



John Gibbon

The Messenger

The Newsletter of Major General John Gibbon Camp #4 & Ammi Hawks Auxiliary #5, Dept of Wisconsin
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War



Ammi Hawks

Volume 4, Issue 11

www.suvcw-wi.org

November 29, 2004

2003 MARSHALL HOPE AWARD WINNER FOR THE BEST CAMP NEWSLETTER IN THE SUVCW

2004

Calendar of Events

- Fridays and Saturdays, August through December - Eagle Historical Society - Civil War artifacts on display - 9:00AM - Noon
- Wednesday, December 8 - Camp #4 Meeting & Election of 2005 Officers - McAllister Hall, Carroll College, Waukesha - 7:00PM
- Wednesday, December 8, 7:00PM - Auxiliary #5 Meeting - McAllister Hall, Carroll College, Waukesha
- Tuesday, Dec. 14, 7:00PM Waukesha Civil War Roundtable Meeting - Giving Tree, Waukesha
- Wednesday, January 12, 2005 - Camp #4 Meeting & Initiation of 2005 Officers - McAllister Hall, Carroll College, Waukesha

From the Camp #4 Commander

A Favorite Book

With the passing of another Remembrance Day at Gettysburg on November 20th, and the prominent place taken by our camp in the ceremonies there, it might do well to ponder yet again what it all meant to the nation that those men stood there so manfully in July of 1863 and saved a nation.

As I did so, I was brought back to a favorite book. This isn't just any favorite book. It happens to be my favorite Civil War book among the hundreds of thousands of titles we might choose to spend our time with, over a lifetime spent reading about the American Civil War. It is a book that touched a place deep within my soul when I first encountered it, and that keeps calling me back to read again and again. At last count I had read the book from cover to cover six times. I have perused its pages countless times more.

It is *Gettysburg; A Meditation on War and Values* by Kent Gramm. It was published by the Indiana University Press in 1994, in the wake of the first Gulf War which Gramm found Americans did not take seriously enough. It led him to write a book on Gettysburg, contrasting the mean and shallow commercialism of our day, with the values of a group of men

who fought and died for an abstract value like the preservation of our Union over a century ago. What was it that these men had which we seem to lack today? Gramm tries to find out by taking a walk over the Gettysburg battlefield with us and asking some very difficult questions. In doing so, he also presents us with a surprisingly readable discussion of the battle itself and why it may have turned out the way it did. Readers will find detailed discussion of the key controversies generated by Civil War historians, right alongside a philosophic discussion of the values tested by this pivotal event in our nation's history. Modern day Americans do not fare well in this book but in Gramm's examination of the men who fought at Gettysburg in 1863 there is a distinctly spiritual quality to their sacrifice that too many Americans today

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can not even grasp, because it has become so foreign to their values. This is an amazing book and one of the best kept secrets in all of the literature on the war.

Gramm writes of how Lincoln viewed the war: "Lincoln's assumptions are not modern. To him, the universe is not random, is not morally neutral, is not masterless; and humankind has to answer for its actions in a cosmos that is not only physical but moral. The difference between good and evil can sometimes be known. There are such things as duty and responsibility toward others. We are not the ultimate judges, and as in the Old Testament, nations are held accountable as if they were individuals."

To Gramm, the soldiers understood all this as did their President. They viewed physical and moral courage as the chief virtues. To them sacrifice itself was a treasured value. It had to be, for the war was that terrible. Gramm saw too many Americans at the close of the Twentieth Century, and on the cusp of the Twenty-first, as having abandoned these values so well understood by the men who fought at Gettysburg. Of course this book was written prior to 911, but as we get three years away from that event and more, it is apparent that we have yet to heed the lesson learned on that field in 1863 by our forbearers. We still live in an overly commercial and shallow

society where too many look to Hollywood and the shopping mall as their gods, rather than seeking Him in a church or in sacrifice for a moral cause that requires the maximum of physical courage to maintain it.

So I invite you to take a walk over the field at Gettysburg this winter with Kent Gramm and *Gettysburg: A Meditation on War and Values*.

Yours in F.C. and L.,

Thomas Sobottke
 Commander,
 Camp #4



MG John Gibbon Camp #4 Officers for 2004



	E-Mail Address	Phone	Home Address
Commander: Tom Sobottke	tksobot@execpc.com	262-691-2887	329 Evergreen Lane, Pewaukee, WI 53072
Sr. Vice Commander : David L. Hinkley	marriedman514@cs.com	262-574-0511	443 Dunbar Ave., Waukesha, WI 53186
Jr. Vice Commander: Jeremy L. Johnson	lordhaha@hotmail.com	262-242-9866	100 E. Main St. Apt. 206, Waukesha, WI 53186
Secretary/Treasurer: Bruce C. Laine	bcl58@hotmail.com	262-594-2081	421 S. Sherman St., Eagle, WI 53119
Council #1: PCC James L. Johnson	secondwisconsin@hotmail.com	414-840-4856	100 E. Main St. Apt. 206, Waukesha, WI 53186
Council #2: Bob Mann	ironbgd@hotmail.com	262-821-1270	2375 Rockway Lane E, Brookfield, WI 53005
Council #3: PCC Scott Gutzke	sgutzke@lycos.com	847-215-2060	1569 S. Wolf Rd. #206, Prospect Heights, IL 60070
Patriotic Instructor: PCC James L. Johnson	secondwisconsin@hotmail.com	414-840-4856	100 E. Main St. Apt. 206, Waukesha, WI 53186
Chaplain: Bob Mann	ironbgd@hotmail.com	262-821-1270	2375 Rockway Lane E, Brookfield, WI 53
Counselor:			
Historian: Bruce C. Laine	bcl58@hotmail.com	262-594-2081	421 S. Sherman St., Eagle, WI 53119
Guide: Terrence R. Brown	tbrown@silgancontainers.com	262-369-5981	189 Willow Dr., Hartland, WI 53029
Guard: Michael Jones	mjones@wahs.com	262-495-8614	W4429 Little Prairie Rd., East Troy, WI 53120
Graves Registration: Bruce C. Laine	bcl58@hotmail.com	262-594-2081	421 S. Sherman St., Eagle, WI 53119
Eagle Scout Coordinator:			
Color Bearer: Andrew C. Laine	cowboys@wirr.com	262-594-2081	421 S. Sherman St., Eagle, WI 53119



Ammi Hawks Auxiliary #5 Officers for 2004



	E-Mail Address	Phone	Home Address
President: Christina Zahn	AmmiHawksPrez@ameritech.net	414-443-0265	560 N. 90th Street #7, Milwaukee, WI 53226
Vice President: Ruth Nuoffer			2179 N. 56th Street, Milwaukee, WI 53208
Secretary/Treasurer: Kathryn Cieszki	AmmiHawksSec@ameritech.net	262-679-3735	W181 S8290 Pioneer Drive, Muskego, WI 53150

**Major General
John Gibbon Camp #4
Meeting Minutes
November 10, 2004**

Respectfully submitted by
Secretary/Treasurer Bruce Laine

Meeting Opened at 7:20PM

Roll Call of Officers

Commander:

Tom Sobottke - Present

Senior Vice Commander:

Dave Hinkley - Absent

Junior Vice Commander:

Jeremy Johnson - Present

Council #1:

PCC Jim Johnson - Present

Council #2:

Bob Mann - Present

Council #3:

PCC Scott Gutzke - Absent

Secretary/Treasurer:

Bruce Laine - Present

Patriotic Instructor:

Jeremy Johnson - Present

Chaplain:

Bob Mann - Present

Guard:

Michael Jones - Present

Reading and Approval of the

Minutes: October's Meeting Minutes were in October's Newsletter. They were approved.

Treasurer's Report - The Treasurer's

Report was read by Sec/Treas. Bruce Laine and was approved by the Camp.

Sick Brothers - none, but the Camp was saddened to hear of the passing of Robert Burghardt, the father of Aux. #5's Sister Patricia Jaeger and Grandfather of Sister Charlotte Jones.

Guests: none

Application for Membership: none

Balloting for Candidates: none

Initiation of Candidates: none

Committee Reports: There were no committee reports, but two committees were formed. The Gibbon Celebration Committee consisting of Commander Sobottke, PCC Johnson & Bob Mann. The Dept. Encampment Committee was also formed. All Brothers present are on this committee.

Reading and Disposition of Communications and Bills: The only communication was from Commander in Chief Michaels about the Remembrance Day Parade & Ceremonies.

Unfinished Business:

Flag Carriers: No progress has been made on getting cases to put the camp flags in. Brother Laine and Commander Sobottke will attempt to take care of getting this project

completed.

New Business:

Department Encampment:

Commander Sobottke has spoken to Lance Herdegen about using Carroll College's Civil War Institute as part of the Encampment. CC Sobottke will also inquire about the availability of other meeting rooms on campus. The date set for the 122nd Wisconsin Department Encampment is June 10, 2005 in Waukesha.

Gibbon Birthday Celebration: The committee will be working on speakers for the celebration. Possible dates are April 9, 16 or 23. The preferred date is April 23, 2005. Locations suggested are: Clausing Barn in Eagle and Fork in the Road, Mukwonago.

Graves Registration: Brother Laine was contacted by Laurel Walker of the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel regarding headstones that have not been placed on graves at Prairie Home Cemetery in Waukesha. There is to be an article in the November 11th issue. Ms. Walker was informed of the situation while attending a meeting of the Waukesha Civil War Roundtable.

Nomination of 2005 Officers: The following brothers were nominated for Camp Officers in 2005:

Camp Commander - Jeremy Johnson & Bruce Laine

SVC - Tom Sobottke

JVC - Michael Jones

Council #1 - PCC Jim Johnson

Sec/Treas. - Bob Mann

Good of the Order: PCC Johnson read a letter written by a member of the 6th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry

Meeting was adjourned at 8:47PM

Next Meeting: Wednesday, Dec. 8, 2004 @ 7:00PM in McAllister Hall, Carroll College.



Ammi Hawks President Chris Zahn participated in Lt. Alonzo H. Cushing Camp #5's Ancestor Day at the Germantown Library.



The Waukesha Freeman November 17, 1863

OUR PRISONERS IN THE SOUTH

Inhuman Treatment of Prisoners of War in Richmond – Where the Blame Rests – Names and Description of the Rebel Officers Commanding at the Libby Prison.

To the Editor of the N.Y. Times:

A vast deal has been said and written at various times, and by various people, about the barbarous treatment received by the Union prisoners in Richmond at the hands of those who have always styled themselves "F.F.V.'s," the "chivalry," &c., but as the subject is one on which too much cannot be said, and as our people are only now beginning to give some slight heed to the cries of mortal suffering and anguish coming ever and anon from the poor fellows who have had the misfortune to fall into rebel hands in Virginia, I venture to give your readers a few particulars which may have escaped the notice of those who have not had the same opportunities the writer has in witnessing the barbarities alluded to.

Of the "Libby Prison," I find the following description in my diary, kept I was an inmate of that infamous abode of misery:

Close on to the canal, and at

the corner of Cary and Twenty-first streets, and within a mile of "Rockett's," stands the horrid Libby Prison. The entire length of the building on Cary Street is 135 feet, with a depth of about 90 feet on Twenty-first Street. It is divided into three sections by stout brick walls, and is, on the side next to the canal, four stories, while on Cary Street it is but three stories in height – each of the stories being divided into three oblong low rooms of 45 by 90 feet. On the ground floor the room next one to the Union officers, and the third is the hospital. – This is on the Cary Street side, or front of the building. On the canal side, the lower story, or ground floor, is the cook house and receptacle for the dead, until a sufficient number have accumulated to make it worth while to remove them, or until the stench becomes too great for the rebels themselves to bear. On the second floor, in the two rooms next to Twenty-first Street, are over four hundred Union soldiers, and in the third room on this floor may be found the remnant of some one hundred Union citizens, who have been incarcerated since the commencement of the war. Some few of these prisoners were Quakers, and were released on payment of \$500 each. The three rooms on the upper floor contain at least two hundred Union soldiers each. Four small sized windows at each end of these rooms admit a limited amount of light for about twenty-five feet, leaving about forty feet in the centre of each where print cannot be read in daytime. Prisoners once admitted to the Libby, never leave it for an instant for any purpose, day or night, except to be exchanged, or to be carted to an unknown grave. There are ill-constructed water closets in the rooms, which, owing to the continual

breakage of the waste pipes, emit the most abominable effluvia. In addition to all this, the whole place is one nest of the most abominable vermin. About half a ration of fair bread and a plate of small dark-colored beans, (or 'cow-peas,') twice a day, is the usual fare, meat being issued only twice a week, and then in very small quantities.

So much for the Libby Prison itself, but all this is carped by the treatment received by the unfortunate inmates.

Belle Isle (sure miscalled) is situated in the James River, about half a gunshot from the Libby, and right opposite that famed institution of the sunny south. It is a long, low sandbank, and when there is a freshet in the river, a large portion of it disappears beneath the filthy waters of the James. It is on this mere sandspit that hundreds of our poor shivering Union soldiers are now held in utter wretchedness, naked and famishing, and subject to all the dire diseases consequent on exposure to the elements in such a locality. It has never been occupied as a dwelling place, and was only visited in the daytime by shad fishers, who had a few rude huts there, until the "chivalry" found it a convenient place to get rid of the "d---d Yankees."

The relentlessly cruel treatment of the Union prisoners in Richmond commenced immediately after the first battle of Manassas, when the prisoners were confined in Ligon's Tobacco Factory, on Main and Twenty-sixth streets, and has continued unabated to the present day.

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From the beginning the prisoners have been under the supreme control of Gen. Winder, but at that time Captain Gibbs and Lieut. Todd were his subordinates, who came in direct contact with the prisoners. Winder is a man of middle height, or slightly under it, advanced in years, rather stoutly built, hair quite white, florid in complexion, with a red nose, and a cold, cruel gray eye; and his acts from the first prove clearly that he is precisely what that eye indicates to the observer, - cold, cruel and vindictive. He wears a gray uniform.

The last two mentioned have both killed, as I am informed, and have therefore gone where they have been "rewarded according to their works," but I may mention that it was under the regime of Winder, Gibbs and Todd, that Libby Prison was perforated with musket balls in at least twenty places; and that Gleason, of the First Zouaves, a man of the 1st Michigan Regiment, and several others, were shot by the guards for merely looking out of the windows; and it was at the same time that a rebel soldier was permitted in the broad daylight to bring a human skull, with rope passed through the eyes, and dangle it in front of the windows, in the public street, shouting out, while he brandished a huge bowie knife, "This is the last of one _____ Yankee."

These are but a few of the barbarisms practiced under the eye of the men mentioned above; the whole would fill a good sized volume. Two of these have gone to their account. Shall the third escape punishment here?

Gen. Winder still remains the

chief command, though Capt. Turner is the commandant of the post at the Libby. This man, though lauded continually by the Richmond papers for his kindness to the prisoners, is cruelty itself. Every petty annoyance that can be invented is tried, in order that some one may infringe even in the least degree some of his rules, so that he may have the satisfaction of "hucking and gagging," or putting in irons, or on bread and water, the offender! I have known him to threaten to hang one individual because he would not get twelve men to sweep the street in front of the prison; and he put four men in irons and in a dark room, on bread and water, for 38 hours, because they would not clean out the stable. I find his description in my diary as follows:

"Turner, Lieut. In the rebel service, belongs in Winchester, Virginia, formerly about six months at West Point; is from 30 to 35 years old, about five feet nine inches in height, dark hair, close cut, no beard or moustache, gray eyes, has a cadivorous look, a deep voice, and a peculiar stiff gait. Uniform - grey cap, coat and pants.

Next in command to the above elegant specimen of the "F. F. V.'s" is Emack, Lieutenant in the rebel army. He is a native of Baltimore, is full six feet in height, about twenty-five years old, has short, light hair, slight moustache, fair complexion and blue eyes. Uniform - sky-blue cap, gray coat, light blue pants, with black stripe, and wears a sword with steel scabbard. This man carries out all odious and abominable orders of his superiors with relentless severity. He is the man who, when Colonel Benedict was unable to leave his wretched bed, stood over him with a

revolver in his hand, and swore that "if he did not get up he would kick him out of it."

Are these men, I ask, to be allowed to escape the punishment which is their just due, when Richmond becomes ours?

But beside the cruelties and indignities to which our men are subjected to in the Libby, they are made the victims of petty thieving whenever an opportunity offers. For instance, some poor soldier has a dollar or two, for which he desires to obtain some trifle to eke out his scanty fare. A rebel soldier offers to buy what he may require, receives the despised "greenback," and that is the last that is seen of him or the Yankee money. I have seen many cases of this kind, and it ought to be known, also, that when our Government first sent clothing to Richmond for the prisoners, much of it was stolen by the rebel soldiers. - Blankets, overcoats, and shoes were seen every day on the persons of rebels, who seemed quite proud of their acquisition.

A writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, in treating upon the inhumanity practiced by the rebel authority at Richmond, says:

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF ENLISTED MEN.

"I have so far only given an outline of the treatment and condition of the officers, which in comparison was favored one. I cannot describe the condition of the enlisted men, as seen by the officers and learned from the sources at present nameless. Hunger, bad treatment and exposure have done their work too surely for many

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brave souls who have gone up to testify at the bar of God to the barbarities practiced upon them. Many of them, also, were shot by the guard upon the most frivolous pretenses. Bell Isle, our place of confinement, is supplied with tents only sufficient for a part of the men; the rest were compelled, during the cold nights to pace up and down the island to keep warm, and while the sun was shining during the day, they would sleep. I have seen them marched through the city bareheaded, without coats, and with only the remnants of other articles of clothing.

“I have seen them brought from this Island in the evening, to ship them in the morning for City Point, so weak from hunger and disease that they were unable to stand upon their feet. Never have I witnessed such misery and want among any class of human beings.”



Libby Prison, Richmond, VA

Major General John Gibbon Camp # 4 2005 Officer Nominees!

Camp Commander:



Jeremy Johnson



Bruce Laine

Senior Vice Commander:



Tom Sobottke

Junior Vice Commander:



Michael Jones

Secretary/Treasurer:



Bob Mann

Camp Council #1:



Jim Johnson

The Waukesha Freeman

November 10, 1863

Written for the Waukesha Freeman

The Volunteer's Farewell.

BY E.H. SHELDON

Farewell, father, my country calls me,
And at her bidding I must go,
I would not dare to shrink or falter,
While she's imperiled by a foe;
But haste and join those brave
comrades
Waiting on yonder Southern plain,
To meet the foe whose hands are
reddened.
With the blood of brothers slain.

Farewell, mother, - kind and gentle -
The tears are falling on thy cheek,

And I grieve to see thy sorrow.
Scarce can I this farewell speak.
Farewell, thy sweet smile shall ever
Linger where the sunlight beams,
And through the night thy hand shall
often
Trace bright visions in my dreams.

Farewell, sister, darling sister, -
How white the lips that bid me go -
Until I saw this heart-struggle.
I little thought you loved me so.
But with a sister's love to cheer me,
I'll bravely battle for the right,
And uphold our country's banner
In the thickest fight.

Farewell, my little prattling brother,
Thy heart is sad; you scarce know
why;
Thine eyes grow dim with unshed

tears
As you lisp forth this last good-bye.
Farewell, loved ones, can I leave thee?
All the friends I love so well,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Must I say a last farewell.

Big Bend, October, 1863



Major General John Gibbon Camp #4
Ammi Hawks Auxiliary #5
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War
421 S. Sherman Street
Eagle, WI 53119

