

[Don R. Harris. To Dorothy Knox. Charlotte,
N.C.]

Marske-by-the-Sea.

April 19th 1918

Today you are Salatea again and though I do not hope that you will quite understand why it is never-the-less true. I would like to adopt some of the names you suggested but facts are not fancies and being only matter of fact then to me you must be Salatea for today at least.

Do you really care for the dull uninteresting details of our life over here Oct? It seems strange that any one should but if you do then prepare for a good long account of some of them; if you do not you will see how convenient I've made the skipping over of them

Having completed my course of flying at Catterick and put in quite a number of hours over and above the required time in the air I began to think of leave. Dave my younger brother who entered the aviation section hoping to fly was shelved and made an air mechanic along with three other

College mates and they have been in
England now for about five months.
I wanted leave primarily to see him
and to try and let him have a
good time or rather a good time
that was a little out of the ordinary.
After talking to Major Smith, our
very nice O.C. who is sometimes
called "Sideflip Sidney" and at others
"The Mad Major" I wangled six days
leave and rushed off to Huntingdon
with out asking a check or obtaining
a meat and sugar card. Of course
I wired Dave I was coming down but
as I could not tell him upon which
train I was coming down I did not
expect him at the train - He was
wandering about the village waiting
for me though and we had tea
at once - It would be hard to imagine
the joy of our meeting there in that
quiet quaint little street in Huntingdon.
Well to skip over our pleasure and
our gossip and talk of the night, the
next morning I wangled a few days
leave for him and we set out

on our tour in search of happiness with
just about three pounds between us. Our
first object was to get some money so I
suggested Peterborough and there we remained
over night. We got the money alright
and went to one of the very poorest
shows I've ever seen ----- After the
show a few details are omitted. No
chorus girls for this particular bit of our
happiness represented by the show had
no chorus -- Imagine such a show
for soldiers. In the dark strut out-
side two girls had hailed us with
"Hello Yanks" and so the conversation
was on. In the end we walked
home with them but that is an
episode that does not belong here. By
the light of a match and a cigarette
any one could see how hideous they
were. No wonder they went about in
the dark - It was a sadly disappointed
pair we were after our long walk
back to the hotel. I was disgusted
and resolved firmly to never pick
up a girl again as long as I lived.
You see Dot they are common things

They are only silly and can not talk about anything seriously or even otherwise. The next day we left this town of munition workers and lovely cathedrals and churches and landed safely in London.

London was as damp and foggy as one had a right to expect but we enjoyed it much more than I had on the previous occasion of visiting it. To begin with I met about a dozen people, American officers mostly, on the Strand and in the Hotel that I knew which made me feel more at home. Then I had received a few introductions through mail to people in London from a friend of mine in New York. One of these was Mrs Page the wife of our ambassador. There were several nice girls at all of these houses so we really did enjoy our visit quite a lot.

We only saw two shows but they were very good. One was "Arlette" a pretty little musical operette and "The Beauty Spot" a good musical comedy. Regine Flory, a French dancer was