

(This is the second letter from Mrs. L. B. Weir, Chester, who was Cora H. Raines before her marriage to Leslie B. Weir). She wrote this letter to her sister, Mary Ann Raines Fritts on February 20, 1993).

PAGE 1

Dear Ann,

I am glad you liked my last letter. When I was a child I visited my Grandfather's home often. Grandmama was dead but his sister, Susan Green Raines Mickle kept house for him. Aunt Susan's husband, William Mickle died in service from disease. She had no children. I enjoyed sitting on Grandpapa's lap and hearing him tell of his life as a Confederate soldier. He was 17 years old and Uncle James was 23 when they volunteered. Uncle James was made colorbearer for his Company. Grandpapa was too young to be enrolled as a fighting soldier so he was assigned to kitchen service. Grandpapa said he got to be a good cook and a splendid forager for food. Sometimes their food supply gave out and the cooks had to go out into the surrounding country and

PAGE 2

buy any food they could. When our army was fighting in Northern Virginia, they camped where the people were Northern sympathizers and they refused to sell food to our soldiers. His Captain told him to buy if he could, if not--take it, the soldiers had to be fed. Grandpapa said he was a good forager, he never returned to to camp without food. One day he was met at the door by a woman with a gun. She said, "I wouldn't sell you food if you were starving". He left but he passed by a pen of nice shoats. He grabbed one and ran. That day his Company ate fresh pork. He had a rough time but survived.

We have truly had a cold, rainy winter. We surely will welcome spring. There has been lots of sickness around us but so thankful we have stayed well. My arthritis is bad. It is an effort for me to get about so I don't do much going. Eloise is good to come to see me often. The grand daughters don't come often but

PAGE 3

we talk to them each week. They seem to be doing nicely.

Hope Jim and Joanne are fine and I hope you are well.

I know you and Joanne have your house looking pretty, but don't work too hard.

Lots of love,  
Cora

P.S. Thanks for the lovely Valentine.

February 20<sup>th</sup> 199

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My arthritis is bad. It is an effort for  
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Clara is good to come to see me often.  
The granddaughters don't come often but  
(over)

P.S. Thanks for my family  
Valentines.

Best love, Vera.

We talk to them sometimes. They  
seem to be doing nicely.  
Hope you and grandma are fine  
and I hope you are well.  
I know you and grandma has your  
house looking pretty, but about  
work to hand.