

Don. R. HARRIS.

1st. Lt. 17<sup>th</sup> Aero. Squadron.

Sig. R. C. A. S.

[Romsey, England. To Dorothy Knox, Charlotte,  
N. C. Feb. 3, 1918]

My Thalia:— Do you wonder why  
this time? Well this is the first letter  
I've written back home except one to  
my mother. We have not been very  
busy since reaching England, in fact  
we are stationed at a rest camp  
at Romsey a quaint old rural  
village. You may wonder why we  
are resting so early and we do  
quite understand either but I do  
wish we were resting in a more  
thorough and upto date camp.

It would be hard to tell  
you all the things one feels upon  
reaching a place so stamped with  
war. And to be so close that at times  
one can hear the guns and at night  
perhaps can hear the bombs of some  
night air raid. The Germans are very active  
in the air just at present and are  
causing a great deal of trouble both

in London and in Paris. In the last  
raid on Paris fifty-four people were reported  
killed and two hundred and six wounded.  
But why write of things like that when  
there are such wonderful things as the  
old Romsey Abbey. I believe you would  
enjoy England too. This old Abbey was  
built in the year 907 A.D. It is of the  
purest old Norman architecture and  
it smells so delightfully old and  
has so many people buried in it.  
Bennet and Ellis and I have been to  
church there twice, once last Sunday  
and again today. The service is  
quite nice and home-like.

I wrote you a long letter on  
the boat which you may have received  
and perhaps you did not. Mail is  
uncertain now I suppose. It was  
not a very nice letter though so even  
if you did not it does not matter.

I have been to Southampton  
several times and once I saw an  
English musical comedy that was very

good. The action was rather stilted and awkward after our own sprightly shows. The music was good and the girls were much better looking than our own chorus type - I was tempted to ask some one of them to have supper with me but it seemed a rather undignified thing for an American officer to do. Later I saw two British officers with some of them so I might have saved myself the thought and had a very pleasant evening.

One has to get used to doing with very little to eat and no sugar or cream. And sleeping on coarse straw and damp blankets is rather annoying. There is no such thing as sun in England. Always the ground is like a sponge and the air full of a fine mist that will very soon soak into your clothes. The English people are not very cordial but that is probably due to their natural reserve and having seen so many foreign troops. Still I wish they would do something to make our

our stay here a little more pleasant.  
And the girls - They are a wonderful  
disappointment - Their feet are terrible  
and they all seem to have poor teeth  
Its terrible to see them working at all  
sorts of tasks, some of them at hard  
labor too.

There is lots to write about but most  
of it one can not mention. I have  
not much time just at present but  
when we get to a permanent air-  
drome I will have time to really  
write you. My address is

1st Lieut Don R Harris

Cox & Co Bankers -

16 Shering Cross

London S.W.

England

This address  
will reach  
me more  
quickly than

any other and if you put Am. E. F. in  
the left hand corner it will help  
write me soon Don and tell me all the  
news and gossip too - I really like it  
Don

Jan Feb 3d 1918