

4463

Madhupur

6th April. 192

My dear Pippa

Still at Muddypore

you will observe but I think this will be the last letter you will get from here as Mr. Jones arrives here tomorrow morning. Mr. Jones is a platelayer who has just been promoted to be Assistant Engineer owing to scarcity of the latter article and is going to relieve me here. It is rather painful because I'm not quite sure if he is properly promoted to be a regular A.E. or if

it is only a temporary thing so I don't know whether to treat him as a brother, put him up &c or to be rather haughty and if he attempts to be brotherly to put him down.

I am rather inclined to the latter ~~to~~ to show my disapproval of promoting inspectors, but I don't want to be too harsh to the poor man so I shall leave it to the inspiration of the moment. Please excuse this penny a lining for there is the usual blank this week.

It's getting pretty hotish now and we started punkahs in the

daytime and sleep outside on a thing called a chibootra at night. This isn't a new kind of mattress but is a kind of small band stand outside the house where you sit in the evening for coolth.

Did I tell you that when I was in Calcutta I called on the Elliotts and they gave me a general invitation to Darjeeling if I got leave (which I shant).

That lets ~~me~~^{me} out
y^r loving

Ralph

Shame

Shame

On a tinctured

name.

Why is not this sheet filled up.

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