

ROYAL YORK HOTEL
TORONTO

Canadian Pacific Hotels

27. 11. 45

My dearest Mother,

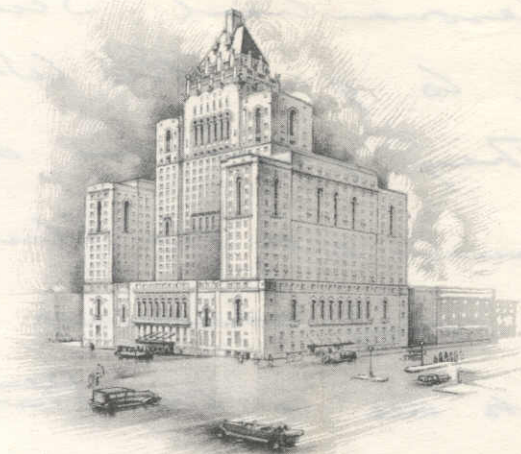
You will I know have heard from Mayone of my safe arrival. I left London on Wednesday, not Thursday as I had expected. I was in New York on Thursday afternoon, had dinner with friends, went on to Washington, left there on Friday afternoon by train and reached here, Toronto, on Saturday morning. I leave here to-morrow, Wednesday, for Buffalo.

I know your friend Carrie Atkins (? Atkins) is or was in this town and I remember her husband's name was Dick or Richard. There are too many Atkinses in the telephone book to

provide a clue, but in any case, if the parties are still here, it is a little dangerous to look up people with whom there has been no contact for so long. They may be horribly rich or terribly poor - both extraordinary circumstances!

I am glad to know that dear M. is coming down to see you. I am glad she is not with me this journey: I am continually moving, and shall only be a few hours in New York, which is where she would want to stay. This town is unattractive. It is as big as Birmingham, but not very interesting. The hotel however, which is the largest in the British Empire, is excellent. I am on the 10th floor with a view out over Lake Ontario

If you write to me it is best



ROYAL YORK HOTEL
TORONTO

Canadian Pacific Hotels

To address

c/o Sqdn Leader Adderley
British Air Commission
1785, Massachusetts Ave
Washington D.C.
U.S.A.

I do hope your arthritis is not
troubling you too much and that you
have not been feeling down again.

The weather here is cold and dry
and the hotel, of course, is grossly
overheated.

I arrived in New York on
Thanksgiving Day and was met at
the airport by Lester Gardner & his
wife, old dears whom I have known
for some years. He is Chairman of

The Institute of Aeronautical Sciences
before whom I am to give the Wright
Bro. Lecture. They gave me a
Thanksgiving Dinner at the University
Club, which is a very charming
place, & then took me to the Station.

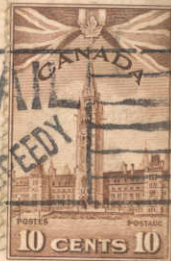
I expect you will get other
snippets of news from Marjorie and
in any case I look forward to
seeing you soon. I am due to
leave N.Y. on the 18th Dec..

Give my love to the Aunts.

My love to you

Your own son

Harold.



MRS W. J. ROXBEE COX,
6, HILLCOTE MANSIONS,
ATLANTIC RD.,
WESTON - SUPER - MARE
SOMERSET
ENGLAND

2000.449

Canadian Pacific Hotels

17.11.45

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You will I know have heard from Marjorie of my safe arrival. I left London on Wednesday, not Thursday as I had expected. I was in New York on Thursday afternoon, had dinner with friends, went on to Washington, left there on Friday afternoon by train and reach here, Toronto, on Saturday morning. I leave here to-morrow, Wednesday, for Buffalo.

I know your friend Cissie Atkins (?Adkins) is or was in this town and I remember her husband's name was Dick or Richard. There are too many Atkinses in the telephone book to provide a clue, but in any case, if the parties are still here, it is a little dangerous to look up people with whom there has been no contact for so long. They may be horribly rich or terribly poor – both embarrassing circumstances!

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Give my love to the Aunts

My love to you

Your own son

Harold