



4795

December 1886

My dear Pippa

Donnez moi votre patte.

Pâtes! I haven't written to you for weeks. Yesterday (Wednesday) there was a sham fight on Shotover Hill between the O.M.C Rifle corps and some old Oxfordshire Volunteers, about 50 on each side in which the O. Vols. were utterly and ignominiously (hand de) feated. We took 20 of them prisoners and they only took 1 of us. Hurrah! The mysterious



cousin (nephew) of Wedgwood is discovered. His name is Kempson, on the G — I suppose you know what follows. The way I discovered was that I found out that his name is John (or James) Wedgwood Kempson!!! That's number one; the next is that the reason I am called Slater is that there used to be a master here ~~and~~ of that ilk who wore oo. Silly? Very! Very very silly. Are you going to 'heck' in the theatricals?

These sheep have very long tails but their wool is of moderate quality only. (Extract from Geography.) Here is an interesting German story called 'The hungry Arab.'

Ein Araber hatte sich in der Wüste verirrt Zwei Tage hatte er

I really can't continue this interesting tale. I took about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour in doing those lines. To day there is a shooting and football match. The inside paper must be opened secretly.





Private
First read letter.

Fawcett Library
27 Wilfred Street
London S.W.1.

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The little article inside is for
Christmas Presents. Cash it at the
Queen's Road Post Office either now or
when I come home. N.B. Not to be used
for my C.P. The people at the P.O.
will tell you what to do. Don't show
the article to Bigwigs (not counting Miss Sch.)
as they gave me *un argent* (French) when
they went away. If I didn't send it you
I should eat it. Goodbye

What a brute I am for not writing
to you before. Ach! Scruppe.



Give me a paw
John Shaw
Attorney at law
Ralph

