

Sept 18th

My best friends

Your letter did me good. I can't tell you how much good. I am nearly blind and dizzy with work and when I shall get away I can't tell – not till November I fear can I hope to come south. You will be clear of folk then.

What a shame to pester you. I am so sorry. You know that I never sent anyone to you except my friends the Glovers for a cup of tea. When I have a favour to ask you may depend I shall write and say so. I never sent anyone at all, so don't believe them, they are a' muckle leers.

Perrin[?] sent me those big photographs I showed you when you were her. Also I believe he is doing pictures for an article or articles (not by me on the 'Raiders Country') in Good Words.

If I was you, Marion I wadna let yin o' them by door. Just keek roon and say be gaun wi' ye, vermin!

I am coming as soon as I can. I never was so busy in my life. I declare I dowp[?] is nearly grown at the seat of my fingers had fairly to be poeed frae the keys o' the typewriter. D'ye no believe me well it's juist as true as maist o' the rest I write.

I am sending the first copy of the Moss Hags to you. Dinna lend it gin the deil himsel' speered for it.

Ye'll find the guid man's name in it in print and the memory also of the tea we took on our return from Macaterick.

I wish I was on the sofa to hear ye readin' it.

I'm coming as soon as I can, but there's ower mony Raiders about the noo.

All well,

Ever affectionately

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