

1 (one)

CHARLEVILLE HOTEL.

MUSSOORIE.

16<sup>th</sup> Sept. 96

My dear Pippa

Here I am still putting on weight and enjoying myself generally - The weather now is beautiful; the rains are over, and the season of picnics has set in - I have been to several, the last one was to the Mossy Falls, a lovely place in a deep valley about 5 miles away - The party consisted of Deakin the host, Mr. Highest the Wags, Mr. Arkman and O'Dowda a sub. the particular bowwow of Mr. A. After tiffin the party went off two by two & while I remained behind to guard the remains of the food. Reposing dreamily on my back I was overcome by the beauty of the scene and composed an elegant poem entitled "If it wasn't

2

(two)

4566

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for the mountains in between" which was read out 3 times to each couple as they returned and was determined to be very good, copies being rapturously demanded by all. I regret to say however that no eagerness has since been shown to obtain them which proves that hollow hearts will frequently wear a mark twould break your own to see.

Next week is the Chakrata week and will be filled up with cricket tennis &c by day and dances concerts dinners & theatricals by night. I go down on Sunday <sup>week</sup> ~~at~~ shall just see the fun. I am not going back to Caunpore it having been settled that as Sears will be there when I am away on furlough he may as well stay

3 (three)

then altogether. So for the next two months I shall be at Allahabad, to which place letters should be kindly directed.

Most of the people at this hotel are extremely boring especially the females. Mr. Hight and Mr. Barkley who started by being bosom friends and sharing rooms, ~~have had a~~ ~~desperate~~ are now extremely cool towards one another and never speak as they pass by; why I haven't the slightest idea. Mr. Barkley is the writer of my last letter to Dorothy - she is very nice. This is a feeble remark but must pass.

The time has now arrived for drinking porter so I will cease

my yr. loving brother

Ralph

4 (four)

Chorus to Verse 1

Oh it reely is a wery pretty garden

Chakrata to the westward could be seen

Tho perhaps a trifle dimly you could ketch

a glimpse of Sunly

It want for the mountains in between

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