

Watkins N.Y.

Feb. 12, 1896.

Mr. Charles McElroy. Comrade Sir,

I received your kind and welcome letter, the 11<sup>th</sup>, and was glad to hear from you. I always come to find your address, was through Comrade Blunt, of Co. D. that was taken prisoner on gun-boat Sachem, at Sabine Pass, Texas. He brought the Tribune here, & thought I would write to you to see if I could get an answer. I received a Tribune last week, and was very glad it came, but wasn't looking for it. Granny I called on Newell, to-day, and found him home sick, and has been sick all winter, and looks bad, he was glad to hear the letter read, he said he knew who stole the ham, "Stonewall Jackson stole the ham". Well Granny you wanted to know how the boys were, as far as I knew, Donney Hurd lives here, he is commander of our G.A.R. Post. Also, George R. White lives here, he is carpenter, and builder, the same as you are, he is in good shape, Charlie Kriss is here too, he keeps a liquor store. Odd. Mc. Clinton lives in Elmira, & guess he is all straight now. Robert Cooper lives at Bennettsburg three miles east of Watkins. Benji Bruver lives at Trumansburg. Dave Mc. Clure lives in Steuben Co. George Sosey lives in this County, Tyrone. George Crum lives in New York City, Woll Pack, Barbadoes, Bill Beckwith, I don't know where they are. Su Wilson lives here. Joe Phelps lives west of here about five miles. Capt. Clark, lives close by him. This man John T.

Mosher, I don't recollect him, but Truwell does. Truwell says "He done some guard duty in New Orleans." Well, Dave Chapman is dead, hedded about a year ago. Mr. Wright lives in East Troy. & that is all I recollect now; except one comrade you left out Sister Sally, dodger Boy, John Carr, the one that closed the war at Donelson, and Sabian Cross Roads. You know, that Sally won those two battles, he is the same old Sally, he calls on me every once in a while. He is the man that put down the rebellion. I will see James Wilks, and find where Peter's address is: Well Comrade do you know who killed Old Doc's silly-goat? "I did" says Cock Robin. Truwell says; "At Camp Truwell Berry, on Christmas, when they had that big dinner, and buried the Comrades, in the ditch, that he bought it of the hundred and sixteenth New York, after \$16 dollars worth of quine, in cans, that was a great day. I have forgotten where the next reunion will be, but I will find out and let you know. I was at Washington to the Grand Encampment and staid four days. '61 was well represented, but didn't have a chance to shake your hand there. Well Comrade I don't think of nothing more to write, but hope by the grace of God may meet and shake hands, on this earth. I will close now hoping to hear from you soon.

From -

W. L. P. C. Snow. and so mote it be.

Box 645

Watkinsky.

FROM  
BOWERY  
GRANGE  
NOV 7 1892