

Camp Groves Effotts Cross roads N. D
Nov 15th 1862

My Dear Wife

I received your very acceptable letter this evening. I had looked for one all this week and had begun to fear that your letter had miscarried. The greatest comfort I have is reading your letters, they always bring me the cheering news of the good health of yourself and the children. You may think that you appreciate their good health, but I do not think that you care so much as I do. For this reason, I am far away from them and could not get to them should they be sick. You do, ^{not} know how proud I feel of our dear children. It is no use for me to ^{try to} express my feeling for I have not words to do it.

You will see by the heading of this that we have moved again, and away goes my comfortable winter quarters. Well this is the fortune of a soldier, no one sees a show of regret or sadness on my part. The Col. said to me the day we moved, "Well Surgeon how do you like this?" My reply to him was, "All right Col. - it is all in the play." "Well," said the Surgeon "you take that matter more philosophically than I do. for I must say I don't like it very much." The worst I have to away me is dealing with the nasty Slinks who come up to the Surgeons call to get rid of doing their duty. But I have the greatest time on a snark. There is the time that you could hear some very tall talk. The Surgeons have to go in the rear to look after those that fall out and see if they are sick or footing. If sick they are put into the ambulance. If Shaming (which by the way is the most common) they are ordered to their companies mighty quick and on the double quick at that. If they don't move at the Surgeons