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96, ~~South Hill Park,~~  
Hampstead Heath, N.W.

Clarks End  
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July 12. 14.

Dear Pippa

Here is the post card.

I have received a number of beastly  
looking papers from Miss Robinson,  
which suggest all sorts of horrors. But  
I have put them all into the waste  
paper basket.

The quarterly council looks as if it  
would be a snorter. I wish I could  
be there, but it is undeniably nicer  
here. The woods & the weather  
are perfect, Barbara trots about

with no clothes on.

I wish you were here now because Uncle Tom is here & she is so nice. I think she's one of the nicest of my relations & we've had a splendid time discussing the others.

The only real drawback to this place (for we don't seem to mind it

having bats) is that there are two idiots in a neighbouring cottage who follow us about & are said to throw stones when they are annoyed. No one knows what sets them off. A preacher came here yesterday too (also an idiot doubtless) but he's gone today. He preached at the top of his voice just outside the garden, & he had literally a cow & two goats for audience. He didn't look like St

Francis either - fair build with a  
red tie & ready made clothes.

Finally he gave up trying to entice  
us out, & went off singing at  
the top of his powerful voice "I'm  
glad there is plenty, plenty of  
the Saviour's blood".

I should be much obliged if you  
would kindly sign & return the  
enclosed, crossing out what ~~is~~  
does not apply.

Yours  
R