

FREDERICKS BURG - December 21, 62

Dear Frant:

I have been so long since I read a letter or answered one that I don't know who I wrote to last or who wrote to me, it is about noon and I have just washed up and cleaned and combed my hair. I am going to be shaved when I finish this. So, you see we are not wholly void of pride down here on the ground in our cloth tents. It is most all-fired cold here at present but there is no snow on the ground. I got up this morning and chopped some wood and built a nice fire and got some breakfast which consisted of coffee, fresh beef and hard tack with plenty of sugar. It made out a good breakfast and sat by the fire a spell, brushed up and got ready for company inspection. I got my knapsack packed and some of the boys said there was some cattle over the hill beyond the batteries. So I started _____ over even with a nice fat two year old and I guess he was a rebel for he started into the woods right towards the Rebs lines. I started after and _____ to the river beyond our pickets and with eight rods of the Rebs pickets, but lost sight of my _____ so _____ when I should cross it. As I stood listening, I heard the _____ down to the left and I reckoned I was beyond our pickets and I was; but I hurtled back and they were just gone on inspection by krink. Frant's how cold my fingers are. I was over to the 64th the other day and what a "visit" I did have. Oh, I just enjoyed it done as much good as _____ to have went home. Your father showed me his likeness and his _____ me yours. I ask him if he would swap. He said he did not know. I showed him that picture of Frant Hunt and he did not know who it was. He looked at it so long, it made me wish he had _____ it. _____ that well _____ carrying his girl around. I made up my mind I didn't care. Well Frant, we are as nigh to the Rebs as any of our Army. We lay behind a hill and they can shell us if they want anytime. Our pickets _____ went there and go over and eat with them. They say they don't want to kill us, but our officers. Bill is getting bitter. I have just a cold I could not talk, but it is better now. Now Frant, eat an apple for me six hours and I will eat a hard tack for you. Yours truly, Edgar Shannon