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# CHOWKIDAR

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## A WAR GRAVE IN BURMA

'The Burma Register', published by BACSA in 1983, and now being updated, contains among the list of Britons who died in the Chin Hills District the following brief entry: 'Bankes, Captain P.R.S., MC. The Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation Ltd. An Oxford rowing Blue. Joined the Corporation on 26 October 1933. [During the] 1939-45 War, commissioned into the Army and served with the Chin Levies. Accidentally shot and killed by a sepoy on 28 November 1943. Buried near Kennedy Peak, Chin Hills.'

An historic event, you might think, but *Chowkidar* readers know better than most how the past still impinges on the present and sometimes will not let go. The circumstances of Captain Peter Bankes' death have been told by BACSA member, Dr Desmond Kelly, in his book on the Burma Campaign. 'Some of the Chins, who had been captured by the enemy during the retreat from Burma while serving with the Burma Rifles, were very well treated and indoctrinated before they were encouraged to return to their villages in the hills. A number of them were fairly loyal to the Allied cause but others were described as treacherous and mutinous.....Peter was on patrol with a group of Chins who were much less reliable than the loyal ones he had been leading. Because of his (Peter's) good work and high reputation, the Japanese had placed a price of 2,000 rupees on his head – a very considerable sum in the Chin Hills in 1943. On 28 November Peter had found a man asleep on guard duty at night, for the second time, and was furious. He was taking him off to further reprimand him when the Chin shot him in the back of the head. Peter was buried in the village of Lampong: the traitor returned to the Japanese to collect his reward.'

In civilian life Peter Robert Sandham Bankes had taken his degree in forestry and anthropology before being appointed to a post with the Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation, and he became a district manager for the firm. During leave in the summer of 1940 he returned to England where he married Pearl Beaumont Thomas and the couple went out to war-time Burma together. Mrs Bankes was a founder member of the Women's Auxiliary Service Burma (WASB), formed early in 1942, and working mainly on cypher duties with British armed forces there. The Service subsequently reformed to provide a vital canteen service for the troops, operating at times near the front line. Pearl Bankes was Mentioned in Despatches for her distinguished service. By the autumn of 1943, she was pregnant, and her son, also called Peter, was born in July 1944.

## NOTES ON BACSA

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

There is a steady membership of over 1,300 (2014) drawn from a wide circle of interest - Government; Churches; Services; Business; Museums; Historical & Genealogical Societies. More members are needed to support the rapidly expanding activities of the Association - the setting up of local committees in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Sri Lanka, Malaysia etc., and building up the Records Archive in the India Office Collections at the British Library; and many other projects for the upkeep of historical and architectural monuments. The Association has its own newsletter *Chowkidar*, which is distributed free to all members twice a year and contains a section for 'Queries' on any matter relating to family history or the condition of a relative's grave etc. BACSA also publishes Cemetery Records books and has published books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: [www.bacsa.org.uk](http://www.bacsa.org.uk) Subscription rates are obtainable from the Membership Secretary.

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE

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It is Peter who has contacted BACSA to tell us of his parents' war records and to publicise his mission to locate his father's grave more than seventy years later. A number of fragile official letters give the story of the grave. At the end of the war a Grave Recovery Unit was established in Burma with the object of recovering bodies and reburying them in a military cemetery, possibly at Imphal. It was reported then that Captain Bankes's grave was 'above Lamthang village where he died. Near him are memorial pillars to villagers and it would be possible to erect one for him or a cross at the site.' By 1948 the War Office told Mrs Bankes that the Graves Registration Services operating in Burma had had to be withdrawn because of the political situation. (This was in the aftermath of Burmese independence earlier that year.) Initially Mrs Bankes had wanted her husband to remain where he was, with a gravestone to mark his resting place, but this was not now feasible. Six years later, when the Army Graves Services were able to return to Burma, the War Office reported that a search had been made in the area, which was near Tiddim and that 'the villagers had seen a marked grave outside their village but did not maintain it. Years later the cross had disappeared and heavy rains had levelled the mound. Now thick bushes and grass exist in the area. They were unable to indicate the exact spot.' The grave therefore was now recorded as 'Unlocated' and Captain Bankes's name was added to a Memorial to the Missing Dead, at Rangoon. He was 32 at the time of his death.

Is it a fruitless search? Peter Bankes doesn't think so. He has enlisted the help of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, and BACSA's Burma Representative, Mrs Matilda Steevens. What gives him hope is that there may still be elderly villagers alive in Lamthang (spellings vary), who may have witnessed the burial as children. In remote and often unlettered areas, oral tradition is strong and it is likely that the death and burial of the brave young Englishman passed into folk history. We wish Mr Bankes well and will report on his visit to the site next year.

## MAIL BOX

The Spring 2014 *Chowkidar* related the strange myths surrounding the death of Dr Flora Butcher in 1926. After considerable research it was established that the doctor had been buried at Banbasa, near the Nepalese border. BACSA had been left a sum of money to restore the grave but we obviously needed to find it first. By an amazing piece of good luck a BACSA member discovered that a website technician, Mr Nik Parker and his partner, were planning to cross into Nepal through Banbasa. Here is Mr Parker's account of what happened:

'We caught our train to Bareilly in Uttar Pradesh. Arrived late in the evening and started out on public buses at the crack of dawn next day. After 3 hours on the bus we arrived in Banbasa where we had a chat with some of the locals near the bus stand and drank some chai. We were advised to go and see the Maxton Strong School which is a Christian mission and orphanage. I had previously emailed this place with the enquiry and when I arrived they were expecting me. I was told that the population of Banbasa had been decimated by cerebral malaria in the 1920s and had all but disappeared - perhaps this is why Flora Butcher went there and how she died there. The Maxton Strong School had been founded in the 1940s when the entire area was gifted to the school to start its project and they have been there ever since. The school and orphanage were beautifully maintained and the staff there very helpful. Clifton Shipway, the current manager, advised us of the location of the only known graveyard in Banbasa and gave directions to our cycle rickshaw drivers.

The graveyard is on the outskirts of town with these co-ordinates 28.988810, 80.074995. It is now unused and in a state of advanced decay. The graveyard is separated into two sections, one Christian and the other Muslim. All the graves were unmarked apart from Flora's. Her grave is succumbing to the gentle forces of nature and a beautiful tree has grown from where she rested, now no doubt she is part of the tree itself. The inscription reads: 'Flora Butcher M.D. Born 7 July 1868 at Chesham, England. Died at Banbassa 13 November 1926. "He sent them to heal the sick" Medical Missionary to India 1896-1926.' Now that the grave has been found, BACSA will consider its options for restoration. Since the tree is an integral part of the grave today (see page 132), any repairs will have to work around it. But at least a long-standing mystery has been solved and our grateful thanks go to Mr Parker.

BACSA has had a run of good luck recently in finding out of the way graves. Another unexpected, but welcome find, was that of the grave of Frank Read, the son of missionary parents, who died on 1 January 1929 and was buried at Lusada (now Lusadiya), in Gujarat. It was John Read of Essex who contacted BACSA asking for help in finding his infant brother's grave and providing two black and white photographs of the little headstone. This is the story of how the grave was found last year. 'Mr Read's father, Dr Frank Read, was a medical man who had been posted to the tribal area with the Church Missionary Society. He and his wife served at the mission station of Lusadiya between 1925 and 1931 and had returned to Britain in 1932 after which he worked as a GP. Whilst at Lusadiya, Mrs Read gave birth to a baby boy, who

sadly lived only a short while, and who was buried in the mission burial ground. With the assistance of the wonders of Google maps, a UK-based BACSA member located the town, only 6 km from the upgraded National Highway in East Gujarat on the Rajasthan border, and local buses did the rest. A detour around a modern reservoir and helpful lifts from locals completed the journey.

It was clearly a Christian farming area with three churches visible on the way in. The missionary church had recently been rebuilt on its original hilltop site, but had retained original furniture from Dr Read's time. It holds numerous services to fit in the congregation on a Sunday. The sexton was happy to walk to the fields 300 yards from the town to point out the stony graveyard. All grave markers were in Gujarati, bar one. This was a small marble and lead headstone with a separated cross lying on the grave itself and proved to be for young Frank Read. He died so shortly after birth aged only 20 days. The sexton was thrilled to know the identity of the child, as they did not know the church connection. Various photos were taken of the church and nearby buildings in the town, and of the graveyard and surrounding countryside. (see page 132) By chance, one photo of a student hostel proved to be identical to a black and white print in the 1920s Read photo album, showing Dr and Mrs Read in front of their house. That they were one and the same was confirmed by counting windows and verandah roof lines.' The sexton now plans to improve the grave, using the original stone inscription, and of course Mr John Read is delighted with this outcome.

'On a recent visit to India with my son, tracing the escape route of my great grandfather Gavin Jones, one of only two survivors from the Fatehgarh community during the Mutiny, we managed to get into Fatehgarh Fort, which is normally forbidden since it is in a restricted military area.' How can one resist such a splendid opening sentence? Or fail to admire the resourcefulness of BACSA members? Antony Mallaby has sent a fascinating account of his journey and some good photographs too. Inside the Fort is a pre-Mutiny British cemetery, which still bears the marks of battle, with a musket-ball hole in Lieutenant James Fisher's headstone. Fatehgarh is on the river Ganges, about eighty miles north of Cawnpore, and it was from here that a party of 157 fugitives set off on the morning of 4 June 1857 travelling downriver. They had hoped to find refuge at the large British cantonment of Cawnpore, unaware that it had already fallen to mutinous troops. The refugees split into two groups, one heading to their deaths at Cawnpore, and the second, including the Probyn family,

seeking shelter with a sympathetic zamindar (landholder) called Hardeo Baksh Singh. Gavin Jones had also found refuge with the zamindar, which prompted the Mallabys' visit to Kassowra, where the Europeans had been holed up in its fort. Grateful as the refugees were, it was a wretched experience because 'the fort consisted of little more than a mud-walled pen containing a few sheds and trees'. Their diet was sparse, and because the zamindar had forbidden them to keep milk goats, two of the infant Probyns died from malnutrition. Antony Mallaby takes up the story: 'We went to Kassowra. The fort has long since vanished, but the village is probably unchanged since 1857. Grass huts, cow dung cakes drying in the sun, buffalo and goats everywhere, acrid smoke and a dim glimpse into a hut reveals nothing but a charpoy or two. We enquired about the location of the graves of the two Probyn children. We found the standard Archaeological Survey of India blue notice, but there was no sign of the graves. However, willing hands produced a mattock and both were uncovered from under some two feet of dirt and manure. (see page 133) I'm afraid we did not have the time for the whole grave to be uncovered...I was not able to get the full inscription, but think it was as follows:

Elliot Markillof born 25th March 1857, died 25th July 1857  
Letitia Domina born 7th February 1856, died 12th August 1857

What an awful time it must have been! Gavin lost two brothers, a sister-in-law and a niece. One very nice find was meeting the 4 times great grand-daughter of Hardeo Baksh Singh. A charming lady, who knew about the story and who entertained us to tea in Hardeo B S's tottering palace. When I complimented her on her superb English she replied, "What do you expect? I was born in Cambridge and educated by Irish nuns!" The burial of the Probyn infants in the mud would have been a hasty and ad hoc affair. Some time later, when peace was restored, a proper grave was constructed, probably by their grieving father, William George Probyn, who added the words 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.'

BACSA member Richenda George was intrigued by the photograph of the British Cemetery board at Golaghat in the Spring 2014 issue of *Chowkidar*. One of the names on the painted board is that of Arthur Murray White. In fact the correct name is Whitten and by chance Mrs George had been doing some research on his widow, Caroline. Arthur Whitten was born in Jersey on 24 April 1883. 'In 1901 he was an apprentice mechanical engineer in Bow, east London. His career in India seems to have begun before the First World War, during which he

was in the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, apparently serving with a Light Cavalry Regiment. In 1924 Arthur Whitten was the manager of the Doyang Tea Estate in the Golaghat area of Assam. It seems there was some discontent among his workers and he was brutally murdered by a group of them on 27 June that year. Fourteen men were arrested and lodged in Golaghat gaol. The Bishop of Assam officiated at the funeral the next day.

Arthur Whitten had been married in 1923 in India to Caroline Lowry. She was born in China in 1892, the daughter of an official of the Imperial Maritime Customs. Orphaned as a child she was brought up by grandparents in Ireland and Kent. She returned a widow to Kent in 1925 and later shared a house with my great-great-aunt Emily Rowntree. Aunt Em was 29 years older than Carol Whitten, but lived until 1951 and I remember them both.'

One of the rewarding things about BACSA is that all kinds of unexpected snippets of information come our way. One such item, which may be unknown to most readers, arrived from Australia earlier this year. Lauren Patey was travelling to India to do some family research and to locate some graveyards. In particular she hoped to find that of a relative, Michael Camilleri who died in Coimbatore in 1947. Michael was part of the Maltese refugee programme, when about 3,000 evacuees under British protection were accommodated in a camp during the second world war. In order to house them, the British Government in India closed down the Madras Forest College and cleared several acres of forest land to the west of the College. Initially, thousands of tents were set up there, before small tenements were built. The majority of the refugees were from Malta, Greece, and Turkey, with a few Anglo-Burmese families too. The area was put out of bounds for the townspeople, but it did lead to the first bus service in Coimbatore, running between the British Evacuees Camp, as it was known, and the bazaar area and cinema halls. The Camp was closed down in 1945 at the end of the war, and the refugees returned home. But the repatriation seems to have taken some time.

Nineteen year old Michael Camilleri was with friends in a jeep which drove into an unmarked hole near the Evacuees Camp. His friends escaped unharmed, but Michael died instantly, probably from a broken neck. A Catholic priest came from Coimbatore to conduct the funeral, and Michael was buried a short distance from the camp in a small burial ground. His coffin was carried to the plot by his friends and many more joined the funeral procession. A headstone was erected later

that year, and this was found about 2004 by a family friend. However, Lauren Patey was unable to locate it during her recent visit. The area has been reforested, but also fenced off by boundary walls, which may have destroyed the grave. The only reminder today of this little known war-time episode is a grotto in the grounds of the local school, where an inscription reads 'This miraculous Lourdes statue was installed by the Maltese evacuees in 1943.'

## CAN YOU HELP?

'I am very happy that I have found BACSA. My father and grandfather had advised me to find the descendants of Mr EW Schonemann. First of all I wanted to tell you how I came to know about Mr Schonemann. My grandfather, who was born in about 1880 was a Sikh by birth but Mr Schonemann turned him to Christian, then he served them as long as they stayed here. Before dying, my grandfather told my father about Mr Schonemann and advised him to find his descendants but he couldn't find them. Then my father, before dying, advised me to find them, but I failed. There is the grave of Elsie Margaret, daughter of Mr and Mrs EW Schonemann, where I am living. There is also the bungalow of Mr and Mrs EW Schonemann. I am 45 years old and am living in a village where no internet or any other sources that's why I couldn't find you before.'

This intriguing email message came from Mr Shamshair Dhillon, who lives in the small village of Gojra, in the Sialkot District of Punjabi Pakistan. It immediately aroused our interest and led to discussions on who Mr EW Schonemann was. Initial thoughts were that he might have been a missionary, living with his family in a remote area of what was then undivided India. But internet research has uncovered the family history of this interesting family and the story behind the little grave. (page 133) On 30 June 1857, when the Mutiny was at its height, a marriage took place in Agra between Charles 'Karl' Hermann Theodore Schonemann and Emma Gertrude Woods. Karl had been born about 1831 and may have been of Anglo-Indian descent. He had several occupations, firstly as an accountant in Calcutta, then as Bandmaster in the 3<sup>rd</sup> European Regiment at Agra, and later as a merchant. Following the death of his first wife, Karl married into the great Anglo-Indian Skinner family and resumed his career as a musician in the 109<sup>th</sup> Regiment. From his first marriage six children were born, and it is the sixth child, Frank Edward Waverling Schonemann (the EW Schonemann of Mr Dhillon's enquiry), with whom we are concerned. Frank was born about 1866 and married

Margaret Caroline Stowell in Shimla in 1892. Although known as 'Frank' to his family, he seems to have used only the names Edward Waverling in his business life. He became an engineer, employed in the Public Works Department, which was responsible for the canals that were built to water the fertile Punjab. Frank and Margaret had three children, and it was their firstborn, Elsie Margaret, who is buried in Gojra village. Elsie died from 'the plague' on 10 April 1904, probably bubonic plague which had been identified in Bombay eight years earlier, and which spread through the Punjab.

Mr Dhillon's statement that Frank converted his Sikh grandfather to Christianity is interesting, and the reasons behind this conversion may lie in Agra, where Frank's parents were married at a time when it was uncertain whether Christians would survive the murderous onslaught of rebellious Indian sepoys and disaffected civilians. Agra had been a centre of Christianity since the arrival there of Jesuit priests at the beginning of the 17th century. Land had been given to the community by the Mughal Emperor and a church and a mission built there. The Church Missionary Society had opened an orphanage near by and St John's College, opened in 1852, provided an education on Christian lines to Indian boys. It is perhaps not surprising that Frank would be a man of Christian conviction who wanted to spread the word to others. Frank appears to have moved to England after the death of his daughter Elsie, and with the outbreak of the First World War, he changed his German sounding name to that of Woods, his mother's maiden name. We hope to trace members of the Woods family and to put them in touch with Mr Dhillon, thus fulfilling the long-held wish of his own father and grandfather.

When the majority of Britons left the Indian sub-continent at Independence it caused particular heartbreak for those parents whose children lay buried there. In March 1947 Lady Bucknill wrote to the Chaplain of Christ Church, Mussoorie seeking reassurance that the tomb of her daughter was still being cared for. Elizabeth Annie Bucknill had died tragically in 1925 aged only seventeen, from Hodgkinson's disease, an illness that could not then be treated. A simple rectangular tomb was erected in the graveyard at Christ Church by the well-known monumental masons, Llewelyn & Co. and was in good condition in 1947. Elizabeth was one of three daughters of Sir John Alexander Strachey Bucknill and his wife Alice. After a distinguished career, Sir John became Puisne Judge at the Patna High Court in 1920. But further tragedy was to befall the family when he died only a year after his daughter. He was buried in Patna, Llewelyn

& Co. again providing a simple flat tombstone. Unfortunately we do not know which of Patna's several Christian cemeteries Sir John was buried in. His grandson, Sir David Miers, learnt that the grave was apparently destroyed in an earthquake. This would have been the great Bihar earthquake of 15 January 1934, one of the most devastating to occur in the region. Any information, via the Editor, on the condition of either tomb, if they survive, would be welcomed by Sir David.

Cleo Roberts is a PhD student working jointly at the University of Liverpool and Jadavpur University in Calcutta. She is looking for colonial memories of the great Hoogly river as it runs through Calcutta and asks if BACSA members might have old photographs, maps, pictures or documents from the period before 1947. If anyone can help, please email Cleo at: [cleoetic@gmail.com](mailto:cleoetic@gmail.com) or contact the Editor who will be happy to forward letters.

Another request comes from Sophie Jay who is researching the history of McLeodganj and Dharamshala in Himachal Pradesh. The area became an early hill station in British India from about 1849, but was hit by a devastating earthquake in 1905, which effectively flattened the town and killed nearly 20,000 people. Dharamshala has of course been the home of the Dalai Lama since 1960, when he sought refuge in India after the Chinese invasion of Tibet. This has tended to overshadow the earlier history of the town, and its adjacent suburb, McLeodganj. 'Only a few people in McLeodganj today seem to know much about its history prior to the arrival of the Dalai Lama. Perhaps BACSA members with predecessors in the area may be able to shed some light on its earlier days, through old diaries, letters or photographs. Please email Miss Jay at: [sophiejayuk@hotmail.com](mailto:sophiejayuk@hotmail.com) or contact the Editor by letter.

#### QUESTIONS FROM A PESHAWAR CEMETERY

Mr Paul Charlesworth has been researching local soldiers in the Oldham area as a way of marking the centenary of World War One. He contacted BACSA in search of the grave of Lieutenant Reginald (Rex) Hepburn who died during the Third Afghan War of 1919. We were able to tell him that the grave lay in the Taikal Payan Cemetery at Peshawar, with the simple inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant R. Hepburn RFA. 38<sup>th</sup> Battery RFA. Died 14 June 1919. Aged 24 years.' The headstone, of white marble, was last noted in 1987. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) has recorded his name on the War Memorial in Delhi, but not the Peshawar grave.

On BACSA's advice, Mr Charlesworth took this up with the CWGC, which has a duty to maintain the graves of World War One casualties who died before 31 July 1920.

While this works well in Europe, the situation is more confused in the Indian sub-continent. It was not possible, stated the CWGC in their response to Mr Charlesworth, 'to maintain a few war graves in a cemetery otherwise unmaintained, especially in remote areas where maintenance was more difficult...it was therefore decided to erect permanent memorials at Madras, Kirkee, Karachi and Delhi.' This raises a number of questions. Why was Lieutenant Hepburn's name recorded on the Delhi memorial, and not the one in Karachi, which was nearer his place of death and his existing grave? Peshawar is a troubled and potentially dangerous city today, but it has not always been so, and it is certainly not 'remote'. The CWGC says that the situation has been under review for several of these sites 'where the commemoration has been re-instated of commemoration at the actual places of burial, although this has not been the case for the grave of Lieutenant Hepburn.' This rather confused statement seems to refer to the CWGC's recent successful initiative in India, where about 90% of World War One graves have been identified and well restored.

Reginald Hepburn, was born in Birkdale, Lancashire in 1895 and worked as a secretary in the Belgrave Mills at Oldham before enlisting with the Royal Field Artillery (RFA) in 1915. He served in France, where he was placed on the staff at HQ and gained his Commission in 1917, before being sent to India, still with the RFA. His last letter home was from the Khyber Pass, where he probably caught the typhoid fever that killed him. He was evacuated to Peshawar, the nearest cantonment, where he died. Our second question is whether the Third Afghan War can legitimately be seen as part of World War One, and the answer has to be no. It was a three-month local conflict, sparked by the assassination of the ruler of Afghanistan, the Amir Habibullah. His successor attempted to invade British India through the Khyber Pass, and was defeated, in part due to the first RAF strikes in the area. So strictly speaking, Lieutenant Hepburn's grave does not fall within the CWGC's remit. Mr Charlesworth's query has uncovered some interesting anomalies, but at least, thanks to the meticulous records on the Peshawar cemetery, compiled by Sue Farrington, we know where this young Lancashire lad is buried. He is also commemorated on his grandparents' tombstone in St Mark's Churchyard, Scarisbrick; in St James' Church, Oldham, on the chancel screen and on the Oldham War Memorial.

## AN ENDURING MYSTERY

BACSA member Nigel Woodroffe, like so many others, has long been fascinated by the events of the Indian Mutiny. He is particularly intrigued by photographs taken at the site of the Bibighar Well in Cawnpore, into which the bodies of some two hundred victims, mainly British, had been thrown after their murder on 16 July 1857. We know that the Well was stopped up with earth the following day when British troops arrived, twenty-four hours too late to rescue the women and children. The earliest photograph, probably taken in the autumn of 1857, shows the circular brick and mortar cap that replaced the earth filling when it started to sink. (see back cover) Poles have been stuck around the well as a temporary barricade. A fallen tree has not yet been cleared away, and there are ruined buildings in the background. Photographs taken a year later by Robert and Harriet Tytler and Dr John Tressider, the Cawnpore surgeon, show that the circular barricade has been replaced with a rectangular fence of wooden slats and upright stone slabs and the site has been tidied up. Outside the fence is a small stone memorial with a Greek cross contained in an iron-railed enclosure. Difficult to make out, the cross appears to bear the words 'I believe in the resurrection of the body.' It may be the first mutiny memorial to be erected.

'Many readers' says Mr Woodroffe 'will be familiar with Marochetti's Angel of the Resurrection statue and the structure subsequently built over and around the Well. Perhaps what is not so well known is that before this was erected, a detachment of the 32nd Regiment had built the small memorial shown in the photograph to the memory of their wives and children. The memorial was removed in or around 1865 when the Marochetti sculpture was erected. A Public Works Department directive dated 9 January 1861 reads: "It will probably be necessary to remove the crosses erected by the soldiers of the 32nd Regiment and those of the Artillery. But where this is necessary they should be re-erected with the greatest promptitude as near their original site as may be, without interfering with the new Monument."'

Nearly half a century later, Murray's Handbook for 1901 states 'Close to the monument (Marochetti's Angel) is a small enclosed cemetery. Two of the tombs are to the memory of the women and children of the 1st Company 6th Battery, Bengal Artillery and those of H.M.'s 32nd Regiment.' Mr Woodroffe says it appears these tombs and the cemetery have not survived, and he wonders if photographs of them might still exist.



above: Dr Flora Butcher's tomb at Banbasa, on the Nepalese border (see page 123)

below: baby Frank Read's tomb at Lusadiya, Gujarat (see page 124)



above: uncovering the Probyn childrens' graves at Fatehgarh (see page 125)

below: the Gojra tomb of Elsie Schonemann and inscription (see page 127)



## BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

**Mussoorie and Landour: Footprints of the Past** Virgil Miedema & Stephanie Spaid Miedema

It is exactly two hundred years since the Irishman Frederick Young first explored the hills north of the Dun Valley to find a suitable spot for a hunting lodge. The area, known today as Mussoorie, was then thickly forested and full of game. However, it was not until 1823 that Young, together with Frederick Shore, built a 'shooting box' on the slope of the Camel's Back, the oddly-shaped, and oddly-named area that now houses a large cemetery. This was reckoned the first 'house' in Mussoorie and no longer exists, although two other properties built by Young are still here – Mullingar House and Mullingar Cottage. Young was supposed to have introduced the potato here, so his house was nicknamed Mulligoes, or the Potato Garden. Many similarly fascinating snippets of information are provided in this engaging book, so that to read through it is almost as delightful as walking through Mussoorie itself. Or rather climbing up and down, for a hill station is not just *on* a hill, it is full of hills too.

It is easy to see why this particular hill station has attracted so many writers, from Kipling, to BACSA member Ruskin Bond, and now Virgil Miedema and his daughter Stephanie, who have produced a well-illustrated and informative history. (The Foreword is by another BACSA member, Stephen McClarence.) Mussoorie was a place where the British, and Indian royalty, could let down their hair. It was briefly considered as a summer retreat for the British rulers of India, but luckily for Mussoorie, Shimla was chosen instead. This meant that Mussoorie saw less of the protocol, snobbery and pomposity associated with the British at their worst. Everyone remarked on how pleasant the climate was too – healthy and invigorating after the stifling plains below, and of course it has spectacular views. It is still magical today to catch a glimpse of the Himalayas when the clouds lift.

With its almost British weather, it was ideal for British children too and schools were soon established, the first, the Mussoorie Seminary, in 1834. This closed long ago, but others have flourished and are still going strong, like Waverly Convent (1845) Woodstock (1854). Wynberg-Allen, which was open to Anglo-Indian children, St. George's (1853) and Hampton Court (1876). The book's authors make the valid point that it was those schools which were prepared to adapt to changing circumstances, particularly after Independence in 1947, that survived and prospered.

Mussoorie was home to a number of well-known personalities, some of whom chose to live here, and others who were forced to, like the Amir of Afghanistan, Dost Mohammad Khan. He spent two years here during the first Afghan War (1839-1842), holed up in the local 'Bala Hissar', named in mockery of his own fort in Kabul. The second Afghan War saw another Amir, Yakub Khan, exiled here, although he rather seemed to enjoy it. The unhappy Maharaja Duleep Singh spent two seasons here, in 1852 and 1853, before moving to England. Indian royalty, like Kapurthala, Baroda, Bhopal and others, all had summer retreats here because the colonial government readily granted them permission to establish bases, whereas it was harder to get permission to settle in Shimla. Shops, hotels and clubs grew up to support the summer visitors. There was entertainment too, in the form of The Rink, which was used not only for roller-skating but as a concert hall and theatre too. For spiritual needs there were a number of churches, the oldest of which is Christ Church, founded in 1836. In fact this is the first Protestant church in the entire Himalayan region, and its recent restoration is a cause for pride. For those who know Mussoorie, this book will be welcomed, and for those who don't, then perhaps it will inspire them to visit the hill station, using this informative guide. Warmly recommended. (RLJ)

\*2014 Rupa Publications India ISBN 978-81-291-2434-0. Rs500 pp313

**A Memoir of India 1942-1946** Gerald Elliot

This is a slight book, a memoir, as the author says, but it is engagingly written, and probably one of the final first-person accounts of army service in undivided India. It was family connections that persuaded the eighteen-year-old to join up, initially to the Royal Scots, after a crash course in Urdu. The autumn of 1942 was a dangerous time for a sea journey, because of U-boat attacks, but the *Capetown Castle* reached Bombay safely in mid-December that year, having to go via the Cape. Officers' Training School followed in Bangalore, before young Elliot was posted to Abbottabad with the Frontier Force Rifles. Here, as a newly-commissioned officer, and with an increasingly good command of Urdu, he was in charge of training new recruits. 'It was a peaceful but strenuous existence,' he recalls. 'We worked hard and with enthusiasm to turn Indian villagers into good sepoy.' A huge war-time demand for soldiers meant that normal areas of recruitment had no more men to offer, so recruiting teams combed the Punjab, although it was difficult to train men accustomed only to village life, and there were a number of desertions.

Few of the new recruits were literate, so education played an important part of sepoy training. 'They knew that for 30 rupees a month they had to be soldiers and fight the enemy' (the Japanese). By this time, there were senior Indian officers who had been recruited under the Viceroy's Commissioned Officers scheme (VCO) and Emergency Commissioned Officers (ECO), although the latter faced resentment from older soldiers who would not mix socially with them. But Captain Elliot made a number of Indian friends during his service. At the end of the war he decided to return to civilian life and did not have the opportunity to revisit India until the 1970s. An enjoyable and informative little book. ((RLJ)

2014 Gerald Elliot, 39 Inverleith Place, Edinburgh EH3 5QD. ISBN 978-0-9928-120-0-3. £5.00. pp48

**The Last King in India: Wajid Ali Shah** Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

Wajid Ali Shah (1822-1887) was one of the most colourful and confusing characters in nineteenth-century India. His personality has seeped into popular memory and culture, surfacing in the most imaginative of places: from anecdotes about Lucknow's delicious kebabs to the celebrated films of Satyajit Ray. He is variously remembered as a hedonist, a political failure who failed to resist the machinations of the British, and a musical genius. Yet the real monarch behind the stories has remained elusive. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones' biographical study offers an unprecedented insight into the life of the king and his courts in Lucknow and, crucially, Calcutta, where he spent the last thirty years of his life in exile. While most portrayals end with the annexation of his kingdom in 1856, either lamenting the injustice of the East India Company or his own weaknesses, Llewellyn-Jones offers a nuanced tour of the local politics in Awadh, and then details the fate of the 'Caesar of the Age' following the loss of his throne. Her account does justice to the complexities of his personality: while Wajid Ali Shah was not always especially agreeable (especially, in his later life, towards his wives and children), he was not the debauched villain that his critics imagined either. Llewellyn-Jones draws crucial connections between his personal and political misadventures, and presents a balanced perspective on his own failings and strengths.

This revisionist biography has been meticulously researched, drawing on a trove of new sources relating to Nawabi Lucknow and colonial Calcutta, including forgotten newspaper stories, the family memories of Wajid Ali Shah's descendants, and contemporary chronicles in Urdu.

However, the real strength of the work lies in Llewellyn-Jones' unmatched ability to read through the bureaucratic archive of the Company and the British Government, and to resuscitate the emotions, confusions, and strategies of the Europeans around Wajid Ali Shah and his family. In its own right, her depiction of these different characters makes an enormous contribution to our understanding of the conduct of the British in nineteenth-century India, and how personal misgivings and misunderstandings could have profound effects on the political landscape of the subcontinent.

Rather than following a strictly chronological narrative, the work is structured around significant episodes in the life of Wajid Ali Shah that speak to wider, diachronic themes in his reign. Llewellyn-Jones introduces her readers to the complexities of his family life (with some 375 wives), his theatrical innovations and investments in musical culture, his financial woes, and even his love of pigeons. These enrich our sense of the man, and to a large extent help to make sense of Wajid Ali Shah's political career. By reconstructing the unique and changing circumstances in which he found himself, this work presents a compelling portrait of the king and his times. (RDW)

2014 Hurst & Co, London ISBN978-1-84904-408-0. £20.00 pp314

**La Martiniere College: A Living Monument**

There can be few, if any, colleges that house their founder's remains in the crypt as La Martiniere, Lucknow does. The tomb of the Frenchman, Major General Claude Martin, who died in 1800, lies in the octagonal basement of the college, reached by a precipitous spiral staircase. It is the focus of Founder's Day Service, held annually on 13 September, the date of Martin's death, when wreaths are placed around the reconstructed tomb, and prayers said for the repose of his soul. It is the largest funerary monument to a European in Asia, and architecturally, one of the most bizarre, combining Indian and Baroque elements in a glorious hotchpotch, topped off by Roman statues and rampant lions that once held flaming torches in their mouths.

BACSA member Dr Neeta Das, who supervised the recent successful restoration of the college exterior, and who contributes a chapter here, quite rightly calls it an architectural marvel. Earlier critics were less kind. 'A striking monument of folly' wrote one, 'to attempt its description would be vain: it is indescribable.' There have been a number of studies of this remarkable structure, whose central portion is

known as Constantia, after a Masonic motto: 'Labore et Constantia.' However, this book, handsomely produced by the Times of India Group, concentrates on the experiences of generations of old Martinians. The publication will delight its alumni, with chapters of reminiscences, 'myths and legends', 'teachers' tales,' 'steps to the Alma Mater', and this reviewer's favourite, 'Mart Lingo'. There are some memorable phrases, honed over more than a century and a half. 'Bhandaclout: a solid hit to the head with a clenched fist', and there were plenty of these as corporal punishment was freely administered; 'ricker: a rickshaw' 'cufteep; caught you in the act' 'chamel: a silly grin on one's face when being dressed down by a prefect' and much more.

La Martiniere is the only school to have been awarded Battle Honours, following the gallant behaviour of its pupils and masters during the Great Uprising of 1857 when they were evacuated to the British Residency in Lucknow where they served as runners, carrying messages and aid to the defenders. When they were able to return to the school in 1858, they found floors torn up, doors wrenched off for firewood, and the founder's tomb desecrated. Bullet holes were visible in the walls for decades. But the school rebuilt itself, and was later fictionalised by Kipling as St Xaviers. It has had a number of distinguished Principals, and distinguished old boys too. Meetings of Old Martinians are still held regularly in England, France and India, when tribute is paid to the vision of the founder and his much loved building, eloquently celebrated here. (RLJ)

\*2014 Pub. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd, Lucknow. Rs1,500. No ISBN. Pp 148

### BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS WHICH WILL INTEREST READERS

**The Life of a Lancer in the Wars of the Punjab or Seven Years in India, 1843-50: James Gilling, Ninth Lancers.** Edited with a new introduction by John H. Rumsby

This is a smallish book, consisting of some 170 pages, with a useful glossary, an informative introduction, Gilling's text, endnotes, a comprehensive bibliography and an index. The book is well-edited and researched. No liberties have been taken with the text, and save correcting a few obvious mistakes and modernising some old spellings, the text is unabridged. It is not always in chronological order. I find the print a bit small, and a challenge to these ancient eyes.

The illustrations are a mixed bunch, with the 9th Lancers and battle scenes excellent - some of the rest are the 'usual suspects'. The maps I found poor. There is no plan of Gujrat, or Sobraon, which would be useful in understand Gilling's description of these battles, and the Northern India map is rather sparse. Not all readers are 'old India sweats', and it would be pleasurable to follow trooper Gilling's route:- Calcutta - Monghyr - Dinapore - Benares - Chunar - Allahabad - Cawnpore - Meerut - Sardhana - Kurnaul (Karnal) - Pehoah - Mudki - Ferozeshah - Arufka - Sobraon and Lahore. I prefer footnotes to endnotes, but this is a personal preference.

I'm not sure that the provision of servants made the men feel part of the ruling class, as the editor asserts - perhaps we can say 'privileged'. As we say in Punjab - 'The man with one-eye is king of the blind.' Gilling mentions the *dexee* - the ubiquitous *dixie*, cooking pot, which comes from the Persian *degchi* (a *degcha* is larger than a *degchi*). We meet this word in the Sikh prayer *Deg Teg Fateh*, literally, *Deg* (cooking pot) *Teg* (sword) *Fateh* (victory). Incidentally, 'Sikh' can be spelt 22 different ways, including *Seek*, *Sicque*, *Seick*, not to mention *Shik* in Bengali newspapers.

The complexity of the Sikh army can be confusing, but simply put, the Khalsa Army was divided into two - the State Force, paid for by Maharaja Ranjit Singh, and the feudatory, or *fauj-i-jagirdari*, paid for by landholders like Gulab Singh and others. Both consisted of artillery, cavalry and infantry. The State Force was again divided into regular troops, *fauj-i-ain*, irregular troops, *fauj-i-sawari* or *ghorchurras*, and the fort and treasury guards, *fauj-i-kilajat*. The Aieen Corps (mentioned on page 34, but not in the glossary) are also known as the *fauj-i-ain*. *Jinsi* means mixed, as in a mixed gun battery.

The Sikhs formed only a sixth of the Punjab population, Hindus formed half, and Muslims a third. Ranjit Singh preferred Muslim gunners, perhaps for obvious reasons while the fort guards were often hill Rajputs. Gilling states on page 71 'the lance - a weapon which before had not been so well tested by British troops - was established as the finest weapon ever used in British cavalry!' The lance is reliant on mobility. Personally I would prefer the 1796 cavalry sword, with the Scinde Horse double-barrelled carbine. Mention is made of Lieutenant Peter Lambert's grave (page 99). The last time I was there it was intact, but in very poor condition. I think our friend Gilling would just about recognise it. Trooper Gilling has an awareness and a curiosity that enlivens his writing with some diverting asides, as with his mention of

those two fascinating ladies, the Rani Jindan and the Begum Sumru. Maharaja Duleep Singh went to Calcutta to meet his mother Maharani Jind Kaur, and to return with her to England, this frail old lady taking up residence in Kensington where she died on 1 August 1866. The Maharani found a temporary resting place at Kensal Green cemetery before being returned to India, for cremation at Nasik, with her ashes finding a home at the Samadh at Lahore.

In this time of complaining bookshelves (I know mine are), one has to select with discretion. So what has this book to offer? We have of course met Trooper Gilling before, in the 9th Lancers Regimental History by E.W. Sheppard (1939), where he is heavily quoted, which surely reinforces his significance, and isn't it wonderful to have the full text? Here we have an honest, first hand and well written account of the Anglo-Sikh wars. Further, Trooper Gilling's mobility whilst reconnoitring, presents us with a more extensive overview of the battles. The rescue of this rare book is a welcome addition to the understanding of the Sikh wars, which must be applauded. (BRR)

2014 Pub Helion & Co. Ltd, 26 Willow Road, Solihull, West Midlands B91 1UE. £20 post free to members, if they identify themselves when ordering. £25 to non members.

**Journal of a Voyage from England to Calcutta by the overland route.** By David Waldie, ed. Alan Young

This well presented paperback is interesting from two angles, its historical notes which form an introduction, and the actual verbatim Journal which covers Waldie's journey from Southampton on 19th March to Calcutta on 17th May 1853. The fifty or so pages of historical introduction are excellent. They explain the position then and the problems of getting to India for both the East India Company officials and any civilians. Waldie was a Scot, as were so many of the British in India at the time of course, but he was unusual in that he worked as a chemist. He left a post in Liverpool for Calcutta to work for Malcolm & Co. a Scottish firm of chemists. They were an early manufacturing company, but were slowly failing as a business. By 1858 Waldie had recognised the situation and set up his own more modern business as D. Waldie & Co. He remained in Bengal for the remainder of his life, and is buried in the famous Scottish Cemetery in Calcutta - which is well known to several BACSA members. Besides his journal he has two other claims to fame. He worked for many years in the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and was indeed its Vice-President in 1884

and 1885, publishing several papers on the age-old problem of the water supply of Calcutta, and the filtration of the Hooghly water for the city. He is internationally famous for his earlier work with Dr James Simpson on the use of chloroform in surgery. Neither of these fascinating details appear in his Journal, but it is interesting to have the importance of his whole life outlined in the introduction by Alan Young. The journal is an almost daily record of Waldie's overland journey. It details the two ships he used, Waghorn's bone-breaking wagons to cross seventy-odd miles of desert, the Sunday services and two burials at sea, and the conditions (food, cabins, recreation, fire alarms, etc) on board. It is fascinating to compare Waldie's journey with a slightly earlier passage from Calcutta to Liverpool by the journalist James Sutherland in 1831. Sutherland's Journal is alas lost but it is partially quoted in some existing letters he sent back to friends. Sutherland had to sail round the Cape - and his journey took nearly five months, whereas Waldie took two steam ships and under two months for his journey two decades later.

The book is unusually well illustrated, with contemporary prints of all the major ports en route, and no less than six pictures to cover the tricky land crossing of Egypt. Waldie sailed on *PS Bentinck* and *PS Ripon*, prints of both were found in the National Maritime Museum. Waldie was clearly an interested traveller who went on land at every opportunity to see the ports and their hinterland. He thus gives a contemporary account of each coaling or military station; their bazaars, customs, boats and population - women and slave markets included! The Journal was only intended to record the journey and places of interest on the way for his immediate friends. He concluded his account with his arrival in Calcutta. This is a great pity since so sharp an observer and thoughtful a commentator would have had much to offer on his impressions of his new abode. Warmly recommended. (CC)

pub 2013 Linlithgow Heritage Trust. ISBN 978 0 9565373-1-7 £11.99 and P&P £1.95. Annet House Museum, Annet House, 143 High Street, Linlithgow, EH49 7EJ, tel: 01506670677

**Strains in a Minor Key: A celebration of sixty years in Calcutta**  
Rani Sircar

Some BACSA members will have had the stimulating experience of walking down Chowringhee, Calcutta's premiere street which borders on the Maidan, the city's 'Hyde Park'. It can be a challenging walk - on every side, except that of the maidan, one is confronted by sounds,

smells, hawkers, stalls, trinket-sellers, advertisements, opportunist shop-keepers, and amazing buildings. It is difficult to step far enough back to appreciate the latter, without being run over, but try a fifteen minute pavement walk from north to south, which starts at the Metropolitan Building, formerly the famous British department store of Whiteaway and Laidlaw, which was nicknamed 'Right Away and Paid For' because it only accepted cash. Next to it is the only surviving eighteenth century European mansion, whose now demolished neighbours used to line Chowringhee and gave Calcutta its proud title of 'City of Palaces'. This battered building once housed the 'American Dentists', pictured on the dust jacket of Rani Sircar's book, but has been derelict for years after stalemate between various municipal authorities. On to the Grand Hotel and the posh shops in its covered arcade, then past the first YMCA to be built in India. Dating from 1857, it is completely unchanged except for its bathrooms, which now have hot water. Beyond it lies the newly refurbished Indian Museum; the Park Street metro station, the Asiatic Society of Bengal building (1784), and Bishop's Palace (1833).

So this is not a street to be trifled with and it is not surprising that a number of Indian films have been based around Chowringhee and its inhabitants. The author lived on, and near, Chowringhee for much of her married life. She comes from the select community of Indian Christians who converted from the Hindu faith in the nineteenth century, influenced by the Bengal Renaissance, Raja Ram Mohun Roy, and the reforming Brahmo Samaj. This is not an autobiography, as Rani Sircar points out - it is more like one of those extended dinner party riffs between Indian and English friends that can happen anywhere, but which have more resonance in Calcutta. There are many diversions into topics which have interested the author - shopkeepers, servants, street life, Bengali dress, and how one can still tell the caste of newly converted Hindus by their Christian names.

The author, now an old lady and retired in Calcutta, married into one of the *bhadralok* (genteel) families of Bengal. She gave up her teaching career, and became, as she admits, an Indian housewife. But her sharp observation and wit did not desert her. This book is a delightful ramble through her memories. She is very good on gossip and story-telling, as most Indians are. She analyses obscure Bengali films that we will not have heard of; she describes the roof-life of Chowringhee, observed from her apartment; she mourns the passing of the neon-lit Lipton's Tea advertisement at the north end of the street, but not the frequent demonstrations that disrupted Bengali life under Communist rule.

This book will mystify most young readers today, both Indian and British. It is a wistful book that marks the passing of the old, urbanised and Anglicised India to the India of today. Its elegant language reminds us that the art critic Brian Sewell has said that the last place where one will find English spoken correctly is in India. But this won't last for ever. Recommended. (RLJ)

\*2013 Gangchil Publishers 'Matir Bari', Onkar Park, Ghola Bazar, Kolkata 700 111. Email: gangchil.books@gmail.com ISBN 978-93-81346-93-8. Rs850. Pp542

## MISCELLANY

**Mrs Valerie Robinson, the Events Officer writes:** BACSA visited Knebworth House on 29 May 2014, home of the Lytton family for 500 years. Knebworth House stands in an attractive garden surrounded by extensive parkland, close to Stevenage in Hertfordshire. Twenty-five BACSA members gathered there on a warm, sunny day in May for a tour of the house and gardens. Of particular interest was the British Raj exhibition, put together to mark the centenary of the Delhi Durbar of 1877, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India by her Viceroy, the Earl of Lytton. Many of us spent a considerable time examining the many photographs and artefacts connected with this momentous occasion. Most members enjoyed lunch in the Garden Terrace Tea Room, while some ventured as far as the Norman Parish Church in the grounds. Knebworth is famous for pop concerts, held in the grounds from time to time, but I am glad to say that all was tranquillity during our visit.

**BACSA member Mrs Shilpa Shah** is exhibiting some of the unique textiles from her collection in Mumbai and unusually for an Indian exhibition, there is a fine catalogue to accompany it. It is entitled 'Sahib, Bibi, Nawab: Baluchar Silks of Bengal, 1750-1900.' The Exhibition opens on 11 December 2014 and closes on 11 January 2015. It is at the Curator's Gallery, CSMVS (formerly the Prince of Wales Museum), Mumbai. Well worth seeing you are planning a visit to India this winter.

**The Burma Register** is being updated for publication by the Editor. In the Amarapura Cemetery in the Mandalay District, lies Don Gonzalez De Lanciego, who died on 11 November 1838, aged seventy-two. He was for 'many years Shapendar of Rangoon'. Does anyone know what a Shapendar is, or was? The usual Anglo-Indian dictionaries do not list this particular word. Ideas please!

## THE EXTREME FRONTIER

Not near this Stone, Nor in any consecrated ground, But on the extreme frontier of the British Indian Empire, Lie the remains of PATRICK ALEXANDER VANS AGNEW, Of the Bengal Civil Service, And WILLIAM ANDERSON, Lieut 1st Bombay Fusilier Regt. Assistants to the Resident at Lahore; Who being deputed by the Government to relieve, At his own request, Dewan Moolraj Viceroy of Moulton Of the fortress and authority which he held, Were attacked and wounded by the garrison On the 19<sup>th</sup> April 1848 And being treacherously deserted by the Sikh escort. Were on the following day, In flagrant breach of national faith and hospitality, Barbarously murdered In the Edgah under the walls of Moulton. Thus fell these two young public servants, At the age of 25 and 28 years, Full of high hopes, rare talents and promise of future usefulness Even in their deaths doing their Country honor: Wounded and forsaken they could offer no resistance But hand in hand calmly awaited the onset of their assailants, Nobly they refused to yield, Fortelling the day when thousands of Englishmen Should come to avenge their death, And destroy Moolraj, his army and fortress; History records how the prediction was fulfilled. They were buried with military honors On the summit of the captured citadel. On the 26th January 1849 The annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire Was the result of the war Of which their assassination was the commencement

This long inscription in St John's Church, Calcutta never fails to chill the blood, with its recitation of treachery, desertion, murder and revenge. The deaths of the newly-appointed Political Agent, Vans Agnew, and his assistant Lieutenant Anderson came during the struggle for power in the Punjab after the death of Maharajah Ranjit Singh a decade earlier. Mulraj, the Minister in charge of Multan Fort wanted his son to succeed him, but the British had other ideas and handled the situation badly. On arrival at the Fort, both Britons were knocked off their horses and wounded. They were carried to shelter in a mosque, but the following day a mob broke in, their Sikh escort fled, and the men were hacked to death. Vans Agnew was decapitated and his head hawked around as a trophy. The outcome of the British punitive campaign was by no means clear at first, and was probably more to do with annexing the wealthy Punjab, which was handed over in 1849. Today a fine obelisk in red sandstone stands within the Multan Fort, although the Calcutta memorial, with its grim inscription, is more easily accessible.

## Notes to Members

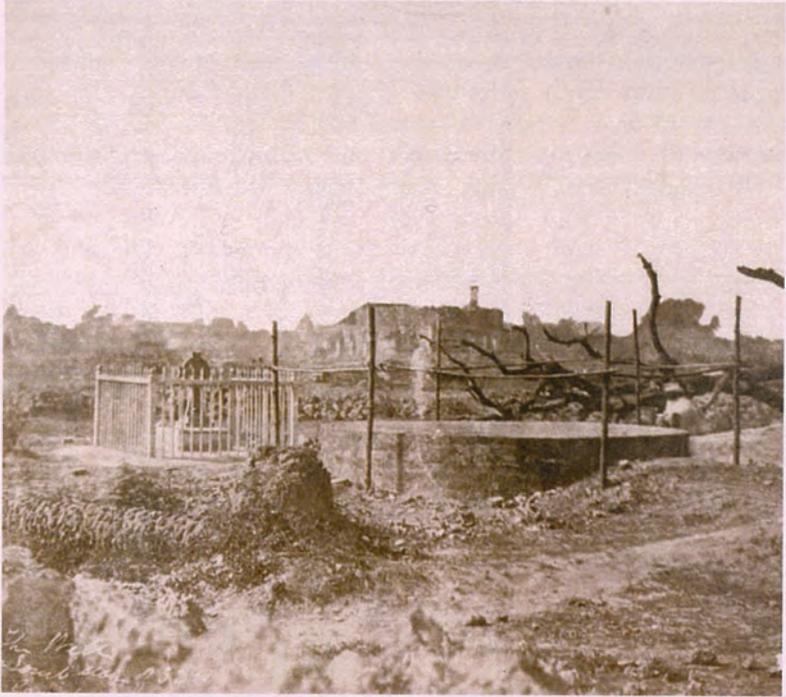
When writing to the Secretary and expecting a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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

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

**\*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 £4.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £3.00 for a slim paperback. Sterling cheques should be made payable to Ram Advani. Catalogues and price lists will be sent on request. Email: [radvanilko@gmail.com](mailto:radvanilko@gmail.com)

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*The Bibighar Well and original memorial at Cawnpore (see page 131)*