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Letter from Ceylon Kingston to his mother, dated February 15, 1919

Ceylon S. Kingston

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Thisancourt, Feb. 15, 1919

My dear Mother:

Nothing has changed in the past week except the weather. Beginning last Saturday we have had a respectable little winter but yesterday the ind came around into the West and the sun began to disappear. East winds are cold and west winds are warm and balmy indicating the approach of Spring.

For the lack of other news I will tell you a joke that one of the officers played on the rest of us. Last summer a young fox was caught and came into the possession of Madame Bastian. It was kept fastened with a chain and kept in the court. A couple of weeks ago the fox was killed for its fur. Lieutenant Guillemart maintained that the fox was good to eat and tasted like a hare. The rest of us including Mrs. Bastian maintained that it was not good to eat. Well the subject was forgotten and last Sunday there came to dinner Dr. Dupuy a medical officer of the neighboring regiment. The meat was Sanglier, so they said — that is wild boar. He did not taste to me like the wild boar that I ate at Martigny but I said nothing more in fact did I suspect anything. Then a couple of days afterwards Fulllemart sprang his joke. He had gotten Marie Bastian to cook the fox and we had a meal of fox meat.

I know that Guillemart is wrong when he says that fox meat is like the hare. It has a peculiar taste and I would recognize it again without an instant's hesitation. Guillemart told me the other day that he had taken part in over forty trench raids. He was three times wounded and has the Croix de Guerre.

So much for this week. I suppose you get these letters about four weeks after they are written. As I write every week either Friday or Saturday they must come to you at regular intervals.

Affectionately,

Ceylon