

METHODIST GUILD
HOLIDAYS.

—
TELEPHONE
DUNOON 234.

DHALLING MHOR.
KIRN.
DUNOON.
ARGYLL.

Saturday Evening.

My Dear Doreen,
Dhalling hutor doesn't seem like Dhalling hutor now you are not here. You had become so much a part of the life here, so far as I was concerned, that things seem a bit dead now you have gone.

By this time you will be at home or very near home (time six o'clock) and looking wondrously at the weather; it's bound to be raining in Manchester as it is here still. You have been much in my thoughts as you made the last railway journey and I kept saying to myself, "They will have reached Glasgow now; they will be on the h/c train now." I can't say how much I've missed you today. I've wandered round a bit on my own,

and played cards a bit with the older generation,
and slept a bit. Harry and Ellie, Jack and
Jean wanted me to go to the pictures with
them but as they were going to see Bert and
Gaisy I declined the invitation.

I've moved my belongings into room 13
and find it's a delightful room with a nice
thick carpet which is much better than the
thin, loose mats to which you and I have
been used to hitherto. No doubt John
and I will do much talking about Ruby
and ——— (well don't be surprised if your ears
burn a bit, too).

There was a letter here for Poppy.
Mrs. Henderson and I were re-addressing them and it's
been sent on to your house; your address was
the one given in the visitors book; remember?
You will be able to pass it on to Poppy.
You might think that the stamp is placed

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crookedly and no doubt will bring a blush to
her cheeks — that is, if it's from the right
person.

The new guests have been rolling up
looking bedraggled, weary, worn and wet; but
I haven't got to know any of them yet,
and there are none coming I know.

Let me know, Doreen, how you got
along today. You know, surely, that I shall
always be glad to hear from you and don't
forget the tea. I looked in my diary and
found that Sept. 7th is the date of the Harvest
Festival Lecture at the Mission so please stress
clear of that date, won't you? I shall
count the days to Sept. with keen anticipation.
Don't do too much work next week if you
don't feel like it; I'll give you permission to

stock but don't let the boss see you. Think
of me on the hills (that's where I shall
be if it keeps on raining).

I ought to have said this morning,
'Thanks for helping to make my week's stay
at Shilling how such a happy one.' This
second week will not be as happy as the
first, I know. So accept my thanks,
now. I feel so glad that the week
afforded to us the opportunity of each other's
company & I hope we shall continue the
friendship.

Every good wish to you, Doreen,

Your very sincere friend,

Jim.