

Famborough

Sunday, 4th Oct.

My dearest Mother,

I don't think there have been any soul-shaking events to report since I wrote you last. Life has more or less pursued its even tenor of its way, no earthquakes, typhoons, epidemics, heat waves — though there seems to be something of a cold wave going about: all around are people sneezing and nose blowing — young folk trumpeting like elephants, old ones stifling their beastly snuffles in their whiskers. Meanwhile, I have as usual been busy: on Thursday duty took me at 9.30 pm from

the darkness of the earth through
2000 feet of cloud to a region
of bright moonlight where we
could have read newspapers.
The moonlight on a boundless
sea of cloud below was a
grand sight.

To-day we are going to tea
with the Collins'. It is a lovely
day.

We all send our love to
you and hope you are well.

Your own loving son

David.

P.S. Can a man marry his
widow's sister? Ask Alan.