

My own dear little boy

I count the days on my
fingers one two three and many
more before I shall see you
and I talk to my good dog

Sailor about you

I don't think he knows any
little boys - at least none so
small as you - but I have told
him a great deal about you
and that he must be the very

best behaved dog that ever was
for he is going to see a little boy
who tries to be very good. and
I hope does everything that Doondra
and Purpur tells him to do
and I tell him that my little boy
will pat him on his head with his
little soft hand, and call him a
dear old dog. and be so kind
to him and feed him - and Sailor
turns his head on one side, and
looks very wise and wags his tail
when I tell him all this which
means to say that though he don't
understand all about my dear
little boy - yet he will do anything
I tell him, and love anybody
I love

He is such a good tempered dog
never gets cross or barks except infun
never whines or cries, or asks for
anything but sits quietly on his
tail - and waits for his food to
be put on his plate - I mean his
nose - The other day when
he cut his foot so deep and it bled
so much I was obliged to keep him
on board for four weeks - but he
was so patient and let his foot
have something put to it that hurt
him very much and then be tied
up in a bag Of course he
would have liked to have had
a good run and a good bathe
in the sea, and have gone and paid
a visit to an ugly little dog

with a long back whom he used to play with but he waited like a good boy - dog I mean - until his foot was quite well

I know you will love him for being such a good brave patient dog when you remember that he is although very big - only a baby dog. just one year old -

And now my own darling boy good bye - give Doonda & Baba, & Aunt Jane & Gucka, & Caga a kiss from Papa.

Your own dear Papa.

Alfred. Ryder

