

Dear Mother,

There was much joy in camp this day as your packages and letters arrivd. It does the lads here well when such things are sent from home. The shirt you made me is quite handsome and along with the pink one the lovely Teresa made me, I shall be putting on airs for sometime to come. The brothers were excited with their packages and letters as well. Please rit another to Stanley as he in his child-like excitement with receiving his very own whackin spoon, burned your letter along with the wrappings. We each shard our letters with him to consol his foolish-laden countenance.

Your letter made menshun of past camp indiscreshuns near Menominee Falls. I could say the falt lay with a band named Shileagh Law and not the Rogues for Craythur, but I cant lie to you mother. It was our manager Ed McGolemme who encouraged all with libashun to attend, there in alone lies falt. The resulting carnage was captured with a Brady image the likes I haven't seen. The only casualty from the affair was that of the major of US Battery B who enquired of me the following morn as to the wagon that ran over his noggin, noggin head!! Fret not dear mother your endearing moral character still dwells in your sons' and cousin's hearts. We haven't had any sparkin wenches at our Irish sessions for sometime now.

Before I go on with any further news I shall respond to Sally's courting "louts". Me brothers and I rest assurd of her honor safe within the sanctuary of the whackin spoon thus wielded. Self-preservashun will always rule over the sparkin motives of any male lout. Should however, any half-witted baser sort cause tribulashun, get a name and upon our next leave the brothers shall pay a little house visit.

We had another row with the old secesh agin near Greenbush. It was a two day battle with no clear cut victor. Our company flanked the rebs on the first day and were then positioned on a fence near an old barn. The next day the rebs attacked us likend the divil hisself, but we held on stubbornly. When the rebs tried flanking us, our genteel leaders at a pace much faster than one could expect, led our retreat to a hill behind a row of cannons. "Re-deploy, re-deploy" they shouted, but my how we ran to keep up with 'em. It was at this time that Stanley recd a slight head wound. He asked me how it looked and I told him it was an improvement, just another couple of tress down in an ever thinning forest.

There was no other casualties inflicted upon our family unless pa fell off some publick house stool from craythur winds. He was on detached duty.

After the battle our little band had a chance to play some and the fine folks of Greenbush had a dance and hooley for the lads. A course havin bin deserted from the drop for two days a reacquaintance was in order. Stuart spakin the voice of strong ale began chanting; "I love the 54th", this a course brought on some rawcus laughter. It's quite likely that the moonlit walk back to camp after the dance was more perilous than the re-deploy manewver.

Rumors are bout that the rebs are movin southwesterly. This a course means we shall pursue liken a pack mule with an obstructed bowel. There may yet be one last battle before winter campaignin.

Agin mother thank you for the shirt and may good health and blessings be yours and the family.

Always, your loving Son,
Stephan

P.S I shall rit Sally a letter about handling the courting louts problem.