



4725

13th March 1922

My dear Pippa
It is Sunday. It rains.
It pours. It has rained (and poured)
since early morn, & looks as if it
won't mean to stop. I therefore
take up my pen to write. Before
going further, however, I will bless
the rain for having poured this
morning, as it prevented us from
going to church, whither it is my
business to accompany His Gr.,
arrayed in a magnificent (but
excessively hot) uniform. I can

manage to sit out a service as well as most people, if there is even the slightest semblance of sense in the remarks of the pastor - but really here we suffer from absolute woodies. The Bishop is a fat man whose r's are guttural; his head is bald & he has a very long beard, which Sir Henry says he would like to see removed from his chin & applied to the back of his head. The rector has a voice like the sharpening of a saw, & his most obvious article of faith is that a sermon should not last less than 20 minutes. These remarks have a gloomy tone about them, no doubt, but this is

due in part to the rain & in part to the fact that in this household I have to suppress most of my religious ardour. Wellop went to Church to-day despite the rain. I think he is going off his head (not because he went to church though); he is rather eccentric at any time, & the other night he favoured me with some of the most extraordinary ravings I have ever heard; he appears to be morbidly sensitive as to what people think of him & also to have a sort of idea that he has some sort of "mission" in life. No matter - he is a good sort of party in his way, & would do any

kindness for anybody.

The elder Miss Norman has been away for some time now, stopping with some people on the Downs. She has been well out of this place, which has been dreadfully steamy & unpleasant since we got back from our holiday trips.

Miss Grace's birthday is on the 25th & she is to give a small dance to young friends to celebrate the occasion; although not strictly young, I am to be admitted to the festival - in fact there is to be a cotillon which she & I are to lead. I hope it will be as successful as the one we had just before I came away.



4725 2.

Before I forget it - will you please
invite some one to send me out
my "History of the Rifle Brigade" -
a fat green book, which I left
somewhere at Lancaster Gate.

Parliament is to open on the 28th
of this month, so I suppose I shall
recommence my visits with bills
consulted to. This is an absolute
farce, & I don't know why it is
continued; it is done in no other
place in the world that I have ever
heard of, & is a horrid nuisance to
us, as on three afternoons in the week

I am liable to have to scramble
into uniform & rush off to the House.

Politics here up to now have consisted
chiefly in every member scrambling
to grab as much from each succeeding
loan as was possible, in order to get
it spent on something which would
improve his own particular constituency.

Now, fortunately, there is no money left
and no more can be borrowed, so
perhaps there may be a good time
coming. The people in the South,

who grow corn in a pleasant climate,
object to the introduction of black
labour to cultivate sugar in the north,
where the climate is tropical. The men

who raise cattle want the rest of the
colony taxed in order that they may
receive a bonus on meat they export,
so as to enable them to compete in
the English market. Every body who
is here now objects to any one else coming
out - though it is admitted that what is
wanted really is people to settle on &
open up the "back blocks". In fact
selfishness & narrow mindedness are
paramount.

The game of Golf is now occupying a
good deal of my attention. A Club was
started in Inverlourne some short time
ago & I came to the conclusion that
we ought to have one here; there is a

large rough waste (public land) in the town & I am trying to get permission to make a links there; if we get leave I think the club ought to be a success, and it will give me something to do of an afternoon.

This is a wonderful establishment for pets - 1st One horse - Beauty - lady Norman's. 2^d One horse - Marjorie - mine, but mostly used by Miss G. N. 3rd One fox-terrier puppy - Jack - lady N's. fairly well behaved, considering the way he is spoilt. 4th One parrot - Peter - Miss Norman's - an excellent bird when he isn't yelling. 5th, 6th & 7th Three magpies - brutes - 8th A large cockatoo - the Butler's - a very gentlemanly bird



which talks a good deal in a subdued tone of voice. 9th a white crane
 10th a white ibis. The two latter are
 the Butlers', and, being new importations,
 I have not yet ascertained their characters.
 Miss Norman has also ^(11th) a small red &
 green parrot called Mwinnehaha; she
 picked it up at a place near Katoomba,
 & I believe it now refuses to eat anything
 but seed cake & Miss N's shoes. The
 coachman has ^(12th) a Colley & ^(13th) a fox-
 terrier with ^(14th & 15th) two puppies. The whole
 of this menagerie is highly valued.

Miss G. N. conducts a Sunday School
 class of small girls. The other day they
 had a service in the church & Miss G's

class sat with her in our pews.
My prayer book with my initials on
the outside was in the pew, & after
service the small girls asked who
R. J. S. was; they were told my name,
& that I was Aide-de-Camp, & this
also had to be explained to them;
then they said "Oh yes; we understand;
a sort of man housekeeper!" - I think
there is too much religious education
about.

13th March. Having got as far as that
I went & dressed for dinner. The rain
eventually stopped, after we had had 5
inches in 48 hours, & then it got exceedingly
hot until last night when we had a very

heavy downpour & long thunderstorm.
I suppose the end of the heat is coming.
Yesterday, being St. Patrick's day, was
a holiday; they have a "gazetted"
holiday here on the slightest provocation.
I went to a suburban race meeting,
where the racing was distinctly poor -
however, as there were 3 fights in
the enclosure, the afternoon was not
absolutely devoid of sport.

We have recommenced our big dinner
parties, of 23 or 24 people, & had the
first last Tuesday; they come on once
a week, and are not always very
lively; however, as I arrange the table,
I generally manage to get the family

seated next to some one fairly decent.

Good-bye. The mail goes anon.

Love to all the family.

Your affect^{ed} brother

Richard Stanley

P.S. I had almost forgotten - to have done so quite would have been impossible. How are the beloved Homères? In the & Mimi, my thoughts are with you! Why don't I ever hear how they are getting on? My love to them in equal quantities please.