

[Catterick, Eng. To, Dorothy Knox, Charlotte, N.C.]

Monday - the eighteenth of March  
Nineteen hundred and eighteen.

I have just finished reading again your last letter Dot, the one that reached me while we were awaiting transport in New York and though it is a remarkably good letter I am a bit fed up with it. You see after one reads a letter a certain number of times one would get fed up with it. There is the little "snap" of Street of course for which I believe I never thanked you! But why do you not write? I have written to you several times since then and each time I was careful to give you an address, you see our friends can be rather demanding can't they?

Now for news and events and after that some chatter and perhaps a few sage observations. You know I have always wondered of what use a censor could be. I spent a large part of

The morning going through a bunch of letters  
our men had written and to save my  
life I could find nothing to blot out. As  
you know my letters are full of bad  
spellings and inane remarks but I have  
never been so shocked and forced at the  
same time in all my life. Poor  
devils, what they get out of life is  
rather beyond me. Censorship is a  
very tedious occupation and rather  
useless too as far as I can see. The  
Germans know far more than the  
usual individual not actually at the  
front so why worry about what news  
that is no news might reach "Wellies"  
pen ear?

But to go on with news and  
events! Any news I might be able to  
communicate you would already know  
what before this letter reaches you. If  
the censor should chance to read it  
he would probably cross it out

ignorant that our bright and cheerful  
press let the cat out of the bag a  
month or so ago. So we will next  
consider events if you please.

I am a changed person since  
last I wrote you and it is an  
accident to some one else that has  
so changed me - But that would  
be starting in the middle of everything  
which though rather a habit of mine  
I am trying to overcome. Habits  
are devilish things when you wish  
to get rid of them. I don't believe  
Stewart was a habit however for  
no amount of effort has any  
noticeable effect!

But to return once again!  
You will perhaps recall that we  
were resting at a rest camp at a  
rather nice little village in Southern  
England when I wrote to you last,  
well we are scattered all over England  
now in two and threes aviating  
and flitting about in the clouds.

This is how it happened. The flying schools of the Royal Flying Corps are very crowded just at present. Everyone seems to like the idea and so everyone is trying to qualify as a military pilot. Everyone wants a personal chance at "Fritz" and the air is such a jolly good place to get the chance. So on account of the mob we had to wait and go where the vacancies happened to occur. I was one of the first luck ones. Wheatley, Kintung and I were sent to New Castle on Tyne in the very northern part of England and arriving there were sent to Catterick Airbase about forty miles back towards the south. Catterick!! Oh yes there is lots to be said, but I'll not say it all. Catterick is one of the tiniest villages in the whole of England and the weather so far has been abominable. We are not even near a good town worse luck.