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Landour in the Himalayas 1869

Number 42 Autumn 2019

FAMILIES IN BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY

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NOTES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Submission guidelines:

The editor is happy to consider articles, letters and information for inclusion in the Journal. Receipt of material does not imply obligation to publish. Articles should be no more than 2000–3000 words in length. All submissions should be emailed to editor@fibis.org. Contributors should be aware that as a rule their articles will be posted on the FIBIS website.

Presentation:

Manuscripts should be typed in Century 13.5pt, double spaced.
Quotations should be typed in 11pt, single spaced and separated from the text by a one-line space. References should be given as footnotes, using the 'insert footnote' function, and used sparingly. Illustrations should be supplied as JPEGs and full details of provenance given.

Front cover:

'Landour. In the Himalayas 1869' – a painting by Sir Charles Walters D'Oyly.

Back cover:

Central Railway Station (Madras) - by Nicholas & Company

See inside back cover for membership, subscription and general enquiry details.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FAMILIES IN BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY.

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EDITORIAL

Hello! With this being my first Journal, as your editor, I would like to begin by thanking our Chairman, Pat, for his work producing the most recent editions. Alongside this, his support and guidance producing this edition have been invaluable. Alongside the other Trustees, who have been kind enough to lend their skills and knowledge, also. In addition to this, the contributions of our members, who have contributed more articles than the pages of this edition can present.

Regarding myself - I'm not entirely new to FIBIS. My Mother, Valmay, is the Website and Social Media Manager. As such, I spent much of my childhood at exhibitions, performing regular tea runs for those manning the stand. It became a recurring joke to refer to me as the 'char wallah'.

In addition to this, I spent four weeks in India with many of the Trustees, in 2015. Including Nigel Penny, the Transcriptions Coordinator and Fundraiser, who I was sad to hear, passed away on the 23rd July. Nigel was a pleasant and knowledgeable man, whose dedication and commitment to FIBIS' Cemeteries Project fuelled its success.

I will be, alongside many current Trustees and members, returning to India in late October. My Mother and I are taking the trip in honour of my Great Grandmother, who passed away last year, visiting her place of birth, on her birthday. We will also be visiting the church in which she married her husband, my Great Grandfather, and the place of birth of her daughter, my Grandmother.

I have thoroughly enjoyed compiling the articles which make up this Journal. It has been a pleasure reading through the articles submitted, each family history story below is a unique journey into someone's ancestry and the journey undertaken by those researching them. I have been reminded on numerous occasions of a quote, which my Mother has always used: 'Life is lived forward, but understood backwards'.

I hope you find the content of the Journal interesting. If you are inspired to submit your own family history stories, or research experiences, please refer to the guidelines on the inside cover of this edition. If you have any queries regarding the above, or feedback then please do feel free to let me know via the Editor's email address.

MARK A YOUNG

A NURSE'S STORY

Allan Stanistreet

What follows is the story of a junior member of the Indian Military Nursing Service who rendered service above and beyond the call of duty in the aftermath of perhaps the most terrible natural disaster to hit India in the twentieth century.

Georgina June Lincoln was born on 7 June 1905, at Vizagapatam in the Madras Presidency, the daughter of David Henry Lincoln and his wife, Helen Beatrice. Georgina was baptised at Vizagapatam on 11th July 1905. Helen is recorded as being only 15 years of age upon her marriage to David at Ootacamund on 17 September 1884, so we may assume that she was probably a member of the Anglo-Indian community and that David, 25 at the time, was perhaps a member of the armed forces.

Nothing is known of Georgina's early life, though we can assume she was given a good education for she joined the Indian Military Nursing Service as a Staff Nurse on 24 June 1930, being based at Peshawar. Presumably she was trained and qualified in India prior to this, as she joined in the most junior grade.

The Indian Military Nursing Service (IMNS) was a very small organisation, being formed on 1 October 1926, and consisting of only 55 members: 12 Matrons, 18 Sisters and 25 Staff Nurses. Its purpose was to nurse sick and wounded Indian troops (British troops were nursed by members of the Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service for India (QAMNSI) who were all British). IMNS nurses were given the status of commissioned officers on 15th September 1943, and the service was renamed Military Nursing Service when India achieved independence.

Georgina must have moved around quite a bit, as in 1930, the same year as she joined for duty, she was involved with the Afridi and Red Shirt rebellions along the Mohmand Frontier, for which she was awarded the India General Service Medal 1908-35 with clasp: North West Frontier 1930-31. The Indian Army List (IAL) of October 1931 tells us she was stationed at Quetta, though by July 1935 she had moved to Nowshera.

By 1935, she was again stationed at Quetta Military Hospital, still as a Staff Nurse, when in November of that year, a terrible earthquake struck the district, reducing to rubble most of the city of Quetta and devastating a wide area around it. Casualties were subsequently estimated as anything between twenty-five and sixty thousand. The civil and medical authorities were severely stretched in dealing with casualties on so vast a scale and Georgina was in the thick of it, working at the damaged military hospital.

Well over seventy awards were given to those who had striven so mightily to relieve the hardships of those local people who had survived the earthquake, amongst which were four awards of the Royal Red Cross, one of whom was Staff Nurse Georgina Lincoln.

Georgina's Medals
© Allan Stanistreet

The Royal Red Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant, dated 23rd April 1883, to recognise special devotion in the nursing and care of the sick and wounded of Her Majesty's Forces. Florence Nightingale was among its first recipients. It takes the form of a cross pattée, edged in gold with, in the centre of the obverse (front) an effigy of the reigning sovereign and on the reverse (back) the Royal and Imperial cypher. Between the date of its inception and the outbreak of the Great War, it had been awarded over two hundred times. In 1915, it was decided that, owing to the vastly increased number of nurses involved, a lower class of the decoration was required. Accordingly, on 10th November 1915, the Royal Red Cross (Second Class) was instituted. Recipients were known as Associates, with members of the First Class having the post-nominal initials R.R.C. and Associates A.R.R.C. Neither class has ever been lightly bestowed.

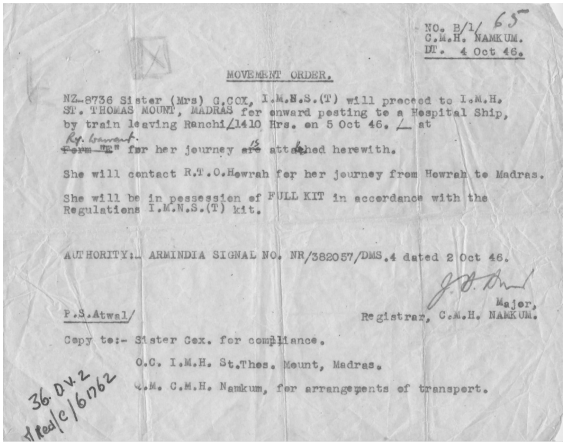
In the eighteen years between 1921 and 1939, awards were fairly few and far between, with 41 awards of the R.R.C. and 49 awards of the A.R.R.C., with one bar (or second award) to the R.R.C. One of these R.R.C's. was to Staff Nurse Georgina Lincoln. It was announced in the *London Gazette* dated 19th November 1935, as were the majority of the awards for Quetta, and tells us nothing other than that it was 'for services rendered in connection with the recent earthquake in Baluchistan'. However, we are fortunate that her original citation has been preserved in the Indian Office library and reads as follows:

'*Miss Lincoln was outstanding amongst the staff at the Indian Military Hospital. She was in charge of the main operating theatre where she worked 15 hours a day, although the building was badly damaged. Twice she fainted from fatigue, but returned for the next operation. She was in charge of the sterilisation of all instruments and her devotion to duty enabled the surgeons to do the wonderful work that was done. Her services cannot be too highly commended.'*

On 8th February 1936, Georgina Lincoln, whose rank or profession was described as a Nursing Sister, married Lewis Walter Cox, whose rank or profession was described as a soldier. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, Parel, and was conducted by Rev. R.J. Pearce, Chaplain of Parel. Lewis was 35, he having been born in Kilburn, London, on 31st October 1900, and Georgina was 29. Lewis was at the time a Sergeant in the Indian Army Corps of Clerks (IACC), having transferred there from the Second Battalion the Green Howards for the purpose of remaining in India.

This was quite a common practice at the time. He had originally been a member of the Royal Ulster Rifles. He had an interesting career – indeed, his career would provide a fascinating story on its own - and in due course became a Paid Acting Conductor (Warrant Officer First Class) in the IACC. He was awarded a Certificate by the Commander-in-Chief India for his conduct in the aftermath of the Quetta earthquake, which is probably where he met his future wife. The couple do not seem to have had any children.

Georgina Cox was presented with her Royal Red Cross at a parade held near Jacob Lines, Quetta, on 3rd May 1936, by Lieutenant-General Sir W.W. Pitt-Taylor KCB CMG DSO, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Western Command. We are fortunate indeed to have a photograph of this presentation, albeit not a very good one. It is of some interest that the other recipients of the Royal Red Cross were invited to New Delhi, to be presented with their awards by the Viceroy himself, whereas Georgina had to be content with a parade at her place of work. One must assume that this was because she was a local lady, whereas all the others were British, but it gives yet another vivid illustration of the 'pecking order' during the *Raj.*



NO. B/1/65
C.M.H. NAMKUM.
DT. 4 Oct 46.

MOVEMENT ORDER.

NZ-8736 Sister (Mrs) G.COX, I.M.N.S.(T) will proceed to I.M.H. ST. THOMAS MOUNT, MADRAS for onward posting to a Hospital Ship, by train leaving Ranchi/1410 Hrs. on 5 Oct 46. / at Kg. Howrah.
~~Form "E"~~ for her journey ~~is~~ attached herewith.

She will contact R.T.O.Howrah for her journey from Howrah to Madras.

She will be in possession of FULL KIT in accordance with the Regulations I.M.N.S.(T) kit.

AUTHORITY:- ARMINDIA SIGNAL NO. NR/382057/DMS.4 dated 2 Oct 46.

J.B. Atwal Major,
F.S.Atwal/ Registrar, C.M.H. NAMKUM.

Copy to:- Sister Cox. for compliance.
O.C. I.M.H. St.Thos. Mount, Madras.
O.M. C.M.H. Namkum, for arrangements of transport.

36 DW2
Med/C/6762

Movement Order
© Allan Stanistreet

Georgina and Lewis served during World War Two, with Lewis having been Mentioned in Despatches for his services in the Italian theatre of war, and appear to have continued to do so until independence, by which time Lewis had become an officer, having been commissioned as a Lieutenant (Assistant Commissary) in the IACC on 21st March 1945. In October 1946, Georgina was posted to the C.M.H. at Nankum, via the Indian Military Hospital at St. Thomas Mount, Madras.

The original movement order is illustrated and the standard of typing would doubtless have left her husband rather less than impressed!

On 20th December 1947, Lewis, by now an acting Captain, embarked at Bombay on H.T. 'Ormonde' for the U.K. and was thus struck off the strength of India Command. We must assume that his wife accompanied him, though this is unclear, as this is in his army record and she would only feature there occasionally. They appear to have settled, at least temporarily, at 12 Weiss Road, Putney. It is not known what either did as a subsequent occupation, as he was only 47 and she only 42 when they arrived in England. It may be that she took up her nursing career in the UK, though enquiries of the nursing authorities here have elicited the usual reply that they cannot disclose anything owing to the Data Protection Act! Both would have had pensions from their previous occupations in India, but it is difficult to envisage their doing little or nothing for the remainder of their lives.

Lewis and Georgina Cox eventually ended their days in Wandsworth, London, where he died in the last quarter of 1973, with Georgina surviving him until the first quarter of 1981. Curiously, his date of birth is given as 11th June 1902, whereas his actual date of birth, according to army records, was 31st October 1900. As so many of their fellow countrymen had done, both had rendered sterling service to India and, like their fellow Britons, their distinguished contribution is now largely forgotten.

Lewis Cox's medals (he had six) are out there somewhere and I would dearly like to have them in my cabinet to complement his wife's. I am always pleased to have further information on any of my subjects.

THE MEMOIRS OF LT COL. FREDERICK CORBETT HICKIE:

From the Family History of the Hickies, Hickies of Ennis County, Clare, Ireland

Frederick Corbett Hickie (Indian Army)

As I am the author of these notes, I must now write about myself. My aim is to try and paint a picture, by telling my own story of the India of my day, an India which is now completely changed but which gave our family a happy home for four generations.

I am the fifth and youngest son of my father, John Hickie. I was born at Poona in South India on 8th May 1888. I spent my childhood at Landour, a military cantonment near Mussoorie. My mother settled there in a large house called Claremont with her family of 7 children in 1891. One of my earliest memories is of a room in Claremont in which in a high chair sat my Great Aunt Theresa (my grandmother's sister) praying aloud. She was an austere and rather frightening old lady who had had some grim experiences in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. She used to tell me gruesome stories of the fate of some of her friends and of her own narrow escapes.

Landour is situated on the first main ridge of the Himalayas, 7,000 feet above sea level. It has a delightful climate and was an ideal setting for our childhood. We lived amongst mountains covered with oak, pine and rhododendron forests full of game. The countryside was wild and primitive. Leopards would take a dog from one's veranda or garden. In winter, the snow often lay deep and bears became troublesome as the weather drove them down from the higher hills. Pheasants of 4 kinds, chukor and hill partridge were abundant.

The cliffs and crags held mountain goats, 'gurul', and the valleys held numbers of barking deer. I imagine there can be few places in this world which hold such a profusion of birds and butterflies as we found in our mountains and they consisted of an incredible number of varieties. We ran wild on the hillsides, collected butterflies and birds' eggs and learnt to shoot at a very early age.

In those days, it was taken for granted that we were self-reliant. At the age of ten, I went with my brother, Dudley aged twelve, to stay with friends (Treshams) who were landowners in the heart of the Siwaliks, which are heavily-wooded foothills of the Himalayas. We were unattended and to get there had to walk eight miles to the foot of the mountains. There, we hired a bullock cart which took us through primitive forest for 24 hours to the river Jumna, at a point near to where it debouches from the mountains. The river, over two hundred yards wide, has an extremely fast current and the only method of crossing at this point was on a primitive raft, built of a number of empty four-gallon oil tins lashed together. The crew consisted of two naked men wearing lifebelts of dried pumpkins.

We and our luggage embarked on the contraption which was pushed into the current, the crew holding on to the raft and swimming with their legs. In an incredibly short time, we were whisked to the other bank, a long way downstream. There, we picked up another bullock cart and eventually reached the Tresham's home. It consisted of a mud bungalow, roomy and comfortable but there were no doors or windows. The doorways and window frames were fitted with bamboo chicks which could be rolled up and down. The floors were of packed mud and covered with Indian rugs. The house was in the heart of the forest which held elephant, tiger, bear, leopard, several kinds of deer and jungle fowl. The last mentioned crowed like barnyard cocks in the morning. We children were allowed complete freedom in the forest and were taught that there is nothing to fear from wild animals, except in cases where one is wounded or is a mother with young.

On one occasion when after jungle fowl (I was not yet trusted with a rifle) I met a wild elephant. It ignored me and I quickly took to my heels. One of the elder Tresham boys, shortly before we arrived, had picked up a very young tiger cub in the forest and brought it home. That night, the tigress traced the cub and patrolled the house making fearsome noises. As there were no doors, the Tresham's were frightened the tigress might walk in, so the cub was dropped outside through a window and presently the noise grew less and the tigress went off with the cub. We returned home to Landour the way we had come, getting food and help from the natives, with whom we were always on the best of terms.

The local school I attended was called *Philander Smith's* and was staffed chiefly by American Missionaries. It was entirely for European boys and was run on old-fashioned lines of 'spare the rod and spoil the child'. We were beaten for very trivial offences but I'm quite sure it did us more good than harm.

At the age of 13, I came to England and joined my brother, Dudley, at Cranleigh College, Surrey. My schooldays were quite uneventful. On leaving school, I went to Bedford to be crammed at *Jimmy's,* for Sandhurst. On the advice of Col. Humphrey, who commanded the 3rd. (Militia) Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, I accepted a commission in his battalion and, after passing a competitive examination, I was given a regular commission in the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. I asked for India in February 1909, and joined the regiment at Kamptee in the Central Province.

In 1911, the regiment attended the Delhi Durbar. The Army was encamped on the ridge at Delhi and here I met my gunner cousin, George, and my cousin Henry who was in the 84th Punjabis and we dined at one another's messes.

The Delhi Durbar of 1911 must be the last occasion on which the Princes of India, the Viceroy, the Governors and the Army, both British and Indian, in full ceremonial dress, met to pay homage to a King Emperor. In this case Kind (sic) George V. The pageantry lasted a week and was magnificent beyond description.

In May 1914, I left the Manchester Regiment under transfer to the 108th. Infantry of the Indian Army and joined that unit in Bangalore. A few months later, the 1914-18 war broke out. The regiment was not one of the early ones to be sent on active service. At that time, the general impression was that the war would be over in six months. Volunteers were being asked for, to go to France to serve in the Supply and Transport Corps. I applied and was accepted. Before I received my sailing orders, there was trouble in the Kurram Valley on the N.W. Frontier of India and my orders were changed and I was sent as Transport Officer to the Kohat Brigade which was concentrated at Thull on the Kurram border. I arrived to find my brother, Cecil, with his regiment, the 122nd. Rajputana Rifles, in the Brigade and we met for the first time after many years. The Kurram troubles petered out and I was transferred to Jhansi, in the Central Provinces, in the spring of 1915.

At this time, most British Troops had left India for France and other theatres of war. The Indian Troops were loyal almost to a man, but here and there agitators were busy trying to make trouble. In Jhansi, there was some unrest, particularly in a certain Indian Cavalry Regiment. Whether it amounted to anything is questionable. An incident, however, occurred in May 1915, which although a heartrending tragedy, acted as a premature explosion and may have saved a local mutiny. Two Sowars (troopers) of the Cavalry ran amok for some trivial reason and murdered 3 British Officers and 2 British N.C.Os, besides wounding some others. They were rounded up and shot down. Alarm continued for some hours. The reaction from this senseless killing, however, cleared the air and there were no further mutinous developments at Jhansi or elsewhere in India during the war.

At this time, I was living alone in a bungalow near the Cavalry lines and at night slept in the garden. It was the custom for each house to have a night-watchman. Mine was a venerable old greybeard, who as a boy had witnessed the massacre in June 1857 of the Jhansi garrison of sixty-seven British men, women and children. They had been hacked to pieces by butchers from the city. He delighted to tell me the story but there was no malice in his mind.

Jhansi was a particularly hot station, so was Nasirabad where I spent the following hot weather, but leave rules were generous and the jungles were cooler than the hot plain stations, so I was able to spend some very pleasant shooting trips in forests abounding with game, both big and small. Looking back on India, all my happiest memories are of shooting and fishing expeditions in the forests and mountains. Shooting and fishing were free everywhere, or practically so. In certain forest blocks, one paid a nominal fee. Labour was cheap and easy to obtain and one lived on one's gun. By and large, it was easier to spend a month in the jungle shooting than to remain in a station where your club bills could be quite heavy.

In June 1916, I at last got my orders for Field Service and proceeded to Basra in the Persian Gulf, which was the base for the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. Here I met my eldest brother, Corbett, who was serving at the base. I was posted to the 14th Indian Division who were besieging Kut-el-Amara and I proceeded up river to join them. Some idea of the conditions in Mesopotamia at that time can be gleaned from place names. The 14th. Division were encamped at 'Sinn' and to get there you passed through two stage posts, 'Sodom' and 'Gomorrah'. The heat on the desert was grim and we were without fresh food for months. In the winter, the situation improved and the Army forced a crossing of the Tigris at Shumran and outflanked the Turkish position at Kut. The Turkish Army was put to flight. The pursuit of the Turks to Baghdad was an epic of its kind. For a week they were in wild retreat, abandoning their guns, their wounded, their transport and their baggage which was strewn over the desert. We marched continuously in pursuit with little food or rest. The Turks had no chance of making a stand until they reached the Diyala River, a few miles short of Baghdad. This position was forced with some loss and the Army captured Baghdad. The Jewish and Armenian population gave the Army a great welcome. They were glad to see the last of the Turks. It is interesting to note that on the arrival of the Army in Baghdad, there were still some slaves in the slave market there.

For the next eighteen months, I was on various duties with mule transport and must have covered thousands of miles with convoys. For Christmas 1917, I took a few days' leave and visited my sister, Norah, who was serving in an Advanced Base Hospital at Amara. She received an award of the A.R.R.C for her work there.

In the autumn of 1918, I was posted as Transport Officer to Lewin's Column. General Lewin's role was to capture Kirkuk in Kurdistan and turn the Turkish left flank. He did this successfully. For my work with the Column, I was fortunate enough to be promoted to Brevet Major.

Shortly after this, the Armistice was announced. There were so many temporary officers to be demobilised that I saw no prospect of leave for some time. Kurdistan was in a state of unrest and I served there until May 1920, when I came on leave to England after 11 years' continuous service in the East.

I had great difficulty in getting a passage to England. I reached Bombay easily enough, only to find that all ships to Europe were fully booked up for months ahead. I paid a quick visit to Henry Villa to see my father and mother. Father was having some trouble with his heart and indeed, it was the last time I was to see him, as he died a few months after I sailed. A friend of his got me a passage in a small ship, the S.S. Umtata, sailing from Calcutta to Suez.

My fellow passengers were all tea planters from Assam, a hard-drinking lot. They persuaded the Captain to have the bar open daily for an hour before breakfast! The voyage was eventful. In the Bay of Bengal, we struck rough weather and were battened down. The ship had no fans and the heat was terrific. Approaching Aden, and not far from the Island of Socotra, we went to the aid of the S.S. Cordoba, repatriating some 600 Turkish prisoners.

She was badly on fire and we passengers had to man the Cordoba's boats, as her crew were fighting desperately to keep the fire under control. We got all souls off without casualties but only a few hours before she floundered. I remember we each got a letter from Eric Geddes, thanking us on behalf of the government for saving life at sea. From Suez, we went by train to Port Said where, with the help of the Naval Transport Officer, we got deck passages to Marseilles on the S.S. Berlin.

Within two months of my arrival in England, I was recalled to Mesopotamia for the Arab rebellion. I arrived at the Base Basra to find the rebellion had collapsed and in the following year, 1921, I returned on leave to England.

I bought a car and lived at my club in London prepared to enjoy myself as long as my war savings lasted. My luck was in, within a month I met a distant cousin Margaret MacDonell and we were married at the Brompton Oratory on the 26th November 1921.

Margaret was the eldest daughter of Cuthbert MacDonell, son of Ewen MacDonell (Keppock). Cuthbert would have succeeded to the chieftainship but for his death in 1895. Margaret's mother was Agnes Rushton.

My cousin, Henry, and Lord MacDonnell of Swinford (Margaret's uncle by marriage) were witnesses at our marriage.

Lord MacDonnell was a public figure of some importance. He had served as Lieut.-Governor of the United Provinces in India and was a distinguished Indian Administrator. King Edward VII was in favour of Home Rule for Ireland and induced his Irish Secretary, George Wyndham, to share his views. Sir Anthony MacDonnell, as he was then, was appointed Under Secretary to Ireland. He was a Papist and a Home Ruler and this was too much for the Orange Party. The Ulster members were strong enough to force George Wyndham out of office and MacDonnell soon followed him. At the time of our marriage, he was living at Buckingham Gate and our wedding reception was held in his home. Shortly before I met Margaret, a great friend of hers, Elsie Mackay, daughter of Lord Inchcape, persuaded Margaret to fly with her in a primitive two-seater plane (a D.H.9). It was Elsie's first flight in control and Margaret was taken up as ballast!

Margaret and I sailed for India in March 1922, and on arrival at Bombay I received orders to proceed to Waziristan, N.W. Frontier, for the Maksud rebellion. I left Margaret in Henry Villa, Mussoorie, with my mother and joined Wazir Force at Tank, a godforsaken little frontier station.

My gunner cousin, George, was treacherously murdered on the 12th April 1914. Two officers with him, murdered at the same time, were named Dodd and Brown. It was at Tank that the murder was committed and it was at Tank where I had just arrived on the 12th April 1922, actually the 8th anniversary of the tragedy, that the following remarkable coincidence was experienced.

I had just gone to bed in the Rest Camp when an officer came into my room and asked me to take some confidential papers with me the following day, when I was due to go up the line. I agreed and said, "To whom shall I deliver them?" He said, "To Major Dodd, the Political Officer at Sarratoga." I then asked his name and he replied, "Brown." I said, "My name is Hickie." Tableau!

The coincidence of names and date is thought to be remarkable, since it took place in such a tiny and remote outpost of the Empire. An account of the murder of Dodd, Brown and Hickie is given in Sir Francis Younghusband's Memoirs.

I served in Waziristan until August, except for two precious months' leave spent with Margaret in Mussoorie. The weather was perfect and we spent our time rambling and climbing in the most delightful surroundings. On returning to Waziristan at the height of the hot weather, I was sent to graze camels in the Sind Desert. I lived in a derelict Indian hut and cannot describe the intensity of the heat by day. Suffice it to say that I am sure that the two months spent on the Sind Desert in those conditions undermined my health for my lifetime. In October 1922, I was posted to Campbellpore in the Punjab. I fetched Margaret and my son Michael, who was only a few days old, and we spent the winter very pleasantly in Campbellpore.

This was the first time for 7 years that I was in a peace station. In the spring of 1923, we were transferred to Bangalore, South India, where we spent two happy years. My daughter, Lorna, was born there on the 4th February 1924. The following winter, we were transferred to Quetta, Baluchistan, where we stayed only a few months before proceeding to England on furlough. My health had suffered and we had 2 years' sick leave in England before returning to Quetta. We left the children with their grandmother, Agnes MacDonell, at Bexhill.

During the next 8 years, Margaret was mostly with the children in England while I was doing routine peace time jobs in various parts of India. I found it increasingly difficult to stand hot weather in the plains and when I had completed a four year's appointment as a Lieut. Colonel, I was glad to retire. I was home for Christmas 1937 and in 1938, we settled at Boyne, East Hoathly, Sussex, where we have lived ever since.

The following is a brief summary of my war services:

Campaigns	Hon, Distinctions & Medals
Maksud Disturbance N.W.F. India 1914/15	Promoted Brevet Major for service with Lewin's Column.
Mesopotamian Exped: Force 1916/20	M.E.F. in Oct. and Nov. 1918 Mentioned in Despatches for distinguished services by Sir W.F. Marshall K.C.B., K.C.S.I. Victory Medal General Service Medal 1914-20
Kurdistan 1919/20	G.S. Medal 'Kurdistan' 1919-20
Iraq 1920	G.S. Medal 'Iraq' 1922
Waziristan 1922	Indian G.S. Medal 1922
World War 1939-45	Defence Medal
General Services	King George V Silver Jubilee Medal
General Services	King George VI Coronation Medal
Civil Defence Services	Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Medal

Looking back at my life in India, my memories are almost without exception happy ones. An Army Officer's life in India was normally one of leisure. Except in an emergency, an officer seldom worked after lunch. Leave rules were generous. Two months leave every year and 9 months combined leave after 33 months in India was practically a right. 10 days station leave or three days C.Os leave several times in the year were obtainable on any reasonable grounds. So much leisure was inclined to increase expenditure and a young officer without private means soon found himself in difficulties. Extended credit was the custom and many a young Indian Army Officer lived largely on credit as a subaltern and paid off his debts as a captain. It was not until he attained field rank that he could seriously contemplate matrimony.

In spite of the lack of ready money, a young officer lived comfortably and he was usually able to own one good horse which he could ride on parade, hunt, drive in a trap, or hack as occasion demanded. The officials of the Indian Civil Service, the police, the merchants and planters were all kind to the young officer and entertained him lavishly. He, in his turn, could repay some of this hospitality through his mess.

Small-game shooting was available free almost anywhere, big-game shooting and pig-sticking were also usually within his means.

In every Military Station, there was a Club which provided him with games and a social life. For anyone with outdoor tastes, it was indeed a pleasant life. The heat in the plains could be trying but the houses were built to keep out the heat and, on the whole, most young officers led active lives and kept pretty fit.

In the Indian Army we naturally learnt to speak Hindustani fluently and this made a tremendous difference in our relations with the Indians. The average Indian Army Officer liked the Indians and was liked by them. Wherever he went he met courtesy and friendliness from all classes of Indians. There was an impersonal camaraderie which kept Britisher and Indian on easy, friendly terms. Neither encroached on the other's family or social life and each respected the other's customs. It was only later when Westernized Indians insisted on joining our clubs and entering into our social life that friction rose and the relations between Britisher and Indian started to deteriorate.

The India that I knew has changed out of all recognition. The British have handed the country back to the Indians and have departed. There still remains, however, in the British Isles and in India, a spirit of friendship founded on 200 years' knowledge of each other which will last for many generations.

We had hardly settled in East Hoathly when rumours of war once again arose. For a year there was tension and civil defence plans were actively pursued throughout the country. I helped the East Sussex County Council with their plans and on the outbreak of war in September 1939, they appointed me County Civil Defence Officer and Deputy Controller of East Sussex. For nearly six years the war continued. Conditions progressively deteriorated. Food, petrol and clothing were strictly rationed. Perhaps the most irksome restriction was the blackout, which kept fresh air out of the house by night and rendered the countryside dark, dismal and depressing.

Bombing was spasmodic. Sussex was never a target, though we got a number of random bombs. In 1944, the flying bombs were troublesome and for two months the nights were somewhat alarming, owing to the heavy vibratory noise of the flying bombs passing overhead on their way to London. The anti-aircraft guns and R.A.F. fighters shot down large numbers of the flying bombs in East Sussex and conditions were lively.

Although so many flying bombs fell in East Sussex the damage and casualties were almost negligible owing to the rural nature of the County.

Michael was at the Royal Naval College Dartmouth when war broke out and, in the spring of 1940, he joined H.M.S. Repulse as a Midshipman. He served operationally in various ships, mostly submarines.

In 1944, he married Leading W.R.N.S. Patricia Traunter. She had come to England the previous year on the ill-fated '*Avila Star'* which was torpedoed in the Atlantic. Pat was one of the very few survivors. She stayed with us while Michael was at sea. When the flying bombs became too alarming, we sent her to Cornwall to stay with my niece, Winnie Bayley, and there our grandson, Timothy John, was born.

The war seemed endless. Margaret unobtrusively did a tremendous lot during the war in various local welfare organisations.

Lorna was at school at the Convent of the Holy Child, St. Leonards, at the outbreak of war. On leaving school she served with the Knights of Columbus and later with the A.T.S. in Egypt.

At last in 1945, the war ended. Perhaps what we appreciated most at the time was getting rid of the blackout. Turning on lights without drawing curtains was a real joy and street lighting looked so cheerful after years of darkness.

In 1946, I took up Scouting and was appointed County Commissioner in Sussex. During the war, Scouting had lost ground and the County Association required re-organisation. I spent four pleasant years reviving Scouting.

In 1949, Lorna married Francis Joseph Whelan, Bar-at-Law. They are now in North Rhodesia with two sons.

Fear of war was again in the air in 1949 and the East Sussex County Council asked me to revive the Civil Defence Forces in the County. I agreed and once again organised a Civil Defence Division in the County. By the autumn of 1953, the Division was formed and partly trained. I felt I wanted more leisure and resigned my appointment at the end of the year.

My only excuse for talking so much about myself is that I have enjoyed recalling some of the events of my life. I hope they will be of mild interest as part of the family story.

EPHRAIM DA COSTA:

JUDGING THE JUDGE

Will Barber Taylor

Family History is a subject which can take you to all sorts of unexpected places that you cannot imagine. From one parent, or one grandparent, you can travel to all sorts of incredible places – sometimes a journey can take you halfway across the world to find your ancestors. The ties that bind a family are deep and despite the centuries that separate one member from another the same love, the same loss and the same desire for a happy life are as keenly felt in those that experience these emotions and actions hundreds of years ago as those who now read about them.

One such family, from which I am descended, is the da Costa family. Though originally Roman Catholics of European descent, they settled in India and worked in the service of the East India Company and later the British Civil Service. They came to India from Spain via the South of France and fitted seamlessly into the world of the British Raj. They worked within the civil service, sent their children to public schools in Britain and India and were, as far as one could tell, the height of respectability.

Ephraim's brother, Samuel.

Researching the da Costa family led me to discover my five times great uncle, Ephraim da Costa. He, like his brothers Samuel and Joseph, worked in the service of the East India Company, as lawyers and judges. Though the Da Costa's had originally been merchants – the first member of the family to arrive in India, Joseph da Costa, started out as a salt agent in Bombay before joining the civil service, eventually gaining a state pension for his service to the East India Company. His sons, Ephraim, Samuel and Joseph followed him into the civil service and were engaged in a variety of activities there, but worked mainly as judges.

In India, any legal matter that involved locals or Europeans was dealt with by the administrative courts – also known as Zillah Courts. As a rule, for most of the 19th century, the British didn't like to engage too much with the squalid goings-on with the subjects of their empire and so left it up to people like the da Costas to judge and preside over these cases. This isn't to say the Zillah Courts were unimportant – for local Indians they were their easiest means of settling a dispute, whether between other native inhabitants or with Europeans. But for the British, they were seen as necessary but rather trivial – unless they were somehow directly involved. They were far more concerned with attempting to govern India.

An example of the uses of the Zillah Courts can be seen in the case of Sumpjeet Mahtoon vs. John Alexander Boilard in 1857, in which Mahtoon accused Boilard and his father of defrauding Mahtoon and others out of land, by giving them an inaccurate price for it. The court found for Boilard, though how reliable this settlement was, given the bias against native Indians and the fact Boilard had several family members on the bench, is questionable.

Ephraim da Costa seemed at first to be like his brothers – an upstanding member of society who had an uneventful life, only interrupted by his cases at the Zillah court. The only great upset that seemed to have occurred was when his house nearly fell down as a result of the great Nepal Earthquake of 1836 and left 'great cracks in his wall'. However, things began to become interesting when I found his wife and children living separately and appearing on the 1871 UK census in Paddington. Ephraim's wife was Elizabeth Boilard; she came from a respected French Catholic family, from which I am also descended. The Boilards and the da Costas were close; Elizabeth's sister, Emilia, married Ephraim's brother, Samuel, and members of both families would often pop up as witnesses to the other family's weddings.

Yet here was Elizabeth and her children, thousands of miles away from her husband. Initially, I thought perhaps the move might have been because of Ephraim's death, to escape the natural grief of a wife and children following the death of a beloved one. Ephraim had indeed died in 1871 but not when the census was taken; the date on which the census was taken was the 21st of April 1871 whilst Ephraim died in June of that year. Why then were the family separated? Was their eldest daughter Cordelia trying to recover from the death of her husband Thomas four years earlier? Was it because they wished to enter their sons into private education, as happened when their son James Frederick entered Harrow (listed as such on the 1871 census)?

If this was the case, why was Ephraim not with the family? And why had they decided to go thousands of miles away shortly before Ephraim's death? It truly was a family history mystery.

For two years it remained a mystery. Then, I was contacted by a book dealer in Brighton. He had found a book called: The Family Journal of the da Costa Family, written by Ephraim's nephew, my direct ancestor, Samuel da Costa. The book contained a detailed and scandalous account of the da Costa family, written by Samuel for his son, Osmond, as a means of leaving a record of the various intrigues that he felt his son should know about and useful information to pass to their descendants. Osmond was, like his father, a legal man, so it seemed to make sense that he would prepare his son for any attempts to besmirch the family name.

After some correspondence with the owner, I was able to purchase the book. Upon receiving it and reading through the chapter Samuel had written about Ephraim, it soon became apparent what the truth was. I was able to piece together what had exactly happened with Ephraim.

Samuel begins his account of his uncle by stating the facts about Ephraim's life and how he had been an upstanding member of society, whom he married, the names of his children and his career in the judiciary. Samuel then moved on to, in his own words 'the downfall of his spirit.' Ominous words which lead up to a startling revelation.

It soon became clear that Elizabeth and her children had left India for London because they had discovered that Ephraim, respected judge and supposedly a devout Roman Catholic, had a mistress! The revelation was shocking to begin with, but the shocks did not end there. It turned out that Ephraim had three children by his mistress, whom he had set up in a business, running a boarding house in Calcutta. Ephraim, it seemed, would regularly 'go and visit this lady' telling his wife he was doing official business.

After Elizabeth's departure, Ephraim, by now in his mid- 60's, began to make plans for his retirement. He seemed intent to settle with his mistress and their illegitimate children in Calcutta, now that his wife and children had deserted him, rather than attempt to explain his wife's absence to his neighbours. Ephraim sent for an assortment of his valuables that had been at the boarding house run by his mistress, so that he could remove them to another house to live with her.

Her name is lost to us because Samuel did not think it prudent to record it. When Ephraim received the boxes that should have contained his valuables, he found that they had all been taken. In a scene reminiscent of Dickens and witnessed by Samuel himself, Ephraim slapped his hand across his face and cried out in anguish: "I am undone! This wretched woman has undone me!"

With some hesitation, Samuel decided to allow his broken uncle to stay with him. Though a strictly religious man who saw Ephraim's deeds as 'foul profanity' and 'ungodly', Samuel clearly felt that family was family; his father had died relatively young and he had known Ephraim since childhood. Whether it was a result of his activities as a judge or because the two women in his life had left him, Ephraim soon became ill. It was apparent that he was on his death bed. Realising that unless he had the last rites, he would not die a 'good Catholic death', Samuel attempted to find a priest who would attend Ephraim. Unfortunately, none of the many local Roman Catholic priests would agree to give Ephraim the last rites – the news of his wife's departure and the flight of his mistress had spread far and wide.

How this has exactly happened is not clear – perhaps Ephraim's infidelities had been well known but somehow unknown to his wife? Had Elizabeth told his local priest about it and he had, for some reason, spread the news around? We shall never know. Eventually, Samuel was able to obtain the services of a Bengali priest of dubious qualifications. So dubious was his claim to be a Roman Catholic priest that Samuel ended up describing how he had to constantly correct the 'ignorant man' whilst his uncle lay dying! It has to be wondered whether Samuel thought he was doing the best he could for his uncle, though he clearly did not approve of him or the way he acted he certainly felt a sense of responsibility towards his uncle and wanted to ensure he was given the last rites in a proper manner.

Ephraim's life was one of contradictions and tragedy. Whilst he strove to be the model of respectability, he carried on a double life that eventually caused him to die without his wife or children whilst his nephew and a Bengali priest argued over his body. Perhaps if he had attempted to live up more to the responsibility of his position, he may have had a happier life and a happier end? We can never know, and it is that that ensured Ephraim's final days were not happy and not with the family he loved.

There is a postscript to all this. Elizabeth would remain in London for the rest of her life, dying in October 1900. Her children by Ephraim had a certain tragedy to them as well. Their two sons, Edward Ronald and James Frederick did not have the happiest lives (another son Alfred Ephraim had died as a child several years previously). Edward Ronald was initially highly successful, attending the Royal College of Surgeons in the 1880s and going on the join the British Army. He rose through the ranks and would eventually become a Lieutenant Colonel. However, scandal soon rocked his life – in 1902 he and his wife Edith became embroiled in a divorce case which scandalised Edwardians and ensured that Edward Ronald lost his commission, turning his hand to private practice. His brother James Frederick was less fortunate – after attending Harrow, he enlisted in the British Civil Service but before his career could get started, he died in Cairo in 1879 aged just 23.

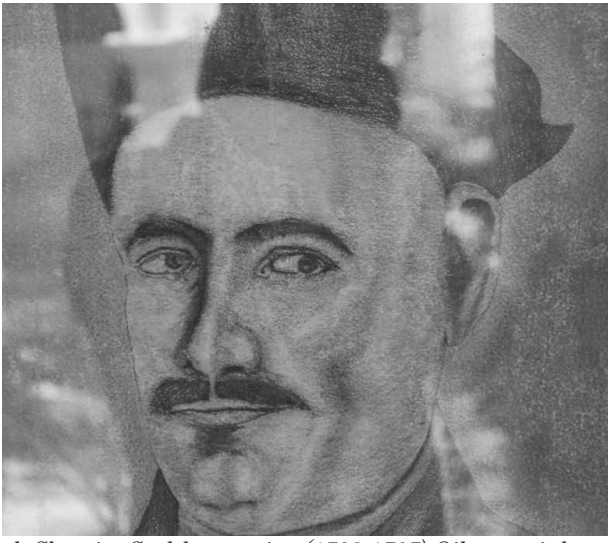
Neither of Ephraim or Elizabeth's daughters, Cordelia Elizabeth or Alice Charlotte did much better and though we have no indication of whether they were happy or not, they certainly died alone on the south coast. It is impossible to say whether their lives may have been happier had Ephraim not conducted his illicit affair, but it is certainly possible that they might have been.

Family history can truly be an unexpected journey and it is certainly the case with the da Costas. A family that seemed to adhere to strict beliefs and a Victorian sense of respectability but were in fact as flawed as many of the people they would have publicly decried. One can only hope that now, after such tumultuous lives, they are finally at peace.

MY COSMOPOLITAN ANCESTRY

NORMAN A. FULLER.

I was born in 1929 in British India when George V was King of England and Emperor of India. My ancestry is cosmopolitan. I have a 2nd Grandfather, John Edward Fuller, who was English, and who drove a steam engine for the Madras Railway. Another 2nd Grandfather, Sgt. William Perry, was also English and of the Royal Horse Artillery. One of my 3rd Grandfathers, Thomas Cronan, was Irish, a gunner in the Royal Horse-Artillery. Yet another 3rd Grandfather, with a French name, Augustin Pimontal Deonies, was a ship's mate, and probably an indentured French slave from Melanesia. Then there was my 6th Grandfather, Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian, an Armenian pearl and silk merchant who built the Armenian Church in Madras, where an oil painting depicting him still hangs on the wall. He and his family are buried in the churchyard. This is the only grandfather whose portrait I have.



Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian (1723-1797) Oil portrait hanging in the Armenian Church, in Madras (Chennai), India.

When it comes to grandmothers, I have one 4th Grandmother, Mary Anne Smith, who was the daughter of an Irishman, and several from South India and maybe other parts of Asia. I do not know the origins of my Indian grandmothers, but I suspect they were, for the most part, local Christian women, who gave me my Tamil or Dravidian connection. They had names like Christiana and Charlotte, with no maiden or family names. Men married available brides, and they all lived in British India, which, between 1600 and 1947, was a vast mixing bowl of many nations and cultures.

The analysis of my DNA, done in 2010 (by ancestry.com) shows that I am:

50% from Southern Asia, (which includes all the Indian peninsula).

26% from England, Wales & North-western Europe

12% from Ireland & Scotland

5% from Western & Central India

4% from Turkey & the Caucasus

2% from the Middle East; 1% from Sweden

<1% from Northern Africa.

An earlier analysis listed that the Southern Asia part included 2% from Melanesia (This region includes 4 independent countries of Vanuatu, Solomon Islands, Fiji, and Papua New Guinea, as well as the French special collectivity of New Caledonia and the Indonesian region of Western New Guinea.)

It wasn't until I had retired from work in 1997, at the age of 68, and moved to Florida, that I first had the leisure to study my ancestry. As luck would have it, I ran into a neighbor who was on the same quest, and he told me of a 'treasure trove' of church records, kept by the Mormon Church at their Family History Center (FHC), just 20 miles from my new home. I discovered, to my great surprise, that the FHC had 35mm microfilm copies of thousands of Baptism, Marriage and Death (BMD) records from the Quarterly Report (QR) filled out by all the Christian churches in India which were under British jurisdiction in the three Presidencies of Madras, Bombay and Bengal. These QRs, which were handwritten, are now in the British Library. The Mormon Church obtained permission to microfilm them, and stored the reels at their vault in Salt Lake City, Utah. The FHC librarian kindly gave me a list of all the microfilm reels, laid out by date and place, which could be rented for $10 a piece. Each reel contained several hundred frames of records. The collection was so vast that I spent nearly two years at the FHC, examining them one frame at a time. I did this four days a week from 9 am to 3 pm, except on Mormon Church holidays. Remember, those were the days before the availability of digital records on the internet. I then sent details of these abstracts to my brother, Patrick Fuller (1932-2016), in India, and he would go to the specific church mentioned and get a copy of the certificate copied from the actual Church Register. This data formed the basis of my ancestral Family tree, which today has nearly 20,000 persons.

When I first became conscious of my surroundings, as a child in the 1930's, I found that I had lost my mother (Mildred Constance Perry 1900-1932), and that I was living in a Dravidian town in South India called Madura, famous for its huge Hindu Meenakshi Temple, with its four 'gopurams' or towers. They were each 170 feet tall, built of granite rock, festooned from top to bottom with carved images of the many Hindu gods and goddesses.

As a boy, I wandered inside that temple and marvelled at the sculpted stone horses, and the live elephants. Madura was in British India, and the first Englishman I ever set eyes on was a man named Mr. B.A. Rose. He was a railway boss who drove a black Ford car past my house. He was the District Mechanical Engineer, in charge of all the black, shiny, magnificent steam engines, that puffed up and down the railyard just behind my house. Those wonderful engines were the main reason for our existence in the Railway Colony, a large cluster of well-built dwellings which housed several hundred workers who served Mr. Rose and the South Indian Railway.

Among the workers, there were loco foremen and chargemen and dozens of engine drivers, firemen, guards, fitters and permanent way inspectors, ticket examiners and station masters. And at bottom of them all were the engine cleaners or 'grease-monkeys'. Mr. Rose was the only native-born Englishman there. Most other railway employees were descendants of European traders and had English and Irish family names like Fuller, Patterson, Perry, Cronan, Pears, Watkins, Richardson, O'Leary, Ramsbotham and Sherman; or Portuguese names like Figredo, Lopez, de Rozario, Pereira, D'Costa, Gonsalvez, Noranho, and Fernandez. Then there were French names such as LaPorte, Denoies, Vernieux, Gressieux, and De Lasalle; German names like Dragwidge, and Gotting; or Belgian names like Jansen. There were also Croatian names like Micetich; Italian names like Reghelini; or Armenian names such as Narcis, Narsesian or Shamier. Each of these names is now in my family tree.

The native Tamil railway workers had family names from the four main Hindu castes, mentioned in the Rigveda's 'The Poem of the Primeval Man'[1] who stemmed 'from the appropriate parts of the body of dismembered Primeval Man. His mouth became the priest (the Brahmins). His arms were the Raja (the Kshatriya, the class of warriors). His thighs, the commoner (the Vaishya, the common people, who produced the food for the first two castes and themselves). And his feet were the servants (Shudras)'.

Lastly, left out of the four castes just mentioned, were the millions of Tamil and other people with no family names. They belonged to no caste and were known as Pariahs, the 'untouchables' or the Dalits, whom Gandhi, attempting to reinstate their humanity, called 'harijans,' children of the god Hari. They were not allowed into Hindu temples, nor into the homes of the other castes. B.R. Ambedkar, a Dalit who helped draft the Indian Constitution, complained to Gandhi about the Hindu view of their traditions, such as class injustice and Untouchability, as being eternal: 'Gandhiji,' he said, 'I have no homeland.

[1] *'The Hindus: An Alternative History'*, by Wendy Doniger. Penguin Books, 2009.

How can I call this land my own homeland and this religion my own, wherein we are treated worse than cats and dogs, wherein we cannot get water to drink?' In 1956, five million Dalits, led by Ambedkar, converted to Buddhism, to escape the curse of their caste.

In Madura, I met these untouchables early in life and grew up among them. They were our 'servants', who were paid a pittance, who lived in the servants' quarters and did chores such as cooking, cleaning, carrying water, chopping wood, babysitting, and cleaning toilets. They had no schooling, did not seem to have relatives anywhere, had no vacations or money. Looking back on it, it strikes me that their condition was a horrible slavery inflicted on an unsuspecting people by the cruelty of their religious 'fate'. Not even British law, or Gandhiji or Indian law, could abolish the caste system which goes back to Vedic times. Whatever caste (or jati, or jadhi) you were born into, depended on your 'karma', or fate.

The Madura Railway Colony had a Railway Elementary School equipped with well-trained, English-speaking teachers; a Railway Cooperative Store where many British products (like Cadbury's chocolates) could be purchased, not to mention cigarettes and spirits; a Railway Clinic which dispensed free medical care; a Railway Institute for Christmas and other parties; two Churches, one Catholic (Sacred Heart) and one Church of England (Divine Patience). Among railway families, the Christian religion was overlaid with Hindu superstition. There were stone images of gods and goddesses under every banyan tree. Charms that boded ill for any trespassers were laid out openly in the street, in the form of dyed watermelons and spices. Woe to him or her who stepped on it unwittingly! And every day there were certain designated hours ('ravukalam'), when we were strongly advised not to start certain tasks lest those tasks fail miserably. The grown women in my family, all of them Christian, were great believers in such superstitions. But my father, Bertie, was not fazed by them. As a boy, I seemed to ignore all this superstition. I was afraid only of cobra snakes and bandicoots.

The British Connection

When I was about ten years old, though it was impertinent to do so, I remember asking my father, 'Bertie', about his parents. He usually had had a peg or two of liquor and was not very willing to speak about them. All I could gather was that his father's name was Albert James Fuller who had been born about 1868, and had died suddenly of a heart attack in 1906, in Asansol, Bengal, India, when Bertie was about eleven years old. Since he did not say exactly where Albert James Fuller had been born, I assumed it must have been in England. That was all I knew about my grandfather in 1964, when I was a student at the Sorbonne in Paris.

During Christmas vacation in 1965 and 1966, I visited my father's sister, Josephine Fuller (1902-1982) in Wimbledon, England. Upon graduation in 1967, I was hoping to find a job in England and live near my aunt.

So, I got a copy of my grandfather, Albert James Fuller's, birth certificate from the General Register Office in London, and used it to apply to the British consulate in Paris for a British passport.

To my utter surprise, my request was turned down. I was told that I was too late. I should have applied before 1947, before the British Raj left India. Not to worry, though! As luck would have it, I was offered a post-doctoral fellowship at John Hopkins School in Baltimore, Maryland, USA, which I gladly accepted. On the strength of this offer, the U.S. Consulate in Paris provided me with a 'green' immigration card to enter the USA. And so in July 1967, accompanied by my wife Linda, I sailed from Le Havre to New York and took up my job at John Hopkins.

The next 30 years (1967-1997) were uneventful, from the genealogy point of view. I worked to provide for my family and to save up for retirement. I had no time to dig into my ancestral past. But when I retired in 1997, to St Augustine, Florida, USA, I took it on full time. Then in 1998, when I was sixty-nine years old, out of the blue I received from my cousin Beryl, in Wales, a photo of my grandmother, Ellen Matilda Narcis (1871-1920) with her 5 children: Ada, Bertie, Oswald, Josephine and Edgar, taken at Madura, India, in about 1918. Till then I had never set eyes on a picture of my grandmother, Ellen Matilda Narcis.

1917 Ellen Matilda Fuller and her 5 children: Ada, Bertie, Ozzie, Josephine & Edgar.Madurai, India

Standing: L to R: Harry Figredo, b.1876 Bertie Fuller b.1895, Ozzie Fuller b.1897, Eddie Lopez, b.1886.

Seated: Ada Figredo (nee Fuller b.1892), Ellen Matilda Fuller (nee Narcis) b.1871, Josephine Lopez (nee Fuller b.1901).

Floor: Edgar Fuller b.1904, & 5 Figredo children: Violet,b.1913, Cissy b.1915, Eric b.1908, Enid b.1910, and Gerry b.1916 with servant nanny.

At the same time as I was poring over the Mormon Library microfilms, I also hired a British genealogist in England to find out more about the Albert James Fuller, whose GRO certificate said he had been born at Chaple Farm, Hastings, in the Sub-district of Saint Mary-in-the-Castle, County of Sussex, on 19 July 1868, the son of George Albert Fuller (milkman) and Frances Fuller, formerly Saxby. The genealogist spent many months, travelling from vicarage to vicarage, tracing both the ancestors and descendants of that family. Also, more importantly, I wanted to know how on earth a young Englishman like Albert James Fuller, born in 1868, had travelled over several thousand miles from England to Madura, South India, to marry my grandmother, Ellen Matilda Narcis.

Probably by ship? We spent a great deal of time and dollars looking up hundreds of shipping manifests, from England to the ports of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. We drew an absolute blank. We had, by now, reached a stage where we had the names of Albert James Fuller's living descendants in London and I was contemplating the tricky step of how I should call one of them on the phone and explain to them that I was their relative, whom they had never heard about, and ask whether they could please help me out.

Then, suddenly, on Thursday 5th October 2000, EUREKA! I found a microfilm record (on reel 0521-854) which said that an Albert James Fuller had been born at Madras, India, on 24 September 1866, and baptized at St Mary's Church, Madras, by Rev. J. Colgan on 30 Sept 1866. He was the son of John Edward Fuller, engine driver, and Maria his wife, residing at Royapuram, Madras. This seemed to be my true grandfather, Albert James Fuller (1866-1906), born in India! I sent this information to my younger brother, Patrick Fuller , an electric train driver in Tambaram, Madras. He was able to go to St Mary's Church and, from the original church register, get copies of the records of John Edward Fuller's marriage on 3 Oct 1864, in Madras, to Maria Agnes Cronan, and details about their four other children, including Albert James Fuller.

John Edward Fuller [JEF] (1838-1870) was also baptized, or re-baptized, in the Catholic church as an adult, on 12 June 1867, at the same St. Mary's Church, and the record showed that his parents were Thomas and Lydia Fuller. The record also said that the occupation of the father, Thomas Fuller, was 'engine driver, N.R.' There was no 'N. Railway' in India, so could that mean the Norfolk Railway in England? To this day, in 2019, I still do not know when and where JEF was born. England? Or India? And to date I have not been able to trace Thomas and Lydia Fullers' ancestors in England or in India. But the 'N.R' might explain how his son, John Edward, got a job on the Madras Railway (which opened for the first time in 1859) as a young engine driver based in Coimbatore. How else could he have been trained? On this slender basis, I have reason to believe that my Fuller ancestors are from Norfolk, England. This Norfolk connection is corroborated by analysis of my DNA, which says I am the 4th cousin of Patricia M. C, in England, who has in her family tree a certain 'John Fuller' (born c.1822 in England). This DNA connection lends a surreal atmosphere to family history! I still have not found the birth records of Thomas and Lydia Fuller.

My father, Bertie Fuller (1895-1950) died in Madras of paralysis, aged 55 years. His father, Albert James Fuller (1866-1906) died of a heart attack in Asansol, aged 39, and his father, John Edward Fuller (1838-1870) died of sunstroke at Hoshangabad, M.P., aged 32 years. All three of them were steam engine drivers. Come to think of it, I may be related to the Norfolk Fullers who sailed on the Mayflower in 1625 and landed in the USA. But that was another 200 years earlier!

The Irish Connection

I had more success tracing the ancestry of my great grandmother, Maria Agnes Cronan (1844-1890), the wife of John Edward Fuller (1838-1870). Maria Cronan's father was Thomas Cronan (1800-1875), and while I was looking into his record on FIBIS, I came into contact, happily, with Peter Bailey, who introduced me to an Australian, Majella Pugh, who was also looking for Thomas Cronan. Majella and I (so we discovered later) are both descended from Thomas Cronan. To our good fortune, Peter had actually taken a video copy of the marriage record of Thomas Cronan to Mary Anne Smith (1824-1885). They were married on 6 Feb 1839, at St. Patrick's Church at St Thomas Mount, Madras. Thomas was a Gunner in the Royal Horse Artillery, who had started off in 1820 as a 'rough rider'. He hailed from Monaghan, in Monaghan County, Ireland, and crossed the oceans on the ship *'Moira'*. The voyage from the Downs in Kent to Madras, India, took almost 10 months. With the help of FIBIS volunteers, I looked up Depot lists and Embarkation Lists, and Registers of European Soldiers' Service in the East India Company. I even hired an Irish genealogist to find Thomas's parents, all to no avail. Irish records at that place and time had been destroyed.

However, through later DNA analysis, I discovered that I am related to other known living descendants of Thomas Cronan. One, Lynn A.R. (3rd cousin) lives in B.C., Canada, and two live in Australia. I had the happiness of speaking with Majella's mother, Joyce Cronan (1921-2016). I have still to meet Majella and Peter Bailey! Thomas Cronan sailed from the Downs in Kent on 20 April, on the *'Moira'*, in 1820, touched at Rio de Janeiro on 11 June 1820, touched at Calcutta, India, on 1 Oct 1820, touched at Saugor, India, on 30 Dec 1820, and finally arrived at Madras, India, on 5 Jan 1821. The voyage lasted 10 months on a small sailing vessel going East around the Cape of Good Hope. It struck me that only 10 years later, Charles Darwin (1809-1882) had embarked on a similar ship, the *'Beagle'*, from Devonport, on 27 Dec 1831, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro on 4 July 1831. From there, Thomas Cronan (1800-1875), sailed east to India and established a family there, while Darwin sailed west and went on to the Galapagos and the glory of evolution!

The Armenian Connection.

Regarding the origin of Ellen Matilda Narcis (c1847-1901), my grandmother from the Armenian Sultanate of Julfa, this information concerning the Narcis family is taken from the LDS site on www.familysearch.org, from Families in British India Society extracts, and from the book entitled: *'Armenians in India'* by Mesorovb Jacob Seth.[2]

[2] '*Armenians in India*' by Mesorovb Jacob Seth, first published by the author in Calcutta in 1937, and reprinted by Asian Educational Sevices, at Delhi in 2005.

The Sultan of Julfa in Ispahan, Coja Sultan David, who was born about 1690 in Julpha, Persia, was married in Julpha to Anam Jacobyan (1700-1764). She was born in 1700 in Julpha, died in Madras on 20 Feb 1764, aged 64 years, and is buried under the porch of the Church of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, on St. Thomas Mount. (The terms Coja, Koja and Agah are Armenian titles of respect, reserved for distinguished persons.)

Around 1740, Coja Sultan David (my 7th Grandfather), was given a large fortune, consisting of estates in Madras and Julfa, by a wealthy Armenian merchant in India named Coja Nazar Jacob Jan. This wealth was passed on by Coja Sultan David to his son Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian, my 6th grandfather, who himself became a famous and very wealthy pearl merchant. He sent rich gifts to Heraclius II, King of Georgia, for which the King rewarded him with a Coat of Arms and conferred upon him and his male children the privilege of being Princes of Georgia, together with the gift of the city of Loree near Tiflis.

Coja Sultan David and Anam Jacobyan had a son, Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian, who was born on 4 November 1723, in New Julfa, Persia. He travelled to India in early life as a trader, and died in Madras, India, on Saturday 13 June 1797, aged 74 years. He lies buried together with his wife Anna and several other Shamiers, in the churchyard of the Armenian Church of the Holy Virgin Mary, which was constructed in 1772, on Armenian Street, Madras. An oil portrait of Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian hangs in the Armenian Church to this day. Agah Shamier Soolthanoomian (1723-1797) was married to Anna (1724-1765) and they had five children. None of these five descendants bestirred themselves to claim their inheritance of the city of Loree, near Tblisi, and after Georgia was annexed by Russia in 1800, the city of Loree lapsed into Russian hands.

There were no direct male descendants of the Armenian millionaire, Agah Shamier Soolthanomian (1723-1797). But there was his granddaughter, Anna John Shamier. She is my 4th Grandmother, descended from his son, Johannes Shameer (1757-1834). From this granddaughter, Anna John Shamier, is descended the Narcis family of which I am a part. Anna John Shamier (1790-1858) was married in Madras on 12 March 1812, to my 4th grandfather, Johannes Narcis Esq. They had six children, among them was Gasper Johannes Narsesian (Narcis) (1819--), my 3rd Grandfather. In 1851, at the age of 32, he married Sarah Johannes, daughter of the late Stephen Johannes Esq., at the Armenian Church in Madras. They had four children, among them John Narcis (1847-1901), my paternal 2nd-grandfather, who married Mary Grace (1846-1900).They produced six children, among whom was their daughter, Ellen Matilda Narcis (1871-1920) who became my grandmother. She married Albert James Fuller, my grandfather (1868-1906) and they, in turn, had five children, among whom was John Burton Fuller, my father.

Analysis on my DNA conducted by ancestry.com has revealed connections to at least four living descendants of Agar Shamier Soothanoomian: Glenys P.S. of Canada, 4th cousin, Dorothy B. of Idaho USA., Sally S. of England and Virginia Monica C. of Australia. I have had the thrill and happiness of visits from two of these persons. It was quite a revelation to me of the power of DNA!

The Dark Connection

My grandmother, Ruth Dennis (or Deonies) [1872-1955] was dark- skinned and so were all the Dennis relatives I knew. Her grandfather was Augustin Pimontal Deonies, a ship's mate. It is possible that he was an indentured French slave[3] who had been emancipated, and it is my guess that he came from Melanesia. This seems to be confirmed by the fact that I have 2% DNA from Melanesia, the island of 'dark-skinned people.'

The Deep Connection

Since many of my other grandmothers were Dravidian, native Christian women who spoke Tamil, it is possible that some of them carried the M20, DNA marker, mentioned by Spencer Wells,[4] who says 'M20 defines the first major wave of migration into India from the Middle East, around 30,000 years ago. It is found at highest frequency in the populations of the South, who speak Dravidian languages. In some southern populations, M20 reaches over 50 per cent'. I do not know if I carry the M20 marker, but I would not be surprised if I did.

Tamil is a Dravidian language completely unrelated to the Northern Indo-European or Aryan languages. Dravidian kings built the famous tall temples of South India in the 16th century. I like to think that some of my ancestors could have been the stonecutters who produced those marvellous sculpted gopurams of the Madura Meenakshi Temple.

In conclusion, I leave it to my descendants, and the arrival of more new digital records, to carry forward the search for my ancestors. I will be 90 this year, so my time is very limited. I wish to thank Peter Bailey and Beverly Hallam, at FIBIS for their help.

If anyone has information for me, my e-mail address is: nafuller@bellsouth.net

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[3] *'Indentured Labor in the Age of Imperialism, 1834-1922'*, by David Northrup, Cambridge University Press, 1995.

[4] *'The Journey of Man, a Genetic Odyssey'*, by Spencer Wells, Princeton University Press, 2002.

RED WHITE AND BLUE

THREE GENERATIONS AND 150 YEARS OF COLONIAL LIFE

Chris Hardy

This essay is based on the oral and written memories of my mother, Doreen Maud Hardy, née Fenner, born in 1924, living now in Shropshire, and her brother, Colonel David James Fenner, 1922 – 2010 who, after World War Two service in North Africa, Sicily, Normandy and Europe in the Durham Light Infantry, served as a professional soldier, retiring in 1972.

Red, White and Blue

My grandmother died in Calcutta.
She is still there, her name and her bones
in South Park Street Cemetery.
Her daughter was taken straight
out of the city, north
to the highest mountains in the world.
I suppose they hoped the cold air
and white ice pinnacles would freeze
the fear out of her.
Then they sent her home.
Three weeks with a couple she can't recall.
What could they have said to console
the tiny figure in a corduroy coat
staggering across the deck
as the sea toyed with the ship?
In London her aunts wept
when she brought her dead mother's
red-haired ghost into their house,
all that was left of the slim figure
waving at the top of the gangway,
going off into the blue.

Doreen Hardy
©Chris Hardy

This poem, published in my collection: *'Sunshine at the end of the world'* (Indigo Dreams Press, August 2017) attempts to express how I feel, not just about my family's experiences, but that of all those ordinary people who left Britain to work in India and elsewhere, vanishing for years, sometimes forever, as if going to the moon.

My great-grandfather, James Fenner, was born in Kent in 1852. His parents were a labourer and a servant and by the age of four he was an orphan. James was sent to the Naval Training School in Chatham and then joined the Navy as a boy.

In 1872, he was an able seaman on the frigate HMS Glasgow, which took the Viceroy of India, Lord Mayo, to the Andaman Island penal colony in the Bay of Bengal. On the evening of February 8th, Mayo was murdered by one of the convicts, Shere Ali, who stabbed him when he was about to step onto the launch returning him to the ship. James told his family, and anyone else listening, that he was the coxswain of this launch, and that he and others attempted to staunch the bleeding while returning the Viceroy to the ship. But he was dead on arrival. James claimed he was given one of Mayo's rings, by Lady Mayo, in gratitude for what he had done. I have this ring. Shere Ali was hanged.[5]

Eventually, James returned to Kent, where he was a coal merchant in Chatham. His son, Sidney James Fenner, my mother Doreen's father, was born in 1884. He went to the 'sailor boys' school' in Greenwich, located on a sailing ship embedded in concrete on the quay, by what is now the Greenwich Naval Museum. In later life, Sydney told stories of the ferociously cruel discipline employed there. Eventually, Sidney James as he was always known, after being apprenticed at Chatham dockyard, was 'Appointed by the Secretary of State for India' as an Assistant Engineer in the Royal Indian Marine, on board RIMS *'Hardinge'*. He arrived in India on August 22nd 1905, and served for almost thirty years aboard different ships in the seas around India and in the Persian Gulf. He was 'Engineer for superintending work in ships in the Bombay Dockyard' during World War One, visited the Andaman Islands several times, and towards the end of his career was based in Calcutta as '2nd Engineer and Ship Surveyor to the Government of Bengal'. He retired as an Engineer Commander in November 1934.[6]

Studying the carefully handwritten account of his life in the huge ledger in the British Library that contains the details of the lives of hundreds of British sailors who served in the RIM, I have tried to link the dates and facts about where he was to the other things I know about his life in India, as told to me by my mother, Doreen Hardy (née Fenner), aged ninety three, and her brother, David. In particular the several references to his being 'granted leave out of India on personal affairs.'

[5] HMS Glasgow ship's log and other documents, public records office, Kew (ADM 38/6295; ADM 53/ 10384; ADM 38/8193). Mayo archive, Cambridge University Library, especially the account of the assassination by Major Owen Tudor Burns, Mayo's private secretary.

[6] Royal Indian Marine Service Records - Sydney James Fenner - British Library.

In 1916, Sydney James met Maud Wilcoxen in Bombay, where she was a supervisor of Indian women in a weaving mill. They married and a son, John, was born in February 1918. Maud died in childbirth, and is buried in the Christian cemetery at Sewri, Sakharam Lanjekar Marg, Sewri West, Mumbai. Within a year, the boy had been sent home to England, where initially his mother's family took him in.[7]

'Jenny'
© Chris Hardy

Sydney James came on leave to visit his son and those looking after him. In London, he met Jane ('Jenny') Stepney, a dressmaker and milliner.[8] Her father, William, was a silver polisher and her mother, Jane, a housewife who could read, but not write. My mother remembers them as 'lovely people, resilient, highly respectable, with light cockney accents'. They lived in the Peabody Estate on the Gray's Inn Road in Holborn, with their four daughters: Rose, a seamstress, Florrie, Alice, and Jenny. Sydney James married Jenny and they returned to India, to Calcutta, where they lived in a block of flats 'near the Hooghly Bridge and the Maidan, with wide, covered verandas'. David was born in 1922 and christened in St. Andrew's Church, Chowringay. In 1924, Jenny was pregnant and came home to Holborn.

[7] The FindMyPast website digitized set of the India Office Collection (IOC) in the British Library has entries for - Maud Wilcockson Fenner born 1882, died 1918, buried at Sewri (Mumbai, Maharashtra) F370/119 Location map. Jane Fenner born 1890 died 1927, buried Lower Circular Road Cemetery Kolkata, Bengal. F370/633 Location map.

[8] Reminiscences about Jane Stepney by her daughter Doreen Hardy: 'Jenny was the eldest of the Stepney girls, loved and admired by her sisters, who seemed to regard her as a rather special woman in her elegance and dignity. She was her Dad's 'Special' too. All the Stepney girls had thick, copper-toned hair, an especial pride and kept it long through their girlhood and early womanhood as was probably the fashion. Jane was tall and slim, later pictures show how she became more plump after having children, but putting on weight was (is!) a family tendency. Another striking feature the girls had was fine dark eyes; Jane's were deep brown and they all had rather sharp straight noses. The younger girls were attractive, jolly looking; Jane was handsome with an almost brooding air. The whole family enjoyed a sing song, but it is said Jane had a good singing voice and I'm told she sang a solo during one of the concerts on her first passage to India. She was set, after her limited schooling, to dressmaking and proved to be a capable, confident needlewoman, ultimately gaining employment at Jays, a fashion house for the gentry in the Strand. Rose described this standard of needlework as 'Court Dressmaking' and was herself so qualified. Jenny loved to make dresses for her sisters and friends, using materials she could get at reduced rates through her firm. I am told Sydney James was 'entranced' by her and they were married in London before he returned to India'.

After giving birth to her daughter, Doreen, in the London Hospital, Mile End Road – within the sound of Bow Bells - she returned to Calcutta, leaving David behind with her parents. In May 1927, Jenny wrote a note to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Savage, wishing them an enjoyable journey to Darjeeling, where they were taking their daughter back to school. But then Jenny contracted cholera 'and died within a day or so'.

Doreen, aged three, was immediately sent to Darjeeling with the Savages, and soon after she was returned by ship to England, with a couple whose name she cannot recall. She was met at the station in London by her grandparents, a 'very distressed' Rose and David, who remembered this event. With Rose acting as step-mother they all moved to Amesbury Avenue, Streatham. Doreen slept with Rose and did so 'for years'. She still calls Rose 'Mummy', and has very affectionate memories of her. David and John were sent to board at Ashford Grammar school while Doreen went to Miss Gilson's Dame School in Streatham.

Sydney James visited Amesbury Avenue when on leave and 'slept in the attic'. He retired in 1934, expecting to be able to live well on his RIM pension. He married Rose, bought a house by a railway line in Ashford, Kent, took the boys out of boarding school and sent Doreen to the local County Girls School. But in 1939, the Ashford house was requisitioned by the army and turned into a machine-gun post above the railway, a likely invasion route. Inadequate compensation was paid and from then on, he and Rose lived in rented properties, ending up in a tiny bungalow in Lancing in the 1950's. Sydney James died in 1963, soon after Rose.

My parents being abroad, I was sent home to boarding school, staying with my grandparents in the holidays. He was a stern gentleman, in many ways still an Edwardian servant of the Raj: he smoked small black cheroots or a pipe and claimed not to drink water at all, only beer or whiskey (water was dangerous). Souvenirs from India stood on shelves, including a small statue of Durga that my mother still has, and a large Buddha that he said was made, under his supervision, from a piece of broken, phosphor bronze propeller in Bombay Dockyard during World War One, which I have. He used a wooden handled pen, with replaceable metal nibs dipped in ink, to write a fine cursive script and was especially concerned that I was not proficient in Maths and Science – both subjects he was proud to have some mastery of. Sidney James wore a delicate ladies watch, which I questioned him about. He said he would tell me about it one day but he never did and it was explained to me by my mother Doreen, eventually, when she told me about his first two wives and the fact that Rose was not my Grandmother, as I had always thought she was.

The watch had belonged to Jenny. Rose did not want my sister or me to know that she was not our 'real' grandmother - we were only told after she died - because she was afraid that we would feel differently about her if we knew the truth. Doreen also said that her relationship with Rose was troubled at times, and that as a teenager she would sometimes say, "You're not my real mother."

Doreen says (perhaps unsurprisingly), "I did not do as well as I'd hoped," in her school certificate exams. She stayed on one year but then her father said, "No more." She worked one year on the Ashford local paper but her 'heart was not in it' and she joined the Wrens, working on torpedoes in Portsmouth and Milford Haven. During the last years of the war, she met Tim Hardy, a paratrooper whose family worked in the Nottinghamshire coalfields and who left school at fourteen. He was dropped in Normandy on the night before D Day and fought in Normandy.

In 1945, his regiment was in India, training to invade Malaya by sea. He wrote later that the atom bombs dropped on Japan saved him and his comrades from certain death. At the end of the war, they were sent to Java, to supervise the handover of control from the Japanese back to the Dutch. What he saw there made him determined to escape the fate life seemed to have in store for him, working in the factories and mines of the Midlands. He joined the Colonial Police and in 1950 went to Malaya, leaving Doreen with two children, my sister Jane and me, on her own for three years. Ironically, Sydney James was strongly opposed to this. We all joined Tim in Penang and he and Doreen lived in Asia, Africa, Fiji and Hong Kong for the rest of their working lives, seeing, and helping with, the final end of the Empire.[9]

Doreen says she was an 'incurious' child. She means she did not ask her parents or grandparents about what had happened in India before she was born, or about her early childhood. She thinks this was because she was aware, as a child and teenager, that in the background, there were 'dead mothers'. The adults around her then never talked of Jenny or Maud in front of the children, concealed their considerable grief from them, and tried desperately to shield them from knowing or thinking about what had happened in India. Jenny's death, in particular, clearly damaged and disrupted everything. Doreen says what she regrets most is not talking more, long ago, to her brothers about their strange, sad, often lonely childhoods.

Throughout the 19th and 20th centuries, working class people left their family homes to find opportunity, adventure and work in lands far away. These 'economic migrants' going off 'into the blue' often found instead tragedy, illness and death, which is one among several elements of this story that mirrors what is happening still today.

[9] The memoir 'The Reluctant Imperialist' (Marshall Cavendish) by my father Tim Hardy (1922 – 2013) recounts his life before World War two and in the Colonial Service after it.

COMING BACK HOME:

MENTAL ILLNESS, MENTAL HOSPITALS & REPATRIATION

Mike Young

Being poorly abroad is never easy; being mentally ill in colonial India was much worse as, added to the personal distress surrounding the illness, was the stigma and fear associated with it. On my retirement, I began to study the mental health of the British in the Raj, as part of a PhD thesis which I have now completed successfully. This article is about my findings.

Many Britons thrived in India. They enjoyed the opportunities for sport, for travel and the support from servants. They embraced their imperial role, which has been described by some historians as a 'civilising mission,' with pride and dedication.

The rigours they faced in the environment were often intense, especially before the days of air conditioning. Private Frank Richards of the Royal Welch Fusiliers served in India and Burma from 1902 to 1909. He recorded that temperatures in May and June 1906, in Agra where he was based, averaged between 116 Fahrenheit (47 Centigrade) and 120 F (49C). At midnight, it could still be 107F (42C). Many soldiers slept upright in bed, fearing that they would not sweat, which was the first symptom of what was then known as *heat apoplexy*. This was a potentially fatal condition that Richards said had killed 50 to 60 members of his battalion in just one month in the summer of 1906. Women, of course, were not immune from the excesses of the sun. The novelist Maud Diver wrote in 1909 that her gender faced annually 'that pitiless destroyer of youth and beauty – the Punjab hot weather.'

Many Britons served the Raj in remote areas and chose not to mix socially with Indians, which could lead to a self-imposed isolation. In turn, this could generate boredom and some creative ways to tackle it. Thus, Sir Edward Wakefield, the political agent in the princely state of Gujarat in the 1930s, recalled one manner in which he and his wife would attempt to lift their depressed spirits. Often on an evening, they both watched lizards on their drawing-room walls, stalking their insect prey. The Wakefields calculated that the odds against the unfortunate moths surviving were 6 to 4 against. They might be bored, but they had developed their skills in wildlife appreciation.

For many Britons, there was an underlying fear of another Great Rebellion or Mutiny as in 1857-8, with its bloody outcome. Alongside this permanent anxiety were the stresses of the enervating climate, the risk of world-weariness and so on, and it is perhaps not surprising that some Britons succumbed to mental ill-health. The numbers involved can never be known. Some recovered after prolonged rest and absence from duty. Some were nursed at home by nurses from the Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association. Lady Minto, a future Vicereine, established the service in 1906, to supply qualified nurses to Europeans in domestic settings in remoter parts of India and Burma, where transfer to hospital was not feasible. Some died in mysterious 'accidents' which might have been suicides. The more seriously mentally ill might eventually be transferred to a mental hospital, from where some were returned to the UK.

The concept of the mental hospital in India was purely a British one. The East India Company opened three asylums in the eighteenth century in India for its servants and soldiers and their dependents: Bombay in 1745, Calcutta in 1787 and Madras in 1794. In the early nineteenth century, the Company instigated a policy of repatriating the British mentally ill to the UK, if they had not recovered after a year in one of its asylums. The need for such placements was such that the Company opened its own institution in London in 1818 at Pembroke House in Hackney, to accommodate 'Indian insanes', as they were known. This course of action, it was observed at the time, resulted in a reduction, albeit temporary, in the numbers of poor, destitute and mentally distressed Europeans in India. When Pembroke House closed in 1870 because of the development of the railways in that part of London, its remaining residents were transferred to the Royal Indian Asylum in Ealing.

The asylums expanded in the nineteenth century and were joined by others, such as those in Lahore, Agra and Rangoon. Indians were admitted, though they were always segregated from Europeans. A hospital solely for Europeans in India had been envisaged for many years, but it was not until 1918 before the European Mental Hospital (EMH) at Ranchi in northern India received its first patients. The EMH did not normally admit serving soldiers. The term 'European' had a broad definition, beyond British and Irish, and included Americans, Armenians and Russians, as well as those originating from the European mainland. It also included Anglo-Indians, provided they had a male European relative. Anglo-Indians with only a female European relative were not admitted.

The EMH was constructed on virgin land in a clearing in the jungle in a remote and relatively unpopulated part of Bihar, which is in the present-day state of Jharkhand. With its two-storey, whitewashed buildings with verandahs, its spacious grounds and numerous rose gardens it had, and still retains, the appearance of a holiday resort.

The catchment area for the EMH was enormous. It stretched from Quetta on the Persian border across northern India to Assam and, in the Second World War, was extended even further to include Burma. Recently, I had the privilege to study the surviving medical records at the hospital which continues today as the Central Institute of Psychiatry in India. Whilst far from complete, they gave me some insight into the lives of distressed imperial minds from 1918 to 1947. New treatments devised in Europe and America were quickly introduced at Ranchi and, from my studies, I found that the EMH became one of the leading psychiatric hospitals in Asia.

Some residents paid for their care, though those without means could be funded through hospital charities. The notes of Mrs V. from Lahore provided a breakdown of the costs of care and treatment at EMH. In 1934, Lt Col Lodge Patch, the medical superintendent of the Punjab Mental Hospital in Lahore, wrote to Lt Col Berkeley-Hill, his equivalent at the EMH, about her transfer. In his response, Berkeley-Hill indicated the annual costs of the three different kinds of placement at his hospital. Wealthier patients could pay for better accommodation with more servants. Thus, a 1st Class patient was charged Rs300, which was inclusive of the wages of three private servants. A 2nd Class patient was charged Rs200, which entitled them to two private servants. The 3rd Class patient did not have private servants and was charged just Rs46 annually. A file on another patient revealed in February 1938 that the third-class status had been sub -divided into two sections with an upper 3rd Class category, entitling the patient to one private servant for a charge of Rs62/8/-. The 1st and 2nd classes remained unchanged but the lower 3rd class did not justify any servants.

Some residents never recovered fully from their mental distress, though they did not need to stay in hospital permanently. However, records indicated a number who had been discharged to nursing homes in Calcutta but returned to Ranchi after a few days, as the former could not manage them. A lack of residential care resources was a problem then too. There were a small number who remained in the hospital when India became independent. It seemed that their relatives in Britain could not afford to bring them home, or, perhaps, chose not to do so. Some, of course, no longer had relatives at home. I read letters sent annually from Fulham or Ilkley which suddenly ended after, presumably, the relative died. Parcels came occasionally with postal orders, cigarettes and chocolate and then ceased altogether.

Some patients lived on at the hospital into the 1970s and were buried in a local graveyard, once immaculate but long since abandoned and now overgrown and derelict. A few damaged gravestones remain but most have been stolen and I saw that the contents of the graves had long since been robbed.

Other chronically ill residents were repatriated to Europe, although it was a long, laborious and expensive process. The decision to repatriate was a clinical one and rested with the medical superintendent, though he had to negotiate the costs with health bureaucrats.

The legal steps covering the return of mentally ill soldiers were detailed in the medical text books compiled by Major Alexander Overbeck-Wright, the medical superintendent of the Agra Asylum. The *British Indian Insanes* in the military who were domiciled in Britain were seen by a Medical Board and could then be transferred to a psychiatric hospital in Britain by a hospital ship. They were then likely to be admitted to the Royal Victorian Military Hospital at Netley, on Southampton Water. If such a ship was not available immediately, then they would be detained either in the military hospital to which their regiment was linked or at the Yeravda Asylum which had easy access to the port of Bombay. Many soldiers awaited their repatriation at Deolali which gave its name to 'doolally' or 'doolally tap,' phrases used by soldiers to refer to someone who was, or was behaving as if they were, mentally disturbed. Government employees and their dependents were also repatriated at the state's expense.

The transfer of 'civil lunatics' to the UK was a more complex and time-consuming process. As Overbeck-Wright noted in 1912, many of the larger steamship companies 'absolutely refuse' to take mentally ill civilians on board. Instead, the medical superintendent had negotiated with some of the smaller shipping companies to see if they might take the patient, with the support of a nurse or other suitable companion, in the 'off season'. Overbeck-Wright knew that such ships were unlikely to carry a doctor on board and so the individual patient's escort might need to be provided with drugs to administer in case of an emergency. Indian lunacy legislation had no jurisdiction in Britain. Thus, on arrival in the UK, the patient would need to be seen promptly by two registered medical practitioners and a formal reception order obtained from a magistrate when, as would be likely, compulsory admission was required to a hospital there.

The limited information available from the medical records revealed details of five repatriations to the UK at the end of the Raj, all of whom went to psychiatric hospitals. One such involved Mrs E. She was born in 1888, in Penarth in South Wales, and her first attack of insanity was in 1912, after the birth of her first child, when she was admitted to the Whitchurch Mental Asylum in Cardiff. She later joined her husband in Lucknow, where he worked as a water engineer. On admission to the European Mental Hospital in 1933, she admitted hearing voices from God telling her that she was Mary Magdalene and the 'King of the New British Empire.' She was listed as a 2nd Class paying patient.

Her husband died and her sister and brother in the UK requested that she return home. Arrangements were made for her to be readmitted to Whitchurch in 1948. The costs of the repatriation are given in Table 1 below. Arrangements for the travel to the UK were made by the agents, Martins and Company, of 12 Mission Row, Calcutta. Mrs E. sailed from Bombay with the nursing sister on 6th November 1948. The exercise had involved numerous letters from the medical superintendent to his peers in the UK, to family members and to the health department in India.

Table 1: Cost of repatriation of Mrs E to the UK in 1948

Costs of repatriation	Rupees
Passage for Mrs E from Bombay to Southampton	1,000
Half passage for a nursing sister	500
Nurse wage and agency fees	940-15-0
Passports, bank charges, other admin fees	715-7-0
Total cost to the EMH	3,156-6-0

(This converts to GB£244.24 when the exchange rate in 1948 was Rs13.333 to 1GBP)

Another eventual returnee, Mr R, was born in Calcutta in 1913 and trained in England to be an engineer. After an admission to the Bethlem Hospital in London, he moved to India where his father was a member of the Indian Civil Service. He was diagnosed as suffering from schizophrenia and spent two periods in the EMH in 1936 and from 1940 to 1947. After considerable planning, he boarded ship in Bombay on New Year's Eve in 1947, bound for Storthes Hospital near Huddersfield. Many years later, I worked at this hospital but do not recall meeting him. Despite research at the West Yorkshire Archives, who hold the records for Storthes Hall Hospital, it was not possible to locate his medical file. Sadly, he was another victim of mental illness who has long since been forgotten.

If you wish to read more about mentally ill Britons in India, I strongly recommend you read *Mad Tales of the Raj* by Waltraud Ernst.

I will leave the last word to Dr Roshan Khanande, a psychiatrist at the Central Institute of Psychiatry in Ranchi, whom I met during my research there. He wrote this poem after a visit to the graveyard of patients of the former EMH. The poem recalls the long dead, long forgotten, distressed people who served an Empire in another era.

Awakening

Buried by someone, someday, in a godforsaken land;
Beneath this free sky my spirit strands.
Forgotten by time, forbidden by my own;
Remembered only by the letters on my tombstone.
Days crawled by, years have gone;
None laid a wreath on my overgrown lawn.
Tell them my story, call out my name;
Tell them I lived, I need no fame... I need no fame.....

Roshan Khanande (2016)

BOOK REVIEWS:

THE BITTER END OF THE BRITISH RAJ: THE STORY OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN BOY GROWING UP DURING THE LATTER STAGES OF THE RAJ

Smith, Ian A.C., pub.2016, pp150, ISBN 9781539510758, £8.75

The author of this first-hand account of growing up in 1940's India would classify himself as a school-failure, for he neither made much progress during his educational career nor achieved any level of functional literacy before leaving school to earn his living at the age of twelve. Yet, if this intelligent, lively child, with a strong sense of curiosity and loyalty were indeed a failure, it is a glaring indictment of the educational system which proved to be so inflexible in its approach and sadly lacking in the professional skills needed to identify and address his needs. The one-size-fits-all approach is long gone, thank goodness. This child's lack of self-worth and confidence were reinforced by those who should have cared for him at school and by his father's tyrannical approach, and probably exasperation, at home. It seems to have been only his grandmother and the servants, especially the ayah, who understood the difficulties and tried to deal with constant misdemeanours while softening the impact of his mistreatment.

The family's personal history is given against a carefully-researched social and political history of India from the 17th century to the 1950's. The author's ancestor, Benjamin Halfhide, was already a Captain with the 17th Queens Foot Regiment when he was posted to Fort William, Calcutta, in 1815. His parents met and married in Moradabad, where he was born in 1938. By then, his father was working on the North Western Railway and was sufficiently well-off to be able to rent a pleasant house privately. Other relatives lived right next-door. Employment on the railways entitled the children to what was considered to be a good-quality, boarding-school education in Mussoorie, where the author found himself at the age of four. It was an unhappy experience, the first of many, but it came to a merciful end when their father left the railways and joined the British Army in 1941.

There is a freshness and simplicity about the writer's style as he recounts in vivid detail the boarding schools he attended, the serious difficulties which beset the family and, through careful observational skills, the creatures of nature, his surroundings and the characters who peopled his world. He encountered true loyalty, took childish delight in walking for miles, swimming in forbidden places, collecting butterflies and birds' eggs, forming friendships with doubtful characters and constantly flouting any rules he encountered.

Indeed, for those who are interested in researching the day-to-day living conditions of moderately well-off Anglo-Indians of the time, this book provides colourful details in spades. Family Christmas preparations, life in the cantonments at Murree and Quetta, visits to the tailor and shoemaker or baker – all are there to inform and entertain. There is also a full picture of life at Barnes High School near Deolali, where the children were later sent. Here, they experienced military-style uniforms and a strict regime which included marches to church, bugle-calls to be obeyed, a prefect system with fagging, floggings and other punishments, inadequate food, mattresses and pillows filled with pine-needles and a tough physical programme which introduced boys to football, cricket, boxing, swimming and hockey.

While his father laid down strict rules, the boy dared to disregard them, despite knowing the horrendous consequences. He once found himself tied to a gatepost, on public display, for not washing behind his ears, and being locked out of the house at night for arriving late to dinner. The slippery slope led to some ill-advised escapades and forays into petty crime. But the father gradually became seriously ill and unable to work for several years, reducing the family to poverty. His sons were forced to start earning a living at the age of twelve. Eventually, the parents took the decision to move the family to Britain and they arrived in London in 1952.

Their difficulties in adapting to the climate, finding work, coping with the education system and supporting themselves were immense. The father's illness worsened, depression ensued and he disappeared from the scene, leaving the young family without financial support. Their future might have been bleak if the authorities had not stepped in to help and some innate vestige of common sense had not prevailed within the young lad from India. For him, life's uncertain pathway as a fifteen-year-old with few prospects, diverged into a corrective training school on the isle of Anglesey, followed by a spell in the Merchant Navy then National Service in 1958. It proved to be the making of the man.

The end result was that the lost boy from India, with boundless energy, enthusiasm and an irrepressible determination to take life's misfortunes on the chin, ultimately forged a successful career through adulthood and parenthood. He found jobs in construction, road haulage and the motor industry, and progressed to more fulfilling learning experiences within newspaper production and professional photography. At last, the man achieved what the child had been denied: education and success. He was able to convince himself that he was neither worthless nor stupid - and the result is this delightful book, which may be obtained on Amazon or by contacting the author directly, via his website: **www.ianacsmith.com**

MARGARET MURRAY

WALLY AND ZIZZA'S AMAZING JOURNEY

Louis Vanrenen, pub. Matador, ISBN 978 1789014 716, pp.240, £10.99

When Louis Vanrenen decided to write the story of his family's history, he began the tale in India with his ancestor, a dashing young cavalry officer, Wally Vanrenen, born near Lahore in 1914 and sent off to be educated at Clifton College and Sandhurst in England. Wally's family had been well-established in India since about 1781, when Jacob Vanrenen, a lowly soldier of Prussian stock who had been living in South Africa, arrived in India with his wife and children, and managed to forge a stellar military career which took him to the rank of Brigadier General.

In India, Wally's father had established a stud farm in 1913, at the behest of the government, which became famous throughout India as the *Renala Estate*, comprising a gracious mansion surrounded by over 7,700 acres and accommodation for numerous workers, servants and their families. Its careful creation and design became a prosperous enterprise, designed to supply horses for government servants and the cavalry, but also breeding fine racehorses and some mules. There were also prize-ponies, specially bred for the ever-popular and highly-competitive polo matches.

Life for the family at Renala was idyllic, with servants galore, sleek horses, riding lessons, paddocks, barns and lovely gardens designed and tended by Wally's mother, the talented and charismatic beating heart of the family, Ysabel. The estate was not far from the border with Afghanistan and the North West Frontier. The family appreciated its fresh air and tranquillity, with spectacular views and the possibility of visiting Gulmarg in Kashmir each summer, to escape the heat. This hill resort, at a height of over 7,000 feet above sea level, was set against vistas of nearby mountains and forests. It had a quaint, English-village atmosphere. The British had made a home-from-home there, building churches, clubs, three golf courses, tennis courts, riding stables and pretty gardens and walkways in whichever direction one chose to ride or walk. And the company there was convivial, for visitors tended to be regulars and there was much news to catch-up with, bridge and dinner parties to attend and dances galore.

Wally's family had retained a home in Kent while they were living in India and Wally stayed there on and off during school holidays and his later periods of leave from the army in India.

It was on one of his spells there that this eligible young man with prestige, a title, a uniform and wealth, met the beautiful daughter of a local vicar, Elizabeth Ronald, nicknamed Zizza. Their courtship was swift and sweet. They married in 1938: Wally presented his bride with his regimental brooch in diamonds and platinum and fellow officers of the Central India Horse sent the happy couple a silver tray. There was a brief honeymoon in France before Zizza was whisked off to India.

The journey of adventure for the girl who had grown up quietly in Smeeth Rectory, began on the voyage from England, via Marseilles and Suez, onwards towards the East. It was to be the first adventure of many, for the couple would experience a series of exotic places during Wally's military career, as well as less-happy separations during his service in World War 2.

When Wally's military career was over, he and Zizza travelled back to England and Ireland before finding their feet and trying different ventures in South Africa, Zimbabwe and finally sailing to the United States in 1957. They lived in New York State at first, before deciding that Boulder, Colorado, was where they would stay.

Against the backdrop of the couple's fifty years of happiness and adventure, the author delves into the myriad aspects of life in India. The book's cover promises 'more than just a family history' and it does not fail to deliver. It is a potted history of the patchwork of India's development following its various invasions. There is also a brief discussion of British history, taking in the Romans, Vikings and Normans, the rise of Empire and its subsequent decline, two world wars, the rebirth of the British economy in the 1950's and the rise of American power. India remains the main focus however, and the author discusses the influence of renowned forefathers - such as Akbar and the Moghuls and the more recent Ramana Maharshi, who died in 1951.

Not only did Maharshi's teaching of enlightenment spread far and wide, but it also embodied 'a powerful undercurrent of spiritual life in India with a contemplative core which was truly enlivening'. This was a fresh dimension of which the author feels past generations of British in India had largely been unaware, yet now has filtered into western thinking to promote a growing interest in mindfulness, meditation, self-awareness and yoga. The British undoubtedly left a legacy in India, but it was a two-way process: there is much of Indian culture which was absorbed, sometimes unconsciously, along the way.

The book succeeds on many levels: it gives an overview of history on an international canvas and paints a vivid picture of the microcosm of the survival and prosperity of a family dynasty in India, while still managing to weave romance, tragedy, culture and politics into its fabric. It is all beautifully illustrated with family photographs of some rich and famous visitors to Renala and, most memorably, with Ysabel's own sensitive watercolours. There is certainly enough here to satisfy a broad palate and engage the interest of those who enjoy a colourful tale, especially when set in India. Copies of ***Wally and Zizza's Amazing Journey*** may be obtained via the publisher's website: www.troubador.co.uk/matador

Margaret Murray

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ALLAN STANISTREET - Allan collects and researches military and civilian medals and decorations.

WILL BARBER TAYLOR - Will is a History student at the University of Warwick and has written political pieces for several websites and magazines, including *Labour List* and *Liberal Democrat Voice*. He is also co-host of the political podcast, *Debated,* and has recently completed a history of the early socialist politician, John Bruce Glasier.

NORMAN A. FULLER - Norman Fuller is a retired research scientist, deeply interested in human origins. He was born in 1929 at Madura, in British India, and now lives in the USA.

CHRIS HARDY - After years spent in London, Chris now lives in Sussex. He has lived and travelled in Africa, Asia and Europe. He is a poet, whose poems have been published in many magazines, anthologies and websites, and a musician in the trio LiTTLe MACHiNe www.little-machine.com, performing their settings of well-known poems. They have made an album with Roger McGough and are touring with him.

'*The most brilliant music and poetry band in the world.'* - Carol Ann Duffy. Chris's fourth collection was published in August 2017 by Indigo Dreams.

'*Bird nesting in mailbox. Rat scrabbling in cavity wall. Spring uncoiling and a welcoming harbour. A guitarist as well as a poet, Chris Hardy consistently hits the right note, never hits a false note.*' - Roger McGough

http://www.poetrypf.co.uk/chrishardypage.shtml

MIKE YOUNG - Michael Young hails from Yorkshire and retired in 2010 after a career in statutory social and health services. He was a director of a number of NHS trusts, a qualified social worker and continues to work part-time for the Court of Protection on the assessment of people with dementia or acquired brain injury. Mike was awarded a PhD in 2018 for his thesis on the mental health of the British in India between 1900 and 1947. As part of his research, he twice visited the Central Institute of Psychiatry in Ranchi, to study the original records there and is currently writing a book on the topic. Dr. Young will be a guest speaker at the FIBIS Open Meeting on 20 June, 2020. Please contact him, in confidence, if you or a relative have experience of mental illness/mental healthcare in India between 1900—1947. Email: mike.young111@btinternet.com

NOTICES

Thank You:

The Trustees would like to extend their gratitude to those who continue to support the Society. To date we have received:

- Donations from members, as thanks for the help and support they have received from the Trustees and members in their genealogical journey;
- A Legacy donation from a long-standing member as thanks for the help and support during years of membership;
- Thanks go to all those who have helped and who continue to support and encourage members and attendees at events such as fairs and exhibitions, by giving of their time and expertise.

We are pleased to receive all such donations above as it helps us to help and support everyone interested in family history in British India and would like to say how much we appreciate your ongoing help and support.

Article Submissions:

Members are reminded that the editor is happy to consider articles, letters and information for inclusion in the Journal. Material should be sent to editor@fibis.org. Please quote the sources of information by including references wherever possible. Guidelines for formatting material can be found on the inside front cover of this journal.

Database Volunteers:

Thank you to all volunteers who work behind the scenes tirelessly to contribute to the FIBIS database. On this occasion, particular thanks go to David Edge and his team for years of hard work. David and his team have spent the last 11 years transcribing births, marriages and deaths, as well as arrival and departure notices from The Times of India and the Bombay Times and Journal of Commerce. Over half a million entries were transcribed from the arrival and departure notices alone. We are all extremely grateful for their valiant efforts and wish them well in their retirement.

'In Memoriam.

It is with great sadness that we have to report the sad passing of our Fundraiser and Transcription Coordinator, Nigel Penny, on the 23rd of July 2019, after a short illness.

During Nigel's tenure at FIBIS his contribution to the working and management was of the highest order and his hard work and dedication was greatly appreciated by all of us who worked with him. Nigel will be sadly missed by all his colleagues and all who came into contact with him, we will miss his advice and support of FIBIS and its objectives.

We would like to take this opportunity to send our condolences to Nigel's family, friends and colleagues at this sad time. Our thoughts and prayers are with them all.

Rest in peace, Nigel, dear friend.

FIBIS MEETINGS – SAVE THE DATE!

AN UP-TO-DATE LIST OF OUR EVENTS AND MEETINGS CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND AT WWW.FIBIS.ORG/EVENTS

2019

12th October - Open Meeting. Union Jack Club, Sandell Street, London SE1 8UJ. (Please see insert for programme).

24th – 26th October - RootsTech London. Excel Convention Centre.

2nd November - The Migration Museum Family History Day, The Workshop, Lambeth High Street

2020

8th February - The Family History Show South West, Bristol

21st March - Dorset Family History Fair, Poole

17th -18th April - Family Tree Live, Alexandra Palace

26th – 27th June - The Genealogy Show, NEC, Birmingham

THE BRITISH LIBRARY - EVENTS

BOOKING DETAILS CAN BE FOUND ONLINE AT:
WWW.BL.UK/HELP/FREE-DISCOVERY-AND-1-2-1-SESSIONS

Introduction to Family History Sources in Asian & African Studies

15 October (12.00 - 13.30)

13 November (12.00 - 13.30)

11 December (12.00 - 13.30)

If you are trying to trace details of the births/baptisms, marriages and/or burials of Europeans who were born, married or died in South Asia (including Burma, but excluding Sri Lanka) before independence in 1947/48, then this session should be of interest. Previous knowledge of the topic is neither expected nor required. The session includes a brief overview of the historical background together with practical advice in how to access the genealogical data held in the collection. Participants do not have to be registered Readers.

Beyond Baptisms, Marriages and Burials: additional family history sources in Asian & African Studies

15 October (14.30 - 16.30)

13 November (14.30 - 16.30)

11 December (14.30 - 16.30)

This session provides information about the wealth of printed, online and visual material available to family history researchers in forms such as wills, photographs, biographical compilations, newspapers and directories. It is useful, but not necessary, to have attended the introductory family history session. Military ancestry is not covered, being the subject of a separate session.

British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia

BACSA has great pleasure in inviting members and their guests to

THE RAJ *RE-EXAMINED*: a series of five lectures on British India

Presented in association with the South Asia Centre, London School of Economics

Thursday 5 December 2019
India's Great War: Forgotten Personal Stories of 1914-18
What part did the Indian Army play in the First World War, and how significant was it? British historian **George Morton-Jack** finds new answers in a lecture that recounts the story of India's Great War through the forgotten personal stories of officers, men and those they left behind. George Morton-Jack is the author of the acclaimed *The Indian Empire at War,* the first global history of the Indian Army 1914-18, and will explore the experiences of its British officers and Indian ranks across the fronts of Europe, Africa and Asia.

Thursday 6 February 2020
Lord Curzon's Lament: India and the British World, 1857-1947
India was often seen by Old India Hands as the quintessential expression of British Imperialism—a view that modern commentators are quick to endorse. But that was not what many contemporaries thought—and with good reason. This lecture by **Professor John Darwin** will suggest some of the reasons why. John Darwin is a Senior Research Fellow at Nuffield College. He retired in 2019 as Professor of Global and Imperial History, University of Oxford, and is an internationally renowned historian of empires, and of the British Empire, and a Fellow of the British Academy.

Thursday 12 March 2020
She-Merchants, Buccaneers and Gentlewomen
The first British women set foot in India in the early seventeenth century. It is well known that some went to India to find husbands but what is almost unknown is that they also worked as traders, cloth merchants, milliners, shop-keepers, and much else besides. **Katie Hickman**, bestselling author of *Courtesans*, *Daughters of Britannia* and *She-Merchants, Buccaneers and Gentlewomen,* examines the lives of these tough, early adventurers that challenge the stereotype of the snobbish, indolent memsahib.

Monday 6 April 2020

Keeping Their Spirits Up: Diet and Doctoring during the Siege of Lucknow

The journals of civilians and soldiers besieged at the Residency describe a deadly struggle to survive in the face of starvation, wounds and disease. **Sam Goodman** considers how the siege required greater civilian involvement in the defence of Empire than ever before and desperate measures in drink, diet and doctoring. Dr Sam Goodman, Principal Academic, Bournemouth University, has written on colonial medicine and social history and is a BBC/AHRC New Generation Thinker.

Monday 11 May 2020

The Railways of the Raj

Britain built India's railways. Often portrayed as an act of colonial benevolence, the truth is more complex. In this lecture **Christian Wolmar** explores the history of India's rail network and its role in the nation's history, explains why it was built, and shows how its development was a missed opportunity. Christian Wolmar is a distinguished railway historian and transport commentator whose books include *Blood, Iron and Gold*, *The Great Railway Revolution* and *The Railways and the Raj*.

William Dalrymple on the East India Company

Unfortunately, William had to withdraw from our programme. We hope to reschedule him in the Spring. Please register interest now by email or by post to the addresses below, and we shall contact you when we have a date.

TIME/PLACE/PRICE

6.30-8.30pm, Wolfson Theatre, New Academic Building, London School of Economics, 54 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3LJ.

Tickets £10 per lecture (**£6 BACSA member, £8.50 guest of BACSA member, £5.50 student**) include a glass of wine. There will be book sales after most lectures.

BOOKINGS

Online booking: see http://www.bacsa.org.uk/?page_id=2180

Booking by post: please state which lectures you wish to attend, your name/s, your phone number, and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and cheque made out to BACSA. Send to Ms V. Haye, BACSA Lectures, The Gate House, Hill House Hill, Liphook GU30 7PX.

Enquiries: bacsalectures@gmail.com

Early booking is strongly recommended since these lectures are open to the public.

www.bacsa.org.uk

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SOCIETY INFORMATION

GENERAL ENQUIRIES:

Enquiries, by post or email, should initially be sent to the Membership Secretary: Libby Rice, 71 Manor Lane, Sunbury on Thames, Middlesex, TW16 6JE. Email: membership@fibis.org.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION:

The cost of membership is £15 for the UK, £16 for Europe, and £18 for elsewhere abroad, Cheques (in Sterling) should be made out to 'FIBIS' and sent to the Membership Secretary (address above). Subscriptions can be paid/renewed online with a credit card or by PayPal at http://www.new.fibis.org/products-page. For special arrangements for payment by Australian members: see below.

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND:

For liaison with FIBIS members and with India-related family history activities in Australia or New Zealand contact: Mary Anne Gourley - aus@fibis.org. Members may pay subscriptions in Australian dollars (A$35). Cheques should be made payable to 'Families in British India Society and sent to PO Box 397, Doncaster, Victoria 3108, Australia; or can be paid direct to FIBIS Westpac Account No.15-0975 BSB 032-636; quoting your surname. as the Reference; or by PayPal via the FIBIS website.

WEBSITE:

The FIBIS website www.fibis.org includes nearly 2 million entries of Europeans or Anglo-Indians who lived or saw civil or military service in India. Many of these names were collected thanks to transcriptions undertaken by FIBIS volunteers (see below), and many have been incorporated from the website of Cathy Day, to whom we are greatly indebted. The FIBIS website also includes an area for members' own material: for example, the results of their own researches or interesting documents or photos in their possession. Contact the Website and Social Media Manager, Valmay Young (valmay@fibis.org), if you would like to contribute.

RESEARCH FOR MEMBERS:

Members are encouraged to place enquiries in the members' area of the FIBIS website, the FIBIS Facebook group 'British India Family History' and the RootsWeb India List, as well as using online searchable databases. Alternatively, members should use the India Office Records, to which the best introduction is Baxter's Guide: Biographical Sources in the India Office Records (3rd edition, FIBIS, 2004). Members requiring further assistance should contact our Research Coordinator, Beverly Hallam, 32 Broughton Road, London, W13 8QW (email: research@fibis.org). FIBIS members seeking research assistance should quote their membership number.

TRANSCRIPTION PROJECTS:

Thanks to the cooperation of the British Library, and many individual contributors, large quantities of biographical data and photographs of memorials from the India Office Records and other sources have been transcribed and uploaded to the FIBIS website. These projects are ongoing. If you would like to volunteer as a transcriber, please contact the Transcriptions Coordinator: (email: transcriptions@fibis.org).

FIBIS FAMILIES IN BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY

Central Railway Station, Madras

Photograph of the Central Railway Station at Madras (Chennai), Tamil Nadu, taken by Nicholas & Company.

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