



From the Letters of Amy Eleanor Wingreen

Transcript of excerpt of July 17, 1898 letter:

Washington, D. C.

July 17" 1898

Dear Mother:

In the City of our Country.

I will write you a few lines. I wrote you from the car, the Penn Limited, hope you have recieved [sic] it.

I am indeed off for Cuba. Our ship sails from New York Tuesday. I leave Washington tomorrow.

It hardly seems like Sunday to-day. At 9, this morn I went down to the War department to see the Surgeon General. He was not there, is in NY, but saw the Chief Clerk Jones. he took my name so as to secure my passage to Santiago, and to-morrow I have to be down to give my oath just like a soldier which enlists. I asked if it was binding—and to what extent. Mr Jones said "No. You can go where you want to. Just notify us." Only we must be true to the cause & obey orders. That seems real soldier like, don't it? & how proud papa would be to know it. Well you see mother I am the one that has fathers war spirit, don't you think I ought to go?

I was met by one of the Daughter of Revolution. And taken to Anita Newcomb McGee's M.D. office and I am her guest while in Washington she is a charming southern lady quite business like. her home is beautiful at Wyoming and Conn. Ave's. Washington is truly beautiful, but I shall not have time to visit any of the buildings now. it is purely business now and I have lots [?] to do. . . .

Transcript of excerpt of August 2, 1898, letter:

Siboney, Cuba, Aug 2nd 1898

Dear Sister Anna:

When I remember how I wanted to go to Cuba or to this far off shore to be valiant in this cause I think that our own fervent wishes some times had better not be granted by a loving and wise providence. Think not that I would shirk when duty calls, for that I truly would not when it is well and advisable. It may be that in after years when a gray-haired woman I may be able to shine around some eager circle of friends that my vanity may be rewarded. And, for that, my experience in a land of desolation [?] may have found a response in pride of my own self. But O we haven't any thing to work with, no ice, but are promised that an ice plant will be created & we will have it. I was given a little this a.m., as big as a dinner plate, and I have [?]. Truly it is a beautiful thing to have valor and die for one's county after you know there has [?] some thought about you to live & provision made. I wonder if they know back there in Washington where they wind up with [?] that a little plain ice here might save a mother's boy, but I can't dwell on it--

The facilities for hospital work is so meager and the odds of climate so much against us that we work like soldiers sent to the front without ammunition. We have fevers and heat prostration by the scores. Thermic fever predominates and the poor boys, strong & noble mothers & fathers own lads, fall before the tropic sun never to recover. We work so hopefully for the fortunate ones who have the constitution & strive hard for those who have not.