

Las Animas Hospital,
Havana, Cuba,
September 6th 1901.

My dear Jennie:

I received two letters from you today and the one you enclosed from Ida. It is too bad that the pups all died. I fear there was something the matter with them because it does not seem likely that they all died from grief.

I made a trip to Santiago de las Vegas yesterday to get information in regard to a number of cases of yellow fever that occurred there. The trip was novel but not a very pleasant one because there is no pleasure in meeting people when one cannot talk to them. I am glad that General Wood returned today, I shall call and see him soon so as to gain his support in the continuance of my work. My time is growing very short now and I am anxious to do something before I leave.

I took lunch in town today with two officers of the Marina Hospital service. It was quite a nice affair. We ate out of doors on the roof of a restaurant overlooking the harbor and fort on the other side. While we were at table we saw the ward line steamer Morrow Castle pull out of the harbor for New York and the sight was a very pretty one.

We had fresh Cuban Oysters which are very small but very sweet. Some preserved meat with ham. Then fried fresh with a sauce which was delicious. Then shrimp omelet and an elegant salad, a bottle of wine, cigars and coffee wound up a tip top meal. Notwithstanding my high living down here I cannot get fat so I suppose I am doomed to be skinny all my life.

With love & kisses to all

James.