

July 7, 1917

Base Hospital 12  
U.S. Army  
A.P.O. 518 France

My dear Matt and family:

Dorothy's nice little letter came today - in letter marked #2. That makes #3 and #2 that have come - but as yet no #1. Just when it is I have no idea. Someday Dorothy I shall bring my two little sisters up to see you - won't you have fun. Bertha is about 4 or 5 years of age - she will be twelve in October and Janet will be 7 in November. May I have the liberty of sending your letters to them. So far I have not heard a word from them so that as a correspondent you ought to write them all.

Yesterday the Queen visited us. Queen Alexandra of England and I had the honor of introduction and a hand shake. That was nearly enough for one day don't you think so?

Today is wonderful - mild, sunny and ideal for a long walk. I was going after tea but a man in one of my wards had a hemorrhage and I had to do an emergency operation

which broke in on any plans for a walk.  
Such is a doctors life in an army hospital.  
Any papers or magazines or books that you  
wish to send me will be gratefully received as  
you can imagine. In the winter - it will  
be colder - and there will be less to do and  
one needs reading material. So far I have  
not finished the Research magnificent but am  
about half way through - like it immensely.  
Every night just before ~~going~~ putting the light  
out - its not always to go to sleep by any  
means - I am reading a small volume  
of Kiplings latest stories and verses. Some  
are extremely clever.

A man, Capt Dale, is next me at this  
table in the mess writing to a married friend  
who has taken him on as a corres pondent.  
She has offered to send him any little  
thing and he writes that he does not  
smoke but that he loves peanut candy  
- and finishes gawd but how I can  
eat peanut candy and strawberry  
jam. Sugar is very scarce here  
and <sup>while</sup> we get enough jam and marmalade

Candy is secretly hoarded and eaten as the finest of food in the silence of one's tent - hence peanut candy would be an enormous luxury - here's hoping I see some, sometime. Tooth pastes are hard to get - my favourite Pebecco is not obtainable -

Tonight is to celebrate Col. Hassard, the English commandant who has had charge of this hospital since it was started is to leave and we are giving him a farewell dinner, just among ourselves. On one wall of the mess is draped our largest American flag, on another wall the union Jack and boughs & leaves cover much of the bareness of their clap board walls while the tables are roting in bowls of startlingly colored joppies and sweet peas. We are to have a regular dinner - with meat & sugar & cocktails and even champagne - on down fall tomorrow will be very sad - back to rations. Everyone loves the colonel and we

are loathe to see their train go - but  
are anxious to swing things on ourselves  
as an independent body

Write me about your local conditions  
& what you hear of Chicago people, Doctors  
Paddocks et al.

W. work & work - there is no end  
- and probably will be even more soon.

Shall I send you a little poem? I wrote  
called the "Song of the Ward" it needs  
a glossary to be understood. Everything  
here is abbreviated to initial form like  
B.H.T.'s stuff and it takes some time for  
people to get on. am planning a regular  
odds to two tall chimneys in our vicinity  
and if I ever write it will send you a  
copy. It may be Touchstone - or  
Peter - sometimes I know not

Sincerely

Kellogg Speed

P.S. The package did not reach me in U. Y.  
may be it is chasing me - or was it re-  
turned. any package especially that one  
looks good to me 155