



## Part 20

# End of Short Independence Of Manipur In 1949



Staff of Churachandpur District Hospital (30 beds) in January 1966. Author (centre seated). On his (R) Staff Nurse Chingnu. On his (L) Staff Nurse Manu and other perfect and efficient nurses.

This article is the end in the series of 'My Memories of Imphal'. It is full of sweet sentiments and touching endearments. The memorable photograph above, was taken in January 1966 in front of District Hospital at Churachandpur. It was also my last photograph before I left Imphal for my post-graduate study in London. I left a piece of my heart in Churachandpur where the people were quietly gentle and disciplined.

I still recall. As I boarded the plane at Tulihal Airport for Calcutta on February 8, 1966, I took a window seat and through the window my eyes

took in the horizon where wispy bands of white clouds were floating as if they were also going somewhere far, like me.



Churachandpur Medical College, attached to a General Hospital that grew up from the 30-bed unisex District Hospital . The first session of the college began in October 2022.

This memoir as mentioned in its beginning, is for the benefit of young generations that will come many years from now. To them the Imphal Town of those years would sound like the story of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in the Wonderland* (1865), which in essence, describes a child's true progression through life. This memoir, likewise, captures the progression of a young pristine Imphal town to a sprawling city of today. It is now difficult for me to find the place where I was born. I need a map or a guide.

My storyline as the readers will be aware, began in those days when I started my primary school, walking barefoot in the mud and dirt, unaccompanied and at the age of 6 years. It was 80 years ago. I have written about them in bits and pieces in local newspapers about 15 years ago. It is to be hoped that the present generation might not find them purely replete with platitude.

Time flies, as Romans used to say, *tempus fugit*. I remember last Wednesday, September 22, 2021. It was the day of the Harvest Moon

that appears just before the autumn equinox, which marks the end of summer and the beginning of each autumn. Equinox is the date or time at which the sun crosses the equator when day and night are approximately equal. It falls about September 22 and March 20 every year.



Prof (Dr) Kh Ranjana Devi (Head of Microbiology, RIMS giving a talk to medical students. She is the first professor ever, to give a lecture at the College. Seated at the back, from (L) Prof Iboyaima (Director) and the author.



First batch of medical students in the (R) half of Lecture theatre Seated in front. (L) author's wife Margaret & Ranjana.

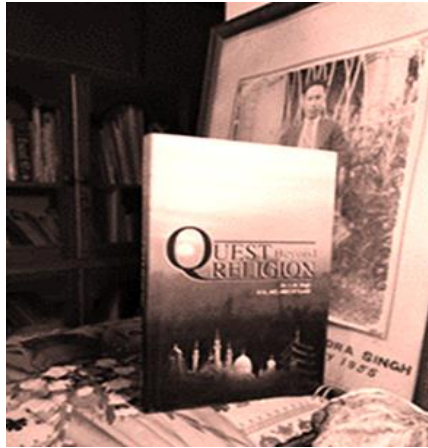
On that night I was lost in thought. I was daydreaming as I sometimes do. Time spent in daydreaming is not time wasted if you have nothing else to do. It can be a pleasant pastime, free of cost.

That night, I was watching the full moon. While looking at the beautiful moon moving high in the dark sky with its cool pale blue light flooding the calm landscape of our garden, my mind began to wander off with its free will. Full moon of Autumn (Sharat ki Purnima in Manipuri).



Sharat ki Purnima/ Sharat ki Thabal

I use the term freewill or unrestrained will at its face value. I don't think it exists. It is a Christian philosophy, invented by Catholic scholars in the 4th Century CE, to absolve Christian God from taking the blame for all the evil things humans do (cf. Author's Quest Beyond Religion, pp 255, ISBN - 311267-68, 271).



Thanks to the late Shantikumar Moirangthem for sending me this image of my book along with a photo of his long dead father Gojendra.

Whatever it means, that night, I was in a kind of frenetic mood. A strange quiet descended upon me. Soon I was off like a falcon across the sea and rose above the nine skeins of mountain ranges of Manipur. All at once, I swept down to the Imphal valley and to Uripok, where I was born and brought up.

My life around me at Uripok hang with a dreadful stillness of decay. The ancient childhood memory drifted to me slowly and steadily. How I used to loiter in the meadow by the side of Uripok Road, along Haobam Dewan Leikai, where the short tamarind trees grew.

Now to what had I not enjoyed. As I grew older, I remember the pitch dark Uripok road at night, without streetlamps, was always dreary. It was so dark and oppressive that it was almost a supernatural gloom. On the other hand, I also recall how the cool potency of the beams of light of a full moon, especially in Autumn, created an ambience that made feel calm and rooted.

During the full moon nights, Uripok Road was heaven on earth, as if it had dropped down from the sky. The blue and silver appearance of the

full moon with its black to navy gradient backdrop in the night sky, was so clear that I could see so many spots that I now know to be craters.

As the moon loomed larger and glowed, as it got nearer to earth with its ethereal surroundings, millions of stars and Milky Way began to sparkle in the dark firmament. How I wondered what they were!

While on earth, on Uripok Road, without streetlamps, in a full moon night of autumn (*Sharat ki Purnima in Manipuri*), in the month of October with bright moonlight (*Mera thagi thabal*), the night was so bright as the gleaming beams of moonlight was reflected from the road surface and trees and houses by the roadside, that I could read a book. My heart used to go pitty-pat, very tender, when I heard someone playing a flute from afar, in that ethereal solitude.

This experience of this visual mental imagery now exists only in my recollection, because of the urbanisation of Imphal with bright lights everywhere. It is a bit like Van Gogh's magnum opus - the painting of *The Starry Night* (1889). The reminiscence brought back to me the happy days of my childhood in Imphal.

Home, sweet home! It was such a pleasure to be back home, though only in my daydream. In real life, I tried to go back to Imphal, almost every year in my long domicile in the UK.

Happiness does not last forever. Today, Friday, September 24, 2021, is a particularly agonising day. I am quite distressed to learn about the sudden death of my grandniece, Gita, Irengbam O' Sapam Gita Devi at Uripok.

Gita was a lively and charming woman. She was very thoughtful and generous. Her devotion to her family was second to none. She worked tirelessly to support her family.



Irengbam O' Sapam Gita Devi (died on September 24, 2021).

My bereavement with the unexpected loss of my dear niece Gita at such a young age, has also rekindled the memory of my two long-deceased friends. We were so close that I miss them every day.

They were N Nishikanta from Moirangkhom and Kh Dhirendra from Kongba Bazaar. We spent many happy days together in Imphal and Calcutta. I take this opportunity to pay my homage by publishing this rare photo with my eternal memory of them.



L-R: Kh Dhirendra, Margaret (Author's wife) and N Nishikanta at Dhiren's Rice Research Farm at Wangbal. Photo taken during my first visit to Imphal with my wife Margaret after our wedding, in 1972.

Sometimes, we do not realise how good the good old days were until they are gone. Remembering these old friends has triggered a rush of memories to my mind, which were seemingly forgotten. Among the multitude, a stray thought snaked in my mind in the way a twig on a current, catch on a riverbank and hang briefly.

It was the memory of political order or disorder in Manipur in the post war period from 1946 to 1949 – the year when Manipur lost its independence albeit brief and forever. It followed the *coerced merger* of Manipur with India on September 21 1949. Manipur was an independent sovereign state for over 2,000 years until the British subjugation in 1891.

It was a bizarre tale of political intrigue, more hair-raising than conventions of fiction (cf. *In Retrospect: The Political affairs of Manipur*. Author's book, Points to Ponder, 2013, pp 163-185).

In the pre-merger and independent years from 1946 to 1948, a few educated Meiteis began to experiment in politics. There were also a few among the tribal communities. Politics is the art and science of running



a government. It is a science in that, it must be methodical and rational. Politics is also an art in that, it relies on intuition to make judgement on any political issue.

Meitei politicians who were novices with a very short practical experience and without college education in politics, were measurably inept.

Granted that they did their best, but their best was not good enough. As a result, Manipuri people had to endure so many cockups and so much cack-handedness over everything that affected our daily living.

Among the Manipuri politicians, most of them were Meiteis, as the hill people were far less educated. Their politics was of the superficial and rhetoric. By 1949 the politicians became exhausted and disillusioned.

Unknown to them the Union government of India in Delhi was playing a Lording game of politics. Behind their backs, Manipur was forcibly integrated to India like other six hundred Princely States. They simply had to toe the line that Delhi dictated.

As such, policies from Delhi came and went. The politicians in Delhi made Manipur a complete dog's dinner of Indian constitutional reforms. The big wigs in politics in Delhi, drew a line in the sand, across which Manipuri politicians could not drive forward. Their local policies were always kept on the back burner.

Politics is simply defined as the art of governing a country. But one must learn the very art of Governing if you were to give good governance. However, you can be an autocratic politician, having absolute power. All you need is an aptitude for torturing, imprisoning, or killing dissenters.

The king of Manipur, Bodhchandra was helpless against the anti-monarchy majority population, and the National Congress Party. His red velvet-covered throne remained covered in cobwebs.



Red velvet cushion Thrones of the Meitei King and Queen in the Palace.

Neil, Margaret & Aryaman at the invitation of king Leishemba Sanajaoba.

But democratic politics is a difficult one. It cannot function without a few educated politicians. That is why there are courses in colleges to learn, known as Political Science. It was rather more confusing in Manipur where there was a monarchical system of politics until the British took over. In this monarchical system, the supreme authority of administration was vested in an autocratic monarch.

The practice followed the ancient Meitei concept of ningthou (king) beginning with Pakhangba (33 CE), who was regarded as *lai ningthou* (God or Deity king) – a concept of veneration that the rulers themselves espoused beginning with Pakhangba who claimed to be a deity at night and human during the day. It helped them to rule over their primitive people. It was a natural conceptualisation among other kings all over the world, such as in ancient Egypt (Pharos), among the Khmer monarchs and in ancient Cambodian kings.

As a hangover in modern Manipur, before the Japanlan, Meitei kings needed a personal relationship with a *purohit* or court priest, who would have to sanctify each action he took as a sacred or sanctified by the God

king. During the reign of Churachand Maharaj before the War, all Court Brahmins addressed to him as Maharaj Ishwar (God-king).

The Japanlan had dislocated a link between the ruler and the ruled in Manipur as the king lost his function in the cultural and religious affairs of his subjects. Nobody knew who the king of Manipur was during the War, as he was defunct and his (Bodhchandra's) inheritance to the throne from his father Churachand was mired by the Japanlan. Besides, the administration of Imphal town was taken over by the British (Allied) Army.

Individual villages had local governance institutions, a kind of panchayat, and did not depend on the state for religious hegemony or to provide services for judicial arbitration. The thrust for social change in the post war period underlined a change in the political system.

The sophistication came because of social mobilisation, driven by progress in education, cheap travel and rapid dissemination of knowledge brought about by the arrival of various newspapers from Calcutta.

There was a steady current of scepticism in the metaphysical belief of the effort of human soul in seeking heavenly comforts. A childlike acceptance of faith and divine providence found more hesitant and contemplative nuances among the youth like me.

There came a heroic contention that the king of Manipur was not immutably ordained by God - a reflection of the revolutionary times of the post war years. Less than that, we only thought of him as a man with the title of a Ningthou.

So, an experiment in popular democracy by a few literate people began. But there was a problem with restructuring a new institution that was not indigenous but borrowed from outside, which was enthused by shrewd men of political energy like Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, and others.

This indigenous movement for a brand-new form of government with a king in Manipur as a figurehead, became alienated by the Indian Congress ideology of a Republic of Bharat.

For Manipur, with such a big divide between the hills and the valley, the movement was rather fragmented. It was further weakened by inherent Meitei disunity, internal squabbles, and weak leadership. Rather than having coherent discussions amongst themselves, they created political disjunctions and disruptions.

The year of 1946, one year before independence, was the height of students' agitations. A considerable swathe of run-of-the-mill persons or the common-man-in-the-street, was reconverted to the idea of freedom by the energy and conviction of these students.

The manifest intentions of the leaders of college students, immediately before independence, were to arouse political consciousness among the academia and hoi polloi in Imphal. And they were successful to some extent. The public became politically activated with the notion of freedom from British rule and be back to an independent sovereign Manipur but with a nominal king.

But we were not that lucky. After two years of sovereignty, Manipur was integrated to India. I heard Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's famous speech on All India radio, one minute before the stroke of midnight on August 14, 1947. He gave the speech of his life – 'Tryst with destiny' to the Constituent Assembly of India, in Parliament in Delhi.

Independence or *swaraj* did not mean much to a boy like me, as well as to the mass population of Meiteis. We did not feel anything different. We were quite happy during the British rule. Much later, I knew the reason why.

Manipur was under British rule for only fifty-six years while India had been for 200 years. The British did not treat Meiteis as 'inferior natives' (because of lack of close contact), as they did to the rest of Indians as a racially and culturally inferior people.

Jawaharlal Nehru once described British India as being like an enormous country house in which the English were the gentry living in the best parts, with the Indians in the servants' hall. And between the upper and lower regions of the house there was, socially and politically, an impossible barrier.'

Meiteis had no contact with the British rulers. They left us to our own devices. There were only five or six British officers, who were hardly seen in public except at the polo ground, playing polo on Sundays. That also was only in the winter season.

This ghastly treatment of Indians struck home to me only when I was studying at hill stations with their metalled mall Roads. They were the grey remnants of the edifice of the grandiose British imperial hegemony. Hill stations were developed by the British to get respite in summer months, away from the scorching heat, the din and bustle, and smell of natives, while living in the hot and sweaty cities.

Every hill station has a Mall Road except one if I remember correctly. A Mall Road is a promenade where the white people strolled up and down in the evenings in their best attire. It was a major activity for these visitors. Around a central Mall Road, such as in Shimla and Mussoorie, or Nainital, the British established restaurants, major shops, churches, and theatre halls and so on.



On the far side of the lake was the Mall Road in Nainital.

It is easier to give a pen picture of the mall Road in Nainital. On the far side of the lake in the picture, was the Mall Road that was paved smoothly for ease of promenading. Between the Mall Road and the bank of the lake, and at a much lower level was a dirt road made with gravels.

This was where the natives had to walk. They were not allowed to walk on the mall road except carrying mem sahibs on their back. The sahibs and memsahibs could go horse riding on it, wearing breeches and sola hats, and resting, drinking pink Gin and lemonade with ice. A great humiliation indeed.

Shashi Tharoor wrote in his book, *Inglorious Empire*, “Wedded inexcusably to its own pleasures, the British bureaucracy retreated to mountain redoubts in the hills for months on end to escape the searing heat of the plains, there to while away their time in entertainments, dances, and social fripperies, while the objects of their rule, the Indian people, were exploited ruthlessly below.

In the summer capital Shimla, with its population of ‘grass widows’ enjoying the cooler air while their husbands toiled in the hot plains, the ‘main occupants’ were gambling, drinking, and breaking the 7th Commandment’.”

On the shores of the lake at the upper end (Malital), are the Boat Club House (for British members), and the small Naini temple in one corner for the natives. The name Naini-Tal (Lake of Naini) came from this temple. Above the Boat House is a flat ground known as Flatts, where the Capitol Cinema Hall and roller-skating Hall were located. I could skate there for one hour for a rupee.

While thinking of the mall Road, a random thought crept up in my woolly head. The British ruled the world for a long time. They did not do it by being nice. They were ruthless. It did not help their rule being nice to the natives. They had to create a master-servant relationship.

They had to keep themselves a little unapproachable, to be effective in their dominance. See what happened when the ill-fated Political Agent Frank Grimwood in Manipur, fell for the lovely daughter of Gen Thangal while his young wife Ethel St Clair was head over heels for the dashing Prince Tikendrajit who was hanged to death.

So, the British did a grand job of isolating themselves from the dirty, stinking natives, at least, during their summer holidays in these hill stations.

In Kashmir, they could not be away from the natives as they were not allowed to own land to build comfortable houses. So, they had houseboats built with British style fittings on the Dal Lake in Srinagar from the early part of the 19th century. Local people had dug-out canoes to ply on them with various items of everyday use, such as flowers, carpets and so on.



Houseboats in Dal Lake, Srinagar, Kashmir 1980. Inside a houseboat selling carpets. (L-R) Author's daughter Anita and wife Margaret in 1980.

Now, back to Imphal after cooling down for a bit in Kashmir. I find Manipur with its Loktak Lake to be similar in its landscape to Kashmir. The drive to Srinagar from Jammu up the mountains and then down to the plain of Srinagar reminds me of the drive from Dimapur to Imphal,

In the immediate post war period in Imphal, there was a growth of educated intellectuals who dreamed of an independent democratic Manipur. But the dream remained an El Dorado as ever. It was not an easy task to innovate a new institution by neutralising the existing political system where the stake holders held vetoes over reform. It was the monarchy, the Brahma Sabha and the loyalists that remained dormant during the war years.

The politicians did try. On March 3, 1947, the Manipur State Congress set up the Manipur Constitution Making Committee (MCC). FF Pearson, the British President of Manipur State Durbar, drafted a constitution for the state. On May 8, 1947, the Manipur Constitution Act was passed. On July 1, 1947, the old Manipur State Durbar changed its name to the Manipur State Council.

Manipur became independent from the British Raj on the stroke of midnight hour of August 14, 1947. Bodhchandra Maharaja wanted to



hoist a Manipuri National Flag with Pakhangba emblem at Kangla at that hour, but GP Stewart, the last political Agent, refused the request, as Kangla was in the British Reserve on that day and would not be handed over until the next day, August 15.

On August 15, 1947, Bodhchandra went to the Political Agent's residence for the handover. Stewart became the first Dominion Agent. Two days later, he left Manipur for England on August 17, 1947. Two months later, he was replaced by the first Indian Dominion Agent Debeswar Sharma.

In July 1948, the first Manipur State Assembly with Maharaja Bodhchandra as the Constitutional head, was set up with elected members on adult franchise – the first of its kind in India. On October 18, 1948, Manipur State Assembly was inaugurated with Maharaja Bodhchandra as the constitutional head. MK Priyobrata, the outgoing Chief Minister of the Interim Council, was requested to be the Chief Minister. He obliged.

Manipur was thus, the first state in India to have a democratic government. On October 22, 1948, the name of the British era Manipur State Military Police (SMP) changed to Manipur Rifles (MR).

On September 21 1949, the Governor of Assam, Siri Prakash coerced Bodhchandra Maharaja to sign the merger agreement at his residence – Redlands – in Shillong, while he was under house arrest with a unit of the Jat Regiment surrounding his residence. Five years later, I visited Redlands a few times. While I was in college for a bit.

So, On September 21, 1949, Manipur was legally merged to the Indian Union, having been already integrated to the Indian Union on August 11 1947.



Redlands

1954

Author

In Imphal, Maj Gen Rawal Amar Singh, the Dewan (Dominion gent) announced the annexation of Manipur to India on October 15, 1949, at an official ceremony at the Imphal polo ground at 9 in the morning. The democratically elected 1948 ministry was dissolved. Manipur became a Chief Commissioner's province and Rawal Singh became the first Chief Commissioner.

The rule by a centralised alien (Mayang) power in Delhi, following a coup d'état on September 21, 1949, reduced Manipur to a mere 'territory', and not even a part of India. It brought an end to the pride and prejudice of Manipuris, who lived in their own 'country' of Manipur (22,327 sq. km), which is bigger than Israel (21,145 sq. km). It would have been twice as big, had Nehru not gifted away Kabaw Valley (22,210 s. km) to U Nu of Burma in 1953.

Political wrangling in Imphal, went on for ten months. On August 18, 1950, a Notification No.100-p from New Delhi, notified that an Advisory Council would be set up that would consist of the Chief Commissioner and fourteen other members nominated by the central government in consultation with the Chief Commissioner. Priyobrata kept his dignity and declined to be a member.

On October 9, 1950, Himmat Singh, the then Chief Commissioner, inaugurated the Advisory Council at the Secretariat Building. The Chief Commissioner was the President with the right to debate but no right to vote. The ill-fated Council ended abruptly when the members resigned with disagreements with the second Chief Commissioner EP Moon, the successor to Himmat Singh.

The Advisory Council was dissolved in 1951 by the Union Government. Manipur became a Part C state with the provision for only two elected members.

For Maharaja Bodhchandra Singh, who always had a disdainful deadpan expression as if to avoid any imputation of self-satisfaction, it was the end of his hopes and dreams, expectations, and desires for the future. With a grieving heart, he silently watched in his own lifetime, the beginning of the end of the Ningthouja kingdom of Manipur that was more than 2,000 years old.

He died an uncanny death without the panoply of palace life. We must remember he had to thread the needle at his own expense. He had a snowflake's chance in hell of levelling the playing field, even a little. India had its first general election in 1951-52. Congress naturally came to power and the first elected Parliament came into being in April 1952. The rest is modern history.

After nearly seventy-four years following Indian Independence, the landscape of Imphal has altered beyond recognition from a mere district post code of Assam province during the British Raj to a rambling capital city of Manipur State in independent India.

As one of the so called six sister states in the Northeast of India, people in other parts of India, are beginning to recognise the existence of people with Mongoloid physiognomy in the Northeast.

Now the end is near, and I face the final curtain. In this present series, I

have tried to individuate and enumerate various aspects of change in the customs and traditions, food habits and dress codes, religions and politics, of Meiteis in Imphal in a nutshell. That, however, has covered only the period between 1941 and 1949, the period with which I was familiar.

Manipur by the 1980s, with its leap of faith, began to prosper. There are a few example that I have quoted below at random.



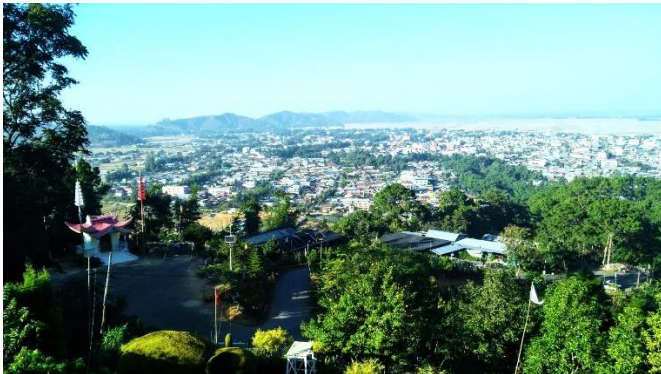
Signs of mod cons coming to Imphal 1988.

The first Nursing Home by Dr Brajabidhu.(L-R) Dr Prasad (Surgeon), Yendrembam Ibotombi (Magistrate), Dr L Jogamani (Anaesthetist, Dr I Mohendra (Physician), Dr Brajabidhu (Gynaecologist).



Imphal City at night 2019.

My Memory... of Manipur is not complete without a brief about KAKCHING, which I visited for the second time in my life, in 2022. The first time was in 2019 when my wife and I went to see the modern hospital – Jivan Hospital with all the mod cons that was established and run by Dr Y Ashokkumar Singh and his wife Jivanlata Devi.



Enchanting Kakching Town

When I was in school, I used to hear about the villages of Thoubal, Andro and Kakching, apart from Moirang. Moirang was popularly known because of the legend of Khamba and Thoibi, that was performed as

Shumang Leela. Andro was known as the village for Loi people, Thoubal with brave people.

Kakching was especially well-known as the village of industrious people. With the facilities of irrigation and canals like Ethei khong, Kakching produced highest percentage of food grain for Manipur. It was like Punjab in India.



Jivan hospital, Kakching. **Dr Ashok Kumar** (centre with white coat), 2019

I was very enthralled to have the opportunity to go to Kakching, see *Jivan hospital* and meet Dr Y Ashokkumar Singh MD, and his charming wife Dr N Jivanlata Devi MD, who founded this modern hospital with all the mod cons.

It was through the good offices of his sister O Bijyanti Devi, who I was fortunate enough to meet because of her husband O Biswajit Singh, when I was the first President of the global Manipuri Diaspora organisation, the *Knowledge Exchange Network* (KEN) that was inaugurated on July 26 2014 in Boston, Massachusetts, USA.

Bijyanti is a Specialist Nurse (ICU) in London. Biswajit works as an accountant in a reputed firm of accountants in London.



Biswajit and Bijyanti with 3 children

Jivan Hospital is very modern with modern equipment, such as piped oxygen, electronic controlled gravity feed I.V. infusion sets. It has facilities for diagnosis and treatment of illnesses and injuries. It has outpatient care and diagnostic test facilities. It was established in 2007. A college of Nursing for a BSc degree has also recently been established and attached to the Hospital. There are married accommodations for specialist doctors. Seeing is believing. One has just to go and see it.

I must not forget the beautiful Kakching Garden with temples of Mahadev and Ibudhou Pakhangba, a tourist spot. Worth visiting.



Kakching Garden

Kakching as a district came into existence on December 8 2016. Kakching is 45 km from Imphal and 70km from Manipur border town of Morey with Myanmar. It has a population of 1,36,000 (2011 Census). Its literacy rate is 66% in the urban area (Town) and 19% in the rural areas (Villages). Kakching is very proud that it has produced many professionals like doctors, engineers, accountants, and nurses. If I remember correctly, it has so far, turned out three IAS officers.

What impressed me most was the effort to establish a huge public library in the town centre, though it is now in the offing. This shows the will and dedication of a few people who want to provide access to information to support literacy and education in Kakching.

I was very touched by the enthusiasm and zeal of the present librarian Shri Joykumar Singh, who took me round to see the vast Library complex.



Author outside the large Library auditorium

The idea of having such a large library shows the passion of its town's intellectual people to help Kakching to flourish with a growing economy and well being. You need educated people to leverage a town or city to prosper.



This library will maintain history, offer educational resources and helps to support literacy and education. It will create the building blocks of future development of Kaching, faster than others.



Dr Mohendra Irengbam in his study at home

I have a home library of about 700 books, mostly English and a handful in Manipuri. Seeing the enthusiasm of the people of Kakching, I am thinking of how best I could donate them to this library.

It was so delightful to see how prosperous Kakching has become. Its towncentre is the second best after Imphal in Manipur Valley.

I have now come to the end of *My Memoir*. Every effort has been made to ensure the information given in it is correct. But authenticity is not guaranteed as they are gathered from my recollections. This is not a researched historiography of Manipur. My humble apology for any error. Thank You.

Vive le Manipur. *Kuina punshiu Manipur*. I rest my case.

