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# **A Childhood in India**

**(1911-21 and 1936-37)**

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## **Family Life in India, 1911-21 & 1936-37**

### **1. Fatehgarh (United Provinces<sup>1</sup>)**

***8<sup>th</sup> January – 13<sup>th</sup> February 1911***

My arrival in India I don't remember! I was 9 months old. We came out on the P&O<sup>2</sup> Delhi and arrived in Bombay on 30<sup>th</sup> December 1910. We stayed for one week in Bombay with Uncle Claude – Father's younger brother – who worked with Ralli Brothers an export import business.

On 8<sup>th</sup> January 1911 we arrived in Fatehgarh – at that time in the United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh. Father was at the Regimental Depot of his Regiment, the 99<sup>th</sup> Deccan Infantry, and he was SSO (Station Staff Officer) for a month.

### **2. Sehore<sup>3</sup> (Central India)**

***February 1911 – October 1914***

We had a bungalow beside the River Barbatti and opposite the Infantry Lines. The Lines<sup>4</sup> consisted of low one-storey buildings which were mud colour – arranged in rows. At the back of the bungalow there was a narrow plank bridge over the river to an island. One of my earliest memories is crossing the bridge holding my father's hand. He stopped to talk to someone on the bridge and the river was in flood and I dangled my foot over the edge and could dabble it in the water – I slipped and would have fallen in but Father was holding my hand. However I got quite wet in the very muddy, fast running water!

There was a single file path in the garden, through what I thought was a 'jungle' of tall grass – as tall as me! And I was about two and a half. I used to go along this to meet my father when he came home from the Lines at lunch time and one day I felt I couldn't go any further and froze in my tracks. Luckily I did so as a large snake crossed the path just in front of me. I learnt to whistle a small phrase which Father used to whistle to me and I answered back – it was my special 'call sign'!

I used to wear a large round topee which had detachable cotton covers tied on with tapes, and the best ones had a frill border of broderie anglaise round the brim!

I had a series of Ayahs<sup>5</sup> – at least two I remember. My mother told me one of them had to be sacked because she drugged me to keep me quiet. And it was only when my parents noticed I was dropping to sleep and so dazed (normally according to my mother I never stopped running around), and the doctor diagnosed it as probably opium – I recovered when she left!!

My father's two Indian orderlies were my faithful slaves and I adored them – they were Phul Singh and Rajaram, and were much nicer than Ayah! Phul Singh was later killed during the war in Mesopotamia<sup>6</sup> and I was very sad.

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<sup>1</sup> Now Uttar Pradesh.

<sup>2</sup> The shipping company Pacific & Orient Line.

<sup>3</sup> Now Bhopal.

<sup>4</sup> Lines were what the Barracks were called.

<sup>5</sup> A nurse or maidservant.

<sup>6</sup> Now Iraq.

My other favourite among the servants was the Syce<sup>7</sup> whose name was Balaram. I spent as much time as I was allowed – escaping to the stables, and to my mother’s horror was often to be found hugging the rear leg of my father’s rather fiery chestnut Arab called Sunny.

I had an extremely fat small pony and used to ride on a numdah – a felt saddle with stirrups. Even at three years old I thought the other children who rode, or rather sat in a small wicker chair perched on top of the pony, were rather sissy!

I also had a goat cart – which was a little trap which my father had made from my pram – at least the wheels were pram wheels, but it had a real harness for the goat. The harness was made by the Regimental saddler. And I sat proudly and drove – or thought I did – in actual fact the goat was led by a small boy dressed in white uniform – and he was the son of Balaram the Syce, and we were escorted by Ayah and one or both of the orderlies!

It was lovely when the monsoon rains came, about the end of April and I remember running out into the compound just for the delicious sensation of getting wet, and the wonderful smell of the rain on the dry earth. I sometimes smell a dilute version of this in England when one gets rain after a dry spell.

When the hot weather came the house was shut up, quite early in the morning – about 7.30 am, and the doors covered with Kuskus Tattis. These were sort of blinds made of a lovely smelling grass root – or fibrous plant – and the Beesti<sup>8</sup> used to spray them with water from his Mussack<sup>9</sup> every half hour or so and then the air coming into the bungalow was cooled and had a lovely smell. A modern scent called patchouli or vervain is made from the same root.

Our baths were zinc tubs and I always thought of the ‘Three Bears’! My father had a very large one in his bathroom, and my mother’s was not quite so big and mine was quite small!! The water was heated by the Beesti in square tins which once held kerosene – the top cut out and a wooden handle put across. In the hot weather they just stood in the sun and got hot enough, but in the cold weather they were heated over charcoal or wood fires. The hot water was poured into the baths by the Beesti who left tin jugs of cold water – filled from his Mussack - standing beside the bath in case it was too hot.

The bathrooms were small and rather dark with very small windows and a door leading outside. They had a cement floor and the bathwater was just emptied onto the floor and ran out through a hole in the wall, and outside was a sort of soak pit. The lavatory was a wooden commode – ‘thunderbox’ which stood in the bathroom and was emptied by the Sweeper who was a very low caste Indian.

The compound or garden had oleanders and frangipani which had a lovely scent, and cannas in reds and yellows and gold mohur trees with flaming red flowers all over them, and some annuals which were planted when the rains came.

There was a Tailor Bird’s nest in a shrub near the veranda, which was fascinating to watch. It hung from a branch and was made from leaves sewn together by the bird.

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<sup>7</sup> A horse groom.

<sup>8</sup> A water carrying servant.

<sup>9</sup> A whole goatskin made into a bag for water. The neck was left open to pour the water and held closed by the Beesti’s hand.

The servants' quarters or 'go-downs' were a series of small rooms at one end of the compound and were strictly out of bounds to me! But I sometimes sneaked out to the Ayah's where she had what I thought were gorgeous pictures all over the walls. Highly coloured shiny prints of Hindu gods and goddesses and if I was very good she used to tell me stories about them. However I don't think it can have affected me – or converted me because I was a fervent believer in GOD. He was quite definitely English and had a white beard and sat cross-legged Indian fashion like Buddha on a cloud. In fact when there were thunderstorms I was quite sure it was God walking across heaven in his 'Seven League Boots' and at night I used to lie shivering in my bed wondering if I'd been naughty.

One night I remember we were sleeping out in the garden under our mosquito nets and there was a dreadful noise – groaning and moaning – and my father got up and took the butti (hurricane lamp) to see what was causing the noise. He thought it was an Indian dying in agony, of cholera or something. But it was an owl.

We slept under a huge mosquito net on a large frame rather like a fruit cage which covered our three beds and hung down to the ground. And we always had a lit hurricane lamp nearby.

Father had an Indian friend – the Raja of Narsingharh – a small native state about 30 miles north of Sehere. I used to go there sometimes to play with his small son who was the same age as I was. He ordered two toy trains from Hamleys – one for his son and one for me! My father had a lot of fun with my train! The Raja's son had an English governess who was very strict and I thought rather terrifying.

The Raja had some form of paralysis and could hardly walk. He wanted to get a car and was told my father was the best one to ask as he had driven a car in the South of France in about 1898. So he told the Raja that the only car to get was a Rolls Royce. He helped the Raja to order it – a maroon one with his coat of arms. In those days, Rolls sent a driver with the car to teach whoever was to drive it how to do so.

The first car I ever drove in belonged to the Raja and it was very exciting to go in this Rolls Royce, dark red or maroon, with his coat of arms on the door. He used to send it to take us to Narsingharh.

A great stir one day when a dreadful smell was noticed in my bedroom and it was found that a squirrel or tree rat had died of bubonic plague in the ceiling cloth. (Ceilings were made of Hessian stretched across the ceiling and whitewashed.) We all had to be inoculated against plague and the whole Regiment had to go some miles out of Sehere into a quarantine camp. They missed the Delhi Durbar<sup>10</sup> as a result of a similar episode when King George V and Queen Mary came out to India.

We were always within the sound of bugles and I got to know all the calls – I could also hear the band playing at guest nights in the Mess – and it was lovely going to sleep to the music. I also remember the Regimental march "The Young May Moon is Beaming Love"<sup>11</sup> and the bugle band when they went on route marches.

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<sup>10</sup> A Durbar is a meeting. When the King or Prince of Wales came to India, they held a Durbar, a sort of Court where all the Indian Princes came to pay homage.

<sup>11</sup> One of Moore's Melodies.

Our water was from a well in the garden, drawn up by bullocks going round and round a sort of wheel which pulled up a rope with dozens of little pottery jars on it which emptied out the water when they reached the top.

We also had a cow for milk and a goat for milk for me, and some rather small hens. I remember having my cold milk which had been boiled – in a thin Japanese china cup or my mug which was a George V coronation mug.

Travelling circuses and jugglers used to come occasionally, and there were wrestlers. One circus I remember was in a quite small marquee and my mother and I were sitting in the front row and a tiger was walked round the ring with a rope round its neck, and it had nearly chewed through the rope!

I remember visiting the Indian officers' wives in their quarters and helping to translate the Hindustani for my mother. Most of the wives were in purdah.

We had a trap of some sort – was it a dog cart? I don't know the name – and we sometimes had to hire a tonga<sup>12</sup>.

I got stung by a hornet – my own fault! There was a hornet's nest on the veranda and the servants were smoking it out and destroying it and I was told not to go out on the veranda. But there was such a noise – jabbering and excitement – I couldn't resist running out to see. As I peeped round the corner of the veranda I met a hornet coming the other way – head on! And it stung me on my forehead between my eyebrows! My face and eyes swelled up and I couldn't see anything for three days.

We had green 'chicks' - blinds made of tiny slats of green bamboo – over all the windows and doors – to keep the bungalow cool.

I had a miniature table and chair – at which I had my meals and I used the table between times as my horse! I can remember sitting in my high chair with a sort of little tray in front, and one morning at breakfast I had my mug of milk and somehow the sugar basin was within reach and my mother was out of the room and I kept putting spoons of sugar in the cup and watching the milk come out as the sugar went in – until there was a little island of sugar in a sea of milk!!

My sister was born on 24<sup>th</sup> September 1913, when I was three and a half, and was christened Heather Elizabeth – I was thrilled with her!

I remember my father coming back one lunchtime and saying “War is declared” – this must have been August 1914.

In December 1936 we drove through Sehore on our way from Mhow to Bhopal – no sign of the Indian Army Lines – but we saw our bungalow – completely overgrown with creepers, but lived in by Indians or Eurasians. Sehore looked very neglected.
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Our bungalow was kept cool in the hot weather by punkahs. These were 'frills' of fabric about two feet deep attached to poles which went across the room. A rope at the side of the punkah went out of the room through a hole in the wall to the veranda. A punkah coolie sat on the veranda and pulled the rope and the punkah flapped backwards and forwards making a slight breeze in the room. When the coolie got tired of pulling the

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<sup>12</sup> A light two-wheeled horse (or ox) drawn vehicle used in India.

rope with his hands he often tied the rope to his big toe and pulled! He sometimes dropped off to sleep and when one noticed you gave a shout and he woke up. I think we had at least two if not three coolies who took it in turns to pull the punkahs.

### **3. Pachmarhi (Central Provinces<sup>13</sup>) and Mahadeo Hills (3600 ft)**

***April - June 1913***

Father went on a small arms course. We stayed in a hotel. Mother was stung by a scorpion and had her arm in a sling for several days. This was the first time I can remember being impressed by a beautiful sunset. One afternoon when out for a walk Father got a migraine and said he was “seeing double” – I found that by pressing my eyelids I too could see double!! We went up and down the Ghat<sup>14</sup> in a bullock tonga – trotting bullocks – from the railway at Piparia 20 miles from Pachmarhi.

Twenty-three years later in May 1936 Rowland and I spent our honeymoon in Pachmarhi in the Royal Hotel. This time we travelled from Itarsi by car!

### **4. Bhopal State (Central India)**

***Christmas 1913 – New Year 1914***

Uncle Cecil Cochrane, Aunt Lily and their daughter Margaret who was three years older than me, joined us in the state guest house for about ten days. Uncle Cecil was mother’s brother. He was a dear and made wonderful chocolate ‘pills’ for our dolls. Aunt Lily was very stern! Margaret fell down a ‘huge’ flight of stone steps in the garden and knocked out a front tooth. Mother, Aunt Lily, Margaret and I went to visit the Begum<sup>15</sup>. She was in strict purdah – a fat old lady dressed in black – and the whole room was semi dark. We travelled to Bhopal by train from Sehore.

Twenty-three years later we spent Christmas leave in Bhopal in the same state guest house. And I found the ‘huge’ flight of stone steps which Margaret fell down – they were six rather shallow stone steps!

### **5. Agra (United Provinces<sup>16</sup>)**

***17<sup>th</sup> October 1914 – 9<sup>th</sup> March 1915***

The Regiment was posted to Agra. We were taken for a walk every day by the Ayah to the Taj Mahal Gardens. There was an old Buddhist sadhu<sup>17</sup> who sat at the end of one of the long water tanks. He sat there every day and I used to smile at him. One day he gave me some prayer beads and said it was because I was happy and smiled at him. He wore saffron robes. The beads were peach stones carved with little patterns – I had them for years, but they were stolen several years later.

Uncle Claude Redman and his fiancée came to stay. She was Irish and a nurse. I liked Uncle Claude but his fiancée was a rather colourless person. When they were with us we went to the Taj and climbed to the top of one of the four minarets – it did seem a long

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<sup>13</sup> Now Madhya Pradesh.

<sup>14</sup> Hill or steep incline.

<sup>15</sup> A Muslim lady of high rank. She was the hereditary Ruler of the State of Bhopal, a Hindu state but ruled by a Muslim family.

<sup>16</sup> Now Uttar Pradesh.

<sup>17</sup> Holy man.

way up. From the top we could overlook the dome of the Taj itself and there were ladders up it as it was being repaired.

Father's horse Sunny, a chestnut Arab, was very temperamental and used to stand on his hind legs every time the band played on parade, so Father got the band to come and practise in our compound. It was very nice having the band all morning. Sunny was walked round and round and didn't mind a bit – but still pranced when on parade. Father said it was most difficult with a drawn sword in one hand and the horse standing on his hind legs!

There was a fancy dress children's party at Christmas and I went as Robin Hood and had a bow and arrows. One day we went out in a carriage to Fatehpur Sikri, it was a beautiful building. Father took me to the fort – a red sandstone building and told me wonderful stories about battles there.

## **6. Multan (Punjab<sup>18</sup>)**

***9<sup>th</sup> March 1915 – October 1915***

I had my fifth birthday and Mother made me an apron with a red cross on it so that I could be a Red Cross Nurse! And Heather had to be a wounded soldier. All I can remember of Multan was that it was hot and dusty. We were only there for just over a month and then Mother, Heather and I went up to Simla in April. In September we came down from the hills. I had a pony though I don't remember its name. I do remember one occasion when Father was talking to some man who had a motorbike – as they finished their conversation he started up his bike, and my pony was so frightened he stood on his hind legs, but I did manage to hang on!

Heather had her second birthday party and after the party I started lighting the candles again and set my sleeve on fire. Luckily the bearer<sup>19</sup> had a Jaron (tea towel) in his hand which he wrapped round my arm and put the fire out before it set fire to my hair! I had quite a nasty burn on my arm and was very afraid of fire for a long time! As usual I'd been disobedient because I'd been told not to touch the matches, but I lit one candle from another!

We were only in Multan for one month – from September till October. Then we went to Dera Ismail Khan. Father became a Major in October 1915.

In Multan I remember a gateway or arch covered in I presume tiles of deep blue and turquoise blue enamels. They were lovely patterns and colours. Multan enamel was quite famous.

## **7. Lahore (Punjab<sup>20</sup>)**

***April 1915***

We spent a week in Lahore on our way to Simla. My father was with us so I presume he was on leave. We stayed in a hotel and some friend of my parents was there and took us round Lahore to see the sights. There was a zoo and I can remember seeing white

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<sup>18</sup> Now Pakistan.

<sup>19</sup> A bearer is a man servant. A butler, a valet, a footman, of varying ranks. We usually had two; one a Moslem and one a Hindu. When they waited at table, the Moslem would not handle any dish with pork or bacon, and the Hindu would not handle beef, as a cow is sacred.

<sup>20</sup> Now Pakistan.

peacocks and a white panther and a white elephant. We saw Mutiny relics too and I think there was a park or gardens.

## **8. Dera Ismail Khan (Frontier Province<sup>21</sup>)**

### ***October 1915 – April 1916 for the cold weather***

The Regiment was posted to the North West Frontier with its base at Dera Ismail Khan. We travelled to Darya Khan by train and then crossed the Indus to DIK. As far as I can remember it was quite a long way, about ten or 12 miles, with stretches of river crossed by bridges of boats and then sandy stretches in between. There were reeds laid on both the bridges and the tracks between them. In some of the sandy strips there were tall reeds growing on either side of the track and our tonga driver told us tales of tigers hiding in the reeds. It gave us shivers up our spines! The tongas we crossed the river in were drawn by one horse and quite heavily laden. The luggage was strapped round the roof.

There were armed sentries walking round the bungalows all night. I had a new pony – a bay with black points and I called her by my two favourite names ‘Phyllis Dorothy’!! The Regimental Durzi<sup>22</sup> made me some real jodhpurs – so real they even had fly buttons like my father’s!

During the cold weather there were lots of children’s parties, fancy dress and ordinary dress. At one of them we all had to go as Pierrots and Pierrettes. Heather went as Pierrot and I as Pierrette – white with black wool pompoms and triangular hats!

As far as I can remember Rattrays<sup>23</sup> Sikhs were the other Indian battalion there. Once I went down the river with my father in a paddle steamer to Dera Ghazi Khan. From near the river you could see a large hill – rather like a volcanic shape, called Takht-i-Sulaiman. It means Solomon’s throne<sup>24</sup>. At the end of the cold weather it still had snow on it. Some time during one of the cold weathers we were there, there was a very bad dust storm. At first the sky went a sort of yellow ochre and then darker and darker and we went into the bungalow and all the windows and doors were shut as much as possible – but a lot of the dust penetrated!

Father got a second horse Bob who was the complete opposite of Sunny – Bob was quiet and calm – a dark bay. Father spent a lot of time up in the Frontier at Tank, Wana, Khajuri Kach and only seemed to come down to DIK at intervals. One of the other wives Mrs Hobson had part of our bungalow. When father was up in the Frontier he grew a beard and they wore puggarees<sup>25</sup> so the officers couldn’t be distinguished from the sepoys and easily recognised by snipers. When he and Major Hobson came back with their beards on, just to show us, we thought they looked just like the advertisements for Monkey Brand Soap – we had the pictures in our scrapbooks! Father’s beard was bright red.

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<sup>21</sup> Now Pakistan.

<sup>22</sup> Tailor.

<sup>23</sup> Called after Captain Rattray who did a lot of recruiting.

<sup>24</sup> The Sulaiman Range extends in a northern and southern direction, west of the Indus River. The highest points are the twin peaks of Kaisargarh and Takht-i-sulaiman (3,379 metres/11,085 feet). The latter peak takes its name, which means “throne of Solomon”, from a throne-shaped hollow in the solid rock of the southern slope.

<sup>25</sup> Indian turban

We children and our mother went up to Simla every April and came down to DIK in September. The journey there by train seemed quite long and we went through a station called Chunga Munga which I thought sounded exactly like Beatrix Potter's Tale of Two Bad Mice one of which was Hunca Munca. During the journey we went through a desert and there was a bleak range of mountains called the Salt Range.

In April 1917 the Regiment went to the war in Mesopotamia and they marched out escorted by the Band of the 5<sup>th</sup> Devons. Then all the wives and children went up to Simla again.

I forgot to mention – one of the sights and smells of the cold weather was the herds of camels being brought down to the markets in India. They came down as soon as the pontoon bridges were erected. The bridges were taken away in the hot weather when the snows in the Himalayas melted and the Indus became about 13 miles wide. The only way to cross then was by motor boat. The camels belonged to sort of gypsy tribes called Pawindahs and I used to stand at the edge of the compound watching them. Sometimes they had baby camels tied onto their mothers' backs. The children were very smiling and we greeted each other.

I remember seeing the first aeroplanes which went over the Frontier. This must have been 1916-17. On one occasion – it must have been April 1916 – when we were getting into the train at Darya Khan to go to Simla our mother got out of the carriage to go to the next one to talk to Mrs Hobson – leaving us in charge of the Ayah. She didn't notice, and Heather, then aged two and a



half, wanted to go with mother. I was washing my teeth so didn't see her go either and she fell down between the carriage and the platform. All we could hear was a little voice saying "Hum neechi hai" (I am below) and we couldn't see her as it was dark. Luckily someone's bearer was slim enough to get down between the train and the platform and pick her up. Very luckily as about five minutes later the engine was shunted down and attached to the carriages which jerked! I promptly had hysterics and had my face slapped to make me stop screaming, but I couldn't sleep all night imagining what might have happened!

## **9. Simla (Punjab, now Himachal Pradesh)**

***April – September 1915 from Multan – Abergeldie Hotel***

***April – September 1916 from DIK – Abergeldie Hotel***

***September 1916 – March 1917 from DIK – Longwood Hotel***

***April 1917 – October 1917 from DIK – Abergeldie Hotel***

My memory of Simla is a place of lovely scents – pine trees, lily of the valley, moss, dog daisies and wild roses. I have only to smell any of these things and I'm back in the Himalayas. We went up there for three hot weathers and spent one cold weather there too. We saw snow for the first time then – quite deep snow too.

We only stayed in Longwood Hotel for the winter, when the whole of Jakko closed down, as there was too much snow there. Between March and April 1917 we went down to DIK to say goodbye to Father when he went to Mesopotamia.

We then stayed in Abergeldie Hotel which was up Jakko, highest part of Simla at 8000ft. And we had a suite of rooms – and a veranda. There were lots of monkeys all round – Rhesus monkeys and they were sacred and worshipped. There was a monkey temple at the top of Jakko and we used to go up to see the monkeys being fed with chenna<sup>26</sup>. They sat on a low wall all round the temple. It was the first time I saw wallpaper on the walls of the hotel rooms. I thought it quite lovely! A trellis pattern with roses climbing up it! Every hot weather the same people came to the same hotel so we became very friendly with some of the children. Only one family, the Moretons, we kept in touch with afterwards. In fact I still hear from Phyllis Moreton – now Montague. The Moretons had a governess Mrs Cowey who later came to us. My mother used to give me lessons and several other children came too. I could read quite well by the time I was five and became a voracious reader.

There were lots of picnics and one place I remember was called Wild Flower Hall and I thought it a very appropriate name – there were masses and masses of flowers growing in a sort of meadow. Lots of dog daisies.

Later on in September 1916 I went to a Quaker School called Auckland House, headmistress Miss Pearce, and the mistresses wore grey dresses. I remember them reading Pilgrims Progress and doing drawings of it on the blackboard.

There were parties at Viceregal Lodge when Lord Harding was Viceroy and his daughter was called Diamond<sup>27</sup> – I believe because she was born the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. One party was at Christmas – the first time I saw a Christmas tree.

We used to go for walks round Jakko and there were always interesting things to see. Lovely red tree rhododendrons – and we used to see monkeys using the flowers as cups – there was usually a little liquid in them. Once we saw a black bear in the distance. Sometimes we saw Tibetans with loads on their yaks. They had turquoise and I think garnets, which they showed us.

When the rains came – it seemed to be much wetter than in the plains. Everything dripped – all the trees and shrubs. And there were tremendous thunderstorms which seemed to echo round and round the hills. Once we saw a thunderbolt and it set some pines on fire and the whole mountain burnt for days and glowed red for a long time. When we went down to Simla to The Mall we went by rickshaw. There were lovely shops there.

The winter we spent in Simla was great fun as we tobogganed and made snowmen and played with snowballs. I wore long woollen stockings and they were very prickly. I remember learning Christmas hymns in my bath (zinc tub) – particularly Hark the Herald Angels Sing.

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<sup>26</sup> A grain.

<sup>27</sup> Diamond acted as her father's Hostess, as he was a widower. Sadly she died quite young in her early twenties of TB.

My youngest sister Beryl Robina was born on 23<sup>rd</sup> January 1917, during a blizzard, and we were taken down to the hospital from the Longwood Hotel to see her, by someone who was looking after us while Mother was in hospital.

To get up to Simla we changed at Ambala into a small train which seemed to go round and round the hill so that sometimes the first half of the train was directly above the rear. Once when we were going up some Raja was in the same carriage and he chatted to me all the way and I remember him saying to my mother that I spoke perfect Hindustani which seemed most odd to me – I spoke it in preference to English!

Once during the rains there was a landslide at the back of the hotel and our bathroom was engulfed and so we had to move to other rooms.

The monkeys got very bold and used to come into the rooms and steal any food and take it up onto the roof. So they made wire netting doors to keep them out.

In 1916 I got German measles and was taken to the fever hospital (as I was delirious) in a doolie<sup>28</sup> – or palanquin. I was most insulted at having German measles when the Germans were our enemies. As I was the only patient in the hospital I was thoroughly spoilt and had a marvellous time when I was recovering. One morning when I was sitting on an upstairs veranda watching monkeys on a tin roof below there was an earthquake. It was fascinating watching the monkeys bouncing down the roof of corrugated iron (painted red) with the vibrations. Then the matron and a nurse came rushing up to take me downstairs and into an open courtyard.

I remember learning “My Little Grey Home in the West” taught me by the matron.

After spending the winter of 1916-17 in Simla we went down to DIK to see my father before he went off to Mesopotamia. He returned in July with TB and was in the Lady Willingdon Hospital<sup>29</sup> in Bombay and then Simla. Then in October he was sent to hospital<sup>30</sup> in Dehra Dun and we all went down there.

Mrs Cowey came to us as governess just before we left Simla – September 1917. But we also had an Ayah.

Mrs Cowey was the widow of a tea planter in Darjeeling. She had only been married about eight months when he died of malaria/yellow fever. She was left with nothing and so went to Calcutta and trained as a nurse. However she wasn't strong enough to continue with it, and got a job as a governess. Later on she was with the Moreton family who we met every hot weather in the same hotel in Simla, and then came on to us till we came home.

While in Simla every hot weather during the First World War – everyone was involved with charity events to raise money for the Red Cross – for wounded soldiers etc and theatricals were what we children were in! There were plays, concerts, tableaux etc. I remember seeing Where the Rainbow Ends and being in various other things. In the first one I remember I was the Fairy Queen – in a sort of tutu of starched mosquito

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<sup>28</sup> A covered litter for one passenger.

<sup>29</sup> Lady Willingdon was wife of the Governor of Bombay and her favourite colour was mauve. In “her” hospital, the nurses wore mauve dresses, the wards had mauve bedspreads and, what was considered worst of all, the officers had to wear mauve pyjamas!!

<sup>30</sup> The hospital building was normally a cadet college – a sort of Sandhurst for Indian officers.

netting! And wings of wire covered with netting too and a 'silver' wand! I believe I was chosen because I had long fair hair! I learnt my part so well I knew everyone else's part as well and had to be hushed up in the wings from saying them all aloud! We also did songs and dances – The Hornpipe in sailor suits and the girls in sailor blouses with navy blue pleated skirts!

## **10. Dehra Dun (United Provinces<sup>31</sup>)**

***October 1917 – January 1918***

My father was sent to a Red Cross hospital which was in the Indian Military College buildings.

At first we were in the Northern Hotel and the manager had a young nilgai<sup>32</sup> which we used to feed. I went to the local convent and remember walking back at midday when it seemed very hot and made even hotter by wearing a quilted spine pad! I got flu rather badly and was not allowed to go to school – but had to spend as much time as I could out of doors. We moved to a bungalow called Annesly which had a big garden. There were all sorts of fruit – pomelos<sup>33</sup>, bananas, lychees, etc and huge poinsettias grown as a hedge at the side of the drive – they were taller than my parents so must have been about six feet.

Heather broke her collar bone, by falling out of bed onto her wooden camel. We were supposed to be resting during the afternoon, but we were surreptitiously playing with my wooden elephant and Heather's wooden camel, leaning out of our beds to do so and Heather fell out. I made her suppress her howls so that we wouldn't be found out. About two days later when she was swinging on a swing she screamed with pain. Then she had to have an x-ray at the Red Cross hospital. Father took us both in a carriage and Heather wouldn't go on the x-ray table by herself, so I had to lie beside her. She was covered with sheets of lead except for her shoulder, and this big lamp on an expanding arm wheeled over her and aimed on her shoulder. On our way home I got a dreadful migraine. It was not till some time afterwards that the adults found out the cause of the broken bone.

Our favourite walk was to the elephant lines – to look at about six or eight elephants in their stables. They just had a roof over the top and each elephant had one hind foot chained to one of the uprights of the building. Sometimes the Mahouts would let us have a ride. One of the elephants had terrible scars down one side of its head and on its left shoulder. This was the elephant Lord Curzon was riding when a bomb was thrown at him. The elephant took the brunt of the attack. One day when we went to see the elephants there was great excitement and all the Mahouts were jabbering and trying to decide what to do. One of the elephants was going berserk and trying to break his chains and trumpeting loudly. The Mahouts shouted to us to go away quickly because he was a rogue elephant and there was no knowing what he would do.

We went on a picnic to a river, a tributary of the Ganges, which had a very boulder-strewn bed. We paddled across and it was very strange – one half which came from the plains was almost tepid and the other half which came from the Mussoorie hills was icy cold. In fact in one place in the centre you could stand with one foot in cold water and one in quite warm water.

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<sup>31</sup> Now Uttar Pradesh.

<sup>32</sup> A large short-horned Indian antelope.

<sup>33</sup> Grapefruit.

Mr Evans and Mr Huggard were patients with Father in the Red Cross hospital. Mr Evans was wounded in the leg and Mr Huggard in the arm. They both came to us for Christmas Day. After we came home to England or rather Ireland my parents kept in touch with Mr Evans and always heard every Christmas – he became rector of Totnes in Devon. I was given a small celluloid Kewpie doll that Christmas, and a small handbag. I took the handbag to church with the doll inside it and during the sermon kept opening the bag to have a look at the doll! I got severely ticked off afterwards!

Father took us to the Forestry Museum which was very interesting – the first time I saw how the ages of trees were discovered by counting the rings. He also took us to the Observatory where we looked through the telescope to see sunspots.

There was an avenue of eucalyptus trees – very tall and straight. At the gates of the Club there were some huge bamboos which grew rather like the Prince of Wales' feathers.

At Christmas there was a fancy dress party in the Club – Heather and I went as rosebuds and Beryl as a Pierrot! On 1<sup>st</sup> January we went to see the Gurkhas on parade and their Regimental march was God Bless the Prince of Wales!

There seemed to be a lot of Sikh temples in and near the bazaar. There was one which had a sort of external window with a plaster god in it. He had a human body and tiger's head and he was very powerful. He had a son who was completely human and who went round saying he was more powerful than his father. So the tiger god put him across his knees and tore out his entrails. It was all very realistically coloured and we used to like looking at it – guts and all!

## **11. Wellington (Madras ) and Nilgiri Hills (7600 ft)**

### ***January 1918 – January 1920***

The journey from Dehra Dun to Wellington took about five days. And we spent a whole day in Madras and it was the first time we saw the sea. We changed at Mettupalaiyam into a rack railway which chugged up the hill.

Father was posted to Wellington to Light Duty in the Hills as Station Staff Officer and Cantonment Magistrate. We stayed in Coonoor for a week in Dunmore a boarding house kept by Miss Wells. Then we moved to Wellington to Rose Cottage which was very small but had a lovely yellow Banksia<sup>34</sup> Rose climbing over it. We were there for two months then moved to Glencoe – below the officers' mess and above the typhoid convalescent home. It was quite near the fountain and had a steep valley in front and looked out towards a hill, Doda Betta<sup>35</sup>, which was quite high. A very primitive tribe, the Todas, lived there. In the valley below a mare and foal were killed one night by a panther. And we shivered in our beds at night wondering if it would come and take our dog as we'd been told panthers were very keen on eating dogs! When Mother found out about this fear she had some wire netting put into the bow window – and we felt quite safe! Glencoe had a nice garden with lots of roses and a yellow tea rose, and a hedge of Crown of Thorns (a type of euphorbia) round the garden. We grew yellow tomatoes too, and tree tomatoes against a wall.

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<sup>34</sup> A Banksia Rose is a climber with small yellow flowers; called after Sir Joseph Banks (1743-1820). He was Director of Kew Gardens about 1790, and explored China and Australia for plants.

<sup>35</sup> This mountain peak is the highest point in Tamil Nadu state, rising to 2,637m (8,652ft) near Udagamundalam.

There were lots of eucalyptus trees everywhere – very tall with silvery trunks and blue-green leaves. When we had a cold we used to have eucalyptus leaves put inside our pillow cases. During a gale one fell on the house next door and the little girl was buried but was dug out unhurt and spent the rest of the night with us.

During 1918 there was the epidemic of Spanish flu and Indians were dying like flies. So were the British troops and our favourite walk was round past the cemetery so that we could see the military funerals – and there were lots of them. Bands playing and bugles blowing the Last Post and rifles firing. There were some fascinating graves in the cemetery. One was a sort of table tomb with a huge wrought iron superstructure like a tent made of iron bars. The chap buried in the grave had tried to shoot a man-eating tiger from the usual machan (platform) up a tree and hadn't succeeded. So he'd had this iron framework made and sat on the ground with this over him. Unfortunately he fell asleep and the tiger put his paws through the 'cage' and mauled him and he died later of septicaemia. Another fascinating tombstone to a child had pale blue forget-me-nots carved on it.



Father always took us round the cemeteries when we moved to a new station because he said you could learn a lot about the history of the place.

We used to go for long walks with Mrs Cowey to Kotagiri and all round Wellington – we used to pick hill guavas to make into jam and jelly.

All the Indians spoke Tamil which we didn't know, but we learnt a few words of command for rickshaw coolies. Beryl learnt lots of swear words from her Ayah. But the Madrasi servants all spoke English of a sort. Father's old bearer Abdul who had been with him for years – in fact I couldn't remember a time when he hadn't been part of the household – had to go back to Northern India. He had been getting thinner and thinner and he couldn't eat the rice which the local Indians ate. He couldn't get Ata (a coarse ground flour) to make his chapattis. So with much weeping and wailing he left us. He wrote to Father for many years and then the letters suddenly stopped so they thought he'd died.

We used to go to Ooty<sup>36</sup> (Udagamundalam) occasionally – and to parties at Government House. Lord Willingdon was the Governor of Madras and they came up to Ooty for the hot weather. Lady Willingdon always wore mauve – it was her favourite colour. There was a huge stuffed bear standing on the landing of the stairs in Government House and it was quite terrifying!! We also went to Lovedale where there was a tea plantation – and went to the Martins – he ran the plantation.

I went to the Army School in September 1918 for about four terms. Mr Wilde was the headmaster and I was caned on my hand several times, I don't know why. There was so much ink-throwing by a lot of tough little boys that my mother made me khaki dresses because my nicer ones got ruined. I remember there was quite a library of books and I read every one several times!

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<sup>36</sup> Called Ootacamund in those days.

We learnt lots of war songs from hearing the troops singing them when they were marching. 'Goodbye-ee', 'K-K-K-Katie', 'There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding', 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' and 'Tipperary'.

General Maxwell was the Commandant of the Cadet College – the Indian Sandhurst – and he asked my mother to have some of the cadets who'd been ill. So they stayed for long and short stays.

When I was nine and a half I knocked out my front teeth. I was using a dolls pushchair as a scooter. I had been told not to do this! Major Bott RAMC looked after me because I got a septic mouth – and I met him in 1942 in Camberley. He was Mrs Bouquet's brother (where we stayed).

While we were in Wellington we were allowed to have a dog. Our mother was terrified of rabies because just after she and my father were married his dog got rabies and my father had to go from Secunderabad to Kasauli<sup>37</sup> to get rabies treatment. So the only reason we were allowed a dog in Wellington was there was a Pasteur Institute at Coonoor – three miles away and if necessary we could get treatment there. We first of all had a fox terrier and then afterwards a large dog, a cross between a bull terrier and a Dalmatian – called Whisky.

I was supposed to have sunstroke – I had a terrible headache for three days and was sick as well. My topee was found to be cracked so it was decided I had sunstroke. Years afterwards when these headaches I got were diagnosed as migraines I knew that I didn't have sunstroke but had a migraine. Heather used to get headaches and bilious attacks regularly about once a fortnight and in retrospect these were migraines too.

We went down the ghat to a botanic garden and saw some interesting trees and plants – including cocoa, vanilla and cloves growing. We also went to a place called Lamb's Rock where you could see the plains below – 7000 feet down – quite spectacular. And another place where there was a rock face and a sheer drop for several hundred feet, where Tippoo Sahib threw his enemies over the edge.

Armistice Day 11<sup>th</sup> November 1918 – the hooters at the cordite factory sounded at 11am and we all came home from school – everyone was waving Union Jacks. Later there was a special parade at the gymkhana<sup>38</sup> and troops marched and bands played. In the bazaar there was a ceremonial 'feeding the poor'. My parents sat in a Shamyana<sup>39</sup> to watch. Festivities seemed to go on for some weeks.

## **12. Coonoor (Madras) Nilgiri Hills**

### ***January – September 1920***

In January 1920 my father was posted to the Regimental Depot in Ahmadabad and my mother went down with him. We three children were left with Mrs Cowey and an Ayah and bearer in Miss Wells' boarding house Dunmore in Coonoor, where we had stayed two years before for a week when we first arrived up in the Nilgiris. Miss Wells wrote a cookery book which my mother got in 1920 and I have now. It was Indian cookery but not many Indian recipes called 'What's What in Cookery' by Maud Wells published by

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<sup>37</sup> Some 920 miles – at that time the only Pasteur Institute, where he could get anti rabies injections, was in Kasauli. It was five days journey and, in 1906, the treatment consisted of 40 injections in the stomach.

<sup>38</sup> The Gymkhana Club had tennis courts, a shooting range, golf, cricket and horse jumping occasions.

<sup>39</sup> A covered shelter – four poles with a cloth stretched over the top.

Higginbottom & Co – Mount Road Madras – in 1905. And the preface to the book was written at Dunmore, Coonoor in 1903.

I had my tenth birthday there and General Maxwell gave a party for me and I had a plum cake made by the Wellington gymkhana cook and it was a super party with pony rides and treasure hunt etc. I got a fountain pen and a string of corals from General Maxwell. He used to let me ride his polo ponies and once I fell off and twisted my ankle. Heather and I went to Miss Thompson's school in Coonoor. In September Mother came up from Ahmadabad to take us down because it had got cooler.

### **13. Ahmadabad (Gujarat)**

***September 1920 – April 1921***

We went down to Ahmadabad in September to Bungalow 20. It was supposed to be cooler but it suddenly got very hot. We had to re-learn Hindustani which we'd practically forgotten while in South India. And the Indian officers who came to see us – who'd known us before – couldn't believe that we, who'd spoken it so fluently, could possibly forget!

Father was commanding the station as a brevet Lt Col. There were riots in the Native City where there were a lot of cotton mills, and it was Ghandi's home town and he was there instigating the uprising. He was put in prison. A company of British infantry came to help with the riots and they were the Royal Warwickshire Regiment – Father's old Regiment.

I had to learn the alarm call because if the bugles blew it we – the women and children – were all to go to the fort. Mother had got extra tins of milk and some of our clothes were always ready in a suitcase. However it never quite got to that point. The Indians marched out of Ahmadabad City towards the Cantonments, and the troops marched towards the city – however the Indians didn't come further when they saw the troops – and just sat down in the road. At that point, father made the troops sit down too – so they all sat just looking at each other for about three hours until they got hungry and presently went home again. According to Father it was touch and go – because the Hindus and Mohammedans had banded together against the British.

We used to go fishing very early in the morning in the River Sabarmatti and we did manage to catch something even though we only had bent pins. And we brought them back to be cooked for breakfast! Rather muddy-tasting fish! Once we visited some palace outside Ahmadabad – it was in the middle of a lake – and the lake was full of Muggers (crocodiles). We used to walk on the Maidan<sup>40</sup> and there were langur monkeys and peacocks. There were golden oriels, hoopoes and some sort of kingfisher in the garden. Besides all the usual sounds of birds – bulbuls, coppersmiths and brain fever birds etc.

We had a mongoose – Satan, and two baby squirrels who slept in a tiny box in a bird cage. Even after we let them loose they came back to the cage every night and spurned a bigger box – even when they could only get their heads into the small one. One night, my father found a lump in his bed. He got his revolver to shoot a suspected snake – fortunately he pulled back the covers first and found that Satan had sneaked into his bed because it had felt cold!

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<sup>40</sup> This is a sort of common land – a large open space. Cattle were grazed; in the monsoon, grass was cut as cattle food, and everyone took short cuts over it.

We used to hear the band playing at the Mess for guest nights – and it was nice to go to sleep listening to the band. We got to know all the Gilbert and Sullivan tunes. I had jaundice quite badly and felt very ill. Then we all had malaria. Mrs Cowey left us as we were about to come home to England. We were all very sad at her leaving. We had a cow called Siania and a white one called Moti (Pearl). Instead of the cloth punkahs hung from the ceilings we had an oil-driven fan. It had metal ‘sails’ just like a windmill and was driven by an oil lamp which threw off a certain amount of heat!! In all the places we were in India when I was a child we had no electricity and only oil lamps – we always had a butti (hurricane lamp).

## **14. Lonavale (Bombay<sup>41</sup>)**

*April – May 1920*

It got rather hot in Ahmadabad so we went up to Lonavale which was up in the hills about 38 miles south of Bombay on the way to Poona. We stayed in the Hamilton Hotel. We all had malaria and Beryl was quite ill.

We went down the ghat towards Bombay about 12 miles from Lonavale to a very curious garden owned by a rich Indian. There were a lot of unusual plants, but also a sort of menagerie of plaster animals – life size – tigers and panthers and bears and monkeys etc – in cages to make them more realistic. There were also all sorts of facts carved on stones – almost like a Guinness Book of Records – the highest mountain, the longest river etc and then arrows pointing in different directions saying Bombay 24 miles, London 4,500 miles, etc. We also went to the dam of the Bombay reservoir. We were only in Lonavale for a few weeks till we got our passage home.

## **15. Bombay**

We spent a day in Bombay before boarding the ship home. We drove round and to some gardens on Malabar Hill and to the zoo. But the best thing of all was the treat of pulling the plug in the lavatories – we had never met this luxury before. And even taps in basins were most exciting. This was in the Taj Mahal Hotel!

## **16. HT Oratava**

*May – 20 June 1921*

The Oratava was an Orient Line ship which pre-war had usually done the Australian trip. She had been made into an armed merchant cruiser during the war and had armour plating in the state rooms instead of wood panelling. There were huge pipes down the middles of the cabins for coaling<sup>42</sup> on high seas! The captain was Captain Mackenzie who was quite famous – he had fought a battle with a German ship but I can't remember any details. Anyway he was considered quite a ‘hero’.

This was turned into a troop ship after the war and the children on board – only seven – were allotted a small piece of deck beside the troops with a piece of rope separating us. This was wonderful for us because the troops kept us entertained all day – drew pictures of ships and flags for us, taught us housey-housey and told us stories. My mother was a little apprehensive at first in case we learnt bad language – but the troops were marvellous and never swore when we were there.

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<sup>41</sup> Now Maharashtra.

<sup>42</sup> The ships got their steam from coal burning boilers.

We heard the wireless for the first time. The wireless officer took us along to his cabin to hear it – it was only Morse code but all the same exciting!

Mother had malaria and was seasick so was in her cabin much of the voyage. Father got her a bottle of champagne – which I thought was delicious!

We came through the Suez Canal where there were barbed wire entanglements all along the banks. The Red Sea looked quite red – an algae – bright scarlet – floating in sheets on top.

There were also the masts of wrecked ships all round Port Said. We called at Port Said and were to have called at Alexandria to pick up more troops – but there were riots in Alexandria – so we waited in Port Said for three days for the troops to come there by overland routes. We went ashore to Port Said every day and there were the constant Gully-Gully men<sup>43</sup> and boys diving around the ship for coins.

Finally to Southampton after what seemed to us very cold weather. Our parents had kept on telling us how 'green' England would look and when we landed in the middle of a heat wave, it was as brown as India! There was a very severe drought and it was hot in the train from Southampton to London. We landed on 20<sup>th</sup> June.

Father came home on six months' leave and returned to India to Ahmadabad. We children and our mother stayed in London with our grandmother – father's mother – for six months more and then moved to Bedford for one year. In 1923 we went over to Ireland and Father returned in December 1924 and finally retired in 1926.

In 1922 his Regiment the 99<sup>th</sup> Deccan Infantry was changed to 5<sup>th</sup> /19<sup>th</sup> Hyderabad Regiment and about 1926 the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion was disbanded.

While we were in London, Father helped Lord Haig with the very first Poppy Day.

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<sup>43</sup> They were Egyptian "magicians" who produced little baby chicks out of their mouths, their sleeves or anywhere else they could hide them. I do not know why they were so called; perhaps Gully-Gully was derived from gullible.

## **General Impressions of India**

Travelling – and we seemed to do a lot. And the longest journey was from Dehra Dun to Wellington which took five days!

In Indian trains the bunks or seats run lengthwise down the carriage, and two let down from the top to make beds at night. So four adults can sleep in a carriage. They all have a lavatory off – which has a basin as well. The carriages are quite wide. There are always three shutters on each window, a glass one, a gauze one and a sort of louvered wooden one. You always have a bedding roll which is rolled out at night to sleep on – with sheets, pillows, blankets etc. Travelling is terribly dusty – a fine dust which penetrates everything – and even with the windows firmly shut there is a thick layer on everything including faces!

We always brought our first meal with us which was always cold chicken and cold boiled potatoes and we had a little sprinkle of salt on one hand and dipped the chicken and potatoes in it, and ate them in our fingers and had no plates or knives or forks – which was part of the fun. Other meals were obtained at the stations. Sometimes we got out and walked along to the restaurant car and had it there and returned to our carriage at the next station. Sometimes it was sent to our carriage from the restaurant car. Outside stations were horrid sights of lepers – and beggars of all sorts. The lepers were the worst – with their faces and limbs eaten away.

India is a country of smells – an all-pervading one of burning cow dung! The women make it into sort of cakes which are dried in the sun and burnt for cooking and heat in the cold weather. No wonder the soil is powdery and dusty and poor – the manure should be going on the land instead of burnt. In the evening there is a grey haze of smoke rising. There are some lovely smells too – jasmine, frangipani – and the strong pungent smell of marigolds, African marigolds.

We always had one or two cows for milk for the house. They were quite tame with the Indians but hated white people. The cowman was usually very cunning and milked the cow first for himself then gave her a drink of water – so that the milk she gave was pretty thin. The cows were pretty scraggy too. Sometimes we had a buffalo instead – their milk had a much higher fat content. In Ahmadabad there was a government dairy where they were breeding Gujarat cows with long hanging ears. They are now called Brahmin cattle and exported to South America.

At the festival of Divali, there were hundreds of little lights outlining all the houses and even the go-downs of the servants and all the shops in the bazaar. It looked very pretty. The lamps were tiny clay bowls filled with oil with a wick floating in it. There were drums and tom toms beating all night. At any festival – British or Indian – we were always hung with garlands – the same thing happened when we moved from one Station to the other, or went to or arrived back from the hills. The garlands were usually of fresh flowers – mostly African marigolds which had a pungent smell, but sometimes of roses and jasmine which were rather nice. For special garlands – usually from Rajas – they were on stiff black material embroidered with gold. They were even made of cloves – which afterwards were put in trunks to keep moths and insects away.

At Christmas, New Year, birthdays or special occasions we were brought Dollies – these were trays with lots of fruit piled up on them.

The bazaars were fascinating with all the small Indian shops and workshops – brass workers and silver workers and woodworkers, and you could see the things you went to buy being made.

The insects in India were horrible – so many of them – nasty dangerous ones like scorpions and stinging spiders. One always had to shake out one's shoes or slippers and you never walked round barefoot. There were millions of ants of assorted kinds – and white ants or termites which ate through everything. One's beds and dining tables had to have their legs in tins of water with paraffin in them to prevent ants climbing up. There were all sorts of lizards and small ones called Chipkullies who hid behind the pictures and popped out to catch flies. If you touched their tails they fell off – but they grew again. So you saw them with all sorts of lengths of tail. There were horrible small beetles – the size of ladybirds, but black – and they came out at night and always flew into the lights – and they had a revolting smell and were called Stink Bugs.

The animals one saw most were of course cows and pye-dogs<sup>44</sup>. Cows being sacred were never killed off – and pye-dogs bred like flies. But in the hills there were lots of rhesus monkeys and in the plains grey langur monkeys. They went about in quite large parties and there was one larger one who was the leader – the so called Raja Monkey.

Out of the stations there were lots of black buck, nilgai, hares – and there were sand grouse.

At night there were a myriad noises – jackals howling and we imagined saying “Come, come, come – where, where, where – here, here, here – I smell the body of a dead Hindu-u-u”. Hyenas – laughing – a horrid eerie sound, and after the rains all sorts of frogs, toads and grasshoppers.

As for birds, they were both spectacular and beautiful, and noisy. Bulbuls which sang almost like nightingales and golden oriels. Coppersmiths which went on and on with one note exactly the sound of someone constantly hammering on a tin tray. And brain fever birds which went up the scale – almost – saying “brain fever, brain fever”. Hoopoes with their crests, eating ants on the dusty Maidan. Kingfishers, mynahs and crows which went on and on “Caw, caw, caw”. Tailor birds which built wonderful nests of leaves sewn together. Birds of paradise – the male was pure white with a black head and long white flimsy tail feathers which floated after them as they flew. Legend says they were given their black head by Mohamed because when they were all pure white they thought themselves too beautiful. When they are young they are a chestnut colour with a black head.

The vultures were revolting-looking birds and there were always masses of them anywhere there were Parsee ‘Towers of Silence’ where the dead were laid. The purpose was for the sun to dry the bones but the vultures ate the corpses.

There was a ‘funeral’ in Ahmadabad of an Indian who said he was going to die at a certain time on a certain day. He was carried shoulder high on his bier – in his shroud – to the banks of the river where he insisted they dug a grave and put him in. He wanted the earth thrown in on top of him, but Father wouldn't allow this and after giving him half an hour's grace – made him get out of the grave – and called his bluff.

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<sup>44</sup> A vagrant mongrel, especially in Asia. They were half-wild dogs which roamed the bazaars where the Indians lived and moved to the Cantonments or Stations where the British and the Army lived. They were usually a sort of yellowy-tan and a bit bigger than a Russell terrier or fox terrier and smooth coated.

**There were always snake charmers and jugglers or conjurers at children's parties. If not these then there were elephant rides or pony rides.**

## Appendix 1 – Summary of travels from birth to age 11

<b>DATE</b>	<b>PLACE</b>	<b>Map ID</b>
1910	Singapore	
1910	London	
1910	Lifford, Co Donegal	
1910	Bombay	1
1910	Fatehgarh	2
1910-1913	Sehore (on R. Barbatti)	3
1913	Pachmarhi – Mahadeo Hills (3664 ft)	4
1913	Bhopal	5
1914	Agra on R. Yamuna	6
1915	Multan on R. Chenab	7
1915-1917	Simla – Himalayas (7116 ft)	8
1915-1916	Dera Ismail Khan (DIK) across R. Indus	9
1916-1917	Dehra Dun in the foothills of Mussoorie	10
1917-1920	Wellington – Nilgiri Hills (8000 ft)	11
1920	Coonoor – Nilgiri Hills (8000 ft)	12
1920-1921	Ahmadabad on R. Sabarmati	13
1921	Lonavale (pronounced Lonouly!)	14
1921	London	
1936-1937	Mhow – Vindaya Hills (3000 ft)	15
1936-1937	Pachmarhi	4
1936-1937	Bhopal	5

## **Appendix 2 – A Detailed Chronology**

1910	Lois born in the Military Hospital, Tanglin, Singapore on 24 <sup>th</sup> March. Eldest daughter of Captain Harry Eastland Redman of the 99 <sup>th</sup> Deccan Infantry (later 5 <sup>th</sup> 19 <sup>th</sup> Hyderabad Regiment) and Mary Elizabeth Robina Cochrane, daughter of John Cochrane of Edenmore, Stranorlar, Co.Donegal and Combermore, Lifford, Co.Donegal, Ireland.
Apr 1910	To Alexandra Barracks, Tanglin, Singapore.
22 <sup>nd</sup> Apr 1910	Christened at Garrison Church, Tanglin, Singapore.
12 <sup>th</sup> May 1910	Sailed for England in P&O Multan calling at Penang, Colombo, Port Said and Marseilles.
18 <sup>th</sup> Jun 1910	Landed at Albert Docks, Tilbury and spent one month in London, then to Lifford, Co.Donegal and back to London for one month.
9 <sup>th</sup> Dec 1910	Sailed for India on P&O Delhi calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles and Port Said.
30 <sup>th</sup> Dec 1910	Landed in Bombay – stayed one week with Uncle Claude Redman who worked with Ralli Brothers.
8 <sup>th</sup> Jan 1911	To Fatehgarh, Central Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh) to the Regimental Depot when Father was SSO and Cantonment Magistrate.
13 <sup>th</sup> Feb 1911	To Sehore Central India where Regiment was stationed.
Apr-Jun 1913	To Pachmarhi Mahadeo Hills (3600') Central Provinces (now Madhya Pradesh) where Father did a Small Arms Course.
24 <sup>th</sup> Sep 1913	Sister Heather Elizabeth born in Sehore.
Dec 1913-Jan 1914	To Bhopal – state guest house where we were joined by Uncle Cecil and Aunt Lily Cochrane and their daughter Margaret (my first cousin) who was then six.
4 <sup>th</sup> Aug 1914	War declared.
17 <sup>th</sup> Oct 1914	Moved to Agra, United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh) with the Regiment.
9 <sup>th</sup> Mar 1915	Move to Multan, Punjab (now Pakistan) with the Regiment.
Apr 1915	Spent one week in Lahore on the way to Simla.
Apr 1915	Simla, Punjab (now Himachal Pradesh) to Abergeldie Hotel on Jakko (8000').
Sep 1915	Return to Multan.
Oct 1915	Moved to Dera Ismail Khan NW Frontier Province (now Pakistan) with the Regiment. Darya Khan and then over the R. Indus. Father in Frontier based on Tank, Wana, Khajuri Kach and Bannu.
20 <sup>th</sup> Oct 1915	Father promoted to Major.
Apr 1916	To Simla – Abergeldie Hotel.
Sep 1916	Auckland House School (a Quaker school). Headmistress Miss Pearce.
Nov 1916	Simla – we moved down the hill to Longwood Hotel for the winter.
23 <sup>rd</sup> Jan 1917	Sister Beryl born in the hospital and christened in Christchurch, The Mall, Simla.
Mar 1917	Dera Ismail Khan – went down from Simla.
Apr 1917	Father went to Mesopotamia with the Regiment.

Apr 1917	We returned to Simla to the Abergeldie Hotel.
Jul 1917	Father invalided back from Mesopotamia – in hospital in Bombay and later found to have TB.
Sep 1917	Mrs Cowey came as governess. Father joined us.
Oct 1917	To Dehra Dun United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh) foothills of Mussoorie. Father in hospital. We stayed in Northern Hotel. I went to Convent School.
Dec 1917	Moved to a bungalow called Annesly – Dehra Dun.
Jan 1918	Moved to Coonoor – Nilgiri Hills Madras – spent one week in a hotel – Dunmore House.
Jan 1918	To Wellington – Nilgiri Hills S India. First to Rose Cottage for two months.
Apr 1918	Then to Glencoe. Father was SSO and Cantonment Magistrate – doing Light Duty in the Hills.
Sep 1918	Went to the Army School Wellington – Headmaster Mr Wilde
11 <sup>th</sup> Nov 1918	Armistice Day – hooters from the cordite factory sounded at 11am.
Jan 1920	Father went to Ahmadabad to join Regiment, Mother went with him. We three children, Mrs Cowey, an Ayah and bearer moved to Miss Wells' boarding house – Dunmore, Coonoor. Heather and I went to Miss Thompson's school.
Sep 1920	Mother came up to Coonoor to fetch us down from the hills to Ahmadabad. Bungalow 20.
Mar 1921	Mrs Cowey left.
Apr 1921	Moved up to Lonavale to the Hamilton Hotel. 38 miles south of Bombay and up in the hills, to await embarkation.
May 1921	Sailed from Bombay for UK in HT Oratava (Orient Line) calling at Port Said for three days. Oratava had been an armed merchant cruiser during the war – Captain Mackenzie.
20 <sup>th</sup> Jun 1921	Landed at Southampton and went to London to Granny Redman 11 Denbigh Road Bayswater and then 22 Denbigh Road.
27 <sup>th</sup> Feb 1936	Sailed for India on SS Tuscania (Anchor Line) from Liverpool calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said and Karachi (18 <sup>th</sup> March).
19 <sup>th</sup> Mar 1936	Landed at Bombay. Caught the Frontier Mail that night.
20 <sup>th</sup> Mar 1936	Arrived Mhow Central India. Stayed with Captain and Mrs Carrigan at No 6 Bungalow.
Apr 1936	Went up to Pachmarhi to see Rowland and stayed in the Royal Hotel for three days.
27 <sup>th</sup> Apr 1936	Married in Christ Church Mhow by Rev I G Gash to Rowland Eagar Blennerhassett Moriarty, The Suffolk Regiment. Eldest son of the Rev T A H Moriarty MA and Mrs Moriarty (née Moriarty) of Leckpatrick Rectory, Artigarvan, Strabane, Co Tyrone, Northern Ireland. Best man John Trelawny. Bridesmaid Joan Carrigan aged five. Reception afterwards at the Carrigans' bungalow.
28 <sup>th</sup> Apr 1936 to 6 <sup>th</sup> May 1936	Honeymoon at the Royal Hotel Pachmarhi Central Provinces.
6 <sup>th</sup> May 1936	Returned to Mhow Central India – Bungalow 9.

<b>Christmas 1936</b>	<b>Spent ten days in Bhopal state guest house where I'd spent Christmas and New Year 1913-14. Ted Ritchie and Philip Morcombe went with us</b>
<b>9<sup>th</sup> Mar 1937</b>	<b>Sailed for UK in SS Britannia (Anchor Line) calling at Port Said and Marseilles</b>
<b>4<sup>th</sup> April 1937</b>	<b>Landed at Liverpool</b>

## Appendix 3 – Glossary

<b><i>Word</i></b>	<b><i>Meaning</i></b>
Ayah	Nurse or maidservant
Bearer	Man servant, butler, valet, footman
Beesti	Servant water carrier
Begum	A Muslim lady of high rank.
Chenna	Type of grain
Coolie	Unskilled native labourer
Doolie	Covered litter for one passenger
Durbar	A meeting or court. When the King came to India, they held a Durbar, where all the Indian Princes came to pay homage.
Durzi	Tailor
Ghat	A steep incline, up or down, to or from the plains below. Ghat is also the name of a particular range of mountains
Gully-Gully Men	Egyptian “magicians”
Gurkha	Nepalese soldier in the British Army
HT	Hired Transport (prefixed to a ship’s name)
Jungle	Usually just scrubby trees – Mimosa – and tall grass
Langur	Species of monkey – grey with black faces
Lines	The barracks
Machan	Tree platform
Mahout	Elephant keeper or driver
Maidan	Open land or common land
Mussack	Goatskin bag for water
Nilgai	Indian antelope (large with short horns) – a blue-grey colour (nil meaning blue)
Numdah	Felt saddle
Pomelo	Grapefruit
Pugarree	Indian turban
Punkah	Large ceiling fan for cooling – a cloth frill about 18” to 2’ (45-60cm) deep on a pole
Purdah	A system in some Muslim and Hindu societies of screening women from men by means of a veil or curtain
Pye-dog	A vagrant mongrel or half-wild dog
Raja	Indian King or Prince
Sadhu	An Indian holy man, sage or ascetic
Sepoy	Native Indian soldier under British discipline
Shamyana	Covered shelter – four poles with a cloth stretched over the top
SS	Steam Ship (prefixed to a ship’s name)
Syce	Horse groom
Tonga	A light two-wheeled horse or ox drawn vehicle

## Appendix 4 – Place Names mentioned in the text

<i>Name (old/new)</i>	<i>Province</i>	<i>Lat</i>	<i>Long</i>	<i>S</i>
Agra	Uttar Pradesh	27° 17' N	77° 58' E	P
Ahmedabad/Ahmadabad	Gujarat	23° 00' N	72° 40' E	P
Ambala	Haryana	30° 23' N	76° 56' E	P
Bannu	NW Frontier, Pakistan	33° 00' N	70° 18' E	P
Bhopal	Madhya Pradesh	23° 20' N	77° 30' E	P
Bombay/Mumbai	Maharashtra	18° 55' N	72° 50' E	P
Coonoor	Tamil Nadu	11° 21' N	76° 45' E	P
Darya Khan	Punjab, Pakistan	31° 48' N	71° 06' E	P
Dehra Dun	Uttar Pradesh	30° 20' N	78° 04' E	P
Dera Ghazi Khan	Punjab, Pakistan	30° 05' N	70° 43' E	P
Dera Ismail Khan	NW Frontier, Pakistan	31° 50' N	70° 50' E	PEG
Doda Betta	Tamil Nadu	11° 24' N	76° 44' E	PB
Fatehgarh	Uttar Pradesh	27° 25' N	79° 35' E	P
Fatehpur Sikri	Uttar Pradesh	27° 06' N	77° 40' E	P
Itarsi	Madhya Pradesh	22° 36' N	77° 51' E	P
Kasauli	Himachal Pradesh	30° 55' N	76° 56' E	E
Khajuri Kach	NW Frontier, Pakistan	32° 04' N	69° 51' E	P
Kotagiri	Tamil Nadu	11° 21' N	76° 44' E	EG
Lahore	Punjab, Pakistan	31° 32' N	74° 22' E	P
Lonavla/Lonavale	Maharashtra	18° 46' N	73° 29' E	P
Mahadeo Hills	Madhya Pradesh	22° 20' N	78° 30' E	P
Mettupalaiyam	Tamil Nadu	11° 18' N	76° 59' E	P
Mhow	Madhya Pradesh	22° 33' N	75° 50' E	P
Multan	Punjab, Pakistan	30° 15' N	71° 36' E	P
Mussoorie	Uttar Pradesh	30° 27' N	78° 06' E	P
Narsinghgarh	Madhya Pradesh	23° 45' N	76° 40' E	P
Nilgiri Hills				
Ootacamund/Udagamundalam	Tamil Nadu	11° 30' N	76° 44' E	P
Pachmarhi	Madhya Pradesh	22° 28' N	78° 26' E	P
Piparia	Madhya Pradesh	22° 45' N	78° 23' E	P
Poona/Pune	Maharashtra	18° 29' N	73° 57' E	P
R. Barbatti				
R. Chenab				
R. Indus				
R. Sabarmati				
R. Yumana				
Secunderabad	Andhra Pradesh	17° 28' N	78° 30' E	P
Sehore	Madhya Pradesh	23° 10' N	77° 05' E	P
Simla	Himachal Pradesh	31° 02' N	77° 09' E	P
Takht-i-Sulaiman	Punjab, Pakistan	30° 22' N	70° 08' E	EB
Tank	NW Frontier, Pakistan	32° 14' N	70° 25' E	P
Wana	NW Frontier, Pakistan	32° 20' N	69° 32' E	P
Wellington	Tamil Nadu	11° 22' N	76° 48' E	E

S=Sources: Philips (P), Encarta (E), Britannica (B), Getty (G)

## Appendix 5 – Standardisation of spelling and places

The opportunity has been taken to standardise spelling in line with the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. For example, pye-dog instead of pi-dog; although the latter is an allowed spelling, but not the preferred one. However, major place names of historic interest, such as Bombay (now Mumbai) and Poona (now Pune) have been left alone. The *Philips Atlas* has been taken as the standard, but checked against one or more of the other reference sources. There turned out to be two names of particular interest. First, Ooticamund has had “alam” added to the end and then completely re-spelt as Udagamundalam. Secondly, there is a strange inconsistency with the Toda tribe and the Doda Betta mountain. All sources were unanimous in their spelling of the mountain as “Doda Betta”, including *Britannica* which then referred to the tribe as the “Toda”.

The following reference sources were used:

- “The Concise Oxford Dictionary” 9<sup>th</sup> edition. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1995. ISBN: 0-19-861319-9.
- “The New Encyclopaedia Britannica” 15<sup>th</sup> edition. Encyclopaedia Britannica Inc, Chicago, 1988. ISBN: 0-85229-473-5.
- “Philip’s Atlas of the World – Comprehensive Edition” 10<sup>th</sup> edition, in association with *The Royal Geographical Society* and with *The Institute of British Geographers*. George Philip Ltd, London, 2000. ISBN: 0-540-07893-X. This has an index of 75,000 place names.
- “Encarta Interactive World Atlas 2001”. Microsoft, USA, 2000.
- “The Getty Thesaurus of Geographic Names”. The J. Paul Getty Trust. This is available online at <http://www.getty.edu/research/tools/vocabulary/tgn/> with an index of over one million place names.

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