



ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Oct. 7, 1918. 19

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 rains, we have been having a fairly easy time of it, but now it is "back to the factory," 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 Towneend. 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 "a 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, as is the thistle.

Mail has been very scarce, lately. One postal, from Cicie, (the "cemetery" road, to Ashby, 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 outside of a severe attack of "pick and shovelitis", he has no complaint. The son of a gun has been out treasure hunting, and has, from his description, about all one man can handle, in the line of "horn helmets," bits of sheep and ever so many other things. 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

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persons, is your son, in a U.S. overseas cap, and a newly attempted moustache. Would you know me? The other fellow, is "Joe" Boylan, 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 creep either through, or under the tent, I don't know which, but anyway, my feet are are 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 A.M.

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.

Pvt Richard W. Cligott #37034

152nd Aero Squadron

U.S. Army Air Service

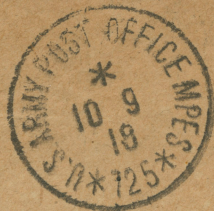
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Pvt. E. R. MELLIGOTT.
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Soldier's Mail.



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OK.....
Lieut. U. S. Army.

