

BALLOONS OVER BURMA (AND BENGAL)

‘Colonel Percy Wyndham died in a balloon accident in 1879 in Burma’ was the intriguing headline of an email recently received by BACSA from an American correspondent. Mr Frank Jastrzembki told us that he wants to make sure ‘the Colonel is honored for his service, especially during the American Civil War’. So we asked what the British-born officer was doing in America, and how he came to drown in Rangoon’s Royal Lake? Clearly a colourful character, with a magnificent moustache to match, as his photographs show, *Chowkidar* began to unpick the Colonel’s story and to look at his unusual career.

Born at sea in 1833, Percy claimed to be the son of Colonel Charles Wyndham, a British soldier who had been ADC to the Duke of Wellington. Young Percy further claimed to have supported French students during the Year of Revolutions in 1848 and then gone on to serve as a cavalry officer in the Austrian Army before travelling to Italy to join Garibaldi. By his own account he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel and was knighted by king Victor Emmanuel which, he said, entitled him to use ‘Sir’ before his name. In 1861 Percy got leave to travel to America where he offered his military expertise to Union forces during the Civil War. He was captured by Confederates the following year but quickly released in a prisoner exchange. He commanded the 1st New Jersey Cavalry Regiment at the Battle of Thoroughfare Gap and on 9 June 1863 he was wounded at the Battle of Brandy Station. [Evacuated to Washington DC](#) it was here that he met his namesake, the English politician Percy Wyndham, who accused the Colonel of being a fraud, an allegation which was not refuted.

Wyndham returned to Italy at the end of the Civil War to complete his military service before setting up a number of business ventures, all of which failed. He then travelled to India, and after selling his military medals to raise cash, established himself in Calcutta in several eclectic roles. He became an opera impresario (there was an Opera House in Lindsey Street), returning to Italy to negotiate with the singers and he also founded the *Indian Charivari* in 1872, a satirical magazine based on the English *Punch*. After apparently falling out with Sir Richard Temple, lieutenant governor of the Bengal Presidency, Wyndham travelled to Burma where he offered his military skills to King Mindon. At the same time he began building hot air balloons and announced he would make an ascent on 25 January 1879 at 5.00 pm from Rangoon’s public park, next to the Royal Lake. An estimated 15,000 Burmese crowded into the park, many of whom had paid for a grandstand view.

The balloon rose successfully and drifted westward, but then, according to an eyewitness, ‘a rent occurred in the cloth, and it was seen to be descending at first slowly, but as it neared the earth, with frightful rapidity; it fell into the Royal Lake only a few hundred yards from where the ascent took place...’ Taken unconscious from the water, Percy Wyndham could not be resuscitated. He was buried on 9 February in the Rangoon Town cemetery at Pazandaung. As BACSA’s *Burma Register* has noted, the better-known Rangoon Cantonment cemetery was completely cleared in 1991 and Mr Jastrzembki has recently been informed by the American Embassy in Rangoon that the Town cemetery has gone too.

Although Colonel Wyndham’s later life, certainly in the USA, India and Burma is well documented, it is clear that questions remain. Why, for example, would a retired soldier and failed business man, educated only up to the age of fifteen, want to set up a satirical magazine? But perhaps the biggest mystery of all is why no-one has chosen to write the biography of this extraordinary man.

Thirteen years after Wyndham’s death, an American balloonist plunged to earth in Dacca. She was the exotically named Jeanette Van Tassel and had been invited by the Nawab of Dacca, Sir Khwaja Ahsanullah, to perform in front of the Ahsan Manzil palace on the bank of the Buriganga river that runs through the city. (The event had been noted briefly in *Chowkidar* in 1983, but we have more details today.) On 16 March 1892 a huge crowd gathered, some in boats, while the Nawab and various dignitaries watched from the palace gardens. All seemed to go well at first – the hot air balloon, inflated by a fire of burning wood, rose into the air, and flew over the palace, swept by a strong current of air. Then smoke was seen and it was clear something was wrong. Attempting to parachute away from the burning balloon, Jeanette descended but became enmeshed in a tall tree at Ramna Park. She had survived the initial fall but it was as she was being helped down a bamboo pole or ladder that tragedy happened. The bamboo snapped and Jeanette plunged to the ground, fatally injuring herself. She died in hospital two days later. Park Van Tassel, himself an experienced balloonist, arranged for her burial in the old Narinda cemetery. But BACSA’s Area representative for Bangladesh, Mr Waqar Khan tells us that extensive research in the 1990s failed to find her grave. (*see page 12*)

The initial balloon craze lasted for a couple of years in the 1780s, inspired by the Montgolfier brothers’ experimental flights in France. The first unmanned balloon in India was launched from the Esplanade

in Calcutta in July 1785 and Colonel Claude Martin, visiting from Lucknow, quickly built his own balloons using silk fabric over a

bamboo frame, sealed with gum arabic. Colonel Wyndham's balloon was made of longcloth, a cotton fabric produced in India, covered with petroleum and varnish. The challenge of producing an air-tight balloon that would not catch fire is met today with nylon and heat resistant fabrics but one has to admire these early aeronauts who supervised the manufacture of their own balloons and met untimely deaths in the East.

MAIL BOX

'I live in Ellon, in Aberdeenshire and along with a colleague and the District Historical Society we have uncovered the grave of Ong Tong Burnett, who featured in the Autumn *Chowkidar* of 2012' wrote Elaine Sherriffs. It was a curious story, related by BACSA member Geordie Burnett-Stuart, one of whose ancestors, James Burnett had brought the young Chinese man home with him in 1769. James had been a trader, living in Batavia and further research has uncovered the probable reason why Ong Tong was willing to travel to Scotland with him.

Batavia, now present day Jakarta, was the headquarters of the Dutch East India Company and was surrounded by a substantial rural hinterland which provided food and manpower to support the Company's trading activities. A large Chinese population was attracted to the area, working as farmers, coolies, and particularly in the sugar industry. But as this declined, unrest broke out, and the Dutch authorities began to deport and harass the Chinese. A fearful massacre took place in 1740, when as many as 10,000 may have been killed and the few survivors moved outside the city walls.

This was the situation into which Ong Tong was born around 1747. He worked for James Burnett as a servant, or valet, possibly with interpreting skills. Economic opportunities for the Chinese community had shrunk and the risk of further massacres must have decided him to accompany Burnett to Scotland, where he flourished. He was baptized five years after his arrival, was twice widowed and married for a third time. It is through Henrietta, the child of his first marriage, that his present day family are descended. Henrietta married a local farmer, George Hardie and when Ong Tong died on 11 March 1811 he was buried in the Hardie family plot. (*see page 12*) The headstone records him as Ontong. 'We are very proud to have his grave here in our small north-east Scottish town and would like to raise funds to erect a plaque to his memory' adds Elaine Sherriffs.

Several years ago BACSA member Tim Willasey-Wilsey visited Chillianwala in Pakistan, 'the site of one of the most appalling battles in Britain's history in India'. Fought during the second Anglo-Sikh war on 13 January 1849 it was declared a British victory, though in fact neither

side won. When Mr Willasey-Wilsey photographed the monuments to the battle including a sandstone obelisk, tombs and three long trench graves he found them in surprisingly good condition, together with the marble cross that Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, had donated to the site in 1871. So he was dismayed to get a recent report from Dr Peter Williams of Australia, who visited the site in March this year. The battle site graves, south of the Moong Road, are now in very poor repair. (*see page 13*) ‘At the easternmost one, some burrowing creature has made its home in the crypt several feet below ground level, and in excavating earth it has scattered human bones on the surface. This is a shame and the local village headman, who showed us all three sites, would like to do something about it but does not want to interfere without permission.’

It was Her Majesty’s 24th Foot, who lost the most men: 204 killed, 278 wounded and 38 missing, half the strength of the regiment, which had only recently arrived in India. A grim description of those buried within the trench graves on the mound told how the opposing Sikh army later roamed the battlefield, massacring any British wounded who still lay there. ‘Most of the bodies had been stripped and...many of the stripped bodies seemed to have been dragged through the thorn bushes so much they were torn.’ Others were buried on the battlefield itself. Although clearly marked on a contemporary map, these low-walled mass graves were only rediscovered in 1993 by the then British Defence Advisor in Pakistan, Brigadier Ian McLeod. A particularly poignant story was that of Brigadier John Pennycuik who was hit in the chest and killed during the 24th’s advance. His 17 year old son, Alexander, although sick, went in search of his father’s body. The next morning both father and son were found lying dead together. The Brigadier’s widow, Sarah Pennycuik commissioned a memorial plaque to her late husband and son, which was erected in Holy Trinity Cathedral, Sialkot, some 100 miles east of the battlefield.

By complete coincidence BACSA member Christopher Penn received a cheering message about another John Pennycuik, this time Colonel Pennycuik, son of the Brigadier killed at Chillianwala. ‘The good news from here’, wrote Thomas Kochi ‘is that the Colonel’s memory is celebrated even today by all in the southern districts of Tamil Nadu. In spite of the corona virus and lock down, the brilliant engineer’s memory was celebrated in March or building the Mullaperiyar Dam in Kerala

which benefits the other state. His birthday in January is already declared a holiday, so much is the respect and love he still gets from among us for the irrigation work he did and turned the ever dry southern districts of Tamil Nadu into a green house of agriculture produce. Those from these districts who are in the UK go to his tomb in March and garland it even now to show their respect.’ Pennycuik died in

Camberley, Surrey, on 9 March 1911. He is buried in the Churchyard of St. Peter's Church in Frimley. The grave has a substantial granite cross and plinth. In 2018 the grave was renovated and a large granite plaque was added in commemoration of his work on the Mullaperiyar Dam. The plaque was erected by the states of Tamil Nadu and Kerala in recognition of Pennycuik's achievement.

BACSA's Area representative for Bihar and Jharkhand, Mr Syed Faizan Raza, has sent a wide-ranging report on cemeteries in Bihar, Haryana and Uttar Pradesh. Of particular interest is the Gurgaon tomb of Kathleen Isabel Chill, made of iron and possibly unique among British memorials: 'Gaya is an important city of Bihar and so was it during the British regime. It is situated about 100 kms south of Patna, the capital of Bihar. Last year, Mr Shukoh Albadar Khan, a resident of Gaya, informed BACSA about the existence of an old and decrepit European cemetery in Sherghati, a small town on the outskirts of Gaya. He has tried to highlight the indifference towards the graveyard but so far no succour has been offered to him by the government for the maintenance. It is in an appalling shape and needs immediate restoration otherwise a major portion of colonial history would be lost with the exponential decay of the relics. A close investigation of the extant inscriptions reveals certain interesting names of those buried there: Ellen Eliza – the beloved wife of Charles Von Bibra; William Charles – infant son of Fulwer Craven Fowle of the Bengal Civil Service; Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Jones; Charles Patton, Esqr., of the Bengal Civil Services; and George Hogsflesh – gunner of the Bengal Artillery & Overseer of the Grand Trunk Road. A comparison with a previously published work (*List of Old Inscriptions in Christian Burial Grounds in the Province of Bihar and Orissa* – published in 1923) reflects that the majority of the sepulchres along with the engravings have disappeared due to the general apathy towards such heritages of prime importance in South Asia.

'Gurgaon, in Haryana, has been lately renamed Gurugram and the transition will take time to come into effect. In the meanwhile Father Daman of the local Church of Epiphany (estd.1862) was kind enough to host me in his office and facilitated my tour to the two cemeteries of Civil Lines, Gurgaon, which are located close to each other.

In local parlance, those are known as 'Isai Qabristan' - Christian burial grounds. The majority of the notable graves are located in the first one including the following:

Jane Ann Jackson, daughter of J. H. & F. E. Jackson, died in Goorgaon on 10th December 1859, aged 7 years 10 months & 20 days
Kathleen Isabel, wife of George Chill, d. 23rd April 1878, aged 24 years
Christopher M^c Gill, d. 10th October 1878, aged 3 years & Christiana B., d. 26th October 1878, aged 9 months
H. J. Daniell, District Engineer of Gurgaon, d. 4th November 1887, aged 39 years 10 months
George Stewart Halliday, District Superintendent of Punjab Police, the only son of Lieutenant General & Mrs. G. Halliday, died at Gurgaon on 30th May 1904, aged 30 years
Laurence Leo Dunne, second son of the late William Dunne, a merchant of Talbot Street, d. 18 August 1908
Mrs M^cGrath of Homestead, Iona, Republic of Dublin, d. 18th August 1908, aged 26 years
Mortimer Stewart, son of Kate & Clayton Haygarth, N. I. Salt Revenue, b. 1st December 1891, d. 4th December 1891

'It is imperative to note that the sepulchre of Kathleen Isabel Chill is made of iron and has endured the natural calamities of one hundred and forty-two years. (*see page 13*) The tombstone of Laurence Leo Dunne was carved by T. H. Dennany who owned a marble works enterprise in Glasnevin. Two more inscriptions were reported from mausoleums in Jharsa (Gurgaon) and those were dedicated to Franswa Fercy, who died on 4th November 1816, aged 49 years and Major Jean Etienne, a native of Bordeaux France, who died on 5th June 1821, aged 75 years. The Major had served Begum Samru for over three decades and his memorial survives to this day in the enclosure that has been rechristened as Mohyal Park (Gurgaon Sector 40). The inscriptional tablet affixed to it contains two Persian lines as well mentioning the dates but these are too obliterated to read.

'The Archaeological Survey of India has of late succeeded in salvaging only three graves of the soldiers in Ghaziabad on the Meerut – Delhi highway who died in 1857. One of the engravings reads: 'Sergeant R. Hackett; Corporal J. Sherry; Corporal J. Moore & Private J. Lehane' who all died of sunstroke during the fights. They all belonged to the 1st Battalion, 60th Rifles and were buried there. Sir Edward Blunt has recorded these and many other lost headstones in his copious work entitled *List of Inscriptions on Christian Tombs and Tablets of Historical*

Interest in the United Province of Agra and Oudh. In 1911 the place was known as Beonja Khasra on the Delhi Road highway. (It is now renamed Hindon Vihar.) The cemetery had an additional memorial

dedicated to the officers and men of the 2nd Troop, 1st Brigade of the Bengal Horse Artillery, who were killed at Hindan River on 31st May 1857 while fighting with the mutineers.

‘Some undocumented sepulchres lie scattered in Lucknow and these include the tomb of Nafisa Khurshid Begum in Daligunj who was the daughter of Muhammed Azimuddin and Florence Ethel Azimuddin. She was born in Bristol, England, on 28th September 1926 and died on 2nd September 1929. The bilingual inscriptional marble plaque with an Urdu couplet affixed to her grave is intact and readable. Mall Avenue graveyard also houses a large number of mausoleums such as of A. W. Lansbury, Supply & Transport Corps, d. 17th April 1921, aged 22; and J. W. W. Jefferys, Somerset Light Infantry, d. 26th May 1921, aged 27; among others whose details are hitherto untapped. If properly recorded, the cemeteries at Nishatgunj, Alambagh, Qaiserbagh, Chinhat, Lucknow Cantonment, Faizabad Road, Lajpat Nagar, LDA colony and, Kanpur Road could throw open a plethora of biographical information about Europeans who were associated with Lucknow.’

CAN YOU HELP?

‘This is a long shot but worth asking’ writes BACSA member Judy Tenzing, who adds ‘I have seen some wonderful sleuthing from your members.’ Mrs Tenzing continues: My mother-in-law is the eldest daughter of Tenzing Norgay (who together with Sir Edmund Hillary, reached the summit of Mount Everest on 29 May 1953). Her biological mother, Dawa Phuti (Tenzing’s first wife), died in Chitral in 1944 when Tenzing was working there as an orderly for Captain White of the Chitral Scouts. She was treated by a Dr Jekyll but could not be saved and was buried in the British cemetery in Drosh Fort. We think it was TB. A friend of mine has just been to the British fort in Drosh (just south of Chitral town) and was granted permission by the Pakistan Army there to

enter the fort and see the cemetery. There are quite a few graves there – but only the British and Muslim graves are marked. There are 3-4 which are not and we assume one is hers. Can you think of anyone who might remember or know? Her daughter is still alive and it is her one great wish – to find her mother’s grave.’ The cemetery is listed in the archives as Kila Drosh. It was open between 1896 to 1935 so Dawa Phuti’s burial would have been after the cemetery had officially closed. If any BACSA members can help, please contact the Editor.

Professor Mukund Padmanabhan teaches at a University north of Chennai and is a former newspaper editor. He is researching the period between 1939 and 1942, when there was a fear in India of a Japanese invasion (which did not occur). It led the British government in the

Madras Presidency to order the evacuation of Madras city, which triggered an exodus. At that time, the Governor of the Presidency was Sir Arthur Hope, who went on to become the 2nd Baron Rankeillour after his return to Britain. Sir Arthur did not leave any personal papers behind, unlike many senior officials of the Madras government at that time. I am looking for any unpublished information relating to him during that period -- it could range from his thoughts on a Japanese invasion, his concerns about the rising tide of nationalism, or even tidbits of information that brings his personality to life (in short, pretty much anything). These could be contained in letters, personal manuscripts, or even hand-me-down stories if they exist.

Also, at a wider level, any unpublished material relating to Madras and the Japanese scare would be welcome, even if it doesn't relate to Governor Hope. I understand your publication is widely read by descendants of those who lived in or were posted to India. And I write this hoping that this request will unearth some information that throws greater light on this period. Please contact Professor Padmanabhan if you can help. mukundpadmanabhan@gmail.com

Since back numbers of *Chowkidar* were put online (1977-2017) we have received queries about articles published many years ago. It was not possible to keep all the related correspondence or to put new enquirers in touch with old contributors. However we were reminded how useful Facebook is when Anne Young, trying to track down the author of a query published 18 years ago, found her through Facebook.

A GOOD 'ORIENTAL' READ

Restrictions on travel last year that meant BACSA did not receive its usual reports on cemeteries in South Asia. Book publishers scaled back production too, so we asked some BACSA members to help fill our pages. The Autumn 2020 *Chowkidar* published contributions from six British BACSA members about the book, or books, that had first inspired their interest in the East. Our criterion was simple - a short (maximum 500 word) description with no restrictions – the book could be fact or fiction, short stories, novels, history, archaeology, travel, light-hearted or tragic. And the date of publication didn't matter, the important thing was that it had held the reader's attention. Here are the six and final pieces, with our warm thanks to those who responded to the challenge:

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Anne Buddle

Robert Home: *Select Views in Mysore in the country of Tippoo Sultan, from drawings taken on the spot by Mr Home: with historical descriptions* published London 1794.

Home accompanied Cornwallis's army against Tipu Sultan, 1790-1792 from the attack on Bangalore to the taking of Seringapatam and a treaty involving two of Tipu's sons as guarantors. Home's painting (in the National Army Museum, London) of Cornwallis receiving the young hostages include the artist, holding his portfolio. Home selected views of Savendroog; Outradroog; Ramgurry; Chenapatam; Ooleadrog; Shevagurry; Shevagunga and Peddinaigdurga 'as a delight for those who have never visited India and a faithful record for those who gallantly fought there'. Three folded sheets complete the volume: plans of Ootradroog's 6-tier defences, of Bangalore fort, and a map of the Carnatic and Mysore, with a Distance grid for nineteen towns. '*Occurrences of the Late War....*' are listed too, because full descriptions in the text 'would take up too much room'. 'Whatever tends to increase the sphere of man's knowledge is unquestionably important...' the Preface affirms, adding 'it is our province to stimulate curiosity not to gratify it.'

Text and engravings vividly create Home's 'on the spot': Ramgurry's 'wild savage aspect,' abode of tigers; Shevagurry, surrounded by forest stretching 70 miles by 40 miles wide; the 'incredible exertion' required to cut a gun road and transport artillery to Savendroog through thick bamboo and rocky terrain. Imagine 6,000 cattle and 2,000 sheep near Ooleadrog, or over 200 elephants before Seringapatam (plus 100,000 cavalry, a body of infantry and 50 large cannon), an earlier Mahratta attack, thwarted by Haidar's scorched earth policy. The Laul baug on the island had 'regular walks of shady cypress' with 'fruit trees, flowers and vegetables of every known variety' and 'a pleasure house or 'bungulo' looking down the Cauvery.' The airy splendour of the Palace interior at Bangalore is almost tangible, 'open to the four winds of heaven,' with flower gardens to north and south, and a fountain at each side.

Home's military details certainly 'stimulate curiosity.' Seringapatam's prospect was 'conspicuous': 'magnificent buildings'; 'lofty mosques' and the fort walls painted white. Bangalore fort, 'improved in the modern style', had 30 semi-circular bastions, a cannon foundry and a machine for making 130 musket barrels 'all at once.' When Col. Maxwell attacked at 11.00 pm, the assailants were immediately 'completely illumined' by numerous blue lights, hung from the ramparts.

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'Elegant monuments' commemorated those lost in the attack, although in *View of the Burial Ground at Bangalore* 'it was not possible in so small a space to engrave the inscriptions'. All are transcribed in the text. Home concludes 'We cannot better terminate our work than with the proud mausoleum of Hyder Ali' with its adjacent 'faquiers choultries' and the recent memorial to Burham ud Din, who fell at Sattimungulum (1790). His beautiful sister, one of Tipu's wives, 'died absolutely of

fear' as Cornwallis attacked Seringapatam. Her orphaned son, Mooza ud Deen, aged eight, was the younger hostage prince. In 1799 he would lose Tipu, his father, also. It's an absorbing story.

Anna Dallapiccola

Emilio Salgari: *The Mystery of the Black Jungle (I misteri della jungle nera)*

I must have been seven or eight years old, I was in bed with measles and my sore eyes were extremely sensitive to light. My mother, knowing my love for geography and exotic places, decided to introduce me to the world of Emilio Salgari (1862-1911) an Italian writer of adventures, whose books delighted and inspired generations of Italian children and young adults. Although Salgari, allegedly, had never travelled further than the Adriatic Sea, he wrote about India, Southeast Asia, the Caribbean, Siberia, the Philippines and New Caledonia, with a fairly accurate knowledge of geography and local customs. My mother's choice was *The Mystery of the Black Jungle* (1895) a book that she had read in her young years. This turned out to be the book which triggered my interest in India. Because of my sore eyes, she read the story aloud. The first paragraph of the narrative was a detailed description of the course of the Ganges from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal dwelling in detail on the Sundarbans, the locale of the action. The story involved a snake and tiger hunter Tremal-Naik with his pet tiger, Dharma, his faithful Maratha servant Kammamuri and other men.

Tremal-Naik is fascinated by the sight of a very young woman whom he has seen in the jungle. When one of his men is killed by the thugs, Tremal-Naik accompanied by Kammamuri, heads into the jungle to retrieve the body. The thugs, however, have been watching their every move. After a brief skirmish with the thugs, Tremal-Naik alone ventures ahead, in a remote area, enters a temple dedicated to the goddess Kali and encounters again the young woman, Ada, an Anglo-Indian, who has been kidnapped and consecrated to the goddess Kali. He falls in love with her, they plan to flee, but are discovered by the chief priest, who

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stabs Tremal-Naik in the heart and leaves him half dead in the jungle. Predictably, he is found by Kammamuri who saves his life. A second attempt to liberate Ada fails yet again when, accompanied by a few men and Dharma, the tiger, Tremal-Naik gets lost in the underground of the temple and all are taken prisoners. Impressed by Tremal-Naik's prowess, the thugs try to persuade him and his followers to join them. The chief priest is prepared to give Ada to Tremal-Naik on one condition: he must kill Captain MacPherson whose main task is to eliminate the thugs. Tremal-Naik attempts twice to kill Captain MacPherson, before realising that he is Ada's father. The two become

allies: Ada is saved and marries the hero, the thugs are defeated, but the chief priest manages to escape with a number of followers. I was awed by the narrative's setting; above all, I was fascinated and at the same time intimidated by the vivid description of the goddess Kali, of the subterranean temples, thugs, and the Sundarbans. With a certain trepidation I commenced collecting information on India...the rest is history.

David Gilmour

The Seven Pillars of Wisdom by T. E. Lawrence

I read *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* half a century ago in a hippy hotel in Kabul. The urban squalor of my surroundings - a bed in a dormitory cost a shilling a night - contrasted strongly with the majesty of Lawrence's style, the intense, candescent, highly-wrought prose in which he described Arabia. Yet I had spent enough time sleeping in the deserts of Iran, watching the sun inching above the horizon, to be able to imagine how he and his companions had lived for years 'in the naked desert, under the indifferent heaven'; how by day the sun had 'fermented us and we were dizzied by the beating wind'; how at night we were 'shamed into pettiness by the innumerable silences of stars'.

The Seven Pillars is a magnificent account of the Arab Revolt against Turkey in the First World War. Winston Churchill regarded its author as 'one of the greatest beings alive in our time', and John Buchan thought him 'the only man of genius' he had ever known. Yet Lawrence himself, the most self-critical of men, came to feel that his book was 'entirely contemptible, an unconvincing bag of tricks'. He wished 'that Arabian business' had never happened, and he was long tormented by the feeling that he had helped betray the Arabs, whose nationalist aspirations were thwarted by the French and British mandates established in the Middle East. Lawrence inspired my interest in the Arab World and led (though very indirectly) to my first jobs in Beirut and Cairo. Later my work took me to Western Europe and, later still, to India and the East.



above: Narinda Cemetery, Dacca where the American balloonist Jeanette Van Tassel was buried in 1892 (see page 2)

below: the Hardie family plot at Ellon, Aberdeenshire with Ong Tong Burnett's name (see page 3)





Above: the battlesite mass grave at Chillianwala, Pakistan, burial place of British soldiers killed in January 1849 (see page 4)

Below: the curious iron tombstone of Kathleen Isabel Chill who died in 1878 at Gurgaon, Haryana, northern India (see page 6)



It was while writing a biography of Rudyard Kipling that I caught up with Lawrence again. In the archives at Harvard I found an almost illegible draft letter in his handwriting which revealed that the two men met in 1918, sat up for two nights while the desert hero 'talked very much' until Kipling, 'wanting perhaps to go to bed, told [him] to go and write a book. Well,' Lawrence exclaimed four years later, 'I did it'.

In 1922 Kipling agreed to read the draft of *The Seven Pillars* on condition that Lawrence never revealed the fact. Alas he did not care for the book - the prose style of the two authors could hardly have been more different - nor did he much like Lawrence himself, though he softened his hostility on learning that the 'poor chap' was illegitimate. It 'explained the whole uneasy soul of the man' and confirmed one of Kipling's 'pet theories that the wrong side of the blanket doesn't breed the worst sort'. Lawrence did indeed have an uneasy soul. In his early thirties he renounced fame and influence and literary glory, and sought anonymity under assumed names in lowly jobs in the Army and the RAF. His only joy was the motorbike that eventually killed him.

Leslie James

Despite family connections with the East -- maternal grandparents' line serving in India through the 19th century and parents working in the Far East before the Second World War - it was neither that nor particular books that originally turned my own life and career towards the East. It was initially chance or serendipity that made the choice for me, or more precisely the vagaries of personnel postings in Canada's Department of External Affairs, ignoring my Eurocentric university studies in history and modern languages, that offered Kuala Lumpur as my first overseas assignment in 1966.

Engaged in political analysis and development assistance work with opportunities to explore West Malaysia and the Malaysian Borneo states of Sarawak and Sabah I embarked on the study of the Malay language and sought to read as much as possible about the history and cultures of Malaysia. There were contemporary scholars such as William Roff, *The Origins of Malay Nationalism* (1967), and K.J. Ratnam, *Communalism and the Political Process in Malaya* (1965), as well as writers from the colonial period such as MCS officers Richard Winstedt *The Malays: a Cultural History* (1947) and Victor Purcell *The Chinese in Malaya* (1948) whose works remained classics. Steven Runciman's academic background as a medievalist informed his work *The White Rajahs* (1960), an outstanding history of the impact of the Brookes on Sarawak.

In this period of personal discovery it was fiction that captured my imagination, offering insights and stirring the romance of place and time. Non-British writers had much to say, particularly the early 20th century French planter Henri Fauconnier whose *The Soul of Malaya* (1930) won the Prix Goncourt in its original French edition *Malaisie*. Han Suyin's novel *And the Rain My Drink* (1956) provided a poignant contemporary local perspective from her experience as a medical officer in Johore during the communist insurrection known as the Malayan Emergency.

Of course, I also read voraciously Somerset Maugham's short stories but with their exaggerated emphasis on the foibles of bygone expatriate life in colonial society they had little to say about the indigenous world in which his characters lived. More to the point, while also amusing, was the writing of Anthony Burgess whose Malayan Trilogy -- *Time for a Tiger* (1956), *The Enemy in the Blanket* (1958) and *Beds in the East* (1959) - spanned the period of Merdeka (Independence) when he lived and worked as a teacher in the states of Perak and Kelantan. Teaching at the elite Malay College in Kuala Kangsar, thinly disguised in the first book of his trilogy, Burgess combined humour and satire with a knowledge of poetry, religion, music and linguistics to describe the lives and speech of colonial policemen, Chinese shopkeepers, Indian teachers and Malay civil servants in a society evolving from colonial status but still recognisable a decade later during my first years in Malaysia.

Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

Fifty Enthralling Stories of the Mysterious East Edited by The Sheik A. Abdulla. Odhams Press Ltd, London

Published in 1937 this book was bought by my parents when they were living in London before the war. Two earlier anthologies in the same series were *The Mystery Book* (1934) and the *Great Book of Thrillers* (1935). But *Enthralling Stories* is the one that attracted me as an eleven year old, leading a blameless life in Cheltenham. 'Seventeen full page illustrations' were commissioned from different artists, none particularly well known today, but the black and white drawings add excitement to the stories. On page 177 Geoffrey Lister, in sola topi and on horseback watches in horror as a band of armed *keffiyah*-wearing Arabs 'hurled themselves upon the rock, uttering hideous cries, their faces alight with cruelty and the lust for revenge'. The accompanying story 'The Traitor' is set in Egypt where Arabs in traditional dress are rare, but that is entirely beside the point. This is the mysterious East where anything can happen, and to a child everything seems possible.

'Sheik Achmed Abdulla', the editor, was a pseudonym of Alexander Nicholayevitch Romanoff, himself a writer, whose father was cousin to Tsar Nicholas II and his mother, Princess Nourmahal Durani, the

daughter of the Amir of Afghanistan - a suitably exotic introduction to the book. The choice of stories was eclectic and the East was interpreted as anywhere between Cairo and Peking. A few of the authors are recognised today, if not much read – Somerset Maugham, Maud Diver, Pearl Buck, Ernest Bramah, Lafcadio Hearn, Pierre Loti and Sax Rohmer. The latter was a prolific novelist best known for his Dr Fu Manchu stories, but his story here is set in Cairo where the narrator, the Honorable Neville Kernaby, has adopted native dress in order to find the secret ingredient of a rare perfume, nicknamed ‘the Breath of Allah’. Kernaby gets stoned on hashish and describes trying to read an ancient Arabic prescription: ‘I found myself pursuing one slim *‘alif* entirely up the page from the bottom to the top where it finally disappeared under the thumb of the Lady Zuleyka!’

This is pretty good stuff from someone who started life in Birmingham as Arthur Henry Ward, son of poor Irish immigrants and whose first job was as a clerk. Perhaps the more mundane one’s early circumstances, the more some of us crave for the exotic and have found it in the Orient. Magical place names – Bokhara, Constantinople, Samarkand, old Delhi, Lahore, Rangoon, Singapore, and Shanghai. Magical people too – Abû Tabâh, the sorcerer; the Maharajah of Coochperwani; Lee Fong the opium addict; Daulat Ram the cruel moneylender – often more vividly drawn than the pipe-smoking, sola topi-wearing Britons who confronted them and who often came off the worst. So I’ll settle for the romance of the mysterious East, still undimmed by visiting in later life many of the places I had read about as a child in England. And meeting some fascinating people too.

Richard Morgan

John Hatfield Brooks *The Diary of an Indian Cavalry Officer* edited by Richard Morgan, Pagoda Tree Press, 2003

My ‘Oriental Read’ may be stretching the bounds of what the Editor of *Chowkidar* is looking for. The book in question was not published when I first encountered it, and eventually appeared only because I edited and published it myself. I have been interested in genealogy all my adult life. In part this was because my mother’s family kept a large number of letters and diaries most of which are now held by the Bedfordshire Archives and Records Service (BARS).

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Back in the 1980s I edited for publication one of these diaries, of a minor landowner in the 1840s. My next task had to be the diary of John Hatfield Brooks, in the India Army 1843-1863. and I needed to understand how the Indian army worked, the social life of an officer and his family, and the history of the Sikh Wars and the ‘Mutiny’. Diaries in my view need to be tackled prosopographically. I apologise for this

word but what it means is pursuing the life of every single person mentioned to find as much about them as possible. Some of course may have got into the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, but for the majority it means individual research and a lot of reading. The result of my studies was a picture, I hope reasonably accurate and rounded, of life in military cantonments in this period. The military exploits of course have to be covered, but so too do such matters as the voyage out in an East Indiaman, the work of chaplains, the 'step' - i.e. the system of promotion, freemasonry in India, amateur dramatics, the low morale of the Bengal Army after the 'Mutiny' (Brooks spent some time seeking a transfer to the Bombay Army which was largely unaffected by the 'Mutiny'), and so forth. Having learnt how to use the records in the British library, the works of the late Anthony Farrington, PJO Taylor and many others, and of course BACSA books, I then turned to other of my forebears who had connections with India – a two greats grandfather who was an officer in the East India Company's maritime service, a grandfather who was a tea planter, etc. Another ancestor was responsible for the worst British defeat in India in the 18th century resulting in the Treaty of Wargaoon 1779, whereby he (the ancestor) undertook on behalf of the Company to part with half of British India to the Marathas. Warren Hastings chose to deal with this humiliation by simply ignoring it. The absorbing work goes on with (if I manage to finish it) a book on Scottish Merchants in Calcutta, Singapore and Batavia in the early nineteenth century.

BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

The BACSA Manual

Neeta Das

BACSA has been funding conservation and restoration work in South Asian countries for over forty years, but this is the first time it has offered detailed written advice in a convenient form. The Manual is a 24 page hands-on booklet for those involved in cemetery work. It considers all aspects, from lighting, security, drainage and planting to working with civic and heritage organisations. In practical terms it advises frequent inspections to root out intrusive weeds before they have a chance to develop and damage funerary structures and the use of lime mortar, not modern cement.

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Replacing lead lettering on inscriptions can no longer be done, so alternative methods of preserving inscriptions are suggested. The Manual is well illustrated with line drawings and photographs and its author, Dr Das, is the conservation architect of the Scottish Cemetery in Calcutta, which over the past decade has been wrested from the jungle that formerly enveloped it. BACSA has made financial contributions to this cemetery and archival research can now name nearly all those

buried here. A limited number of copies of the Manual are available from the Editor, and importantly it has been translated into Hindi, Urdu and Bangla and can be downloaded from the BACSA website. It is the first publication of its kind written specifically for South Asian cemeteries, from a non-European perspective.

Afro-South Asia in the Global African Diaspora (3 volumes)

Kenneth X. Robbins ed. with others

This is a weighty over-arching title that perhaps doesn't properly convey the importance or the enjoyable reading in these three volumes, all published in 2020 by the University of North Carolina. Building on the innovative book *African Elites in India* (2006 ed. Robbins & McLeod) they tell the definitive story of emigration eastwards to India and beyond. Africans crossed the Indian ocean as sailors, merchants, soldiers, scholars, musicians, and explorers. Some of these Africans and their descendants rose to great positions of power and received much acclaim, becoming rulers, generals, viziers and regent ministers, as well as artists, clerics, and even saints. The lives of figures such as Malik Ambar, Begum Hazrat Mahal (the daughter of an African slave in Lucknow) and General Hoshu Mohammad Sheedi are among the many who illuminate Afro-South Asia as an integral part of the global African diaspora.

The first volume *African Rulers and Generals in India* has nearly three dozen contributors, including historians, anthropologists, linguists, literary scholars, ethnomusicologists, documentary film-makers, and art historians, who delve into the ways in which Africans and people of African descent have both shaped and been shaped by the histories, cultures, and societies of South Asia. It notes how Deccani sultans relied on African soldiers because the Mughal emperors did not allow them to recruit men from Afghanistan and other central Asian countries. The African-ruled state of Sachin was established in 1791 in Gujarat with its own cavalry and a state band that included Africans, its own coats of arms, currency, and stamped paper.

Volume Two *African Diasporan Communities across South Asia* examines the undeniable fact of slavery and those complicit in it, not just Arab slave traders but Indians too, like the Kutchi merchants, importing people across the Persian Gulf. Gujarati traders gained considerable control in Zanzibar, Mombasa and custom houses along the East African

coast and financed slaving operations by Arab seamen. Bombay, under the British government was the main anti-slavery centre, rescuing sidis (also known as sheedis) and in some cases repatriating them. It was freed African slaves from Bombay who accompanied David Livingstone on his travels and Sidi Mubarak Bombay who went with John Henning Speke to discover the source of the Nile. Mainly Muslim, the sidis

brought their own interpretation of Islam to India, establishing for example, the shrine of Bava Gor in Gujarat, honoured as an ancestral Sufi saint who traded in agate. The third and final volume *Black Ambassadors of Politics, Religion and Jazz in India* covers such eclectic topics as the black American missionary Amanda Smith, who felt a spiritual calling to work in India, where she was associated with Bishop Thoburn, author of the optimistically entitled ‘The Christian Conquest of India’. It does not deal with black American soldiers in India during World War Two, and omits the celebrated black boxer nicknamed Gunboat Jack, born in the USA who settled in Bangalore. All three volumes are profusely illustrated, and full of little-known stories while at the same time painting a broad picture of the still under-appreciated interaction between the two continents. **Rosie Llewellyn-Jones**

All three volumes are available on Amazon in paperback. ISBN numbers not established at the time of going to press.

A Road to Extinction: Can palaeolithic Africans survive in the Andaman Islands? Jonathan Lawley

The long title says it all. This book is about the Andaman Trunk Road which was completed in 1989 (despite an Indian Court order requiring it to be discontinued) and cut a swathe through the ancestral hunting territory of the Jarawa people of the Andaman Islands and its devastating effect on them. The Andaman Islands’ indigenous inhabitants do not remotely look like any other Asian people and modern DNA analysis suggests their nearest relatives are in the Okavango of Botswana. How they got to the Andamans must remain a mystery, but whenever it was, it was a very long time ago. There have been in historical times 12 tribes of which three survive today. We do not know how many of them there were or are, but the present numbers appear to be low – in the hundreds at most. Each tribe speaks its own mutually unintelligible language, but all lived and live as hunter/gatherers with an intimate knowledge of their jungle. The only changes to their way of life in the past few centuries seem to be the acquisition of dogs which they use for hunting, and the arrival of pigs which they hunt – both these intrusions doubtless effected by passing ships – we know that Captain Cook had a habit of turning pigs loose wherever he went, so that future visitors could find meat.

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The islands were largely neglected by the British till 1857 when a penal colony was established. In due course, as has happened with other penal colonies elsewhere, convicts whose term had expired were allowed to settle in the islands. Various scholars with greater or lesser success tried to learn a little more about the indigenous inhabitants. Of the 12 tribes, nine were gradually won over to some sort of contact with modern man with dreadful results: modern diseases, loss of hunting land and gradual extinction. The three remaining tribes, the Jarawa on the main island, the Onge on Little Andaman well to the south, and the Sentinelese on North

Sentinel Island south west of the main island, have all preserved at least some of their culture and way of life by exhibiting a rooted determination to have nothing whatever to do with modern man, even in the case of the Sentinelese murdering anyone who comes near them. Since the creation of the Trunk Road, the situation has deteriorated for the Jarawa. The tribal hunting area is reduced. Coachloads of tourists mostly from India travel along the road, hoping to see the Jarawa as exotics like lions in a safari park. Tourists are instructed not to take pictures of them or engage with them in any way, but the law is not always enforced despite the fact that the coaches are required to travel in convoy with police escorts. Pictures are taken, biscuits are offered in exchange for bows and arrows engendering an attitude of neediness and dependence on handouts which has destroyed so many indigenous peoples, and of course the Jarawa are exposed to disease.

Mr Lawley's book sets this depressing scene in the first chapter. Thereafter the book weaves several themes in alternating chapters. The author's ancestors were ICS with connections to the islands – notably his grandfather, Reggie Lewis, who was Commissioner there just over 100 years ago. He comes across as intelligent and humane, in the best traditions of the ICS. His primary responsibility was for the thousands of convicts, but he was also responsible for the ex-convict settlers and the native peoples. Even then problems between these two arose, with the Jarawa raiding crops and even killing settlers. The switching between these separate themes can be confusing and there is a good deal of repetition. The book could have benefited from a proper editor. It also has no index. All this is a great pity as the book has an important message to get across, which is that the present way of 'managing' the Jarawa is disastrously wrong and will lead in a very short period of time to their giving up hunting and their culture for a lifetime of handouts, possible alcoholism, and, in view of their low numbers, probably also their extinction. Time is running out.

Richard

Morgan

2020 EnvelopeBooks (paperback) ISBN 978 183817 2015 £8.99 pp191

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OLD BOOKS NEWLY REVIEWED

A list of second-hand books posted to BACSA members twice a year raises a respectable sum for our work as well as giving the buyers enjoyable reading. An unexpected recent hit was a book first printed by the Imperial Book Depot Press, Delhi in 1917, entitled *'The Munshi' a standard Hindustani grammar (with exercises and full vocabulary) for lower & higher standard Hindustani* by Mohamed Akbar Khan Haidari. No fewer than seven people wanted this book which prompted us to take

a closer look at it. Competitive examinations for entry into the ICS (Indian/Imperial Civil Service), which were introduced in 1853, included languages, and there was a financial incentive too as acquiring a vernacular language meant promotion. The advantage of conversing with Indians in their own languages was an important consideration particularly for District or Political Officers on tour who had to arbitrate in local disputes. *The Munshi*, which means ‘teacher’ was a best seller, going through numerous editions well into the 1940s with different sub-headings. An accompanying book *The Key to The Munshi* gave the English and Urdu translations and printed both in Roman Urdu and the Urdu script. From the early editions which taught ‘Hindustani spoken in military lines for colloquial examination’ to the later ‘officially recommended for examinations in Urdu’ it uses the simple method of translation to and from Hindustani. What is most revealing are the exercises and the peremptory language used: ‘put my socks on...give me my breeches...do up my putties...put my sword straight in the frog of the belt, yesterday it was crooked’ and there are more domestic exchanges too, including the familiar: ‘why have you put so much spices in the curry?’ and ‘what kind of pudding is this?’ Haidari, the author, was a lecturer at ‘The Young Officers’ School of Instruction’ and ran the Oriental Book Depot from his home at Oriental Lodge, Ambala.

A similar book, also published in 1917, was M.C. Saihgal’s *Hindustani Grammar* continued in different editions up to Independence. ‘For the use of officers, non-commissioned officers and men’ it is not surprisingly full of commands and criticism: ‘you ought to have cleaned the rifle after firing’ and ‘he will have to be transferred’. But there are more reflective passages too: ‘I cannot get any good firewood to burn. The whole room is full of smoke, I wish I could go back to Ambala. It is never so cold there’ and the observation that ‘It seems to me that you forget everything except your dinner. You never forget that.’ No doubt some earnest PhD student is at this moment toiling away exposing the evils of empire demonstrated by books like these. For the rest of us, the trivia of daily life during the British Raj remains fascinating and for those who do read ‘Hindustani’, a reminder of what an elegant language it is.

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SAVING THE COMMONWEALTH’S HERITAGE

BACSA member Philip Davies, Chair of the Commonwealth Heritage Forum (CHF), outlines the scope of this recently formed charitable membership organisation set up to help countries and communities save Commonwealth heritage at risk:

‘Britain’s heritage does not end at Dover. Across the Commonwealth, and more widely, from Asia to Africa and from Australasia to the

Americas, and even down into the Antarctic, lie some of the most important historic architecture and engineering of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries - public buildings, warehouses, railway stations, bridges, churches, houses, offices, farms, industrial structures, botanic gardens, monuments and memorials and, of course, cemeteries, burial grounds – a unique heritage united only in its sheer diversity. These represent a unique global heritage of immense significance, yet it is little researched, little understood, and all too often disregarded.

Although designed by army engineers, local builders, surveyors and architects, such buildings and structures were translated into bricks and mortar by the skills of local people on the ground, who introduced their own motifs and artistic traditions. It is a genuine shared heritage built by diverse local peoples across the world over many generations. This rich intermingling of cultural traditions was an early phase of globalisation.

New materials like cast and corrugated iron were deployed in inventive new ways to create innovative architectural forms and structures. This was a heritage forged in both peace and in war. Consider the beautiful cemeteries of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, or the earlier evocative monuments and memorials lying in burial grounds scattered across the Indian sub-continent from the North-West Frontier to the Andaman Islands and from Calcutta to Kohima.

In many Commonwealth countries this built heritage is valued as an inextricable part of national identity and adapted to sensitive new uses, but equally often, it is at risk from climate change, redundancy, neglect, natural disasters, or simply poor development coupled with a chronic failure to appreciate good architecture. In Bombay, at the heart of the World Heritage Site, after decades of neglect and multi-occupation, the old Watson's Hotel, the first multi-storey habitable iron-framed building in the world, lies threatened, its demolition only staved off by court action following intense local and international opposition.

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In New Delhi, architects have been appointed to proceed with controversial plans for the development of Lutyens magnificent Central Vista culminating in the magisterial Rashtrapati Bhavan, one of the world's great planned compositions.

Sir Herbert Baker's North and South Secretariats are to be vacated, consigned to become museums, while the superb circular Parliament Building has been earmarked ironically for an exhibition of progress in Indian democracy, even though there has been scant consultation. No conservation plans have been produced to show how this will be achieved let alone costed. The danger is that all three will become redundant white elephants. In Calcutta, the Port Authority has just commissioned a masterplan for the redevelopment of an area larger than the City of London containing dozens of heritage structures, while the

world-famous Botanic Gardens and Roxburgh House, where tea was introduced to India, languish in an appalling state.

The CHF welcomes membership from countries across the wider anglosphere which enjoy a common shared heritage - such as Myanmar, where the Yangon Heritage Trust has championed the conservation-led regeneration of the historic downtown city. By working together Internationally, the CHF can encourage a collective understanding of these threats and share potential solutions. Our top priority is to help local organisations to prepare registers of Commonwealth Heritage at Risk and save the heritage they value. We are working closely with academic partners at Oxford Brookes and Texas A&M universities to deliver the programme with initial pilot projects in Trinidad, Nigeria, Pakistan and Fiji. By working with local heritage groups, we can train young people and volunteers in specialist techniques and survey skills. This will bolster local skills and employment and enhance local capacity and resilience.

Finally, we are advancing research, education and scholarship in the architectural and engineering heritage of the Commonwealth and its man-made landscapes, including burial grounds, so BACSA is a natural partner. The UK is a world leader in the breadth and depth of its conservation skills and expertise. However, our architectural perspective remains narrow and blind to our wider legacy across the world. The time has come to lift our eyes to the wider horizons. The heritage sector has a crucial role to play both in the Commonwealth and as part of the UK government's commitment to a resurgent Global Britain. If you care about the shared heritage of the Commonwealth and saving its heritage at risk, then please join us. Our address is: Commonwealth Heritage Forum, 12 Devonshire Street London W1G 7AB and our website is: www.commonwealthheritage.org

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THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS

By chance the Andamans feature both in the review by Richard Morgan, above: *A Road to Extinction: Can palaeolithic Africans survive in the Andaman Islands?* of Jonathan Lawley's book and in Philip Davies's article on the Commonwealth Heritage Forum. It has reminded us of the small British cemetery on Ross Island, which contains among other graves that of baby Lawrence McCarthy, who died shortly after birth. His tombstone is inscribed with the poignant words:

'He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery.
Then turned away his languid eye,
to drop a tear or two and die'

The striking image on the back cover of *Chowkidar* is of the crumbling ruins of the Presbyterian Church also on Ross Island. Mr Davies writes: 'It presents a conservation dilemma - how to strike a balance between romantic decay and conservation.'

NOTICES

The Indian Military Historical Society (IMHS) whose President is Field Marshal Sir John Chapple (a BACSA Vice-President), originated with a group of military medal collectors who were frustrated by the lack of information about awards to Indian soldiers and indeed the part played by them in two World Wars, as well as earlier conflicts in the sub-continent. Founded in 1983, the Society has done much to raise the profile of the Indian soldier and it would be unthinkable today not to credit them and their officers for supporting Britain before Independence in 1947. Now the Society has disbanded and ceased publication of its journal *Durbar*. In a valedictory message in the final issue Rana Chhina and Tony McClenaghan (both BACSA members) compare its passing with the demise of the cavalry in modern warfare, old technology giving way to new. But the good news is that the Military Historical Society, which was founded in 1948, has made the complete run of *Durbar* available to their members through their website:

www.militaryhistoricalsociety.co.uk The MHS will be actively seeking articles relating to the military history of the sub-continent for publication in its quarterly Bulletin or annual Special Numbers. New members are most welcome and may join through the website. The Chairman of the MHS is BACSA member Brigadier Clive Elderton, so you will be in good hands.



The creeper-clad ruins of the old Presbyterian Church on Ross Island in the Andamans