

Dear Mother,

We are here agin in Green Bay to escort the rebs into the nether regions. Since Sally has not returned a letter to me, I shall send this one to you. Since you are more leund in the letters, maybe you can rit me sooner; you taut me my rittin and it is quit good.

You will be happy to hear that brother Stanley, cousin Basil and meself has started a music band named; "Rogues for Craythur". We play Irish tunes and have not yet bin peltd with hardtack yet. Spakin on our behalf is Cpl Ed McGolemme and he says the more he drinks craythur the better we sound. He also says; "if you can't sing good, sing loud", we resemble that remark. We was honord to have President Lincoln hisself comment on our music, he says we should have copies published so they can become a million seller, "a million of 'em in the cellar" Ha! Ha! Your majesty!!!!

Before the battle there were some tempory promoshuns made. Brother Stosh was moved into the Sargeant Major position which suits him well bein rearward and consortn with the military gentry. I was moved into the first sargeant position while Stuart became second sargeant. Stanley was on detached duty to recruit and train the yungens.

The battle was hard fought, but the rebs was driven off. The family came thru unhirt except cousin Basil who was slytly wounded, but I sures hurd him howlin something fierce, much like an impailed boyo straddling a picket fence. He recovered in time to enjoy the celebratin at the banquet and dance that evening.

Sally was at the dance and her Irish was up, aye the very queen of Ballyhooley she was. She was nippin flasks of craythur and jiggin with some dandy, and ma it wasn't Stuart. A course you could never mistake Stuart for a dandy, praise be!! Also at the dance there was a bonyfyd pirate sitten. I guess Cpl Ed and Put Mad Dog weren't havin imbibing vespers after all. He called hisself the Pink Pirate of Potcheen and aye what a bonnie lad. He was sportin a pink shirt a matchin pink bandana, an eye patch and an accesorizin gold earring. I spied this dashing rogue's family likeness in the mirror rit off.

Mother, my letters to Sally always seem to contain some trublin news about one Put Mad Dog. I had hoped to exclud such trit this time, but the lad always seems to find mischief. This so-called "Leutenant of Love" was courting eight year old lassies at the dance. I will be tryin to avoid his company for a spell out of my disdain for indiscriminate buck-shot in me breeches.

I know you will be interested in some news about pa. His new camp dutys now include mail call. He is well suited to such duty; you cant imagin how much libashun is sent to the lads from home. Pa tends to really have a nose for such contraband and confiscates it unbeknownist to Captn. This would explain pa's long standing conversashuns with his Jameson ancestors.

The following morn after the dance, I was called away for detached duty. Unfortunately I missed Uncle George. Yes, pa's brother the old captn came to visit. He is on the mend. His presence in camp has bin missed and we all wish him godspeed to a full recovery.

There was another row with the rebs that day with both pa and Stanley bein wounded. I have seen Brady photography likenesses showin cousin Basil assistin Stanley to safety. Here tell he also came to the aid of pa and for these actions is bein considered for the green clover/pink heart citation. On a less honorable note, Stuart was captured where upon when his family ties to Stosh were found out was immediately released. Details of his capture I have not yet hurd, but rumors regardin the smell of cornbread and fryin pork have bin surfacing.

The battle ended with the rebs surrendering and the city of Green Bay agin safe. All is well and rit in the world. Mother may this letter find you in good health with an Irish lilt in your step.

Your loving son,
Stephan