

Dear Members,

Mr. and Mrs. Prickett have sent me among you and I am sure our association will be a happy one. If all the members are as delightful as they are, I can ask for no better company. I have already been impressed by the loyalty and devotion of My Lord of the Billies, Viscount Atkinson, and my indefatigable Guardian of the tea and Maid of Honour the Lady Phyllis Hynes. I may add with all due modesty that I am worthy of allegiance, for not only can I carry eight pints of steaming tea, but I am adorned in glistening aluminium, combining brightness and beauty in a manner unrivalled by my compeers in any kindred society.

Looking forward then to adding warmth and freshness to many of your festivities,

I remain,
Yours steamily,

Newcome T. Pot.

P.S. I have seen fit to write a small verse to celebrate my coming, which I trust you will see fit to print.

N.T.P.

(I publish Newcome's poem below.

Ed.)

There once was a couple called Prickett,
Who loved to explore in a thickett;
They adored birds and trees,
And knew all about teas,
And kindness was always their tickett.
