

July 13, 1917

Bis Hospital 12

U. S. Army

A.P.O. 518 France

My dear Maitland family:

A letter from you sent to New York came yesterday - very welcome to all the H soldiers, all of whom were a bit homesick for news from the U. S. A. One of those soldiers does need a fountain pen and would appreciate it very much.

Tomorrow is the great and glorious French holiday July 14<sup>th</sup> but I know of no excitement in store for us. A hostile air craft tried to crawl over us today but the brushing shrapnel in the sky - a pretty sight, scared him off. We manage to find enough work - representing the acme of red cross efforts I imagine, which after all are no more important than those you are doing at home.

Have been putting in spare moments writing near war poetry. Will have some typed and send it to you. Last year at this time I was over my depth in hard work this year I can take it easier and yet feel that I am doing a little. We grind along and enjoy the life because the

weather is very favorable - and should continue so for about another month. Around our bees, the former occupants planted an excellent truck garden so that we have green peas, beans, potatoes and turnips - also lettuce. They will not last as very long however but give a mighty welcome variation to the diet.

I walked up onto some hills back of camp yesterday afternoon. Took my hardware, a can of beans, some crackers and my waterbottle full of tea. The panoramic view and exercise combined - if one can add the esthetic to actual labor thus, were beneficial. At this time I have not seen any new plays nor read any late books - but the war goes on.

Some of this bunch are already talking Christmas boxes from home - is it too early? Am feeling top top and hope you are all well. I hear that the picture has reached 5050. I still live in hopes much love from the soldier boy.  
Kellogg Speed.