

Every body in camp is all wet
& it seems as if the only way
we can get clothes dry is to
put them on. My bed was
soaked for three days last
week. It is tough luck because
my clothes have gotten so
often that I can not tell
out where they will break
down next. It is rather provoking
to have your clothes hang up
on every thing you touch.

At present we are camp on
the west side of the Sabine
River. There are four miles of
water & nine miles of
bog between here & our base
of supplies & P.O.

Now I will tell you some thing
about the state of things. God
may remember I told you
in my last letter that Mr.
Gould had resigned. Well
he has taken charge of a
large piece of work for another
road. Mr. Wood the Division Engr.
& Mr. McNamee both gone with
him. Mr. Mc left on Saturday.
He said he was sorry to leave
no poor devil down here in the
swamps & he dropped a hint that
he might need us if we wanted to go.