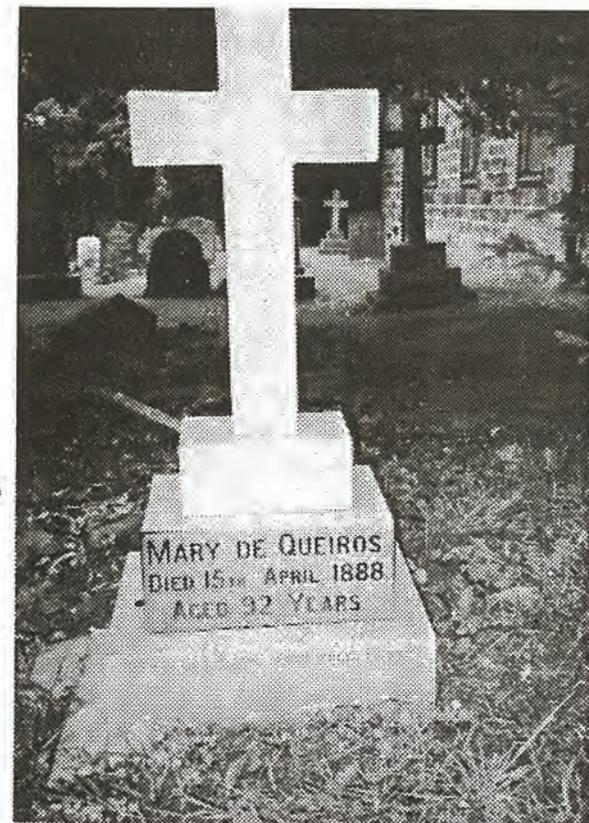
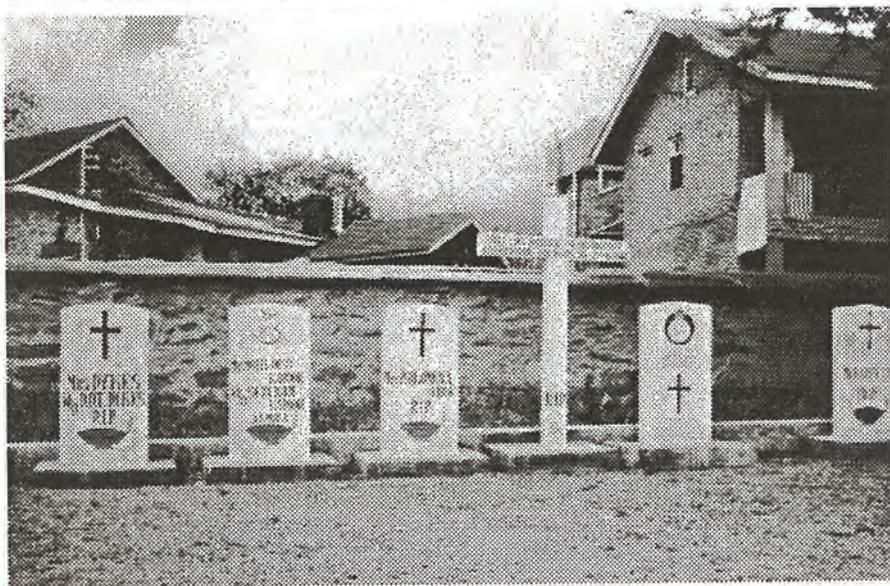
Mr Barry Joyce, a member of the Georgian Group, has set up a register of people involved or interested in conservation in India. Sustained efforts have been made over the last few years to help India restore a handful of her splendid colonial buildings, and results are now appearing, notably at St James's Church in Delhi, and the old Town Hall in Calcutta. As listeners to the recent BBC Radio 4 programme 'Restoring the Raj' may have heard, there are a huge number of buildings that could be saved, the most important and critical of which is Robert Clive's house at Dum Dum, near Calcutta. It seems sensible to co-ordinate the goodwill and expertise of people in Britain who could help, and those interested in the preservation of such buildings should write to Mr Joyce MBE at 40 Johns Street, Winksworth, Derby DE4 4OS.

A Festival of Asian Art will take place in London from 8th to 16th November this year, when leading art dealers, auction houses, academic and cultural organisation will present a programme of gallery receptions, lectures, auctions and exhibitions of work for sale. A guide to all the events will be available in September. Phone 0207 293 6444 or try the website <www.asianartinlondon.com>



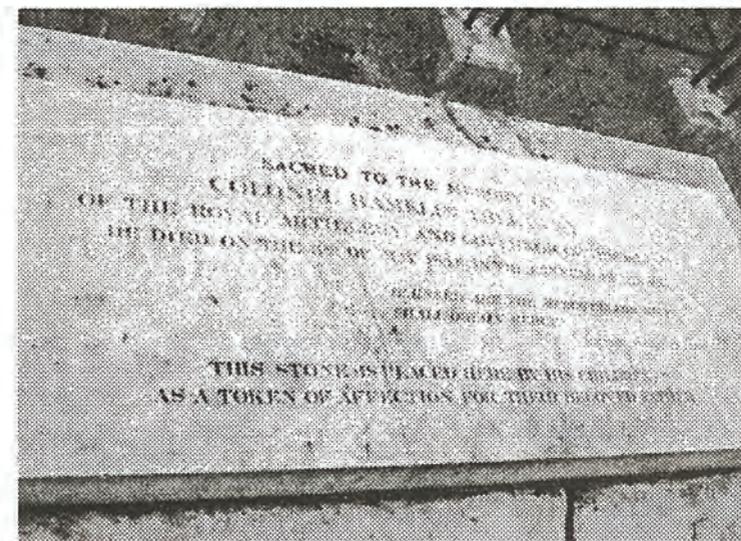
*left: Pott's Folly - or not?
(see page 76)*

*below: the 1947 graves at
Baramulla (see page 73)*



*right: Mary Quieros's grave
at Stainton (see page 77)*

*below: Colonel Trelawny's grave,
St Helena (see page 75)*



BACSA BOOKS [Books by BACSA members. These can be ordered via BACSA, at no extra cost to the purchaser and will be sent with an invoice.]

Furniture from British India and Ceylon: A Catalogue of the Collections in the Victoria & Albert Museum and the Peabody Essex Museum Amin Jaffer

In Autumn 1993 the 'Can You Help?' section of *Chowkidar* had the following entry: 'Amin Jaffer is writing a thesis on 18th century Anglo-Indian furniture...perhaps BACSA members may be able to suggest some leads.' Eight years later and having picked up a PhD along the way - the results of Dr Jaffer's meticulous research have finally been made available in this magnificent volume.

The first Europeans who came to India found a culture in which people sat on or near to the ground and where furniture in the western sense was unknown. They therefore had to furnish their houses with items commissioned from local craftsmen. This created a hybrid style, or rather a series of styles, western in concept but Indian in decorative details. These are not all to everyone's taste. In the mid 20th century the V & A disposed of all its holdings of the heavy Bombay blackwood styles so beloved of the Victorians. However, few would disagree that, at its best, this furniture is exquisite. Solid ivory tables and chairs, made in Murshidabad in the style of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, are a particular splendid case in point.

This is a field which has been very under-studied, and Jaffer's book fills a major gap. His stated aim is 'to provide a basic understanding of Anglo-Indian furniture both in terms of the objects themselves and the context in which they were made and used.' Four introductory chapters deal with the contexts. One on life in early British India gives an excellent summary of the way early Europeans lived, tracing the progression from the integrated society of the early 18th century, characterised by hookahs, nautch and native concubines, to the Victorian attempt to recreate Barseetshire in a hot climate while keeping India and Indians at a safe distance. Meanwhile Indians themselves began gradually to come to terms with the western lifestyle. Rulers like Ranjit Singh used European chairs, even though he was in the habit of perching on top of them with his legs folded under him.

The core of the book is a catalogue of 200 items from the V & A in London and the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. The latter collection is strong on everyday furniture, whereas the former is the world's leading collection of the furniture for the elite, particularly enriched by ceremonial items and those with an official provenance. Lord Curzon alone loaned the V & A a thousand objects from his private collection. The items are grouped by geographical area, including a small section on Ceylon. Among the better known styles are lac-inlaid ivory veneer from Vizagapatam, ivory-inlaid wood from Punjab, Mysore

sandalwood, Coromandel ebony carved in twist-turned 'Dutch' taste, and micromosaic work (sadeli) from Gujarat and Bombay. The scope is limited to items found in the homes of Europeans. Items of Indo-Dutch or Indo-Portuguese origin are not included in this work. This is a classic work of reference - lucidly written, scholarly, accessible and superbly produced. At £75.00 it is not cheap, but those who have a real interest in this fascinating subject will find the money well spent (HCQB)

2001 V & A Publications ISBN 0-88389-117-4 £75.00 plus postage (2½ kilos) pp416

In the Margins of Independence: a Relief Worker in India and Pakistan, 1942-1949 Richard Symonds

With an altruistic likeable persona, this prolific author has combined an academic career with that of a United Nations official. Some of his several previous books have been *The Making of Pakistan*, *The British and their Successors*, and *Oxford and Empire; the Last Lost Cause*. After taking an MA in Modern History from the University of Oxford, he worked from 1939 with the Quaker 'Friends Ambulance Unit', first in London in the air raids, and then in India from 1942 with the same organisation. He was appointed Deputy Director of Relief and Rehabilitation in Bengal, during the great famine of 1943, till 1945, during which period he worked closely with the then Governor and his wife, Mr and Mrs RG Casey. After a period with the UN in Austria, he offered his services again as a volunteer in the Indian Subcontinent in 1947 and, under the auspices of the Quaker 'Friends Service Unit' was thereafter a relief worker among the refugees and victims of the Partition.

In 1948/49, he served with the UN Commission for India and Pakistan (UNCIP) on Kashmir, which paved the way for a ceasefire in January 1949, going on to a distinguished career with the UN. This is more than a fly-on-the-wall account, though essentially based on his diaries, as he actually participated in the events of the period in the Indian Subcontinent. Oscar Wilde had said, 'the one duty we owe to history is to rewrite it'. The author, in his intellectual honesty, avoids this lure. It is as well to remember that he wrote these diaries in confidence for himself. He presents an authentic account, for his diaries were contemporary personal observations and not retrospective conclusions or statements, based on hindsight, as to policy. He objectively encapsulates three events of the period, having been present himself - first the catastrophe of the Bengal famine from 1943 during which three million died of starvation; then the decision of the British in 1947 to divide and quit, leading to the accompanying turmoil and mass migration, resulting in the massacre of several hundred thousand people (and the drowning of

several thousand more on the move in the then calamitous floods), with some twelve million being rendered homeless; and concomitantly the beginning of the conflict between Pakistan and India over Kashmir, today's tinder-box.

After retirement it had been suggested to him that so much attention still continues to be devoted to the last stage of British rule and the early days of India and Pakistan, that 'even these kind of recollections from the sidelines could usefully be placed in the public domain'. The author's insights into various personalities of the period are fascinating - such as his greatly cherished friendship with Mahatma Gandhi who cared for him when he was stricken by typhoid; the cheerfulness, energy and ingenuity of Edwina, Lady Mountbatten; and his colleague Horace Alexander, who throughout his long connection with the Subcontinent constantly strove to maintain the traditional Quaker capacity to see God in every man and woman. The impartial tone of the whole book is set by the evocative dedication, 'To the memory of those officers of the Indian and Pakistan Armies in 1947, whose calmness, humanity and efficiency saved many lives.' The reviewer is proud to have been one of them in the then prevailing circumstances. Recommended as an unputdownable read for all who lived through that emotive period. (SLM)

2001 OUP Pakistan ISBN 0 19 579440 0 £7.99, plus postage, pp150

The Raj: A Time Remembered. Recollections of Life in the Indian Civil Service Donald Macpherson, ed Janet Richardson

Donald Macpherson CIE joined the Indian Civil Service (ICS) in 1917. He retired in 1945 as Commissioner of Hooghly and Burdwan Division, having previously been commissioner of Excise from 1935 to 1942. His recollections are of interest as they are based on a detailed knowledge of an India whose like we shall not see again. With so many of the original ICS participants no longer alive, Janet Richardson (Macpherson's daughter), is to be congratulated on producing this readable memoir which adds to the body of accessible knowledge.

The book divides into two parts, the first contains extracts for a diary kept by Macpherson during his voyage to India in 1917 to join the ICS. The diary, written on the *Sardinia* comes with the enthusiasm and attitudes one might expect of a 23-year old going abroad for the first time in 1917 and for whom it was truly a 'Great Adventure'. It took Macpherson thirty-nine days to travel from Tilbury to Bombay. Looking back, it is clear that the *Sardinia* was a social microcosm of a time that had already passed. Yet even during the next twenty-five years or so, social attitudes and the entertainment on offer changed very little. The second part, written after he retired, is a recollection of his time in the Service and the

India in which he worked. There are descriptions of the areas in which he served, including most unusually for a Bengal Officer of the ICS, a spell on the North West Frontier in 1918. Macpherson also reminisces about events, his involvement with the coal mines, famine, disease and the rigours of travel by rail, road and river. He evokes the countryside, its inhabitants and their way of life most convincingly. The author's career, in common with most ICS officers pre-1939, was spent largely out in the country, often some days away from anyone to whom they could refer for guidance. These young men (and their wives) of necessity led isolated lives, without regular mails, proper sanitation or electricity.

Two conclusions perhaps follow. First, if ICS officers gained a reputation for confidence in their own judgement it was unsurprising. Secondly, British rule persisted for so long partly because the ICS was able to do so much of its work away from the arc lights of publicity. The Second World War seems to have intruded remarkably little upon Macpherson. By the time he became DC Burdwan he was close to a retirement which was both long and distinguished. For the bulk of ICS officers, the massive expansion in their responsibility during the War and the subsequent rush towards Independence meant that their final years of service were markedly different from Macpherson's. Today the author would be described as 'a safe pair of hands'. Without such unsung heroes, British administration of India would not have been so successful or long lasting. (FW)

2000 Pentland Press Ltd ISBN 1 85821 756 3 £10.50, plus postage, pp189

A Guide to the Christian Cemetery Gilgit, Pakistan Sue Farrington

This little eight-page booklet records all those who are known to have found their final resting place in the isolated Gilgit cemetery, or who are remembered here. Located in the bazaar, just up the hill from the polo ground, the tiny, but historical, cemetery now contains only four headstones surviving from pre-Pakistan days before 1947. The majority of later graves are those of people who died in mountaineering accidents. The first known burial was that of George Hayward in 1870, in what was then an orchard, and for some time afterwards the cemetery was known as 'Hayward's Garden'. Hayward was one of the players in the Great Game, an explorer, and a man whose murder at the early age of thirty-one, was immortalised in Sir Henry Newbolt's poem 'He Fell among Thieves'. Other memorials include that to Captain Claye Rose Ross of the 14th Sikhs, killed near Koragh in March 1895, along with forty-five Sikhs, who were attempting to relieve the besieged fort at Chitral. Well-researched and illustrated, this is essential reading for travellers to Gilgit and others interested in this remote area.

2001 BACSA £2.00 including postage pp8

A Railway Family in India Patrick Stevenage

BACSA's thirty-first book in our series about the lives of Europeans in South Asia covers five generations of the Stevenage family, whose adventurous forebear left the shores of England in 1778 at the age of nineteen, as a private in the East India Company's Madras European Regiment. The author is a direct descendant, five generations removed, from the first 'Indian' Stevenage. He describes how the family, as members of the 'twilight community of Anglo-Indians' progressed through successive generations, in Madras, Bangalore, Cochin and Bellary. A meticulously researched account of the Stevenages is followed by the author's own story of his working life on the Madras & Southern Mahratta railway, which he left in 1951, on emigrating to England. Here he pursued a career in British Rail, rising to a senior management position, before retirement. This is a book that will interest amateur genealogists and railway buffs alike.

2001 BACSA ISBN 0907799 77 9 £10.50 plus £1 for postage and packing pp140

Books by non-members that will interest readers. [These should be ordered direct and not through BACSA.]

Tournament of Shadows: The Great Game and the Race for Empire in Asia Karl Meyer and Shareen Brysac

Comparatively recently this story had been recounted by Peter Hopkirk in *Foreign Devils on the Silk Road* (1980), *Trespassers on the Roof of the World*, and *Setting the East Ablaze*, and lastly in 1990 *The Great Game, on Secret Service in High Asia*. Felicitously this book under review had its inception in 1990 when the co-authors found themselves 'on the far side of the Khyber Pass gazing down at Afghanistan'. One can understand this inspirational view having stood there myself in 1945, though it took almost three decades to visit Afghanistan, and even longer to get to some of the former central Asian khanates, the present central Asian republics. At the very outset it must be said that this book is narrative history at its best. As is known, the imperial rivalry between Russia and Britain began in the 19th century when British agents, many being Indian 'pundits', came across the tracks of Russian rivals in the snows of Tibet, and then again in mysterious Bokhara in central Asia. In Lord Palmerston's time, most Britons thought the worst of Russian ambitions, and believed it essential to oppose Russia's advances everywhere. These fears enwrapped Captain Arthur Conolly, who, while serving in Afghanistan, came to believe it was his personal mission to frustrate the Russians in Central Asia, and convince the independent Muslim rulers there to seek British protection. His determination increased in 1841 when he learnt of the imprisonment and torture of a fellow

officer, Colonel Charles Stoddart, by the Emir of Bokhara. Conolly pleaded for a chance to save Stoddart, reform the Emir and ultimately foil the Russians. He sought to play a leading part 'in the great game, a noble game' in Central Asia, as he wrote to a friend. Conolly's letters later came to the notice of the Calcutta-based historian Sir John Kaye, who, in quoting from them, introduced the term 'Great Game'. This phrase was later given universal currency in *Kim*, Rudyard Kipling's 1901 novel about Kimball O'Hara, the orphan son of an Irish soldier, who frustrated an alleged Russian plot in British India. In real life, most of the young British or Russian officers, who contended with brigands and whimsical emirs, and braved very difficult terrain and manifold diseases, perished for negligible gains, as did Stoddart and Conolly. Their fate anticipated on a small scale the massive sacrifices of the two World Wars, the first bringing on the revolution in Russia. Now the turmoil is happening again with the turbulence in Afghanistan and Central Asian republics. Called a 'Tournament of Shadows' by Count Nesselrode, the then Tsarist foreign minister, the contest spurring dreams of glory also amongst some Germans and Swedes, as well as Americans. It is particularly interesting to have a fresh, objective view, both authors being American journalists.

I thought I already knew a good deal as to the passing parade of characters who played this great game, having myself lived in Ladakh for some years. Having read this fascinating book I can now vouch that I am more knowledgeable, as to some further *dramatis personae*. I had earlier read some of the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin's books but from the present authors have learnt much more of his Fascist tendencies, his sponsorship by Hitler and Himmler, and his being accompanied by the SS officer Ernest Schafer. His peregrinations were later to be fictionalised in the film *Indiana Jones and The Temple of Doom*. Two of my favourite personalities also feature here, the mystical Madame Helena Blavatsky and the peripatetic Reverend James Wolff. The former wrote many books herself, having founded the religion of Theosophy, and thereafter much has been written of her, latterly Peter Washington's *Madame Blavatsky's Baboon* (1995). The authors correctly outline Theosophy's links to Indian nationalism through A.O. Hume, a retired British civil servant and the founder of the Indian National Congress, as also Annie Besant, later to be its President. As to the peripatetic Reverend James Wolff (1795-1862), he was born the son of a rabbi in Bavaria, became a Lutheran (1812), then a Roman Catholic (1816), and thereafter an Anglican (1819). The authors do briefly mention his unauthorised self-appointed mission from Britain to Bokhara in 1844 to rescue Conolly and Stoddart, whom on arrival he found had already been executed, and was thereafter himself arrested 'though dressed in full canonicals'. The authors rightly deplore that the then British government had chosen not to write to the Emir to release them, the then government of India also arguing that Conolly's mission was not authorised, and yet the Emir released Wolff on receiving a letter from the Shah of Persia.

This singular personality, not mentioned here, often signed himself as 'the apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ for Palestine, Russia, Bokhara and Balkh', always searching for the lost tribes of Israel. On his return to Britain in 1845, he was presented the vicarage of Ile Brewer, where I have often stayed, he having earlier married in 1827 to Lady Georgiana Walpole, the daughter of the Earl of Orford. Even before his 1844 mission to Bokhara he had visited India overland. Searching *en route* for the lost tribes of Israel, falling sick in Ludhiana he was carried in a palanquin to Calcutta and later to Madras, preaching at 130 locations between Ludhiana and Calcutta alone ('but not getting any converts'). Needless to say his extraordinary nomadic career deserves a further book beyond Fitzroy Maclean's *A Person from England* (1958). In view of his numerous peregrinations, not only to India and Central Asia, but also in Arabia, Africa and the USA, including shipwreck on the island of Cephalonia, he eventually realised the pain he was inflicting on his wife by his absences, and wished he had remained celibate, latterly also signing himself 'the Protestant Xavier'.

The authors in their tremendous research have also found numerous brilliant nuggets. Apparently among Hitler's favourite films was 'The Lives of a Bengal Lancer' (1935) which he viewed repeatedly. 'He confided at a dinner table in 1941, "Let's learn from the English, with 250,000 in all including 50,000 soldiers, they govern 400 million Indians. What India is to the British, the territories of Russia will be to us." To conclude, the erudition in this fine richly-textured, illustrated book is highly impressive. (SLM)

2001 Little, Brown Publishers ISBN 0 316 85589 8 £25.00, plus postage, pp646

Just My Luck: Memoirs of a Police Officer of the Raj PES Finney

Philip Finney wrote his Indian Police memoirs between 1975 and 1977, almost entirely from memory as he had never kept a diary. They were intended primarily for the enjoyment of his family, rather than for publication. He died in 1980, but fortunately for us his son Christopher went to work in Bangladesh (formerly part of Bengal), and with his wife saw much of the area, formerly thick jungle, around the Police Training College, at Sardah, near Rajshahi, where his father had served. Re-reading his father's memoirs, and with his mother's agreement and his wife's encouragement, Christopher decided to publish them. The memoirs cover Finney's twenty years' service - interrupted by a spell with MI5 during the War - in the Bengal cadre of the Indian Police. Much of his career coincided with, and was shaped by, periods of nationalist fervour and revolutionary violence in Bengal. In 1930, after four years as an Assistant Superintendent in Nadia, Barrackpore and Serampore he was appointed to establish and run a camp for political detainees (or detenus, as he calls them), in Buxa Dooars, an old hill fort on the frontier with

Bhutan. In 1932 he was sent to Rajputana, a thousand miles from Calcutta, to establish another camp at Deoli, initially for '100 of the worst detenus', who were mostly political activists. He must have done well again, for in 1934, at the early age of twenty-nine, he was awarded the OBE. Returning to Bengal, Finney served for six years as a District Superintendent in three largely rural areas. To his surprise and pleasure he was chosen, from among some 600 serving Indian Police officers, to lead the Police contingent at the Coronation of King George VI in 1937. His first posting to Calcutta, in 1939, was to run the busy Motor Vehicle Branch, but he was soon moved to head the Special Branch. Following the granting of self-government in 1937, terrorism had died down: the Special Branch was now more concerned with both Axis spies and Communist dissidents.

Late in 1939 Finney met his future wife, Noel Montgomery, their first encounter marked by an argument over a suspected Nazi sympathiser, Anina Brandt, who was giving Noel German lessons. (Brandt was later interned.) Early in 1940, troubled by persistent dysentery, Finney was sent back to England, arriving shortly before the fall of France. Unable to return to India, he married Noel and joined MI5, working in several regional offices in England.

In 1943 Finney was able to return to India, joining the Central Intelligence Bureau in Delhi as an Assistant Director, involved in the 'double agent' section. He was also appointed Chief Intelligence officer of the Government of Bengal, a post which he retained through the grave troubles of post-war Bengal until Independence in 1947. It was Finney's luck to have served with, and under, some outstanding officers and to have seized the unusual career opportunities offered to him. *Just My Luck* is a well-told, lively and colourful addition to the history of the Indian Police, and particularly to its Intelligence role. Regrettably the photographs are rather poorly reproduced. (BREL and CC)

2000 The University Press, Dhaka ISBN 984 05 1547 0 £9.00 plus postage, available via the BACSA Secretary

Valour and Gallantry: HEIC and Indian Army Victoria Crosses and George Crosses 1856-1946 Chris Kempton

The Foreword by Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, President of the Indian Military Historical Society, is an apt encapsulation of a meticulously researched book - 'This is an important addition to the historical archive of the East India Company forces and the Indian Army before 1947...this is a work of substantial scholarship which will be a valued reference work for future historians.' One cannot in any way criticise the accuracy of this work. This brief review can therefore only complement a few facets.

The Introduction outlining the history of the VC correctly records that a Royal Warrant 'of 21 October 1911 extended eligibility to native officers and men of the Indian Army'. Thus, in the context of the VCs awarded in 1857/58, it needs to be stressed that Indian personnel were not then eligible for this award. Though some 182 VCs were awarded to British personnel in 1857/58, about the same number as for the whole of the Second World War for all the Commonwealth forces, the 1857/58 uprising could not have been dealt with except with the assistance and gallantry of the Indian troops of all the three Presidency armies, as British troops alone could not have done so. This is abundantly clear from the various General Orders of the period, eg, for the defence of Lucknow. Nevertheless it was ostensibly not then deemed necessary by the War Office to consider the award of the VC to Indian troops, as there was a separate series of gallantry awards for them, the highest being the Indian Order of Merit (IOM) Class One. Nonetheless, further ironies were still destined to occur. 'The Times' on 24 November 1914 published that the first Indian soldier to be recommended for the VC was Havildar Gagna Singh, a Dogra of the 57th Rifles. In the event he was awarded the IOM Class One, but on 7 December 1914 Sepoy Khudadad Khan actually became the first Indian to be gazetted for the VC. During research for the reviewer's book on the history of the Indian Army, the exact date of the initiation of the latter citation was not clear as the relevant numbered pages were missing from the War Diary of the 129th Baluchis at the Public Record Office, Kew.

All that can now be said of many other 'missed VCs' apart from Havildar Gagna Singh's, is to quote Brigadier PH Hansen, VC, DSO, MC, 'The important thing is to have a CO who can write a citation with sufficient gift of persuasion to attract serious attention from higher authority'. In relation to the 1880 dismissal of Hospital Apprentice Andrew Fitzgibbon, awarded the VC in China in 1860, (page 80), it is correctly stated, '....no reason is given for the dismissal, nor is there any record of a court martial, nor any enquiry. Some sources suggest the reason was insubordination, and in any case, the matter was almost certainly dealt with as discreetly as possible in view of the VC and the fact that he was (then) the youngest holder...' It must, however, be remembered that Andrew Fitzgibbon was an Eurasian (an Anglo-Indian in the light of the subsequent nomenclature decided by the Government of India Act 1935), as his mother was an Eurasian. At the time he was serving in Afghanistan in 1880 he had become convinced that the reason he had not been promoted was because he was an Eurasian, and hence probably the alleged insubordination. He was thereupon dismissed administratively. To conclude this review as the first comprehensive compilation on this facet, this book is a must for historians and researchers, as well as anyone with an interest in the HEIC - Indian Army, or the VC/GC in general. (SLM)

2001 Military Press, 1 Gallagher Close, Crownhill, Milton Keynes, Bucks MK8 OLQ £25.00 paperback, plus postage, pp273

Maharajas in the Making: Life at the Eton of India 1935-1940 John Hill

As a newly qualified teacher in the depressed England of the 1930s, the author considered himself fortunate to gain a post at Aitchison College, founded in 1888 at Lahore in the Punjab to teach English and other subjects. Aitchison College was one of the five 'Chiefs' Colleges' in the undivided India which had been founded for the sons of the Indian princes. The first to be set up in 1870 was the Rajkumars' College, Rajkot, in Kathiawar, Western India; next was Mayo College, in Ajmer, Rajputana in 1872; then the Daly College at Indore in 1886, and finally the Rajkumars College at Raipur in Central India. They had been established by the Government of India with the financial assistance and general support of the princes, 'to fit the young chiefs and nobles of India physically, morally and intellectually for the responsibilities that lay before them, so that instead of being "solitary suns in petty firmaments" they might be developed into "co-ordinate atoms in a larger whole"'. In the author's succinct opinion, some of the princes' firmaments were far from petty, but this turgid phraseology meant that after the proposed education, the concerned princes would be more in harmony with the administrative, social, fiscal, economic and political standards of British India, which, in general, were ahead of those of the Indian states. As the locations imply, the concomitant catchment areas were the ostensible heartlands of Indian chivalry and age-old traditions. While some of the latter were admirable, some were often the opposite.

The author opines that Aitchison College was ranked with Mayo College and Daly College as one of the top three, and thought itself the best and did not object to being called 'the Eton of India'. He observes that the Punjab was probably the most important province in the then undivided India, and the pivot of British power and influence, apart from being, in general, less conservative than the regions in which the other chiefs' colleges were located. Aitchison College reflected this in its education policy, and so was more up to date than the others, day-boys coming to school in Rolls Royces and Buicks rather than on elephants, as some had done at Ajmer not long before. The servants in India in those days were so uniformly good that once a European employer had picked his servants they remained with him, apart from unusual circumstances, for the whole of his service in India. One appearing for an interview by the author had been Winston Churchill's former bearer. The author chose two others, after quickly deciding that he could not live up to 'the image' expected by Winston Churchill's former servant.

The author soon perceived that the British in India, by a process akin to social osmosis, had adopted a caste system similar to that of the Hindus, and that the staff at the Aitchison College was per se of the highest caste in Lahore. He soon realised that the social station which Lahore society considered the Almightly had

bestowed on him, was somewhat out of keeping with his salary. Howsoever, so cheap was the cost of living in India in those days that he was able to live in some respects at a standard he has never subsequently reached, though he went on to be commissioned in the Indian Army on the outbreak of the Second World War. The author's anecdotal narration, is the main charm of this book, for example, 'One of the main events of a Patiala holiday was the gundog trials where there was a mobile bar, consisting of an elephant with a large leather contraption thrown over his back, holding glasses and drinks of every description. He continually wandered around so that people could help themselves; troopers were also in attendance to carry messages, including a request for the elephant if it was considered that his route was too circuitous' for the summoner. Lucid in style, a sentimental read for all aficionados of an era now long gone by. (SLM)

2001 The Book Guild, Temple House, 125 High Street, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 2LU £16.95, plus postage, pp244

Chinthe Women: Women's Auxiliary Service Burma 1942-1946 Ed Sally & Lucy Jaffé.

The WAS(B)s were a 250 strong team running mobile and static canteens during the Burma campaign. The women shared the gruelling living conditions and relentless weather with the soldiers whom they served, and for this they were held in the highest regard. Many were decorated for their service.

Available from c/o Rock Hill Cottage, Chipping Norton, OX7 5BA £5.00 including postage pp52

Books also received (some of which will be reviewed in the next Chowkidar)

Travels with a Tangerine: a Journey in the Footnotes of Ibn Battutah by Tim Mackintosh-Smith. John Murray ISBN 0 7195 5849 2 £19.00, plus postage, pp351

Conservation of Historic Graveyards: Guide for Practitioners by Ingal Maxwell, Ratish Nanda & Dennis Urquhart. Historic Scotland Publications ISBN 1 900168 74 X price not given pp180

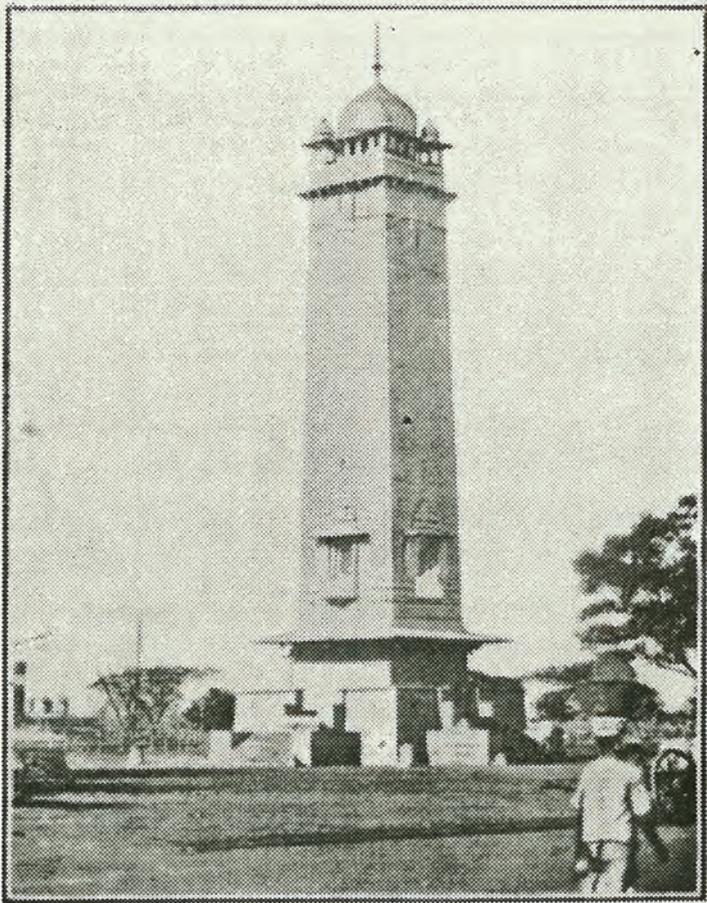
Boats of Bengal: Eighteenth Century Portraits by Balthazar Solvyns by Robert Hardgrave. Manohar ISBN 81-7304-358-2 Rs500 pp134

Forthcoming: The Indian Heir by Nicholas Shreeve. The extraordinary true story of David Dyce Sombre. £15.00

Notes to Members

1. When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.
2. If wishing to contact a fellow-member whose address is not known to you, send the letter c/o Hon Secretary who will forward it unopened.
3. If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon Secretary to find out if already recorded. This not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI noticed, which is always worth doing, but to avoid unnecessary duplication of effort.

* Books from India: where prices are given in rupees, these books can be obtained from Mr Ram Advani, Bookseller, Mayfair Buildings, Hazratganj PO Box 154, Lucknow 226001, UP, India. Mr Advani will invoice BACSA members in sterling, adding £3.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £2.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request.



The Lascar War Memorial, Calcutta