



Attention Battalion!

Newsletter of the United States Volunteers, Third Regiment
Fall 2009



“Before the Rain...”



Another Extraordinary Campaign!

2009 SEASON SOAKED WITH RAIN !

**MEMBERS SUPPORT NATIONAL
AND LOCAL HISTORY EVENTS**

NEW EXPERIENCES ABOUND !

It has been an incredible year for the Third Regiment, when we have been together, and when we have been apart.

This indeed has been one of those seasons that challenged us with rain and weather every time we hit the campaign trail, but yet we were not disappointed in the events that we attended.

It was a good year for the events we attended as the battalion, being New Market, Lacy House, Fort Allegheny, Cedar Creek, Bummers, and Remembrance Day.

It was also a great season for our member units at the local and regional level, where they carried the banner for us all for living history and preservation efforts.

This newsletter gives us a chance to tell some of our stories, commonly held, or personally experienced. It gives us a chance to see the results and the impact of having a USV3R exist at all. It represents an annual record of what we all individually and jointly have accomplished in our shared vision for one more year.

We all should be proud to be part of such endeavors, and share these experiences with our humble little band of friends. I cannot wait to do it all over again, with all of you, next year!

Kim Perlotto,
Adjutant, USV3R

Great News from Beaver!

From John Bert:

Got a call from Scot around 2:30pm. James Scot Buffington was born around 1:00pm in Beaver County, Pennsylvania. Parents Scot & Sarah are doing fine.

Since Scot is a man, he is not aware of the details females love to hear like weight and height, other than to say "he has dark hair."

Of course, Scot was in a state of minor shock when he called me.

Feel free to send a card to:
Scot, Sarah and James Buffington
1595 Dutch Ridge Road
Beaver, PA. 15009

Telegraph From Scot:

James Scot Buffington
Born December 7, 2009,
at 1:32 PM

8 pounds, four ounces
20 inches long.

Thanks for everyone's prayers.
Scot



Congratulations to Scot & Sarah !



**2010 Annual USV
Business Meeting and Banquet
Holiday Inn West
Mechanicsburg, PA
January 23, 2010**

www.usvolunteers.org

PROPOSED:

**May 15-16, 2010
New Market, Va.
54Pa.**

**June 11-12, 2010
Cross Keys, Va.
8NY, 66OV**

**Aug. 27-28, 2010
“2nd Manassas”
Elizabethtown, Pa.
63Pa, 56Pa**

**Oct. 16-17, 2010
Cedar Creek, Va.**



**NEW MARKET, VA.
MAY 16-17, 2009**

Dear Friends,

I arrived on the field around 5 o'clock Friday evening, got registered and went to find the 28th. After some direction from Scot Buffington, I found the camp had already been established by Tim Rounds and our pards from the 56th PA. I had been charged with carrying the company gear and canvas to the event, so I pulled my truck up and we set up a company fly and unloaded the cook gear.

More company B members showed up in the following hour, as well as all the guys from Company K. In matter of a few hours we had the finest and most authentic camp on the field. Showing our veteran status, many of the men had stationed their dog tents and applied gum blankets to the sides to prevent getting soaked from the inevitable rain. (Quite a contrast to the rest of the field covered in A-frames, wall tents and Ringling Brother's tents.)

Our intrepid men in leadership, Captain Hane and 1st Sgt. Lynes, showed up after dark to a fed and established camp. Extra thanks to 1st Sgt. Lynes for coming in by boat, train and wagon after defeating the Germans on their own ground in what is to be known as the, "Lynes v. Germany" Campaign of '64. Again thanks to both for coming despite hectic work schedules and showing up ASAP.

After a dry but cool night of trying to sleep, our guys were up by 1st call and cutting up and cooking breakfast according to squads and pards. A few more men from Company B arrived at this time and set up dogs at the end of the company line. After breakfast we fell in at the 1st Sgt. assigned squads, informed the men of the days plans and got us to stop running our soup coolers and act like soldiers. Barking like dogs is so early war.

We had company drill from roughly 8:30-9:30, covering wheeling, flanking and forming a company into line from a column of fours. Firing drill was both informing and amusing. Yes, firing from the rear rank is harder than it looks. After a short water break we fell back in for a simplified battalion drill led by Lt. Col. Buffington (or was he Major for this event? He wasn't wearing shoulder boards) that covered changing battalion front and forming column of companies. Afterwards we retreated to our camp for food a chance to hit the sutlers or snooze until the afternoon tactical.

After a few hours of perambulating and staying cool, the 3 USV fell in and marched off to the opposite end of the battle field to start the tactical. Due to awkward event planning, the rebs found their place on the field first, and we had to march right past 'pert near all of them to get to our place on the field. A few jolly insults and verbal jabs were exchanged as we marched past. We arrived at our place on the end of the battle field, and sat in the shade of museum. We sat and waited as we watched an enormous storm front forming to our left, hinting at it's impending wet doom upon us all before the battles end. The rebs were upon us suddenly, in close order and pushing our skirmishers back to the rear. Our artillery opened up to halt their advance until the infantry had a chance to organize and launch a defense.

Due to well drilled soldiers and leadership worthy of song on Buffington's

part, we managed to push the rebs all the way back to their originating place on the field, surpassing their artillery and effectively sweeping the area clean. Buffington's orders were simple and concise, and explained to the men so we were all understanding of the next move. Captain Hane would wheel us into position, fire by ranks until we were ordered to push forward again, "and let them know we're coming!"

At the conclusion of the tactical, the rain started to fall as we marched back to camp. We all went for cover and watched Hurricane New Market pass us over. Before long however, as typical in the Valley, things were bright and sunny again in no time. We took this chance to clean our rifles and dry our gum blankets. An attempt to cook another meal went underway as a second storm arrived and literally doused our hopes and tents. This storm lasted much longer than the previous one, and with discouraging weather reports coming in, we made a choice as an autonomous collective and bag the event. Our fire was six inches deep in fire (hence, not that great a fire), our tents were being flooded from the ground beneath and the ever present lightning was not providing the coziest of situations. The men from Company K decided to rent a room in PA and visit Gettysburg, as some their members had not yet been.

I had chosen to stay since I had wanted to attend the dance and be the proxy for those who had purchased raffle tickets for a cash prize to be announced during the dance. I had friends in the 2nd USV that allowed me to fall in with them, so I was set for the evening. Again much thanks to Jerry for offering to take some of the unit gear with him so I wouldn't have to taken down and haul all the gear by myself the following day.

The dance was small and the floor proved to be a better swamp than dance floor, but happily the rain from the storm finally ended at around 10 and it was safe to walk outside with a rifle. I'm happy to announce that our own Jon FitzMohamed' s ticket was the winning one, and I collected to the winnings to be given in part to him later. By the way Jon, thanks for buying the beers. The guys in the 2nd UDV loved them. Your change is in the mail.

It did storm one more time during the night, but thankfully it was neither long nor as fierce as the first two. However by

breakfast Sunday morning, there was no road between the camps and the parking lot, as others had already started parking next to their A-frames, and in some cases, behind their officer's tents. Muddy roads proved tricky to the 2-door Pontiac trying to come up the hill and nearly took out an entire row of parking vehicles. People, this is one good reason, out of many, why we don't park near camps. Especially when muddy.

Sunday service was held in several places as wanted, shortly followed by the battle of New Market. I chose to stay behind and watch from a safe distance. Clearly the tactical was the battle to attend, if one had a choice to only make one. I broke down camp, with thanks from the Berna's, and headed for home by 5pm.

Andrew Faudree, 28MaCoB



**LACY HOUSE NPS LIVING HISTORY
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
JUNE 13-14, 2009**

Dear Friends,

Let me send your way some interesting accounts of the trials of your friends in the recent exercises of the war. We did make our way to the Falmouth side of the Rappahannock on Friday night, and got to the Lacy House, also known to the sesech owner as Chatham Manor.

We were indeed portraying the Eighth Conn. Vols. and it was better than we expected since the NPS put us under the

trees to the right of the front of the mansion, just where we wanted to be. This is certainly the very first time in so many years that we were able to camp, sleep, and dream, on the very ground documented that the old Eighth rested their heads. We had in attendance our member descendants of the original heroes and patriots that were there before us. History has been so kind to us as to bring us to the place, and tell us the story.

Saturday morning brought a morning report to myself, portraying Capt. Henry Hoyt, Co. A. Col. Harland had been promoted to brigade, Lt.Col. Appleman had been wounded at Antietam, and Major Ward had taken seriously ill prior to the battle. That left Capt. Hoyt in command of the regiment, and I was pleased to take the part.

Our own Lt. Buffington pitched in as my Adjutant, in an interesting roll reversal. He was all up to it, and served in a very compelling manner. He wrote and posted a safeguard on the house, and all were obliged to observe it. Such are the army regulations and the articles of war.

The morning brought the need to shake out the cobwebs in the companies, and our first formation sized up the hoard. Company drill followed a Guard Mount that posted guards at the color line, and the Mansion front door. Lt. Jones saw to the whole guard, and as always, served the detail well. The weather was very warm and quite thick, and the efforts to conduct the daily routine was a duty. Everyone present still pitched in with a vigor only our battalion can deliver.

The Eighth conducted public demonstrations two times a day, and included a summary history of the Eighth, and maneuver and firings, including fire by battalion, fire by rank, and fire by file. The whole of the demonstrations were concluded by a bayonet charge. This brought some need to exercise the troops in the manner of a charge, closing ranks, keeping elbow to elbow, and exactly how to double quick in the ranks. It seems that the concept of the line of battle eludes many more veterans than one would expect.

I drilled the boys in the extreme heat on double quick, charge bayonet, and staying in line of battle until they were almost melted. It was the proposal to get it right and end the drill. It seems that they would perform to end the drill, but it was

observed that the next chance to break ranks in the charge was all too frequent. I personally take it as a mission to train the boys to stay in line, and thus create a bigger intimidation than if they all break and run towards the enemy. Scary versus Stupid.

Our NPS hosts were so kind and hospitable that it was a pleasure to work with them. Many of our number were treated to personalized tours of the house and history. The volunteers there are truly an asset to the park. Our ranger knew that we were not used to the Virginia heat, and laid in several bushels of ice and drink to revive us later Saturday afternoon.

Late Saturday, we conducted a formal dress parade, and our adjutant performed flawlessly. He published orders that included the scheduling of auction of deceased soldiers personal effects, and the orders for the coming day. Saturday night in camp, late after all were asleep, the wind picked up, and the sky ignited. The word was passed to batten down the hatches, and so we all did. The thunder, lightning, and torrents soon arrived, but were gladly short lived. In a matter of half an hour, it was over, and the temperature dropped.

Sunday morning, we dried out our camps, and got our line established for the day. We needed to go as a single company, and mounted a light guard for the mansion.

Mid morning, we assembled the battalion, and marched them the rear, or river side of the mansion in full gear. There we conducted a full inspection. We announced the historic orders of August years ago, that the personal effects of the Eighth were to be packed in the knapsacks, and the knapsacks collected for shipment to Washington city for the duration of the Maryland campaign. Little did any of them know that it would be a full year or more before their knapsacks would be retrieved from Washington's warehouses and restored to their owners. We repeated the two demonstrations and made all the public pleased with the efforts. We had great attendance and an attentive audience at each time. Questions were fielded and answered by our men and all were pleased to provide such knowledge as we can.

We packed up the trains after the last demonstration, and headed out again. It took our Nutmeggers 12 hours to arrive, and a11 hours to return. But it was all worth the single opportunity to camp on the actual ground of the old Eighth. We

have never had this privilege before, and were honored with the experience.

I must simply conclude and repeat that this indeed was a singular honor and privilege bestowed upon us from the NPS, acknowledged and supported by all our friends from the USV3R, and the attending public. I am personally so grateful, for all the officers and men of the USV3R to portray the 8CV in this effort. We were so blessed to experience this dream, and you all made it possible. May our kind Lord allow us to do it again and again.

Your humble servant,
Kim



**FORT ALLEGHENY
BARTOW, WV.
JULY 24-26 2009**

Dear Friends,

We wound our way, over, up, down, and through the mountains of this part of western Virginia on a fine Friday. The experience for our flatland volunteers from Indiana left quite an impression of how sublime this region is, and indeed the ideas and concepts that the mountaineers must face just to survive here. How familiar the boys of Indiana are with the vast width and breadth of our land, but this land now introduces an equal partner in the dimension of depth.

At a small little village at the base of one of these myriad mountains was called Bartow, and there we found Travelers Rest.

It is a small inn along the road from Nowhere to Staunton, Virginia. There our troops were massed, and moved to occupy an abandoned confederate fort, named Fort Bartow. It was high on the hill directly in front of the inn, and surrounded by trenches, rifle pits, and two gun positions bearing on the road, and the bridge, directly below. The hill was about 500 feet high at least, and a healthy hike was made by each man to attain the summit.

The fort encompassed about two acres, at least, and was a very pleasant camp, with open ground, thick grass, and open vistas of the valley. Our headquarters was established in the redoubt, and the four companies massed on the knob in the center of the fort. Each company got up a fire, and commenced preparing rations for our anticipated operations. Officers call at 9.00 indicated that stragglers were still arriving, and they continued to pass the guard throughout the night.

Morning reports found us at full strength, and ready to move, with Col. Buffington, Maj. Herzog, and Capts. Dangel, Mason, Tuohy, and Hanson. A fine set of officers, and a finer set of men, ready to demonstrate their patriotism!

We formed our line of march in front of the inn at 9.00 A.M. and reported to the Colonel 78 men of the 9th Indiana Volunteers in line and ready for the march. So, off we went, starting the ascent of the mountains, as it seems that every move in these mountains is an ascent. We proceeded with an easy pace along the Staunton Turnpike, up, up, back, and forth. We were moving along, and taking a minutes rest each half mile, and a ten minute rest out of each hour. The men tolerated the march first rate, and the stragglers would rest a time, and catch back up to the column in good order.

After about the first mile or more, the column was halted, and first company was deployed forward as our advance guard. They were in column of platoons, about 50-100 yards apart and the same distance to the front. For some time, nothing was spotted in the way of threat or interest. At intervals matching our rests, each company in turn was deployed forward, rotating the advance guard among all equally. Tensions mounted as the column approached the crest, and the advance became more vigilant and deliberate in anticipation to the rather common practice of the rebels in this area to bushwhack, ambush, and simply

harass our boys, then run away to report our location and strength.

After several miles, we were halted for a longer break, and to get some dinner from our haversacks. As is expected in a situation such as this, once the party was relaxing and eating, sure, a rifle shot to the front was heard. All at once, everyone was a scattering and scrambling to get back into line, the officers were shouting, and the advance guard was taking cover, and peering into the woods. There were a few rebel wood ticks in the woods uphill from us, but that told us there were a few more scurrying back to the nest to tell of our arrival on the hill. We advanced all at the ready, until we came around a little bend, and found the rebel line of battle across our front in the woods to the left of the road. They opened, and we came into line. One of our companies deployed along our left flank as skirmishers, and swept a grand right wheel through the woods, pushing all the ticks against the main dog. We then went into line perpendicular to the road, and extending to the left and hammered at the rebels. It seemed that we could push them, when they evaporated.

We once again got onto the road, marched by the right flank with advance and now rear guard. Things were getting rather flatter up at this elevation, and we seemed to be on top of the world. Except we were sharing it with the enemy. We proceeded deliberately for some time. After about another hour, we were descending a deep cut, with a high cliff bluff to our right, when we were under pot shots again. They had let our point go past, and harassed the main part of the column. We once again went into line, and deployed skirmishers to rake the woods once more flushing them to the left. We pushed and quickly advanced up a side road to the crest of the will where we made a firm stand toe to toe.

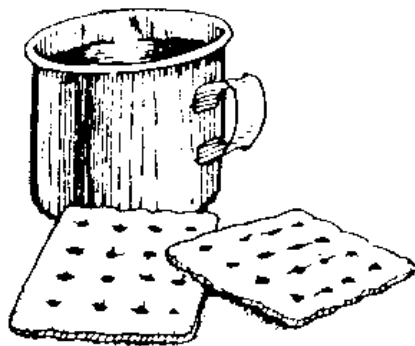
The Confederates retreated down a meadow, across a saddle, and towards the next ridge. In the distance, we could see that they had built breastworks there, so the push was to engage them before they reached that position. Our line was advanced to a snake fence, then we were advanced in echelon from the left, thirty yards spacing, and of we went across the saddle in succession, companies from left to right. We were engaging them and overlapping their flanks as they converged on the rough works. They did make it there, but with casualties. About 150 yards

from the works, we came back into line and gave them a licking, by battalion, by rank, and by file. We could see their fire diminishing, and went to the attack. We advanced once more, and that is when they broke, and streamed down the back side of the hill, hitting the Staunton road once more, and they were gone.

We reassembled the men, and determined that this crest, and long spur to the right was an ideal defensive location. Orders came to move to the spur, set camp, and there is where we were to spend the night. All were sitting to rest, and start thinking about fires and rations, when a gentle summer shower began. Most were pleased at the cool relief. It lasted about twenty minutes. Then another shower came of harder rain, about twenty minutes. During this time, up went the flies and shebangs best we could. Then came the rain for sure, and then the thunder around us. And then the lightning on the ridges. We had a swirling lightning storm on our hands, sure.

The orders came from command, to strike our camp on the spur, get off the high ground, head towards the bottom of this hill, towards the road that the rebels escaped upon, and wait further orders. All this evacuation took about an hours time, and when the 9th Indiana was finally on the road, all present and accounted for, the excursion was ordered off. Wagons were commandeered to move our command back whence it came. Thus ended the Assault on the Alleghenies. The hunting was good in this region, even in 1861.

Your humble servant,
Kim Perlotto, Adj, 9th Ind. Vols.



**145TH ANNIVERSARY
CEDAR CREEK, VA.
OCT. 17-18, 2009**

Correspondent Charles Carleton's
Report from Cedar Creek

The Union Triumphant in the Valley!!

Rebel Attack at Dawn
Surprises the Union!!

Sheridan's Counter Attack Drives Rebels
Out of the Shenandoah!!

(The following dispatch has been received just today from the pages of The Boston Journal)

I was returning to the Army in Virginia having spent a brief period of convalescence at home after months of hard campaigning with the Army of the Potomac when I encountered a staff officer of the Army of the Shenandoah making a similar journey out of Philadelphia. This happy chance resulted in an invitation to visit that army and thus allowed me to witness the latest and greatest success of that army in the valley so long fought over.

In the event, we made a part of the journey in the company of that Army's commander himself, Major-General Phil Sheridan. However, as General Sheridan would pause in Winchester, the scene of

his decisive victory only a month before over Jubal Early, and meet there with members of his staff, I decided to press on to the Army's camps further up the valley near Middletown, Virginia. This brought our small party into the camps late on the 18th, the evening before the great Rebel attack that would attempt to destroy this now victorious Army.

I was invited to be a guest in the camp with the 43rd New York of the 3rd Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Army Corps, of the Army of the Shenandoah. This veteran regiment had been reduced by hard service to a battalion and was temporarily commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Buffington, an Ohio man. As late in the day as it was when I arrived I could see how far the camps extended up the valley from where the 43d New York was located, but had little further opportunity to explore and visit as I was invited to join the officers' mess which was just sitting down to their evening meal.

With the riches of the Shenandoah Valley at their disposal to supplement the issued rations, the army ate well even in field. Combined with its recent victories in the field, the resulting good and even high spirits were also amply evidenced. As my hosts and I settled down to our post-repat tobacco, we could hear the evidence of these good spirits as many of the Army's campfires played host to uniformed choruses performing church hymns or songs of a more militant soldierly nature. The nearest company campfire was presided over by First Sergeant Lynes, who led his companions as they energetically worked their way through several familiar melodies while occasionally individuals would attempt to instruct their comrades in newer or less familiar songs.

As one might think under the influence of such riches and the recent successes against the Rebels, the mood of the army was good and almost lighthearted that evening. The officers recounted how a number of men were catching up with the army and rejoining their units either after convalescence or detached service. One company in the 43d was particularly welcomed that very day as the prodigal son, being by report a rather reprobate private soldier who has been repeatedly in trouble with the army authorities since the first battle of the war at Bull Run. He was a good soldier who had even risen to the rank of Sergeant before his vices overwhelmed

his ambitions. Nevertheless, he remained popular with his messmates and comrades and thus his surprising return to the ranks was celebrated as a good omen.

Having had a hard day of travel to reach the Army, I retired early to the cot and tent offered for my use by the officers of the 43d and passed as reasonably comfortable a night in the field as I had since the war began. However, I was awakened in the predawn not by the sound of the drum calling for musicians are even by reveille but rather by the noise of battle to the near south of our camp and to the sound of men rushing by our camp having themselves quite evidently been roused from their beds by a Rebel attack before dawn.

Our own regiment was rising from slumber all around me and the brigade could be heard moving in admittedly confused earnest. The tent in which I had passed the night happened to be on the company street of one particular company with which I ended up spending this day of battle. Captain Hane and his Lieutenant, an older Irishman and veteran soldier named Towey, were calmly forming their company in preparation to fall in with the rest of the battalion. A quick glance was enough to determine that the company was a mix of veterans and fresh fish, new recruits, for whom this might well be their first action. Although their anxiety was evidenced on many a visage, these young men were steadied by the example of the surrounding veterans and remained attentive to their duty as the company assembled. The Second Sergeant and a Corporal could be seen watching the approaching battle in order to warn their officers and comrades and avoid the calamity that had apparently befallen the men of the Nineteenth Corps as they lay sleeping.

I realized as I watched the battalion quickly forming that I had actually seen Col Buffington and his battalion drilling the day before as I arrived in camp. Clearly, he was not an officer to neglect his duties or to allow even the veterans to forget the hard learned lessons of this war. With this thought I determined that whatever might befall the Army, I would stick with the 43d New York and share their fate as I could see no better alternative amidst the confusion, murder, and mayhem threatening to engulf the Union cause this morning. Accordingly, I took station with the officers and other file closers as we

marched along while trying also not to get in their way.

We quickly found ourselves marching hurriedly towards the main highway that passes through the Valley, alongside of which the Army had been camped and which was now flooded with fleeing soldiers from other regiments, divisions, and corps already shattered by the Rebel surprise. The 43d took position as the left wing of a new Union line being formed by the Sixth Corps as a light rain fell on the field. Being the end of the line gave us the impression for a short while that we were the only formed Union battalion anywhere on the field, though as the rainy mist cleared away the rest of the division marched into position to our right.

Behind us I could make out a line of guns which I presumed to be our own since from that position they would quickly have destroyed us if they were Rebels. Off to our left at some distance, I could see a group of Rebel cavalry pushing forward beyond our position. While they appeared intent upon opening the road to Winchester for their Army, their advance also threatened our own position but I could already see Union cavalry moving to oppose them thus checkmating any threat these mounted Rebels might pose to the 43d New York, its division, and corps. As the battalion and the others beyond receive the order to load, we could hear but not yet see the Rebels advancing. It may seem curious to those who have never been on a battlefield but there is a distinctive difference between the sounds of an advancing and formed unit and those of a disorganized fleeing mob that is easily recognized by the veteran soldier. Some of the Fresh Fish began calling out to the fleeing Union men, but for the most part the veterans hushed them having seen too many battles to think themselves immune to surprise and panic at dawn.

Soon we could see the Rebel skirmishers coming within range as they began to pepper our lines, though to little effect at this distance. Still farther beyond them, we can make out several masses of Rebel infantry in close formation moving to our right to face the rest of our corps. Some of them turned to advance on our own position and the two sides began to exchange volleys followed by the order to 'fire at will.' The morning became a blur of activity, noise, and motion as Colonel Buffington continually maneuvered his

battalion to prevent the Rebels from flanking our line. From my position behind the line of battle it appeared that casualties during this time were light on both sides as the repeated movements and maneuvers prevented the soldiers from accurately firing over the seemingly ever changing range. Nevertheless, we were clearly giving ground to the greater number of rebels pressing our position and frequently threatening to move behind our line of which we were the flank, there being no feature of ground or terrain here to aid our battalion. Much of this morning passed in a confusion of maneuver and fire and noise as the Sixth Corps struggled to hold and maintain a position behind which the rest of the Army could rally and reform. It is impossible to recount for the reader the step by step actions of this hard fought struggle. Suffice to say that as Sixth Corps finally grabbed hold and dug in its heels, the Army was a good six miles north of the forward positions held just that morning and the army's camps were in the hands of the enemy.

Armies being onto a traveling city, it is not surprising that even amid the clangor of battle rumors were sweeping the field. "Sheridan has abandoned us...Sheridan is in Washington city...Sheridan is on the field..." all most accurately translated into a universal question of "Where is Sheridan? When will he get here?" Finally at about midday General Sheridan appeared before us waving his hat in his hand as he rode along the line. His dramatic and timely appearance on the field was greeted by cheers from the entire assemblage and bodies of men and formed units were seen in the distance to hear these calls and reverse their direction of march to return to the field and the fray. From this moment the Army of the Shenandoah began its inexorable and unstoppable advance upon the beleaguering Rebels. It was now their turn to face away from their foe and seek safety in a location not threatened by either our bayonets or our muskets and cannon. On the field at large the tide of battle turned after General Sheridan's ride along his Army's lines. If the Rebels did not recognize this from the shouts of salute from the Army of Shenandoah that greeted him, they soon realized it from the determined advance of that army against their own lines. With Sheridan on the field this army refused to accept defeat.

General Sheridan quickly ordered some changes in his lines, having been on the field in fact for almost two hours inspecting its situation. Then he ordered the Army to advance. Colonel Buffington turned to Major Herzog, Captain Hane, and his other company commanders and ordered the battalion forward. It took the Army less time to retake the field than it took for the Rebels to capture it. Rebel division after division was broken and driven off by the advancing wave of Union soldiers.

This is not to say that as the day progressed the fighting was not intense. The lines of Union and Rebel soldiers continued to maneuver for advantage and at one or more times the 43d New York was compelled to withdraw when left too fully exposed to Rebel fire as the two armies even became intermingled. The popular malingerer who had returned to the battalion day before was seen to fall wounded during one of these events and was helped by two comrades under the guidance of Lieutenant Towey as the battalion was forced back.

When a Rebel unit appeared willing to resist a little longer, the Colonel ordered the men of the 43d to fight "Indian style" and to lie down and wait for the Rebel volley to pass over their heads. Then as soon as these shots were fired, up leapt the 43d and charged at the Rebels to close with them before they could reload. Several regiments in succession broke and joined the growing general flight of the Rebel army. Towards the end of the engagement, one Rebel battalion simply surrendered to the onrushing men of the 43d, accepting imprisonment rather than attempting to further contest the day.

Lest the reader think that this victory was easily or cheaply won, the six regiments and battalions of the Third Brigade to which the 43d belonged would report a total of 225 casualties at this battle – 37 killed, 172 wounded, and 16 missing. The commander of the 3d Brigade, General Bidwell was killed while the commander of the Sixth Corps, Brigadier-General Ricketts was wounded. CCC

(Reported by Charles Carleton, Army Correspondent, The Boston Journal)

Robert A. Mosher
The Military Philosopher



**BUMMERS '09
NOV .13-15, 2009**

REPORT OF THE 15TH MICHIGAN



*“ ‘Tis the song and the sigh of the hungry,
“Hard crackers, hard crackers, come
again no more!”*

Bummers 09 was an interesting event, filled with camaraderie, exertion, humor, pathos and the occasional moments of puzzlement and concern. All told, it was a fun thing to do and (now) to have done, and the road trip (approx 700 miles plus each way) was enjoyable. If it didn't quite live up to expectations, then our expectations needed resetting as there were some genuine soldier moments and shards of a real resonance of the March to the Sea.

The 28th Mass, Co B was represented by 5 soldiers, and for this "1st person" event, we were all members of the Shenavarre family of Monroe County, Michigan. Members of the Co B of the 15th Michigan Veteran Volunteer Infantry, were the personages of Joseph Shenavarre (the elder) (Dave High), Joseph Shenavarre (the younger) (John Tuohy), Adolphus Shenavarre (Jon Fitzpatrick), Abram Shenavarre (Bob Liles)...all under the watchful eye of the beloved "Oncle Frank" Shenavarre (Jerry Lynes) who also wore the three stripes of Sergeant. Together, these descendants formed the "La-Z-boy"

Mess for Bummers 09, under the very able command of Lt Brian Roman, a quality officer from back East (the Army of the Potomac's 40th PA...apparently some of the eastern boys—not discounting the warrior Irish of course—are not just paper collar soldiers.)

Our detachment arrived on site in Molena, Georgia (about 60 miles due south of Atlanta) mid-afternoon on Friday. The weather was perfect—mid-70s, no humidity. Federals were constantly arriving and hardly any Georgia militia or civilians were seen. Friends from other part of the 3d USV soon gathered around as the 3d was split between two 2d Division foraging parties...us in the 15th Michigan, and others in the 116th Illinois. All wore the black slouch hats of the Western army and felt liked we looked just dandy. Our packs were small and compact...a soldier's load. There was not much knowledge about what was to occur next, so we made like soldiers accustomed to "hurry up and wait"...meaning we lazed around, told stories, smoked cigars and waited on our leadership. And of course, had our picture made by a period photographer—from Winchester, VA of all places.

As the sun set and the temps fell, little knots of individual messes wandered around the field looking for their event Regiments...ultimately, we in the 15th Michigan had three such messes, us in the La-Z-Boy and two others—detachments from the Vincents Brigade (3d US and 15th NJ) and the National Regiment (150th NY). All told we numbered 17, fairly evenly divided between the messes. We were one of 6 such foraging parties that comprised the 2d Division. (Each of the three Divisions, each under a Captain, seemed to have 6-7 foraging parties of 15-25 soldiers. You can do the math for the size of the Federal Force.)

Around 2000—well after dark—all had found each other and conducted introductions and inspections. The officers had a meeting where some small and scant word was passed. A big concern for the rank and file was "where is dinner" as all had been told to arrive with "flat haversacks." Ultimately, we were issued a slab of bacon per foraging party...but by report, not all parties received one—in hindsight, the first indication that the logistics of the event were going to challenge the organizers. There was the a

manifestation of the universal military “rapidly changing word” phenomenon and Lt Roman drew praise from his men by protecting us from the vagaries of the fluctuating orders. By 2100 we were formed up in a column of divisions—several hundred strong...with our own Abram Shenavarre (Bob Liles) charged with toting the Division’s supply of kerosene and acting as the pyromaniac’s personal Gunga Din...soaking torches to guide our step off into the dark. It was a role he was born to play and he performed magnificently.

The Federal force made a short march—perhaps a mile?—before a brief flurry of shots halted the column. This was a rapidly chased off with no exertion on our part (located as we were in the middle of the Army) and soon we clambered up a steep hill and made a bivouac for the night. This was a very authentic moment, with 300 plus soldiers breaking into small messes to make fires, cook and ultimately, sleep. It was quite late by this time—pushing 2300—and we did not draw picket duty—so soon were all curled up in our blankets, under the stars, as the mist ghosted up from the nearby Flint River.

Saturday dawned cold and misty...and there was no rations issue. Luckily, the Shenavarre brothers being a) veterans and b) a resourceful lot, schooled over the course of two years service, somehow found some victuals in amongst their small knapsack loads...and reasonably broke our fast with some fried ham, hardtack and coffee—the later, the period correct instant, known as “essence of coffee.” Our conceit was that after two plus years of hard service, veterans had learned “not to fully trust the Army commissary.” We were significantly better off than most...and this trend was to continue as a theme.

By 0730, we were at the foot of the great hill, ready to march to Savannah. We then proceeded to wait for about an hour, before the three division column started off. We marched—initially—very easily along a country lane, along the banks of the swollen, swiftly flowing Flint. Within a short way, the road disappeared—eaten by the river. We spent the next 3 plus hours, making our way cross-country in a parallel trace to the absent road, occasionally having a road for a brief bit, usually not. We likely covered 3 miles plus this way, sweating like Pharaoh’s Army on the bad track. The entire 15th Michigan displayed

good pluck and fortitude and spirits remained good...but all were aware that we were “burning daylight.”

Somewhere around mid-day, after literally inching along some cliff faces, our path veered sharply up and away from the river. We made our way in the next hour to the military crest of a very steep hill, literally at times crawling over rocks and other obstacles. We paused on the crest as at this point, all members of the La-Z-boy mess present and accounted for, but some other members of the 15th had straggled. This exposed an organizational flaw regarding an event built on small messes and not on Companies...because as one went, so did the mess. In our case, one soldier in each of the other messes reached the limits of endurance and was not abandoned by his messmates...and thus, we splintered.

In a short time—and with dry throats, empty canteens, and the sun climbing into the afternoon—we made our way to the water point located at the topographical crest of the hill. This was very arduous as the path was a slick field of fallen pine straw...making our way to the top was somewhat analogous to skating uphill...and slick brogan soles are not great climbing togs. After many falls, we found the top and a cluster of Divisions and intermingled units around empty water cans. We shared water as we could and rested until some of the others came up...but soon it was on to the “next” water point. (It was then pushing 1400 and nary a Reb soldier, Reb Civilian or foraging opportunity had been seen or heard. All were very aware that perhaps only three hours or so of daylight remained.)

The next watering point, a cross roads $\frac{3}{4}$ of mile along the ridge, proved a dry hole. The Army was confused...and the sketch map held only by the Captain commanding the Division seemed not to match up with the terrain. The “Uncle Joe” contraband, our erstwhile guide, had disappeared. The lack of water was elevating into a safety issue...and fun meters were pegging left and down. The Shenavarre boys were keeping their heads and their grumbles in check, displaying laudable forbearance. At this point, the Second Division was scattered to hell and gone, and so was the 15th Michigan, with one whole mess opting out and heading for the barn.

Under Lt Roman, we spent some time reconnoitering the hill and the various

options—tactically and logistically. The good Lt did a great job, displaying common sense and a clear head...but alas, he too was a mushroom regarding the big picture. At this point, our numbers swelled as we policed up three pards from the 8th CT (late of the 116th Illinois), as they too separated from their Regiment.

Ultimately, we moved out in the direction of a known water point—near the camp from the night before. We marched a couple of miles or so down to the river, finally reaching a functioning water point. There we quenched our thirsts and re-filled our canteens. Then things began to pick up.

We soon realized that we were behind Confederate lines...a realization made crystal when the sharp eyes of Joseph Shenavarre (the elder) (Dave High) espied a Georgia Militia rations cache. Suddenly, our cups were overflowing! The hard knot of the 15th Michigan—now 14 with the 8th CT boys—helped ourselves to a bountiful harvest of sweet yellow corn, sweet potatoes, cracked corn and coffee. In fact, the rations—by the size of it, appeared ample for a company of Georgia Militia and their ponies.

Now our general instructions for Foraging were to 1) Look for provisions for the regiment; 2) Avoid contact with the enemy if possible; and of course, 3) deprive the enemy of the material means necessary to sustain them in the fight. So we did this...taking (per the event rules) half of all we found...with the exception of taking all of the coffee and sugar, because we found it historically unlikely that the Georgia militia would have any coffee this late in 1864...and if they did, it meant they certainly stole it from the Federal Army...which of course meant, we were just taking our own back. (Being serious and hard-core campaigners, the Shenavarre family felt compelled to go this extra step for period correctness.) We did, being kind-hearted, leave them most of the cracked corn, which we understand to be a Georgia delicacy.

Burlap bags full, we stole away into the deep Georgia woods, and made camp in an abandoned Cherokee Indian village, likely empty and abandoned dating to the late 1830s when 16,000 Cherokees were forcibly driven from Georgia along the infamous Trail of Tears.” The terrain was such that we had good concealment when the Georgia militia came to collect their

rations and camped nearby...and oh! the delightful gnashing of their teeth over their short rations. We were fat and indolent with our campfire cooked corn and sweet potatoes, augmented by bits of hardtack, rice and other sundries that emerged from emergency ration caches in knapsack and haversacks. A bit of what the Irish call "uisce beatha" or the water of life, cut the evening chill. We remained vigilant and on guard, and at one point fended off some feral dogs—who found they were not as feral as the Veteran Volunteers of the 15th Michigan Infantry...whose battle honors include Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, the Atlanta campaign and who would go on to seize Fort McAllister in Savannah, fight at Bentonville and march all the way to DC for the Grand review in May of 1865.

Sunday morn, Joseph Shenavarre (the younger) (John Tuohy) and Adolphus Shenavarre (Jon Fitzpatrick) had to be restrained from attacking the Rebs single-handedly, but ultimately, they took counsel of their beloved "Oncle Frank" Shenavarre (Jerry Lynes) who remarked "boys, once you ketch dem johnnys, whach-a-gonna do widem?" and saner heads prevailed. In a short while, Lt Roman led us back to the main body, which was conveniently marching in our direction. There we compared notes with our fellow US V pards, re-united some stragglers and made for the assembly area and the end of the adventure.

In comparison to the others, we had a superior experience, though we saw nary a civilian farm to forage (or burn). We expended very little ammunition and fought no fights; mostly we loaded for contingencies that never emerged. This said, we marched with packs and a fighting load all over some challenging terrain, lived off what we could take from the countryside and the enemy and met adversity and uncertainty with humor, pluck and character. We stayed true to the intent of the event and to our comrades...and our first person wasn't so bad! The event was larded with a number of genuine soldier moments—many aspects resonated with me as true. We likely dodged several possible disasters—like falling in the river, falling off the hill, or heat stroking due to a lack of water and no apparent MEDEVAC plan---but none of those things actually manifested. I am sure the organizers now better understand the

military adages of "Amateurs talk tactics, professionals talk logistics" and "No plan survives contact with the enemy" but that is not the point of this AAR. (If you wish, you can read the alternating shouts of praise and damnation on the Authentic Campaigner's website at <http://www.authentic-campaigner.com/forum/forumdisplay.php?f=113> where apparently 163 posts and 16,000 views have been logged in the 48 hours since it ended. Bummers 09 certainly generated a buzz in the AC community!)

All told, the event, and the 1400 mile round trip was a great experience. Kudos to Fitz, Dave, John and Bob (Bob a FF no more)—for their camaraderie and friendship—in the event and on the road. Kudos to Lt Roman for filling in as our Lt—he did a great job. Kudos to our pards in the 3d USV—all truly soldiered in an excellent fashion and in testament to the excellence that is the 3d USV, more than held our own with the "harder" core campaigners..."As we were marching through Georgia."

And, one last thing...a song that was apt the entire weekend and one we should absolutely learn...

*"There's a hungry, thirsty soldier,
Who wears his life away,
With torn clothes, whose better days are
o'er;
He is sighing now for whisky,
And, with a throat as dry as hay,
Sings, "Hard crackers, come again no
more!"*

Fidelis, Jerry Lynes
AKA "Oncle Frank" Shenavarre
Sergt, 15th Michigan Veteran Volunteer s

REPORT OF THE 116th ILLINOIS

Report of Actions, Nov. 13-15
Molena, Ga.

After arriving on site around 1:00 on Friday afternoon, I took my time in getting ready and eventually checked in at registration. There were several sutlers on site for men to spend their greenbacks while waiting for evening. The weather was gorgeous; highs in the low 70s and lows in the low 50s. Buffum, Harkleroad and I, being the first from our 116th IL foraging party to arrive, we found some shade and waited for guys to begin arriving. Sgt. Sadowski and Barna were the next to arrive. As it was getting dark, I

located where the rest of the guys were gathering and joined them there. Altogether, our party had 17 men, all anxious to get on the road and begin foraging.

At 7:30, an officers' meeting was held to go over the rules of engagement. Following the meeting, a small ration of slab bacon was issued to everyone and a little later, we marched to the road where all of the parties were staging and we were assigned our order of march within 2nd Division. A little after 9:00, all foraging parties began our march, 1st and 2nd Division traveling the same route with 3rd Division going a different route. We marched perhaps a mile or so with a few torches lit to provide some light. However, the torches must have caught the eye of some Georgia militia who opened a sporadic fire on our column from a wood hill the sloped up from the left side of the road.

We quickly extinguished the torches and we ordered against the side of the hill for cover. A few men returned fire at the flashes, but they were order to cease firing in order to not waste ammunition. After a few minutes we were order up the hill in our unit front. The going was difficult from darkness as well low limbs and rocks scattered about the ground. About half way up the hill, I found our party had been squeezed out of line between the 99th IN and 54th OH and took up a reserve position behind the 99th. Eventually, our division was halted and took position on the far right of 2nd Division.

The men quickly made cooking fires for their rations and bedded down for the night. A schedule was made for picket duty for the night. Our party was assigned from 4-6AM; I would go with first watch and Sgt. Sadowski would go with second watch. The night became a little chilly around 3 AM, causing some shivering, but everyone passed the night just fine. At 6:00 on Saturday morning, Sgt. Sadowski rustled me awake and informed me that no one had awakened him for picket duty, but some of our guys were out on the line. Surprised by this myself, since no one had awakened me for first shift, I quickly counted who was out. Corporal Hamel's mess, including himself, Perlotto, Payne, Elwell, and Czerepuszko were out on picket and had been for both hours. They were relieved at 6:00 by the 48th IL and

were thanked for covering for the rest of our party.

The men were all awake shortly after and set to cooking the rest of their bacon. Everyone packed up in anticipation of early marching time; however, we did not begin until around 9:00. Our route of march was along a river to the right of the road just of short distance and a large hill to the left. Resulting from heavy rains earlier in the week, the river was much higher and faster moving than normal which soon caused problems for our line of march. The road was flooded for most of our route causing us to march on what seemed more like a billygoat path a little higher up the side of the hill.

The march of very tedious with much starting and stopping along the way. The path being so narrow and over such rough terrain, all were required to march in single file. The distance we covered was likely only a few miles, but seemed several times longer from the slow pace. Eventually, we began going up the hill, a fairly significant ascend which greatly fatigued many of the men and caused our division to stop several times. To add to the growing frustrations was the problem of men beginning to run out of water. The number of stragglers from our division began to increase as well and by the time we reached the top of the hill, the number was significant. And, to top everything, the scant water source at the top of the hill was quickly used up by parties ahead of us. Frustrations and concerns were quickly growing amongst the men.

After a short break, we continued on and eventually started down a hill, but the parties ahead of us were stopped at the bottom. Our parties decided not to proceed until we were sure to be on the right road. Lt. Cross, Lt. Minton, and I met with Capt. Schneider and our guide, Joe to discuss the situation. Further evidencing our overall lack of leadership from higher up, Capt. Schneider didn't have a map nor did he know where we might find food and water. Joe said he knew, but we'd have to backtrack and go a different route. Eager to do anything, our men followed Joe. By this point, our party had lost six guys to stragglers, most had attached to the 15th Michigan party.

By around 1:30, we arrived at a clearing with two cabins and we were excited to finally have a chance to forage for some food. However, several foraging parties

had arrived just before we did and things were already being pretty well picked over. Pickings were pretty slim until Pvt. Harkleroad put his prior foraging skills to use and found a full ham and a sack of apples hidden in a cabin that had already been searched by others. Our men quickly divided the find and grabbed a few ears of corn from a nearby crate. While we were doing this, Lt. Hays of the 99th IN sent word requesting our party for support on his picket line. As soon as our party had gotten enough food to last us through the night, we filled our canteens and headed to support the 99th beyond another small clearing.

Upon reaching the 99th, Lt. Hays informed me that foragers had been getting bagged in that area all morning and he wanted to probe ahead to find the strength of the militia on a hill opposite the one we held. My party deployed as skirmishers on the right of the road and moved forward into the saddle between the hills, the 99th followed behind us in support. As we reached the bottom, we spotted several militiamen on the hill ahead, but we continued forward in hopes they hadn't spotted us. However, an over-eager private in 99th fired a shot which alerted the militia of our presence. The militia opened fired and soon we heard the distinct report of an artillery piece, probably a mountain howitzer. Lt. Hays and I both agreed it not worth the risk in tangling with a stronger force and withdrew to our side of the clearing we which we had passed through earlier. There, I established a picket line to guard that field, about 200 yards from the rest of our division.

Shortly after 4:00 PM, two militia deserters approached our line to surrender. We bagged them up, took their cartridges and caps, and searched through their haversacks and knapsacks. They had a small amount of food, so I let them keep what they had. Finding nothing suspicious on them, Pvt. Harkleroad escorted them to the rear where he several officers ignored his request to turn them over until Lt. Cross finally took them. Harkleroad returned and I was informed that Capt. Schneider missing and that Lt. Cross was now in charge of the 2nd Division foragers are our location.

Fearing that the militia might be near and our small party might get bagged by a surprise, I began moving my men closer to our main camp where reinforcements

would be closer. However, we encountered Capt. Corbin from 1st Division who ordered us back to our position at the field. I objected saying that we were too far away with too few men to hold if we would be attacked. He insisted and I followed orders under his agreement to send addition troops to support us. A little bit later, about 6-8 men from the 30th OH supported our right flank. Around 4:45, several militiamen appeared in the woods across the small field and everyone was alerted, but nothing more was expected.

Within a couple minutes a large body of militia appeared to our front and we commenced firing. However, the militia marched toward us in formation with much swiftness. I urged to men to keep up a hot fire while I yelled for reinforcements. The militia, perhaps as many as 60-70 men strong were upon our line and I ordered them to the rear to establish a new line. A few individuals from other parties came to help, but my helplessness grew from the failure of any larger forces to support us. I encountered Capt. Corbin on the road with his coat off, likely from having his relaxation time disturbed, yelling for us to stop and that it was just a few militia. Eventually, the 99th IN moved on to our right and a portion of another party further to their right. The 1st Missouri moved on to our left and engaged in a hot fight with their Henry rifles. The militia's attack checked, a sharp fight lasted for about ten minutes before the militia finally gave way and withdrew back across the field.

As soon as the militia had gone, everyone returned to their relaxation time, apparently unconcerned that our camp had almost been overrun. With part of another party holding the picket line, I withdrew our party closer to camp and allowed everyone to finally get a real chance to eat and have a little downtime. Around 7:00, Lt. Cross held an officers meeting to establish a picket schedule. The 99th IN would have the last shift, ending at 6:00 AM, and at that same time our party would conduct another probing action against the militia line. After some lighthearted conversation around our cook fire, we bedded down for the night.

Around 5:00 on Sunday morning, I was quickly shaken awake and expected here an alarm of the enemy. Instead, Pvt. Harkleroad and Sgt. Sadowski were frantically trying to extinguish part of Harkleroad's gum blanket which had

caught fire. At 5:30, I woke up our party and went to find Lt. Hays of the 99th. I was surprised to find him and his men sleeping around a fire in camp and was informed by him there was a cease fire until 6:00. I found Lt. Cross to inquire about our probing action, but he informed me that it had been cancelled, but we should establish a picket line at the field at that time. I was a bit perturbed about us not being informed of changes to plan, but carried on with our new assignment.

All was quiet on our front until about 7:00 when musket and howitzer fire could be heard from the hill where we had encountered the militia the previous day. We laughed that maybe it was the missing 3rd Division. About a half-hour later, several men in blue appeared in our front and approached our line. They informed us they were part of the 3rd Division and had been separated from the division since the previous day. They were a combined party of the 63rd and 93rd IL which delighted our party to run into fellow Illinois men. Soon, their commander, Lt. Bevard, came up and said they had been the ones skirmishing with the militia earlier. He expected the militia to pursue his party and was glad to have found us. I sent him to talk to Lt. Cross and in the meantime, the 63rd/93rd gave us their extra food for which we were thrilled to receive.

Lt. Bevard returned saying that Lt. Cross had instructed our combined force to act as the rear guard for the division when it pulled out around 8:00. Around that time, a few cavalry appeared across the field from us and they were soon joined by militia who commenced building breastworks. Not wanting give them time to get well entrenched, Lt. Bevard and I agreed to attack them. Our party pressed forward on the left side of the road while Lt. Bevard with the bulk of his force moved forward on the right. We were immediately engaged by the militia and cavalry which now appeared in greater force than expected. Our sortie was checked about half way across the field and could go no farther. Pvt. Casella was wounded in the field and several men attempted to reach him, but the militia kept us pinned behind our cover. After about fifteen minutes, Lt. Bevard, fearing their cavalry might flank us, ordered a retreat and we were forced to leave Casella behind to be captured by the militia.

Our division began moving back to rejoin Uncle Billy's column and were followed at the rear guard. The party seemed a bit down after our loss, but everyone was grateful to finally have food in his haversack. Our guide, Joe, showed us the way and shared a few songs he had learned while working on a few ships as a slave. Sgt. Sadowski then added with "The Battle Cry of Freedom" which was joined in by many in our party. This lifted the spirits and lightened the step of all and before long, we found the 15th Michigan party upon our arrival back at our original starting point. With that, our foraging was completed.

Respectfully,
Aaron Hooks, Lt
116th ILL. Vols.

REPORT OF THE 99th INDIANA

The 99th Indiana arrived at the staging area Friday November 13th. Present for duty was one officer, one sergeant, two corporals and nineteen privates. My company was placed into a battalion under the command of Captain Schneider of the 54th Ohio Infantry. The other companies of the foraging party were the 48th Illinois Infantry, 116 Illinois Infantry, 15th Michigan Infantry, and the 30th Ohio Infantry, all from the 2nd division, bringing the total of companies in our battalion to six companies. Two other battalions were formed one each from the First and Third division's of our Corps.

After being issued a meager ration of one small piece of meat for every four men, the column moved out at 9:30PM. After moving about a mile through some thick woods, we were fired upon by enemy skirmishers on our left. My company was ordered to advance up the ridge with the remainder of the battalion moving up behind me. The terrain was difficult to advance over, as there were several rock outcropping and a deep ravine that divided my company into two parts in the dark. Halting my company about halfway up the ridge, I was able to reform my company, and advanced up to the battalion line along a road running up the ridge. All the companies by this time had become disorganized, and took time to reform. Orders were given to make camp along the line of battle, with pickets deployed to our front.

The following morning the column moved back down the ridge to the River Road. By this time the Flint river was beginning to flood, covering the road we were to move down. The First division was ordered back up the ridges they had just come down, the other two divisions moved down the road that was beginning to flood. As the road flooded the column was forced to move half way up the ridge and back down several times. It would take our column more than two hours to move about one mile. During this movement we could hear several sharp skirmishes to our front, involving the first division that was able to move well in advance of us do to the terrain they encountered. Finally the order was given to move the column up the ridge, to a source of water located at a cross road at the top of the hill, at times involved climbing up cliffs. During this movement our company moved to the front of the column, where I deployed skirmishes to the front. Being the first company to the water source I ordered my men to fill their canteens half full. Unfortunately this source of water quickly ran dry, resulting in more than half the companies not being able to refill their canteens. I would discover within the hour, that the road were now on was the same road we had camped on the night before. It is inexcusable to have our column move along the river knowing the river was flooded, when a dry road was available along the ridge to our left.

From here our division moved down the left road, while the third division was order back down the hill they just climbed. We moved about a half mile to an intersection. By this time all discipline to the column had dissolved. Captain Schneider, with his company and the 30th Ohio company had moved well to the front, and became hopelessly lost. 1st Lieutenant Cross, 48th Illinois Infantry, who would assume command of the division, ordered us back the road we had just traveled. At this time Lt. Cross was presented a map of the area. He proclaimed that is was nothing more than a piece of paper with line on it.

We moved back to the now depleted water source, and took the second road, with my company in front. After a mile we came to a clearing, with two small cabins, a number of civilians and large quantities of food. All discipline was again lost as the men in the column broke ranks in the rush for the food. This was the first food for

over twenty-four hours for the majority of the men. After about ten minutes, I was able to regain control of my company, and deployed a picket line to our front. Two escaped prisoners were found at this time. One of the men told me that a local family had been hiding him, for a few weeks, and drew me a map of the area, that confirmed the map I had seen earlier, as being authentic. About this time some Confederate Cavalry escorting four federal prisoners from the first division who were captured earlier in the day ran into my picket line, and were driven off, allowing the federals to escape. I learned that two companies from the first division had been captured earlier in the day.

Lieutenant Hooks of the 116 Illinois Infantry, at this time deployed his company on the picket line, relieving my company to begin setting camp for the night. In a short time, Lieutenant Hooks picket line, was attacked by a force of Confederates. I formed my company and moved to his aid, and was able to drive the Confederates down the hill. Wanting to determine the strength of the enemy, the two companies moved down the hill, with the 116 Illinois Infantry deployed as skirmishers to the front and my company acting as the main battle line. At a cross road at the bottom of the hill we engaged the enemy in a sharp fire fight. The enemy consisted of at least a company of militia, entrenched along the top of the ridge, supported by at least one gun and a company of regular cavalry. I was able to identify the gun as a bronze gun. We withdrew back to the top of the hill, and I returned my company to camp.

Back at camp I would find the few men I ordered to remain back preparing our dinner for the night. We had found two chickens. One was killed for dinner. About this time men of the First Missouri from the first division, set fire to one of the cabins. Later men from this company led by their officer attempted to raid our forage, as they had not found much forage, and we seemed to have the lions share of food. I found this company to be a rather despicable lot of men. Later in the day two companies from the third division that had fared far worse than us made their way into camp, and we gave up some of our rations to these men. Half of the third division was lost, and would not return until the following day. The confederates would make one strong push against us this evening, but were driven back.

The night passed with out incident. The next morning a member of the First Missouri set fire to the remaining cabin, in direct violation of General Sherman's order to not destroy any home occupied by civilians. Fortunately this fire was quickly extinguished. The column was formed and returned to camp, with Lieutenant Hooks and his company acting as a rear guard. The 99th Indiana suffered no casualties during this expedition.

As for this event, I enjoyed the event. It offered me a challenge that I enjoyed.

That said there were several problems with this event. The most important was the lack of water. Water was often not placed where the guides were told it would be placed, and when it was it was inadequate. Second, was the inability of the event organizers to adapt to the environment. When the river road was flooded, they should have moved the column along the ridge road. This would not have affected the event greatly, and would have reduced the problems that were encountered. All division commanders should have been provided with a map of the area. On the good, the food was very good, and in good quantities if we had been allowed to look for it. The cabins were well done.

Your servant,
1st Lieutenant Jefferson R Hayes
99th Indiana/Liberty Rifles



**28TH MASS. CO.B.
2009 SUMMARY**

Dear 3rd USV Friends,

The 28th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Company B's 2009 campaign season is nearing conclusion and I have the honor to report regarding the military efforts and patriotic service performed by the Company Officers and men. We were honored to be named the Civil War Preservation Trust (CWPT) Re-Enactment unit of the Year for 2008.

The 28th MVI, Co B designated 8 Primary events and 4 secondary events in 2009. Primary events included Company "Spring Drill" and the battle reenactments of New Market (145th), Fort Allegheny, Cedar Creek (145th), and (upcoming) Fredericksburg (147th). (We were disappointed at the late cancellation of the 145th Spotsylvania event, as were so many others). Unit members marched in honor of Saint Patrick (Alexandria) and for Remembrance Day in Gettysburg. We joined the 8th Connecticut Volunteers at Chatham in June, serving under their tyrannical Colonel. We portrayed Federal soldiers hailing from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and, of course, Massachusetts. Attendance was strong across these events as on average, the 28th MVI Co B fielded roughly 25 men per event.

Secondary events were also well subscribed. We made a movie with the Central Virginia Battlefield Trust to support Preservation in Virginia. We organized Living Histories at Cherry Hill and Vienna, VA. We additionally had a contingent with the 15th Michigan and "marched through Georgia" in the immersion event "Bummers" (recognizing the 145th anniversary of the Start of Sherman's March to the Sea). Attendance at these secondary events averaged roughly

10 soldiers and civilians. Many members also individually did Living History events for local groups and participated in other events.

Since the 2008 report, Company B mourned the loss of two mainstays: Father Mike Kelly (1955-2008) and Jeff Jernegan (1949-2009). Both are deeply missed—taken from our ranks too soon, they are ever present in heart and memory.

The 28th MVI, Co B was well served in its military cadre, with Captain Steve Hane, 1st Lt John Tuohy providing able leadership. The Company rolls include approximately 50 paid military members, 95%+ of which participated in an at least one event this year, with the average being four. The ability to muster large contingents and steady participation is a testament to the quality of the cadre's leadership. The Company also gained at least 4 and possibly 6 new members whose participation is not reflected in the above statistics. Unit Health is good!

The 28th MVI, Co B is proud of its association with the 3d Regiment of the USV and feels that the goals of the two organizations are happily aligned. Without fail, an event subscribed to by the 3d USV is successful and safe, historically accurate and fun. The 28th Mass Co B also very much enjoys its interactions with our brother Companies in the Regiment...and looks forward to continued involvement on 2010 and beyond.

All in all, a great year amongst many friends, old and new, in 2009. 2010 here we come...we'll be in Richmond for sure. (Meet me at the Spotswood Hotel and order me dinner).

Y.O.S.,
Jerry Lynes, 1st Sergt



IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.



**28TH MASS, CO. B.
SELECTED AS THE CWPT
REENACTMENT UNIT OF THE
YEAR!**

Ladies and Gentlemen of Co B:

I have just received a letter from the CWPT announcing the selection of Co B, 28th Mass as recipient of the 2009 Reenactment Unit of the Year Award. The award will be presented at the CWPT's 10th annual awards ceremony and dinner in Gettysburg, PA on Saturday, June 6, 2009. Co B is invited to send a representative and guest who are also invited to attend any of the conference sessions (fees waived). The board has agreed to Co B being represented by myself and Steve Hane at the meeting.

While we have little information about the nomination and selection process, Co B's long history of association with Fredericksburg, your recent efforts on the related filming, etc are clearly behind this recognition. Well done all!

Also, if you have not already heard, Co B was this year recognized as the Best Historical Unit in St Alexandria's St Patrick's Day parade (may the force be with you!).

In connection with the CWPT award – members of the board suggested a quick survey of Co B members to identify how many of us are also members of the Civil War Preservation Trust. I am a member and I commend this organization to any and all Civil War reenactors. Their

website, www.civilwar.org has a great animated presentation on the Battles of Chantilly and Fredericksburg.

Robert A. Mosher
Chairman, Company B
[28th Massachusetts Volunteers](http://www.28thmassvolunteers.org)

Robert's email reminded me that I have been remiss in getting the word out regarding Robert and my recent trip up to Gettysburg for the annual CWPT representing the company to receive our award as Reenactor Unit of the Year. Both of us have been very busy the last couple of weeks.

We did receive our award at the dinner on Saturday June 6th. It will make a fine addition to our numerous parade awards. We had the pleasure of touring with noted historians on Friday and Saturday in 8+ hour tours that focused on specific aspects of the Battle of Gettysburg. Mine included Lee's Retreat, which took us all the way from Seminary Ridge following end of Longstreet's assault to Falling Waters where Lee's army crossed the Potomac into Northern VA. The next day I toured sites of the aftermath that focused largely on hospitals that cared for the injured in the days and months following the battle including Camp Letterman, the general hospital established on York Rd. where the Giant grocery store now stands. We wrapped up this final tour at the national cemetery that is "ground zero" for Civil War preservation when in the weeks and months following the battle land was procured for a permanent memorial to those who fell and fought there.

It was a humbling detailed look into the reality that was the battle's aftermath. It was refreshing to hear that CWPT is doing well financially even in these tough times. They are growing rather than shrinking. At the same time it was interested in seeing a different group of Civil War enthusiasts. These folks are by and large, not reenactors, but nevertheless passionate about understanding and preserving the memory of this conflict.

We are fortunate that such preservationists exist and can come together to make arrangements to purchase critical pieces of land such as Slaughter Pen Farm so that we may have a place to remember and reenact for years to come. For many years I think the preservationists and reenactors have been on parallel but often not adjoining paths. I sense that

perhaps this award is a way from CWPT to begin bridging that gap.

Steve Hane

**BATTLEFIELD
PRESERVATION
Oversights of the Walmart Site.**

The proposed Wilderness Wal-Mart has evoked a national response reminiscent of the Manassas-Disney controversy. The weight of many prominent individuals, organizations and politicians has made certain that the magnitude of this decision is doesn't go unnoticed. The residents of Orange should be honored that this nation has rallied against the proposal, not because of the retail behemoth but due to the inimitable character of Orange County which makes the proposal so glaringly converse. However, few have stepped back to assess some basic planning principles in question. It is my goal not to ignore the battlefield, proximity of other Wal-Mart stores, or point towards Central Park but instead I seek to highlight other factors.

Proponents of the superstore have cited the 300 jobs and \$500,000 in annual tax revenue as benefits of the project. Before rallying behind these numbers we must better understand by whom the jobs are needed and if this projected revenue will benefit the county or at least pay for the expenses incurred by its acceptance.

Wal-Mart superstores are infamous for their "rollback" pricing. The impact of their stores upon local economies is also familiar and requires no introduction. However what does require an introduction are the existing jobs and businesses within the county which will be forced to compete with the global superpower. The Census Bureau's County Business Patterns show just over one hundred businesses which deal in the same retail trades. This includes Orange's automotive parts and repair stores, furniture shops, electronic, hardware, lawn and garden supply stores, food stores, pharmacies, etc. These one hundred businesses employ over 900 people in these retail trades whose jobs will be in jeopardy once Wal-Mart moves in.

The number of jobs which will be provided by this store as well as other future pad sites need to be compared to the number of the county's unemployed and its attributes. The US Census Bureau's most recent survey estimates that 615 people are

unemployed in the county. The census also reports that of eligible workers age 16 and up, 821 people commuted in other ways than personal automobile. Furthermore there were 496 people without vehicles. There is a distinct correlation between the unemployed, availability of automobiles and distance between home and job which needs to be further evaluated by these public officials.

According to the current Orange County Comprehensive Plan there are commercial lots located adjacent to the towns of Orange and Gordonsville. These sites exist to service commercial uses as well as the residents. The existing infrastructure of these sites being within close proximity to larger populations would alleviate commuting concerns as well as extension of utilities and other forms of infrastructure which are inherent with the Wilderness site.

The Orange Board of Supervisors prior to approval must consider the costs which will burden the residents of Orange. By utilizing statistics in the 2005 Orange County Comprehensive Plan, it can be seen that traffic from 1999 to 2004 for the intersection increased by over 6,100 trips. With increased trips, as well as future developments the county must prepare to improve and amend the current road system at the intersection. The Virginia Department of Transportation's latest estimate was that one mile of 'Primary Road' cost \$768,627. In addition, the miles driven between 2001 and 2003 by law enforcement officers increased by over 21,000. It is logically expected that increases in retail and parking space as well as in travel will demand more from these officers. It is obvious that with a larger intersection, road maintenance, increases in police power, and utilities extension will be inherent burdens which will far exceed the projected \$500,000 increase in tax revenues.

Finally such a development is completely contradictory to the 2005 Comprehensive Plan, which was voted on and adopted by Orange County residents. A comprehensive plan is the physical manifestation of the goals and visions set forth by residents for the future of their community. This plan offered goals such as this which sought to, "Shield the rural character of the county from the undesirable effects of uncontrolled growth, thereby preserving the unique and distinguishing

characteristics of Orange County." The local economy was also considered over numerous pages. The county adopted the plan which sought to, "Provide a variety of employment opportunities that are compatible with the environment and resources of the county that would be economically beneficial to both residents and the local economy." These vision statements were reinforced by a series of statistics and objectives that sought to maintain the social, economic and predominately agrarian nature of the county.

It is obvious to this student of regional planning and historic preservation that this proposal carries a large financial burden alongside a plethora of negative consequences. These figures and statistics are drawn from publicly available and unbiased sources of county and federal provenance. It took very little time to pull together these facts highlighting the poor nature of this proposal. It is obvious that these elected officials have not even minimally committed themselves prior to rendering a decision that will affect the county and its residents for perpetuity.

Drew A. Gruber
Masters Student,
Urban and Regional Planning.VCU
Bachelors, Historic Preservation. UMW



BOY SCOUT CIVIL WAR EVENT
Greetings all:
The Boy Scouts in the Central New Jersey Council are planning their Civil War Weekend again this year September 25-29, 2009 at the Teetertown Preserve in Lebanon, NJ. I've been working with the Boy Scouts on this event since 2000. It has evolved much since then, but basically we train the scouts in drill and other Civil War era history. For those who might know what a traditional scouting event is like, this is not one. The scouts form companies

and then fall in with their battalions. We, the reenactors run the program for the weekend. We start Friday night and are finished by 11 AM Sunday morning. Many only show up for Saturday (are finished by 5 PM).

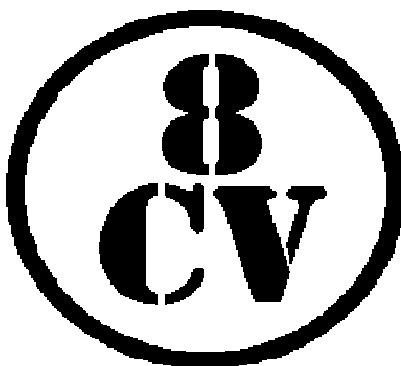
The site is an old farm with many of the original buildings still around and is currently a Hunterdon County park. The park ranger is extremely reenactor friendly; we get everything we want. This year we are going to have our first period cooking contest and the reenactors are to be the judges. I've had plenty of scout food from these period events and it is usually much better than what we cook, so you should have no fear eating their food.

This is a fun event, very laid back and you do pretty much what you would like. I'm the Union Adjutant General at this event so I can make special arrangements if you need them. In the past we have done living histories, skirmishes, firing demonstrations and cooking demonstrations among other things. There is no registration fee for this event. If you would like to come, either as a unit, a mess or an individual, let me know so we can expect you.

Glen Jones, 43NY

weekend pre-registrations are not known at this writing.

During the recent battle of Monacacy fresh fish Pvt. Benjamin Robitzer and 1st Sgt. Gandy were separated from the unit and wondered helplessly through the wilderness only to be found alive and well by Early's main force. However, Pvt. Robitzer was baptized by fire and saw the elephant during the assault of Ft. Stevens where he died valiantly, ending the Valley Campaign for the 43rd NC.



**CCWRT ANTIETAM NPS
PRESERVATION WORK PARTY
April 16-18, 2009**

Dear Friends,

It is my honor to report on the recent activities of the Eighth Conn Vols, our friends and supporters, and the Connecticut Civil War Round Table. It is an annual pilgrimage to the Antietam National Battlefield Park in Sharpsburg, Maryland for a week of preservation volunteer work.

Most of our contribution traveled on Wednesday, and arrived at the Shepards Springs church camp in the late afternoon. We took up residence in a fine cabin appointed with ten bunks, sinks, and a good view of the woods and the secluded area. We were located just off the Potomac river, along the C & O canal, and very pleasant surrounding in the outskirts of the town proper. We arrived in just enough time to share in the community supper of beef and rice stew. It was a little drizzle coming down, so the hot stew hit the spot.

We retired for the evening and got ready for the big work day.

Thursday morning came, and we got to the local store for some coffee and breakfast, then went to the Poffenburger farm for assignments. The 8CV contingent were sent over to the Roulette lane. At that location we set to clearing at least an acre of old growth long standing trees from the corner of the two lanes. This will open the view shed so that all viewing the ground from near and far can see the true lay of the land, and not be confused by tree lines and blocks that were not there on that historic battle day. Hard work indeed. After our dismissal, we visited the Roulette farm, their famous spring house, the barns, with caissons and cannons, and reviewed the success of our clear cutting the previous year between the Roulette and Mumma farms.

The day ended, and we crawled back to the camp, cleaned up some, and proceeded to try to find an establishment in the locale to get some supper. It proved a daunting task, as we were guided to Boonesboro via the Hagerstown side, and passing the state prisons, and all, found that the intended sight was a vacant lot. We proceeded into Boonsboro proper and ate at the first available fare, then headed back to camp once more. We spent another pleasant evening, and awoke early again.

Friday morning found us once more at Roulette's lane, and cutting, dragging, and piling trees. hacking, cutting, and removing fences, and altogether, clearing a jungle thick area. The work day went fast, and ended around 4.00 o'clock.

We on our little crew, determined to hike to Snavely's Ford, and return via the left flank fields of the battle, tracing the path of the 8CV and visiting and honoring their monument. It was a revealing experience, as the historic maneuvers of the 8CV were made even clearer to us for the on the ground experience.

That evening we shared a cookout with the rest of the CCWRT folks, and pitched into a very sizable card tournament in the cabin, with Set Back being the game of the night, and teams swapping in and out of the competition.

We got to Saturday morning with a rendezvous at the Poffenburger farm once more. This morning our 8CV band was assigned to plant new trees in the East Woods. We arrived there and with shovels and hands, planted black locusts into the



**Spring Newsletter
Camp York, Penna.
April 22, 2009**

The Company's muster roll for 2009 shows 1 Commissioned Officer, 3 Noncommissioned Officers, 7 enlisted, and 3 AWL (emeritus), 14 total down from 20 in the previous year. The number of officers and enlisted men missing, wounded or killed in 2008 was 6, total. However, company event pre-registrations remain strong at 7, 6, 7, and 6 for Neshaminy, New Market, Gettysburg, and Cedar Creek, respectively. Living history

expanding woods, planted oaks in between, and planted dogwoods along the edges.

That afternoon, all of the Connecticut workers adjourned to the National Cemetery, and attended a ceremony that honored the Connecticut men buried there by having the women sprinkle Connecticut soil on their graves, and adopt them as honored sons.

Saturday evening we were invited to a one time experience. We had a supper program served to us in the Mumma barn that represented all the favorite foods of President Abraham Lincoln. The meal started off with summer sausages, cheese, apples, and biscuits. These were the favorite pocket foods of Lincoln. The first course was a salad topped with citrus fruits, a great treat to Lincoln in the White House. The main course was Chicken Fricasse, boiled root vegetables, wild rice, and pickled okra. These again were his favorites. Dessert was Mary Lincoln's own almond cake. It was a hit with Lincoln, and with all of us there. Looking out over the battlefield from the barn doors was sublime. The panorama experience was not to be forgotten.

Some of our boys left the supper, and walked in the dark to the bloody lane. Others returned to camp, where we all ended the trip and the efforts with a grand evening of fun and friends. We awoke early Sunday morning, got breakfast at the market, and went our own ways, getting the cars back to the Nutmeg State.

It must be noted that the several other projects conducted by the CCWRT this work week were to rebuild the Poffenberger's lane, to place battens on the coping of the Burnside bridge, and to do extensive restoration work to the Rostrum in the National Cemetery.

It simply must be noted that it is my and I assume all our honor to have such a hospitable and warm reception to our efforts by the staff of the NPS at Antietam. This cooperation and singleness of cause is a breath of fresh air in this modern world. We humbly thank all the people of the NPS and the CCWRT for including us in this joy. This is a life changing experience for all that participate, and there are life long friends being made at every turn. For this I humbly thank you all for letting us be part of it. It never gets better than this.

Your humble servant,
Kim



**FT. TRUMBULL,
NEW LONDON, CONN.
July 18-19, 2009**

Dear Friends,

All is well with the boys of the Eighth and all our best friends in the service of the Nutmeg State. We were recently detailed to Fort Trumbull here overlooking the New London harbor, and adjacent to the old mirror Revolutionary Fort Griswold across the Thames River. The views from the grounds and the fort are all New England, and we are pleased and honored to be here to enjoy them.

We were ordered here in preparation for receiving and instructing the 1863 draftees and substitutes that we would be conducting back to the seat of war to swell our old ranks. In addition to this detail, we were to be honored by a visit from the Governor of Connecticut, William Buckingham, and the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. This is one of the three state wide living history celebrations of the 200th anniversary of

Lincoln's birth. The State of Connecticut, the Connecticut Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial Commission, the Connecticut Civil War Round Table, and living history organizations coordinate and sponsor these events across our state this year.

Upon arriving after questionable weather prevailed across the inland portions of the state, to discover that New London has a natural knack of avoiding severe weather, we were all very pleased to find that the parade ground at the fort was still dry and that our camp went up first rate. We were joined by many friends, including the 2CHA, 8CV, 11CV, 14CV to swell the battalion ranks. The evening was spent in good company and good weather. It rained some in the night but no discomfort was had.

The morning brought more good weather, although the trains running east from the rest of the state were well delayed by severe rains. These conditions delayed some from arriving at the fort, and indeed delayed the President's arrival. Governor Buckingham, having but a short jump down from Norwich was on site early, and his pleasant intercourse and kind messages buoyed the troops along until the President's arrival.

The arrival of both the Governor and the President were separately honored by the escort of the battalion from the foot of the street, across the property, into the fort, and both were kind enough to address the assembled troops. The Governor in his remarks impressed all there with his dedication and commitment to the troops he was sending to the seat of war, in material, pay, and support. The President also reviewed and inspected the troops, and the boys were so pleased with his kind words of encouragement. There was a small dinner prepared and offered for the dignitaries in our camp, but few attended, thus left the finest meal of chicken and rice to the boys in the ranks.

The afternoon brought a large public demonstration of the operations of the battalion, jointly conducted by the officers of the 2CHA, 8CV, 11CV, and 14CV. The citizens were well impressed, and very supportive of our humble band of representatives from the Army from the Nutmeg state. The President made a few public speeches, there were demonstrations by our Army surgeon, the US Christian Commission, and many more. As the day

wore on, the heat began to climb, and the humidity was thick.

There was a short surprise when two secesh soldiers tried to approach the fort, most probably spies. They were quickly apprehended, and put in the fort jail. It turned out that they were both quite sick, and so they were sent to the surgeon for examination. Of course, the surgeon was disgusted with them and their condition, and refused to examine them until they were calmed and cleaned. Once he did, he treated them with compassion and left them in the custody of the provost.

After the excitement waned, and the fort was closed to the public, we commenced to get up some rations. There was an iron chef competition between our Hal and Don. Hal concocted a fine fish soup, with catfish, oysters, shrimp, potato, celery, peppers. Don got up a fine pork lion boil of pork, broth, onions, mushrooms. Well, when the competition was delivered, every morsel was consumed, every man was satiated, and the event was declared a tie. There was nothing to clean up, as all was hidden away in the bellies of the happy men.

Our own Pvt. Payne, long since lost to the prisons of the south, had somehow determined to escape, and reported to duty here at the fort. He was able to bring along several desired souvenirs from the trip north, mostly from the Pottsville region, and was cheered by our friends for his efforts.

The evening brought to the ramparts of the fort, the views of many illuminations and fireworks that were being consumed to the east in Niantic bay. We could plainly see them, and sometimes hear them from the east side of the fort. After they were done, we retired back to the camp on the parade ground, and started a good night's rest.

Sunday morning brought an easy duty, where we were posting guards around the perimeter of the property. It seems that some rabid secesh had made his way north, and was harassing the guard. One was wounded before the orders to sweep him in were given. There must have been some lack of vigilance to let him get so close, but he was captured in due time. He was tied to a tree, and questioned at length. The most extraordinary thing happened next. Our headquarters received orders to release the prisoner immediately and unconditionally. Many of the garrison were incensed, but the orders were completed.

Yet in no time, the harassment resumed, and so the rebel was caught once more. This time, he was offered to sign an oath of allegiance, which he did, and he was untied and welcomed to the ranks. Yet, once more, the maniac went on the offensive, stole the headquarters order book, and tried to escape once more. He was apprehended, and executed by the guard.

During these trials, there were several citizens at the fort, and one man and woman were kind enough to minister to the wounded in the heat of the confusion. The husband told me after, "She told me we were off to church and a picnic. Imagine, church and a picnic!"

The boys in blue and one in gray conducted another extensive public demonstration of the military customs, manual of arms, firings, and drill. Many questions and concerns were addressed, and the citizens of the state of Connecticut were left with the full satisfaction that the volunteers of the state were making every effort to protect them, the State, and the Union! We concluded with many thanks to Don and all the contributors for their efforts that made the event possible.

Please join me in thanking all the organizers of this event, the supporters of this event, our reenactor friends, the CALBC, the CCWRT, the dignitary portrayers, and most of all, the staff of Fort Trumbull State Park for their support and hospitality. It was an honor and privilege to be invited to make this event a great success.

Your humble servant,
Seth.



A FOOTBORE STRAGGLER.



FORT McCLARY, MAINE

Hello all,

I just wanted to send out some preliminary info for the August 21-23 event at Fort McClary in Kittery, Maine. This year, after some deliberation and brainstorming, the idea came up of doing an 1860 or 1864 election event with the following features:

1. The militia would be called out to ensure peace at the rally. One or two on sentry duty, the others with their gear at the cannon
2. US Regulars are there to update the militia on artillery and rifled muskets. They have their faux barracks inside the blockhouse
3. A polling tent-fly with members of the anti-slavery movement seeking donations and taking a poll on votes - a polling box - paperwork - people that enter their name get a support ribbon pinned upon them
4. If a donation is given - they get to step beyond a rope and "STAB A SLAVER" effigy hanging nearby (we would need to make an effigy-this could be really fun though!)
5. A militia recruitment tent-fly, an officer and sergeant recruiting visitors based off period specifications
6. A refreshment tent-fly, with lemonade and treats, all donations to Lincoln's party
7. A stump speech by the militia officer wanting to let the southerners go on their own if they wish - Maine Militia will not go to fight on southern soil
8. A kids 10 pin bowling area - the ball is painted red with the word "Union" on it - the pins painted black with ten southern states names on it
9. Music - Mark Hilliard on the fiddle and someone on guitar make the atmosphere festive
10. Two musket demonstrations on Saturday and one on Sunday
11. A southern born worker at the Navy

Attention Battalion!

yard stump speeches about Lincoln's election - should vote for a democrat

This would be primarily a third-person event though with some availability for those who wish to do some first person stuff (stump speeches and the like) and could be a really fun setup both for us and the public. It also allows us the opportunity to make some unique decorations in the line of campaign banners and flags for those who wish to get creative (I already have a small Lincoln/Hamlin flag that I made for work).

Please let me know what folks think of this idea and if it gets a favorable review, I will put out the word for it to move forward. Hope everyone is doing well and hope to see everyone soon!

Cheers,
Mark Bingham

DREWRY'S BLUFF NPS

Hey all,

I want to thank the approximate 16-17 participants of the Drewry's Bluff living history this past weekend. As I stated to the group, it is hard for me to get away as much because of my museum schedule, so when I have a chance to hang with so many fun, quality, and eager individuals, it warms my heart.

Drewry's Bluff was an awesome fort and complex, historically, seeing a few different engagements, most notably with the USS Monitor in 1862. The nearby 1864 battles were quite bloody and significant but lesser known. We helped in promoting that history.

We had 13 men (1 sergeant 1 corporal, 10-11 privates) under arms and 4 civilian refugees (1 man, 3 ladies)

The event was supposed to be a low key living history to replace the poopooed Petersburg one, and we did a great job helping Richmond National Battlefield who usually need more help than other sites. Our goal was interpret 1864 Confederate infantry, specifically a detachment of the 41st Alabama, and we did that. They wanted us to interpret how the soldier lived his daily routine and how fortifications played a part in combat and we did that by making a few gabions. The boys did a bang up job as for many it was their first time making them. It is hard work as they learned.

The Saturday schedule was 10-12 making gabions, 12-1 a stout lunch of rice, bacon, and onions, then 130-230 camp exploration

and rest, 230-5pm we did rotations of camp guards, camp interpreters, and soldiers in kit stations for the public.

The camp guards did a fantastic job of greeting people and introducing them to what was at hand. Our camp interpreters made sense of all the blankets and gear all over the ground, and our soldiers in kit guys explained how they would wear everything. Thanks to the Luks for the flag, as it brought a color and flash to our environment.

Inside the fort was some detachments of sailors and heavy artillery and they did their thing, too.

The 135 people got a great deal from the small groups present, if but nothing of a glance. Many were guided through our stations and asked great questions.

Thanks to Paul B. and the others for the great tools.

Our last element which proved successful was the refugee station. Ed Saunders, our NPS ranger, stated in planning the event that there was no allowance or thought of women in the scenarios but since we came on late, he would try it out and put his trust in us. He was tentative of the thought of incorporating refugees (I am not sure he knew what we were going to do), but our ladies did a good job in doing their fair shake at the program when no other women were allowed. The ladies, Kathryn, Sally, and Jenny were a portion that women visitors could wrap their heads around, and the men as well.

Thank you to the Virginia ladies for "being hired" by the Alabamians to cook our soldiers rations and forage on Saturday.

Saturday night was rather cool, dipping to around 50 degrees, but all were in good spirits. Sunday was even more relaxed as many had to leave by late morning. We set up an interpreting station where we had our constructed gabions and our kits on display. It all worked.

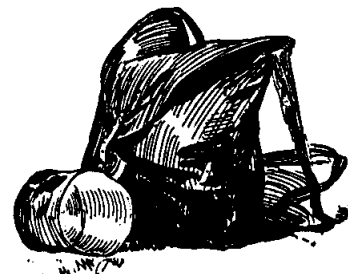
Thanks to Kevin, Jason, and Kyle for staying around to the last.

This event put our group on the park's good graces and I believe this could spring board us into a proposed idea of portraying the Florida Brigade at Cold Harbor next year.

So, in summary, we did a great job helping out our NPS friends and further established our reputation in Richmond. The cosmetic fixes we need to make our improvements to accuracy by ridding our camps of modern cigs. We need to make

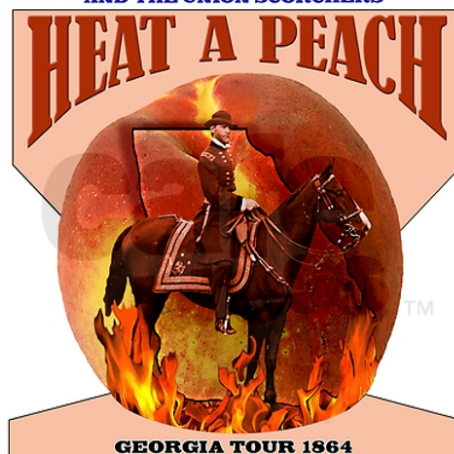
sure we can drink but still get up and function in the morning. We demonstrated that the military and the civilians can co-exist at these events and share in the programs.

Cheers, John Daniel Pagano
Act'g. Sergeant
Drewry's Bluff LH Event



A HAVERSACK AND DIPPER.

GEN. Wm. T SHERMAN AND THE UNION SCORCHERS



HEAT A PEACH GEN. Wm. T SHERMAN AND THE UNION SCORCHERS



<http://t-shirts.cafepress.com/item/gen-sherman-heat-a-peach-ash-grey-tshirt/76326167>

CIVIL WAR PRESERVATION TRUST*Saving America's Civil War Battlefields***Theodore Sedgwick**
*Chairman***James Lighthizer**
President

April 27, 2009

Mr. Robert A. Mosher, Chairman
Company B 28th Massachusetts Volunteers
3306 Little Falls Road
Arlington, VA 22213

Dear Mr. Mosher:

The Civil War Preservation Trust (CWPT) is pleased to announce that we will be presenting your organization with the 2009 Reenactment Unit of the Year Award.

In conjunction with our annual conference -- held this year in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania -- the award will be presented at CWPT's 10th annual awards ceremony and dinner banquet on Saturday, June 6, 2009. The event will begin at 6:30 p.m. in the ballroom of the Wyndham Gettysburg Hotel. Dress for the event is business attire. Additionally, you and a guest are welcome to attend any of the conference tours and events taking place June 4-7, 2009. The full conference schedule can be found online at <http://www.civilwar.org/annualconference>.

Please notify Bonnie Repasi, Events Coordinator, if you plan on attending the banquet and/or would like to attend any conference events. Bonnie can be reached at 202-367-1861 ext. 229, and can also answer any questions you may have regarding the conference events. Any CWPT conference fees will be waived for you and your guest. We are also happy to assist in making hotel arrangements for your stay. Please contact Bonnie with any questions.

Congratulations. It is truly an honor to present the Company B 28th Massachusetts Volunteers with the 2009 Reenactment Unit of the Year Award. I hope you will be able to send a representative to Gettysburg. I look forward to seeing you there.

Sincerely,

**O. James Lighthizer**
President**WASHINGTON OFFICE**1331 H Street NW • Suite 1001 • Washington, DC 20005
Phone: (202) 367-1861 or (800) 298-7878 • Fax: (202) 367-1865**HAGERSTOWN OFFICE**11 Public Square • Suite 200 • Hagerstown, MD 21740
Phone: (301) 665-1400 or (888) 606-1400 • Fax: (301) 665-1416