

**THE WASHINGTON VOLUNTEER**  
**PUGET SOUND CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE**  
**HTTP://WWW.PSCWRT.ORG/**  
**MARCH 2014**

**NEXT MEETING: Thursday, March 13, 2014**

**China Harbor**, 2040 Westlake Avenue North, Seattle, Washington

**Time:** Social hour at **6 p.m.**; Dinner served at **7 p.m.**; Program at **8 p.m.**

**MENU CHOICES: Mongolian Beef, Chicken or Salmon**

**Dinner includes: salad, vegetable delight, General Tso's chicken, fried rice and fresh fruit.**

**Cost is \$21 for adults and \$10 for minors and college students, payable at the door, but reservations and meal choices are required. See below.**

To make reservations and meal choices, use one of these options (most preferred first):

Click on <http://www.pscwrt.org/about/dinner-reservations.php>

Email **Rod Cameron** at: [rodcam@comcast.net](mailto:rodcam@comcast.net)

Or lastly, call **Rod Cameron** at **206-524-4434**

**Deadline for reservations is 12 NOON on Tuesday, March 11, 2014.**

*NOTE: Remember to turn off cell phones before the meeting so there are no distractions for the speaker. Thank you!*

**DICK MILLER WILL TALK ABOUT THE CHEROKEE WARRIORS AT THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE**, the defection of

half the Confederate Cherokee forces after the battle, and the Watie-Ross dispute that practically destroyed the Cherokee Nation. No group demonstrated the brother-against-brother nature of the Civil War more than the Cherokee. Bitter rivalries, dating back to the loss of ancestral lands in the East during the 1830's, caused the Cherokee Nation to split between North and South and led to vicious intra-tribal fighting between 1861 and 1865. Dick Miller is a past president of the Round Table and silent auctioneer extraordinaire.

**IMPORTANT DISPATCHES**

**PSCWRT TOUR OF "CIVIL WAR PATHWAYS"?**

By Mark R. Terry

One of the things that I am envious of Civil War Round Tables back east is that the members have many options apart from their monthly meetings. With the Civil War literally in their back yards, those members can get together to go on tours to battlefields, historical sites, museums and more- all related to the War Between the States.

Kim and I went to the opening of the new exhibit at the Washington State History Museum in Tacoma on February 17<sup>th</sup>. We caught a little bit of Lorraine McConaghy's introductory presentation on the exhibit and how it came about. Towards the end of her talk, she mentioned that she would be occasionally giving tours of "Civil War Pathways in the Pacific Northwest". Kim talked about how it would be fun to take one of these tours with members of our Round Table.

Spurred on by that comment, I have been emailing Lorraine to see if we could make this happen. **The question is, do we have an interest in doing this?** I would be willing to spearhead this effort if we could sign people up who would like to go and also some who would be willing to carpool to Tacoma on a set day & time to make this a reality. May or June would seem to be ideal, and far enough out that we could plan it in advance. Obviously, whatever date we set will not work for everyone, but even having a half dozen Round Table members included in a tour would be a great experience. Remember, this exhibit will end on July 6 of this year. After that, if you want to see extensive Civil War artifacts, you may need to get on an airplane and fly across the country!

Please contact me if you are interested in

- a) Attending a group tour with PSCWRT members and
- b) If you'd be willing to drive a vehicle and bring members with you...

Thanks so much!

## **WHERE IN THE WORLD IS LARRY CENOTTO?**

I recently sent an email to our board members, asking them for their input on a matter. Official Greeter Larry Cenotto responded that he was just a little bit busy...he sent the following email to explain:

*I will be in Africa, the Middle East, and Far East until at least July 23<sup>rd</sup> (if I don't get put in a North Korean labor camp). Won't be at any more PSCWRT meetings therefore for the remainder of the year. Will miss making a bid on Dana Thompson's watercolor portraits in April! Present trip will constitute over 29,000 air miles, 7000 ground miles, and at least 31 countries. I leave March 9<sup>th</sup>, for Amsterdam on layover, and thence to South Africa. Wish me well. "True North: Volume III" will eventually result from these travels.*

*You can follow the trip, My PSCWRT Friends, at the following address:*

***[www.freestyleworldtraveler.blogspot.com](http://www.freestyleworldtraveler.blogspot.com)***

*I will also be on Facebook occasionally. You can friend me at: **Lawrence Cenotto**, okay? There would be very little time for sending postcards and keeping hundreds of addresses in a handy book for sending out post cards. Hope you understand this. I will be incredibly busy, just trying to write in my blog and keep photos posted.*

We wish Larry Cenotto all the best for a wonderful time and safe travels! When you have a chance, contact Larry and ask how things are going. We sincerely pray that he does NOT end up in a North Korean labor camp!!!

## **ARTICLES**

*The following article was submitted by PSCWRT member Steve Raymond, who gave a presentation on the 78<sup>th</sup> Illinois Infantry at Chickamauga last month. I felt it would be a good follow up on his talk.*

## **A Dramatic Account of Capture and Imprisonment** **With an introduction by Steve Raymond**

Pvt. Perry Grubb of the 78<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment was captured near Louisville, Georgia, on November 30, 1864, by troopers of Joseph Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry. Grubb was on a foraging detail when he heard firing nearby. He volunteered to take another soldier's place in the line of battle and concluded to "stay till the last" until he suddenly found himself surrounded and taken prisoner.

What follows is a condensed transcript of Grubb's testament, written after his release from a Confederate prison in April 1865. The transcript was discovered by Mike Cronin, an Iowa resident and descendant of another 78<sup>th</sup> soldier (not related to Grubb), in a collection at the Abraham Lincoln Presidential Library in Springfield, Illinois. Cronin sent me a copy of the testament, which is one of the most dramatic and moving accounts of Civil War capture and imprisonment I have ever seen.

It is not known who now owns the original handwritten text, or if it still exists, but the original was so faint that some portions were unintelligible to the transcriber. Some words also appear to have been misinterpreted by the transcriber. Some of the probable missing words have been inserted in brackets in the following version; others have been left blank. Some punctuation also has been added for clarity's sake. Original spellings have been preserved.

The text appears here with the kind permission of Mike Cronin.

Grubb's narrative begins with his capture:

"To my horror I found men facing me and in my rear . . . I surrendered with the best posable grace and after being made a target for several very rough looking specimens of humanity. . . One of those demons [said] 'You God D---m Yankee son of a \_\_\_\_\_ [why did?] you not surender sooner? Give me your [pocket?] book d--- you!' And as a loaded pistol was within a few inches of my heart and the hand which held it trembled with rage . . . I soon brought my Greenbacks and passed them to the Gentleman in Grey.

"After being robed of my money, watch, ring and other little valuables, I had the honer of a small body guard who took me to Gen. furgason [Confederate Brig. Gen. Samuel W. Ferguson] where I was kindly admited by the Gen. and was asked to state as well as I could the number of men in Sherman's army. I would not like to swear to all I told him and at the close of my statement I had the satisfaction of being called a lying Yankee son of a b---- and was again on my way under guard.

"There were now thirteen of us [prisoners] together. After travailing 4 or 5 miles we came to a wagon train where we were greeted by about \_\_\_\_\_ more of our fellows who had been taken under [similar?] circumstances. We were marched til midnight when we halted for the night. We were tolerable well fead, all who wished to eat had plenty, but I felt to[o] bad I could not eat. I could only think of my misfortunes and of home and those who were near and dear to me.

“Next day . . . I had an opportunity of talking with Major Hall of the 56<sup>th</sup> Ala. Cavl. I can only say of him that he treated me very well . . . Near night Orders came that we must start to Augusta and in less than 20 minutes we were on our way under strong guard . . . We marched 7 men side by side and just behind is 7 more and we had quite a little company . . . I was well satisfied my own self we were going to prison as Maj. Hall had told me so. The Roads were very sandy and marching was therefore very bad.

“The morning we arrived at Augusta we had Breakfast but yet I could eat but very little. Since my capture 5 days I had not eaten enough to do me one day and was very weak. We got no dinner nor supper and no breakfast next morning. The commanding officer of the Prison was the most horrible wicked man I have ever seen. I had little idea that a human being could be come so entirely lost to all feeling of humanity as this fellow. Curses after Curses fell upon our ears as we filed one after another into the Jail where we had to crouch down in the corners and those who were any way \_\_\_\_\_ sat trembling with fear as they knew not what minute their lives would be taken.

“The officer was driving them in to one end of the cell and had a Pistol pointed at us all the time which he handled very carelessly. After he had us all in to one end of the cell he made a mark across the floor and directed the guard to shoot the first man who attempted to cross the line . . . A German Boy who knew nothing crossed the line and was knocked \_\_\_\_\_ of the guard’s gun. We supposed him to [be dead?] [but] after a few minutes he came to. I never learned what became of him.

“Orders came to be ready to leave on the 10 o'clock train. At 8 o'clock the officers came in accompanied by the Editors of an Augusta Paper. The officer began with an oath to tell what he wanted after getting us in to line, our names would be taken by the Editor and [he?] would search us for money or anything we had which he wanted and if we did not give up all we had he would send us to H---. And in less than no time after the Editor had our names and information that he could get from us we were taken out of jail and marched down main street to the Branchville depot where we were placed in cars prepared for us. On our way through the city the streets were crowded with Old and Young women and Old men and small Boys and Negroes . . . Old women scolded [us], old men Charged and stamped their cains on the pavement. Little boys threw stones and old shoes at us . . . .

“[At the] depot we halted and . . . here the crowd of spectators became very noisy [and] the guard [took] several of the worst into custody . . . A few superannuated old \_\_\_\_\_ could still crie out ‘Hang ‘em,’ ‘Boot ‘Em,’ etc., etc. One old Lady [push?]ing and shoving through the throng to catch a glimpse at the terrible ‘Yanks’ seemed very much surprised upon seeing men not unlike other men. Says she, ‘My are those Yanks? They look just like our men.’ There seemed to [be] no refinement whatsoever [to] these People

“After showing us the People and tormenting us sufficiently we were placed in the cars. They were small freight cars probably half as big as those used on our Railroads. 90 of us were cramed in to one of those cars . . . We left Augusta at 10 A.M. and arrived at Branchville a distance of 40 miles next day at 9 a.m., being 23 hours on the way. Oh, didn't we suffer in our

condition . . . During our stop we were allowed to get out of the cars and sit by the fire which was built outside. They took the opportunity to examine the [cars?] to see if we could escape. They found that \_\_\_\_\_ the last car in the train and if we cut a hold [hole?] through the car and pull[ed] the pin out we would be left behind and \_\_\_\_\_ we might escape. It came very near being a success the night but failed through the vigilance of the guards.

“Our suffering increased every [day?]. By the end of 7 days many of us looked more like dead men than live ones. [I?] had nothing to eat since the 4 ounces of \_\_\_\_\_ and bread which we got at Augusta. [We?] arrived at Florance S.C. at daylight the 9[th], being ten days from where [we were] captured. Upon our arrival at Florance we were informed that we had reached our final destination and we should now prepare to get out of the cars. As our names were called we came forward and got out as best we could. I was then in the first stage of starvation. Everything seemed like a dream rather than reality. When I jumped out of the car I fell like being shot. After severe exertions I got up but could not stand still. My feelings thoughts etc. can neither be described nor imagined, so let it pass.

“The Prison was 2 1/2 miles from the Depot. We were from sunrise until noon walking the distance. So near was [our exhaustion?] that there was not as much as one word spoken by any one except the guards. A cold rain commenced falling early in the morning and continued to rain all day. When we arrived at Prison we were arranged in line and a Demon in the form of a man who I afterwards found to be one Lieut. Wilson C. S. A. appeared before us and with many oaths informed us that he would now search us for money. We were then requested to divest ourselves of all clothing which we did, notwithstanding a very cold Dec. rain was falling. We remained in this condition as near as I can recollect an hour. Our clothing was overhauled and then thrown down in the mud and in several instances which came under my own observation was tramped in the mud and kicked about. After we had undergone a close search we were allowed to replace our clothes and sit down in the mud.

“We were then placed in charge of a Sergeant who took us to the Prison door. Now if I could correctly describe the scene and the feelings of my own heart you could but shudder, even Hell can not be more horrible than that night which awaited us. I had kept up until now I failed. I Prayed to God to take my life and end my suffering. But thanks to his goodness he spared me through it all. I will not attempt to give you an idea of my feelings only to say we were turned into the Prison and left there without shelter or food. I found an old log and sat down and wept bitterly. Thought of home, etc, with no chance to live 24 hours as I thought.

“Near the night the Sergt. came and informed us we would soon get something to eat. We followed him and soon each one [received] a pint of cornmeal. I got an old can and prepared to make ‘Mush’ (curse the name). As soon as I began to think of eating my appetite came back so strong that I could wait no longer. I made dough of the meal and concluded to eat half for supper and wait until morning to devour the remainder but Alas! I found the bottom of the cup before I hardly thought of it. My appetite was then stronger than ever. I would have been thankful for even a dead dog.

“The rain continued to fall and darkness soon came over us and another bunch of \_\_\_\_\_ fellows would be hard to find. We laid down in the mud and slept soundly for a while. Three of

the poor fellows died that night with congesting chills. Next day was rainy and cold and yet we had no shelter, death began to stare us in the face and would have been gladly excepted by many of us. I wandered about the prison all day, and looked in vain for someone whom I might recognize, But none was found. Night came and with it a tea cup full of rice and cold rain. That night we were compelled to lie down in the rain again. Seven of my comrades died that night and ten or twenty were considered fit candidates for the hospital by the Rebels and were taken to an old shed which answered for a hospital . . .

“At night we were given one pint of corn meal which we were informed would be considered full rations for us. This night I doubt not would have settled the Question of life and death with me had I not found Shelter. Next day I was taken in by a friend whom I had found and May God ever Bless him for his kindness to me.

“Hardships now began to crowd around on every side. Sufering increased and Many died. Some days 60 and 70 were carried out and deposited in their final resting place. Friends please excuse me from any farther attempt at writing a history of prison life. I have come to the conclusion that I am not equal to the task.”

Yours, Etc. etc, etc.  
Perry D. Grubb  
Co E 78 Ills Inft.  
Benton Barracks, Mo.  
April 30th, 1865

(Grubb was about 22 when he was captured. He wrote his narrative while awaiting discharge at Benton Barracks in St. Louis. His name appears on the roster of 78<sup>th</sup> Illinois reunions as late as 1915. He passed away in October, 1918.)

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** Using the resources at my disposal, I looked up “**Major Hall of the 56<sup>th</sup> Ala. Cavl.**” I found a Major Thomas D. Hall of the 56<sup>th</sup> Alabama Partisan Rangers Cavalry. Hall originally enlisted in June of 1862 as 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant of Co. A, 15<sup>th</sup> Alabama Partisan Rangers. He was promoted to Captain on June 9, 1863, the day after his company was consolidated with other companies to form the 56<sup>th</sup>. Hall was later promoted to Major, date not given. He signed his parole at war’s end on May 17, 1865 at Montgomery, Alabama. Post-war he lived in Grand View, Alabama. Hall died there on December 27, 1894. He was 68 years old at his death, having been born May 8, 1826.

## **CIVIL WAR TRIVIA QUIZ- 150 YEARS AGO**

*This month’s quiz focuses on the events of March 1864, with the exception of question #3.*

1. On March 2, 1864, a cavalry raid on Richmond, Virginia, led in part by Colonel Ulric Dahlgren ended in failure. What was one goal of the raid, according to papers that were found on Dahlgren?

2. The Red River Campaign commenced on March 12, 1864. The Union troops were commanded by what general?
3. Who was the last Confederate general to surrender his command?

Remember, there will be a “bonus question” revealed at the meeting!

## THE LAST WORD

### Preserving Something Special- Our Round Table!

By Mark R. Terry

A few years ago, we were working hard to find a new venue for the Puget Sound Civil War Round Table. There was a very real chance that without a place to meet, our Round Table would be no more. It hit me then that what we have here is very special. What other place do we have where we can regularly meet with others who share the same interests we have in the American Civil War? You know the answer to that...

Although the main income for the Round Table is your yearly dues, the annual auction is an important aspect of fund raising to make our organization successful. Each year we ask you to pull together and come up with items to donate for our auction. As President Dave Palmer mentioned at the last meeting, there are no limitations to what you can bring to auction off. If you feel someone will bid on it, then please donate it. You can donate a service, an experience or an item. For example, as Larry Cenotto mentioned in his email, my mother Dana Thompson, a graduate in Art from UCLA, donates her talents as a watercolor artist to create an original painting based upon your request! Other items that are popular are baked goods. Each year our ladies come up with amazingly yummy pies and other baked goods that never fail to bring in bids!

We really do have something very special in the PSCWRT. So think “out of the box” when you make decisions on what to donate at the April 2014 meeting, and of course be ready to BID!

### **DUES & DONATIONS**

The PSCWRT season goes from September to the following May. Dues should be paid in September. Dues are payable either at the meeting or by mail: \$20 per individual, \$25 for a couple. Also, donations are gratefully accepted. These will help secure speakers for our meetings. Please note that all donations are tax deductible as the PSCWRT is a 501(c)3 organization. Mail to: Jeff Rombauer, Treasurer, 22306 255<sup>th</sup> Ave. SE, Maple Valley, WA 98038-7626. Call 425-432-1346, or email: [jeffrombauer@foxinternet.com](mailto:jeffrombauer@foxinternet.com).

**We welcome your article or research submissions for the newsletter, but they may be edited. The deadline for the April 2014 Washington Volunteer is Tuesday, March 25, 2014. Please have it in Mark Terry’s hands via email or snailmail by then. Thank you!**

## **2013-2014 OFFICERS**

### **Elected:\***

President: David Palmer: davidpalmer7@comcast.net

Vice-President-Successor: Rick Solomon, ricksolo@ricksolo.com

Past-President: Richard Miller, 206-808-8506 or 206-236-5247, Milomiller882@msn.com

Vice-President-Programming: Pat Brady, 206-246-1603, patsbrady@comcast.net

Vice-President-Editor: Mark Terry, 425-337-6246, markimlor@comcast.net

Vice-President- Membership: VACANT

Vice President-Social Media: Mike Movius, webmaster@pscwr.org

Vice President-Reservations: Rod Cameron, 206-524-4434, rodcam@comcast.net

Treasurer, Jeff Rombauer: 425-432-1346, jeffrombauer@foxinternet.com

Secretary, Larry Jilbert: 253-891-4022, ljjclj@comcast.net

Board of Directors: Jim Dimond: 253-277-3783, shinodad@gmail.com

*\*Except for Past President, an automatic position.*

### **Appointed:**

Official Greeter, Larry Cenotto: cenottothe5th@yahoo.com

(Soon to be traveling the world!)