Mother dear:

Just a line, tonight, before our candle burns out, to let you know that I am well and happy and "still in England." As Sir Douglas Haig says, "further, there is nothing to report."

This morning, the sun came out, and the wind died down some, so flying was resumed. Owing to the recent rain, we have been having a fairly easy time of it, but now it is back to the "frosty," for ours.

If the sprig of heather, which I enclose, should by any chance reach you, you will see that it is practically the same as that which is grown in West Townsend. A trifle more stubby, perhaps, but nevertheless, it is the same old heather. And I have seen acres and acres of it, yes, even miles of it. One place, I have in mind, and as far as you can see, in one direction...
there is nothing but heather. This, I suppose, is what is commonly termed "heath." Up in the midlands where we have been, I saw very little of this flower, but poppies were everywhere. Here, the poppy is very scarce; but then, maybe it is out of season, so is the thistle.

Mail has been very scarce, lately. One postal, from Cicie (the cemetery road to Askley, written from W.T.) was the only thing I have received, during the past two weeks. But then, I suppose it is piling up, somewhere. (Another reason, why I do not write more frequently).

Received quite a letter from Neil, the other day. He is fine, and out of all severe attack of "pickandanholitis," he has no complaint. The son of a gun has been out strongish hunting, and has, from his description, about all one man can handle, in the line of "horn, helmet, bits of sheep" and an at many other thing. But, never mind. I think we'll get a chance, yet.

What do you think of the pictures? (if you can find them) One of the
persons, is your son, in a U.S. overseas cap, and a newly attempted moustache. Would you know me? The other fellow, is Joe Boyle, from Jersey City. He, also has a misplaced hair, but though he has been carefully cultivating it for no less than three months and a half (against my three weeks) it is quite invisible. He was very proud of said growth, until he had seen the picture, then you never saw a more disappointed youth in your life. His first act this morning, after the pictures had been received, was to sharpen his razor, and remove, what once he called a "regular moustache." He went to Norwich this afternoon to have some more taken, just to see how he looks, clean shaven.

Well, mother dear, the cold is beginning to creep either through, or under the tent, I don't know which, but anyway, my feet are as cold, and my fingers are beginning to lose their grip on the pen, so I guess the
the best thing I can do, is to crawl in between the blankets. There I will be very comfortable until six fifteen AM.

Hoping that you, dad and the girls are well, that you are not worrying and that you will give my love and best wishes to all who care. I remain,

Your loving son,

Richard

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