

Calcutta

13th March 95

4527

My dear Pappa

It is the season of
Lent, and the pious inhabit-
ants of Calcutta are clothed
in their Summer sackcloth and
ashes and have given up
dancing and other sins and
divide the time between repen-
tance and swearing at the pun-
kah coolie.

P. T. O.

Dear Sisters in the Lord tis sent
The World the Flesh the Devil
now from your hearts cast out. Repent;
This aint the time for pride.
Lock up your satin dancing shoes
Your pretty frocks and sashes
And go to Hatthaways and choose
Some sackcloth there and ashes.

The composition of the above
exhortation has I fear completely
exhausted ^{my} ~~my~~ brain and left it
blank. However there is no
news so it doesnt much matter.
Did I tell you that I saw
H. B. Smith who seemed to be
all right again after his typhoid.
The result ^{of my seeing him} was an invitation

from the Viceroy to dinner
which high honour however
was squashed by the Lady
Victoriana Bruce getting the
measles so the dinner was off.
Aint it sad?

I really must cease but
will try to be more humane
next week

Goodbye

Yr loving

Ralph.

P.S. Why is this letter like the
Lady V. B.?

Because it's nearly.