

Friday Sept 29

My dearest

Its a very grey morning. I shall be glad now when the light changes back an hour its becoming so difficult to get up and write to you because there is no light to wake me. You see I really get up about six and that for the end of Sept. is ^{early} late. I have just taken a new nib the other had gone soft.

We heard from Marjorie last night that she is coming home on Saturday for about a fortnight. I did not tell you of her new job after that did I? She is to go to Darbyshire and manage a dairy there for a Red Cross Hospital. A Colonel somebody has given his house for the hospital and I suppose he has given the farm and dairy too. I think it will be very nice and much more interesting than an ordinary farm job because she will be able to get to know the VAD people and very likely the men. She will earn £1 a week.

Maggy has come back for her munition workers four days so I shall let Violet off a lot and have baby which I shall like. I wonder if you were here if you would find out that baby is like you in any ways. She likes the sort of romping that I used to like otherwise I dont see any particular likeness to myself. I should like her to be like you in mind. Perhaps the next one we have will have grey eyes and brown hair and look like you.