

Camp near Falmouth--February 2nd/63

Dear Frant

Again I take this old pen to commune with my old friend Frant. The old pen I am afraid will not wear like my old friend Frant as it seems to be kind of given out. It is about four o'clock & has been one of the nicest days I ever saw. It is as high like May as home as can be. I done quite a washing today. I washed five shirts; they werent all mine & Ab has washed the rest of the clothes. I have got a new pair of pants. I guess now that girl will think as much of a man as she ever did. If she don't I wont visit her school. I am sorry some one don't think as much of me way down here in Va. It makes a big odds, whether some gossiping young lady loves a feller or not. ___ those girls that liked this hardtack that I wish they had to live on them about a week. You made a wish in your last letter that was that you could writexx as good a letter as mine I think your was as good again & the one I got your bouquet in eight times as good. I will returns send one in return next spring or come & fetch it. You made another wish that you could be at a Methodist prayer meeting I think there was one here last night, next thing to one. They were singing hymns at any rate. I did not notice whether the boys whispered with the girls or not, but they say Dave Brand peeped through his fingers to see whether anyone sparked Helen or not. One of the songs ran thus; Oh I'm glad I'm in this army I'm glad in this army. Oh I'm glad I'm in this army & I'll fight for old Abe. He'll give us tack & coffee, repeated, (& keep up till we die & one other spoke my mind it was this. Oh I'd better stayed at home with the girl I loved so much than be traveling round the country with the damned ___. I got twenty five dollars and fifty-five cents besides an awful good letter I sent twenty home & kept the rest. Guess I'll have enough to buy a wife, time the war is over. I ought to have got sixty-five instead of twenty-five but then I suppose it was good. Oh-I'd like to forgot-I have the loveliest little tent in town. It has got a fireplace in too. Well Frant I must hurry up for the beef is done & Ab has got the pancakes most baked & the molasses are waiting. I should have writtea this letter yesterday but a lot of the 64th boys were over & I had visitors all day that's the way where one keeps house. I will write my letters

with ink when I can after this. Prant you must excuse this miserable awful, poor
geed fer nothing letter & I will certainly do better the next time. Write soon &
often this from you r true & faithful friend Edgar S.