

CIVIL WAR VETERANS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

"The 4th Battalion"

Volume THREE Number THREE

NOVEMBER, 1989

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

Happy Holidays to everyone. I hope all is well with you and your families. There is one item (composed of two parts) that I feel bears some discussion. First-The Daughters of the Confederacy Museum in Charleston, S. C. was damaged very badly by Hurricane Hugo. Secondly, the G. A. R. Museum in Philadelphia, Pa. is also asking for help to repair it's roof. Should we as an association donate to these causes let us say....\$25.00 to each one? They both perpetuate the idea of remembering the veterans. Give it some thought.... and let Marshall or I know your feelings. Now is the time to start planning for the Ashland, Ohio Encampment. It is hard to believe the encampment is only five months away. I certainly would like to see you all there! Once again, Happy Holidays.

Sincerely,

Dennis R. Loba

Envelopes with the Civil War Veterans Historical Association logo were graciously donated by #35 Orland L. Roberts.

QUESTION: What is the difference between G. A. R. National Badges with the word Delegate versus the word Representative? Submitted by #56 John Holland Jr.
ANSWER: There is no difference in the status or symbolism. The early badges had no specific word or the word member was utilized. The wording was then changed to delegate until 1903 when the word representative was used. The 1905 badge is marked delegate, 1906 member and from 1907 until 1945 the word representative.

Editorial credits for articles;

#8 Dennis R. Loba-----An Andersonville Survivor Part Two

#19 Richard A. Haussmann-----Cover of the Country Gentleman and 1897 Sears Catalogue

COMING EVENTS: Third Middle Tennessee Civil War Show & Sale, December 30 & 31, 1989 Nashville, Tennessee-State Fairgrounds- Vaughan Building

NEW MEMBER: #74 Family History Library, 35 North West Temple St. Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: #11 Howard Averbach, 27 Second Place Apt 2, Brooklyn, NY 11231
Lt. Col. Robert L. Krasche, 127 Tuckahoe Trace, Tabb, VA 23602

CWVHA Secretary,

Marshall J. Brighenti
Marshall J. Brighenti

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For AMERICAN FARMERS AND HIS FAMILY



PAINTED BY J. F. KERNAN

EAST OF THE LONG HAUL—By E. H. Taylor

(Reduced from original size of 10 x 14 inches.), from Dick Haussmann.

1897 SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOGUE

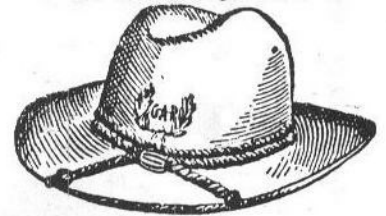
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Incorporated), Cheapest Supply House on Earth, Chicago.

BLUE FLANNEL

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC



Grand Army Hats.



No. 2630 Men's Regulation G. A. R. Hats, made from best fine Saxony wool with gold cord and G. A. R. wreath. Leather sweat band. Black only. Size 6 3/4 to 7 1/4 only. Price, each..... \$0.75
Per dozen..... 8.75
No. 2631 Men's Clear Fur G. A. R. Hat, full regulation shape with gold cord and G. A. R. wreath and leather sweat band. The best wearing Grand Army hat made. Black only. Sizes 6 3/4 to 7 1/4. Price, each..... \$ 1.37
Per dozen..... 15.00

G. A. R. Oval Top Republic Button. Coat Size.



25122. doz.
Vest..... 36c
Coat..... 36c
Over Coat..... 21c

**BEST QUALITY
GOLD FILLED
AND ENAMELED
EMBLEM CHARMS.**



No. 6141. Enamelled G. A. R. Each, \$1.95.

**SOLID GOLD
ENAMELED
LAPEL BUTTON**



No. 6154. G. A. R. Enamelled. Each, \$1.25.

Our trade on Grand Army Suits the past two seasons has been so large and increased so rapidly that we have decided to make much more extensive preparations this year than ever before, and at \$6.50 to \$8.00 we will furnish Grand Army suits in sizes from 34 to 42, or at \$2.00 extra in larger sizes wanted, that can not be produced by a tailor at 50% advance.

Don't compare our G. A. R. Suits with those offered by the average clothing merchant. There is absolutely no comparison.

Our G. A. R. Suits are made up in a thoroughly first-class manner, but by expert cutters and made by first-class tailors. The linings, trimmings and general finish are far superior to those used in ready-made stock.

The old soldiers all over the United States are patronizing us by the thousands, and in honor to them and the G. A. R. we have cut our per centage of profit on G. A. R. suits lower than on anything else we handle.

Almost cost, is the way we sell G. A. R. Suits. Yet we are anxious for your trade, we appreciate it just the same, builds up our business and makes many new customers for us.

Many G. A. R. Posts join in a body and give us their orders for 20 to 100 suits for the entire post, but the price is the same whether you buy one suit or 100 suits. You will find our prices on G. A. R. Suits far below the price charged by retail dealers. As before explained, you will find there is no comparison in the goods or make.

We furnish these Suits in either style 1, 2 or 3, round cut sack or square cut sack, as illustrated above, or double breasted square cut sack style 3 at 50 cents extra. We also furnish an extra set of G. A. R. brass buttons with each suit. The buttons are detachable and can be easily removed.

Samples of cloth sent free on application.

No. 4386. Our \$6.50 Blue Flannel G. A. R. Suit. We guarantee this suit to be equal to anything your local tailor can offer at \$12.00, and is better value than those carried by the average clothing store. It is made from a Fine Indigo Blue Flannel, fast color, warranted not to fade. If one fades we will send you a new suit. Nearly all wool, a very small cotton chain one way of the weave to make it firm and wear resisting, in fact, goods that will wear like iron. It is a suit that is generally sold for all wool.

Our Special Price..... \$6.50

No. 4387. Our \$7.50 Blue Flannel G. A. R. Suit. This suit is made from a finer and closer woven material than our \$6.50 suit, the trimmings are somewhat better and it is well worth the difference in price.

Our Special Price..... \$7.50

No. 4388. Our \$8.90 Blue Flannel G. A. R. Suit, made from an extra fine all wool pure indigo blue flannel, warranted not to fade.

The finest all wool fast color G. A. R. goods made! These goods are made by one of the largest and most reliable mills in America, a concern whose reputation for the manufacture of high grade G. A. R. flannel is second to none.

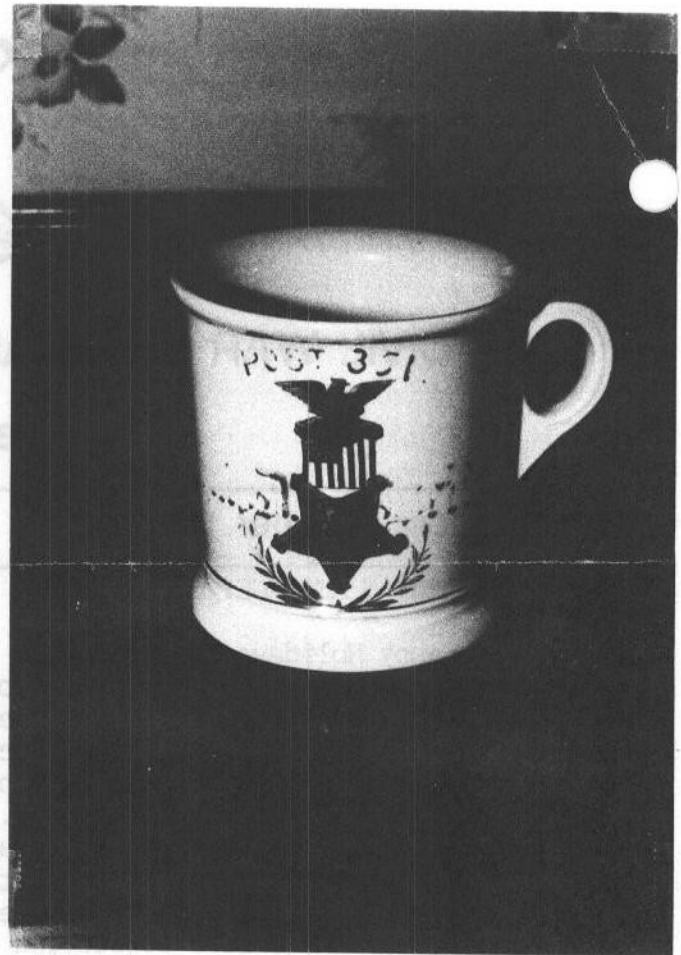
Our Special Price..... \$8.90

No. 4389. Our \$9.00 All Wool Blue Flannel G. A. R. Suit. This suit is made from a finer and closer woven blue flannel than the \$8.90 suit, the trimmings are somewhat better, in all it is worth the difference in price.

Our Special Price..... \$9.90



A rare item! Red White and Blue Candy Wrapper. From the collection of #45 John Ferry Submitted by #28 Rance Hulshart



A beautiful G. A. R. shaving mug. We are sorry we cannot reproduce the photo in color. Submitted by #31 David J. Maloney Jr.

IT'S BRONZE!!
IT LOOK GREAT, TOO!

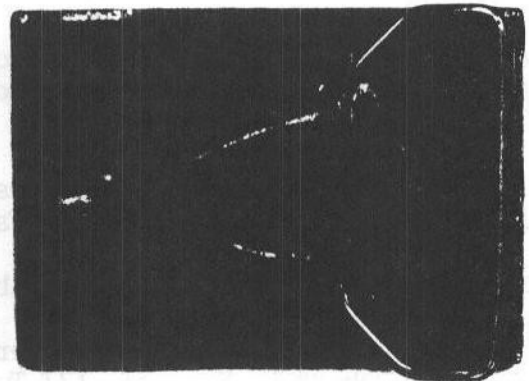
(THIS IS ACTUAL SIZE)



(FRONT)

I'M TOLD THIS G.A.R. BELT BUCKLE IS A "PHONEY" DOES ANYONE KNOW FOR SURE?

HOOK TO CATCH IN BELT HOLE.



CAST IN LOOP FOR THE BELT.

gate not to be carried away until all
the victims of death's harvest could
be picked up all over the hospital grounds.
One hundred and thirty six, out of
about 2500 sick prisoners, froze to death that
single New Year's night and at the end of
January only 875 more or remained alive
from that winter number.

This is only a poor and inadequate description
of one single day's terrible episodes and you
know that the survivors know that language,
no matter how strong and fierce, can never
do full justice to the subject.

A legion of Hell's Demons should any
Devil assemble and than himself in the plan
they could devise a more cruel and barbarous
method of torturing man to death than that
practised by the Demons of Andersonville.

Only a demon that ate the hearts of men
could have blushed with shame when that
Hellborn Union King and King made their
first appearance.

Should we forgive, can we forget?
Every Andersonville Survivor's voice should
be raised to tell the horrid tale of cruelty,
barbarism, murder and tortures he has
been compelled to witness every day! Not

for the sake of accusing hatred and revenge
but to teach a lesson to posterity and to
show what a Patriot can and will suffer
for his country's sake!

If you choose you are at liberty to see
my letter in any language you may wish.
I can furnish you proof for the truth of
every word of it.

65. I went to Albany, then on the way passed
an old farmer named B. Thomasville from there
to Libertyville again to get road at that
last named place and then simply passed close
by the RR track and passed the house about
10 miles from Andersonville. I was finally
taken up and carried on a stretcher to
Andersonville. It took me nearly two weeks to get from
Libertyville to Andersonville.

Today I started a program of Stephens County
which I have accepted as an insignificant token
of my fellowship. I was with my Regiment in the battle
of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 44-68 and my brother was killed
near my side, but have not seen the place since
then. I must know best if it resembles your city
or not. I wish you very much and ancient
happines. P. M. Thomasville, Stephens County, Ga.



A Union Ex-POW Membership Badge
and a brief synopsis of their
basic principles.

THE objects of the Union ex-Prison-
ers of War Association are to
strengthen the ties of fraternal fellow-
ship and sympathy, formed by compan-
ionship in arms during the war for the
Union, among the survivors of rebel
prisons; to perpetuate the name and
fame of those who have fallen in the
prison pens of the South and in the line
of duty; to bind together, in the most
friendly ties the survivors of the above
prisons by joint action of its members
in any direction which will secure
justice to the living and honor to the
dead, and to assist such of our fellow
prisoners as need help and protection,
and to extend needful aid to the widows
and orphans of those who have fallen.

Andersonville Survivors Association
Room 7, 120 Randolph St.,
Chicago, ILLS.

January 14, 1880

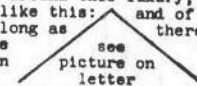
T. Ziegler

Dear Comrade

Your favor of 12th inst. covering the application of Paul B. Andrews and fee, came duly to hand, as also a few days previous your pamphlet "Halfhour with an Andersonville Prisoner." Thanking you for active cooperation and kind fellowship, I need scarcely assure you that I have read your pamphlet with the utmost interest and its contents vividly recalled to my memory the terrible agony and sufferings through which we passed at that cursed charnel house.

My own experiences were similar to yours, especially in regard to that imaginary friend which only comforted us through the agency of dreams and illusion! I was in the stockade from July 10th (18)64 but in October they carried me in an old blanket outside to the hospital (so called, but in fact nothing but a torture and slaughter pen). I was so badly crippled by a wound in my leg and by scurvy that I could not walk nor stand up, but had to crawl on my hands and knees, nothing but rags to cover my nakedness, full of vermin and dirt, without the means to clean myself, almost starved, half idiotic, my teeth falling out and those that were left hanging only by the nerves giving me tormenting pain, unable to eat the rough and half raw chunk of corn, bread, and salt pork (about 1/2 oz every other day). I was considered and considered myself gone up, and in fact I wished and prayed for an early relief by death.

Fortunately Dr. John C. Bates C.S.A. took an interest in and compassionated my pitiable condition. He furnished me secretly some sweet potatoes and these cured my scurvy like a charm within but a few days. Then a rejuvenating reaction set in and my stomach called violently for food and I then could eat almost anything. An old bone thrown away at the cookhouse of the hospital, an occasional rat we caught, a piece of pine pitch or bark, a morsel of bread found with some dead comrade, all of these were precious morsels to me and I kept crawling around among those who had answered the last roll call of the Supreme Commander above, always on the hunt for any morsel of eatable matter that I might find with them before they were pitched on the wagon and carried out to join their comrades in a ditch at the graveyard.

In Dec'br (18)64 it was quite cold, we had some mornings 2 inches of ice on the water barrels in our ward, nothing but fly tents open on both sides, pitched on the bare ground not even some straw for a bedding, many froze to death! I used to crawl down towards the creek, pick up all the pine faggots I could find and when night came on, would start a little fire in the middle of our tent, six of us huddled closely together around this luxury, holding our hands and faces over it something like this:  and of course allowed ourselves to be smoked as long as there was anything left to keep up the smoking and the process. Of course a civilized man and would not have hesitated to or a lot of idiotic niggers! Thus after the last spark of fire had died out we would lay down and crouching close together put our feet to the fireplace in order to utilize every degree of heat for the warming process and then we would talk about what we would have to eat after we ever should get home.

Finally we would fall asleep about in the same manner and at the same hour as you have told so graphically. Oh what feasts I had, but you will recollect that no matter how much you pitched into all these good things of an illusionary world, yet you constantly felt the tormenting gnawing of starvation and finally should awake almost too weak and faint to get up.

On the 31st of Decbr, during the night it was unusually cold, and we were almost starved because on that day they failed to give us any bread and all we had was about a pint of thin rice soup in the morning (rice boiled in water even without any salt and but very little rice). We were yet six of us and among others Chas. Rompel of 15th N.Y.H.A. and Sergeant F.J. Hyatt of Comp. F, 147 Regt. Pa. Vols. Hyatt was a fine and highly gifted young man. A few days previous he had written quite a nice poem, of which I will send you a copy some of these days.

That night we were sitting around our little fire, closer together than ever before, and Hyatt said, if he could be at home, his mother would have to bake (c)odfishballs and he would eat all he wanted, even if it would kill him. Rompel choose Roast goose, I gave the preference to Roast Turkey and cranberry sauce and so each of us feasted in the hope of getting his favorite meal after getting home.

We all were quite awake till about 2 o'clock am Jan'y 1st, 1865. This was the most dreary, hopeless and discouraging New Year any one could possibly imagine and though it is saying much, yet I should not wish one like it to my greatest enemy! We all fell asleep, I soon held a carousal and feasted at an illusionary banquet and was quite provoked when Hyatt awoke me, by saying in an excited tone of voice. "Mother, mother, where are those fishballs, oh for gods sake don't joke me, I am so hungry!" and a few moments later he halloed, "Mother take off my Knapsack, oh it is so awful heavy, quick quick!"

Then deep silence followed and once more I feasted in my dreams! "Fall in for your rice soup!" was the next voice that awoke me, this time it was a reality! The Nurse stood outside of our tent with a pail of rice soup waiting for our tincups to give us each about one pint. Charlie Rompel and myself were the only ones to awake and we held out the cups for six of us, then we tried to wake up the other boys, but they would not stir and after some more shaking we found they had gone to their everlasting sleep!

"Four, say, four brave and loyal soldiers," out of six, frozen to death! And yet their death was a blessing to Charlie and myself! We kept it quite (quiet) and said nothing about it until huddled among these four stiff corpses, we had swallowed down our own and the 4 rations of Rice soup which were intended for the living patients only. Had we not resorted to this little strategy, and had we told of their death before eating all this soup, we knew the Rebel Stewart and guard would take away the four surplus rations. These cursed heartless devils finding out that the soup had been utilized for our own benefit, Charlie and I, were bucked and gagged for 2 hours and afterwards each of us had to take six lashes across our bony and sore backsides! when the whip of that demon and devil Capt. Wirz fell across my back, Oh how I prayed and wished that I might be one of those four dead comrades, who then were among a heap of dead bodies near the hospital gate not to be carried away until all the victims of death's harvest could be picked up all over the hospital grounds.

One hundred and Ninety six, out of about 2500 sick prisoners, froze to death that single New Year's Night and at the end of January only 875 were or remained alive from that vast number.

This is only a poor and inadequate description of one single day's terrible episodes and you as one of the Survivors know best that language, no matter how strong and fierce, can never do full justice to the subject.

If a legion of Hell's Demons should any time assemble and Satan himself preside in the chair, they could not devise a more cruel and barbarous method of torturing men to death than was practiced by the Demons of Andersonville.

Verily, I believe that all the Devils of Hell must have blushed with shame, when that hellborn Demon Wirz and Winder made their first appearance.

Should we forgive, can we forget? Every Andersonville Survivor's voice should be raised to tell the horrible tale of cruelty, barbarism, murder and tortures he has been compelled to witness every day! Not for the sake of arousing hatred and revenge, but to teach a lesson to posterity and to show what a patriot can and will suffer for his country's sake!

If you choose you are at liberty to use my letter in any manner you may wish.

I can vouch and furnish proof for the truth of every word of it. I left Andersonville April 19 65, per rail to Albany, then on the stageroad in an old farmwagon to Thomasville, from there to Lake City, Fla. again per Railroad, and at this last named place we were simply turned loose Marched along the RR track via Baldwin and battlefield of Olustee, finally reached White house about 10 miles from Jacksonville. Colored soldiers out on Picket line took me finally up and carried me on a stretcher to Jacksonville. It took me nearly two weeks to get from Lake City to White house. I could only march about 3 miles a day.

Today I mailed a picture of Gettysburg to you which please accept as an insignificant testimonial of my fellowship. I was with my Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg July 1 to 4th 63 and my brother was killed near my side, but have not seen the place since then. You must know best if it resembles your city or not. Wishing you very such and constant happiness and success.

I am
Yours fraternally,

Felix La Baume

This is the "translated" copy of the following letter written by Felix LaBaume (the President of the Andersonville Survivors Association) to William Zeigler in 1880. LaBaume was very well known in the Ex-POW circles and even sold a print showing the Andersonville Prison Hospital, etc with a numbered key identifying the inmates and other features of the famous prison.

