

EDITED TRANSCRIPTION – Original file: "Letter August 16th 1864.tif"
Edited to enhance readability. Added notes are *{italicized-bracketed}*.

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Quartermasters Office Section No. 2 Supply Train

2nd Division 23rd Army Corps

In the Field Near Atlanta, Georgia, *{Tuesday}* August 16th 1864

Dear Wife,

I am well as usual and nothing new has occurred since I last wrote outside the ordinary line of warfare. Our lines still embrace Atlanta on the north and west side and everything is as quiet as can be where the lines are only from 200 to 400 yards apart, consequently every man that shows himself is sure to be shot at. I am yet running my supply trains as usual and that is the same old thing over again. I do not have very long trips now as the cars run close up to the lines. Last night I loaded and returned to my wagon park and slept most of the forenoon. I expect my pay in a few days and I will send you some the first opportunity. You say that my letters have been miscarried lately and I do not like to sent money by mail.

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I meant to have wrote to you last Sunday but I was busy all day and in the saddle the most of the day and at night I was too tired and yesterday I had to go to the railroad with part of my train and had to wait until night to load and I was up all night superintending the loading of commissary stores and it was nearly daylight when the train was loaded. The weather here is warm but not so hot as I have seen in Michigan. I can stand the weather better than I expected.

I am in hopes that this campaign will soon be ended and the Johnnies whipped so that I can get a leave of absence to go home. I would like a trip to the north very much to get out of the hearing of the noise of artillery and infantry for a short time. However, I do not mind it much now that I have become so used to it. I saw a man the other day that lived in Atlanta and escaped with his wife & child. By the tale he tells I would not like to live there at present. He had to move down cellar and when down there under the ground one of our shells struck his house and went down into the cellar and wounded his wife and filled the child's mouth and eyes full of falling mortar dust, struck the opposite wall and rolled back under his

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wife's chair but did not explode. They then got out and got into a culvert under the street where about 60 women and children were huddled to escape our infernal shells. He had not more than got there before his house was all knocked to pieces and a shell struck the top of the culvert, knocking pieces of rock down on them so that they had to get out of there, women screaming, children crying.

They had but just got out of there when a shell from another direction went plumb into the culvert. One man laying in bed sick with his little child was a victim. The shell struck the child, cut it in two, and cut both of his legs off. He died shortly after. I should think by his tell that Atlanta was a dangerous place to stop at while our army are here. The rebel lines are close around it and to shoot at them we hit the city. As our railroad communications are cut it may be several days before it is opened. I have this minute received an order to proceed to Marietta *{GA}* for forage and clothing, so I must end this and get ready to start. Take good care of yourself and Frankie and expect another letter from me soon.

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Give my respects to all inquiring friends and believe me As ever,
Your Affectionate Husband,
D. D. Keeler
Lieutenant & Acting Assistant Quartermaster

Quartermasters Office Section 202 Supply
Train 90th Div 2nd W. I. Smith Field Near
Atlanta Georgia August 16th 1864

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