

4443

Asansol

22nd Sept. /91

My dear Pippa

You will be glad to hear that I have got my leave, from the 5th to the 19th and by dodging in a Saturday and Sunday I can start from here on the night of the 2nd

A letter came on Saturday from ^(LONG) Long Wright to say he would be here on Sunday to collect his furniture & take it to Allahabad where he is stationed so I put off going with Bathe

and Milne to shoot snipe at Khana and was much disgusted when another letter came on Sunday to say he couldn't come as he had suddenly been sent to Campore.

Yesterday (Monday) was a great day here being the occasion of the Annual Concert (followed by a Quadrille party) of the Volunteers. The Devons came from Kawadik and Bathie got up a grand dinner party. In the afternoon we drove down to hear the band E.I.R.V.R band play. Mrs Devon didn't come as she is

very nervous about driving, having a well grounded fear of breaking any trap she gets into. I drove Devon who looks exactly like a little sea captain, and Miss Devon (S). The band was rather painful but it has to be encouraged so everyone said it had much improved and really it was much better than they expected. While they were playing the selections from the Gondoliers composed by Sir A. Sullivan and arranged by Bandmaster Brown, Clarke captain and stationmaster came up to me and said how well they were playing and said asked me to observe the beautiful effect of the

pauses between the tunes. Of course
I said that really they had much
improved and I'd rather hear them
playing pauses than many and
many a band I've heard in London.
He hadn't expected this additional
praise and was much gratified.

After this they played 'the Lost
Chord' and lost ~~it~~ not only it
but ~~several~~ ^{so many} others that I plainly
saw that if they weren't stopped
soon there wouldn't be any
left and the music of the future
would have to be played on one finger.
In this dreadful emergency I entirely
lost my presence of mind (I suppose

it went to the same place as the
chords) and rushing up shouted out
'Go away, go away, or I'll call the
Policeman; the lady of the house has
got a bad headache.' Luckily this
was drowned in a last reckless
and unsuccessful scattering of
chords 'to go and find their brothers'
and I was led gently away and
found peace by playing Anne
Rooney on my teeth with a pencil.

To be continued in our next, it
is fearfully late and I haven't
yet dressed (for dinner)

Love to dear papa & mamma
and all little brothers and sisters

Yrs
Ralph.

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725(c)