

Camp Pleasanto vuly oct 29

Dear Mother

It is with  
 pleasure that i  
 write to you  
 i am well and  
 hope that all of  
 you are the same  
 it is as cold as  
 greenland here the  
 wind blows like a  
 hurricane the boys  
 are holding down  
 their tents for to  
 escape them from  
 blowing them over  
 i have got my anorak  
 on and i am so cold  
 that i cant hardly  
 write so i will  
 stop to go and  
 warm before i write  
 any more so good night

I have got warm and  
feel a little better  
but I can't weight any  
better because my hand  
trembles so. we have  
got muskings ideas  
and I don't know how  
long before we will  
make wish it was  
to day for I want  
to get out of this same  
hole. they say that  
we are a going over  
in Virginia I hope so.  
There wants a house  
in the town of Maryland  
there is a nigger family  
wright down here a  
little way the boys  
go down there and  
get them for to  
cook for them there  
is still only a

wright sen  
from you  
O Don  
Tell me

sen me live postage  
stamp