



Kuslu Bugh Road
4681 Allahabad. E. I. R.
India.
1-12-04.

My dearest Mamma

Very many thanks for your kind & welcome letter, full of most useful hints, many of which I had already learnt through painful experience, so I know how true they are. Baby never has those awful screaming fits now, & is not a naughty child as a rule. The poor thing has been ill with rather severe sickness which was most alarming & intermittent fever, we discovered however that he was cutting the last 4 double back teeth, at once & the same time & Dr. Brooke thinks this was the reason of the upset, & thinks we are lucky to have got off so lightly. He is quite well again now, though

not so rosy & plump as he
was. He really has been very
good & sweet ever since we've been
here & took his medicine like a
man! I don't think I've ever seen
anything so thoroughly happy as he
is, he simply enjoys every hour &
minute of the day, from the moment
(generally 6 A.M. or earlier, never later)
when he awakes & begins the day by
playing being a Torpedo! By lifting
the mosquito nets of his & our
beds & shoot through, & the ship's
Ralph & I, awake giving fearful
groans according to where & how
we are struck! It is not a pleasant
game, as he, the Torpedo is exceedingly
hard & appears unable to feel
hail, still we can discover no
way of stopping it, so have to
endure! We then go through a series

of hungry Dupics, & performing cats
& fights until the "Ayah" makes her
appearance with his dressing gown &
shoes. The moment he sees her he begins
to hurl abuse at her & tells her to
"Dow" with enormous force & threatens
her with "pat-pat" showing her exactly
how he will administer it! If by
chance she gets his hand on his shoes behind
her, they are thrown violently after her
with a "Heigh taon" "Ayah" dow taon.
An awful fight ensues, Ralph
trying vainly to reason with the monster,
Ayah persistently making attacks to
carry him off, he resists, but being
finally carried off in triumph
beating a violent tattoo on the
wretched 'Ayah's' head the while.
His cries get fainter & we know his
bearer has him in hand & is firing
him his Chota-Nagari, & then some-
what exhausted we get up & get on.
And so begins our day! There then
comes a pause as regards noise, the
monster likes his batt, & he also

likes running about while the Ayah & Beare are preparing it, & seizing every thing in the way of clothes & toys that he can get hold of & dropping the unclean into the bath !!! to represent "mucklies" (filth)! He then goes forth into the garden for an airing, & repeated cries of "Oh Dickie Sahib, Kaisar mastie taba hai" we know that baby is enjoying himself & that the Ayah is wrathful because not for one minute can she sit down & gossip with the Chuprassee! But has to spend her time receiving Dickie & all that he comes in contact with, from instant to certain death, & she takes running about.

This goes on until 9. when he comes in, & after washing his face & hands several times, a proceeding which used to end in the basin either being emptied all down himself or the Ayah - until I put a stop to it by force, he has porridge & plainains & roti - muckien. I then take him in his little cart



round the Kushin Bagh

as the only means of walking
to properly digest his food

& as it gives me a walk too, it is quite
a successful plan. We generally get

back at about 10. from this airing
then I make my escape & attend to

my household duties, & he is led off
captive by the "Ayah" promising him

every delight & joy she can think of
if only he will go into the shady part

of the garden, where I have said he is
to go, with a small army of bearers

& Chuprassis carrying toys & small
chairs & dhurries etc for his lordship

to amuse himself with. I then see
or hear nothing more of him until

12. unless I go down to the garden
when I see a very dirty happy little

person covered & caked with mud
beside the "Ayah", & rows of mud pies

erected, ornamented with bits of leaves
& a told various tales of his wick-

nurses, to which Dickie listens with
the expression of an innocent Angel
& solemnly informs me that — to the
Angel who ought to get "Pat-pat" on
ash if he shall administer it!!

He then has "Tiffin" & goes to sleep
for two hours, & a solemn hush
seems over the house, which doesn't
seem at all right. However there
is noise enough when 3.0'clock
arrives & he awakes & has to be
arrayed in his clean silk frock &
clean socks & shoes, & worst of all
his hair brushed! Lately since he
has been ill, I have taken him out in
the carriage with no paying calls
from 4-5.15. He loves it, as of
course nobody being at home at
that time, he is allowed to put my
cards into the boxes. I only do my
important calls in the morning!!

Well, as we near home Baby be-

gins to feel hungry I suppose &
think of his tea, & at 5 minute in-
vals calls loudly for "dam"!!!

We were horrified when he first
heard this, his one & only English
word!! But having discovered
that he means jam, we let it pass.

After tea we all adjourn to the
drawing room where he calls
upon us to play "barja" (band)

He puts a little round basket on his
head well over one ear, & standing
on a stool with a baton in his
hand, he orders us to form a ring
round him, with something in
our hands, a stick or bat or any
thing does, & he then leads the
way in a silvery treble voice which
occasionally descends to a deep bass
voice imitating a drum. Usually
to our great joy he announces
"Barja band" & we are allowed

to lay our instruments on the ground
for a few minutes rest. But it
is really very clever how he at
once discovers if one instrument
is flapping, & with one hand
waving the baton, & the other
extended straight out in front
he urges the flapping one on.

He will play this game for
hours at a time, until everybody
else is exhausted! Well there
is only just time to wish you
& dear Papa & every other
member of the family, a very
Merry Christmas & a Happy
New Year, which we all do
most heartily. Hoping you
are all well, & that you have quite
recovered yr appetite daughter
Mary Ann Stecher.