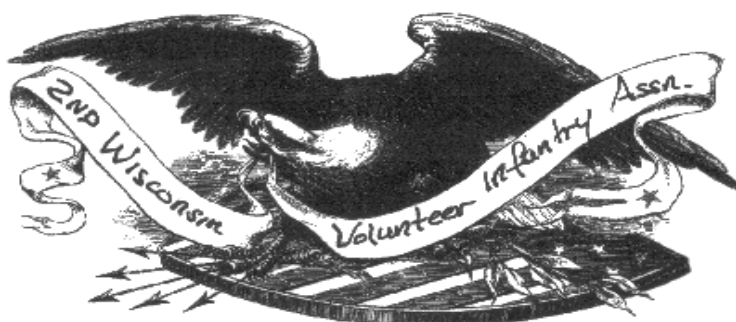


THE FUGELMAN



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

THE BLACK HAT BRIGADE---THE IRON BRIGADE

1861-1865

VOLUME XXVI

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NOVEMBER, 2016

FU-GEL-MAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or
guide for others.

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PASS IN REVIEW

From the quill of Lt. Colonel Pete Seielstad



This year passed through the hourglass of time at a remarkable pace. Wasn't it just a few weeks ago we had our annual meeting? I have cleaned my uniform and equipment, and put it away in winter storage. Thanks to all who gave of their time and talents and presented the American Civil War to the public at schools, parades and re-enactments. We truly have a calling and we have done our best to represent the men of the War Between the States. I hope we have done right by them.

Last month I wrote that the commanders of the western armies have been engaged in teleconferences in order to work together for the benefit of our avocation in American Civil War history and portrayal. Below is a resolution to that commitment.

A RESOLUTION OF COOPERATION

BY THE

LEADERSHIP OF THE GRAND ARMIES OF THE REPUBLIC (GAR)

OCTOBER 24, 2016

Whereas - We the representatives of Federal units desire to work together towards common purpose and goals to further the efforts of Civil War Reenacting west of the Appalachians...

Be it resolved that...

1) Our primary purpose is to involve re-enactors and the general public in the historical preservation and educational benefits of the period of the United States knows as the American Civil War.

2) It is the commitment of all who are a part of this Agreement to work together for the common good of the re-enacting community, to amicably work to resolve differences, and to work together in a spirit of cooperation.

3) In order to maximize the visibility of the hobby, cooperate with each other to encourage and promote our local events amongst fellow re-enactors

as well as work with each other to support and attend regional and national events worthy of our efforts as well as eliminate duplicate events that fracture the hobby.

4) Reach out in cooperation and fellowship with our Confederate counterparts - our loyal opposition - as we work together to achieve these goals.

With this resolution, a unique bond of like-minded individuals is evolving into a stronger understanding that the re-enacting community is moving forward in historical preservation and education in the American Civil War. Together, with all of our strengths, we cannot fail. Forward!

Your obedient servant,

Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad



CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES OF THE COMPANIES AND ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER

5th	Veterans Day Parade (Co.K)	Milwaukee,WI.
21st	Gettysburg Remembrance Day (Co.K)	Gettysburg,PA.

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES

THOMAS DRENDEL - IN REMEMBRANCE

Our hearts are saddened by the lost of one of our own. Tom Drendel of Company K is gone from our ranks and joins our brothers who have gone before. Tom lost his battle with cancer on October 13, 2016. We were blessed to have had him as a member of the 2nd Wisconsin. He will be remembered as a great 'pard' who shared his passion of the American Civil War.

My last memory of Tom was an early morning when most of us are plying for that last moment of slumber before sunrise. I awoke before the others and there was Tom, tending the fire for the boys. A campfire is an amazing thing. It calls to us, warms us and is an amazing focal point while chatting with a friend. We are all friends when we gather around the fire. I can't

remember what Tom and I talked about but he and I shared a simple moment sharing our passion of the Civil War and enjoyed a moment of camaraderie together as we tried to warm ourselves by the fire in the cold air of the morning before the sunrise.

Tom will be missed. I will find my place around the campfire and know that the fire will not be the only thing that warms me. There are many friends with whom I have shared a campfire and Tom is listed among them and their friendship warms my soul.

It is my prayer that Tom be greeted, with the open arms and the hearty cheers of the “Old Second” on the eternal parade ground, where there is no pain and or sadness.

A FAREWELL TO A BELOVED COMRADE

It is with a heavy heart that the editor announces the passing of a member of Company K. Tom Drendel has passed as a result of a long desperate battle with brain cancer. For Tom’s colleagues in Company K the loss is deeply felt. Tom was such a wonderful guy. He always had a smile on his face, a kind word for his comrades, and a positive attitude! Anyone who knew Tom could not help but like him!

Tom loved reenacting. The editor spoke to Tom a few months ago and he was eager to return to the field with his friends from Company K and the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. He was hoping to go to Perryville for this year’s event. Unfortunately this would not come to pass!

The Association extends its sincere condolences to Tom Drendel’s family. How significant must their sense of loss be on Tom’s passing.

While Tom’s death is tragic for Company K, it is also a loss to our entire Association. Hopefully many of our Association members had the opportunity to get to know Tom. The editor is reminded of the poem

by John Dunne which argues that the death of anyone of us diminishes all of us. Farewell Comrade! Rest in peace!

***No man is an island,
Entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were:
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind,
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.***

John Donne

Tom's obituary is below. The Fugelman expresses its gratitude to John Dudkiewicz for providing the obituary to the newsletter.

Tom Drendel lost his battle with cancer on October 13, 2016 at home with his wife and two sons at his side. We rejoice that his struggle is over and that he is safe with the Lord, but we deeply grieve his loss from us.

Tom was born on May 29, 1953 in Wheaton, IL to LeRoy and Jean (Besmer) Drendel. He graduated from Hinsdale Central High School, Arizona State University with a degree in Animal Science and a Master's Degree in Dairy Science from the [University of Illinois](#). He worked for UW-Extension as an Agriculture Agent in Marinette and Jefferson Counties and as a feed consultant in Iowa. He became the Superintendent of the Marshfield Agricultural Research Station in 1985 and remained there until his retirement in 2009. He continued to work part-time at the Station for another year and then became a Safety Specialist with the National Farm Medicine Center. He completely retired in the spring of 2012. Tom married Laura Oldenberg on October 25, 1980 in Rochester, WI and they shared almost 36 wonderful years together.

Tom enjoyed being active in the community and his church, Zion United Methodist. He was a member of the noon [Rotary Club](#) for over 30 years and received their Service Above Self Award. Tom was very involved with MACCI as a member of the Dairyfest committee and Agri-Business Council. He was also a member of the Groundwater Guardians, served on the Board for St. Joseph's Hospital and the Trust Committee for ODC. Tom and Laura served as Drive Chairs for United Way and were Co-chairs for the Everett Roehl Marshfield Public Library capital campaign. At the time of his passing, Tom was on the Board of Directors for Heritage Bank and McMillan Warner Mutual Insurance Company.

For the past 15 years, Tom devoted time to his passion for the Civil War and became a member of the Civil War Trust, which allowed him to travel to many battlefields and study their history. He became a Civil War re-enactor, joining the 2nd Wisconsin, Company K as a private. The times spent "playing soldier" were some of his most treasured. As a Chicago area native, Tom was a devoted Bears, Cubs and Blackhawks fan. Living in Packer country was not always easy, but he wore his Bears colors with pride. Tom and Laura travelled extensively in the US, Europe, Australia, New Zealand and China.

Tom will be remembered for his love of life and learning, his infectious smile and tremendous sense of humor. He was a gentle leader, devoted friend, community servant and committed husband and father. He is survived by his wife, Laura, sons, Anthony of Berlin, Germany and Nathan of Bowling Green, OH. He is also survived by a sister, Linda Geds and nephews, Chris (LaDonna) Kolling and Brian (Julia) Kolling. He was predeceased by a daughter, Megan, in infancy and his parents.

The family wishes to thank Dr. Bseiso, Dr. Lawler and the staff of 8N at St. Joseph's Hospital for their wonderful care of Tom and his family.

In lieu of flowers, memorial gifts are suggested to the Civil War Trust or the Marshfield Clinic for cancer research.

Published in the Marshfield News Herald on Oct. 17, 2016

TENTAGE FOR SALE

From our friend, Steve Michaels, of the SUVCW:

My daughter, Allison, moved to Seattle and left me with two tents to sell. Both were purchased from Fall Creek and were used only a couple of times during dry weather. Both are in like-new condition and come with stakes, poles and ropes.

a) Officers Wall Tent, measures 12 feet deep, 7 feet tall at the peak (42 inch side walls) and 10'6" wide with a single door.

b) A Frame/Wedge Tent, measures 8'10" deep, about 6 feet tall at the peak, and 8 feet across.

From what I can tell by pricing similar tents online (tents and stakes alone), they appear to be going for at least \$450 and \$300 and then the buyer has to come up with poles and ropes.

I'm looking for \$350 for the wall tent and \$200 for the wedge.

Would appreciate you passing the word and providing my info to interested parties.

Thanks very much for your help.

**Sincerely,
Steve Michaels
(414) 712-4655**

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

**AFTER ACTION REPORT: CHAPLIN
HILLS, PERRYVILLE KENTUCKY**

LT. COL. PETE SEIELSTAD

Well, it seems we had another dispiriting situation (*similar to 150 Gettysburg*) where we planned to portray the 21st Wisconsin Vol. Inf. at the battle of Chaplin Hills (Perryville), but portrayed something other than anticipated. Not having the numbers required to resemble a 'full-size' regiment, our battalion was re-assigned to support the artillery. Our company soon realized we would be in the position of the 10th Wisconsin at Chaplin Hills. Kudos to our men who had adorned their hats with the brass regimental number 21 and quickly adjusted by discarding the surplus 2. (Unfortunately the requisition for the new hat brass to represent the 10th Wisconsin did not arrive in the five minutes it took to be reassigned and marched off.) *Note: Heavy sarcasm.* I understood the nature of the event; the powers-that-be wanted to create full-scale Union regiments.

Secondly, Saturday's scenario was quite altered when the confederates attacked the hill where we stood and attempted to over-run the artillery. Facing direct fire of canister from cannons & infantry volleys produced a very small unimpressive scattering of confederate corpses on the field. In fact, the artillery and the 10th Wisconsin infantry held their ground until the 38th Indiana supported them and then stayed at their position until ordered to withdraw to another ridge. (*Compliments to our Captain Holbrook as he ordered his men 'Arms-Port' and "Stand fast" thus ending a false end to history.*)

For those who would like a summery of the 10th Wisconsin's history and action at the battle of Chaplin Hills, I offer the following taken from Wisconsin sources.

TENTH WISCONSIN VOL. INF. REGIMENT

The 10th Wisconsin Infantry was organized at Camp Holton in Milwaukee, and mustered into service for three years on October 1, 1861. It first traveled to Kentucky during November and early December.

During the war the 10th Wisconsin Infantry moved through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. It participated in the battles of

Perryville, the Atlanta Campaign, Chickamauga, the siege of Chattanooga and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain.

It was mustered out on October 25, 1864, at which time re-enlisting veterans and new recruits were transferred to the 21st Wisconsin Infantry. The regiment lost 244 men during service. Five officers and 91 enlisted men were killed. One officer and 147 enlisted men died from disease.

Source: Wisconsin Historical Society (wisconsinhistory.org)

ACTION OF THE TENTH WISCONSIN VOL. INF. REGIMENT AT THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE KENTUCKY OCTOBER 8TH, 1862

From Nashville to Louisville, the Tenth Wisconsin Regiment proceeded by forced marches, reaching the latter place on the 28th of September, having had a slight skirmish with the rebels at Cave City.

The Tenth Regiment was placed in the Ninth Brigade of Colonel Harris, in General Rousseau's division, and took part in the battle of Perryville, or Chaplin Hills, on the 8th of October. Starting with the division from Louisville, they reached Maysville on the evening of the 7th, and marched next morning to the vicinity of Perryville, where the enemy was found in force on Chaplin Hills.

The Ninth Brigade, Colonel Harris, occupied a position to the left of Colonel Lytle's brigade, and to the right of the brigade of General Starkweather. About 11 o'clock Colonel Chapin was ordered with the Tenth, to the support of Captain Simmons' battery. The regiment took position in rear of the battery, sheltered by the crest of a ridge. Here they remained till about three o'clock, up to which time the regiment had four wounded. Soon after the regiment advanced to the top of the ridge at a double quick, where they discovered the enemy advancing several lines deep, and driving in the skirmishers, who became confused and ran through the ranks of the Tenth. Three hundred and sixty enlisted men and sixteen officers were all of the Tenth who were in the fight. A volley was poured into the advancing foe, which sent them back over the hill and down the slope. Again they rallied determined to take that battery at all hazards. From this time the contest was terrible. The men fought nobly and never thought of giving one inch of the ground, and held the enemy in check until the Thirty-eighth Indiana supported them. Their ammunition was exhausted; the contents of the

cartridge boxes of the wounded and dead were used; still that devoted band held their ground, and for half an hour kept the enemy at bay without a cartridge. They remained in this position until ordered to withdraw to the next ridge, where they replenished their cartridge boxes and held the position, the enemy occupying the battleground, from which they retreated during the night. Our description is necessarily brief. The old flag fell time and again as the color bearers were stricken down, and the sixth color Corporal brought it off the field. Forty-one bullets.

Source: E. B. Quiner's Military History of Wisconsin pg.551

On Sunday our unit was consolidated with Earl Zeckman's battalion and we portrayed the 15th Kentucky Vol. Inf. [US].

I found this review of Kirk C. Jenkins' book *THE BATTLE RAGES HIGHER: THE UNION'S FIFTEENTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY* the review is by James Ramage: "At Perryville, the men found themselves outnumbered and on the defensive in the crucial and heavy fighting at Squire Bottom's house on the Union left flank. In Colonel William Lytle's brigade, they defended the angle of the Bottom House salient and were attacked by Confederate forces advancing on their front and right outnumbering them at one point seven to one. The men fought for an hour, and nearly one-third went down. When the Kentuckians ran out of ammunition, they fixed bayonets and withdrew. A member of Buell's staff saw them moving toward the rear and said they "seemed to stagger and reel like men who had been beating against a great storm" (p. 79).

To this end we portrayed the movements quite well and when our battalion was flanked and pushed hard, we were indeed "beaten".

Other observations to be addressed and corrected by ourselves as historians:

On Sunday we held a position for nearly an hour before being called into action. (This may have been unavoidable and we as re-enactors should have initiated our own diversion of cards, coffee and appropriate conversation)

There was a traveling show too near our military camp. I did not attend, but as I understand, Saturday's entertainment was bawdy at best and perhaps disrespectful to any battlefield. If indeed period correct, we must show respect for this hallowed ground by removing this type of entertainment to a neutral area.

And other items: 21st century intrusions in camp such as, un-hidden plastic containers, cigarettes, and beer & soda cans. Most disappointing were the "campaigners" leaving trash in their camp area (hallowed ground?). A large camp requires waste containers placed in strategic areas and a detail to pick up trash during the event. I can't count the number of smart-phones. I know we need phones but we have to get better at keeping them hid and using them less.

Communication from HQ was very sparse. Battalion officers couldn't give coordinating orders to the schedule because there seemed to be no schedule posted. A void of good communication is the beginning of confusion and indecision to the officers and men. An adjutant is worth his weight in gold if he can dispense information quickly and effectively.

POSITIVE COMMENTS:

It is always a pleasure to introduce new people to the hobby. This year two young men from the Poor Boys' Mess had made this their first national event. I am pleased to report: They had a wonderful time experiencing all that is part of a large national gathering of like-minded people.

I wish never to grow tired of hearing the regimental band play. If I am not nearby, I still can hear the sound coming from those aged & mellow instruments. Camping on the old campground never sounded so beautiful on a crisp evening in October.

On the march our 2nd Sgt. Ryan Swartz kept a lively step with his collection of songs. A bonus: Singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic on the march while the regimental band played.

As events go I was mildly pleased. We camped on the actual battlefield and enjoyed communion with the fallen on this sacred ground. At sunset, I was in quiet solitude and when the sounds and sights that emanated through the night broke my concentration, I realized that I had just experienced one of those moments that I can only explain but to a few.

Note: I experienced this event from the eyes of a private. Every officer should shoulder a musket from time to time. It does two things. 1) Reminds you where you started. 2) Places you in a subordinate role thus allowing for those junior officers to step up to a new challenge of commanding a company, regiment or brigade.

Below you will find two photos submitted by John Dudkiewicz from the Perryville event. Thank you John for sharing with *The Fugelman*!





SHILOH 155TH COMMEMORATION

APRIL 6TH THRU 9TH, 2017



ONE CONSIDERATION FOR A 2017 NATIONAL EVENT IS THE 155TH COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. THE FUGELMAN WILL TRY TO ASCERTAIN ALL POTENTIAL NATIONAL

EVENTS FOR 2017 PRIOR TO THE JANUARY ANNUAL MEETING SO THAT OUR MEMBERS CAN
MAKE A WELL INFORMED DECISION AT OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

Dispatch from Bob Minton:

"We just want to announce that the 155th Shiloh is a working relationship between the Atlanta Campaign Inc., the Grand Armies of the Republic and the Armies of the West. The web site for the reenactment is www.shiloh155.com

Information is added as received. The registration forms for reenactors and sutlers are there. We are only accepting 20 sutlers by invitation.

We are looking forward to working with both Hardin and McNairy counties and the organizations listed above. We hope to see you in April.

Atlanta Staff"

THANKSGIVING MESSAGE TO THE TROOPS

The autumnal winds blow cold from the North and West across the prairies in November. The skies tend toward gray and sunless more often than not. Our summer campaigns have come to a close and our members settle into winter camp. It is a time when gear will be cleaned and put away until the springtime finds us falling in for another season of campaigning. It is also a time when, as Americans for at least a century and a half, begin a stretch of around 8 weeks of holiday celebrations.

There are three holidays that have been celebrated in a grand manner by Americans. They are Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Eve. For the next two months we will be in a celebratory mood! This month (November) is a special celebration and the leading holiday for the gathering of families and travel. In fact, it exceeds those of Christmas. It is especially focused on the family and the many blessings from the preceding year. It speaks to the power of memory and the warmth of the bosom of our families.

Your officers, both corporate and field, join *The Fugelman* in extending their personal wishes for a wonderful Thanksgiving celebration for all the members of the Association (and many who receive the newsletter but are not members of the Association) and your families. We appreciate all your efforts on behalf of the Association and it is one of the many things we are thankful for when we sit and take account of our many blessings! Your enthusiasm, dedication and camaraderie are what makes our units fun and an effective teaching tool on a special period of American history.

The editor is particularly grateful to the men who served in the Union Army during the Civil War. These men preserved democratic government (an often overlooked aspect of their accomplishments) and freed 4 millions of slaves. The arguments for nullification and secession were the means of undermining the effective role of the majority in the governing process. Southern politicians had consistently blocked progressive programs for internal improvements and the prescriptions against the extension of slavery into American territories. The task which faced Lincoln and the Union troops was perceived as impossible early in the war. In Europe there was a perception that the Union could not succeed. It took a while for the Union forces to uncoil and exert their strength. But they were able to do so as the war progressed. It now seems as if the result was inevitable, but at the time that was not the case. What these men accomplished was more miraculous than pre-ordained. As everyone who reads this newsletter knows full well, the Civil War was the seminal point in American history!!

The Proclamation for a day of thanksgiving (set out below) was generally assumed to be the work of President Lincoln. However, Peter Wisbey, the former executive director at the Seward House in Auburn, New York, claims that Secretary of State, William Henry Seward, actually wrote the Proclamation which Lincoln signed. Wisbey, however, is the only one to assert this claim.

Finally, below is a recipe for stuffing from 1857. Several years ago Howard and Dayle Spicer and Jim and Gayle Dumke had a Civil War era Thanksgiving. We didn't have this recipe, but we did make Mary Lincoln's favorite cake for the family celebration. I am sure that the folks from that era probably enjoyed their stuffing, but it doesn't sound as good as our modern stuffing!

Washington, D.C.
October 3, 1863

By the President of the United States of America.

A Proclamation.

The year that is drawing towards its close, has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to foreign States to invite and to provoke their aggression, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union. Needful diversions of wealth and of strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defence, have not arrested the plough, the shuttle or the ship; the axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom. No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American People. I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens. And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and

blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity and Union.

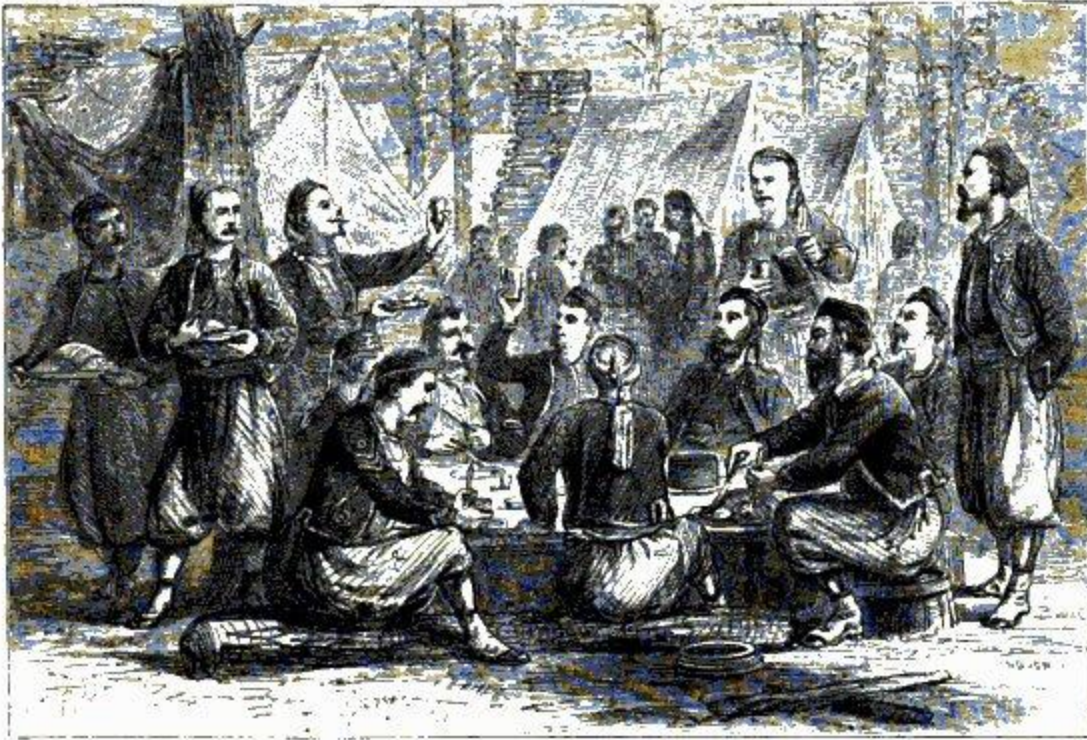
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the Eighty-eighth.

By the President: Abraham Lincoln

William H. Seward,

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.



DRUM STICKS OF TWO KINDS.

Frank Boott Goodrich, *The Tribute Book* (New York: Derby & Miller, 1865), 431.

**FROM THE CAMPS OF THE
COMPANIES OF THE SECOND
WISCONSIN**

INFANTRY

COMPANY K

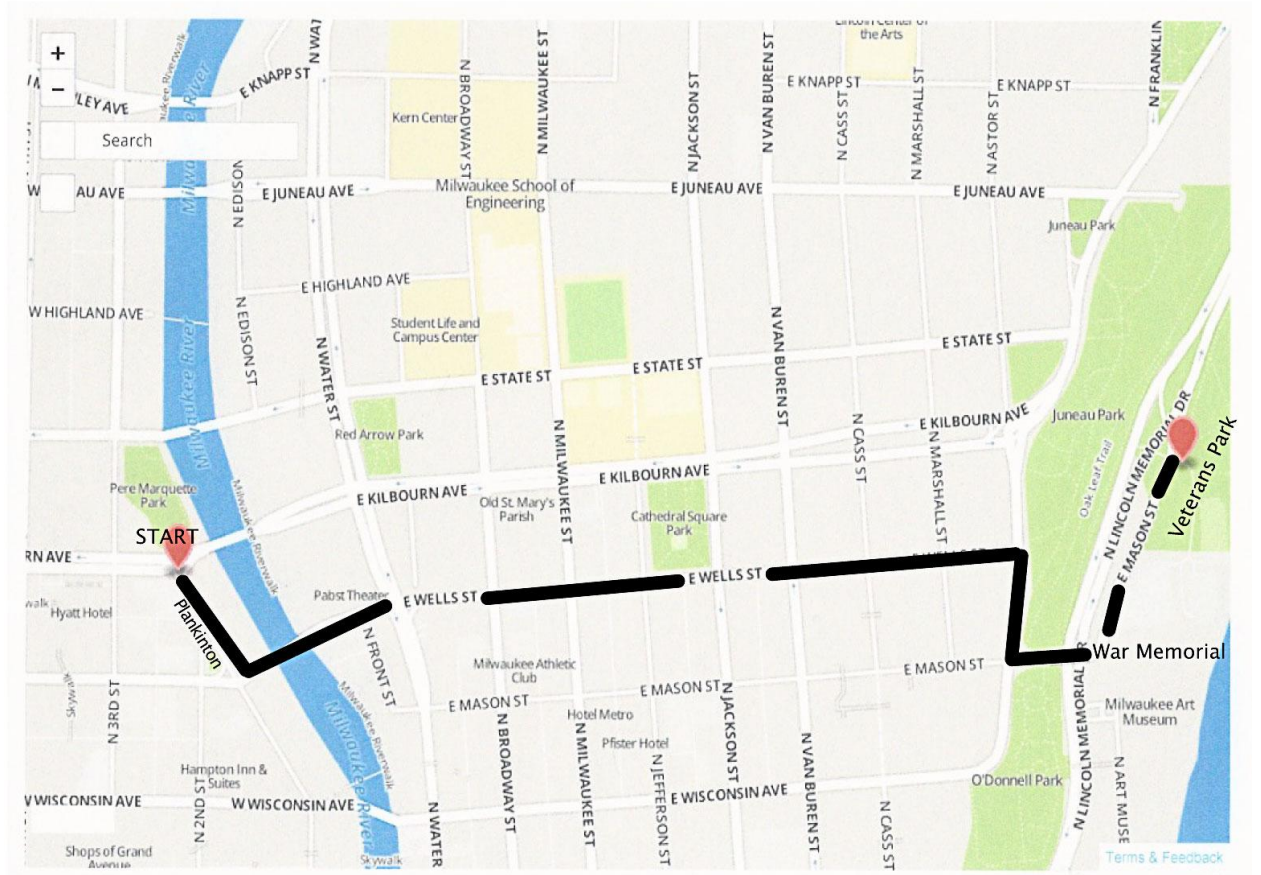
COMPANY ANNUAL MEETING

In recent years Company K has held its annual meeting in November. This year that “tradition” will change. Due to problems scheduling the meeting it has been determined that the meeting will take place on January 7th, 2017. Further details will be published through the Company secretary as the date of the meeting approaches.

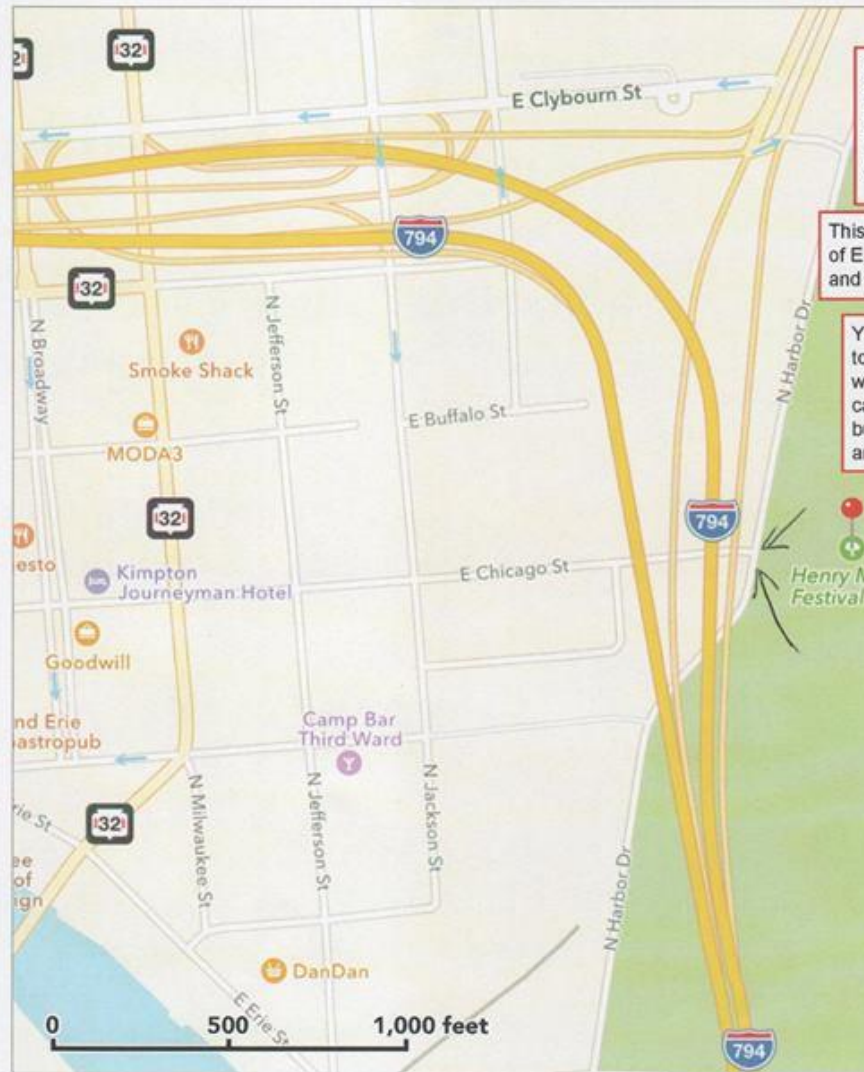
MILWAUKEE VETERANS DAY PARADE 2016

Corporal, and Company K secretary, John Thielmann has been working to provide a unit for the Milwaukee Veterans Day parade which will be held on November 5th, 2016. John is looking for reenactors from all eras to participate in the parade. The first unit in the parade will step off at 11:00 a.m. If you are interested in taking this opportunity to demonstrate your admiration and support for our veterans contact John at jthlmnn@milwpc.com and he will see you get all the necessary details.

The first map below shows the parade route. The map following that shows the locations for parking for participants in the parade. The last item is the poster used to promote the parade. *Note that there are shuttle buses to transport people to the staging area for the parade and also will transport participants from the War Memorial back to the parking area.*



***** **NEW 2016 Veterans Day Parade Participant Parking at the Summerfest Grounds** *****



Go to the Main Gate for the Henry Maier Festival Grounds (Summerfest).

This is at the corner of E. Chicago St. and N. Harbor Drive.

You will be directed to the parking lot where you can catch the shuttle bus to the staging area.

- Heated shuttle buses will run continuously from the Summerfest Parking lots to the staging area.
- Once the parade begins, the shuttle buses will run from the War Memorial to the Summerfest lots.
- Shuttle buses will run from 9AM to 4PM.

Honor ★ Service ★ Patriotism ★ Healing



 **TransCanada** presents

Veterans Day Parade

NOVEMBER 5, 2016 ★ 11AM ★ DOWNTOWN MILWAUKEE

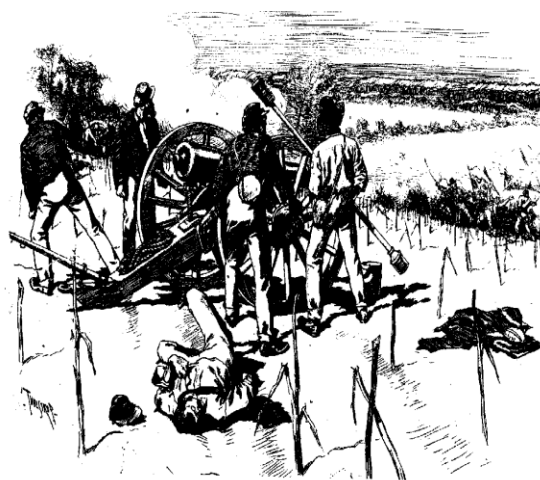
COMPANY B

John Dudkiewicz sent the following photos from the Greenbush event this year. Thank you John!





ARTILLERY



LYLE LAUFENBERG TO UNDERGO SURGERY

The Fugelman has learned that Lyle Laufenberg will undergo hip surgery prior to Thanksgiving. Thje date for the surgery is November 14th, 2016. The members of the Association extend their hopes that all goes well and that Lyle has a speedy and complete recovery.

2ND WISCONSIN REGIMENTAL FIELD HOSPITAL

SKIRMISHERS



CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1, 1861

**Gen. George McClellan replaces Gen. Scott as commander
in chief of U. S. forces**

Nov. 3, 1813

Gen. Jubal A. Early, CSA, born

Nov. 4, 1862	Mid-term election in which the Republican party lost dozens of House seats and two governorships, but did gain seats in the Senate
Nov. 5, 1862	Gen. Geo. McClellan removed from command after he failed to pursue Lee's army after the Battle of Antietam
Nov. 6, 1861	Jefferson Davis elected as president of the CSA. This was the second election for the post as he was elected to serve as provisional president when the CSA was being formed in Montgomery, Alabama
Nov. 6, 1862	Direct telegraphic communication is established between New York and San Francisco
Nov. 6, 1862	Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) and James Longstreet are promoted to Lieutenant General rank
Nov. 7, 1861	Union forces capture Port Royal
Nov. 7, 1862	Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside assumes command of the Army of the Potomac
Nov. 7, 1864	Confederate Congress convenes in Richmond for what turned out to be its last session
Nov. 8, 1861	Capt. Wilkes seizes Confederate Commissioners aboard a British ship

Nov. 8, 1864	Voting day, 1864. Lincoln wins Presidential election over George McClellan
Nov. 9, 1825	Gen Ambrose P. Hill, CSA, born
Nov. 9, 1864	Lincoln re-elected for a second term; the death knell for the CSA
Nov. 9, 1864	In Kingston, Georgia, Gen. Sherman issues orders for a long march with minimal supplies
Nov. 13, 1814	Gen. Joseph Hooker, USA, born
Nov. 14, 1864	Lincoln accepts resignation of McClellan from the army . . . also appoints Phil Sheridan as a Major General of the regular Army
Nov. 16, 1864	Sherman's army leaves Atlanta cutting off all communications
Nov. 15, 1864	Gen. Sherman begins his "March To The Sea"
Nov. 19, 1863	PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DELIVERS THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS
Nov. 21, 1864	Gen. John Bell Hood moves his army from Alabama towards Tennessee, hoping to lure Sherman to follow
Nov. 23, 1863	The Battle of Chattanooga

Nov. 24, 1863

The Battle of Chattanooga

Nov. 25, 1863

The Battle of Chattanooga

Nov. 28, 1861

Missouri formally admitted to the Confederacy

Nov. 29, 1815

Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, USA, born in Charleston, S. C.

Nov. 30, 1864

**The Battle of Franklin, Maj. Gen Patrick Cleburne one of
a number of generals killed during the battle**

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN DIXIE,

OR

**MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE
IN REBEL PRISONS.**

BY W. W. DAY.

**CHAPTER X.
CLOSE QUARTERS.**

“HAMLET. I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o’er hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.”

SHAKSPERE.

The great influx of prisoners during the month of May and early part of June, from the armies of Sherman and Meade, increased our numbers to more than thirty thousand prisoners. These were crowded upon the small space of twelve acres, or more than two thousand five hundred men to the acre. This would allow thirty-one square feet to each man, or a piece of ground five feet by six feet, on which to build his tent and perform all the acts and offices of life. Indeed we were crowded in so thickly that it was impossible for the prison officials to find room for us to “fall in” for roll call, for more than three weeks.

In the latter part of June, however, an addition of nine acres was built, which gave us more room, but did not remove the filth and excrements which had accrued in the older part of the prison. The building on of an addition to the prison was a God-send in two ways, it gave more room, and the old north line of stockade was cut down for

fuel. The new part was finished one afternoon and a gap made in the old stockade through which the prisoners passed to their new quarters. After dark a raid was made on the old part, and before morning every timber was down, and men who had been compelled to eat their food, at best half cooked, were now supplied with wood.

The old part of the prison had become so foul, as a result of the sickness and crowded state of the prisoners, that it surpassed all powers of description or of imagination. The whole swamp bordering upon Dead-run, was covered to a depth of several inches with human excrements, and this was so filled with maggots that it seemed a living moving mass of putrifying filth. The stench was loathsome and sickening to a degree that surpasses description. With the crowded state of the prison, the filthy surroundings, and the terrible atmosphere which covered the prison like a cloud, it is no wonder that men sickened and died by the thousands every month.

These terrible surroundings made the prisoners depressed and gloomy in spirits, and made them more susceptible to the attacks of disease.

The bodies of those who died were carried to the south gate, with their name, company, and regiment written on a slip of paper and pinned to their breast. Here they were laid in the Dead-house, outside of the Stockade. From the Dead-house they were carted in wagons to the Cemetery, and buried in trenches four feet in depth. They were thrown

into the wagons, like dead dogs, covered with filth and lice. After the wagons had hauled away all the dead bodies, they were loaded with food for the prisoners in the Stockade. This was done without any attempt at, or pretense of cleaning in any way. I shall leave the reader to imagine how palatable that food was after such treatment.

The monotony of prison life was sometimes relieved by finding among the prisoners an old acquaintance of boyhood days. Many of the western men were born and educated in the East, and it was no uncommon thing for them to find an old chum among the eastern soldiers.

One day as I was cooking my rations some one slapped me on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Hello Bill!" Looking up I saw standing before me, an old schoolmate from Jamestown, New York, by the name of Joe Hall. It was a sad re-union; we had both been in prison more than nine months, he on Belle Isle, and I in Danville. We had both been vaccinated and had great scorbutic ulcers in our arms, but he, poor fellow, had gangrene which soon ate away his life. A few weeks afterwards he went out to the prison hospital, where he died in a few days, and now a marble slab in the Cemetery at Andersonville with this inscription.

Joseph Hall, Company E. 9th N. Y. Cav.

marks the last resting place of one of my boyhood friends. Poor Joe.

A few days after Joe's visit to me, he introduced me to another Jamestown boy, a member of the 49th New York Infantry, by the name of Orlando Hoover, or "Tip" as he was called. He had re-inlisted during the winter previous and had been home on a veterans furlough, where he had visited some of my old friends. He told me how some of the old gray haired men had declared they would enlist for the purpose of releasing the prisoners, that there was great indignation expressed by many loyal northern men, because our government did not take some measures to release us from our long confinement.

"Tip" had good health in Andersonville, as he did not stay there more than two months, but when we arrived at Florence I went to his detachment to see him, and his "pard" told me that he had jumped from the cars, and that the guards had shot him, while on their way up from Charleston. A little more than two months afterward, I carried the news to his widowed mother, and sisters.

One of my comrades, Nelson Herrick, of Company B, 10th Wisconsin, had scratched his leg slightly with his finger nail, this had grown into a scorbutic ulcer, at last gangrene supervened upon it, and one of the best men in the 10th Wisconsin was carried to the cemetery.

All the terrible surroundings made me sad and gloomy, but did not take from me my determination to live. I knew that if I lost hope, I would lose life, and I was determined that I would not die on rebel soil—not

if pure grit would prevent it. But one day in August I ate a small piece of raw onion which gave me a very severe attack of cholera morbus, which lasted me two days. I began to think that it was all up with me, but thanks to the kindness of my “pards”, Rouse and Ole, I pulled through and from that day began to get better of dysentery and scurvy with which I was afflicted. I was so diseased with scurvy, that my nether limbs were so contracted that I was obliged to walk on my tiptoes, with the aid of a long cane held in both hands. My limbs were swollen and of a purple color. My gums were swollen and purple and my teeth loose and taken altogether I looked like a man who had got his ticket to the cemetery. None of my comrades believed I could live, so they told me afterward, but I never had a doubt of my final restoration to home and friends, except in those two days in which I suffered with cholera morbus.

Of the comrades of my regiment with whom I had been associated in prison, Nelson Herrick, Joseph Parrott, Ramey Yoht, and Wallace Darrow of company B, had died from the effects of diarrhea and scurvy, and Corporal John Doughty of my company had died from the effects of a gunshot wound, received from a guard at Danville, while looking out of a window.

Of those names I remember at this date, who were in Andersonville, Joe Eaton of Company A, stood the prison life very well, he being one of the few who kept up his courage and observed, as well as possible, the laws

of health.

John Burk of my company, seemed to wear well in this terrible place, on account of a strong constitution and his unflinching grit, which was of a quality like a Quinebaug whetstone. Corporal J. E. Webster, and E. T. Best, Sergeant Ole Gilbert, G. W. Rouse, and myself of my company, and Sergeant Roselle Hull of Company B, were alike afflicted with dysentery and scurvy, and each had a large scorbutic ulcer on his arm. Friend Cowles of Company B. had also succumbed to the terrible treatment of the rebels, and had been laid to rest.

To add to our suffering we were exposed to the terrible heat of that semi-tropical climate. There was not a tree left on the ground, not a bush, nothing for shade, but our little tents and huts. The sun at noon was almost vertical, and he poured down his rays with relentless fury on our unprotected heads. The flies swarmed about and on us by day and the mosquitoes tormented us by night. There was no rest, no comfort, no enjoyment, and only a tiny ray of hope for us.

Amid all this terrible misery and suffering, there were a few who kept their faith in God, and did not curse the authors of their misery. Conspicuous among these was a band of Union Tennesseans who were quartered near me. They held their prayer meetings regularly, and occasionally one of their number would deliver an exhortation. The faith of those men was of the abiding kind. They were modern Pauls and Silases

praying for their jailors. I too had a faith, but not of the same quality as theirs. My faith was in a climate where overcoats would not be needed, and that our tormentors would eventually find it.

We had no intercourse with the guards, and could get no newspapers, hence all the news we got was from the “tenderfeet” when they arrived. But the news we did get after Sherman and Grant began the advance, was of a cheering kind, and we had strong hopes of the ultimate success of the Union cause. I cannot imagine what the result, so far as we were concerned, would have been, had Sherman and Grant failed in their great undertakings. Without any hope to cheer us, we must have all been sacrificed in the arms of the Moloch of despair.

One day in August a squad of Union Tennessee Cavalry was brought in. We tried in vain to find out what Sherman was doing, and how large an army he had. They only knew that they had been captured while on picket duty, and that Sherman had a “powathful lahge ahmy.”

Your ordinary Southerner of those days, had a profound and an abiding ignorance of numbers. They were to him what pork is to a Jew, an unclean thing. He had no use for them, and would at a venture accept ten thousand dollars, as a greater sum than a million, for the reason that it took more words to express the former, than the latter sum.

In the winter of 1862, while Mitchell’s Division was camped at Bacon

Creek, Ky., we had a picket post on a plantation owned by a man named Buckner, a cousin of the rebel General S. B. Buckner, he was, or professed to be, a Union man. He went down to Green River on one occasion to visit Buell's army. On his return I asked him how many soldiers General Buell had? "I can't just say," he replied, "but theys a powahful lot of em." "Yes but how many thousand?" said I. "Well I wont be right suah, but theys a heap moah than a right smart chance of em," was as near an approach to numbers as I could induce him to express.

Geography is on the same catalogue with Arithmetic. While marching from Shepardsville to Elizabethtown, in 1861 we camped for the night on Muldraugh's Hill, near the spot where President Lincoln was born. After we had "broke ranks" I went with others to a farm house not far away to procure water. A middle aged man met us, and after granting us permission to get water from his well, he asked me, "what regiment is that?" I told him it was the 10th Wisconsin. "Westconstant, Westconstant, let me see is Westconstant in Michigan?" inquired he.

After the battle of Chickamauga, while we were at McLaw's Division Hospital, our Surgeon took charge of a rebel soldier lad not more than sixteen years of age, who in addition to a severe wound, was suffering from an attack of fever. One morning the surgeon went to him and asked, "how are you this morning my boy?" "Well I feel a heap bettah, but I'm powahful weak yet, doctah," was his reply.

Notwithstanding these people know nothing of numbers, or of Geography, or of Orthography and not much of any ology, or ism, yet they are good riders, good marksmen, good card players, good whiskey drinkers, and barring the troubles which grew out of the “late unpleasantness” and “moonshining” they are in the main kind-hearted people to the whites.

These remarks apply to the poorer class of whites in the time of the war. I understand there has been much improvement since that time, in some respects, there was certainly room for it.

But the trusty unfailing friend of the Union soldier, the caterer and guide of the escaped prisoner, the one on whom he could depend under any, and all circumstances was the negro. The poor black man knew that “Massy Lincoln’s sogers” were solving a problem for them which had remained unsolved for more than two hundred years. They knew that the success of the Union arms meant the freedom of the slaves, and they always worshipped a Federal soldier. Any prisoner who escaped from rebel prisons, and succeeded in reaching the Union lines, owes his success to the negroes for without their friendly aid in the way of furnishing food, and pointing out the way, and in most instances acting as guide, they could never have succeeded. He was never so poor but that he would furnish food for a fugitive prisoner and the night was never so dark but that he would guide him on his way, usually turning him over to a friend who would run him to the next station on the “underground railroad.”

The negro was, on his part, the innocent cause of much trouble, for speculate and explain as much as you will, he was the cause of the war. On his account the exchange of prisoners was suspended and he was, at once, the cause of nearly all our trouble, and our only friend. I said our only friend, I mean in a general sense, for there was a class of men, though small in numbers, who never forgot the men of their own faith. There was never a prison so dark and filthy but that a Catholic priest would enter it, and there was never a dying prisoner so lousy and besmeared, but that he would administer the consolations of the church to him in the hour of his extremity.

In fact Catholic priests were the only ministers, I ever heard of, who entered the prison at Andersonville to give the consolations of their religion to dying men. I do not wish to be understood as finding fault because this was so, for Rebel ministers would not and Union ministers could not, enter that prison. And, indeed, we did not want the ministrations of those Rebel preachers. What little experience we had had with them had convinced us that they would take advantage of their position to insult us on account of our loyalty to our flag. Not so with the Catholic priest. He knew nothing of race, color, or politics when dying men were considered. In his zeal for his church Rebel and Union were alike to him, and in any place where a Catholic was to be found, there a Catholic priest would find his way, and offer the sacraments of his church to the dying. I can honor them for their zeal and courage, although I cannot accept the dogmas of their church.

Dr. Jones, in his report, speaks of the inhuman treatment of the nurses to the sick. This may have been true of the nurses in the hospital. They were detailed from among the prisoners in the stockade, not on account of any fitness for the duty, but because of favor. They cared nothing for the sick. They were after the extra rations which were allowed to men who were working outside the stockade, and for the clothing which fell into their hands in one way and another.

Inside of the stockade there were no nurses for the sick, except such voluntary care as one comrade bestowed upon another. In cases where men of the same company or regiment were associated together the sick man so far as I observed, was cared for as well as the circumstances would admit of. But what could these men do for each other? There was no medicine to be had for love or money. The surgeons prescribed sumac berries for scurvy, and black-berry root for diarrhea and dysentery. Little luxuries, such as fruits, jellies, and farinaceous compounds were unknown in that place. A comrade could only cook the corn meal, and bring a dish of water, and assist his friend to stool and when he died pin a little slip of paper on his breast with his name, company and regiment written on it, and assist in carrying him to the Dead-house, and then hope that some one would do as well by him.

Ye who growl, and snarl, and find fault with everything and everybody, when you do not feel well, will do well to stop and think how those poor

men suffered and then thank God, and your friends, that your condition is so much better than theirs was.