

# Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

February 8, 2024

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

## “Decimus Et Ultimus Barziza”



by Drew Gruber

Decimus Et Ultimus Barziza had a life which as his name implies, was anything but typical. Join Drew Gruber as you follow this soldier's journey from his hometown of Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia, through his enlistment with the famous Fourth Texas Infantry, his daring escape from a Union POW camp, and his equally boisterous post-war shenanigans. It's a story you won't soon forget.

Drew is the Executive Director of Civil War Trails, the world's largest "open air museum" offering over 1,500 sites across six states. He sits on the board of the Williamsburg Battlefield Association and previously served as member of the Commonwealth's Board of Historic Resources. In 2013 he was the recipient of the Lawrence T. Jones III Research Fellowship in Texas Civil War History. When he's not working in Civil War land he loves brown spiritus liquors, tinkering with his old car, gardening and he is very curious about fly fishing.

### Meeting Notice

Join us at 7:15 PM on Thursday, February 8, at Camden County College William G. Rohrer Center 1889 Marlton Pike East Cherry Hill, NJ 08003

The program will also be simulcast on Zoom for the benefit of those members and friends who are unable to attend. Please email [oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net](mailto:oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net) at least 24 hours prior to request Zoom access.

## Notes from the President

Much has happened in the first month of the new year. Thank you for joining us on our journey through 2024. Preparations for the 50th anniversary celebration (2027) will begin this year. Let us know how you believe we should commemorate this milestone. There will be many opportunities to assist in planning the events. Watch for the announcement to come. If you have not done it yet, **please give Frank your dues for 2024.** See his block for the various ways to pay.

Last month **Michael Kirschner** shared his research on the “2nd Wisconsin at Gettysburg.” The thorough presentation was well received by attendees in person and on Zoom. We are grateful to Michael for taking the time to talk to our group. This month **Drew Gruber**, Executive Director of Civil War Trails, will venture up from Williamsburg for a visit. He will tell us all about the life of “Decimus Et Ultimus Barziza.” In addition to this entertaining presentation, Drew will update the round table of our Civil War Trails sign about New Jersey troops at the Battle of Williamsburg. Bring a friend to hear this interesting tale.

In this newsletter, look for Frank's update on the Williamsburg sign dedication trip and secure a seat on the bus by submitting your deposit. Contact **Harry Jenkins** about the visit to see **Thom Radice's** train layout in



Rich Jankowski  
President, OBCWRT

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## OBCWRT Awards

The Society For Women  
and the Civil War  
for Service to the Society  
presented to OBCWRT

Civil War Roundtable Congress  
The Wallace L. Rueckel  
Innovation Award  
presented to OBCWRT (2022)

American Battlefield Trust  
for 25 Year Service to the Trust  
presented to OBCWRT

Civil War Roundtable Congress  
Sustainability Challenge  
presented to OBCWRT  
(2023)

Kevin M. Hale Award  
for best Historical  
Newsletter in New Jersey  
(2017, 2022)

Continued from page 1 - "President's Notes"

March. The MAC Book Award team is starting their work in selecting books to review for this year's award. History Day judges are needed for the regional competition on February 24th at Rutgers Camden. More information is available at the link in this newsletter. Still seeking a member to coordinate material for our newsletter and one to prepare the presenter bag. Ask a Board member for details.

**Kim Weaver** has agreed to coordinate our new Advisory Committee which will assist the Board with feedback on issues that affect the round table. We expect good results from this new asset of the organization. Our membership goal this year is 125 members. Keep inviting folks to check us out in person and online. Please get to know **Mike Bassett** by reading his profile and view the Flat Old Baldy's pictures with members. The 21st Annual Temple University CWEST Black History Conference is on Wednesday, February 21, 2024, starting at 11:00 am. The topic will be Higher Power Calling: Harriet Tubman in Philadelphia. Find information for registration in this newsletter.

The Winter of Meade series continues this month on the 29th. A recording of the January session is available on the North Jersey CWRT YouTube page for those who missed the original event.

[https://youtu.be/dOS\\_OWhgQKQ?si=WQDgmPeo-gFjyN-P](https://youtu.be/dOS_OWhgQKQ?si=WQDgmPeo-gFjyN-P).

We will work on getting the link posted on our webpage. Check the IE CWRT box to see what programs our Sister Round Table in Redlands will offer this month. See **Roger Schnaare** at the meeting for reusable blue Old Baldy bags. Our inventory of the original South Jersey Civil War maps is dwindling. Pick one up before they are gone.

Join us at the Kettle and Grill at 5:30 for a pre-meeting meal with Drew Gruber and the First Lady.

**Rich Jankowski, President**

## Behind the Scenes at the Civil War Trails



by **Debbie Jankowski**  
Member, OBCWRT

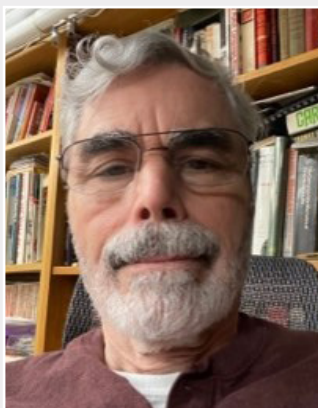


**Drew Gruber**

I first met Drew Gruber, Executive Director of Civil War Trails when I was picking Rich up at the end of the day at the Emerging Civil War conference in August 2023 in Fredericksburg. Drew asked me why I didn't attend the conference and I explained that while I am happy to visit Civil War battlefields and museums, I am not so much into listening to long talks. I next saw Drew at the Civil War Congress Sustainability Conference in Gettysburg. We talked some more, and I told him that Rich and I had just seen some of his Civil War Trail signs while visiting the Cameron Art Museum in Wilmington, North Carolina. The signs commemorate the Battle of Forks Road where 1,820 USCT troops fought. There is a statue called Boundless at the site. Drew asked me what I thought of the signs. I told him I always find the signs to be good for people like me who want to know what happened or what is represented but not in so much detail that I lose interest. He then asked if I would consider being a blind reader for Civil War Trails. He explained that while Civil War Trails had many historians to help write the signs, they also need some non-history people to read the signs. This is to make sure they are interesting or make sense to the non-history crowd. I agreed to take this on and have since reviewed two new signs that Civil War Trails is getting ready to install. It was fun to do, and I look forward to doing it again. I was able to provide a different perspective that helped the sign writers make the narrative more clear for those who aren't already "in the know" about Civil War history.

## Member Profile - Mike Bassett

by Kim Weaver  
Member, OBCWRT



Mike Bassett

When the English ship Fortune landed in Plymouth Colony in the fall of 1621, on board was a Mr. William Bassett, a well-read English artisan and Separatist who would become an original proprietor of the town of Bridgewater.

Fast forward a few hundred years and in 1864 brothers Howard and Monroe Haynes enlisted in the Union Army: Howard would serve as a second lieutenant in Co. F, 149th Ohio, and Monroe as a private in Co. K. While Monroe saw action at Monocacy, Howard waited at Fort #1 Northern Defenses of Baltimore for an expected Confederate attack. Years after the Civil War ended, Howard's granddaughter would go on to marry into the Bassett line of William Bassett of Plymouth Colony. Mike's great-great-grandfather was Howard Haynes of the 149th Ohio. "It is fascinating when family history touches national history. The Haynes brothers must have had a lot of stories to tell. I have the pocket Bible Howard was given by a local politician on the day he took his commission."

Mike has been fascinated by history for as long as he can remember. Born in West Philly in 1952 and raised in Upper Darby, Mike would read American history comic books and watch any historical movie made. He says he was a nerd. He graduated from Monsignor Bonner High School, an all-male parochial school where he was in the choir and served as an altar boy, and then headed off to Colorado State University to study international relations and history as a ROTC recruit. He graduated in 1974 with a bachelor's degree in political science.

After college, Mike was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Army and stayed under its command, stateside and in Germany, for six years before he got out as a captain. Mike stayed in Europe an additional two years to work as a coordinator for Troy State University. The job involved recruiting professors from the universities to provide grad degree programs on military bases. "It was easy to recruit—we paid good money." After a few years, Mike and his wife Rhonda, who met in college and married in 1975, came back to the U.S. and settled in Upper Darby. Mike worked in security sales and wrapped up his master's degree in criminal justice administration from St. Joseph's University in Lower Merion. After working as director of security for several local hospitals, Mike was hired as a project manager at Siemens Industry. He worked there for 19 years before retiring.

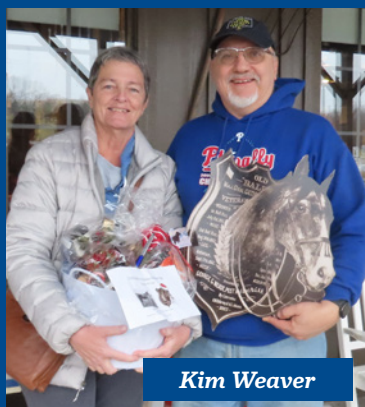
Do not think Mike is bored in this new phase of life. He loves his new hobby of tabletop miniature wargaming, where games can go on for hours and months at a time either in friends' basements or at local conventions. "I have played for four hours sometimes at conventions, where hundreds of games are being played. There are literally thousands of miniature pieces. It looks like a Napoleonic movie." Mike is working on recruiting more younger people to miniature wargaming because he says they can benefit from the analytical and social skills they will learn while playing.

The same goes for Mike's idea to get younger people involved in Old Baldy. The set up would be a sort of high school quiz bowl played online with Old Baldy moderators asking questions about the Civil War. Mike, an Old Baldy member for nine years, is in the very early stages of the project, but hopes to eventually recruit local high schools to participate. "I'm hoping the principals will see the value in the program and say they'd like to advance their history. I see it as a win-win. The program is slow growing and will take some time."

Perhaps the best part about retirement is spending time with family. Mike has two children and two grandchildren who he and Rhonda absolutely adore. They have lived in Haddon Heights for 37 years.

## December Meeting Prize Winners

Frank Barletta  
Tom Scurria  
Michael Kalich  
Anita Schwartz  
Mike Basset  
Barbara Peterman  
Paul Prentiss  
Dave Ingald  
Kim Weaver  
Ken Berlin  
Anita Schwartz  
Harriet Monshaw



Kim Weaver



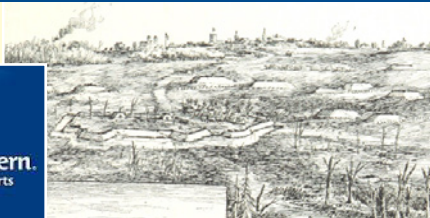
Anita Schwartz



Harriet Monshaw



## Williamsburg Update - 4



By Frank Barletta,  
Treasurer, OBCWRT

The final wording for the Civil War Trail Sign has been completed. This has been a very comprehensive process, for which I would like to thank the members of the Williamsburg Sign committee and all of the proof readers who were involved in the process.

Because Drew Gruber, Executive Director of Civil War Trails is our speaker this month, we have asked him to read it to the assembled members at this month's meeting. If you can't join us in person, please try to attend on Zoom.

For those individuals who have sent their deposit, I now suggest that you make your reservation for your hotel room. The hotel is the Best Western Williamsburg Historic District Hotel, 351 York Street, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185 and phone number (757) 229-4100. When making your reservation remember to tell them you are part of the Old Baldy group. We have a block of rooms at a very special rate of \$90.00. Those that have made their reservation tell me the procedure is very smooth.

Over the next month we are working to put together the Saturday dinner menu. There will be several choices. Anyone having any special dietary issues that I need to know, please contact me directly (856-334-5856).

**See updated Flyer at the end of Newsletter.**

## Reminder from the Treasurer's Desk

The 2024 Membership Dues are now being collected. Dues remain the same,

\$25.00 Individual Membership and \$35.00 Family Membership.  
\$15.00 additional for requested printed copy of Newsletter, to offset postage.

Remember they can now be paid online. Just visit our Web Page, click on, "**Membership**" on the top bar, which will take you to the next page. Choose a method of payment, visa, etc., and click on "**Buy Now**". This will take you to the submission page, complete form and click on, "**Pay Now**". Done

As always, if you prefer to pay by check, they can be given to me at any meeting or sent to my home at:

44 Morning Glory Drive, Marlton, NJ, 08053.

Should you have any questions,  
please contact me at

856-334-5856 or [frank.barletta@comcast.net](mailto:frank.barletta@comcast.net).

## Picnic: Save the Date... Saturday May 18



Old Baldy's 172nd birthday. We are looking for a member to host the party but don't worry – you will have plenty of help. We will briefly discuss general picnic plans at the next meeting.

Again - please join us on Saturday May 18th to celebrate Old Baldy's Birthday with family and friends. Please contact Paul Prentiss at [pprentissfamily@gmail.com](mailto:pprentissfamily@gmail.com), 865-745-8336 if you could host the picnic in your backyard.

## Today in Civil War History

### 1862 Saturday, February 8

#### **Eastern Theater**

General Henry Wise, the Confederate commander on Roanoke, lies ill at Nag's Head. Commanded in his absence by Colonel Shaw, the Confederate garrison consists of some 1600 men drawn from the 8th, 17th, and 31st North Carolina regiments, augmented by almost 1000 men of the Wise legion. General Wise continues to maintain overall control from his sickbed. Outnumbered by the 7500 troops under the command of Burnside, the rebels surrender after futile resistance. At the cost of 35 killed and 200 wounded, the Union force inflict only 55 casualties on the Confederates, including 16 dead, but take 2527 prisoners.

#### **Western Theater**

Union forces take two Confederate vessels at Chickasaw, Mississippi.

### 1863 Sunday, February 8

#### **Eastern Theater**

General Hooker's reorganization of the Army of the Potomac begins to take effect. He breaks up Burnside's Grand Divisions, re-establishing the former corps structure. Each corps is placed under the command of an officer in whom the General has confidence.

### 1864 Monday, February 8

#### **Western Theater**

General Sooy Smith's command consists of three cavalry brigades and 20 guns. The first brigade left Union City, Tennessee, on January 22 but does not arrive until today, delayed by flooding as the swamps and rivers burst their banks.

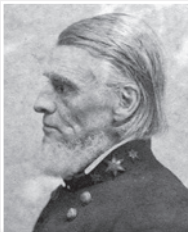
### 1865 Wednesday, February 8

#### **Eastern Theater**

General Wheeler, commanding the Confederate cavalry skirmishing around Sherman's army, complains to the Union commander that Federal troops are wantonly destroying private property. Sherman has issued orders to respect occupied dwellings but empty buildings are fair game for the looters.

#### **Far West**

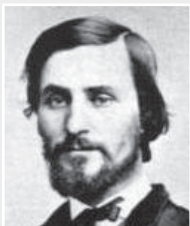
Fighting continues along the North Platte in Colorado and near Rush Creek, Nebraska Territory.



**Brigadier General, CSA  
Henry Alexander Wise**



**Major General, USA  
Joseph Hooker**



**Brigadier General, USA  
William Sooy Smith**



**Major General, CSA  
Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler**

# “Those White Roses”

*Our Army Nurses*  
*Mary Gardner Holland*  
1895



*Rena Littlefield Miner*

**Mrs. Rena Littlefield Miner**, formerly Miss Littlefield, is a granddaughter of old Squire Littlefield, who was widely known throughout Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, in the early settlement of that section. He was a man of iron constitution, indomitable will, strong convictions, and gruff manners; yet possessed of a generosity so broad, and a sympathy so ready, that he was instinctively sought as a champion of the oppressed. With what he saw to be wrong he held no compromise, but was its open, bitter, implacable foe. Albert Littlefield, his eldest son and Mrs. Miner's father, was a man of wide mental attainments, studious, conscientious, and of an exceedingly retiring nature. It was said of him, "He never wronged a fellow-being; a poor man himself, he has often divided his last dollar with one poorer."

Mrs. Miner is a true descendant of this hardy and scholarly ancestry. In early girlhood she manifested to an unusual degree an interest in social problems. She was troubled by the inequalities in environments and opportunities, the unjust estimate placed upon worth as opposed to position, and probably more so from the fact that it became necessary, early in life, that she should fight its battles for herself. This she began to do when scarcely out of childhood, as mill operator, seamstress, and compositor.

During this hard life she managed to become advanced in the text-books of the schools, so that a few months' discipline fitted her to procure a certificate for teaching. After this she taught and attended school alternately, until she had graduated from the common school course at Sturgis, Mich.

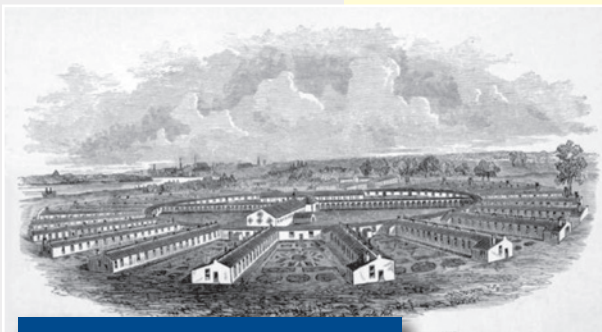
At the breaking out of the war she was enthused with a patriotic desire to aid in maintaining the Union. Her father being too much of an invalid, and her brother too young to enter the service, she determined to represent the family herself, and appealed to the president of the Indiana Sanitary Commission for permission to enter hospital service. This request was refused, on account of her youth: but, nothing daunted, she applied again and again, until struck by the resolution manifested, and receiving assurances from the home physicians of her capability, he finally informed her that if she would secure six elderly ladies to accompany her, he would give her an appointment with the rest, as their services were much needed. This she promptly did; but when the tune for departure came all but one had deserted, having become faint-hearted from the dismal predictions of their friends.

With this one friend she proceeded to Indianapolis, and was immediately sent to Louisville, Kentucky, whence they were transferred to Jeffersonville General Hospital.

Late in the autumn of 1864 the hospital was nearly emptied by transfers, and she returned to her home for several months, but was again assigned to duty at St. Louis, where they received the returned prisoners of war, who were more pitiable, if possible, than wounded soldiers; remaining there until the closing of the hospitals, in October, 1865, making sixteen months of service.

She was married to Mr. P. P. Miner, a veteran soldier, in September, 1866. She is the mother of three children, and has performed all of her own household labor. During all these years she has been a trusted comrade, inspiring genius at her husband's side, preparing his thoughts as well as her own for the press. For half a score of years she was a constant contributor to the *Western Mural*. She has also been a contributor to the *Courant of Chicago*, the *Chicago Express*, *Indianapolis Leader*, *Industrial News*, *Michigan Patriot*, *New Forum*, and many others. In company with Mrs. I. C. Fales, of Brooklyn, she founded the *Sociologic News*, she editing the Western department.

*Mrs. Rena Miner.*  
*St. Charles. Mich.*



*Jefferson General Hospital*  
*was the third-largest hospital*  
*during the*  
*American Civil War*

# Deeds of Honor

By W. F. Beyer,  
O. F. Keydel  
1907, Medal of Honor



Reverend  
John M. Whitehead  
Chaplain  
15th Indiana Infantry  
Born  
Wayne County, Indiana,  
March 6, 1828



"Brought in"

## Like an Angel among the Wounded...

On the night of December 30, 1862, my regiment, the Fifteenth Indiana, was ordered to cross Stone River, at the ford. The command was obeyed, but as we advanced up the hill on the opposite side, we met the enemy in force, and, countermarching, recrossed the river. Here we bivouacked. Early the next morning our colonel passed along the officers' lines and said : "Get your men up. Our pickets are falling back. The enemy is advancing." In a second we were all astir, and at the dawn of day the bloody battle of Stone River commenced.

"Our position was between Stone River on our left and the railroad and turnpike on our right, and directly in front of Breckenridge's Corps. The firing from the Confederate batteries was terrible and very destructive.

"Colonel G. A. Wood, who commanded our regiment, was ordered to hold our position on the left, nearest to the river, at all hazards. Three times he charged Jackson's Brigade and three times put the enemy to flight, capturing a greater number of prisoners than there were men in our own command when we went into battle. But this was accomplished only with a fearful loss of life. Of my own regiment every alternate man was either killed or wounded. Though a non-combatant, I was with my regiment during the entire battle, comforting the dying, carrying off the wounded and caring for them.

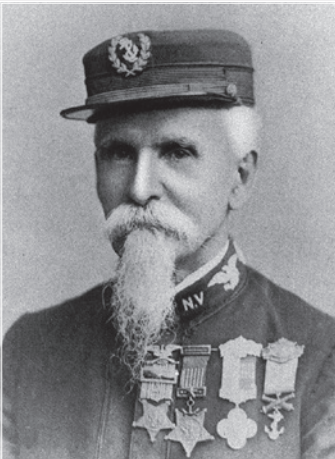
"During the struggle Captain Templeton fell, fatally wounded. I carried him to the rear and remained at his side, until he breathed his last. I copied his last message and sent it to his friends at home. My own next-door neighbor in Westville, Ind., Captain J. N. Forster, dropped mortally wounded into my arms, the same ball killing two other brave soldiers.

"Colonel I. C. B. Surnan, of the Ninth Indiana, was shot twice, one ball severing the artery in the arm, the other penetrating the body and lodging between two ribs, whence I pulled it out. "One boot was filled with blood and he was bleeding his life away. I dressed his wounds and helped him on his horse and he rode back into the raging battle. John Long, a private, had one leg shot to pieces. He cut the dangling limb off with his pocketknife and hobbled off using his gun for a crutch, until I took him up and carried him to the rear. Calvin Zenner of Company G, received a fatal wound. I carried him back. A number of soldiers gathered around the dying comrade and I offered a prayer for him. He talked to all of us and then said: "Now boys, let us all once more sing a song together." And he struck up the hymn, "O Sing to Me of Heaven." Then he said: "Good-bye boys, I am going home. I am mustered out." And he closed his eyes and ceased to breathe. After night fall, when both armies were quiet along the front lines, "I helped to bring the wounded to the general hospital, carrying those who could not walk on my shoulder to the ambulance." Chaplain John M. Whitehead who furnishes the foregoing vivid pen picture from the battlefield with all its horrors, modestly omits to mention that he helped many hundreds of wounded soldiers, brought comfort and solace to a great number of dying and preached at many a hero's grave. Colonel I. C. B.

Suman says of him : "I was severely wounded at the battle of Stone River. When Chaplain Whitehead gave me his assistance, he was all besmeared with the blood of the wounded he had cared for. He seemed to be an angel among the wounded, Yankees and Johnnies alike. He thought nothing of the danger he was in, caring for the wounded, looking after the dead, directing and assisting their burial. I came in contact with many chaplains during my long service in the army and can truthfully state, that Rev. John M. Whitehead was the most worthy one that ever came under my notice. In camp, on the march, and on the field of battle, especially that of Stone River, his services were performed admirably, and without the hope of reward or promotion."

# Running the Blockade... Escape Of the "Fox"

By John Freeman Mackie,  
Under Both Flags  
1896  
Medal of Honor



**Marine Corporal, USA  
John Freeman Mackie  
The First Marine Medal  
of Honor Recipient  
His Medal of Honor  
is the second medal  
from the left.**

Late of U. S. Marine Corps (U. S. S. "Seminole") fine seamanship, cool courage, and daring that I ever saw, took place of Galveston Bay, Texas, on the morning of April 1, 1865. Having participated in most of the important naval battles during the entire war, I witnessed many gallant acts of devotion, but none ever exceeded this for heroic conduct.

The "**Fox**," an English Clyde-built side wheel steamer, commanded by Captain S. A. Adkins, which had successfully run the blockade several times, left the Bahamas in the latter part of March, with a valuable cargo for the port of Galveston, Texas, expecting to make the port on the evening of April 1st, and run through the Federal fleet, which was closely guarding the entrance with twelve large steam sloops-of-war.

The fleet was busily engaged on Saturday morning, April 1st, as usual, when the weather permitted, cleaning ship, holystoning the decks, scraping the masts and spars, painting the iron work, scrubbing the paint work, and performing the thousand and one things necessary to cleaning the ship from keelson to main-truck, fore and aft.

About ten A.M., when we were up to our eyes in dirt, sand and water, and the general confusion incident; to such occasions, with a fresh breeze blowing from the southeast, with hazy weather, which usually prevails in those latitudes, the sea perfectly smooth except a heavy ground-swell setting in from the eastward, the mast-head lookout reported, "**Sail O.**"

"**Where away?**" demanded the officer of the deck.

"**Two points off the weather-bow, sir.**"

All eyes were turned in the direction, and a faint line of smoke lay along the eastward horizon, showing a steamer apparently coming toward us. This fact was reported to the flagship "**Ossipee**," Captain Guest, who ordered the "**Penguin**" to get under way and interview the stranger. In a few minutes the "**Penguin**" was off and steaming rapidly to the eastward. She had not gone more than a couple of miles when the lookout at mast-head again reported, "**sail O.**"

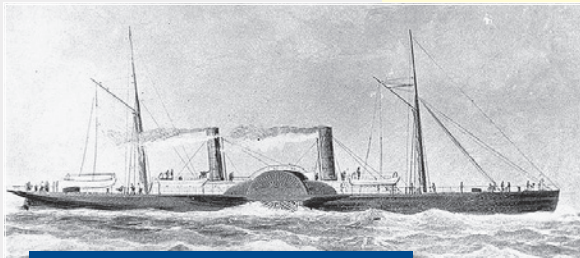
"**Where away ?**" again demanded the officer of the deck.

"**Right abeam, sir.**"

An officer sprang into the weather rigging with a glass, and, taking a good look at the visitor, reported a long, low steamer about eight miles to the eastward, burning black smoke, steaming rapidly to the northward and westward. The flag-officer ordered the "**Seminole**" to get under way at once and overhaul her.

Captain Clarcy ordered the cables to be Slipped, and in less than five minutes we were rapidly steaming four bells to the eastward. "**Call all hands to quarters.**" Buckets, brooms, holystones, and swabs were quickly thrown down the forehold, and the decks "**cleared for action.**" The strange steamer, which proved to be the "**Fox**," sighted us at the same time, and instantly changed her

course from west to northwest, and steamed directly for the Texan shore, distant about eight miles, which trends rapidly to the northeast above Galveston. By this course the "**Fox**" would strike the shore in about an hour, unless prevented by us from so doing. If 'successful, she could reach an inner channel which runs between the shore and a sand-bar, which runs along the Texan coast, distant about a mile from the mainland; but on this bar there is only about six or eight feet of water, while on the inside there is twelve and fifteen feet. But in order to do this she would have to run the gauntlet of the whole fleet, all heavily armed. That she could escape by so doing seemed



**Typical  
English Clyde-built  
Side Wheel steamer  
Blockade Runner**





**U.S.S. Seminole  
(Gun Boat)**

impossible. As this was the apparent object of the "Fox," and as she was going ahead full speed, sailing much faster than we were, Captain Clarey sent for the chief engineer, Mr. Stephenson, and asked him:

**"Can you get any more speed out of the ship?"**

**"The blockade-runner is getting way from us."**

**"I will do the very best I can, sir."**

In a few minutes the "Seminole" fairly shook with the throbbing pulsations of the engines, as they were doing the very best that could be got out of them. We were now speeding along at the rate of ten knots an hour, the best I ever saw her do under steam alone. The "Seminole" was gaining rapidly on the "Fox," when the latter suddenly changed her course to the northward, set her jib and foresail, and was getting away from us again in fine style.

Just as soon as she did this, Captain Clarey seized a trumpet from the officer of the deck, sprang into the horse-block and shouted:

**"Stand by the fore and main-top sail sheets and halliards—lead out the jib sheets and halliards—lead out the fore and main sheets are you all ready there?"**

**"Aye, aye, sir!"**

**"Let go, sheet home, hoist away!"**

In a minute the "Seminole" was staggering under a cloud of canvas trimmed well aft every rope drawing as tight as a fiddle-string causing the sea to boil like soapsuds under our bows as we fairly flew through the water.

Let us board the "Fox" for a few minutes. Then the chase opened, her pursuer was about eight miles astern; after a short consultation with her pilot, Harry Wachsen, Captain Adkins decided to make a run through the fleet for Galveston. But here was the difficulty of running from one foe: she must run through a dozen more, all dogs of war of a most savage breed.

Her course was instantly taken for the coast sixteen miles to the eastward, to get as far away from the fleet as possible. She was carrying a very heavy cargo—seventeen hundred barrels of beef and pork, besides a large quantity of miscellaneous articles, such as saltpeter, lead, hardware, and other heavy freight. It was just such a chase as Sir Walter Scott so beautifully describes:

*"Nor nearer might the dogs attain  
Nor further might the quarry strain."*

But in this case the friends of the "Fox" might have repeated the advice given the fiat-boatman by his friend'—"Go it, old man, he's a gaining on you."

The "Fox" began to obey the Bible injunction,—to lay aside every weight that might retard her progress,—and, stripped for the race, made directly for the beach, closely pursued by her fleet antagonist, sanguine of her capture or destruction, which seemed just within his grasp.

The "Seminole" was overhauling her rapidly. Captain Clarey ordered the quartermaster to "heave the log." "Aye, aye, sir!" "Well, sir, what are we making now?" "Twelve knots, sir." "Good, good; is that the best we can do?" "Yes, sir, with the present breeze."

The distance was being rapidly closed between the two ships, now about three miles off, running full speed for the shore. For the first time the "Seminole's" men got a good look at the "Fox," a long, low side-wheel steamer, schooner rig, with a fearful rake in the masts and smoke stacks, all painted a grayish white, common to all blockade runners, so as to make them undistinguishable against the foggy horizon which prevails in the Gulf. The "Fox" was now within range of our guns.

**"Fo'castle there!"** called out Captain Clarey, **"do you think you can reach her with the rifle?"**

**"Yes, sir."**

**"Try it."**

In a few seconds a flash and a puff of smoke announced that a thirty-pound Parrott shell was flying toward the "Fox," but it went over and exploded in the water beyond.

*"Try it again, sir,"* and a second shell exploded in the air above her.

*"Very good, sir, but try it again,"* and a third shell exploded under her bow. But she paid no more attention to these than if she had been going on about her regular every-day business, and we were amusing ourselves with a little target practice.

The ships were now' within less than two miles distance, when we opened on her with our eleven-inch pivot, exploding a shell right under her bow, nearly deluging the ship with water, but doing no further harm.

While we were reloading the pivot she suddenly put her helm *"hard-a-starboard,"* and ran right across our bow, heading directly for the shore, distant about a mile and a half, apparently intending to run herself ashore.

While this was being done we were not idle. The change compelled us to "shorten sail." I have often seen our men do some handsome work in "fleet exercise," but never before in my life did I ever see such quick work or more splendid seamanship than our officers and men exhibited on this occasion.

The fore and main top-sails, the fore and main-sheets and the jib were hauled down, clewed up and stowed, and the men back to their stations at the guns in less than five minutes, without the least confusion, but amid the most intense excitement.

As soon as the last man reached the deck, Captain Clarey shouted:

*"Put your helm hard-a-starboard, sir."*

*"Hard-a-starboard, sir,"* answered the officer at the wheel, putting the wheel sharply over, and the ship turned on her heel as if she knew what was expected of her, and started directly for the shore, with the "Fox" now right abeam starboard side, about a mile off. Bringing our whole battery of five guns to bear directly upon her, Captain Clarey called out:

*"For'ard rifle there, fire as soon and as quickly as you can, without further orders, but don't waste any ammunition. Pivot there, fire carefully; aim at the wheel-house; sink her if you can. Go ahead now, and show us what you can do. Quarter-deck battery (six 32 pounders), fire as rapidly as you can; aim at the wheel-house; don't let her get away from us."*

All this was done in less time than I have taken to describe it, and we were now rapidly nearing the "Fox." It seemed impossible that she could escape us. A shell from the rifle exploded over the "Fox"; a shell from the 11 inch pivot burst close alongside, and the 6-inch guns were sending their compliments thick and fast as hornets when enraged. Yet, strange to say, not a single shot had hit her in a vital spot; she seemed to bear a charmed life. We were only about half-a-mile distant from each other, and about a mile from the shore, when the "Fox" suddenly changed her course to south southwest, and started to run down along the beach, running directly across our bow.

At this moment the leadsman in our forechains called out:

*"By the deep three fathoms."*

*"Hard-a-starboard, quartermaster,"* shouted Captain Clarey; and as the ship's head swung to port he remarked, *"By God, we'd been ashore in another minute!"* The "Seminole" was drawing sixteen feet, and deep at that.

It was now nip-and-tuck. The "Fox" was going to run for it, and had the bar between us. Our only chance was to sink her, if we could, before she got out of range.

Apparently nothing now could save the "Fox." The "Penguin" and the "Ossipee," with all the other vessels of the fleet, had joined us, and opened fire upon her, with no better success than ourselves, all shots flying wide of the mark. The most tremendous excitement prevailed on board each vessel.

Captain Clarey raved and stamped about in an intense but subdued tone, swore like a pirate, and directed in as cool a manner as if we were having a race for a purse, but all to no effect. Shot after shot went over her and exploded on the beach beyond. Some exploded short of the steamer and covered her with spray; some in the air over her deck; others out the water just ahead of her; one just grazed her stern, but not one touched her, so far as we could see. It seemed impossible to hit her. The men worked the guns as if they were toys; in their excitement loading and firing as if their lives depended on the accuracy of each shot. So rapidly did we fire that we had to wait frequently for the smoke to lift before we fired the next shot.

We were now rapidly approaching Galveston harbor, and it seemed as if the "Fox" was going to get away from us in spite of all our efforts. Since changing our course the last time, we were sailing, or rather steaming, dead to windward, but the "Fox" was the lighter draught and was slowly but surely getting away from us.

Her captain for the last hour had been walking the bridge between the wheel-houses, with both hands in the pockets of his pea-jacket, smoking a cigar as unconcernedly as if there was nothing going on that should cause any uneasiness on his part. But there was evidently a feeling that their lives and property hung only on a single thread, as was manifest in the way those wheels flew around, leaving a track of boiling, foamy sea far astern; and the thick, huge volumes of black smoke that poured out of the funnels told a story that did not need a trumpet to announce it.

The channel now began to widen, and if she could only hold her own for twenty minutes she would escape. What must have been the thoughts of that captain as he walked to and fro on that bridge, with the air full of flying missiles, now hid in their smoke, the next minute drenched with spray, again, in a second or two later, one flying a few feet above his head! He never flinched an inch or changed his manner, but kept quietly on, directing his ship as if it were an every-day affair.

But let us board the "Fox" and hear what the pilot thinks about it.

The "Fox" was now in the condition of poor Reynard, as described by the poet's hero, glorying already in anticipation of his prize, closely followed by his friends, eager to be present at the closing scene:

*"For the death wound and death halloo,  
Mustered his strength, his whinyrd drew,  
The wily quarry shivered the shock,  
And turned him from the opposing rock;  
And dashing down the darksome glen,  
Soon lost to bounds and hunters' ken."*

So our "Fox," when apparently about to dash herself on the beach, suddenly turned square off to the southwest and made for the pass as if all the fiends who fell from heaven had joined in the chase; and in fact, the whole squadron was belching fire, smoke, steam, shot and shell, as though they would tear the fugitive into more shreds than even poor Reynard was rent into by the largest pack of hounds. The "Fox" kept close in to the shore, while one or two of her pursuers, forced to remain in deeper water, kept alongside, firing broadsides as fast as they could load, and the whole fleet fired up and joined the chase, trying to intercept the fugitive vessel.

Shot, shell, grape, shrapnel, and every other missile known to mankind were thrown with the rapidity of lightning and the abundance of hail at, around, over, and into the water beneath the doomed victim; elongated shot and shell shrieked before, behind, and over her, or struck the water and ricocheted over her decks like a flock of sheep over a pair of bars. Strange to say, although hundreds of shot were fired at her, but four took effect. An ugly shell about two feet long exploded a few yards from the ship. A portion of it struck a forward sheet plate and burst it in about two feet above the water, but beyond making a rent in the bow did no further damage. A ten-inch shell came over the rail and passed out on the other side, doing no harm, while the wind took the breath of two persons who stood near it. The shrouds were out under another man as he was ascending the rigging, but he suffered no other injury. A piece of shell out

the escape pipe above the deck, but nobody was hurt by it.

There were a number of old veterans on board who had seen service in several closely contested engagements on Confederate vessels, who pronounced the affair a very gallant one, but took it as a matter of course that was to be expected on occasions like this, and paid a high compliment to the officers and crew for the admirable manner in which they handled the ship. As they passed out of danger they were received with three cheers, which they took with the utmost composure, like a man answering a fulsome toast.

As we viewed the scene at this moment from the deck of the "Seminole," it was one of the most picturesque that I ever saw. The fleet all around was looking with eager eyes to see us sink the flying steamer, the bay gradually widening, with the white sand hills in the distance, the city of Galveston to the south, and its piers filled with sympathetic spectators; the fort in the bay, with the Confederate flag flying. And its ramparts crowded with men watching and praying for the success of the flying steamer; the three warships leaping through the water like hounds, oftentimes hid by the smoke of their own guns. But fate decided in favor of the "Fox." In spite of every effort that could be made to prevent her, she reached Galveston Bay, which is nearly three miles wide, and, as the channel is very dangerous to vessels drawing more than ten feet of water, we were rapidly getting into less than three fathoms' again. So with intense chagrin we were obliged to give up the chase, sending as a parting compliment an eleven-inch shell with our regrets.

As the "Fox" passed out of range, her captain hoisted the Confederate flag and dipped it three times, at the same time taking off his cap and waving it toward us, bowing gracefully in our direction his adieu, steamed in under the guns of the fort at Galveston, and dropped his anchor safe at last.

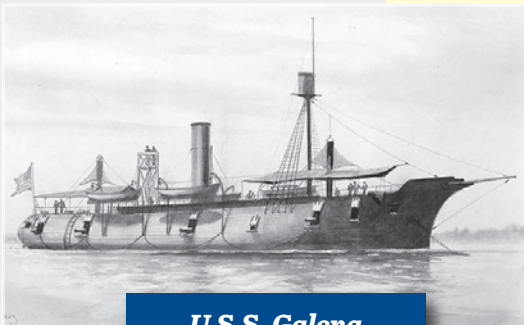
We returned the salute, and returned to our anchorage for the night, as it was nearly sun down, after one of the most exciting days we ever spent, with less credit to ourselves that could possibly be supposed under the circumstances, showing that

*"The best-laid schemes O' mice and men  
Gang aft a'glee"—*

at sea as well as on shore. The "Fox" discharged her cargo, reloaded with cotton, successfully ran the blockade again through the gauntlet of ten warships, at night, and reached Havana in safety. The war by this time happily had ended. Her pilot, Harry Wachsen, was the commander of the steamer "Buckthorn," at Galveston, for several years, and as he passed in and out of the port had no occasion to hurry, as he did on the occasion when his "Fox" was so harried.

#### **U.S.S. GALENA**

On board the U.S.S. Galena in the attack on Fort Darling, at Drewry's Bluff, James River, on 15 May 1862. As enemy shellfire raked the deck of his ship, Cpl. Mackie fearlessly maintained his musket fire against the rifle pits along the shore and, when ordered to fill vacancies at guns caused by men wounded and killed in action, manned the weapon with skill and courage.



**U.S.S. Galena  
(Ironclad)**

## **Life Aboard a Gunboat**

**By Rowland Stafford True,  
A First Person Account  
February 1971, CWTI**

***The food was often rancid and the discipline stern, but duty aboard the Silver Lake was adventurous and often pleasant.***

We expected a nice trip from Erie to Evansville, but were disappointed in this, for we were crowded into a



**U.S.S. Silver Lake**

dirty emigrant car, locked in, and were fed on raw ham and crackers. Locked in for fear we would desert, I suppose.

Three weeks passed before the gunboats arrived. We had all grown tired of camp life with nothing to do to break the monotony—and tired of sleeping in tents on a little straw for a bed, for we had no blankets, when one morning we awoke to see the entire Cumberland fleet lying at anchor in the river abreast of our camp. Soon we had orders to go aboard the flagship to be assigned to the different boats in the fleet. We were mustered on the hurricane deck and divided into squads of equal numbers. Here again I was disappointed. In the allotment I was separated from the boys I knew and put with a squad of men who were entire strangers to me. I felt very uncomfortable over my misfortunes when an idea came to my mind that if I could carry out, would fix matters all right with me. So when the officer's back was turned, I deserted the ranks where he had put me and skipped across the deck and took my place in the ranks among my friends.

When the officer returned, the change was not noticed and of course nothing was said. We were assigned to the "Silver Lake" and soon on board of her, but it was several days before our little bundle of baggage, which we had taken with us from home, arrived. We had no hammocks, no blankets. We slept on the deck with nothing to protect us but the clothes we had on. This we thought was worse than sleeping in tents on straw, but... we soon got used to it...

Some of the boys had by this time found out that it was not all sunshine, this going to war, and when the examining physician thumped on their chests with his knuckles, to sound his [their] lungs, would ask if that hurt, a few said "yes," looking very pitiful. These were put into the invalid's corner to await further examination, after which they were sent home. The physician said they were troubled with lung difficulty, and unfit for service.

One of this number I had known for years, and a heartier, tougher, or more robust fellow I never knew. I say this to show you the wisdom of some of our physicians. This one understood his business to all appearances, and so did the boys who wanted to go home and see their mothers. Everything being in readiness we proceeded on our way down the river, our headquarters being at Smithfield, Kentucky, the mouth of the Cumberland River. At a little town where we stopped for coal [Henderson, Kentucky, September 25, 1864], a messenger came to the commodore in great distress saying that a band of rebels had taken possession of the town on the opposite side of the river in Kentucky and were sacking the town and frightening the citizens, and implored the commodore to aid the citizens by driving the rebels out.

Their camp fires were in plain sight and very soon our shells were bursting in their midst. The rebels, not knowing the gunboats were so near, were taken by surprise. They hastily mounted their horses and rode away, much to the relief of the inhabitants of the town. How well I remember those first shots I ever helped fire from a cannon! How the boat trembled from the recoil of the heavy guns, and how the glass rattled out of the sash in the armory! It seemed to me the boat would be shaken to pieces, and I expect my hair stood on end, but the captain wouldn't give me time to see.

We arrived at Smithland in due time, cast anchor and awaited orders. Here we drew our hammocks, blankets, uniforms, etc. and were much more comfortable. Here, too, we were put through a course of drill every day, cannon drill on boat and musket drill ashore. Every boat had a landing party, to be sent ashore when occasion required, to fight with muskets. Each man aboard the boat had a certain position at one of the cannon and was provided with cutlass and revolver for sidearms. Some were provided with boarding pikes—a weapon used in repelling boarders. They are a sort of lance attached to a long handle, like a spear. We were thoroughly drilled in the use of all these arms.

The discipline of the navy is very strict [strict]. Every thing about a gunboat must be kept clean, neat, and in perfect order. Every Sunday morning we were mustered on the quarter-deck for inspection, when every soldier must appear in a neat and clean uniform, shoes polished, and his person neat and tidy. If any one failed to come up to the requirements, he was punished accordingly.



**Lieutenant, USA  
Rowland Stafford True**

**Rowland Stafford True was born at Meadville, Pennsylvania, on April 8, 1847, grew up there, and on August 29, 1864, enlisted at Erie, Pennsylvania, as a landsman in the United States Navy. He was sent to a camp at Evansville, Indiana, to await the arrival of the gunboat fleet with which he was to serve. His memoir, written several years after the war as a presentation to a post of the Grand Army of the Republic.**

Some of the punishments were quite severe. For instance, if anyone appeared with long, uncombed hair, and dirty hands and face, and had a slovenly look in general, which indicated that he had not paid proper attention to clean linens, he was given over to the execution officer who ordered him stripped and scrubbed with soap and sand with hickory brooms, in the hands of two strong Negroes. It wasn't often a man needed a second scrubbing. The officers, as a rule, were over-bearing and fond of showing their authority, and often punished and ill-treated their men when there was no necessity, for it....

Twice a week we had to clean ship. The decks must be scrubbed with hickory brooms, soap, and sand. Sometimes the holystone was used. Holy stoning the deck is not an easy pastime, but it makes the deck white and clean.

A holystone is quite a large sandstone cut square or oblong, with an iron ring fastened into each end, into which a rope is made fast. It is used by two men pulling it back and forth. First, one man pulls it as far as he can reach, then the other pulls it back, thus working it over the deck. By this means it wears off the top of the deck, the part which is dirty, which when swept off, leaves the deck white and clean. All the guns and small arms and bright work about the boat must be cleaned at least once a week.

Inspection of arms came once a week. When the order is given, the ramrod has to be drawn and inserted in the gun, so when the inspecting officer examines the musket, if the ramrod bounds [bounces] freely in the gun, it is clean; if it sticks, he knows it is not clean and orders the owner to be punished by being put on double duty or if something of that kind.

If a gun is found loaded, the owner is ordered to fire it off and is punished. At one time a gun was found with five loads in it, which the owner had put in while going through the exercise of loading while at drill—"just for fun," he said. Everytime we were ordered to go through the exercise of loading, he had put in a cartridge until he had five in his gun. This was his part of the fun. Afterward came out part. The officer ordered him to the gang-way door to fire off the gun. He did so, and the next moment lay sprawling on the deck. It was loaded to kill both ways....

Every gunboat has its physician and dispensary. Every morning the boatswain's whistle is heard and the order, "All you sick lay up the the dispensary." We "lay up," take our turns at the little window, and after stating our Symptoms' are given some quinine or opium pills, or a swallow of blackberry syrup. Our names are put on the sick list and we go below, feeling that if we are not better it is not the doctor's fault, for he has given us medicine!

I remember answering the sick call one evening after dark. The doctor thought it unnecessary to light a lamp, for he knew just where the pills and blackberry syrup were. He gave me some of the syrup in a glass. I swallowed it but something was in the glass beside black berry syrup. I spit out about half a dozen cockroaches. They had probably been attracted by the sweet, and I took them. It is needless to say I got well!

There were about thirty Negroes aboard the "Silver Lake." Their mess and mess cook was entirely separate from ours. They did all the coal heaving, fired the furnaces and helped the engineers, and a happy-go-lucky set they were. One of them had an old fiddle and it was brought out every night. The music it made was cause for a general walk-around or a jig dance. One fellow we called "Lippy" because of his thick lips. I never saw such thick lips on a human being, and his eyes were monstrous while his color was very black. We had much sport with him. They were usually good natured and full of fun, but sometimes were ugly and disobedient. I remember seeing one fellow tied up by the thumbs for two hours for disobedience, a severe punishment. The thumbs are tied together behind the back, and drawn upward until a part of his weight comes on the thumbs and the cord with which they are tied.

The "Silver Lake's" crew was divided into five messes of thirty men each. Each mess has a "mess cook," whose duty it is to draw the rations for all the men in his mess, and prepare the same for cooking. The ship's cook cooks the food, delivers to mess cook who deals it out in rations to his men.

Bill of fare consisted of pork and beans, salt beef, or "salt horse" as the men

called it, coffee, tea, rice, sugar, salt, pepper, canned beef, hardtack and butter—and such butter. I have often heard it remarked of butter, “It is a strong enough to walk alone,” but the butter of the navy was strong enough to run a sawmill, and of all the colors of the rainbow. The soldiers get very tired of pork and beans, and naturally set their wits to work to make something that will taste different—and one such dish we called “scouse.” The first time I ever ate it, I passed my tin-plate for some more pudding. The mess cook, looked hard at me, said, “Pudding! why you landlubber, that’s scouse [lobscouse]!” It is made of hardtack powdered fine and mixed with many ingredients....

The gunboatmen never have any marching to do, no carrying heavy knapsacks and rations for several days, guns, canteens and perhaps 40 rounds of ammunition. Our beds are in a dry place, our provisions safely stored away in the hold and we know where everything is. We sleep in hammocks, side by side, on the gundeck. At 8 o’clock p.m. the “Bosun” pipes: all hands to lay by their hammocks, kept by day in the hammock locker on the quarter-deck. We march to our hammocks in single file; at a signal from the whistle we “uncover hammocks.” Another means “shoulder your hammocks and march back, each man to your own hook and hang up your hammock.”

At 9 o’clock the whistle is heard again, and the order, “Silence, fore and aft on deck.” At an early hour in the morning the whistle wakes everyone with a start and the order, “All hands lash hammocks,” is given. That means get up, dress, lash hammocks, and carry them back to the locker! And all in ten minutes! If any man fails to be in time, he is punished. The punishment usually being carrying the hammock on the hurricane deck for half a day. The offender is put up high so the whole fleet can see him and every sailor knows what has been the misdemeanor.

The gunboats are all ironclad and stern-wheelers mostly. The “Silver Lake” carried eight guns, all brass pieces, twenty-four pounders. Each gun is manned by eight men besides the powder boy, or “powder monkey,” whose duty it is to carry ammunition from the magazine to the guns in time of battle.

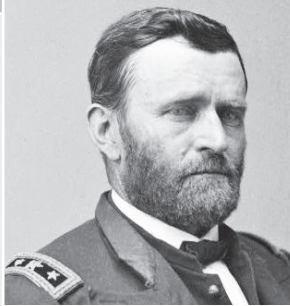
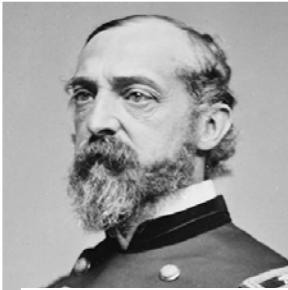
In time of battle the captain is in the pilot house where he can see what is transpiring. He gives his commands through a speaking tube to the execution [executive] officer on the gundeck, who in turn gives the command to the men. This class of boats is not built for heavy fighting, but is sometimes forced into it as was the case of Johnsonville [Bell’s Mills, Tennessee, Dec. 3-4, 1864] where we were sent to cut off Hood’s retreat from Nashville.

The rebels had planted a heavy battery up among the rocks where they could sweep the river for two or three miles—and they poured shots into us with such telling effect, that four of our boats went down within half an hour. Just before this we had a pretty hot place at Nashville, but came off with better success, as we had some heavy-clad boats with us including one monitor, the “Neosho.” The rebels tried to blow us up with torpedoes [mines], but we raked them out with torpedo rakes, making the way clear, after which the battle began. We floated down past the batteries, giving them a broadside, turned and passed them again giving them the other broadside, keeping this up for several hours, the rebels promptly responding to our fire. The monitor took the lead, the other boats following in line. The monitor, being the most dreaded, was fired at and struck the greatest number of times. She carried two eleven-inch guns in a revolving turret of solid iron six inches thick. Not a man could be seen aboard of her when in action. It was estimated that her turret was struck at least 150 times, while her wheel-house was badly damaged and her smokestack riddled from top to bottom. But her heavy charges of grape and canister were too much for the rebels.

At one point she got a good shot at one of the rebel guns and let fly a canister which carried every [Rebel] man from the gun except one who pluckily loaded his gun and returned the fire alone. Towards morning the enemy’s guns were silenced. We had recaptured the transports which the enemy had captured the night before from us, and which were loaded with corn and oats, mules and horses for the supply of General Thomas’ army, who was commanding the land forces at that time against [the] confederate, General Hood.

**To be Continued in Next Months Newsletter**

## Winter Of General Meade Series II (2024)



*This program is presented as a public service by the North Jersey Civil War Round Table, Old Baldy Civil War Round Table and General Meade Society and will be part of a three-part series*

Co-Presented by  
**NORTH JERSEY CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE  
OLD BALDY CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE  
GENERAL MEADE SOCIETY**

Lecture 2

*“I had hoped all alone to have entered Petersburg this day”:  
Meade and the Campaign to Capture the Cockade City*

Presented by

**Dr. Jennifer Murray**

**Professor – Oklahoma State University**

**Thursday, February 29, 2024**

**Time: 6:55 PM EST**

**Zoom: Please request link at: [NJCivilWarRT@aol.com](mailto:NJCivilWarRT@aol.com)**

The Overland Campaign came to a close when the Army of the Potomac shifted its attention to capturing Petersburg, Virginia. For Major General George G. Meade, the Overland Campaign ended on June 16, 1864, when he crossed the James River. This program explores Meade's role in the Petersburg Campaign. Although the action around Petersburg is largely defined as a nine-month siege, Federal forces made several attempts to secure the city. Tonight's focus will be on Meade's role in the First Offensive, June 15-18, the Second Offensive, June 22-24, and the Third Offensive, popularly known as the Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. During this period, Meade's relationship with Grant continued to evolve and Meade labored to effectively command his army in the wake of the destructive Overland Campaign.

Dr. Jennifer M. Murray is a military historian, with a specialization in the American Civil War, in the Department of History at Oklahoma State University. Prof. Murray is a prolific author and sought after speaker, she is currently working on a full-length biography of George Gordon Meade, tentatively titled Meade at War. She returns to the NJCWRT with a reprisal of her successful 2023 series that had over 140 participants for each of her lectures.

THE AFRICOLOGY AND AFRICAN AMERICAN STUDIES DEPARTMENT PRESENTS:  
**21<sup>st</sup> Annual UNDERGROUND RAILROAD & BLACK HISTORY CONFERENCE**

**HIGHER POWER CALLING:  
HARRIET TUBMAN  
IN  
PHILADELPHIA**

FEBRUARY 21, 2024 | 11am-1pm  
Glatfelter Hall room 812

College of Liberal Arts

KEYNOTE SPEAKER:  
**ALVIN PETTIT**  
Sculptor

Q & A following the keynote address  
Opening remarks: Dr. Ama Mazama, Chairwoman  
Conference organization: Dr. N. A. Okur

Free and open to all  
Registration requested

**21st Annual  
Temple University CWEST  
Black History Conference**  
Wednesday, February 21, 2024  
starting at 11:00am

**Higher Power Calling:  
Harriet Tubman in Philadelphia**

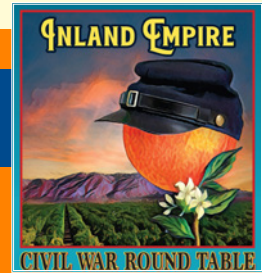
**Glatfelter Hall Room 812  
Temple University Main Campus  
Berks Mall at Montgomery St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19122**

**Keynote Speaker: Alvin Pettit (Sculptor)**  
Q & A following the keynote address  
**Opening remarks: Dr. Ama Mazama, Chairwoman**  
**Conference Organization: Dr. Nilgun A. Okur**

The conference is free and open to all. Students may receive extra credit for attendance with permission of the professor. The webinar registration link is as follows. Come join us and learn about the monument in Philadelphia for Harriet Tubman. In person or via distance learning.  
[https://temple.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN\\_CF0TSOxwQk29uYMGpsxdtw#/registration](https://temple.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN_CF0TSOxwQk29uYMGpsxdtw#/registration)  
Registrants can use the link or the QR code that is on the flyer.



## Our Sister Round Table Inland Empire Upcoming events



### "The United States Colored Troops (USCT)"

Monday, Feb. 19, Zoom  
 Ed Gantt, retired Naval aviator, 30 years of service;  
 a high school teacher; and now a Civil War reenactor

### "Life in the 55th New York Zouaves"

Wednesday, Feb. 21, In-Person & Zoom  
 Ralph Keyes, Civil War reenactor and a member  
 of the 5th New York Zouaves:

For Zoom links, and regional Round  
 Table program times & locations, go to:  
[inlandempirecwr.org](http://inlandempirecwr.org) and [socialcwr.org](http://socialcwr.org).



## Save the Date!

The 24th Conference on  
 Women and the Civil War  
 will be held July 26 - 28, 2024  
 in Atlanta, Georgia

(More Details to follow)

The Society for Women and the  
 Civil War is dedicated to  
 recognizing the efforts of women  
 who lived through or  
 participated in the American Civil  
 War and those who research,  
 reenact or otherwise honor these  
 women of the past. The society  
 sponsors an annual conference and  
 a quarterly e-journal.

Please contact us for information  
 Society for Women and the Civil War  
 PO Box 3117

Gettysburg PA 17325

For speediest response, send email to [SWCW1865@gmail.com](mailto:SWCW1865@gmail.com)

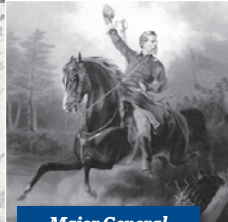
Please include your email address  
[www.swcw.org](http://www.swcw.org)

## The Old Baldy Civil War Round Table Invites You On A ... Williamsburg Trail Sign Dedication Trip



Save the Date...  
 May 4 - 5, 2024

Jersey Boys



Major General  
 Philip Kearny Jr.

### Williamsburg Dedication Trip Schedule

Saturday, May 4, 2024

6:00 Bus Departs From Cherry Hill  
 12:30 - 5:00

Tours of Williamsburg Battlefield,  
 Fort Magruder & Redoubt Park

5:30 Check in

Best Western Williamsburg Hotel  
 6:30 - 9:00 Dinner with speaker

Sunday, May 5, 2024

6:30 - 8:30 Breakfast at Hotel Included

9:00 - 10:00 Dedication of Civil War Trail  
 Sign at Location

10:00 - 1:00 Tour of Lee Hall Masion  
 1:00 Board Bus for return trip

The cost for this exciting weekend will be \$175.00 per person, exclusive of hotel rooms.  
 Hotel, Best Western Williamsburg Historic District, (757-229-4100)  
 When making reservation advise that part of Old Baldy Group for special rate.  
 Non-bus attendees for \$55.00 can enjoy the Guided Tours, The Speaker's Dinner,  
 Dedication Ceremony and Lee Mansion Museum Tour.

To secure your seat on the bus, please submit a deposit of \$50.00 Checks (Refundable)  
 should be made out to Old Baldy Civil War Round Table and forward to

Frank Barletta,  
 44 Morning Glory Drive,  
 Marlton, NJ 08053

Send Questions to  
[frank.barletta@comcast.net](mailto:frank.barletta@comcast.net)  
 Phone: 215-605-6830

## Upcoming Events that the Old Baldy CWRT is Participating In...

Saturday-Sunday, May 4-5: Williamsburg Civil War Trails Trip

Saturday, May 18: Annual Old Baldy's Picnic

Saturday, June 8 (Rain Date June 9): South Jersey History Fair

Mid-October: Mullica Hill Fall Festival

Late October: Glassboro Civil War Weekend

Tuesday, December 31: Meade's Birthday at Laurel Hill



### New Members

**Bob Weidel**  
Medford, NJ

### Members/Awards with Old Baldy

*David Gilson - 10 Year Award*



*Barbara Peterman*

## Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2024

March 14, 2024 - Thursday

John Reeves

“Soldier of Destiny: Slavery, Secession, and the  
Redemption of Ulysses S. Grant”

April 11, 2024 - Thursday

James Jewell

“Agents of Empire: The 1st Orgeon Cavalry and the  
Opening of the Interior Pacific Northwest during the  
Civil War.”

May 9, 2024 - Thursday

Victor Vignola

“Contrasts in Command: The Battle of Fair Oaks”

Questions to

Dave Gilson - 856-323-6484 - [dgilson404@gmail.com](mailto:dgilson404@gmail.com)

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

Camden County College

William G. Rohrer Center

1889 Marlton Pike East

Cherry Hill, NJ

[oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net](mailto:oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net)

Founded January 1977

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Treasurer: Frank Barletta

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Membership: Amy and Dan Hummel

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