

Camp near Cedar Creek Va Nov 4<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Wife-

Though I have nothing particular to write, I feel that I can say something that will be of some interest to you, and having some leisure time I think I can spend it in no more profitable manner than to write to you. There has been no time since I have been in the service that it has been so difficult to receive and send letters as it has been since we have been in the Valley. The difficulty says here, we are about 50 miles from Martinsburg and there is no communication between this and that place except by a very strong escort, and that does not go only when the supply trains go and come. Mosby and his gang are constantly hovering along the route to pick every stragler and small squalls of men, and what is worse he murders every one he gets hold of. So you see that to be out of the lines is more than a mans life is worth. Our confinement in camp becomes very monotonous. So be sure we get some reading matter but we get tired of that. Then to sleep the rest of our time is