

22 Maitland Street,  
Hempshaw Lane,  
Stockport.  
Thursday.  
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My Dear Doreen,  
It was delightful to get your letter yesterday with its various items of news. I had looked forward to receiving it, but shall look forward with greater eagerness to seeing you on Saturday. I will leave here on my bicycle at 1-30 but, as I don't know how long the journey to your house will take, I cannot say definitely what time I shall arrive. I ought to do it in just under an hour, I should think. We'll enjoy ourselves tremendously if it's a decent day. Styal is a lovely little spot and the woods are the property of the Society which preserves our beauty spots. The Whalling lido friends have been doing quite a lot of corresponding. Dear old Bonnie with her 'dears' and 'lones' is quite a character. Ruby would think she was telling you 'news' when she imparted the information relating to me. After reading about the Farewell meeting I almost wished I was having one too. But I shouldn't like to think that I was moving a good distance away from this district. You and I, Doreen, are fortunate; we might have lived miles away from each other.

The Hardings seem delightful people. They are generous with Sir Walter Scott. I must make some arrangements regarding those books and get them out of their way. Where I shall put them here I don't know yet but I shall find some place for them even at the risk of increasing my landlady's wrath.

I have a funeral this morning and the interment is out at New hills which means that I shall not get back for dinner until about 1-15. One good thing: I have not to walk to the house for the service; the undertaker is sending a taxi - good man!

Tonight, as I have no meeting, I shall have to settle down to sermonizing. Sunday's sermon is not yet prepared and, as it has got to be a special one, I must get down to it seriously. I am going to take as my text: "let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do..... I have nothing to do with us to build a house unto our God." I had my subject announced last Sunday - Building Together.

Until Saturday - all my love,

Yours affectionately,  
J. W.