

Camp Jones, November 30th, 1862

Dear Frant,

I received yours of the 17th as I was standing guard at the General's headquarters, and was awful pleased to hear from you.

I should really liked to have been to that dance, and I am glad you have such a good opinion of the young gentlemen. I hope they are just what they seem to be, for when this war is over, we shall need a good many such men to counteract the influences of some of those who will have been to war. There are some whose manners and morals are daily on the decline. This place seems adapted to making a man coarse and rough, but I hope I may be further advanced in morals and manners when I return home than when I left, for there is a great need for it.

Frant, I wish you could have been here and took dinner with us on Thanksgiving. What a dinner did we have! Hardtack stew. . .Bread, butter and sugar. . .meat. . .If I had only had some cider!

I'll finish this letter, as the cooks are hollering "fall in" for dinner. Remember me as your true friend.

Edgar Shannon

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