

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

Kevin M. Hale Award
for
Best Historical Newsletter
in New Jersey

September 10, 2020 The Civil War: April 12, 1861 - August 20, 1866

“Embattled Freedom: Journeys through the Civil War’s Slave Refugee Camps”



Amy Murrell Taylor

Join us at **7:15 PM on Thursday, September 10th on Zoom**. This month’s topic is **“Embattled Freedom: Journeys through the Civil War’s Slave Refugee Camps”**

The Civil War was just days old when the first enslaved men, women, and children began fleeing their plantations to seek refuge inside the lines of the Union army as it moved deep into the heart of the Confederacy. In the years that followed, hundreds of thousands more followed in a mass exodus from slavery that would destroy the system once and for all. Drawing on an extraordinary survey of slave refugee camps throughout the country, *Embattled Freedom* reveals as never before the everyday experiences of these refugees from slavery as they made their way through the vast landscape of army-supervised camps that emerged during the war.

Dr. Taylor’s research focuses on the social and cultural history of the U.S. South in the 19th century. Her latest book, *Embattled Freedom: Journeys through the Civil War’s Slave Refugee Camps* (UNC Press, 2018), has received multiple awards including the Merle Curti Social History Award and the Avery O. Craven Award, both from the Organization of American Historians, as well as the Tom Watson Brown Book Award from the Society of Civil War Historians, and the Nau Book Prize from the John L. Nau III Center for Civil War History. It has also been awarded the Frederick Douglass Book Prize given by the Gilder Lehrman Center for the Study of Slavery, Abolition, and Resistance, Yale

University, and was short listed for the Stone Book Award given by the Museum of African American History.

She previously examined families divided by national loyalties in *The Divided Family in Civil War America* (UNC Press, 2005). Taylor is the co-editor, with Stephen Berry, of the “UnCivil Wars” series with the University of Georgia Press, as well as an editorial advisory board member of the *Civil War Monitor* magazine and a past member of the board of editors of the *Journal of Southern History*. She is also involved in a variety of public history and historic preservation projects in central Kentucky.

Notes from the President...

As we enter our sixth month of this new reality and are still apart, it is good to know our members are doing alright with some minor issues. Our Round Table is strong and moving forward in the region and in the nation. Thank you to all who continue to support our efforts in building and sustaining this vibrant group. **Vice President Kathy Clark** is doing well in her rehab after knee surgery and will be ready to dance a jig next month. We send warm wishes to **Bob and Carol Russo, Steve Wright** and **Arene Schnaare** as they deal with medical issues. Hope to have you all back to full speed soon.

In our stream of Zoom presentations, **Kevin Levine** presented his research in a well-received presentation on the “Myth of the Black Confederates” at last month’s meeting. It led to a lively debate and book sales for Kevin. At the end of the month, our Book Night went very well, as those tuned in learned about six interesting books. Since other members have read books, we may schedule another session in the future for more to share their experiences. Remember to subscribe to our YouTube channel [Old Baldy Civil War Round Table] where you can find recordings of past presentations.

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Congratulations to honorary member, Hampton Newsome (our April presenter) on his book, "The Fight for the Old North State," which he spoke to us about, being awarded the 2020 Emerging Civil War Book Award. Our Board agreed to sponsor a Civil War Trails sign at the Ox Hill Battlefield in Virginia. You can read more about it in this newsletter. The **Michael A. Cavanaugh Book Award** committee continues to read this year's books to determine the winner as we contemplate how to present the award. Suggestions are welcomed. We will be hosting an in-person event on the afternoon of September 19th at **Paul and Susan Prentiss's** place in Marlton. Paul explains the details in this newsletter. Plan on joining us for conversation and fellowship, if you can.

Although the State of New Jersey closed Fort Mott last month, the 16th Annual Historic Soldier's Weekend will be held at the Air Victory Museum in Lumberton on September 26. **Dave Gilson** will be coordinating our display; you can find more details in this newsletter. If you miss seeing someone at our meetings, use our roster to reach out and check on them. Invite friends and family to join us on our meeting broadcast. This Fall we will be holding elections for our Board of Directors. Think about in which position you can best serve our round table, so you can be ready when the nominating committee contacts you.

Be sure to check our website for information about our upcoming programs and past issues of our award-winning newsletter. Have a good Constitution Day on the 17th. To those celebrating Rosh Hashanah, "L'shanah tovah" and Yom Kipper "Gmar hatimah tovah." Continue safe practices, exercise and eat well. Look forward to seeing your smiling faces on our Zoomcast on the 10th

Stay safe and invite a friend.

Rich Jankowski, President

Today in Civil War History

1861 Tuesday, September 10

Eastern Theater

The chaos in the Union Army makes the still firmly held belief by the populace that the rebels can be defeated in the field within two or three months unreasonable. Indeed, those in the know say that it will take the army longer to learn how to build a single pontoon bridge than the people seem to think it will take to settle the Confederacy once and for all.

1862 Wednesday, September 10

Eastern Theater

McClellan warily leads the Army of the Potomac towards Lee's encampments at Frederick. Lee's army depart the same day. Longstreet and D.H. Hill cross South Mountain and march on Hagerstown. Jackson attacks Harper's Ferry while McLaws occupies the Maryland Heights which overlook the town from the north side of the Potomac. Walker approaches from the east and seizes the Loudon Heights across the Shenandoah from Harper's Ferry. True to form,

Jackson ensures he is overheard asking about the best roads leading to Pennsylvania and few on his staff know of his real objective.

1863 Thursday, September 10

Western Theater

Bragg springs his trap but it fails to achieve any significant successes. He remains ignorant of the Federal deployment, Rosecrans' exact strength, and the lie of the land. The scattered Union divisions straggle through the densely forested terrain in happy ignorance of the huge concentration of Confederate troops close by.

1864 Saturday, September 10

Eastern Theater

Federals take Fort Hell, Virginia, capturing 90 rebels in the process. Grant telegraphs Sherman, urging him to continue his offensive. Both generals consider Hood's army to be the primary target.

A Dogged Devotion to the Colors!

By Joe Wilson, Member OBCWRT

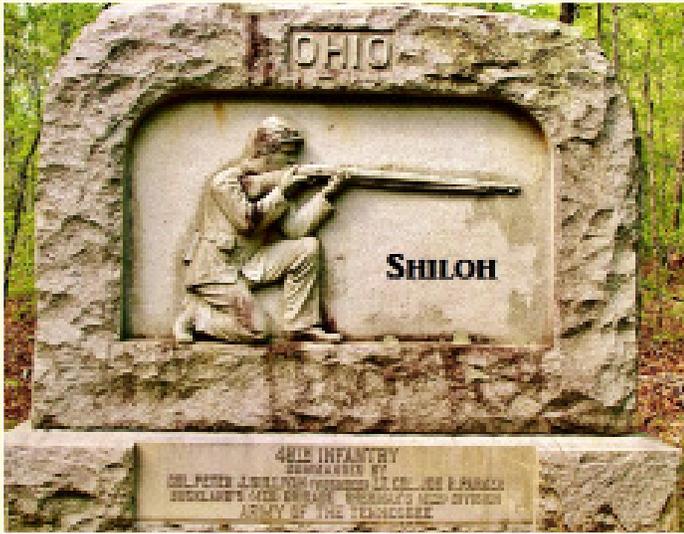
All in the regiment beamed with pride when the time had come to stand in line for the presentation of the beautiful silk regimental flag. Colonel Peter Sullivan accepted the battle flag of the 48th Ohio Volunteers that represented the honor and glory of the regiment. Now the Ohio boys felt like a unit. Soon the unfurled flag flapped in the breeze prompting wild cheers from the citizen soldiers.

Rousing speeches urged the soldiers of the 48th Ohio Infantry to protect the flag at all costs. Every man agreed it was the solemn duty of any regiment. All promised to defend the flag to the death if necessary. Officials warned that shame came to a regiment if the colors fell into the hands of the enemy. Later in the war, the Ohio boys remembered their pledge when confronted first hand with the impending disgrace of surrendering their banner.

The Buckeye troops upheld their vow to not let the colors be taken. Fulfillment of that oath gave the soldiers of the 48th Ohio regiment an unlikely story no other regiment could claim on either side of the Civil War. The flag was in good hands.

Like other northern states, patriotic fervor swept through the towns, cities, and small hamlets of Ohio. Young men came running from all corners of the state when Father Abraham issued his call to preserve the Union. Recruiting halls overflowed with eager young volunteers from all walks of life willing to lay down the tools of their trade and pick up a musket to fight for the Union.

Ohio Governor William Dennison quickly established a camp a few miles from the Ohio River to gather his troops. The 48th Ohio Volunteers came together at Camp Dennison in October of 1861 from the south west sector of Ohio. But the newly formed regiment found the business



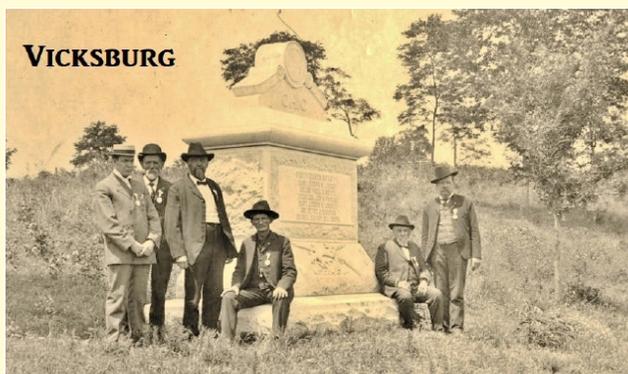
of army life more work and less soldiering. Disgruntled enlistees longed for the opportunity to put down the rebellion to escape the endless drilling and fatigue duty. Despite not having been issued any arms, the new recruits performed repetitive drilling and manual labor. The volunteers watched enviously as other troops headed out to the fighting.

Before the month of October came to a close the boys stood for inspection in impressive new blue uniforms. For the first time they felt like soldiers. But still they had no guns. The 48th Ohio regiment at last said good bye to the monotony at Camp Dennison in February, 1862. Two steamers, the Argonaut and the Hastings, waited at the dock to carry the regiment down the Ohio River into the heart of the rebellion.

At Paducah, Kentucky, on March 5th, all 930 men finally received brand new Austrian muskets. Shortly thereafter the regiment was assigned to General William Tecumseh Sherman's Division. Plans developed quickly as the 48th again boarded steamers bound for Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee. The regiment set up camp along the Tennessee River near a church locals called Shiloh.

Only 30 days after being armed with muskets, the Ohio Volunteers stood in line of battle for the first time on April 6th, 1862 at the bloody Battle of Shiloh. With little time to practice firing their newly issued arms, the raw recruits stubbornly held the line beneath their unsullied silk banner amid the crush of repeated Confederate assaults. General Sherman later praised the new regiment after the fight. With over 100 killed and wounded in the 48th Ohio Volunteers, the battle indicated what a terrible war awaited. Any romantic notion of war vanished at Shiloh.

The 48th Ohio garnered more accolades as the war progressed. At Vicksburg, the banner nearly fell into the hands of the enemy. After planting the flag on the Confederate earthworks, a sudden southern counterattack left the banner alone on the hill. Only the heroics of Corporal Isaac Carmen saved the colors from capture. "Ike" Carman dashed under heavy fire, despite a bloody bayonet wound to his



leg, to retrieve the flag. For his actions, Carmen received the Medal of Honor.

But it wasn't until 1864 that the improbable ordeal involving the silk banner of the 48th Ohio earned the regiment a glorious page in the history books. In the spring, the regiment received orders to join General Nathan Banks for his Red River campaign. In their first battle with Banks they met with disaster. At the Battle of Sabine Pass in Louisiana on April 8th, the entire regiment was captured. Nearly 200 men laid down their arms. What happened next is a matter of record.

One of the color bearers, Corporal Isaac Scott, immediately thought of the colors. His mind harkened back to the warning at Camp Dennison. The shame associated with losing the colors echoed loud and clear. Corporal Scott determined that shame had no place in the 48th Ohio. Protecting the colors now stood paramount. In an instant, the quick thinking Corporal ripped the colors from its staff and stashed the flag in a haversack. Luckily, the Confederates never saw the concealment of the flag.

After marching seven days, the foot sore and hungry Yankees arrived at the Camp Ford Stockade near Tyler, Texas. Spirits sagged for a time until the boys of the 48th learned their flag evaded capture. Morale soared as they all touched and caressed their emblem of liberty. Even the other union prisoners drew inspiration from sneaking a peek at the stars and stripes. Although locked behind the prison's four walls, the celebrated flag remained free.

Somehow the Confederate officials learned that a Union flag came into the stockade. A vigorous search ensued. But the prisoners stayed one step ahead of their captors. A hole was dug in one of the shanties and the secreted flag buried under two feet of earth. The southern soldiers tore apart shanties and poked the ground with bayonets searching for the hidden flag. No flag was found. Another search the next day also failed to detect the entombed flag. Realizing their precious colors would rot in the soil, the enterprising Ohio men had to devise another scheme. A search in camp for a competent tailor followed. The clever captives dug up the flag and sewed it into the shirt of Captain Daniel Gunsaulus. For the next 6 months the Captain walked freely among the unsuspecting Confederates with the flag safely pressed to his back in the lining of his shirt. Shouts of joy rent the air when the 48th Ohio and the other prisoners learned an exchange was imminent. Captain Gunsaulus and the rest of the 48th Ohio walked out of the Camp Tyler stockade in early October, 1864, for a grueling 5 day hike to the point of exchange on the Red River. Moving along with them on the dusty trail was the hidden colors still tucked away in the Captain's blouse.

At Shreveport, the group boarded Rebel boats for the trip down Red River to the junction with the Mississippi River. At the mouth of the river the Confederates delivered the prisoners to the Union officials in a formal exchange. A Federal agent welcomed them aboard the waiting Union ship. Men treasured being free once again. Freedom never tasted sweeter. Then other matters took precedent.

Nothing compared to the moving scene that unfolded once on board the steamer. Six months of fearing the discovery of the colors gave way to unbridled enthusiasm. Immediately upon stepping aboard ship, the Ohio boys rushed to the upper deck and violently tore apart the shirt of Captain Gunsaulus. The smiling Captain didn't mind. It had all been planned in advance.

With an already prepared pole that doubled as a walking stick on the trek from prison, the boys attached the colors to the new staff. In a frenzy, the excited ex-prisoners unfurled the silk flag and waved the liberated banner high above the steamer in a scene that touched everyone in attendance. A raucous cheer echoed along the river bank as the wind caught the flag. Celebrations engulfed the ship. Some of the former captives cheered loudly, others cried uncontrollably. Onboard the steamer, a band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The surprised crew of the Union ship rejoiced along with the freed prisoners. The colors of the 48th Ohio Volunteers never fell into the hands of the enemy. Shame never did fall on the Ohio regiment. The shrewd soldiers of the 48th bested the Confederates for six long months.

Shocked Confederates watched in disbelief from the shore. Even the Confederate agent of exchange, Captain Birchett, felt touched after observing the scene playing out before him. He later remarked that he never witnessed such a loyal display in all 4 years of the war. When the Confederate Captain returned to Camp Ford, he related the whole scenario to the remaining prisoners. The deafening cheers filled the air. The sympathetic Confederate Captain understood.

Once back in Ohio, the flag was turned over to Colonel Job Parker who assumed command of the regiment after the wounding of Colonel Peter Sullivan. After Parker's death in 1865, the flag took up residence in the Ohio Statehouse. Many regiments stood by their colors in the Civil War. But few have such a unique story as the 48th Ohio. The silk standard is the only flag to ever serve a prison term. For years to come the boys of the 48th Ohio had an exclusive and interesting story to remember in the coming reunions. The aging old veterans joyfully relived the tale as if it were yesterday. And the Ohio men happily retold the account to many delighted listeners at many future gatherings. The devoted Buckeye boys of the 48th Ohio Volunteers had a right to be proud.



And a story to tell like no other!

This war story is one of many in the writer's upcoming book, "Obscure Tales of the Civil War." Joe21@aol.com

Trails sign at Ox Hill

Civil War Trails needed a sponsor for a new sign they want to put up at the Ox Hill Battlefield in Fairfax, VA. They sent us this explanation:

"Ox Hill battlefield park is in the center of a neighborhood that speaks predominantly Spanish and Korean. In an effort to reach a new audience, one that uses the park but who cannot read the current signage CWT proposed to re-write the CWT sign in... Spanish and Korean thus allowing those people who use the park every day to understand what happened there." The sign will be reinstalled in an ADA compliant fashion.

After discussing it the Board voted to support this unique opportunity and have the Old Baldy CWRT sponsor the sign for the next year. This is the Battle where Union generals Isaac Stevens and Phillip Kearney were killed. More details will be provided in the coming month. Let your family and friends know what we are doing in preservation.

Ox Hill (Chantilly)

The Battle of Ox Hill was General Lee's last attempt to destroy Pope's Army of Virginia. His strategy was simply a continuation of what had worked well for him throughout his campaign. He would use Longstreet's Corps (Wing) to distract Pope, while Stuart's cavalry gathered intelligence and screened the movement of Jackson's Wing.



Lee's objective was to outflank Pope and control the intersection at Germantown where he could get between the Union army and Washington. If Lee was able to isolate individual units and overwhelm

them with his two Wings, He could effectively destroy Pope's entire army in a piecemeal manner. Fortunately for Pope, J.E.B. Stuart tipped Lee's hand by firing on a wagon train. [Later in the war Stuart's recklessness would once

Welcome to the new recruits

**Honorary
Kevin M. Levin**

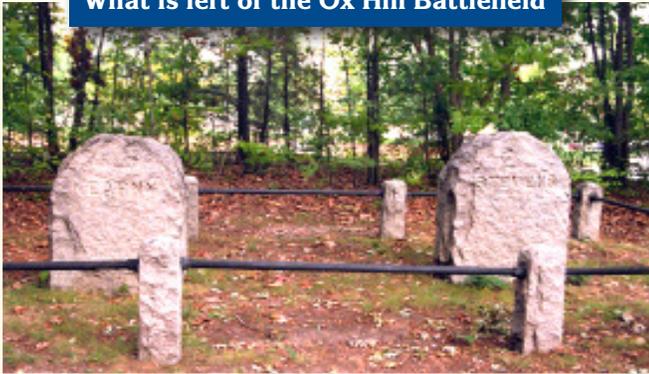


again cost Lee at the Battle of Gettysburg.]

Just as Stonewall Jackson started his attack on Germantown he was informed of General Stevens sudden appearance on his flank. Jackson's surprise was best demonstrated by how quickly he "circled the wagons" in a defensive posture. Jackson's hasty deployment also gave Stevens the opportunity to attack while Jackson's forces were somewhat disorganized. Stevens immediately capitalized on this by attacking on a narrow front with every asset available to him.

The Confederate field commanders also had to contend with limited visibility in the heavy rain and thick woods. The bad conditions not only made it difficult to maneuver and communicate, but also made it difficult to determine what Union forces they were facing. With General Kearny's arrival, the raging storm, Longstreet's delay, and the late time of day, Jackson apparently decided to stay in his defensive posture and quite literally "ride out the storm".

What is left of the Ox Hill Battlefield

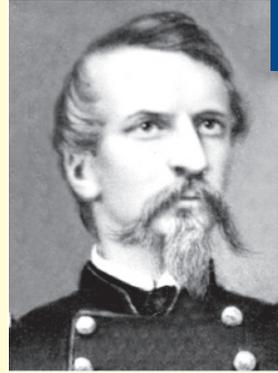


Where the bad weather was a hindrance for the Confederate commanders, it was what helped save the day for the Union troops. At least half to two-thirds of the Confederate weapons were unserviceable because of the storm. Had it not rained, the Union ranks would have been devastated by the continuous volleys of Jackson's massed brigades. Furthermore, the Confederates had no artillery support, whereas the Union troops had two battery's in action throughout most of the battle.

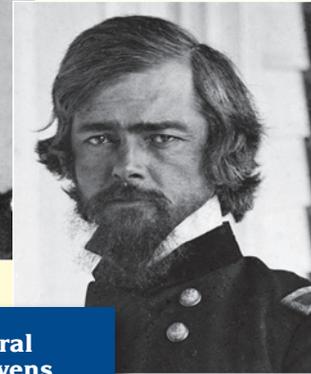
In sharp contrast to the confusion and poor performance of General Pope at the Battle of Second Manassas, General Issac Stevens knew exactly what course of action to take when he inadvertently came upon Jackson's flank. His bold actions along with General Kearny's timely arrival, not only saved the weak Germantown defenses from continued attack but also kept Pope's escape route from Centreville to Fairfax Court House open.

Because of General Steven's and Kearny's courage, nineteen Union regiments tenaciously attacked and pinned down sixty-seven Confederate regiments for over two hours (does not include Stuart's Division and Campbell's Brigade). If you add in, the defeat at Second Manassas, a raging storm, and both Steven's and Kearny's death, it is evident that these Americans... these citizen soldiers... did their duty in a remarkable fashion.

The Battle of Ox Hill ended General Lee's campaign against Pope's Army of Virginia and convinced Lee to move north. General Pope was quickly replaced by General McClellan who reorganized the dispirited troops



Major General Philip Kearny Jr.



Brigadier General Isaac Ingalls Stevens

once again into a fighting force. Two weeks later, Lee and McClellan would meet in one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War... the Battle of Antietam.

A Standard of Honor and Courage

Prior to the Civil War there was only one decoration, called the Andre Medal, awarded by the United States. It was given to the three New York Privates who captured Major John Andre, a British intelligence officer, who was also a co-conspirator with Major General Benedict Arnold. On November 29th, 1862 the officers of the 1st Division, III Corps adopted a resolution establishing a medal of honor to be known as the "Kearny Medal". The medal was



Kearny Cross

presented to all officers who had "Honorably served in

battle under General Kearny in his Division".

On March 13, 1863 Brigadier General Birney issued an order establishing a "cross of valor", to be known as the "Kearny Cross". The medal was awarded to Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates who had distinguished themselves in battle. In

Birney's General Order No.48 he stated in part, "This cross is in honor of our old leader and the wearers of it will always remember his high standard of a true and brave soldier and will never disgrace it."

On July 12, 1863 A Senate Resolution, signed into law by Abraham Lincoln provided for the presentation of Medals of Honor "In the name of Congress, to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldierlike qualities, during the Civil War."

This medal which now symbolizes the highest standard of courage and bravery in our armed forces (regardless of rank), is known as the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Spotlight on Brownell, Reynolds and Salm-Salm

Kady Brownell

Kady was born in 1842, in Africa, to a Scottish soldier and his British-born wife. She married a sergeant in the Fifth Rhode Island Infantry, Robert Brownell. Brownell was serving under the command of General Ambrose Burnside when the Civil War's first shots were fired at Fort Sumter. Kady, in order to be with her husband, became the color bearer for the Fifth Rhode Island. She wore a female design of the men's uniform.

She carried a rifle as well as the colors at the First Battle of Bull Run. On one occasion, Kady ran ahead of the regiment, bearing the colors. Her heroism kept the regiment from being fired upon by an advancing Union force that had mistaken the Fifth as a Confederate regiment. Kady's act of heroism caused Burnside to fear for her safety,

and he sent her to the rear of the regiment where she nursed the wounded soldiers. Her husband was wounded at the Battle of New Bern, North Carolina, and Kady stayed with him, caring for him and the other wounded night and day. As soon as Robert was over the worst, Kady

searched the battlefields for others. During one of her battlefield explorations, Kady found a wounded Confederate officer. Pulling him from a muddy ditch, she covered his damp bloody body with a blanket. As the officer regained consciousness, Kady was showered with vulgarities: "Oh, you d—n Yankee —, if I don't blow the head off your shoulders then God d—n me!" Kady's first instinct was to slash him with a nearby bayonet. The nurse in her could not harm the delirious officer no matter how crude he was.

Kady stayed with Robert and the others wounded at New Bern. She cared for wounded soldiers of North and South alike. Each day Kady carried buckets of coffee and gruel to the Southern hospital at New Bern. She continued this for several weeks until she was recognized as a Yankee by a Southern surgeon who ordered her off the premises. In April 1862, Robert was moved from New Bern to a New York convalescent center. Kady continued to be his personal nurse. Eighteen months later Robert had to learn to walk again and a military surgeon declared him unfit for military service. Robert and Kady returned to Rhode Island where little is known of either after their military service.



Kady Brownell

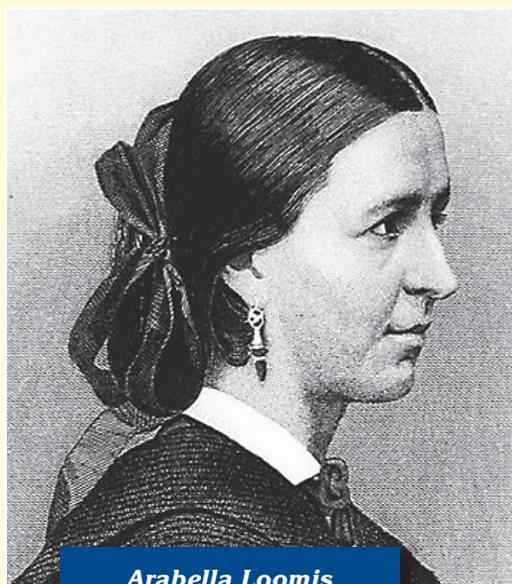
Arabella Loomis Macomber Reynolds

Arabella was born on October 20, 1840, in Sheburne Falls, Massachusetts. Well educated, her family included William Lloyd Garrison, Harriett Beecher Stowe, and Wendell Phillips. Sheburne Falls was a stop of the underground railroad, and the Macomber family were abolitionists.

When Arabella was fourteen, her family moved to Iowa. Arabella opened and operated the first school in Cass County. On April 19, 1860, Arabella, now called Belle, married William S. Reynolds and the couple moved to Peoria, Illinois. They were celebrating their first anniversary when the news came of Fort Sumter. William enlisted immediately in the Seventeenth Illinois Regiment, with the rank of lieutenant.

As William marched off to war, Belle promised him she

would soon join him. A few weeks later she joined his regiment at Bird's Point, Missouri. She stayed with him until his enlistment expired in March 1864, and cared for the wounded in William's troops. Belle wore pistols on each hip as she moved among the casualties. Occasionally, Belle had



Arabella Loomis Macomber Reynolds

to use them to stop a retreat of her husband's men. Belle and a companion, Mrs. N., treated the wounded on Shiloh battlefield in a hail of rifle and mortar fire. They traveled with the wounded on riverboats, and worked on the Emerald Belle during the Battle of Shiloh.

Captain Norton, of the Emerald Belle, was afraid the wounded on the riverbanks would try to board the vessel and capsize the boat. He ordered the men to stand fast, threatened to shoot anyone who was unruly, and stationed Belle on the hurricane deck to back him up. Panic subsided. After the situation was under control, Belle rested and procured the next transport bound for the battlefields so she could rejoin her husband. For her heroism, Belle was commissioned a major. It was not a real commission but the people of her hometown, Peoria, Illinois, wrote a letter to the governor thanking him for the honor he bestowed upon Belle.

Princess Agnes Elizabeth Winona Leclerg Jay Salm-Salm

Agnes was born on Christmas Day, 1840, in Philipsburg, Quebec, Canada. Just as the Civil War began, her family moved to Washington. She became the bride of Felix Constantin Alexander Johann Nepomuk, Prince Salm-Salm,

Continued on page 7

on August 20, 1862. Salm-Salm was a German mercenary, a staff member of Brigadier General Louis Blenker who had journeyed to the United States to participate in the Civil War. Unhappy with her husband's position, Agnes petitioned for a better command for Felix. He was appointed colonel over the Eighth New York Infantry and later reassigned to the Sixty-eighth New York Infantry. Agnes worked as a nurse in her husband's unit, and became renowned for her positive attitude in the face of adversity.



Princess Agnes Elizabeth Winona Leclerg Jay Salm-Salm

After Appomattox, the Prince and Agnes journeyed to Mexico where the Prince became the aide-de-camp to Maximilian. Maximilian's empire was overtaken by Benito Juarez and the Prince was condemned to death with Maximilian. Agnes solicited money and mercenaries to free her husband and Maximilian, but both attempts failed miserably. On one occasion, Agnes pleaded with Juarez by throwing herself at his feet. She saved the Prince but not Maximilian. Maximilian awarded Agnes the Great Cardon of the Order of San Carlos before his untimely departure.

The Prince and Agnes traveled to Europe where the Prince fought in the Franco-Prussia War. Agnes nursed alongside of her husband. Unfortunately, the Prince did not survive the war. Agnes was awarded the Prussian Medal of Honor for her heroic nursing of the military casualties. She remarried in 1876. The same year, she published her memoirs of her American Civil War nursing career entitled *Ten Years Of My Life*. Agnes died in Karlsruhe, Germany on December 21, 1912, just five days before her seventy-second birthday.

Red-Legged Devils from Brooklyn

By Anthony Battillo, CWTI, February 72

Continued From August Issue

Because of Grant's decision to make a flank movement by way of Spotsylvania, at 5:00 p.m. on May 7 the 14th

joined its brigade and proceeded on an all-night march on the Spotsylvania turnpike. The Red Legs were on the way to their last battle as a regiment, for it had already been decided that the volunteers of 1861 would return to Brooklyn with the regiment; the remaining veterans, volunteers of 1862 and 1863, would be transferred to another unit.



Again Warren's corps was directed to spearhead the operation, and the 14th became involved in a series of sharp fights. During the Battle of Spotsylvania, the Red Legs, so near and yet so far from their date of discharge, continued to fight with their usual courage. "Each face was like stone; none could read the thoughts of the men—but in five minutes they were to face almost certain death . . . each seemed to be as cool as if waiting for evening parade."



The poise and courage displayed by the regiment in its last battle was indicative of its conduct throughout its service. On May 21, during a lull in the skirmish line, the 14th quietly evacuated its position, to make preparations to go home. Colone-

Fowler gave the official word the next day. "The role of the soldier seemed to vanish, the ranks broke, men threw their caps high in the air. . . . Their work was ended." But not all were destined to go home. The '62 and '63 volunteers, obliged to complete their 3-year enlistments, were transferred to the 5th New York Volunteers, where "they added distinction to honors already won."

The remaining Red Legs, fewer than 100 members of the original regiment, returned to Brooklyn on the evening of May 25, 1864, to be greeted by "torches, fireworks, drums, horns, voices—anything and everything that would give light or make noise. . . ."

Thus, in an atmosphere of high emotion, "with hearts laughing and hearts crying," the Red-Legged Devils from Brooklyn received a rousing welcome from a grateful population, a population that continued to shower honors on them until the last Red Leg, Corporal Frederick N. Saunders of Co. C, died in 1938.

“Searching for Black Confederates: The Civil War’s Most Persistent Myth”

Presentation by Kevin M. Levin

August 13 Meeting

By Kathy Clark, Member OBCWRT

The August Old Baldy Civil War Round Table meeting was a ZOOM presentation with Kevin Levin author of “Searching for Black Confederates: The Civil War’s Most Persistent Myth”. Kevin brings the following myth about Black Confederates to our attention that thousands of enslaved and free African American soldiers fought for the Confederacy. Yes, there were many African American slaves and free who were in the Confederate army to be cooks, hospital workers, man servants, as well as tending to their own masters who were soldiers in the Confederate army.

There is a photo, taken in 1861, of Andrew Martin Chandler and his man servant Silius Chandler showing both dressed in a Confederate uniform with guns, bowie knives, and rifles. (Props used in the photo from the photographer’s studio.) When Andrew went off to war, he took his slave Silius with him as his loyal man servant. He would be there to care for and assist Andrew in whatever he needed while in camp or going into battle. One of many examples of Silius’ loyalty: Andrew received a wound to his leg and the doctors thought it may have to be amputated. Silius said “No” and took him home to Mississippi to be nursed back to health. Andrew never had his leg amputated.

Confederate soldiers found places for the slaves to work in factories, building earthworks, helping with railroad lines, and fighting to maintain supply lines for the Confederate cause. This relationship was basically master/slave and stayed that way for the entire war. But what happens when you take the slave out of the plantation? Although a complicated relationship, master/slave, sometimes it did become strained. Some slaves did run off and join the Union Army or the Confederate Navy. Most slaves were loyal to their masters and when the masters needed help in any way, they were there by their side to help. Even though the relationship was not always easy the African American men became the corner stone of the Confederate Army. This became part of the Confederacy’s lost cause.

After the war was over every few years the Confederate soldiers would come together for a reunion. Some of the black man servants attended along with the soldiers. One of the slaves who attended the reunions was Steve Eberhart Perry. The men know their place but were there to support the soldiers who were in the Confederate Army and the Democratic party. The black southern slave knew their place as master and as slave. They enjoyed attending these reunions, like Jefferson Shields, who told stories, made a few dollars, and showed their loyalty to the Confederate cause and local masters. The African American slave from his help during the war and after at reunions was always remembered as a loyal servant.

In the post war period, monuments showing the loyal slave following his master to war, the “Black Mammy” holding a white officer’s child was part of the Confederate legacy.



Kevin M. Levin

In 1914, Moses Jacob Ezekiel erected a Confederate monument in the middle of the new Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery. Families with their children gathered at the base of the monu-

ment for the purpose of educating the next generation to maintain the idea of “white supremacy”. Keeping the story of master and faithful slave who followed into the Civil War continues the idea of southern secession as a noble cause. This was the “Black Confederate Myth”.

The myth came to an end in the 70’s with the program “Roots”. White southerners would continue to remember their past but now seeing the real history of the “Southern Cause”. More and more publications or movies started to explain the Southern Cause in more of a realistic interpretation. The bond continued to be a close relationship between master/slave that did not change for their war experiences were so similar.

Kevin Levin, thank you from all the members of OBCWRT for a new way to look at the Confederate army as the master/slave, and disputed the myth that African Americans as Confederate soldiers in the Confederate Army was broken. Now we have a better understanding of the Confederate role in the case of white supremacy. This was an important aspect of the Confederate Civil War. You will find more interesting facts by reading Kevin’s book.

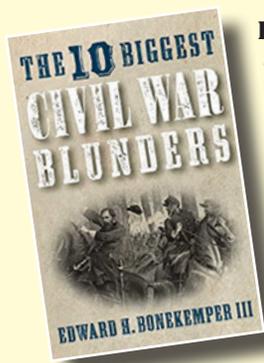
“Old Baldy Book Night”

August 27 Meeting

By Paul Prentiss OBCWRT, Member

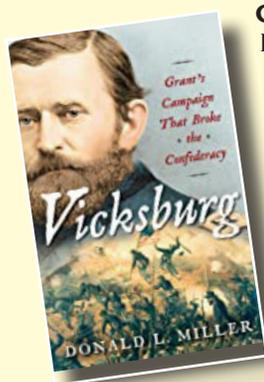
On Thursday evening, August 27th, six Old Baldy members had the opportunity to share with the membership books they have read during the Covid quarantine. With more time on our hands, many members reported they were reading more and expressed delight to finally get to those waiting books. Each member had a story to tell why a particular book was chosen. Not surprisingly all titles related to the Civil War but one member had a twist and challenged us to find the connection.

Continued from page 8- "Book Night"



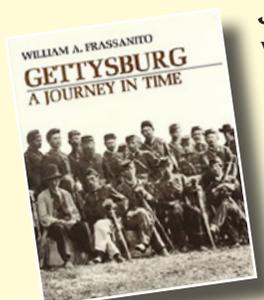
Paul Prentiss told the group about a book he picked from the monthly dollar draw, and expressed joy that it was a piddly price for such a great book: ***The 10 Biggest Civil War Blunders***, by Edward H Bonekemper III. Paul, being mainly a naval historical fan, explained he learned a lot about the reasons behind some of the Union's unsuccessful attempts to end the war quickly. Bonekemper identified the 10

worst blunders of the war – six by the Union and four by the Confederates. The author offered a well-researched and critical analysis of these blunders.



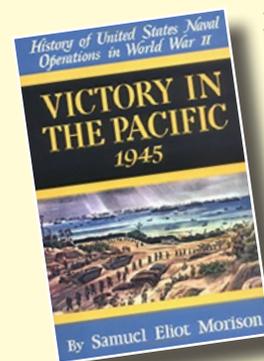
Gary Salkind found a very good book about General US Grant titled ***Vicksburg: Grant's Campaign That Broke the Confederacy***, by Donald L. Miller. The author starts with a brief biography of Grant through the Civil War up to the Vicksburg campaign. Then, he gives a detailed description of the lengthy campaign itself - the different approaches that were tried, and the ultimate success. The book discusses Grant himself - the allegations of drunkenness,

his gradually changing views on slavery and the employment of Blacktroops, etc.



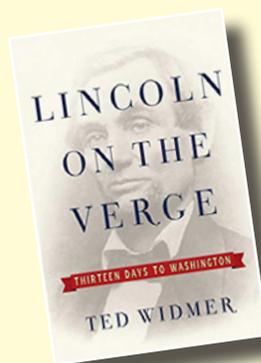
Jim Countryman presented a very interesting Civil War book of photographs titled ***Gettysburg, A Journey in Time*** by William Frassanito. The book is a unique example of photographic detective work where the famous battle is re-created almost as if it were a contemporary news event. Jim felt that the reader was transported to the battlefield by the photographs

and through the analysis of the photographs to the battle itself.



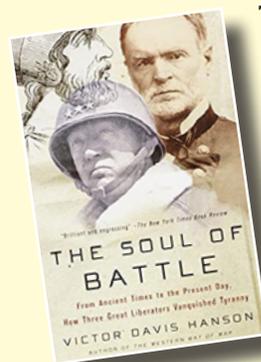
Dave Gilson challenged us to find a Civil War connection with the book he picked History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, Volume 14, "***Victory in the Pacific, 1945***" by Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR (ret). Dave picked the book because he was researching a Naval Aviator family relation.

The last volume of the series covers the strategy, logistics and operations of the final campaigns of the Pacific War; Iwo Jima, Okinawa, the atomic bombs, and the surrender of Japan. It provided a lot of information on the ship, squadron and action Dave was looking at. As for the challenge to our members, many of the ships involved in the war were named after Civil War heroes.



Steven Peters discussed and excellent book ***Lincoln On The Verge: Thirteen Days To Washington***, by Ted Widmer. The author tells the story of a leader discovering his own strength, improvising brilliantly, and seeing his country up close during these pivotal thirteen days. In the preface, Widmer lists 47 individuals in a Cast of Characters, not unlike you would see in a playbill for a show or an old time

movie. Some of them are very familiar to Civil War buffs, in some cases, it was hard to see the connection to the trip but like a good show or movie they eventually became entwined with the plot of the story.



Tom Scurria book took a very wide period of time discussing examining in riveting detail the campaigns of three brilliant generals who led forces to victory over tyrannical enemies ***The Soul of Battle*** by Victor David Hanson. The author discussed 3 generals using citizen soldiers from raised democratic societies fought and won against tyranny and then disbanded.

Hanson shows how the moral confidence with which these generals imbued their troops may have been as significant as any military strategy they utilized.

William C. Kent's eyewitness account of the Seven Days' Battles

By William C. Kent, CWTI, May 76

Through the achievements of its outstanding marksmen Berdan's 1st U.S. Sharpshooters became one of the Union's best-known units—and Hiram Berdan, one of its most controversial leaders. By July 1862 his men had formed their own opinions of him and some, like Corporal William C. Kent in this letter to his father, did not hesitate to voice their complaints.

Kent, a native Vermonter, served in Company F of the Sharpshooters for almost his full three-year enlistment. Discharged when he was only 21, he decided to start a new life in the West and operated a lumber yard in Minnesota until his death in 1907.

We owe our sincere thanks to Mr. William B. Kent of Broomall, Pennsylvania, who discovered the following account of the Seven Days' Battles among his great uncle's papers.

July 28, 1862, Harrison Landing, Va.

On Wednesday, the twenty fifth of June, our regiment drew three days' rations, and not a particle of food was issued to us until Friday, July fourth, making three day's rations last over eight days. Sat. and Sun., June 28th and 29th, not a thing did we know. I had a cup of coffee, and on that did heavy marching being in constant motion from Sunday nine A.M. until Monday four A.M.. More of this hereafter, but under the circumstances foraging was not considered unpardonable, and rebel cattle, poultry and pigs did good service with more impunity to the eaters than former general orders would give us reason to believe.

On Thursday, June 26th, all the forenoon there was heavy firing in the direction of Mechanicsville, but not more so than we were accustomed to every day. Toward noon it grew heavier, and while we were eating dinner he orders came to fall in light marching order, and in a few minutes we had started toward the scene of action under Lt. Col. [W.Y.W.] Ripley. And here I want it to bear testimony to the bravery of Col. Ripley, and to the unlimited cowardice of Col. [Hiram] Berdan. Though Col. Ripley is at times harsh, yet in action he is perfectly cool, pleasant, and has the unbounded confidence of the men, that he will do everything just right. Col. Berdan loses what little coherency there is about him when he is placing the men in position, and takes excellent care to be far in the rear before there is a possibility of being shot. Since Col. Ripley has gone home, he is finding out the opinion of officers and men.

We got up to Mechanicsville toward 5 P.M. and it was then this fight seemed to be hardest. As we got into range the firing was awful. I thought it was the hardest possible, [but] I had not seen the next day. The enemy fired very high, and the shells and solid shot went shrieking and screaming above our heads far to the rear. Sometimes a shell, better aimed than the rest, would crash through the woods that formed our cover, and striking a heavy tree, explode, sending the iron sprinkling through the underbrush and sometimes through the men. We soon began to meet the wounded sent to the rear, and the dead, scattered over the field near the batteries, gave evidence of a well contested fight. It began to grow dark long before the time, so that we could see the flashes of artillery and the long sheets of fire from the infantry lines. This last soon died away, leaving the artillery to fight their duel out without help. Toward nine o'clock the enemy gave up the contest, and both parties went to rest, with the exception of the details for picketts who kept on their way with as little noise as possible.

We went on in the darkness, through the pines, till we came to a dark line of rifle pits, two or three light guns, and a plain, beyond which, we could hear the word of

command from the rebels. Here we were to stay, and here we first saw the famous Pennsylvania "Buck Tails". We laid down in most perfect silence. You would not have thought of anyone being near, even the artillery horses were infected with the silence. I got a tremendous blowing from Col. Ripley for trying to light my pipe with a match, and I lay down coffeeless and smokeless with the realizing sense of the unpleasant situation of my bedroom.

All nights have an end, but I thought we were going to have an exception to the general rule. It seemed as if daylight would never come, but the first dawning did, and before it was really light all the reserves were falling back, leaving nothing but the pickets to give notice of the enemy's approach. Nothing was farther

from our thoughts than a general retreat. We had held them back the day before without reinforcements, and now we had been so strengthened, it was supposed that the great fight was to come off then and there. By the time we got a mile from our starting point the rebels began to shell us, to which replies were given and they, no doubt, supposed that we were going to make our stand there. By nine A.M. we were back in camp at Gaines Mills, where we thought our tramp was over, though we were surprised to find the commissary stores on fire. We lay down to rest and I went down to the creek to bathe. About this time, the firing was very brisk and I thought it best to get back to camp to see

what the matter was. I found the regiment gone—could just see the tail end. All the sick who were left behind, were very busy making tracks. It didn't take me long to catch up, and a more bewildered set of men you don't often see. We had every confidence in our ability to whip the rebel, and the idea of "falling back" on the James River, had not been promoted.

After marching back two miles, we descended into a wooded valley from a rolling plain, partly wooded. The valley was a little swampy and impassible for artillery, except on the road.

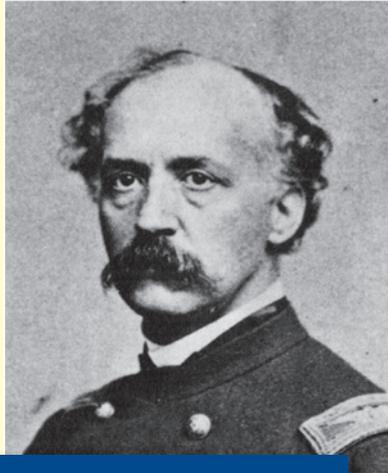
On coming out from the woods on the other side, we found ourselves on a plain similar to the one we had left, and occupied by about 15,000 men drawn up in lines of battle, one behind the other at intervals of a quarter of a mile. The artillery were taking their positions and everything betokened a hard day's work. We were nearly the rear guard. We piled our knapsacks and blankets and then formed the line of skirmishers in the edge of the woods,



This wartime photograph shows William C. Kent (seated), the author of this memoir. Standing is his brother Evarts.

parallel with the valley, and then advanced down the hill, through the swamp and up the other side to the edge of the woods where we could see the approach of the rebels. There was a line of skirmishers in front of us, the Irish 9th [Massachusetts]. The enemy was by this time in possession of our camps, and began to feel their way with artillery and skirmishers.

Their artillery elicited no reply, but the skirmishers soon met, and they had it all to themselves until noon, the enemy being occupied, most likely, in bringing up their men and placing them in position. About that time the artillery began to talk on both sides, and Griffin's Passors [unclear- but probably should read Parrott guns—a section commanded by Lieutenant W. W. Buckley] guns did some very effective preaching. The "ninth" was now drawn in behind us, and drawn back half way up the hill on our side, where we took cover behind trees and stumps, and so watched until 3 P.M.



**Colonel
Hiram Berdan**

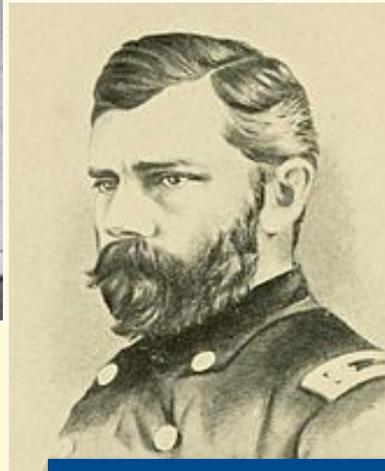
Then a brisk firing commenced on our right [the Battle of Gaines' Mill], and scattered along until it came opposite to me. Tremendous volley of small arms, and the peal of heavy guns where the last things I heard before I went in. We fought pretty much on our own hook, the officers being far to the right, and the human voice was of no account. The rebels rushed down the hill in line of battle, but it wasn't quite so easy rushing across a swamp, waist deep in thick mud, and as they tried it we tried Sharp's rifles at eight rods, firing as fast as we could put in cartridges, the distance being so short that aim was unnecessary. We couldn't help hitting them and our vigorous fire held them in check for some minutes—minutes are hours at such a time—and they were thrown into some disorder. Meanwhile, things were not very still. The bullets came like hail, and the trees looked like nut-meg graters, but our cover was pretty good and their aim, feet too high, so that our company lost only one killed and three wounded. This couldn't last, you know, skirmishers against brigades, and they soon had a line formed on the wrong (for us) side of the swamp, and then a rush. We gave them another volley all around, and when they were six rods off, we started, keeping cover as much as possible. Just as I turned to run, a branch caught my cap and it rolled down toward the rebels. It didn't take half a wink to convince me that that cap was a goner, so far as I was concerned, and abandoning myself to that conviction, I abandoned the cap. As our line came over the brow of the hill with the brigade in full pursuit, a line of infantry who had been lying down, rose up, not twenty paces in front with guns at an aim. We couldn't get through, or around in time to escape the fire. If anyone ever saw Scylla and Charybdis, there we did. As the word "Fire" was given, we assumed a horizontal position, and as the volleys came quick and sharp, from either side, I had a most sincere desire to be somewhere else. I did feel that more consideration might

have been paid to our feelings. A charge with bayonets from our side, and the retreat of the rebel beyond the swamp, left us in the rear, and, as after that we were nearly useless, we went back from the front and assisted in carrying off the wounded. Our active part in the fight was finished.

You will read in the papers of the awful fight which raged till after dark, so I won't try to describe it. At no time did we have over 20,000 men, and the enemy would rush up brigades to our regiments, all of them fighting drunk. They got nearly nineteen barrels of whiskey from our commissary stores.

After our own ammunition gave out, the men gave way and I thought we were going to have another Bull Run. It was awful to see thousands of men running away, and nothing to stop them. Our regiment was the only one they could rally. We had ammunition and were pretty cool, and three times we faced about a ditch, and covered our retreat. I thought one time it would

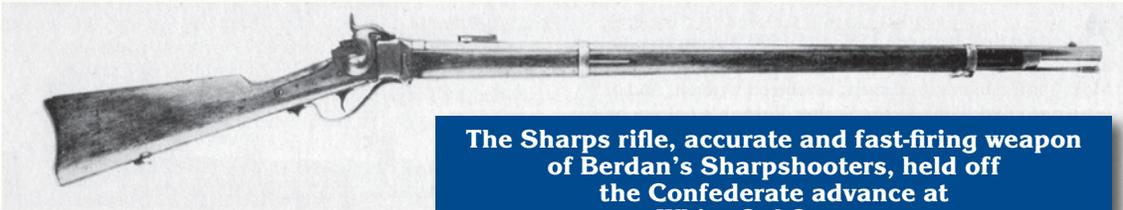
be the last one, but it was not so ordered. The enemy had by this time got possession of many of



**Lieutenant Colonel
William Young Warren Ripley**

our guns, and they thought they had nothing to do but to press on and cut us down. I thought so too at one time. If I ever prayed in all my life for anything, it was then, that God would spare us a defeat that day. I didn't care a particle for myself, I think, just then, if my life would have made any difference in our favor, it would have been given with more joy, than I could gain from worldly wealth. As we came over the brow of a hill overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy, we saw line after line of our troops who had just come up, the artillery all in position for receiving the enemy, and regiments laying flat on their bellies, just back of the top, eager and waiting. There was a tremendous revulsion. We felt the moral strength of 10,000 fresh troops, and such cheering as came from our mouths, prompted by our hearts, you don't often hear! The regiments began to rally around their different colors. The Michigan 4th had a flag worth seeing, dragged through the mud, the stars almost blotted out with blood, and bullet holes exceeding the number of stars. We quickly drew together all that was left of the regt. and after that the men collected very fast.

In the meantime the rebels had started for us, confident that we were beaten, and the first knowledge they had to the contrary was a discharge of grape which decimated them, followed by a bayonet charge which changed the fortunes of the day. They were nearly as much broken by pursuit as by retreat, and when fresh men were thrown on them the tide changed, and they made very little resistance. We took the battle ground from them, or rather the pickets took each side of it, the field being vacated by all, except the dead and wounded. It was 10 P.M. or after when we lay down where we stood to get a little sleep, the stillness of the night unbroken by anything, save the heavy rumbling of the ammunition wagons, and the groans of the wounded



The Sharps rifle, accurate and fast-firing weapon of Berdan's Sharpshooters, held off the Confederate advance at White Oak Swamp. This rifle differs from the Sharpshooters' in that theirs had three bands

still lying where they fell. Our knapsacks and blankets had burned, when it seemed impossible to carry them off, and hardly one in ten had a blanket or any covering.

At 1 A.M. we were awakened, and found the army in retreat across the Chickahominy. It was well done, and 4 A.M. found the whole army across, except stragglers, the river between us and the rebels, and the bridge blown up. It was harder for us to retreat than to fight before we understood it, but we had confidence in our leader [McClellan].

We began to feel the effects of hard work, and our limbs ached as they never did at home, but we kept up a most tremendous pace through all that hot summer afternoon, with no water in our canteens, and in dust that was blinding, almost choking. So we went on till night, in misery only known by those who tried it. Sun-set of Saturday night found us just across White Oak Creek, and we went supper less to bed on the battle-ground of the next day. All this time we were in utter ignorance of what was the object of all this, and nothing but the strongest confidence in our leaders would have kept our spirits up. Sunday morning came. A false alarm and heavy showers had robbed us of our sleep. And it was with weary limbs and empty stomachs that we set out on our Sunday's walk. While you were in church that day, we were travelling over as bad a road as ever the peninsular can afford. A short halt enabled some of the boys to forage a little, and they got a little pig which they ate without salt and without much preparation. I tried to get a little sleep and did not make out very well. At 4 P.M. we were started off on a tramp which was all Greek to us then. We since learned that we were thrown out as feelers to find a road open to James River. We traveled the whole night (Sunday), trying every road, cow path, and rail fence, but ran into the enemy's pickets on all sides, and Monday morning found us where we started from.

At every little halt on that road the men would lie down in their tracks, and would snore at a second's notice. When we started they would stagger into the ranks and sleep as they walked. Our canteens had been empty early in that evening, and finding water was out of the question in the darkness. So we went without, except when we stumbled into the ditches by the road-sides, and lapped up a few drops in our hands. I would have given two month's pay for a glass of whiskey that night. I don't think Gough [John B. Gough, contemporary lecturer on temperance] himself would have said "No" at such a time. We found in the morning that another party had been more successful than we in the search after a road, and the whole column was put in motion, our regiment being thrown out as flankers, to prevent the rebel coming on either side. Such a splendid country I never saw, but did not stop to examine it. We came across some blackberries which proved to those that got them, the only meal till late at night. The column moved forward without incident, and as we came in sight of the James River, we thought our

task was over. We came upon camps of tired, worn out men revelling in the uncut wheat, and soon joined them. I had laid out the whole into three portions. The first I was going to rest on my back, the second I devoted to my right

side, and the third to a turn to the left with a margin for grub if rations came. We had just settled down for a good rest, when a heavy but distant cannonading was heard, and almost at the same time the order, "Fall in, Company F". It was evident we were to put off resting until some indefinite future period.

I can't say we set out in the best of humor. We were wearied and thought some of the other divisions ought to take our place. As we did not have control of affairs, it made no difference. At noon we were drawn up in line of battle with all the artillery in position, and as the noise of the battle two miles in front continued about the same, we lay down in the wheat field to await coming events. I made a good trial of raw wheat as an article of diet together with garlics. Can't recommend it except in cases of extreme hunger. Lt. [Charles W.] Seaton was in command, the Captain being sick, took a couple of squares of prepared soup from a passing transport, and divided it among us which answered for our supper, when one got time to eat it. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, when the firing became louder indicating that the enemy was gaining ground, and all at once all the batteries on the ground together, with two or three gunboats, opened fire with a noise exceeding any thunder you ever heard, but not of the same nature; sharper and harder for the ears [the Battle of Frayser's Farm]. For a short time there was no reply, the enemy being so astonished at the vehemence of the fire, that they were entirely bewildered, but it didn't last long. A silence came as if our side had said, "There, what do you say to that for style?" And then both sides opened. To the fire of our own pieces was now added the noise of the enemy's, the bursting of shell and the whistling of round shot. How it came! I had need of this for a foretaste of the next day. Our company was detached to support a battery, and we moved off through all that tempest, without a hurt, while we could see the wounded from the different batteries forming a long train to the rear, while the dead were laid to one side. We finally came to the brow of a hill, whence we could see the divisions engaged on our side, struggling and wavering in the smoke, but not giving way an inch. I can't describe to you the noise there was then. All the artillery doing its best, and the infantry never paying the slightest attention to it on either side, but delivering their fire in crashes, lengthening into long rolls, above which one could hear the yells of the rebels, and the cheers of our men, and every little while, would come a silence, far more awful than any noise, when nothing could be heard, but the shrieks and groans of the wounded. The battle burst out afresh, seemingly, with renewed violence, and so it continued until near night, when I suppose that reinforcements were called for, for with a cheer that drowned the noise of the battle, they went into the cloud of smoke, and we heard of them next by a fresh volley, and a tremendous cheer as they made a charge.

This settled things for that day, and the firing gradually died away. As the rebels retreated, such cheering! I wish I had a new vocabulary to describe all these scenes as division after division took up the shout of victory. It seemed impossible for us ever to be defeated. After this, night came and we lay down on the battle-field with nothing over us. It was a cold chilly night, and I could hardly sleep. Toward morning I got up, and went to a fire which some artillery men were using, and talked away the night till 4 o'clock, little thinking that that day we were going to have the great fight.

We were all early risers and had a breakfast and coffee with any amount of sugar. Lt. Seaton was always on the lookout for the comfort of the men, and owe to him all we had above those day's rations for seven days. It was about six that we had orders to start, though our destination was unknown for quite a while after that. I had marched, countermarched, and turned around so many times, that I had not the least idea

where we were, or of the points of the compass. We finally emerged from a wooded country on to a rolling open plain, descending gradually with frequent rolls, to a fringe of woods directly opposite our front. A road, crossing from our rear, cut the plain in halves and disappeared in the woods. I can say little of the right wing as we were placed on the extreme left. The plain here became a bluff with a wide wheat-field on the lowland and flanked by a heavy wood, which also appeared to be marsh. The bluff on its side had many little nooks which would cover us from a fire and was admirably adapted for our service. As we came out on the plain, in every depression between the rolls, there were large masses of infantry, thus rendered immediately available and also entirely, or nearly so, out of range, in artillery practice.

**To Be Continued in the next issue
October**

Historic Soldiers Weekend: Saturday, September 26, 2020, 9am - 5pm

**Join Old Baldy Civil War Roundtable at Historic Soldiers Weekend.
This year's event is held at the Air Victory Museum in Lumberton, NJ
on Saturday, Sept. 26.**

Members are invited to donate an hour of your time to help share information at our display table.

Questions to Dave Gilson - 856-323-6484 - dgilson404@gmail.com.



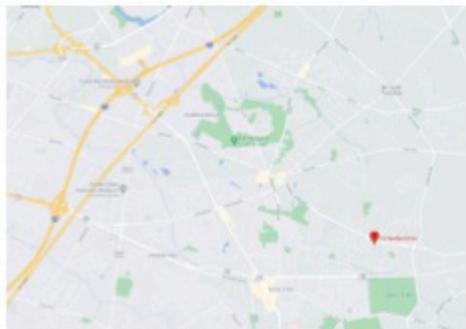
**16TH ANNUAL
HISTORIC SOLDIERS WEEKEND
September 26th, 2020**

- ★ Living History displays
- ★ Tour The Museum & Displays
- ★ Guest Speakers:
 - Clyde Hoch, Vietnam Veteran & Author
- ★ Weapons Demonstrations

Air Victory Museum
Located at the South Jersey Regional Airport
68 Stacy Haines Rd,
Lumberton, NJ 08048
(609) 267-4488

TAKE A WALK THROUGH HISTORY

Old Baldy Social in Marlton Celebrating an easing of Social Distancing



Join us at 16 Heather Dr in Marlton, NJ on Saturday Sept 19th from 2 until 4:30 PM to get together with family, friends and of course FOB.



ca. 1852 – Dec 16, 1882

We are gathering in the backyard at Susan & Paul Prentiss' home. Plenty of street parking is available. Please RSVP!

Questions contact Paul and Susan Prentiss pprentissfamily@gmail.com or 865-745-8336
Bring your own munchies and drinks. (We'll have wine to share) We have lots of mismatched cups, plates, napkins, etc.
and enough chairs and tables to socially distance.



**New Digital Display at
CAMDEN SHIPYARD AND MARITIME MUSEUM
1912 Broadway, Camden NJ
www.camdenSHIPYARDMUSEUM.org
856-541-7447**

Camden Shipyard and Maritime Museum has a new digital panel display of Camden's maritime past. It is a sequence of panels, in words and photos, about ships produced at New York Shipyard, other area shipyards and other maritime topics. Please come by and see it once we are allowed to open, hopefully soon!

USS Indianapolis was a cruiser built by New York Shipyard and commissioned in 1932. It had eight boilers, four geared steam turbines and four propellers. It was 610 foot long, beam of 66 feet and capable of 32 knots speed. During WWII the ship served from Aleutian Islands to South Pacific. It was part of task force that bombed Japanese home island military facilities in February 1945. On 31 March 1945, while supporting the invasion of Okinawa a Japanese plane bombed the ship causing flooding and extensive damage. The ship made it back to Mare Island Naval Shipyard in California under its own power for repairs.

Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2020

October 8, 2020 – Thursday
Mark Brewer

“Swim, Surrender or Die: The Union Army
at the Battle Ball’s Bluff”

October 22, 2020 – Thursday
Ronald S. Coddington

“Faces of Civil War Nurses”

November 12, 2020 – Thursday
Carol Simon Levin

“Reclaiming Our Voice: New Jersey’s Central Role
in the Fight for Woman Suffrage”

December 10, 2020 – Thursday
Bob Russo

“The Wounded Knee Massacre”

Questions to
Dave Gilson - 856-323-6484 - dgilson404@gmail.com.

**WEB Site: <http://oldbaldycwrt.org>
Email: oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net
Face Book: Old Baldy Civil War Round Table**

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia
Camden County College
Blackwood Campus - Connector Building
Room 101 Forum, Civic Hall, Atrium

856-427-4022 oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net
Founded January 1977

President: Richard Jankowski
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