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MC200: Folder 13: Mother [Francis Carr Fowler], August 11, 1898

This transcription from the original letter contains language contemporaneous of the time and is being presented as part of a historical record.

Aug. 11, 1898

In camp 5 miles from Santiago

Dear Mother

I received letter of the 28th, night before last and was glad to hear that you were still at Geneva. I think that you ought to stay there all summer and get a good rest, as the girls can take care of the house all right and the change will certainly do you a great deal of good.

We are through guarding the Spaniards and have most of them on the transports. At present we are laying around in camps in the hills outside of the city waiting for our turn to get on the transports and go home. I think now the intention is to land us some place on Long Island, N.Y.

We have received new uniforms and will probably not be held in quarantine more than 10 days. All the boys have recovered from the fever and are all in good health & spirits as for myself I feel elegant and am as strong as a horse.

It rains everyday and of course is very hot in the day time, but the nights are cool and comfortable and as it rains in the daytime almost all together we enjoy a good night sleep and keep in the tents as much as possible in the daytime.

We get no news from the outside at all except what we get in our letters from home and as the mail is very irregular our news is very limited. From what I can hear I think that the war is all over but the shouting. Some of the boys think we will come back and take Havana in the Fall but most of them think that the last shot has been fired.

The Spaniards seem glad the war is over here and have had all the fight taken out of them. They can't understand how the Americans fight so hard and they could not be induced to fight Americans again for anything.

I wish that you could see the people we are fighting for (Cubans). They are the worst lot that I have ever seen dirty, lazy, and are no more fit to govern themselves than a tribe of Souix [sic] Indians are.

I have written several letters from here that I don't think you have received. We have been separated from the regiment for the past three weeks and have been up in the mountains part of the time and is [sic] has been impossible to get letters out very often and when we did mail them it was through some person that was going to the coast and we never shure that they were sent.

Hoping that this will find you in good health.

I remain,

Your loving Son,
Herb