

THE HOWLING DAWG



16th Georgia Vol. Inf. Co. G
March 2011 Newsletter

EVEN BETTER THAN LAST YEAR !



MANASSAS, GA. 2011

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 2011 - 7:45 am - In Macon, we met Matt and Rodney and picked up a few last minute supplies. Kevin and Ben soon arrived and we got word that Dixie, Lee and Will were delayed but they would meet in Dublin. We headed on out and crossed the river. The morning was cool and it was pleasant time in our life, with only the promise of good times on the immediate horizon. So much ill has befallen many of us, already in this young

year, that I made a conscious effort to memorize this excellent instance and savor it. In Dublin we met Nathan and Alan. There, Watch Dog had said he would meet us. We waited until Dixie, Lee and Will arrived before setting down to a pleasant breakfast. Again, this was one of those fine occasions - so many of us gathered around a table - talking, laughing, at ease and full of the anticipation of a great adventure. We pressed on and stopped not far outside Reidsville and ran into General (Hunter) Poythress there and soon were back on our way. About another half hour of travel brought us to the event site, where we met up with Ty and started setting camp in the warming early afternoon. Ty had saved us a select spot, not far from where we camped last year and well-situated to all amenities. Our nearest neighbors were Captain John Paul (10th GA) and Jimmy Bohler. It was good to see our ol' friends Scott Chandler and Mel Daniel. These are beloved brothers who had valiantly fought many engagements in years past among the ranks of the 16th GA. I do not recall anyone who ever produced a healthier Rebel Yell than Mel (Deadwood) Daniel. I am proud, as well, to claim him as kin as and we have a joint lineage in the real 48th GA. With camp set, we headed for the sutlers then came back and relaxed until the cool of the evening began to set in - ate supper, then strolled over for a brief visit with Brother Joey Young and his family. His son, James, an accomplished banjo picker was along on this trip. It was good to see him again. The 16th GA NCO staff attended an officer's meeting at 9 PM, since our Captain had not quite arrived. A bit later, Captain Bradberry, Assistant Chaplain Charles Hill, with Privates Jay Gentry, and Rico Suave arrived and set up. As I said, it was warm and Corporal Richards and I entertained the notion of dipping in the horse tub as we did at Tunnel Hill but it cooled off.



Cake? Don't ask...



Will Butler



New Bed Rolls



Watch Dog is back !

MANY THANKS

We deeply appreciate the photography of Shelia Thompson who supplied all the images shown in this month's newsletter.



Goodtime Charlie



Dixie's Kitchen



Rodney & Ben

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 2011 - Woke to revile and soon, Privates Charles Whitehead, Thomas Patton and Austin Manheim arrived just before the unit headed out to colors without breakfast. Authenticity and rapid fire competitions as well as Battalion drill came soon afterward and these activities were accomplished during a very warm morning. There is a great dislike among re-enactors when the event does not afford ample discretionary time for such things as breakfast and other activities that make an event agreeable. Endeavors, such a drill, are necessary but not the favorite past time of most soldiers - at least those of the private ranks. Generally, it is to be endured. As we said, at 9:30 AM the rapid fire and authenticity contests were held. No one from our ranks entered the firing competition but we had several 16th GA members in the most authentic Confederate competition. In fact, no other units entered in that category so we were pretty well assured of being victorious. It was so splendid to see this interest. Back at camp, there was not a lot of time to do much of anything except eat something light and get ready for the battle. We formed with the (Confederate) regiment in the authentic camp and marched into the tree line opposite Fort Wallace-Wood. The customary hurry up and wait was in effect but after a while the 16th GA was called upon for skirmish duty and we deployed fourteen rifles, one officer and two unarmed men between artillery pieces with the 17th GA on our right. Forward, we moved, and engaged the blue skirmish lines but were called back before we could press them as vigorously as we wished. Presently, the full Southern force was advanced but we did not gain the Fort. A note, requesting the surrender of all Federal forces was sent under a flag of truce borne and escorted by Privates Will Butler, Ty Burnsed and Ben Morris. So ended the first day's fighting in a stalemate. Some say the temp reached 92 degrees this day and it took a toll on our ranks which had been vehemently employed all day. In the hour and a half of fighting, some, like 2nd Corporal Kevin Sark, who had taken a hit, were relegated to lie in an open field of full sun for most of a half hour. We might add that it was sure good to have veteran Private Mark Thompson (WATCH DOG) back in our ranks as well as his family (Shelia, Glen and Brittany) in camp. He "saw it all" with the unit back in the 90's. Back at camp we cooled a while, visited the sulters again and had some of that coveted discretionary time we take such pleasure in. The early evening turned blustery and served to refresh our environment nicely, albeit, at the risk of blowing down tents. Presently, a fine chili supper

was prepared and eaten. Stephanie and Frank Groce (53rd GA) renewed their wedding vows on this evening. Sumptuous vittles and period music enlarged that celebration. Before turning in, Brenda, Nathan and I walked over to visit with Colonel (Paul) Jerram and deliver the Sunday morning report to a fiddle-playing Sgt. Major.



SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 2011 - This morning, as at most re-enactments, had a melancholy side. We have enjoyed being here but we are agonizingly aware that very little remains of the weekend. The 16th was at Colors and there was no drill afterward so we were able to return to camp and devour a decent breakfast this time. Brenda, Nathan, Kevin and I attended a splendid church service at the big tent. On this occasion, we had the pleasure of meeting the Weber family, a trio (of the 53rd GA) of very talented gospel-bluegrass musicians. They were: Scott on mandolin, Lizbeth playing guitar and Zack picking banjo. A number of 16th GA members (especially Ricky Smith) will remember Zack Weber as the young man we brought into our ranks during the Olustee parade a few years ago. As always, the fervent preaching of Rev. Joey Young was the powerful and unaltered Word of God. Back to camp, it was soon time to gear up for another battle. Some had already started striking tents. Just past 1pm we posed for unit pictures and headed out for formation. The scenario today was essentially the same with the Battalion forming in the woods opposite the Fort. Today, we would pick up right where we left off on Saturday and did not have to wait long before the 16th GA was called forward. We missed Brevet Corporal Matthew Whitehead, who had discharged his duties splendidly on Saturday. This day, he was on sick call as was Rico. There was no immediate path to the open field so we made one, 16th-style, in our column which included a barefoot Jay. On the extreme Confederate left, we waited with Col. Jerram and Adjutant Cannon Gould. There, we could see the Yankee pickets a hundred yards out to our right. They acted if they expected no attack but soon they learned different as we burst from the thicket



The 16th Georgia - just before Sunday's battle

at the double quick. I do not think there was another unit deployed as skirmishers this day - did not notice one. I will pause to say that today marked the first combat of Private Will Butler as a rifleman in the line. There is not a more beloved man in our ranks and it gave us all immense joy to have him with us today in this capacity. He did his ancestry proud and is as good a man as ever tore a cartridge. We spent an extended time on the skirmish line today, opposing Capt. Walczak's command to our left and the 3rd Wisconsin to our front. A sizzling fight ensued all the way and we fought a good portion of it from the prone. During the fray, Ty captured about 20 lbs of ice. We were ordered back to main our line and were barely in place before a general assault was commanded. Migrating to our left during the assault, we became one of the elements that carried the Federal right of the Fort. At this time Ty captured much more than ice, emphatically reminding one Federal private that when the "16th GA says surrender - he had better do it." At camp Brenda had us about packed, as was the case with most everyone else. Mark and Margaret Morris had arrived in time to see the battle this day and it is always good to have them with us. Kevin was headed to Savannah to join his family. We had a safe trip back, unpacked some, got showers and an evening meal - turned in early. We all anticipated returning to Manassas, recalling we had such a impressive time and harmonious group last year. This time was even better in some ways but we sure missed Kellie and Gary Banks, J.C. Nobles, Shanda, Cody and Savannah Sprague as well as Lt. Noah Sprague (on the envious detached duty of touring Virginia battlefields). **Duke**

UNIT ELECTIONS

The officers of the 16th Georgia have announced that elections for the positions of 1st Sgt., 1st Corp. & 2nd Corp. will be held during the 2011 Old Clinton War Days event by the means of individual, written ballots. Those wishing to qualify for the ballot must have a letter of intent on file with the Adjutant by midnight of April 1, 2011. Nominations WILL NOT be taken from the floor on election day, unless no one has applied for that position by way of letter of intent, as decided by the unit at Olustee 2011. We currently have letters of intent for all positions that will be voted on at Clinton 2011. Questions can be directed to Capt. Bradberry or Lt. Sprague. So far we have received letters of intent from Kevin Sark for 1st Sgt., Nathan Sprague 1st Corp., Alan Richards 2nd Corp. & Matthew Whitehead for 2nd Corporal.

16TH GA Co. G. "Jackson Rifles"

Capt. William "Rebel" Bradberry - 404-242-7213

1 Lt. Noah Sprague - 706-491-9755

1st Sgt.. James "Cowpattie" Cleveland - 678-972-2368

1st Corp. Nathan Sprague - 478-320-8748

2nd Corp. Kevin Sark - 478-731-8796

3rd Corp. / Adj. John Wayne "Duke" Dobson - 478-731-5531

waynedobson51@yahoo.com or waynedobson@cox.net

4th Corp. (Brevet) Alan Richards - 478-308-9739

Chaplain Ronnie "Skin" Neal - 478-994-0958

Assistant Chaplain - Charles Hill - 770-845-6878

Treasurer Ricky "Coonpossum" Smith - 478-956-2840

Musician Cody Sprague - 478-320-8748

(copies of the 2011 roster are now available upon request by e-mail or regular mail)

NEARLY 600 FRIENDS ON FACEBOOK: "JACKSON RIFLES"

UPCOMING EVENTS

APRIL 9, 2011 - WORK DAY IN CLINTON (alternate day in case of bad weather - April 23)

APRIL 16, 2011 - CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY - attend where you choose.

APRIL 30 - MAY 1, 2011 - CLINTON WAR DAYS (all 16th GA members be there as early as possible)

SEPTEMBER 23-25, 2011 - NASH FARM

OCTOBER 1-2, 2011 - ANDERSONVILLE, GA

NOVEMBER 19, 2011 - GRISWOLDVILLE MEMORIAL SERVICE / NOV. 20-21 - "Burning of Clinton"

SUMMER DRILL

Although it was not part of the Olustee meeting, the subject of a Summer Drill was discussed. Earl Colvin has graciously offered his very suitable property in Jones County, GA for this purpose. The proposed date is for the entire weekend of July 15-17 (or less, depending on what is decided). We need to confirm this no later than a meeting at Clinton, but we would appreciate hearing from as many of you as possible before that date so we can get an idea if this plan is workable. Let me know. *Duke*

NEWSLETTER CHANGES

The 16th Georgia newsletter, THE HOWLING DAWG, was available on line, beginning last month. This move both broadened our subscription list and made an expanded, full color publication possible while cutting our cost more than half. Some liked this and some did not. Many responded, saying that the on line version is sufficient and that you no longer required a paper copy. Others indicated they still wanted to get the paper edition and we will continue mail them as long as we can. If we have your e-mail address, you folks will actually get both editions. If you know of an e-mail address for a subscriber (or someone who would like to get it by e-mail) and you do not think I have record of it, please, send it to me. In February, both editions were the same except the electronic version was in color while the print copy remained in black and white. Soon, however, the on-line and the paper versions may be quite different. If economics force this move, the on-line issue will be continue to be about 8 full color pages and may, at times, be even more. The paper version, however, will be reduced to four-one-sided pages and may even be less. We will sure regret this move, if it has to be, but it is just a matter of economics. We have greatly appreciated the steady flow of money, supplies and services that have helped to grow the newsletter over the years. However, some of these sustaining sources are in danger of no longer being available. I am especially grateful to those who contribute articles and photos for publication - your efforts are essential - thank you so much! We will continue to try to publish the best monthly newsletter that we know how and so appreciate you allowing us the opportunity to do so. I am respectfully, *John Wayne "Duke" Dobson / Adjutant*

BILLY WEBSTER & TENNESSEE THOMPSON

We were just outside Shelbyville and had been here for a spell. It is a bad thing for an army to remain too long at one place. The men soon became discontented and unhappy, and we had no diversion or pastime except poker or chuck-a-luck. All the money the regiment had long ago been spent, but grains of corn represented dollars and with these we would play as earnestly as if they were so much money, sure enough.

One of those funny episodes that frequently occur in the army, happened at this place. A big, strapping fellow by the name of Tennessee Thompson always carried more stuff than any other five men in the army. He carried two quilts, three blankets, one oil cloth, one overcoat, one axe, one hatchet, one camp kettle, one oven and lid, one coffee pot; besides his knapsack, haversack, canteen, musket, cartridge box and three days' rations. Ol' Tennessee was kind of a rare bird, anyhow. For instance, he usually had his hair cut short on one side and left long on the other, so that he could give his head a bow and a toss and throw the long hairs over on the other side it would naturally part itself without a comb. Tennessee was the wit and good nature of the Company; always in a good humor, and ever ready to do any duty when he was called upon. In fact, I would sometime get out of heart and low-spirited, and would hunt up Tennessee to have a little fun. He was a good and brave soldier who followed the fortunes of our Company from the beginning to the end. Well, one day he and Billy Webster bet twenty-five dollars, put up in Bill Martin's hands, as to which could run the faster. John Tucker, Joe Lee, Alf Horsley, and myself were appointed judges. The distance was two hundred yards. The ground was measured off, and the judges stationed. Tennessee undressed himself, even down to his long handles and stocking feet, tied a red handkerchief around his head, and another one around his waist, and walked deliberately down the track eyeing every little rock and stick and removing them off the track. He comes back to the starting point and then goes down the track in half canter; returns again, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilated, looking like the champion race horse of the world. Tennessee then makes two or three false starts; turns a somersault by placing his head on the ground and flopping over on his back. He gets up and whinnies like a horse; goes off doing hop, step and jumps - he says, to loosen up his joints - scratches up the ground his hands and feet, flops his arms and crows like a rooster and announces, "I am ready." The drum is tapped, and off they start. Well, Billy Webster beat him one hundred yards in the two hundred, and Tennessee came back and said: "well, boys, I am beat; Billy Martin, hand over the stakes to Billy Webster. I'm beat, but hang me if I didn't outrun the whole Yankee Army coming out of Kentucky and all the while carrying half a hog, a fifty pound sack of flour and a camp kettle full of brown sugar." You see, Ol' Tennessee was trying to bluff but he was not too good at it. Truth was, he couldn't run worth a cent but there was no braver or truer man ever drew a ramrod or tore a cartridge than Tennessee Thompson. We left Chattanooga, whither bound we knew not and cared not...marched toward Chickamauga and forded at Lee & Gordon's Mill; camped on the banks of the Chickamauga that Friday night of September 1863. We rose early Saturday morning and by noon had completed our crossing. General Forrest's cavalry had opened the battle. Even then, the spent balls were falling amongst us with that peculiar thud so familiar to an old soldier. "Double quick!" There seemed to be no rest for us. "General Forrest is needing reinforcements!" "Double quick, close up the rear, hurry up halt! Front, right dress.!" The artillery opened upon us an instantly three men died and twenty were wounded. Billy Webster's arm was torn out by the roots.; a shell fragment buried itself in Jim McElwin's side and also killed Mr. Fain King, a conscript from Mount Pleasant. "Forward, guide center, march, charge bayonets, fire at will, commence firing!" We moved through the woods firing as we went. The Yankee line was about two hundred yards ahead and in ten minutes we were face to face with the foe. It was simply a matter of who could load and shoot the fastest. I could almost hear the shriek of the death angel passing over the scene. We held that position for two hours and ten minutes under the most galling fire until we were nearly surrounded and had to fall back. Our entire army had not come up and the big battle would be fought on Sunday. When the cannon ball struck Billy Webster, he did not die immediately. As our attack had advanced, we had left him and other comrades where they fell upon the battlefield. When we got back to the place where we had left our knapsacks, Billy's wound had been dressed by Dr. Buist and he seemed to be resting easy. Billy wanted Jim Forgey to write a letter to his parents back home. Turning to me, he asked for a clean shirt from his knapsack, adding that he thought he would feel better if he could get rid of some of the blood that was upon him. I found his knapsack, got the shirt, but when I returned to where he was, poor, good, Billy Webster was dead. He had given his life to his Country in an unholy and uncalled for war. No better or braver man ever drew the breath of life. His bones lie yonder, today upon the battlefield of Chickamauga. I loved him. He was my friend. "*Co. Aytch*" by Sam Watkins: Adapted by JWD/ 2004

THE WAY UP, IS DOWN

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Philippians 2: 5-8

It was the first day of August, a Friday and we were not so busy at work today so we had time to sweep the warehouse. The temperature and humidity continued to be as high as we had seen in July, so I was completely soaked with sweat after the first hour on the job. Presently, a small stir of voices near the front of the building announced that we had a group of visitors. As they came closer I noticed that the group included the top executives of the multi-million dollar company I had been employed by for most of the last twenty-five years. We all knew each other quite well. I had done many jobs over the years besides sweeping floors. Like many, I had started at an entry level position but eventually worked my way up until I was a familiar face both at the corporate office and around the entire corporation. At the height I was an assistant to the vice president of corporate training, edited the company newsletter, was a computer draftsman, wrote technical manuals and a host of other upper level duties. I made more money than I ever had. In early 1995 things went sour, I was dismissed and four months later my Daddy died - it was not my favorite year. I drifted around at various odd jobs for the next four years: installing mobile homes, was a customer service manager for Office Depot and went on the road for them remodeling their stores; worked for a company that sold law enforcement gear and finally got a chance to come back to the company that had let me go several years before. This time I was not at the corporate office this time but in another division and it all seemed like a fresh start. Things were okay for a while but jobs often seem to run in ten-year cycles, so when a chance to move to another division of this same company came in November 2007, I took it. I guess I was not cut out for the position I had tried to move into and in a couple of months they had put me out of the purchasing office in the same warehouse I had managed twenty years ago to "see if they could find *something* I could do." The work there was hot, heavy, menial and it paid a lot less. So there I was, sweeping floors on that hot August morning as the entourage of executives I used to rub shoulders with passed by me without so much as a nod. Actually, I was okay with that. When I saw them coming I had wished I could hide, anyway. I felt ashamed. Humility is a good thing, in fact to me it is one of the most attractive characteristics a person can have. Humility is a fine thing but not always an easy thing. One of my favorite verses came to mind. *"For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."* (Hebrews 12:3) Consider who the Lord Jesus Christ was and what He put up with - now, *that* is humility. Ol' Pete Ruckman used to say, "the way up is down." I thought of Joseph in the Bible and how he had been wrongfully imprisoned during his life. Eventually he got out of jail and rose to great prominence. I am not in jail but feel that I may be in a confinement - some of it is of my own making. I tend to blame myself first, anyway. I wish I could get another chance - I have had so many good ones and have blown them. Perhaps God will see fit to move me one day but if not, well, "the servant is not greater than his master," and a servant I shall be. If He can wash feet, guess I can sweep floors.

(NOTE: After a three-year struggle, I lost that job on March 14 - jwd)

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY MARCH 1861

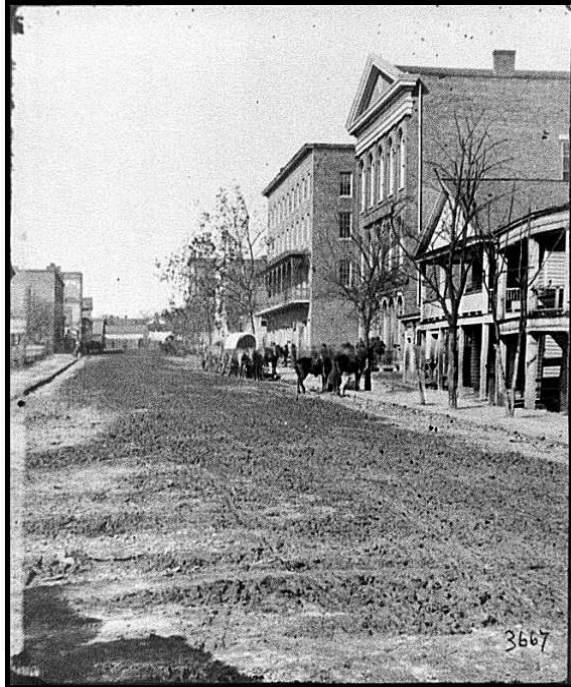


ATLANTA

We are now well into the Sesquicentennial - 150 years since the War Between the States. For many a Southerner, it is one of the touchstones of our existence. How would it have been to actually live in those perilous days? To me there is no more candid look at what a society was truly like than the everyday newspaper

March 7, 1861 - The Importation of Opium.--One of the curious facts revealed by the publication of Custom House tables is that there was imported into the country last year, three hundred thousand pounds of opium. Of this amount it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen and literary men, and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groceries that infest every city and village in the country.

March 8 - Mrs. Millington, of Selma, Alabama, has been committed to Dallas jail, without bail, on a charge of murdering a slave.



March 11 - "Will You Marry Me?"--On Sunday last was an occurrence in one of our churches hardly suited for the occasion. After service, a young man who carries the collecting plate, as usual put his hand in his vest pocket to place upon it a piece of money before starting to collect. He dropped, as he supposed, a quarter on the plate, and, without looking at it, passed around among the congregation.--Instead of silver, however, he had inadvertently placed a conversation lozenge in the centre of the late, and all were astonished, at seeing the lozenge with the words staring them in the face, "Will you Marry Me?" The young ladies probably thought this was an unusual mode of "proposing!" but no doubt it was the sight of them which caused the mistake.--States & Union.

March 12 - Short Hair for Ladies.--Several Northern ladies have been advocating, through Godey's Book, the adoption of the fashion of short hair for ladies. We are sure no Southern lady will allow her head to be shorn, of "the glory" of "its fair length."

Now, hear what St. Paul says about the matter in 1 Corinthians, chapter X, verse 14-15:
*"Doth not even nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair, it is a shame to him.
 But, if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for the hair is given her for a covering."*

March 18, 1861 - The Grant Factory - This is one of the several Cotton and woolen Manufactories in and near Columbus. It is situated within the corporate limits of the city immediately on the Chattahoochee river, and was established about the year 1844, and originally known as the "Coweta Manufacturing Company." The proprietors now are Messrs. Daniel and John J. Grant, of this city. The capital stock amounts to \$60,000. The disbursements per annum are as follows: For labor, \$12,000; sundry expenses, \$5,000; for



per annum, 800 bales of Osnaburgs, 480,000 yards; 300 bales of yarn, 78,000 pounds; 200 bales of kerseys, 80,000 pounds; and 6,000 pounds of rope, thread, &c., &c. The total value of the productions amounts to \$81,000, from which taking the disbursements, \$65,000, leaves \$16,000. The Company gives employment to about 80 hands, male and female, the preference to the latter, for the excellent reason that it is much easier for males to shift for themselves; while by giving the preference in employment to females, many indigent widows and families are, we may say, rescued from absolute starvation. The operatives appear to be contented and are paid according to their competency to earn wages. Some can manage only one loom while others can easily manage from three to four. Many poor families, composed entirely of females, and dependent upon their manual labor, are thus secured adequate means for their support, and with proper economy, may gradually accumulate a competency. The factory is located at the head of the Canal for bringing into requisition the water power to the city Factories, and has superior advantages on account of it. The articles manufactured are Kerseys and plain white Osnaburgs exclusively; but we learn that the Company intend, in the course of a few weeks, to commence the manufacture of Stripes, being already engaged in the necessary preparations. This improvement was demanded by the increase of their business and the growing demand for that description of goods. During our visit, we observed that the gentlemanly and efficient Clerk and book keeper Mr. O'Keefe, was filling a large order for Osnaburgs for an extensive mercantile establishment in Selma, Ala. We are glad to learn that the success of the establishment warrants an enlargement of its business, and take it as an earnest of the continued prosperity which is destined to crown the manufacturing enterprises of this "Lowell of the South."--Columbus Sun.March 18 - Three girls, in Jacksonville, Vermont, braided thirty-six full sized men's palm-leaf hats in fifteen hours, one day last week. The quickest time in which they completed three, was forty-five minutes.

March 29 - A little son of Ira E. Betts, of Jackson County, about twelve years of age, was killed by being thrown from a mule, on the 17th instant.