York Town Oct. 20th 61

Dear Sis:

Henry keeps telling me I ought to write home, when it sounds that I write about twice a week and he about three times a week. I have nothing to write, only that I have just got up from a severe attack of fever and ague. I had three of them and the came all near killing me as I want to be. I am so weak that I can scarcely walk about now, fours days after I had my last one. I was out of my senses a portion of the time, that is would act and talk foolishly and know it at the time, but could not help doing and saying what I did. Fred came from the river a day or two ago and left his bate in a very low condition of health. He went back next day but had not returned yet. I look for him this evening. I do not know whether his wife contemplates going to Georgia again this winter or not, but I think she does from the way Fred talked. She will come to camp again before
she goes home.

All of the excitement about a fight taking place here in a short time had ended as usual in smoke, though I see the paper continually hinting at it. They had the whole regiment up at one o'clock the other night with guns, cartridge boxes and blankets behind the breast-works in the cold wind and rain, expecting the enemy to come, but it ended as usual in — dust. They are having us to clean out our guns, fire cartridge boxes, throw up breast works, but it will end as usual in — smoke. No gun powder dust at that.

Fred received a negro boy, Robinson, from Harpersville the other day. It will make all that Family of Kimberlys! from Jeffersonville and everywhere, with all its connections, hand servants to cook, except Fred and Henry. Fred is going to get one before long. It will be a great help to go through this terrible winter. I will have 'em blazed to bed the cold mornings that are to come.
I would be willing to bear the expense of having a negro from home myself if I had skillable ones. Junior would not begin to do so. I wish you could see the biscuits we cook sometimes. Blistered and burnt on top to a crisp and burnt up under to the bottom and perfectly raw inside, even the very hogs refuse to eat them when thrown to them. Bobi Belzni's Trawler can cook them just like those at home.

I saw an account of Lida Nance's death in the Macon Telegraph yesterday. I heard of it. I was expecting, and was not surprised consequently was not grieved, but the children I weep for him. God knows I love them with theirs with my own life and I know they will feel the want of a mother's tenderness and care.

I must close. Love to all.

Kit Anderson.

I have not heard from home in more than a week.
York Town
Oct 31, 1861
A.A.A
1908