

London

10. 7. 40.

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
Hanopare Hotel — The
Valley Gardens Hotel —
and are going back
here. They send 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 did
leave our addresses 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
Wexon itself is safe
enough - Bristol & South
Wales are the targets.

The boys seem to be

cheerful. I will what
arrangements we shall
make for the holidays
we don't yet know.

May one send her
love with mine,

Your own son,

Larley

2000.400

London
10.7.40

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 did 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