

3rd Catana off
Santiago de Cuba
July 9, 1918,
After Taps.

Dear Mamma,

Tomorrow a/c,
we land — The order reads "at
early daylight!" Santiago has
not yet fallen. Rather a
rough trip part of the time,
~~and~~ something like that.
I have not been sea-sick
though. Am now writing
on ballast barrel — the
vessel rolling and pitching,
all lights out but my little
candle in corner, out of sight.
Every once in a while one
of the cruisers passes on its
silent patrol, visible as
a dim shadow — for a moment
only. Yesterday was Dot's birth-
day, and the brother's way off
in China. I thought much of
both. — Don't worry about me,

Because I'm O.K. - never felt
physically better.

While daylight lasted we
could see war vessels
all around. The boys
begin to realize now,
Well dear folks I'm
losing sleep, that I'll need
tomorrow. So for my own
good, I must say
Good Bye,

To
~~My~~ Papa,

I guess those lunch
tablets may prove quite
valuable, - at present I'm
eating as much as any one
in the company. Will
write at first chance.

Your Loving Son,
Harry A. Dolson.

Dear Papa, - All the stuff
in this box belongs to
me, I would rather it
be not disturbed much
just the clothes aired
until I get home. Dot's
button is in there but I'd
like to pick it out for her.

There are quite a number
of Mauser shells and one bullet
that I'll tell you about when
I get home. Keep a record
of the cost of these boxes.

By the way I don't get
sufficiently nourishing food
here. and as my diarrhoea
keeps me just as weak they

are going to send me to
the hospital today, to get
strong.

Will brace up quickly
there.

Your loving son.

Henry A. Dolson

Love to all.