

GRAND HOTEL
NAINI TAL

4554

18th May 96

My dear Pippa,

Here I am at
Naini Tal feeling slightly more
cheerful than last week. I meant
to have started on Monday but with
great skill (seeing that I live on the
edge of the platform) succeeded in
missing the train, so as there is only
one train a day to these parts I
had to wait till Tuesday. Starting
at 7 P.M. you get to Bareilly
at 5.30 next morning - Here you
change into a metre gauge train
which takes you to Hathpoda

at the foot of the hills by about 12. From here you go in a tonga about 12 miles and then ride or go in a dandy the last 2 miles.

A tonga is a two wheeled cart something like a milkman's drawn by two ponies with two (2) seats in front and 2 behind - your luggage is tied on outside on top of the splank boards. The driver sits in front with a bangle which he tootles hideously when he goes round sharp corners. The ponies are changed every 3 miles or so and trot or canter up the hill pretty fast.

The great attraction of Hain Tal is the lake which is 200 yards long and 40 yards broad and 40 (2) feet deep. There are lots of boats and I have spent a good deal of my time here in a canoe reading books under the spreading chestnut tree.

It is ~~not~~ at all cold here, in fact in the sun most decidedly hot. I believe it is a good deal cooler on the tops of the ~~surrounding~~ hills which entirely surround the lake.

The Grand Hotel is quite close to the lake and very fairly comfortable - not very full. There is a lady from Caumpore staying here, who is

the only person I know which is
not much, but as she is a pal of
Theodora's she is friendly - She gave
a picnic at a place called Douglas
Dale on Sunday which is $\frac{1}{2}$ way
down the hill and a lovely place
of which I was one - There were
about 12 (6+6) - My young woman
was a somewhat painful party
of the immense style.

Douglas Dale is the only place
I have been to as yet except my
cave on the lake - The only other
people I know are the Bairds
(Wm & 3 misses) Col Baird F.R.S. R.E.

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was one of Papa's young men. They
were in Calcutta. I am going to
urge myself to call tomorrow.

I dont think there is anything
more to relate, I am getting on
all right and my next letter
will probably be from Coimbatore
again so Farewell

yo loving brother

Ralph Thackeray