

No. 18 (Chicago, U.S.A.) General Hospital, B.E.F.
November 12th, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Maitland:

The English Tommies have a habit of sending letters from the hospital to thir friends at home saying in conclusion "Hoping this finds you as it leaves me in the pink." Unfortunately, I am blue not pink, because I am laid up in an officers' hospital near ours, with an infected hand, which keeps me here for some time. I presume I will be off duty a month or six weeks.

At present am absolutely unable to write; both hands are affected, the right one slightly, the left more severely, so that it had to be operated on.

Am having lots of fun going through the horrors of anaesthesia, war hospital treatment, ward diet, and all the funny things that happen to the ordinary officer when he passes through the experience. It is worth writing a book about, but I cannot even take notes, because I can't write and most of the time I don't feel like it.

When I get in better condition, I will be very glad to drop you a note and tell you how I am. It is possible that I may be ordered south to take a recuperating trip, because I cannot undertake active service until my skin is quite smooth.

With kindest regards to you and your family and thanks for the many favors you have done me, I remain

Yours very truly,

Kellogg Speed