

No. \_\_\_\_\_

East Indian Railway,

## Chord Line,

DISTRICT ENGINEER'S OFFICE,

~~Sehra and Madhapur~~ Asansol. 17<sup>th</sup> May 1891.

My dear Pippa

The chief events of this week are that the Peddies have gone to Dinapore, and that H. Wright is going home for three months next month. I call this an event of this week to fill up. The minor event was a dinner given by the doctor. Besides the S. I. R. people there were the Englishes, Milne a contractor, Stansfield an engineer on the Bengal Nagpur Railway, Jennings ditto, and Mr J. English is a boor, Mrs English

is a nippy, Milne is a 'lapaday cracker'. Stansfield is a booby and Mr & Mrs Jennings are nice, especially Mrs who sang duets with the doctor and played (very well) on the piano all the evening to the unconcealed disgust of Mrs English who had refused to play at first when asked, meaning to be pressed to, which she wasn't.

Did I tell you that I am chumming with Drogdale and to send letters to Asansol now, but I suppose you will have begun that before you get this. I don't think there are any more remarks except that the bitter and sarcastic (have you noticed it) vein that runs through this epistle are all on account of

Wright  
Fawcett Library  
27 Wilford Street  
London S.W.1.

721 (b)

going home.

love to everybody

yr loving brother

Ralph