

AP0518

France
July 25, 1917.

My dear Mattland Family:

July 25th seems strange - it is cold, pouring rain, one rain coat has been soaked through already at 11 am and my feet are wet. Such is the climate of parts of France.

The inquiry about aesthetics sounds interesting. We have an abundance of supplies - within reason. I do think that any money collected for Red Cross purposes should go through the regular channels and I am always afraid of these chain letters, especially when one is not positive of the source and by whom money collected will be spent. In our hospital we are supplied or indent from base stores - by the government - and while economy must be and is practiced, I have never seen a shortage of essentials. Probably our own wealthy government can fully supply any needs. I think also that people in the states get rather

an hysterical view point of these matters.
When one becomes acquainted with the thorough
ness and really wonderful system of the
British Royal Army Medical Corps, little
but admiration remains to be expressed.
I doubt very much if there is any shortage
of supplies among the French and nothing
should be undertaken in the way of re-
lief without government sanction.
Only recently in England I have read of
several men, ruffians, who were getting
rich soliciting funds for charitable
purposes - all going into their own
pockets. You understand that this is
simply an exposition of "the facts" as
Benjamin Franklin would say, (as far as I
know them - nothing personal in
criticism is attempted & what may
be a worthy effort. On the whole individ-
uals had better leave such large problems
to governments - and spread their efforts
out in government bonds or efforts
looking toward the help of persons
whom they know and ~~of whom~~ whom they
are sure will get their charitable
expressions.

I enjoyed the clippings very much - BLT
still hits me hard once in a while.

The letters are enjoyable - smiles spread
all over me and though serious minded and
a go onch there are really moments when
"war" humor flashes over me, sometimes
in unhappy situations. The older I
come, the less serious I am and I
have begun to fear that I shall never
grow up.

This Monday night Capt Dale and I
walked to camp next door to our old
one here - where they had some interesting
boxing. Dale was referee and I of
course had to go along as ballast - in
case he was mobbed. There were about
50 rounds all told - some 10 round bouts
and some very clever fighting. It began
at 7:45 and as we had to walk 4 miles
we had to miss our dinner. The affair
was held indoors - and for me I nearly
shifted so quickly does the outdoor
and tent life make one intolerant
of 4 walls. Just how the fighters stood

the heat of closeness from hundreds of men
packed around and no one can tell - but
the human machine being the most
wonderful one in existence stands
enormous strains. We saw many of
our old men - who were attached to our
former hospital last year and they
all came up to enquire how about
us. It makes the world seem small
does it not? Having handled thousands
of wounded soldiers from various parts
of the world I presume I am known
still by some of them - in England
Australia, New Zealand, Canada
and elsewhere - simply a matter of
adding to ones concert -

and speaking of concert I had
a wallop of a letter from a friend
the other day in which my character
was slit open and turned inside
out - all was concert and egotism
so that I have stopped & tried to make

an inventory. Hereafter I am going to
be a real grinch and try to be moral by
not being what I partly hoped I was -
an agreeable companion some of the times.
Said letter closed with a statement that
there was less compunction about send-
ing such a statement to me than to
any other person because of my
"cheerful imperiousness" and that
the shaft would never penetrate my skin.
That was some shake up for this union
league and I guess I understand just
where I get off henceforward. My
diet is worms from now on - can
you believe it?

Every day I am waiting for order to
the front - they have not come but I
sit packed, twirling my thumbs and
not daring to go beyond calling dis-
tance from telephonic orders. Must
close to go to work

Sincerely
Kellogg Speed