

S. S. Dilwara

Indian Ocean

4745

March 2nd 97

My dear Mrs. Borghman

It was very nice and
sisterly of you to write to
me ^{at} Port Said almost more
than I expected when I last
saw you, in your shrewish
cattish character of Mrs. B.!

We are now nearing the end
of our uneventful voyage.
In spite of, or perhaps because
of, the large preponderance of

of men. There has not been very much gaiety. Four of the nine ladies have babies to occupy their time and attention and two more are regular "Plain Tales from the Hills" ladies, who each like to sit alone surrounded by admiring men and will never join any games or music or any other of the dreadful things we have to do on board to pass the time. The two remaining ladies

are very nice and were very kind to me while I was laid up in my cabin with influenza. I have not been at all fit the whole voyage, which rather depresses me as I am generally so full of health and spirits on board. It was rather bad luck starting with a cold as there is not one corner on the ship which is not a huge draft, so I have

faithfully kept my word till
I can give it to the plague
at Bombay. Corin Spielmann
sits on my other side at meals
and has amused me very
much but been horribly
bored himself. We have had
marvellously cool weather
and I have only just had
to put away my warm things
which has been a great blessing to
the private soldiers, who are packed
like sardines in their sleeping quarters.
With love from Dick - me to you all
Your affec^t sister
Grace Strachey. 896(b)