Camp Rarker—Sunday, June 17th, 1865

Dear Mother,

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I find myself in camp this fine morning to write you all a few lines as a matter of my personal welfare. I am well and content. Just this morning, I received a letter from you in New York, and was glad to hear that you were all well for it is one of the greatest blessings that any one can enjoy. Well, I expect to get my pay this week for the paymaster is at work paying the boys. Know he is in the second regiment and our company next. I think that we will get paid to-morrow and I will try to get mine to the express office in St. Louis. I will write you 3 days before I send it, and you can be on the look out—keep it quiet—I will send 600 or more. The boys are making ready to go home.
some have gone already, and as our regiment is a veteran one we will have to stay a while but I don't think it will be very long at least. I hope not.

Camp presents a hard spectacle. The boys get drunk and play Thunder some are for killing there officers and they fight among them selves some get tied up others have to carry rails others bucked and gagged so that the way it goes there is enough of wickedness carried on in camp to sink it. Our Brigade is broken up there is but 3 regiments in it. Know there was 7 before we will be consolidated with the second Brigade. Our Colonel is to command. The Brigade his name is Thomas E. Rose. Our captains name is Paul J. Rohrbach 3rd Lot. Call Mapes 2nd Lot. James Andrew orderly Sergeant Allen Walker. The boys that are going home are in high spirit but they leave many of there brave comrades sleeping beneath the sod. This State has many marks of the slain I have seen some of the bloody fields. There is a regiment...
in our Brigade since it first came out it has had three thousand men recruited for it and there are about 600 men in it. Know that leaves 2400 killed wounded and discharged out of one regiment. You may know that they have small gun powder. Mother I believe this is your birthday and a happy one may it be to you a word to Sonny—Sonny take good care of Jack and feed him well for mind I am a going to hold you to your bag. Watch my attention is drawn to the beating of the drum. Three goes an other regiments homeward bound hear the boys chiron fellow. They are glad at the effect of arriving at home once more. There old flag is hanging in stringe the leaden hail has spoilt the beautiful appear. There was a man drummed out of camp the other day. He has deserted 17 times. They had him under strong guard and he is sentenced to military prison for 3 years. There was a paddle on his back and the wemb on it was deserter skulked.
though the war he has been married to 3 women and they are all living has uncle Joe got home yet I hear that Bob one fellow was at home I was pleased to hear that old Jim was coming out so well fore there was a great room for it it was a pity that our Lamb died what amon of wool did they shear I reckon dolly is a bird mother I want you to be fired up by the time I get home and we will go over to Aunt Mary Camp that will be this fall some time I want to go out to the woods this winter if I live did Ann get her letter if you get a letter stating that I sent my money be on the look out and write immediately and let me know about it for I will want to know how it goes through so I will close my love to you all as a family so remain your son John R. Dunbar and his mother Martha Jane Dunbar