...Camp Cuba Libre...

Jacksonville, Fla., June 11 1898.

My dear Mother

I am again, now
in a very awkward position
to write a letter, I am leaning
on our eating table with
a fine brush arbor for
shade, during the day
our company is only
allowed ten passes and
as I was off yesterday
to see the town, and secure
some suitable place to
write letter I don't think
it exactly right to try for
another pass as I might
deprive some one of the
opportunity I had yesterday
Since I am writing as I am