

Dear Brew

And this heavy snow keeps  
in a hurry now & days. You left yesterday  
and this morning Col Schuck goes & the  
every body is leaving for the north. I hope  
the time will soon come for me I am tired of  
the army at least now here but still I shall  
hold to the last. Along for the quiet of our  
own sweet home and will you not rejoice  
my own dear child when that happy time  
arrives. Holy is now void before me and I  
shall give sorrow to gods & fields all to  
push a memory. I shall soon thus deny  
at all with you this summer the first  
of September whole Miss. I intend being  
a general fighting up to day about my camp  
will by and make myself comfortable for  
the summer there how to believe for  
several days that has become of Amin  
I'll be that if she don't write she'll strike  
her from the lists of friends. I sent you  
a picture of mine. This a memento of (sketch)  
It was given to me although I can't vouch  
for its not being stolen property. I'll put

I think may a few of which out of it yet  
It is the only Sports Bulletin shown ap-  
propriated during the war I'm my  
best love pass the cheer children a  
hundred times for their paper their  
write a line or two each day here after  
Love Binnie