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May 15th 1906

Dearest Pippa

I haven't written for three years, and this is chiefly official! Rudy and Julia have gone up to Dalhousie a fortnight ago, and I have turned my house into a chumney, consisting of Fitzpatrick (my Assistant), me Clifford in the P.W.D. accounts, and Rudolph



whom I specially asked to
be sent here for me to
look after him - A dull
crowd except Clifford who's
rather fun -

From the enclosed
draft you will see I
have applied for the
post of D₂ Agent! It
is almost certainly hopeless
- but Douglas has engaged
everybody by saying he couldn't

find a man, and I don't
see why he should be given
the chance of saying that
none of his officers applied -

Also I think I'd do
for the job - Pray observe
my tactful dig at Irving
for having entirely dropped
the commercial dept. job
which he promised me - I
think I told you (didn't
I?) that I asked him
about it and he told
me the matter had been
dropped as it was useless

to ask government to sanction anything at present — He had definitely promised to go up for it, as the Chairman will remember — However I shall be better off up country on Rs 800/- than in Calcutta on Rs 900/- = I gather the board have announced that if Douglas does not put someone forward by June 1st they will; if so please suggest my name to the chairman —



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The Douglas episode has become a veritable scandal; in all thought we should be quit of him this hot weather —

~~Probably~~ 2 new DTSs will be made permanent immediately. It is understood that these will be Legge and Colvin — This puts Colvin definitely above me, which is a nuisance; and leaves me top of the assistants list —



I had a ~~rough~~ sharp conversation
with the Agent the other day
— his ignorance of the working
of railways (to say nothing of
even the names of his officers)
is colossal — Down with
him —

George H's book has come out
and consists of 300 pages
of adulation of Sir R.S. —
quite heartfelt however I've
no doubt — I like George —
He is a simple soul —

By the way why not Ralph
for D's Agent? only if I'm
rejected of course — I expect
he's too big a swell though

It's too hot here now;
— about 114° in the shade —
Fitzpatrick's brother has just been
killed in a shocking railway
accident near Madras, and
he has gone off to attend to
his affairs, so I'm left
alone without an assistant at
present — as of course Rudolph's

no good yet — Yesterday I
worked from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m.
(with an interval - longish - for
tiffin & snooze). Too much -

The other day Diny was
up here, and I lunched with
him at Laurie's Hotel. After
lunch we went into the
outer room and there was
a guard in full uniform
& flushed in the face - He was
a new man & knew neither of
us by sight - He rushed up
to Diny & button-holed him &
said pointing to the hotel
manager with a confidential



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think "The bloody ~~was~~ old —
won't give me drink, blast him —"

Dring's face then, and
the man's face afterwards, as it
began to trickle into his brain
who Dring was, were superb.

Adieu adieu — This is
a vile country, but life
continues intermittently —

You loving brother
Owen Throcton