

22 Haitland Street,
Hempshaw Lane,
Stockport.
August 18th 1942.

My Dear Doreen,
It was a great joy to me to receive your letter yesterday afternoon but a greater joy to read in it, 'I am simply delighted to think that our friendship is still going to continue'. It gives me a greater joy ~~that~~ than I can express in words that both of us should feel so much in accord. When there is a true spirit of reciprocity between two people then those two are happy indeed; and, I trust, that the spirit of reciprocity that exists between us will grow stronger and deeper.

Sunday was a busy day but I was not too busy to write because, in a sense, one feels in writing that one is in the presence of and actually speaking to the person concerned. That is how I feel about writing to you. In the evening on Sunday I was disappointed to find W. B. Jackson, who, as you know, is an ex-president of the conference and a very able preacher, in the congregation

at Bramhall and I was rather 'nervy' as I took the service. However, God blessed us and we had a great time. I spent an hour with Mr. & Mrs. Harold Daryl on Sunday evening poring over a map of Scotland and pointing out the places I had visited.

On Monday I made the journey to Wrexham and returned yesterday. Last night there was a good crowd at my class and we had a very good meeting. I didn't know that "How Green was my Valley" was in Manchester. It is reputed to be the finest picture of the year. I hope to see it, too, when I get the opportunity.

It's jolly good of your mother to suggest we should have tea at your house on Saturday. We shall accept the invitation, shan't we? I was going to suggest going out to Styal by train and having a walk there and tea at some friends of mine but will do that some other Saturday.

I shall have to leave this letter now as I

have an appointment at 2-30 and it's already 2.20. So
until Saturday every good wish. My thoughts are always
with you, Doreen,
Yours very sincerely,

Jim.

P.S. Please excuse this paper but I've only just found that I
have used up all my decent writing paper and it
was a case of this or nothing; and better this
than nothing.

P.P.S. I had another letter from Bonnie this morning in which she
thinks me for the letter and in which she gives
me a hearty welcome to Miss Rothwell's flat when
I'm in Leeds. If Miss Rothwell gets everybody
at her flat when she's invited there I don't
suppose there'll be room for them. We'll go sometime
and give them a shock. Jim.