London 10.7.40. My dearest Moke, Last Thursday night I was ming up by hord Beave brook and had to Come straight to London. after seeing him it appeared that I should be stationed here on London so M. came down the next day. after Here few days with his Lordship, it has now become necessary for me to go back to Harrogale, and we

set off again to - morning Thurs day, morning. We have just rung up the Hanopale Motel - The Valley Gardens Hotel and are going back Kere. They said that in enor two letters for as had been returned to the 1.0. marked Left no address! I fear one may be pour you. We did leave ou address of I am sorry I ded

not write to tell you of our movements, and here last few days have been so beather that I have had no true at act.

I hope you are beefing well & are not too much disturbed by an raids. I should think that Weston cheef is sofe enough - Bustol & South Wales are the Kengerts. The boys seem to be

cheerful. Jule what arrangements we shall make for the bolidays we don't get know. Mayone seeds he love with nine, Your own soz, Lawrey!

My dearest Mother,

Last Thursday night I was rung up by Lord Beaverbrook and had to come straight to London. After seeing him it appeared that I should be stationed here in London so M. came down the next day. After these few days with his Lordship, it has now become necessary for me to go back to Harrogate, and we set off again to-morrow, Thursday, morning. We have just rung up the Harrogate Hotel – The Valley Gardens Hotel – and are going back there. They said that in error two letters for us had been returned to the P.O. marked 'Left no address'. I fear one may be from you. We <u>did</u> leave our address of course.

I am sorry I did not write to tell you of our movements, but these last few days have been so hectic that I have had no time at all.

I hope you are keeping well & are not too much disturbed by air raids. I should think that Weston itself is safe enough – Bristol & South Wales are the targets.

The boys seem to be cheerful. Quite what arrangements we shall make for their holidays we don't yet know.

Marjorie sends her love with mine,

Your own son

Harold