

Earlsfield,
c/o: Lt. Col. H. S. Kojouhar
~~Chhat~~ Latur, Simla-2.
11. 3. '71.

Forack
(59)

My dear Puro,

The results came in; I am sorry over what happened. More sorry for just believing that a fine Parliamentarian like you would be in the Lok Sabha, and not doing what little one could to ensure that victory. Apart from this sorry belief, I did not turn up at any of the Party meetings in Bombay this winter, as almost on my return to Bombay, I had a mishap. My son caught fire and I was hospitalised with burns. Almost for his months I was moving about like a spiritily old woman of seventy-five.

I was up here in Simla for the whole of last year, and will be for all of this year. My two daughters are day scholars in school here. My son, the one and only, is now working in Bombay. Things are moving in the right direction, slow but nevertheless. Thank you for the help you offered, when I had turned to you some years ago. We could not avail of it, as things deteriorated very fast; now the Sun seems to be shining again. Thank God for better or for worse I move on.

I have a nice big house here. Almost on the top of
Nakoo Hill. If you are not going off to Igadganj
to wear off your fatigue, why don't you and the
family come here for a while. I could give you a
bed room and a small sitting room to you self. I
rang up Pehar ~~on my~~ when I passed through Delhi
and she dropped in to say Hello at the Shikhar Hotel.
I expect Natarajan up here anytime now and then
to stay with us for a fortnight. He is coming along
with our station-wagon. Pehar mentioned about going
abroad in April, but if she too would like to come
along, at least a quick - long weekend - could at least
be squeezed in. I am on the phone here, no: 3814,
so do give a ring if you feel like it.

Last year your birthday slipped my mind, but
frankly I dreamt of you that night. Honest truth!!!
We, about 30 or 40 of us were sitting in a room,
with you across, sitting on a chair with a table before
you - you know like the friendly school master. You were
looking as happy as a lark, and we were all
dreaming up plans for the reorganisation of the
Lusatian Party. Who knows the tomorrow may already
be here. I suppose after years of sincere, hard work
and really looking after your constituency. These results must
be pretty frustrating. But every damn thing kept bobbing
it head up against you. If you had won through this ordeal,
you could in future have some of victory even by proxy.
But I suppose soon a bye-election will turn up and
I can almost visualise the fight; that's how we should live
in Rajasthan. Dear Indira herself had come down to
campaign against you. What a thrilling finish it was. We made
it there, we will make it again. S. N.