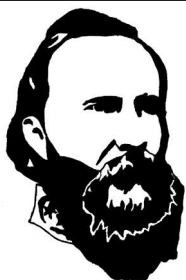


10th Georgia Regiment Volunteer Infantry



Commander's Corner:



Gentlemen of the Tenth,

Our spring season is half over. We've missed those of you that have not dressed this year. You've missed three good events with unusually good weather, please try and, make Clinton in May. At that time the ladies can decide the location of our campout in July. Enclosed you will find an article on the 10th. See you around the campfire.

Major Steven Black



Captain's Report:

Ladies and Gentlemen,



Thanks to all of you who attended Greensboro, it was a fun weekend. Don't forget the 28th is Confederate Memorial Day, we will start off at the memorial in downtown Macon and go on to Rose Hill, Byron, Ft. Valley and on to Jack Cauldwell's house for the annual party, PLEASE come and do your duty to Honor these Brave Men!!!

Your Most Obedient Servant,
Captain James A. McKenzie



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Adjutants Report:

For those of you that missed Manassas, you missed a very good event, the battle went very well and the 10th wiped out a whole union company with a single massive volley, we had twenty members in attendance. Greensboro went very well and the 10th fielded twenty members again and added one new member:

Terry Stewart
401 Jackie Blvd.
Warner Robins, Georgia 31093
478-922-3614

Please welcome him to our unit. Our unit strength is now 71. Clinton is the next event I will be at, it would really be nice if the 10th could field fifty again this year. Hope to see everyone around the campfire.

Bert Franklin
Adjutant-1st Sergeant

Ladies Corner:



We missed the ladies at Greensboro, this is a small fun event and has potential for more fun with more ladies turning out to support the guys. Hope to see you all on the 28th for the Confederate Memorial Day and at Clinton. You are missed when you do not attend. Cathy LeBrescu would like to add that the ladies Secret Pals is not being handled as it should and that there could be some changes made at Clinton if the support of the ladies does not pick up. If you have not contacted her to let her know about your Secret Pal, PLEASE do so at 478-328-3431.

Thank-You,
Deidre McKenzie

The following letter was received from the CannonBall House: April 2nd, 2001

Dear Don and Sue,

Thanks to you and the efforts of your group, Cherry Blossom Festival 2001 was a huge success!!! During the 10 days of the festival we saw 2,832 visitors - a 35% increase over 2000. We welcomed 41 motor coach buses compared to 33 in 2000 and the gift shop made over \$4000.00, breaking all previous records. We truly feel that the efforts of your group helped increase the number of visitors we saw because of your reputation with the motor coach tours and your visibility outside our house. We truly appreciate your volunteer support and hope to see you again soon. Mary Lee and the Cannonball House Staff. To the letter from the Cannonball House, I would like to add my own personal "Thank You", Jack Wilbanks went above and beyond the call of duty being there everyday for 9 full days, his wife Judy joined us as did Mark and Cathy LeBrescu, Yancy helped Don, Jack and Mark recount the war years while Rita was finally coerced into telling visitors about the ball gowns and customs of the mid-1800's. Ladies and Gentlemen of the 10th, talk to any of these people and find out what fun you are missing. We spoke with people from all over the world, Japan, Austria, England, France, Australia-these people now know the "True Story" of the Old South. Please consider joining us next year during the Cherry Blossom time. I feel pretty sure you will love it as much as we did.

Thanks again guys and gals.
Don and Sue Milwood



10th Georgia Regiment Volunteer Infantry



BATTLELINE

10th Georgia Regiment Volunteer Infantry
1040 Shawnee Circle
Byron, Georgia 31008
Phone: 912-956-7422
Fax: None
E-Mail: MJMMSmith@AOL.COM or
MDEIDRE@Hotmail.com

Chaplins Report:

JOB 19:25 I know that my redeemer lives and that in the end he will stand upon the Earth.

1st CORINTHIANS 15:5 And that he appeared to Peter and then to the Twelve.

Charles Wyche



ORDER OF BATTLE



May 4-6 - Clinton, Georgia, The first event that the 10th (reenactors) fought in. Always close by-always the same. At election last year we had 47 rifles in rank, Let's do it again for fun! Anyone know how to drive a wheelbarrow?

May 12th - Reynolds, Georgia, The Strawberry Festival, living history and parade. POC is Terry Holland (478-847-2253). Also if anyone is intersted in doing a Confederate Memorial in Reynolds on a weekend not to interfere with Rose Hill in Macon, call Terry.

May 18-20 - Resaca, Georgia, Usually a 10.00 fee. The last couple of years we have had only ten (10) troops.

May 25-27 - Andersonville, Georgia, Good event and it's close for most of us.

The Tenth Georgia on Dress Parade Before the Yankees at Newport News by J. W. Anderson

When General McClellan moved up from Fortress Monroe and attacked General Magruder's line along the Warwick river and finally drove him back up to Yorktown. Altogether, General Magruder had a line from 15 to 20 miles in length to defend, and only about 5,000 men of all arms of the service to defend it. By skillful handling of his small force, General Magruder held the Warwick river line until General Joseph E. Johnston arrived with the main army of Northern Virginia, and joined forces with him. Soon after his arrival, General Johnston fell back from the Warwick river and Yorktown line to Williamsburg, where a stand was made, and a desperate fight took place.

When the enemy first approached Williamsburg, the Tenth Georgia regiment was near Fort Magruder, and a rush was made for it. It was not yet occupied by any troops, and so the Tenth filed in at "double quick" time, just as the Federal batteries opened fire upon our line. For several hours the enemy's shells flew over Fort Magruder thick and fast, and the Tenth Georgia boys lay in perfect security behind its ample walls, as they watched the shells explode, while they, in that terrible hour, felt that they were well paid for all the work they had done in building the fort.

General Johnston continued to fall back, after the battle of Williamsburg, until the line of the

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Chickahominy was established. On this line we were continuously on duty until after the seven days ' fighting when McClellan's army was driven by General Lee to Harrison's landing, a distance of over 35 miles and with a loss of 80,000 (?) men, 55,000 stands of arms and 35 (?) pieces of artillery.

The Tenth Georgia regiment occupied the Price farm for some time, which was opposite the Gaines' farm, with the Chickahominy between. From Price's house to the Gaines' house the distance was about three miles in a straight line, the way the shells flew. The federals occupied the Gaines' farm, and they planted a battery at the highest point and opened on us at Price's. The first shot went at least a half mile over our heads, but they soon got the range on us, and we were compelled to move our position a little out of the way.

One day the enemy charged down on the part of our line occupied by Colonel Farno, with the Fifth Louisiana regiment, and captured it. The Louisianians were driven back a short distance, but they rallied and soon retook their line, yet the firing continued for several hours afterward. In the meantime, the Tenth Georgia was ordered to their relief, and we had to advance across an open bottom field about a mile, under the fire of the enemy. It was raining, and very cold. We advanced to within one hundred yards of Colonel Farno's line, and were ordered to lie down. We remained on the ground for several hours, exposed to the enemy's fire. While in this position a bullet passed over my head and lodged in my clothing. I was lying flat on the ground, with my face toward the enemy. I saw the bullet, as it passed over my head, and it was so close to my face that I felt sure I was hit, as I felt the jar when it struck my overcoat collar. As I did not feel any pain afterwards, I was greatly relieved. When we were ordered up, I found the bullet in my clothes. While we were lying down we suffered intently (?) with the cold, as we had been in the rain all day, and it was one of the coldest east (?) rains I ever felt.

During the fall of 1861 the Tenth Georgia received marching orders, and we left camp at Young's Mill and proceeded down the peninsula toward Newport News which was occupied in force by the Federals. We reached the vicinity of the enemy's lines about 11 or 12 o'clock on Sunday. We drove in their videttes and soon reached their regular picket line. These we drove in, and in a little while heard the long roll beat, and knew they would be ready for us. We continued our advance rapidly, however, and soon came in full view of their fortifications, which were covered by blue coats.

We could see the men and hear the officers giving commands. Our regiment was filed to the right into an open field, and a line of battle formed. This was in easy gunshot range of the enemy's heavy line of fortifications, and in plain view of the men on them. We remained in line of battle for a long time, but with arms at "parade rest." We did not fire a gun at the enemy, neither did they fire upon us. I suppose we were waiting for them to fire on us first, and they were waiting for us to fire on them. After standing in line thus for a good long time, while the enemy stood upon their fortifications looking grimly at us, and perhaps wondering what we were there for, Colonel Cummings, who was in command, ordered a battalion drill, and for two hours or more we drilled in the face of the enemy, and apparently for their entertainment, while in fact it was "daring" them to come out and meet us. They looked at us in utter amazement, but made no move to interfere with us. Colonel Cumming was one of the finest drill officers in the army, and the Tenth Georgia was one of the best drilled regiments in the services. On this occasion every man was on his metal, and every movement or evolution of the regiment was as perfect as the working of a fine piece of machinery. Our drilling was certainly entertaining to the enemy, as they lined the parapets in full force, watched our movements with apparent deep interest and did not fire upon us when we started to retire from the field.

On the day of the Seven Pines fight the Tenth Georgia was on the extreme left of the army, which rested on the "Burnt Chimney" road. We were in a strip of woods with an open field to the left, which extended away to the Chickahominy. In our front was also an open field, about 400 yards across, to another piece of woods. The enemy's line was in that woods, and we could plainly see the men. They would fire at anything they saw moving on our line and our men had to be careful not to expose themselves, as if they did they would certainly be fired upon. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the Seven Pines fight I was placed in charge of the picket line on our front,

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which consisted of a regular skirmish line, with the men at intervals of 4 or 5 steps. The fight was to open at 10 o'clock on our extreme right, which was several miles away. About 9 o'clock an officer came galloping down the road from Richmond in great haste. The sentinel at the end of our line at the road halted the man, but he hurriedly explained to the sentinel as he reined up that he was Lieutenant Washington, of General Joe Johnston's staff, with important orders for General Smith, and must not be stopped. Whereupon he spurred his horse forward and dashed on down the road, and before the sentinel could do anything further to stop him he was half way down the road, between our line and the Yankee picket, and was captured the next minute by them. This delayed the attack and it was not begun until about 2 o'clock. We had in Company E a gallant and brave little fellow by the name of Thalley. He was about the smallest man in stature in the regiment.

When the fight was opened on the right the officer in command of the regiment on that occasion, detailed Private Thalley as a scout, with orders to proceed to the right, where the fighting was in progress, and ascertain how it was going. In about two hours he returned, bringing with him an Irishman about six and one-half feet high and large in proportion every other way. He belonged to the One Hundredth New York regiment, and having got separated in some way from his command in the fight, he was captured by young Thalley, and brought to Company E. Thalley was so small he looked like a little child walking by the side of a large man, as he brought in his prisoner. He was loudly cheered by the boys for his success in capturing a man so much larger than himself.

A few days before the seven days' fighting commenced Colonel Cumming sent for me to come to his tent, and when I went he informed me he wanted me to take charge of the "litter corps" of the Tenth Georgia, in the coming fights, and directed me to detail two men from each of the ten companies of the regiment for that service. We were furnished with five litters, but not a single ambulance, and the men were obliged to carry the wounded from the firing line to the field hospital, which was generally located from one to two miles in the rear. This was much harder than going in with the line of battle, as we had to keep close up with the regiment while advancing on the enemy.

The first part of the Seven Days' fighting was at Savage Station, on the York River railroad, Sunday afternoon. We were ordered to advance early on Sunday morning, and following the railroad, soon came to the enemy's camps, which were abandoned, and everything in the way of supplies destroyed. We advanced slowly, in order to keep on touch with our forces on the left and across the Chickahominy. We caught up with the rear guard of the enemy several times during the day, and an artillery duel would ensue, but the infantry did not become engaged until we reached Savage Station, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a charge was sounded. At that time the Fifty-third Georgia regiment was in line on the right of the Tenth, and Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians was on our immediate left. The Tenth Georgia led the charge and was soon a considerable distance in front of the other line.

The Tenth Georgia struck the enemy's line in an open space of several acres of ground, where once there had been a house, but the only sign of it left was a few large oak trees that had been the shade trees about it. By some means Barksdale's men had obliqued to the right and lapped behind the left of the Tenth Georgia, while three companies of the Fifty-Third Georgia had obliqued to the left and were covering the right of the Tenth Georgia, at the moment when it struck the enemy's line, and for several minutes the Tenth Georgia was under three distinct fires at the same time - that is, the fire of the enemy in front, the fire from Barksdale's right and the fire of the three companies of the Fifty-third Georgia. But the Tenth Georgia never faltered for a moment and the fighting was terrific until the enemy's line was broken, and the men retreated. In the time of this battle three companies of the Fifty-third Georgia regiment made a charge upon Manley's North Carolina battery which had been attached to our regiment ever since its organization, which was engaging the enemy on the right, and captured it, and it was some time before Captain Manley could satisfy them that it was a Confederate battery. I will state, however, in justification of the action of the Fifty-third boys that they had arrived from Georgia only a few days before, and had never seen the enemy or been under fire until that evening. It was a fine body of men,

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(continued from page 5)

and did good service afterwards.

The next morning I stood in one place and counted the bodies of fifty dead Yankees in the open space and about the trees before mentioned. I also saw a Yankee and a Tenth Georgia man lying dead and facing each other with their bayonets locked. They had both been shot before they locked bayonets.

At Malvern Hill the Tenth Georgia had been within range of the enemy's shells for several hours before they were ordered into the field. I had sent two wounded men to the rear, and from the way the shells were exploding about us, it looked like we might all be killed. Our line was formed fronting the Malvern house, with a field and a ravine between us. When we advanced we had to cross the ravine and enter the field, which was a mile across, and was literally torn up by the shot and exploding shells. When our line was ordered to advance the men moved off quickly, as under such a terrific fire as we were under at that time a man feels better moving towards it than standing still. We had not advanced 20 yards before a fragment of a shell struck Colonel Cumming squarely in the breast, and he fell to the ground as suddenly as if he were dead. I was not ten feet from him when the piece of shell struck him, and almost by the time he fell to the ground I was at his side, and taking him around the shoulders, I lifted him to a sitting position, and in a moment more I had him on a litter and sent him to the rear. The piece of shell had knocked the breath out of him, and when he caught that again he was greatly relieved. But the blow was a severe one. The regiment had gone ahead, and was crossing the ravine by this time. I hurried forward to overtake it, and as I entered the edge of the ravine I saw a man coming out who belonged to one of the regiments at the front. He was not wounded, and as I got opposite him I noticed him drop his gun from his shoulder and catch the barrel in his left hand. As I looked toward him he slipped his left hand over the muzzle of his gun and then fired. I realized in a moment that he had shot himself in the hand as a excuse for leaving his command at the front. Although the shot and shell from the enemy's batteries, which fairly covered Malvern Hill, were flying and exploding thick and fast about us, I could not help feeling indignant at such cowardly conduct, and I called him a cowardly s_ of a b_, and if I had a gun I would certainly have shot him. He made no reply to me, but sneaked away, carrying his gun in his right hand and letting his left hang down by his side. I never saw nor heard of him again.

Soon after the seven days' fighting was over and McClellan's army had taken refuge behind their gunboats in the river about Harrison's landings, the Tenth Georgia was ordered back to Richmond with the brigade where we went into camp. Colonel Cumming had recovered from the effects of the wound he had received at Malvern Hill, as it was not serious, and was again with the regiment. After we had all rested and recovered from the effects of the seven days' fighting Colonel Cumming ordered battalion drill every afternoon. Our camp was located near General Lee's headquarters, and he would frequently come out to see us drill. Every day we had many ladies and citizens come on the field and watch our perfect evolutions.

One afternoon General Lee seemed to be more interested than usual in our movements and came close to us and remained standing more than an hour intently watching our evolutions. Of course, the boys felt highly complimented by the presence of their beloved commander, and did their best in the drill movements which were almost perfect.