

Camp at Stafford, March 9, 1863

Dear Frant,

I received yours of the 3rd. I was pleased to get a letter, for it has been so long since I had one that I begin to think I had not got a friend outside of the 154th Regiment. Perhaps I have not, for friends are fickle and change with every breath.

Frant, I have every reason to believe that you were once my best friend, and trust that you still remain the same. But, Frant, your last letter was awful cold. That is, it seemed so to me after I had read it. I thought perhaps I was unwell, so I would go to sleep and read it again in the morning. I felt first rate this morning, but when I read your letter it made me crosser than a bear. Why was it? You said you was cross, and I guess it was catching.

I have been sick about two weeks with a touch of the fever. I guess I lost about 30 pounds, but I am well now and will soon get well again. I did not get a letter while I was sick and the time seemed awful long.

How I would like to go to a sugar party--and have you there, too! Wouldn't we have fun? How we could talk over old times, and then we should not misunderstand each other as we do when writing. I don't wonder we get out of patience. We write a few words and then wait a month for an answer. But then I must content myself with things as they are, as that is the best way there is at present.

Most all of the regiment have gone out on pickets for three days. It is awful dull here in camp. If it keeps as pleasant as it is now, we shall have to get to work. Then it will be more exciting--if not as safe.

Frant, if I have written anything which you think is not all right, forgive me, and remember this is from your true friend,

Edgar Shannon.

[*The Jamestown Sun*, Wednesday, July 5, 1961]