

San Juan Heights.  
Santiago de Cuba.  
July 28, 1898.

Dear Mamma:

All O.K. Received  
Papa's letter with note from you  
attached, also one from Carolin.

Fever rages here, but not  
"yellow-jack", the fever lasts  
from four days to two weeks,  
but is not dangerous. 13 men  
had it yesterday 20 today in  
our company, "K" has 35. Some  
of my men are getting well, others  
are coming down with it. I  
guess we all will eventually  
tumble to it. Otherwise things  
are improving, we get enough  
to eat, all right, now. It rains  
every day; is very hot when it  
don't rain. A breeze though,  
12 hrs. out of 24. Nights very  
cool. Have slept out doors in  
my hammock every night so far.



in preference to sleeping on the ground in shelter tent. Sleep well, only thing that bothers me is reville. Sounds too loud. Well, I've got to stop writing for a while as I'm called as witness in "court martial" of one of my men charged with sleeping on post. I'm to give his character and career in company. I think he will be cleared. I believe him to be O.K. and innocent.

— August 1<sup>st</sup> — I am writing by moonlight - it is after taps. We have our large tents up now; I am sitting in front of mine, taking my first opportunity in several days to finish your letter. The moon is very brilliant, you can read a newspaper easily. Rec'd letter from Papa - Dot and you. Send more, all reach me eventually. I guess one reason that you don't see Mabel W. anymore



in Sabbath school is, that she is in Michigan, I took six new day before yesterday and went down into a sunken road on the field. Two boys of the 6<sup>th</sup> Inf. had been killed there and had simply been covered with earth as they had fallen. The rain had washed the earth away and the buzzards were starting their work. We finished the uncovering and dug two Christian graves, and put them in. Terrible work. Got official news today of Towner's death.

Food getting better. I'm holding my own now. Stomach O.K. I got the fever day before yesterday. Ate quinine and



knocked it. Little weak yet  
but I didn't give in.  
Expect that we will move  
soon.

Rations for tomorrow.

Coffee, Sugar, Fresh Beef,  
Bacon, Soft Bread (baked in Santiago)  
and Tomatoes. an extra heavy  
issue. Bread 3 times per wk.  
Messing all changed Sgts. mess  
by themselves. Each squad to  
gather. Breakfast today for Sgts.  
mess. — Rice cakes, bacon,  
"slum-gullion", Coffee and  
bread. Dinner. Good Soup.  
Boiled Beef, Coffee and bread.  
(I ate 1 qt. soup 1 qt. coffee. lots of meat  
and bread.) but that was because  
my meal was interrupted and  
I had to take a half hour meal  
supper. Steak, Rice, Coffee + Bread  
and Tomatoes. I'll write more  
about our mess, some other time.  
Well for the present Good Bye,  
give love and regards to everybody,  
your loving son  
Henry A. Deason.