

Danellen New Jersey
January 3^d 1897

Dear Friend.. I began this letter on Christmas
ackling something every day & waiting for my
Photo before mailing this - so you will understand
the disconnected composition
C.. D.

I entered the Stockade of Andersonville on Sunday July
10th 1864, organized ⁱⁿ 102nd detachment returning at night
to an empty stomach.. 1400 new names to be added

with those already in the family and no preparations
made for extra appetites & we must be satisfied to get
a place among so many - and room to sit or lay down

It may be unnecessary describing the small place
between Deadline and the little bridge crossing the creek
where we gathered stops for drink. Water greasy
and warm before coming within our reach made ten
times worse by a score of stinking feet continually

one of those six had to be hung the second time = how
wonderfull he must have felt - knowing he had no friends
What a terrible crowd 30,000 Prisoners inside the blockade
More than half of them jammed together in hopes of
seeing the Guilty Devils launched into eternity
and nearly killed themselves; we drew out

first-ration - this afternoon coarse uncooked
sawdust no salt or wood and as I had no cup
it did not make much difference to me whether I
eat sawdust or horse fodder with such an appetite as
I owned while a prisoner of war; we often
had reason to be thankfull or not = with a cold
shower toward night - chilling the marrow of
bones unprotected with any cover = wetting the