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Madhupur

16<sup>th</sup> Dec - 91

My dear Pippa

I was much surprised the other day at getting an exciting parcel which turned out to be ~~so~~ the most fascinating matchbox yet manufactured. It is much too swaggy for use in Madhupur and will be kept in tissue paper for use in Calcutta and on inspection days. Many thanks to kind giver, and

please who was it? I dont wish to appear grasping, and perhaps this isn't the right time to say it, but I cant resist hinting that I haven't yet received a certain Roman scarf mentioned some time ago. ("Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear.")

I haven't been so solitary here lately as usual as the ~~same~~ youthful Peddie has been having work which brings him here every other day, on which occasions he puts up with me. One Sunday he, Heaton and I went on a duck shooting expedition to

a tank about 10 miles from here. It is a ~~very good~~ <sup>very good</sup> place, I should think there were about 200 duck there. We all shot splendidly, but the dord was very merciful to the poor birds and we only got 16 at the expense of 91 cartridges; let us hope that next time G.A. will remember that we are poor men and cartridges cost 8 rupees a 100.

This reminds me to tell you that I have at last been reduced to buy a gun and keep a dog. I

knew that I should have to do  
these two things in time, and  
though I have fought long against  
my fate, at last I have had to  
succumb. (Succumb?)

There are no other (!) news I  
think except that I hope Arthur  
will bring his old sickly one to  
the salubrious shore  
of Madhapur.

M. Jupper. (ahem!)

Goodbye

Yr loving brother

P.S. Why not get the Ralph Strachey  
Squire to write a life of Buddha (who is much more interesting than  
Columbus) and take you with him to get  
local colour at Madhapur?

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