

Bridgeport, Al. Sat. Oct. 3rd/63

Dearest Frank

Here I am away down in Old Alabam & I never felt better in my life, in good health & spirits for all we had along journey & a hard one; we were on the cars six days and nights; & came a out fifteen hundred miles & riding on the cars in the hardest work I ever done; my face got so dirty it would stay any shape I put it if I wanted to keep awake all I had to do was push my eyes open & they would stay till I closed them still I felt well & enjoyed myself first rate all through the journey we received a hearty welcome all along the route by the citizens. The little children would straddle the fence & hurrah & swing their flags, the girls would swing handkerchiefs, bonnets & aprons & throw a kiss at us which were always returned with a good will the old women would swing their night caps in Ohio and Ind. the women folks brought out their sweet cakes fries, biscuits, butter & hot coffee & apples by the bushel, the young ladies were not to bashful but got acquainted right along & you could see our boys making love to them every station; I believe that was what they called it; I've most forgot the meaning of the term love; I was taking with one when the Col. came along & said he thought he'd learned me better that it would never do; but he only wanted to say something himself. I guess. They would put their addresses on their cakes in letters & in books they gave us. We put ours on hard tack & gave them. I expect we shall get some love letters before long; then may e I can start another quarrel with you; what do you think Frank? I shant think I shant quarrel any more with you not on paper at any rate; & I guess when we meet we shall not have any desire to fight. Well we are a good ways from home in one of the most southern states still in thoughts friends & home are just as nigh as ever. My thoughts ever turn to the times I passed with thee. It seems as if I lived more the last year at home than in all the rest of my life, this is as poor looking country as I have seen there are no crops at all, a few earth works & forts old slashings, & woods; we get our water out of the Tennessee to wash, and e ook yesterday there was more than a thousand in swimming & washing clothes. I went about fifteen rods in the river to fill my canteens. I dare not drink much water xxx & I make it into coffee. some of our boys have got the fever again, they will shake like ___ with the cold when it is warm enough to roast. There is an awful fog

here in the morning till about ten o'clock; Bill is on fatigue today & I have got to go now. I will finish this when I get back.

Better be born lucky than right, I went out to work, they did not want me so I came back. I am detailed again this world is full of changes, I will send this now I can't write at all this morning. I hav't got any thoughts at all.

Direct Co. 154th N.Y. Eleventh
Corps army of the Cumberland
Washville Times.

Write soon they are hustling me up. Good bye.

from your true friend

Edgar to Frant