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MC200: Folder 14: May [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 May

I received your letter yesterday and was glad to hear from you. I have written several letters home, from here that you did not get I think but as it has been almost impossible to get mail to the coast from our camp in the mountains it is no wonder that you did not get them. We gave them to strangers and took the chance of having than mail them.

We expect to get out of here in a few days and are waiting our turn to get on the transports. Most of the Spaniards are out and those that are left will be guarded by immunes which have just arrived.

You ask about the Cubans. They are the worst lot I have ever seen and are dirty, lazy and are much worse than the niggers in the South of our country. In my opinion they are no more fit to govern themselves, then were the southern niggers after the war. Of course there are a few exceptions but I have seen very few. I think our country will have to take Cuba whether they want it or not.

The Spanish Officers seem to be a bright intelligent lot of men but the soldiers are a weak bunch and look like a lot of dago street sweepers in Chicago.

The weather is very hot with plenty of rain in the daytime and the nights are quite cold.

We hear very little news of what is going on but we think that the war is about over.

You want to be careful of that man Weeks as treasurer of your society. We all think he would rob his own mother.

There is nothing much of interest now to write about but I have seen and heard enough since I came here that I am afraid I will talk you to death when I get home and begin to unwind.

Your loving brother,
Herb.