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HEAD QUARTERS,
NORTHERN COMMAND,
YORK.

27th April /17

My dear Pippa

Do you remember that
Mrs Hunter, who was in charge of
Women's Legion Cooks etc at the
Banacks here & who showed you
round? Apparently she has had
a difference with her authorities &
they have parted. She says you
prophesied that this would happen
& told her that when it did she had
better come & see you & you might be



able to help her to get another job. So she has got from me the address of your office & proposes shortly to pay you a visit, & I thought it well to warn you so that you could greet her as if you knew who she was. I don't think she really wants anything from you except advice.

I haven't heard anything of the family for an age - my own fault for not writing, but I am kept pretty busy all day & don't feel inclined to take up my pen again after I get home.

I hope Mamma is really all right again now. Give her my fondest love

& say we both like York very much in spite of the vile weather we have had till a few days ago. It is a most fascinating town, with a deeply interesting history from the year 1 onwards, & the modern inhabitants are very pleasant & friendly - we have made the acquaintance of some people called Audworth - one of the daughters was at Holloway with Marjorie, who stopped with them for a week and a short time ago without either of us being aware of the other's presence!

I do a certain amount of travelling about inspecting people, which breaks the monotony of office work - we've got a comfortable little house a short way outside the walls with a spare room, where we shall be very glad to see any of you who can afford the luxury of a railway ticket & don't mind living on rations!

Grace is gradually getting mixed up
with War Pensions work here, which
apparently is not being conducted nearly
as efficiently as it was at Camberwell.
And our latest craze is the study of old
stained glass windows, of which there are
a very fine selection in the Minster &
other churches here.

Where is Oliver now & how did he
get on in France? Or is he still there
holding Sir D Haig's hand?

Good-bye now, with best love to all

Your affectionate brother

R. Stanley