

Stafford C. H., February 15, 1863

Dear Frant,

I received your letter last night and I was very glad to hear from my old friend and to receive renewed assurances that I am not forgotten by you. You said you wished I was there to tell you what to write just as you used to talk--just what you think.

Your speaking about going home almost makes me homesick, although I would rather be where you are now. Going to school, you are well situated to enjoy yourself. Still, I see you are longing for the time to come when you will return home. Thus it is with the human race. We are looking forward to something better, never contented with the present.

As I think of your returning home and think of the last month you spent at home, it seems as if there was more connected with that last month than with all the rest of my life. Why is it there are times which are always remembered and sink in, as the rest fade into obscurity?

You told me to write as soon as I could--if I "felt so disposed." Now, lady, I will write as often as I can--that is, as often as it is proper. I assure you it is a pleasure for me to write to you and to have your answers in return. But it is my prayer that the time may soon come when we shall not have to write and then wait for an answer for so long.

This is from your ever true friend,

Edgar Shannon.

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