

15, BRUNSWICK ROAD,

HOVE,

SUSSEX.

4699

26th June 1910

My dear Pippa,

I got a letter by the Indian mail this morning from Dain, one of the Assistants in the Agent's Office, reporting that Oliver had got an attack of fever of a rather indefinite nature which may or may not be serious, but the latest report encourages me to hope that it is not. The letter is as follows, dated 9th June (the day the mail left) — "Yesterday Oliver went down with what they thought was a mild case of enteric. He then developed

symptoms which indicated inflammation in the region of the appendix. He was therefore taken to the Woodhouse Ward of the Presidency General Hospital. This morning however the inflammation symptoms seem to have entirely subsided, and there is some hope that he has merely got slight fever due to intercal chill.

You can rest assured that I shall do all necessary, and I am not without experience in such matters."

You never know what these

fevers are going to turn out to be, but the inflammation having gone down is encouraging. A year or so ago Oliver was laid up with fever in my house for several days and they thought it might be enteric but it turned out to be ordinary fever. Whatever it is this time he couldn't be in a better place than the Presidency Hospital, where he will get the best doctoring and nursing to be had in India, and Dain, who is rather a special protégé of mine, can be relied upon to befriend him. I will let you know at once when I get further news.

Ever your loving brother

Napht