

20<sup>th</sup> General Hospital B.C.F.  
A.P.O. 318 France  
Nov 18 1917

My dear Mrs. Warrand:

A recent & very nice letter came from you two days ago. After 8 or 9 days in bed I am allowed to sit up - and having partial use of my right hand, none at all of my left I am going to send you a note from a real wounded soldier in a hospital how does that sound? It is a revelation to me to see the still deeper inner side of hospital life having lived in it all these years and never having been a patient. I do not like to be sick - I'm for being quick not dead.

However I am lucky to escape as well as I have and should be grateful. Must remain here some little time yet - and then must be allowed to build up before going back into the struggle again. They seem willing to do about anything for me - even to sending me back to the States with some one to care for me - but I'm taking your advice and sticking - and I hope I do sticking as well as some other things.

The book of the war will be written - I'd like to do it - and I'll try - but right now I'm lacking in pep and other qualities necessary for such a hard task. My hand is mending - but it's been

damaged some just how much no one can say  
at this time. There may be stiffened fingers  
for ten - maybe not. But its going to be <sup>months</sup> weeks  
before I can do any surgery and it will take a  
couple or 3 months to put me back in physical  
condition.

After getting over the acute part I'll go  
back to my quarters. They are putting up a  
little canvas hut on a wooden frame and I'll  
try to buy a tiny stove - and exist until dressings  
are no longer needed for my hand so much. But  
even so I can't dress myself. <sup>(clothing)</sup> Then I'm going  
South - Nice - Riviera - Monte Carlo - does it sound  
good? At least a month down there and then back  
again. Then I hope to get started on my story  
because I am pulling all wires to take Margaret  
Rudd with me. We planned to get married in  
March in Paris - why not December and have  
a honeymoon on the Mediterranean. Its rather  
rumored here and there are many authorities to be con-  
sidered - but as my friends say you know  
me all - and I'll try -

Do send on that promised sweater - my best  
address is the latest one the English authorities  
have given us to avoid confusion

18 (Chicago USA) General Hospital B.C.F.  
A.P.O. 528 France

That will surely get me. I am wearing  
that other sweater all the time (except of course  
when a patient)

Our aviator just landed in a heap a  
stone thro' away. They are bringing what's left  
of him in on a stretcher now.

(You would save me this ward - gray  
with darker violet tint along the wainscoting. Pretty  
blue spuds loads of flowers and a general air of  
cheerfulness. I have had many callers - have  
a sprig of mistletoe over my bed - but it  
won't work. My night sister is a peach  
- Scotch - maybe the holiday season will melt  
her austerity. Who knows? The ward gets  
quite dark at night - - -

Just why should you not write to me  
housed - be my friend always. One or two  
small stories will be sent to Fisher soon - and  
more as I regain strength

Pest & quit have finally got me - it was  
a week's struggle - during which I slept only  
snuggled sleep & hate to waste the days

Merry Christmas to all the waitands

Sincerely

Kellogg Speed