

22 Haitland Street,
Hempshaw Lane,
Stockport.
August 24 1942.

My Dear Helen,

You will see from the address that I am back in Stockport in spite of the fact that I missed the last bus from town on Saturday. Any little fear was worth suffering, however, for the walk back to your house from Hardings. The bus I jumped on to at the end of Cranbourne Rd. was no good to me at all and the conductress put me off when we got round the corner into Wilbraham Road. I went into a doorway to shelter from the drizzle and asked a person there if he knew what time there would be an eighty bus. Instead of answering my question he said, "Don't you work at —?" (I forgot the name). "No", I replied, "I don't". "You're very much like a man I know who works there". "Really!" "You caught a bus here last week, didn't you?" "Yes, I did. It seems like a case of once I'm seen, I am never forgotten." "Oh!" he replied, "I noticed the resemblance last week. Hasn't your young lady come to see you off tonight?" "I got on round the corner," I snapped, "what time will there be an eighty bus?" Who he was I don't know because he moved away very soon after without much more conversation.

On reaching town I found that the last bus had gone and so made my way to London Road station and by the skin of my teeth managed to get the eleven o'clock train as it was moving out of the station. I think in future I will use the train; it is much more reliable. I was in doors here soon after 11-30, so it wasn't bad.

I hope you had good services at Platt Lane yesterday and that you will have a good farewell meeting tonight. My services were very good on the whole. I had Edgar Roberts, the minister at Hazel Grove, in my congregation in the morning. He is on holiday but at home.

Could you see the places from Chorlton last night? They were very near here and looked most picturesque.

If it should rain next Saturday (I hope it will not; but if it should -) maybe we could arrange to see a picture or something. Anyway I'll come down wet or fine and we'll cycle to Styal if it's fine. I will get in touch with the Henshalls during the week. I am waiting now for next Saturday. With my love,

Dorrie,
Yours affectionately,

Jim.