

C. C. S. 12

B. E. F.

Belgium

Sept 10 1917

My dear Mrs Wautland:

Am writing in the operating theater
on an operating table - rather a fit place
for me to wield a pen - Eh? Yours of
Aug 8. & the day you left of. I. me before
me and because I really have little time
to write will try to cover all points.

Two days ago I wrote you of my father's
death. Have been in a doze ever since
only hard work keeping me out of a
despondent gloom - even then I have
hardly left my tent except for duties
here.

This box of paper has arrived - a wonder-
ful gift because paper & envelopes are
worse than the proverbial hen's teeth to
obtain. Two boxes of candy, the pebeco
one too. The nuts from Dorothy have
also arrived. Thanks for your very kind
intentions as to fountain pen & Christmas

2
boy - Don't spend all your money
in one place - you are far too good for
any earthly use.

You speak of air raids. We have
seen frequently. Just as I started this
one blew along. Fritz was over us and
for the first time I saw them catch
him in the glare of the search lights
a half dozen flared on him - and
everything rattled - but he got away.
Would have given a pound note to
see him tumble -

Am very sorry about your niece. Hope
she recovered in such a fine place
as St Lukes. Poetry have a few
with me but no copies - will try to
copy one for this note others later
on. The N.Y. package has not
reached me that I know of. The en-
largement of the picture I have and thank
you. It's stunning.

In spite of all contradictory statements,

the best way to send things to me is ^{rank} name (3), U.S. Army
18 general Hospital B.E.F. A.P.O. S. & France. Do
not use this ^{letters} address ^(Belgium) because I am on "detached
service" now and might be back at the base
before anything would reach me. Our hospital is
Base 1 Hospital no 12 U.S. Army - but we are under
the above address. I think I did suggest sending
things to the Depot & Quartermaster U.S. Army
New York City for forwarding. Parcels sent
that way to me a long time ago have never yet
arrived. Your letters & parcels come through quicker
than anything else except that D.L. knows
the trick and gets cigarettes to me.

If I were home - or my goods were not all in a
storage ware house would be very glad to send you
an authors copy of my book - Its impossible
now that father has gone and mother is so upset
- any how those few left are all boxed up. My
publisher is Lea & Febiger Philadelphia.

About my family - have 2 married sisters, one
in Oak Park, one in Evanston where my father
died. The first - younger has 3 children - 2 boys
& 1 girl - one boy named after me as I wrote H.S.
Edmunds. My older sister has 1 child a daughter
in 2nd year high school.

The book I was asked to participate in by
my publisher (above) has been temporarily put

Pf - am very glad. (4) Since arriving
in France have written 2 short
articles for the Journal Amer Med.
Assoc - now "on their way" some-
where. Have another in the making
Thus passes a busy life.

Don't worry about the Keopies. I
have Bertha about her hair - she
really has beautiful hair & complexion
- and is as sharp as a two
edged sword. Her sarcasm at
12 is extremely biting. Recently
just - she wrote me she had been
to call on Grandpa in Evanston
with Janet & her mother - and
said he was well & getting fat
- would soon be as fat as I am.
I have lost some weight - do not know
how much. Around here there is
little place to walk - no hills to
climb of course - and the drainage
is so poor it is the smelliest

place on earth - ⁽⁵⁾ awful sometimes -
Books from Mr. Clump have not arrived - you must not do so much for me. The Tribune as I said was ordered to me for me - have had a few copies.

There are electric lights which burn 12 hours - but don't you think that is too much - I can always get light - and would appreciate writing paper - a fruit cake - cookies sent in tin lead ^{boxed} fails the sweater you mentioned or cigars much more and they would cost for less. Any one on that list - now please.

That was a grand tramp through the woods you described - are there such places on earth?

Sorry you did not give me more detail about the Saddlers - I like them both but do not know their domestic life.

Touchstone is off the job. There is a desolate
country - no pickings I have my own surgical
nurse with me - do not like her - anyway I am
O.C. & can't do anything but be very serious.
I have a sneaking idea that 'T' got badly smitten
in a girl before he left camp not a nurse. The
son of a gun would go out walking and tramping
away for dinner in spite of all I could do - and
I guess she liked it - never heard. Anyhow
he's got to come across - as Weber & Fields
used to say - "If you love the girl - why don't
you marry her"

The air here is full of miasma and aeroplans
Told Dale today I fully expected any bomb to
get me stuck in my tracheas. Dale is a
dear - he takes wonderfully with our colleagues.
He's going to write to you about the candy -
look out - he's a regular guy.

I've tried to gossip - my mind reverts constantly
to poor mother and all the details of the small contacts
with father for years back. To think of my not
being there when he most needed me nearly kills
me. The day I started up to the line I sent him a
cable - saying I was well and was moving - as
nearly as I can figure out he got it about 3 days be-
fore his death and I am so afraid it may have
worried him & hastened the end in a sickness I knew
nothing about. My kindest regards to your family Kellogg & Spence