

The Wigwam.
Darjeeling.
22nd June.

My dear Cousin,

I had promised Cousins George and Svetislav that I would write and let you know about our Kalimpong trip. I regret that I have taken so long in doing so but, as you know, most Chaudhuris only work by fits and starts. Your idea of visiting Crookety was a wonderful one and when I got to Darjeeling I wondered to myself as to how I should start the business going. Imagine my surprise when suddenly out of the rain one evening emerged your delightful husband. We fell on his neck and after a bit of gossip decided to meet again the next morning at the Mount Everest. This time we were the ones to emerge from the rain but over a nimbu pani the whole business was settled.

We, Khuku and myself, left for Kalimpong in a small car on the morning of the 12th and after a small hunt in Kalimpong - all roads there apparently leading to the Morgans - recieved a very warm welcome from our Russian relations. After that as far as we were concerned and I hope as far as the others were concerned as well, it was an entente cordiale. We shopped, we sight saw, we took photographs, we had a queer and mixed Bhutanese lunch, we had an English tea for which we were an ~~hour~~ hour late and we talked and talked. Apart from a minor digestive upset, I think the Bhutanese lunch was responsible, when my stomach's status quo was rapidly restored by doses of pepsin as recommended by Cousin George, a very good time was had by us. We left after lunch on the 14th mentally in fine form and, as the Madrassi says, physically 'fed up and full filled.'

It is seldom that one meets two brothers with equal charm and Khuku and myself took a very warm liking for Cousin George. In certain lights he looks like a very benevolent Bulganin and I understand that he was so mistaken in Calcutta. He was full of excitement about

his forthcoming trip and a man who has had as many adventures as he has will, I am sure, weather this newest and biggest one with equanimity and confidence. We have arranged to meet him in his new job when circumstances permit.

Despite the time of the year, Darjeeling is very pleasant and as Father has gone down, there are only the four of us here at present - Khuku, the two boys and myself. A little mild exercise is taken, a good deal of detective story reading is done and an enormous quantity of food, mostly good Bengali cooking is taken. We go down to Calcutta for the rest of my leave about the 1st July as one shouldn't tempt the weather for too long.

I was sorry to hear that you hadn't been very well recently. I hope you have recovered by now. While getting thin is all very well, don't exert yourself too much do do so. You will always be beautiful whatever your shape.

With love from Khuku and myself and I hope we will see you soon.

Yours affectionately,

Muchu.