

TELEGRAMS GRAND.  
TELEPHONE No 24.

GRAND HOTEL,  
CROMER.

Monday, 11/11/11.  
10 a.m.

Mayoni my dear,

When you get this  
I shall be having towards  
you at a rate of knots,  
and 'od not be who hinders  
my passage, or obtrudes upon  
the picture of you which I  
shall all the time see as  
though a glass (my windscreen)  
darkly.

Last night I dreamed  
vividly and homidly of an  
airship breaking in the air  
and ~~men~~ "hitting" down

GRAND HOTEL

COMMERCE

hanging onto chained guides  
with vultures already at their  
eyes, while others were covered  
with crabs like red disc wheels.  
A friend and I killed crabs  
and crabs messily with hammers.  
It was devilish: must ask  
Friend about it.

I hope you are feeling  
fit again, my dear. Must see  
a doc., you know. I hate to  
think of you having pains.

I am frightfully fit,  
and almost as I was in  
my young days (two or  
three years ago), full of  
beans, enthusiasm & optimism.

TELEGRAMS GRAND.  
TELEPHONE No 24.

## GRAND HOTEL, CROMER.

I fear I am rather bombarding  
you with missives but I (as  
you say) can't help it. I am  
now one of the scribes. I have  
once more read my two letters  
from you - balm to the soul.

I shine with an inward  
light and in the evenings I  
am phosphorescent.

Amor mia, se l'ame et se  
l'adore.

Yours

Harold.

**2000.161**

Grand Hotel  
Cromer

Monday 11/1/--  
10 am

Marjorie my dear,

When you get this I shall be haring towards you at a rate of knots, and 'od not he who hinders my passage, or obtrudes upon the picture of you which I shall all the time see as through a glass (my windscreen) darkly.

Last night I dreamed vividly and horridly of an airship breaking in the air and men hurtling down hanging onto charred cinders with vultures already at their eyes, while others were covered with crabs like red disc wheels. A friend and I killed crabs and crabs messily with hammers. It was devilish: must ask Freud about it.

I hope you are feeling fit again, my dear. Must see a doc., you know. I hate to think of you having pains.

I am frightfully fit, and almost as I was in my young days (two or three years ago), full of beans, enthusiasm & optimism.

I fear I am rather bombarding you with missives but I (as you say) can't help it. I am now one of the scribes. I have once more read my two letters from you – balm to the soul.

I shine with an inward light and in the evenings I am phosphorescent.

Amor mia, je t'aime at je t'adore.

Yours

Harold

TELEGRAMS GRAND.  
TELEPHONE No 24.

# GRAND HOTEL, CROMER.

Same day.

My dear,  
In answering your  
letter this morning, I  
omitted to answer a leading  
question.

ROXBEE comes between  
Harold and Cox and I am  
generally known as Roxbee Cox<sup>x</sup>  
rather than Harold Cox, this  
latter appellation being  
reserved for the eminent  
economist.

To-day is glorious but the  
darker for your absence.

Loveing you,  
Yours Harold

x cf. Winston Churchill, Lloyd George etc.

Grand Hotel  
Cromer

Same day

My dear,

In answering your letter this morning, I omitted to answer a leading question.

ROXBEE comes between Harold and Cox and I am generally known as Roxbee Cox\* rather than Harold Cox, this latter appellation being reserved for the eminent economist.

To-day is glorious but the darker for your absence.

Loving you,

Yours

Harold

\* ct. Winston Churchill, Lloyd George etc.