

From near Shepherdstown, Maryland

JUNE 23, 1863

My Dear Wife,

I take pen in hand to dash off a hasty note as the mail wagon is about to leave our camp. We have been marching many days now at a grueling pace, as we must meet with other units who are even now nearing our objective. The morale of our boys is at a fever pitch, all are eager to take the battle into the enemy's territory. Too long we have been waging this conflict on our sacred soil, it is time to show the yankees that "War is Hell"!

Please do not fret for me, your old man is holding up as well as can be under the rigors of the march and I am as eager for the fight as any.

Whilst I am away, I trust that our neighbors have been of help to you in getting in our harvest, meager though it is. God bless them for that.

I must close now as the mail orderly is calling for the letters. I will write again as often as possible.

Your loving husband.

Buck Custer



