

[Feb. 26, 1918]

By this time the anti aircraft guns were
 sending up a shrill roarings that added
 to the rather natural excitement that pervaded
 even a tired audience. After the show
 we found the streets entirely deserted and
 every one packed in "shelters" or in
 the lobbies of the more frequented hotels.
 We were staying at the Waldorf a rather
 nice quiet place but that too was
 full to overflowing - And no one went
 home to bed until the night was made
 hideous with a fanfare of trumpets
 proclaiming "All Clear" and the Huns
 were well on their way home. They
 did not drop a single Bomb. We stayed
 over another night but with no luck
 at all. Its time we did see a play
 that approached our own New York
 productions but it was an adaptation
 of Pinero's "Magistrate" London was
 rather a disappointment - There was a
 great deal to see in the way of buildings
 of historic interest but it seems remote
 and casual when one thinks of our own

large cities - There is scarcely any traffic and absolutely nothing to do - Perhaps this is because of the war and perhaps we just did not know where to go.

And this is about the most in the way of excitement that we have managed. The following day we arrived at Cottuck Bridge and it was very dark and very rainy - It had been arranged that we should stay at "The Angel Hotel" so we did for a night - The name was so suggestive of something and the land lord was such an unashamed robber that we began to hunt a "billet" early next morning and we were very fortunate - We found a kind simple soul who would let us have two bedrooms, a sitting room, and a bath and more important a fire so we moved in at once - And each day we are better pleased - Every night when we come in we find something fixed to eat before getting comfortable or going to sleep. Sometimes

its only bread and jam and tea but usually
its more. We are eating at the Airbase
in the Officers mess so we are usually
ravenous. Last night we had the best
supper I've had since arriving in dear
little England and it was all because
they had killed their pig the day before.
We really are living a life of sinful
luxury and comfort now a days and we
flush to own it considering there is a
war on. Why to be clean again and
not to be always hungry!! - Well who
could ask for more.

I'd better say something about the
weather hadn't I? Well all that
can be said is that its rotten. Its
very seldom that one can fly. This
morning was fine and bright and quiet
though so Wheatley and I got a couple
of machines and went off about thirty
miles to lunch with a certain Lady
Signifort at Redworth Castle and we
did enjoy ourselves - They were two very

nice girls than though they were a trifle
too English to appreciate our sparkling
wit and they had seen too many hungry
thin flyers to make much over us. Besides
Wheatley had crashed his machine landing,
a most embarrassing thing to have happen
when out lunching. He had to stay all night
and I had to come home!! It's that well
put.

Please write to me Dot - It's rather
awful being so far away from all your
friends you know. It's dull enough at home
this army business but over here it's more,
it's tiresome as the devil. My address
is of Messrs Cox and Co - Bankers
U.S. Army Branch
16 Charing Cross, London S.W. 1.

I want to know all about what you are doing
and all about what is happening in Charlotte
you needn't mention Stuart even though I
am rather interested in her too.

There is lots more to tell you and I
don't think the censor would mind but as
you can easily see I am short of paper
and I live in a country town now
will you write soon - Don.