



SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR PICACHO PEAK CAMP No. 1 ARIZONA CAMP-at-LARGE



CAMP NEWSLETTER



July 2008

Camp Web site: www.suvcwaz.org

Minutes of the May 17, 2008, Camp meeting:

Location: Coco's Restaurant
4514 E. Cactus, Phx, AZ

Camp Commander **Bob Hannan** called the May meeting to order at noon. We had 17 Brothers, wives and guests in attendance.

New Brothers initiated

The following Brothers were initiated into our Camp:

Bill Orr: Ancestor: Roswell G. Bogue, Surgeon, 19th Illinois Infantry, 2nd great-great Uncle.

Vernon Reamer: Gottfried Reinhold, Co. D, 6th Penna. Heavy Artillery, great-great grandfather.

Brian Estes: Francis Marion Estes, Co. D, 79th Indiana Inf. Reg't, great-great grandfather.

Congratulations to all of our new Brothers!

Guest Speaker

Brother **Bud Collette** gave a very interesting presentation about his family from the late 1500's through the Civil War and especially his great-great uncle, Major General Daniel Butterfield, who was not only at Gettysburg but was instrumental in having "Taps" written. He also talked about the family involvement in the Butterfield Stage Lines and his (Bud's) involvement in the Korean War.

Thank you Bud for your most interesting presentation!

Raffle Winner:

Brother **Al Harrica** was the winner of *The Civil in Arizona*, a book that was donated by Senior Vice Commander **John Conrad**.

Congratulations to Al and thanks to John.

Miscellaneous

The meeting was well attended by Brothers from throughout the state. All enjoyed the camaraderie of people joined in a common cause: To commemorate the actions of our ancestors in keeping the Union, the United States of American, united.

Meeting notification

Don't forget that our next Camp meeting will be at Coco's on August 16, 2008, at noon.

Our program is about Civil War swords and our guest speaker is none other than . . . drum roll . . . Dave Kampf.

So plan on attending with Dave and all of our other Camp Brothers for a great time.

Memorial Day Activity

The 25th annual Memorial Day ceremony held at the Phoenix Pioneer & Memorial Military Park and Cemetery, on May 26, was well attended by the public.

Camp Commander Bob Hannan gave a presentation regarding the Sons of Union Veterans and our Camp Graves Registrations Officer, Jan Huber, played taps. Both were in uniform. Jan was with the color guard, which was composed of members of the 1st New Mexico Volunteer Infantry, Co. B, and the 1st U.S. Infantry Co. D.

We hope to see more Brothers at next years' event.



GAR Marker Ceremony

The GAR marker ceremony was held on March 30, 2008 at the Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery and Military Park.

Camp Commander Bob Hannan officiated and here are some of the remarks made at the ceremony:

Commander: Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War and honored guests, good morning. On behalf of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War and its only Camp in Arizona, Picacho Peak Camp No.1, I thank you for coming today. We are here to honor three early Phoenix pioneers whose graves have been recently adorned with Grand Army of the Republic grave markers. Two of the pioneers were members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the third, Capt John W. Owen, was the Union veteran for whom Phoenix's Grand Army post was named.

Speaker (David A. Swanson, PCC): The Grand Army of the Republic was this country's largest veterans organization composed of Union veterans of the Civil War. In its glory days, the GAR in the late 1880's had over 400,000 members.

Phoenix was honored to have its own Grand Army Post, which was formed on September 24, 1885, four years after the city of Phoenix was incorporated. The post's name was John W. Owen Post No. 83 [later changed to Post No. 5] and at the time was part of the GAR, Department of California.

The post was named after Captain John W. Owen, one of the soldiers we honor today. The post's first commander was Charles H. Knapp and the third soldier, Ed Schwartz, was an early member of the post who was very instrumental in its activities and those of the territory.

Commander: Generally, the graves of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic were adorned with bronze GAR markers near the headstone, however, if the graves we are going to visit today originally had these markers, they have long since disappeared. Bronze GAR markers have been placed on all three graves by the Brothers of Picacho Peak Camp No. 1, Arizona's only Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War Camp. We will now visit the graves of Captain John W. Owen, Corporal Charles H. Knapp and Major Edward Schwartz, where our honor guard will fire a salute at each site.

Speaker (at the gravesite of Capt. John W. Owen): John W. Owen, born in 1824 in Illinois, was the captain in command of Company F, 7th Regiment, California Infantry. The California Infantry was organized at large from October to December 1864, and attached to the Dept. of the Pacific. The Regiment moved to the District of Arizona in June 1865, and was stationed at various posts, until June 28, 1866, when it was mustered out in California.

During Captain Owen's stay in the territory of Arizona he was stationed at Camp McDowell. In 1866 he returned to Arizona, engaged in farming and was eventually elected to the territorial legislature. While residing in Maricopa Wells he was appointed as Deputy Collector of Customs and in 1874, after moving to Phoenix, was appointed as the Treasurer of Maricopa County: he was reelected in 1876 and died on November 4, 1877, while still in office.

Commander: Honor guard, take charge and fire salute! (Our honor guard fired a salute at each grave.)

Speaker (now at the gravesite of Charles H. Knapp): C.H. Knapp, the first Post Commander of John W. Owens Post, was born in Honesdale, Pa, on September 7, 1845. During the Civil War Charles H. Knapp enlisted in Company I, 11th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry and after three years was discharged as a corporal. After the war he eventually made his way to Phoenix and arrived two months after Phoenix's incorporation in 1881.

In May 1881, he was appointed as the deputy clerk of the District Court, a position he held until his death on November 27, 1898. Charles H. Knapp was very active in the community, the John W. Owen Post, and was a prominent member of the Phoenix Knights Templar Commandery.

Speaker: (Now at the gravesite of Major Ed Schwartz): Major Ed Schwartz was very prominent in the John W. Owen Post, the city of Phoenix, and the territory of Arizona, until his death on March 1, 1904. In 1891, he was elected as the second GAR Arizona Department Commander (Arizona became its own Department in 1888 after the state's seven GAR posts were transferred from the Department of California) and on May 25, 1893, he was appointed as the Adjutant-General of the Territory of Arizona (Arizona National Guard). He also ran a "curiosity shop" in Phoenix and was the recorder for the city for many years. National Chaplain Scott of the Grand Army of the Republic preached his funeral sermon. (This was Chaplain Winfield Scott, founder of the city of Scottsdale, who fought at Gettysburg). Major Schwartz was an excellent cavalry officer and was involved in many, many famous Civil War battles and fought under General Phil Sheridan during the Virginia Campaign.

Commander: Honored guests, I want to thank all of you for your attendance and I want to thank our Union Civil War reenactors from the 1st New Mexico Volunteer Infantry, Company B and the 1st U.S. Infantry Co. D. This ends our ceremony.

Editor's note: Our Camp certainly does thank the members of the 1st New Mexico Volunteer Infantry, Co. B and the 1st U.S. Infantry Co. D, for making this ceremony a very special one.



Gravesite of Captain John W. Owen



(Left to right) Don Anton, Br. Al Harrica, Graves Registration Officer Jan Huber, Sec/Treasurer Jerry Bloom, Commander Bob Hannan, & David Swanson PCC



1st New Mexico Volunteer Infantry, Co B, and the 1st U.S. Infantry, Co D, Honor Guard



Brother Al Harrica and his wife Del



Fire salute!



Gravesite of Major Ed Schwarz



Gravesite of Private Charles H. Knapp



Brother Bill Orr's Civil War Ancestor

Camp Brother Bill Orr supplied the following information regarding his ancestor, Roswell Griswold Bogue and his brother Samuel Curtis Bogue.

Roswell Griswold Bogue, twin with Oswald Amos, was educated in the district schools and at the Castleton, VT Academy, where he later taught until he went to Columbus, Ohio, to study medicine with Dr. Norman Gay. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City in 1857.

That spring he went to his family home in Chicago and began his successful career in the practice of medicine. This was interrupted by the Civil War, and on Aug 5, 1861, he was commissioned Major and Surgeon and was assigned to duty as surgeon of the 19th Ill. Inf. In 1863, after increased honors and responsibilities, he was appointed Medical Director to the Third Division of the 14th Army Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. He was a man of deep sympathy and knew not how to spare himself when a wounded soldier needed help.

At the close of the war he returned to Chicago and resumed his professional life and long experience of service in medicine. He helped organize Cook County Hospital and was attending surgeon. He was Professor of Surgery and Consulting Surgeon in the prominent hospitals of the city until he was disabled by blindness and loss of health in 1888.

He was a profoundly religious man who exemplified its teachings by his everyday practice of "doing good," and was honored and loved as man and physician in a multitude of homes. In addition to his skill as physician and surgeon, he was masterly in diagnosis and widely consulted by his professional brethren. He died at his home at 5 Washington Place, Chicago, IL, Dec. 8, 1893.

Samuel Curtis Bogue, the brother of Roswell Griswold Bogue, served in the Civil War in Company E, Illinois Volunteers and was wounded in action. He was sent home to recover from his injuries and was injured in the collision of a Michigan Central and Hyde Park train, June 8, 1862. Samuel Curtis Bogue died of his injuries from the collision of the Hyde Park train on January 8, 1862 when it collided with Michigan Central Train on June 8, 1862.

Editor's note: Thanks for sharing this Bill. Now, if any other Brothers have information regarding their Civil War ancestors, please submit it to the newsletter publisher.

Brother Roy Goodale's Civil War Ancestor

Here is an event, following the Battle of Gettysburg, experienced by his grandfather, Sgt Greenleaf A. Goodale, Co "E" 6th Maine Vols (later Brig Gen, U.S.A.). Greenleaf maintained a journal of

his 42 active years service in the voluntary and regular army.

A Military Execution

. . . But one unpleasant thing occurred: a military execution, which the whole division (A. C. Wright) was compelled to witness. A private of the 5th Maine, of our division, was to be "shot to death by musketry" for the crime of desertion.

The execution took place at New Baltimore, four miles from Warrenton, and by general order, the entire division was directed to rendezvous at that place at 12 m. It was a very hot day in August and several men fell by the way overcome by the heat. I succeeded in retaining my place through the day, but suffered exceedingly from the intense heat. Some men tried to escape going by pleading sickness—not on account of the heat, which we did not feel so very much in camp, but because they did not wish to see a brother soldier shot. But it was no use, the surgeon decided most of them were able to go.

. . . The division was made to form three sides and the fourth which was opposite my brigade (D.A. Russell) left open for the prisoner and firing party. The former accompanied by Chaplain Adams of the 5th Maine, was first hauled in an army wagon drawn by six mules around the inner sides of the square from left to right, to a point opposite the center of my brigade, where was a coffin upon the foot of which he was made to sit. Seated on his own coffin, and blindfolded, the firing party of twelve men commanded by a lieutenant marched out ten paces in front and at a given signal came to a "ready" and "aim" and as the sword of the officer fell, fired and the poor fellow fell over dead.

At a military execution by firing but 3/4th of the muskets are loaded with ball, the other 1/4th with blank cartridges, and all distributed to the members of the firing party indiscriminately. This is in order that each man may hope that his gun held a blank cartridge, not a ball.

No doubt such measurers were necessary for the army was being depleted rapidly by desertion. But the authorities did wrong in allowing the crime to go unpunished for the first two years of the war by doing which soldiers got to believe (perhaps) that it was no great offense after all, but found very suddenly that the penalty was death and would be carried out on all apprehended.

I forgot to say that before the prisoner was blindfolded the general order publishing the proceedings of the courts martial in his case, was read to him. Quite a number of deserters were brought back this autumn to the Army of the Potomac, tried, and shot, but this was the only instance in my division. The whole thing was quite long and we got back to camp just before dark, a pretty sober lot of men . . .

3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry on the Road to Spotsylvania Court House

By Brother Rick Cups, Camp Council

The state of Pennsylvania attained a degree of notoriety during the Civil War for having some of the most unruly cavalry regiments in the Union Army. One could make an argument that the worst disciplined regiment in the Union Army was the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry. This regiment had more than its fair share of courts-martial, desertions, insubordinate enlisted men, and incompetent officers. The following incident occurred on the night of May 7, 1864 on the overnight march from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania Court House. The incident is written about in the regiment history book, "History of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry (1905)" but is copied here from the book "A Stillness at Appomattox" by Bruce Catton.

...This was the night when everybody was dog-tired. The whole army was on the march, the wood smoke hung in the still air on the windless roads, and the only noise was the endless shuffle and scuffle of feet in the dirt, and now and then the clank of bayonets rattling against canteens. The men were drunk with fatigue, and nerves were as frazzled as muscles. The dust rose in choking clouds, so that blue uniforms looked gray when the columns passed campfires, and the men in the ranks staggered against each other and tripped on one another's heels. Looking back on it afterward, a man in the VI Corps felt that the whole night was "a medley of phantasmagoria," and the one sustaining thought was that at the very least they were going to get out of the Wilderness.

The main road south was the Brock Road, and Warren's men had the lead. They came around midnight to an obscure crossroads where Todd's Tavern was situated, and there they ran into an insane traffic tie-up. This had many causes, most of which could be blamed on the attempt to make a forced march, along inadequate forest roads, with an army that was almost out of its head with weariness; but it was one of the most expensive traffic tie-ups in American history, because in the long run it cost many lives.

It was a bad time for delay. Off to the southeast was the tiny hamlet of Spotsylvania Court House; a sleepy village where a few stores and houses stood grouped about a little park containing a brick box of a building with Greek-revival pillars across the front, the whole place as insignificant and as unknown to the world at large as Chickamauga and Antietam creeks had been a year or so earlier. Now the village was about to take on a sinister and enduring fame,

because in this region of meandering unpaved highways it was an important road crossing. The outcome of the war might depend on which army got there first. If the Army of the Potomac could win the race, it would stand between Lee's army and Richmond, and the outnumbered Confederates might be forced to destroy themselves attacking Yankee breastworks. Thus there was need for haste, and the march was pressed.

But it was like moving in a nightmare. The road was narrow and the darkness was absolute, and the men dozed stupidly as they walked. Somewhere off to the right was the Confederate army, a moving presence which every man could feel and which made itself physically known, now and then, through a spat-spat of skirmish fire somewhere ahead. Rebel cavalry had been ranging these parts and it had cut down trees and left them lying across the road, and men with axes had to go forward and cut these logs apart before the army could pass.

Yankee cavalry was moving about in the night, too, and it was even more of a trial than the Confederates. It clogged the roads, and at Todd's Tavern it seemed to be all bunched up, overflowing the highway and making a murmur of talk and clumping hoofs and clanking gear, and the infantry came to a halt and waited for someone to clear the way.

Headquarters had gone on in front, as was proper, and headquarters included various detachments of enlisted men who had troubles of their own. Among the escort troops was the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, a veteran regiment which despised all recruits and had learned to look out for itself; and it happened that in the thick midnight the escort troops took a wrong turn and went off down a lane which would have landed them inside the Confederate lines if someone had not discovered the mistake and called a halt. The Pennsylvanians pulled up presently and began marching back toward the main road, troopers all very irritable. Nothing would have come of it if the Pennsylvanians had not been followed by a brand-new regiment of cavalry which had just come down from the Giesboro Point depot in Washington, brave with unused equipment and neatly groomed, unwearied horses - a regiment which, simply because it was new, the Pennsylvanians held in deep contempt.

In the countermarch, then, the Pennsylvanians had to pass the long column of recruits, and as the two regiments overlapped it occurred to the veterans that a cavalryman, all in all, was no better than his horse, that their own horses were worn out and in bad order, and that the horses of the recruits were fresh and vigorous. Nobody said anything in particular, but just as the two regiments were stretched out side by side on a pitch-dark road the

Pennsylvanians by a common impulse sprang to the ground, pushed the rookies off of their horses, sprang into the vacant saddles, and thus obtained remounts in the twinkling of an eye.

The rookies had never been warned about this sort of thing, and for the vital seconds that really mattered they were too dazed to resist. They came to fast enough, once the exchange had been made, and a tremendous fist fight boiled up in the middle of the forest - men on foot trying to grapple with mounted men, nobody able to see so much as his clenched fist in front of his nose, the fight streaming out along the byway and spilling over into the main road and turning into a complete unregimented riot which nobody but the 3rd Pennsylvania understood and which nobody on earth could quell.

It went on for an hour or more, and the advance of the whole Army of the Potomac came to a halt, infantrymen falling asleep in the dust while Yankee cavalry fought Yankee cavalry and the noise of the combat went up to the unheeding sky. It ended at last, with the Pennsylvanians getting away on their new horses and the rookies doing their grumbling best on the beaten nags they had inherited. Next morning the officers of the 3rd Pennsylvania looked their men over and remarked, sagely: "The horses look remarkably well after the night's march," and the first sergeants innocently said, "Yes sir," and that was all there was to it. But the army had lost a couple of hours on the road to Spotsylvania Court House....

In the days that followed, the Army of the Potomac suffered an estimated 18,000 casualties at the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House with 2700 men killed in action and 2200 captured or missing. General Warren (V Corps) gave as one of his excuses for not reaching Spotsylvania Court House before Longstreet the interference of the Headquarters cavalry escort in blocking the way.



Thanks to Brothers Bill Orr, Roy Goodale and Rick Cups for submitting these articles. If you have one regarding your ancestor, please send it to the newsletter publisher and he will get his copyboy hot on it for publication.

Brother Goodale also sent an excerpt from his grandfather's journal entitled "Aftermath of Gettysburg", which will be published in the October newsletter.

Address Change

Brothers, if you change your address, e-mail address, or phone number, please advise our Camp Secretary Jerry Bloom at your earliest convenience. This will ensure that you get the National publication *The Banner*, our Camp newsletter and additionally, this will enable us to contact you.

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Newsletter Editor/Publisher

David A. Swanson PCC (see Camp Council)

MEETING NOTICE

Our next Camp meeting will be held on Saturday, August 16, 2008, at noon.

Location: Coco's Restaurant
4514 E. Cactus Rd. (602) 953-9155

All Brothers, wives and guests are invited to this and all of our Camp meetings.

Our Program will be about Civil War swords with guest speaker Dave Kampf.

Lunch will be ordered from a menu specially prepared for us. There will be a choice of seven different entrees, so there will be something for everyone. The cost is \$16.09 per person, which includes lunch, soft drinks, tea, coffee, and gratuity. (Should you need to cancel, contact our Secretary/Treasurer and your money will be *cheerfully* refunded.)

LUNCHEON RESERVATIONS

Name(s) _____

Luncheon Reservations: Number attending _____ Amount enclosed \$ _____

Total enclosed \$ _____

Please complete this form and mail to the Camp Treasurer.

Make checks payable to: Picacho Peak Camp #1 SUVCW

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