

Tampa, Fla.

June 23, 1898,
"after Tapi".

Dear Mamma:

I am not as
sleepy tonight as usual, so
will try to write a short letter.
I am lying on my blanket,
(a hard position to write from),
it is 11 P.M. "Tapi", were our
hour $\frac{1}{2}$ ago. It is 12 at home
and you are all probably asleep.
I am better. We changed cooks
yesterday, and the result is
apparent, good food including
bacon. He, Gratman, cooks
bacon so that it is fine.

My stomach seems well. Night
before last I was carried to
the Hospital with the
strangest illness I have had.

a sick - headache and
 a weakness that was awful.
 But they got my stomach
 cleaned out, (I vomited
 scraps of Bacon that I know
 I ate at Camp Alger, and
 lots of grease etc.,) Now I
 feel better, internally, than
 at any time since leav-
 ing home. I've got some
 cuts on my feet, of course.
 But they don't count -
 nothing to speak of. This
 is a terrible place for
 whiskers. Today I shaved
 off a weeks growth; the
 hair was as long as —
 every bit. Before I shaved
 I looked 30 years old.
 Most all of the boys have
 half-beards.
 Mr. Ritchey received another

3.

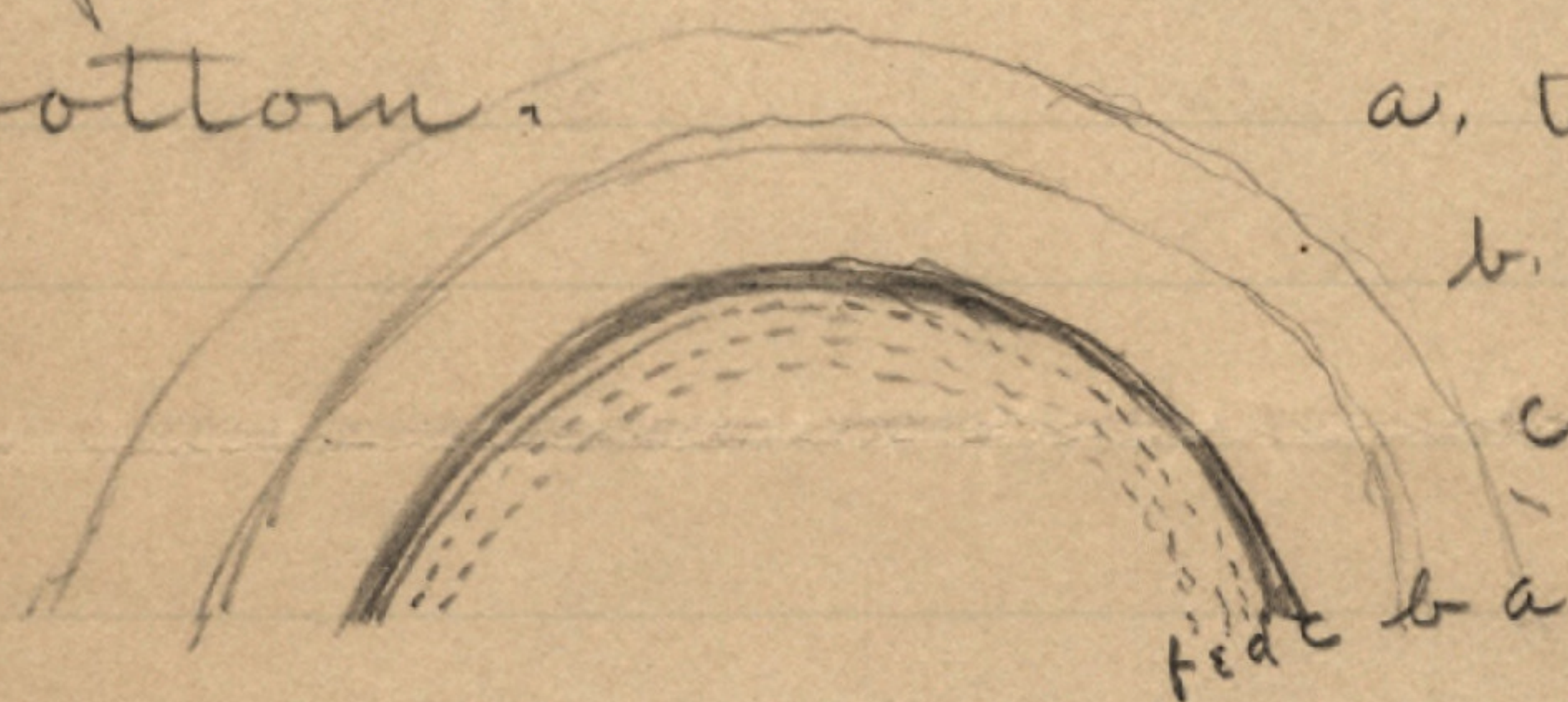
letter from home today (that makes two), and was a happy as a clam etc. He wants to be remembered to you, as does Sgt. Dickinson and all the rest, including some that never saw you.

I saw a strange and beautiful sight this evening. It was while we were standing at inspection (which takes the place of dress parade); we face the east, and it is just before the sun leaves us in the strange dark twilight of the south.

A few clouds had come into view, and presently, right before us there appeared a beautiful clear, full arched rainbow, then above it another and above that still

another—a triple bow.

But then the strange part came. The lower and brighter bow became four or rather a quadruple repetition of the colors. The bow itself remained unchanged but beneath it were narrow lines of color added to it in regular order, four times repeated the violet at the bottom.



d, e, f. three perfect little bows, blended with c.

Altogether it was the most beautiful "sky piece" I have ever seen.

The rainy season is on us sure. I it rained 8 times today I it Rains, Clears, Rains, Clears etc all the time.

You people must not be worried
 at any reports of sickness
 from here. There has been
 no real sickness at all
 here, in our regiment, only
 cramps etc, nothing bad. Very
 healthful place it seems.
 If I get taken sick - bad -
 I'll telegraph, or if I'm
 not able, Wooldridge or the
 "Captain" will, so never
 worry. Wooldridge is well
 and is looking better I
 think than at Alger.

Please don't kick when
 I don't write, because I
 really am, awfully worked
 and go to sleep as soon as
 possible. I'll try though to

write more often.

I asked for another picture of Col. Harries first parade - can't I have it? I also would like to have one of our group at Camp Alger, the one Carolic and Rosalie call "Your Chevrons." We are now ordered to be in readiness to move at any hour, but will not go until 30th or later, I know.

Well I really must stop, so again telling you that I'm in excellent health, I'll say Good Bye,
Your Loving Son (who won't cry when the war's over)

Henry A. Dobson.

Love To all.

Tell Dot - now that the show is over - that sisters letters are nice - even if I don't always answer.
H.A.D.