

COLONEL JAMES G. BOGLE
U. S. ARMY RETIRED
1749 DYSON DRIVE, N. E.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30307-1315

6th November 2003

Mr. A. J. Dufresne
The Archive Company
139 West Wooster Street
Bowling Green OH 43402-2802

Dear Mr. Dufresne:

A wet and dreary day here in Georgia and about like it was on the 12th of April 1862. Then the UPS man arrived with your fine video of THE ANDREWS RAIDERS. It made my day and I enjoyed seeing it very much. I do hope it was a success for you

Many thanks and best wishes to you and yours for a very Happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "James G. Bogle". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

COLONEL JAMES G. BOGLE
U. S. ARMY RETIRED
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23rd September 2002

Mr. Aj Du Fresne
Producer
Visual Image Productions
1209 Drake Avenue
Findlay, OH 45840

Dear Mrs. Fresne:

Yours of 20th September arrived today and I am glad to hear of your documentary on The Great Locomotive Chase. My favorite story of the Civil War even if Ken Burns did choose to skip it.

I will be happy to assist you in any way that I can. However, I am leaving town soon for a visit to the Great Smokies and will return on 15th October. Thus will not be available until after the 15th of October. Hope this delay is acceptable to you and look forward to the visit. My telephone number is 404 378 6773.

I am sure you enjoyed your visit along the old Western & Atlantic RR. I too was at the affair at Tunnel Hill on Saturday, 7th September for a walk through the old tunnel. Very nice and so glad to see it restored and available.

I am very familiar with your fair city - have been all over Ohio visiting the graves etc of the Raiders. Lots of good memories.

Hope to see you in October. With best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "James G. Bogle". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "J".

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Pages: 3, including this page

From: Deb McComb Library

Subject: Andrews Raiders

COMMENTS: Bensinger's occupation was a farmer and worked on railroad. Didn't see Porter's. Only interview from an article was about returning home to McComb and about his escape from Atlanta prison.

Sorry, it is so dark. If you want, I can mail this to you.
Deb

[Pittenger] back to Marietta to flash word ahead. No scheduled time was lost in this, for we'd started ahead of Fuller's usual time for leaving Big Shanty, and had some leeway.

Breaking a wire isn't as easy as it might seem; but we here adopted a plan which worked all day, and took up no time that wasn't utilized for other purposes. John Scott, who was as agile as a cat, scrambled up the twenty-foot pole, and knocking off the insulating box at the top, swung down on it. A small hacksaw found on the engine easily cut the tightly stretched wire close to the box. This didn't take more than one or two minutes.

At this first deliberate stop, Andrews came back and clasped our hands in triumph, showing more excitement than I had ever seen in him. We had the enemy now at such a disadvantage, he held, that they couldn't harm us or save the engine.

"When we've passed one more train," Andrews declared, "the coast will be all clear for burning the bridges and running on through to Chattanooga and around. For once, boys, we've got the upper hand of the Rebels."

By saying we had only one more train to pass before doing this, Andrews didn't mean that there was but one train coming toward us. Three scheduled southbound trains had already left Chattanooga; but only the first of these, a local freight which might be met at any point between this and Kingston, was a real obstacle. Andrews knew the time schedule of the other two, and could plan to meet them at any given station, even if we were far ahead of Fuller's time. Had there been none but these three trains, his first joy would have been well warranted.

The following—to the best of my knowledge—is the basis upon which Andrews made his calculations: he believed that no locomotive could be had nearer to Big Shanty than Kingston on the north, or Atlanta on the south, each about thirty miles distant. If the Rebels pursued toward Kingston, the best they could do was follow us on horses, and the time, allowing for delay in starting and the poor state of the roads, couldn't well be short of three or four hours, by which time we ought to be out of reach, with all our work done. If they rode or sent back to Marietta, which would seem to be their best plan, that would take at least an hour. A telegram then to Atlanta could very soon start a train after us, but by then it would be forty or fifty miles behind; and long before it could catch up, bridges would be burned, track and telegraph cut, and the road completely destroyed.

We expected to run on our train's regular time to Kingston, which would thus take about two hours, but to obstruct the track at several places on the way; then with the local freight safely passed, hurry on to the Oostanula Bridge just before Resaca, twenty-four miles farther, in half an hour more. Burning that, we'd sweep on over the eleven bridges of the Chickamauga—also the one of the East Tennessee road, over the same stream—and leaving them in flames, bypass Chattanooga on the Y-switch running over to the Memphis & Charleston road, and press as rapidly as possible westward to Bridgeport, or wherever Mitchell might be.

It will be seen that leaving out of account any accident to our train, and any difficulty in passing the trains we were to meet, our calculations were reasonably sound. With two experienced engineers, and caution in running, accidents weren't likely to occur; and Andrews trusted to his own resourcefulness and commanding presence to disarm suspicion in any train crews met. On Friday, these calculations might have worked out with the precision of a machine. This day there were new elements that were to try our powers to the utmost.

All careful preparations were now made for a long run. A red flag placed on the last car showed that another train was behind, and served as a kind of unspoken excuse for being on the schedule of the morning mail. The engine was also closely inspected by Knight—whose mechanical knowledge was most useful throughout—and found to be in excellent working condition. After oiling it thoroughly, we moved leisurely onward until we came near Moon's Station, where some workmen were engaged on the track. The opportunity of getting necessary tools was too good to be lost. Brown sprang down and asked a man for a crowbar with which he was prying. The man gave it at once. Brown stepped back with his booty, a little disappointed, for one of the bent claw-footed bars, for pulling our spikes, would have been worth much more, but they had none.

As we went on, Andrews cautioned the engineers not to run too fast, which they were inclined to do. In this first part of the journey, it was important to hold to the train's usual time schedule.

dorksey: Andrews wanted the road clear before beginning the work of destruction. We seemed to have things all our own way, calmly moving along as if we were to have no opposition, little dreaming of the awful storm that was gathering about us.

[Murphy]
no one was left in charge of the locomotive. The explanation of this apparent carelessness is found in the fact that Big Shanty was a recruiting station and a sentinel was stationed near the railroad track.

I had about finished breakfast when I heard a noise, as if steam were escaping, and looking through a window, I saw the cars move. Calling to our engineer and fireman at the table, I said to them, "Someone is moving your engine."

By this time, I was at the front door, and saw that the train was divided, the engine and three cars already passing out of sight. All at the table were at the door in a few seconds. What was the cause, and by whom was the engine moved? was asked by many voices. Cain, Fuller and myself consulted a moment. I asked Fuller about the great number of strangers who got on at Marietta.

"They had tickets to this point," Fuller said.
I was suspicious in a moment, and said, "They're the men who took the train!"

We, however, thought they were deserters, who would run the engine as long as the steam held out, the road being downgrade for many miles, and then abandon it. Fuller, Cain and myself concluded in a few minutes that our duty was to proceed after them.

DORSEY: The capture of the train—by the account of a Mr. Allen Price, a Confederate soldier at the time of the raid and in camp at Big Shanty—caused great excitement. The soldiers, disregarding discipline and guard-lines, ran pell-mell across lots in their wild effort to head off the captured *General*.

MURPHY: At Big Shanty Station itself, nothing could be done. There was no telegraph at this point. We started, and just at that time I saw Lon Kendrick come down the hill. He was connected with the road. I requested him to get a horse and go to Marietta, the nearest telegraph station, as fast as possible, and communicate with the superintendent at Atlanta, which he did.

In starting, various comments were made by those standing around as we put out on foot after a locomotive under steam. But knowing that we would reach a squad of track hands somewhere on the line, not far away, we jogged along and had some hopes.

Heading North 2

DORSEY: Away we sped. As we rolled out around a curve, far enough from the starting point to feel out of range of the enemy's guns, our spirits rose to a high pitch. The trees by the roadside seemed to wave us Godspeed, while the scream of our engine was like a shout for the Union. Andrews had told us, from the beginning, that to reach and take the train would be our hardest job. Once past that, success should be practically sure. We had taken our train, and we felt jubilant. I well remember that I jumped up and flourished my revolver over my head.

"Thank God, boys," I cried, "we're done playing Rebl We're blue-bellied Yankees again!"

George D. Wilson, older than most of us, wasn't as carried away.

"Don't be too fast, Dorsey," he cautioned me. "We're not out of the woods yet."

PRYNGER: And soon enough, it seemed as if we were to have serious trouble right at the start. The engine ran slower and slower, until it finally came to a full stop, not yet far from camp. There had been just one burst of speed, and then this alarming failure of power. We asked eagerly of those forward what it meant, and the answer was far from reassuring—"The steam has gone down."

DORSEY: Alf Wilson had taken station on the top of the cars as brakeman, which place he held throughout, except when serving as fireman, which he did for a good part of our run. Wilson, Andrews, Knight and Brown were all of the party readily visible to onlookers. The rest of us were in the boxcar, closed up from view except for occasional intervals between stations.

PRYNGER: At a second stop—beyond Moon's Station, something over two miles from Big Shanty—the telegraph wire was cut and we made our first attempts to obstruct the track. Cutting the wire was necessary, for though there was no telegraph office at Big Shanty, a portable battery might have been found, or a swift messenger sent

PORTER: That Saturday morning in Marietta the news soon reached the town that a train had been captured at Big Shanty, while the passengers and crew were at breakfast, and that it had been done so quickly and easily, no one could imagine who did the deed, or what it meant. Soon everything was wild with excitement, and the town was thronged with excited Rebels, waiting to hear further developments regarding the wild train, as it was termed.

Hawkins and I concluded to skip out, one at a time, though keeping sight of each other, and make our way to the country unmolested, if possible. In this we succeeded, and after reaching a piece of woods we came together, congratulated ourselves upon our success thus far, but what to do next we hardly knew. We felt certain that the chances of our getting away in the present state of excitement weren't the best, and after much hesitation and doubt we determined to go to Big Shanty, to Camp McDonald, as it was a Rebel camp of instruction, and join the Rebel army, and thus be enabled to make our escape, when sent to the front, by deserting a picket post or taking the first opportunity that might offer for escape in any manner.

We proceeded on our way, intending to reach Camp McDonald about sundown, thinking perhaps that by this time the excitement would somewhat subside.

PTRENGER: The *Yonah* and Etowah Bridge left behind, we rolled on through Cartersville, a town of considerable size, leaving many astonished and disappointed passengers on the platform, and continued without incident until we reached Cass Station. The town of Cassville is some distance from the railroad, but the station was important to us as the regular place for taking on wood and water. Here we stopped and began to wood up.

William Russel—as we later learned the tender's name to be—was naturally curious about the appearance of such a bobtailed train running on the time of the morning mail, with no passengers and none of the regular hands.

ALF WILSON: Andrews went into the office and procured the switch keys and a schedule, telling the office man that he was running an extra train through with powder and ammunition to General Beauregard, who was hard-pressed at Corinth by Grant and out of ammunition, and the greatest possible haste was necessary. The story, trumped up on the spur of the moment or not, had much semblance of truth, although we didn't know it.

Not a week had elapsed since the battle at Shiloh, and Generals Grant and Halleck were at that very time confronting an outnumbered Beauregard at Corinth. To give further plausibility to our story, there was in the express car a prodigious iron-bound safe, containing probably a wagonload of Confederate scrip, with which to pay off the Rebel soldiers under Beauregard. The account given was satisfactory to the man, who said he'd willingly take off his shirt and send it to Beauregard if it would do any good.

PTRENGER: Andrews' powder story—I became convinced later—was adroit and carefully planned, with enough of foundation to make it probable. His claim was that he had been sent by General Beauregard, who was in desperate straits for ammunition, to impress a train, have it loaded with gunpowder, and run it through at top speed. Had he been pressed more closely, Andrews could probably have produced contrived passes proving himself worthy of belief. But it wasn't necessary to go so far. The very appearance of Andrews—tall, commanding, and perfectly self-possessed, speaking like one long accustomed to authority—was so much like the ideal Southern officer that Russel's credence was won at once. The station-keeper knew very well that after such a battle as the one at Pitsburg Landing, it was natural that gunpowder should be scarce, and if it didn't come at once, what more natural than to send for it?

Seeing the impression that he had made, Andrews, who of course didn't work at throwing on wood, but left that to his companions, asked if he couldn't be supplied with a current timetable, as it might be useful. Russel, in his patriotic fervor, took down and handed out his own schedule, saying that he'd send his shirt to Beauregard if the latter wanted it.

WILLIAM RUSSEL: I'd as soon have suspected Mr. Jefferson Davis himself as a man who talked with the assurance Andrews did.

PTRENGER: We were now within seven miles of Kingston, re-supplied with wood and water, and with a full, up-to-date schedule of the trains on the road. But at Kingston we had more reason to apprehend danger than anywhere else along the route. A branch road from Rome—linking with boat traffic on the Coosa River—connected at Kingston with the main track, and the morning train from that town would be awaiting our arrival. This, with the local freight which we hoped to meet, and the complicated arrangement of the switches, would constitute no small obstacle. Andrews had

[*Southern Confederacy*]

us almost daily. It is nonsense, it is folly, to deprive our own people of knowledge they are entitled to for fear the enemy will find it out. We ought to have a regular system of passports over all our roads, and refuse well vouched for, and make it fully appear that he is not an enemy. This would keep information from the enemy far more effectually than any reticence of the press, which ought to lay before our people the full facts in everything of a public nature.

DORSEY: George Wilson, Buffum, Bensinger and I were taken from Ringgold by rail that Sunday night to Marietta and thrown in a stronger jail. A strong guard of cadets was thrown around the build-boys, and frequently came to our barred window to exchange greetings. They soon became so well acquainted with us that they could call each one by his proper name.

During the captures of members of our party that occurred during the next few days, word got out somehow that two of our number had been left off at Marietta, and suspicion at once rested on Hawkins and Porter—the two new recruits at Camp McDonald.

PORRER: Everything went all right with us in our 9th Georgia Battalion at Camp McDonald until in some manner it leaked out among the Rebels that the Yankee raiders, by mistake or accident, had left two of their party at Marietta. How this information got out I never learned, but it couldn't be otherwise than that someone of our party had indiscreetly told more than he ought to when captured, who the man was we never learned.

The excitement ran very high, and we discovered, when it was too late, that we had run into the jaws of danger, for immediately we fell under suspicion and were sent to headquarters and there ordered to give a truthful account of ourselves, under penalty of death if we lied. We were taken into a room, one at a time, and interviewed by a number of Rebel officers—Hawkins first and myself afterwards. When Hawkins came out I saw at a glance that something was wrong; but my turn had come and I took my seat in the room, confronted by six Confederate officers, when I put on the boldest front I could.

One of the officers, a colonel, took me in hand and began by first inquiring my name, which I didn't give in full, as I had used just the "John Reed" part of my name—John Reed Porter—when I enlisted with them. He proceeded in his order of examination as best suited

him, and I tried to answer as best suited myself, just the reverse of what they desired. Finally, others of the party commenced asking questions and I found that John Reed was in a pretty tight place. On various occasions during nearly four years of army life I experienced some pretty close calls, but this was a little the closest corner I ever got into. They were very menacing and abusive, expecting, I suppose, to scare me into a confession.

The colonel finally said, "Mr. Reed, you stand there thrice damned. You may make your peace with your God, but you never can with Jefferson Davis, and we ought to hang you without any further ceremony."

I was permitted to return to the room with Hawkins, where we were closely guarded and weren't allowed to converse with each other. The word soon spread through the camp that we were Yankees and belonged to the railroad party. In a short time the building was surrounded with an excited mob that demanded our immediate execution—some threatening to shoot us and some to hang us before we should leave there. As they still gathered around, the excitement increased, until they placed a heavy guard around the building, and the crowd soon began to disperse, intent upon a fresh attack at night.

As soon as the first train came along going south, we were put aboard under guard and sent to Marietta, where we were handcuffed and chained together by the end of a trace chain being placed around the neck of each and locked with padlocks. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, we were placed in an inner cell of the jail for safekeeping during the night.

The news of our arrival soon spread through the town, and in a short time an infuriated mob gathered around the jail and demanded our release, that they might take out their vengeance upon us, otherwise they would burn the jail. As the night wore on, the crowd increased until they finally placed another heavy guard around the jail. That somewhat allayed our fears, although it seemed as though morning never would come. When it did, however, the jail was again surrounded by curiosity seekers and a mob-spirited crowd, to see the "wild Yankees," as they called us.

DORSEY: After a sojourn of about thirty-six hours at Marietta, the outside door was unlocked, followed soon after by a crashing noise made by the jailer throwing an armful of chains upon the floor. The jailer began to call the roll.

"Mr. Wilson."

The end of a bright new trace chain was passed around Wilson's

[F. M. Gregg]

When the raiders abandoned the engine they separated in all directions, some going east toward White Oak Mountains. The members of the expedition who went west ran through the woods, closely followed by Fuller and others, Murphy staying by his engine.

When the fugitives had gone about one-half mile through the woods, they came to the field of Judge T. M. Gordon, in which the Negroes were working at the time. While going through the field, attempts were made to get mules. This excited the hands, and they rushed to the house, crying, "The Yankees are coming, the Yankees are coming."

Beyond the field, there were woods bordering on Chickamauga Creek; through these they ran down to the creek to be confronted on the other side by a precipitous bank about ninety feet high and extending for about three-fourths of a mile up and down the creek. This bank was full of coverts and hiding places, offering them ample opportunities of secreting themselves. Captain Whitsett, who was pursuing the raiders, was familiar with this place. Guessing that they would probably hide in it, he stationed a cordon of troops around this point. His hopes, however, were frustrated by the accidental discharge of a gun by one of his soldiers, which wounded a comrade. This attracted the attention of the rest of the party, who crowded around him, leaving the lower point unguarded, through which most of the raiders escaped.

When General Leadbetter, at Chattanooga, received by telegraph the startling information of the coming of the Andrews' party, he hastened a body of troops on flatcars out the Western & Atlantic road to meet them. Arriving at Chickamauga Station, they tore up the track. For one and a half miles on both sides of the road, a guard of soldiers was stationed, forming a trap in which it was hoped the quarry could be captured, but before the troops' arrival at that place, the engine had been abandoned ten miles below. Waiting until late that evening, the soldiers received word from their commanding officer, ordering them back to Chattanooga.

PORTER: Hawkins and I came in sight of Big Shanty late that Saturday. We marched into camp and reported at headquarters. Here we found several Rebel officers, one of whom, a colonel, turned his attention to us. After a short interview, which seemed plausible to him, he ordered us to report to the commanding officer of the 9th Georgia Battalion for enlistment. One of the companies, not

being full, was called into line and took a vote whether or not we should be received into the company. The vote was unanimous in our favor, and we, after giving fictitious names, were assigned to a certain mess for our supper. After supper we made the acquaintance of some of our new messmates, relating dismal stories of our treatment by the Yankee hirelings in Kentucky, which made a good impression on our comrades as to our loyalty to the Confederacy.

MURPHY: I took charge of the engine *General*, had it placed on a side track at Ringgold, and waited for the first train from Chattanooga to Atlanta. It reached Ringgold about dark. I went aboard, and reaching Dalton, the first telegraph station, I sent the news of the chase and recapture of the *General* to Atlanta that night. That ended my active participation in the memorable chase.

ALF WILSON: After running some distance, Wood and I came to a wide field, on the slope of a mountain. To cross this wide, open space would expose us too much. We could hear the enemy shouting, and the constant report of firearms. The woods were too open for a man to hide in, but as I glanced about, I saw where a tree had been cut down. The brush which had been trimmed off lay scattered around. Wood lay down, and I hastily laid a few leafy boughs over him. Mark was soon out of sight in a little flat pile that would scarcely be noticed among the other rubbish, and I slipped out of sight next to him, drawing my revolver and bidding him do likewise.

We were surrounded on every side. As I afterwards learned, within a few hundred yards from where we left our engine, two regiments of cavalry were encamped. It was muster day at Ringgold, two miles away, and hundreds of farmers armed and mounted were collected there. The day was dark, cloudy and rainy. Our boys were unacquainted with the country, and with the stars and sun hidden, most of them couldn't tell south from north. Within an hour or two the whole country was alive with scouts and hunters.

Several times parties after us passed so close to our hiding place that I could have reached out and touched their legs. The way our hearts thumped it seemed to me they could be heard twenty yards distant. But our pursuers made so much noise themselves that they could hear nothing else. They were all yelling, swearing and shooting, and on the style of dogs chasing a rabbit in tall weeds—all jumping and looking high, while the game was close to the ground.

[Dorsey] choke his chainmate. There we stood like great gawks, trying to fight, both chained together, and both handcuffed. The other boys set up such a laugh at our folly that we cooled down and became better friends than before.

We had visitors here at Madison as well as elsewhere, and among them on one occasion was a man in Rebel uniform whom Andrews recognized as a former acquaintance and Union secret agent, though he didn't let the fact be known except to us afterward. The agent—we heard from the guard captain that night—narrowly avoided being arrested at the station as he was about to leave. Being asked for a pass he began fumbling in his pockets as if he had one, until the train was under a good motion, and as the last car came by, he suddenly jumped aboard, leaving the guards with guns in hand, standing on the depot platform, minus a Yankee spy.

A widespread pass system had been put in operation as one result of our expedition, and hundreds of soldiers were put to guarding property, especially railroad bridges where no guard had been before; so that we had done some good after all. But it was a hard way to serve the Lord, or our country either, though there was a grain of comfort in the thought.

PITTENGER: The Confederates—after the commotion over the "Lincoln spy"—stopped all our visiting; but we felt sure that news of our situation would reach our own lines directly. (In this we were disappointed. We were unable to learn anything about this man thereafter. Whether he was captured somewhere else, or his information lost in the rush and hurry of other events, we never knew.)

Our stay in Madison was only three days, after which the Confederates, relieved of the fear of an immediate advance by Mitchell, ordered us back to Chattanooga. Again we were compelled to run the gauntlet of jeering mobs that marked our course on the southward journey. We traveled in boxcars. The journey was rendered easier by the fact that since leaving Chattanooga we had been in the hands of one set of guards commanded by a Captain Lawes, who talked freely with us, and did all that they safely could to render our condition more endurable.

DORSEY: On arriving at our old quarters at Chattanooga—through the kindness of Captain Lawes and Colonel H. L. Claiborne, the new provost marshal—we were allowed to stay in the upper room instead of being put in the dungeon. But the poor Tennessee loyalists—

those grand old men of East Tennessee—had to go down into the dungeon. The chains were taken off our necks, and they put us together in pairs by means of handcuffs embracing the right hand of one and the left hand of another.

When this shift was made, we changed partners, some of us at least. Bensingler and myself now became partners and remained together until the irons were entirely removed. I had learned to remove the cuff from my left hand. This was done by wetting the left hand with saliva from my mouth, then clenching the cuff in my right hand, putting it between my knees, claspng it tight, and forcing the cuff off by a sudden jerk of the hand upward. When the officer came to make the change, I took good care to make it most convenient for him to release my right hand.

With the new arrangements, some began to think the enemy was feeling better toward us, and regarded the change of treatment as an omen of better things than we had been expecting.

Reddick and Pittenger shared a pair of cuffs and by some means Pittenger got his off. I think Knight unlocked it for him, and this left the cuffs in Reddick's possession. They served him the purpose of knuckles on one occasion. He and Shadrach had a difficulty one day, and Reddick using the cuff as a knuckle, struck Shadrach with it. Tempers were very short, the boys were full of vim, and a little tilt was liable to occur on the slightest provocation. But these little unpleasanties were of short duration, and generally there was good feeling among us all round. We were a jolly crew in a bad boat, liable to sink at almost any time, and on short notice—and we couldn't hold any grudge against each other. There was a small rope or heavy cord left in this cell by someone, and some of the better educated among us taught the next how to tie a hangman's knot. I was one of the students and the subject was one I wasn't ever to forget.

On some days we held mock court. Campbell, being the largest man among us, was made judge. Pittenger and George D. Wilson acted as counsel, one for the state, and the other for the defendant. Wilson made a practice of scoring his opponent in the most scathing manner, but Pittenger didn't lag in the amount or character of the abuse employed in replying. It was refreshing to hear the testimony of some of the witnesses. According to the sworn evidence, they had spent the night previous in Cincinnati, or Columbus, Toledo, Chillicothe, Kingston, Hallsville, or perhaps on Wall Street dealing in stocks. Anywhere, of course, but in the old Swims jail, in Chattanooga.

eed between these locomotives in Georgia
rate, daredevil recklessness, velocity and
never equaled on land or water on the
at followed, I don't think I could with-
s again, although a man doesn't know
tries it.

The Hills of Home

Beginning

EDITOR: April in northern Georgia can be a time and a place to remember. For centuries out of mind the red clay hills and sub-valleys of the long Appalachian Valley lying between present-day Chattanooga and Atlanta have borne a green, springing cover of gum, oak, shortleaf pine and hickory, and through it, bright scatterings of blossoming cherry, hawthorn, tulip-tree and dogwood. Up to something more than sixty Aprils after the American Revolution, the long valley was the home and heart of the Cherokee nation—most advanced of modern North American Indian civilizations—acknowledged by U. S. treaty to be a near-sovereign people.

Three facts were to operate against the Cherokees: The linked series of sub-valleys was a natural passageway between the level lands of Georgia and the western country beyond the Tennessee. The bottom lands and easy slopes of most of the area were fertile. Below the white sprays of hawthorn in Dahlonega was the yellow of proven veins of gold. Invoking not these considerations but the claims of a higher sovereignty, men of Georgia—and of Tennessee—levered the Cherokees from their lands, and in 1838 finished driving them by the stricken thousands into exile beyond the Mississippi over a sunset way the Indians were to call “the trail where they cried.”

In the morning time of American railroading, Wilson Lumpkin—later elected governor of Georgia chiefly on the strength of this crusade—was the first powerful seer and advocate of a rail line striking up from central Georgia to connect the state's ports with the natural transportation gateway to and from the Ohio, the Mississippi and the West formed by the gap where the Tennessee River breaks through the mountain barrier of the Cumberlands. From 1826,

[*Abraham Lincoln*]

tion of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders . . . to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. . . .

Our popular government has often been called an experiment. It is now for the people to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion—that those who can not carry an election, can not destroy the government—that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successor of bullets; and that when ballots have fairly, and constitutionally, decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets. . . .

It was with the deepest regret that the executive found the duty of employing the war-power, in defence of the government, forced upon him. He could but perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the government. No compromise could, in his judgment, be a cure; but at best, only a little more lingering death to our popular institutions. . . .

In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgments, perform yours. . . .

The Mustering 2

WILLIAM BENSINGER: I was born January 14, 1840, in Wayne County, Ohio, and was raised on a farm. At the age of eighteen I removed with my parents to Hancock County, Ohio, where my father purchased a piece of land all woods. For the next three years my daily occupation was in the use of the axe and maul. I had attended a district school in all about two years up to this time.

When Fort Sumter was fired on, I was one of the first in my neighborhood to enlist, but my parents pleaded so with me to remain with them—I being an only son—that I didn't go into the three months'

service. When the three years' troops were called for, I enlisted, August 19, 1861, in Company G, 21st Ohio Volunteer Infantry and served with my regiment from then on.

EDITOR: William J. Knight—great-grandson of John Knight, a soldier of the American Revolution—was born at Apple Creek, in eastern Ohio's Wayne County, in 1837. Shortly after the early death of his mother, he and his brother James were left orphans at the ages of five and seven by the death of their father, Matthew Knight. Taken across the state by their grandfather, Jacob Knight, the boys were raised to manhood—in the company of a number of Jacob's remaining nine sons and a daughter—on the Knight farm in Farmer Center, near the border of Williams and Defiance counties. The aunt and numerous uncles, aided by the nearby family of Richard Knight—another son of the John Knight who'd taken up the Western lands his Revolutionary service had earned him—were soon linking the two boys by cousinship to the Sweets, Tomlinsons, Gardners, Hacketts, Wynns, Hemenways and other pioneering families of the area.

Quick of muscle and wit, and handy with tools, young Bill Knight became handier as he was allowed to help and learn the ways of turning wheels and gears at the sawmill Jacob Knight had assembled and built. Well started in mechanics at the sawmill, the growing young man took to the adventurous new craft of railroading and was a railroad shop hand within months of reaching voting age. In the maintenance shops at Logansport, Indiana, he learned how to take down and reassemble engines before being allowed to ride them as engineer in control on trains running between Logansport and Chicago. Knight's shop training seems to have been less than might have been required to qualify him as a fitter or master mechanic, enough to make him capable of handling all routine road repairs.

Promptly after President Lincoln's call for volunteers, both Knight brothers enlisted at Defiance and were mustered together into Company E of the 21st Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. (James Knight was never mustered out; although he, too, was eventually to reach Georgia. Taken prisoner in combat, he died August 4, 1864, and occupies Grave #4715, "Anasarca," in the cross-studded earth of a place once known as Andersonville prison.)

DANIEL ALLEN DORSEY: My parents were Virginians—of Waterford, Loudon County—who emigrated to Ohio a few years after their marriage. When I was about eight years old, they returned to Virginia, living there at this time about three years, during which time I

[Wilson Brown] planned by Mr. Andrews," he replied, "I think the chances very good."

"But if there's any delay?"

"As the armies draw nearer," he answered, "the roads will be more occupied with troops and stores moving back and forth, and these will be in your way. I don't deny your mission is hazardous. I do have great confidence in Mr. Andrews, however, and I'll trust that God will protect you all."

He grasped my hand and ended the interview. I never saw him again.

DORSEY: The next day I met Samuel Slavens of Company E. He was of stout build, full, round figure, five feet eight inches in height, possibly thirty-two years old, and weighed 180 pounds—a frank, open-faced, jolly fellow.

"Corporal," he said as we met alone on the parade ground, "I understand you're going south on this secret expedition. I'm going, too, and we'll go together."

The proposition was cheerfully accepted, and we became almost inseparable companions.

BENSINGER:

William Bensinger was duly sworn and examined:

Q. Your position in the service?

A. A private in Company G, 25th Ohio Infantry. X

Q. In what part of the state did you enlist, and when, and for how long a time?

A. I enlisted in Hancock County, Ohio, on the 21st of August, 1861, for three years.

Q. Were you a member of this secret expedition sent out by General Mitchell?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where was General Mitchell's headquarters at the time this expedition set out?

A. It was close by the town of Shelbyville, Tenn., and just across the river—probably forty rods from the town.

Q. Under what circumstances did you become a member of it?

A. The day before we started, my captain called me to one side and told me that he wanted me to report to the colonel the next morning. I asked him if he knew what the colonel wanted with me. He said he supposed it was for a secret expedition, but he couldn't

tell me what. I told him I would go, and reported to the colonel as ordered. The colonel gave me a pass and directed me to report to Mr. Andrews at Shelbyville, at a hotel there. The colonel told me I was to obey the orders of Mr. Andrews, and also told me to procure citizen's clothes, which I did. I went to Shelbyville and reported there.

DORSEY: The men designated by the respective company commanders were reported to the colonel of the regiment, and if he approved of the selection, they were by him introduced to the commander of the expedition, and if he approved, the soldier was elected. In our regiment—the 33d—the men first selected by their company commanders were all accepted save in the case of Wm. Hunter Myers of Company K. He was rejected for lack of sufficient physical ability to endure great hardships, and Jacob Parrott of the same company took his place.

JACOB PARROTT:

Jacob Parrott was duly sworn and examined:

Q. In the first week of April, 1862, what was your position in the military service?

A. I was a private in Company K, 33d Ohio Regiment. X

Q. What was then your age?

A. Eighteen, sir.

Q. In what part of Ohio did you reside before entering the army?

A. I lived in Hardin County.

Q. Have you a father and mother living?

A. No, sir.

Q. You were a member of the expedition sent out by General Mitchell?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you state the circumstances under which you joined the expedition?

A. My captain called me out of the tent and asked me to take a walk with him. We walked down towards the guard quarters, and he asked me if I would go on a secret expedition, and told me that, if I agreed to go, I should go up to his tent in about half an hour and report to him. I went up and told him I would go.

Q. Did he know the precise object of the expedition?

A. No, sir. He only knew that it was a secret one, and so told me.

WILLIAM J. KNIGHT: Captain Brewster reported my name to the Monday, April 7, meeting at the 21st headquarters as the man from his

[Pittenger]

To start with, we here were to learn enough of the plan and the risks involved to decide whether to go on with Andrews or to return to camp. In a sense this was a formality, since each of us had already made up his mind, but acceptance here did make all of us full volunteers. The more practical purpose of the conference was to receive instructions and such information as would enable us to cooperate intelligently with our leader.

The opening words of Andrews to the men packed around him were exceedingly informal, much more like conversation than a set speech. Though I listened with burning attention to every word, I cannot claim that the language used below is exact. There was explanation, repetition, and enlargement of parts not fully understood, with frequent questions and answers. In substance, he told us:

"You'll break up in small squads of two, three or four, and travel east into the Cumberland mountains, then south to the Tennessee River. You can cross the river and take passage on the cars at Shell-Mound or some station between that and Chattanooga on the Memphis & Charleston line. You must be at Chattanooga not later than Thursday afternoon, and reach Marietta the same evening, ready to take passage northward on the train the next morning. I'll be there with you, or before you, and will then tell you what to do.

"Your way is long and difficult," he went on, "and you'll have only three days and nights in which to reach Marietta. I'll give you plenty of money, and you may hire conveyances whenever safe and available. I'll ride along the same road that you are to travel—sometimes before, sometimes behind—and will give you any help in my power. If you should be arrested I may have influence enough to secure your release, but don't count on this in any way. Depend on yourselves and be watchful and prudent. Don't recognize me at any time unless sure we're alone."

Some of our party had traveled enough in the South to know that for inquisitiveness the people of that section aren't a whit behind the most curious of Yankees, and therefore inquired what account we should give if asked who we were, and why we were coming south.

"The most plausible thing," Andrews answered, "will be to tell them that you're Kentuckians escaping from Yankee rule, and that you expect to join some Southern regiment. Say just as little as will carry you through, and always have some reason for not joining just then. After you get into the mountains you'll be in the track of the Kentuckians who travel south, and will seem to be coming from there

rather than from the Union army. But if you should be closely questioned, it'll be safe to say you're from Fleming County, in Kentucky, for I happen to know no Southern soldiers hail from that place, and you'll not be confronted by anyone who knows that you don't."

"But if we're completely cornered and they won't believe our stories," asked another of the soldiers. "What do we do then?"

"Enlist," said Andrews. "It'll be far better to serve awhile with the Rebels than to risk disclosing our plans by holding out. You can probably get away from them some dark night on picket."

"They'd let a man join their army, even if he couldn't give a satisfactory account of himself?"

"The hard thing's keeping out of the Southern army, not getting into it," Andrews replied. "They're picking men up everywhere and forcing them to enlist. Stick to whatever story you tell, and as long as they have no proof you're a Union soldier, they'll be glad to hustle you into the service even if they don't believe a word you say, as the best way of disposing of you."

I had no question on the first part of the expedition, for I could see how persons moving south would find it easy to allay suspicion, but there was a contingency far ahead which had a deep personal interest for me. I greatly disliked the thought of being left alone—probably because of defective vision. I asked Andrews whether after we had captured the train and used it in burning the bridges, we were to abandon it and try to steal north separately as we were now stealing south.

He answered explicitly, and in so doing revealed more of the general plan.

"No," he said. "General Mitchell starts south in the morning for a forced march, and he'll surprise and capture Huntsville on Friday, the day we're to capture the train. When we get back to that point we should find him ready to receive us. If we can't quite reach him, we'll leave the train close to our lines and dash through in a body."

This was glorious. The thought of such a coming into camp after piercing the heart of the Confederacy set every nerve on fire, and there were few questions afterwards. Andrews called on the men to form their squads according to their own preferences and then commenced distributing Confederate money among them, giving sufficient to one man of each group for all, although without constituting the man so favored the leader of his comrades.

The formation of these little traveling companies was a somewhat delicate matter, and wasn't always arranged to perfect satisfaction. I

[Pittenger]

wished the company of Ross, but he asked permission to go along with Andrews as far as he could accompany any of the party. One or two others making the same request, they were thrown together and I had to find other companions. I was fortunate, as Campbell, Shadrach, of Company K, and George D. Wilson, of Company B, fell to my portion. With the division completed, the hour for parting had arrived.

"Boys," said Andrews, "we're going into danger, but for results that can be tremendous. If we burn those bridges, General Mitchell can take and hold Chattanooga. But we'll have to be prompt. The last train for Marietta leaves Chattanooga at five in the afternoon. Be sure to catch it not later than Thursday, and I'll either be on it, or on an earlier one. Good-bye till then."

About this time the rain began to fall, and it soon come down in torrents. One group after another filed off, and Andrews shook hands with the members of each as they passed.

As our four picked our way along the railroad, stumbling over the ties, I looked back and saw Andrews, with none but the three members of the last group near him. He was looking after us, his head bent slightly forward in the pensive attitude habitual with him, and a broad stream of lightning made him at that moment stand out clearly. The next moment he disappeared in darkness, and the crash of thunder overhead drowned out every other sound. We hurried on our way and were soon far from the place of meeting.

Heading South 1

ALF WILSON: Having been supplied by Andrews with Confederate money to pay our expenses, we separated that Monday night into squads of four or five and directed our course toward Chattanooga, distant one hundred and three miles. We were soon clear of all our picket and vidette posts and in the enemy's country. Not until fairly

away from sight of the old flag and our regiments could we begin to realize the great responsibility we had incurred. The military spy, in the ordinary line of his duty, isn't compelled to expose himself to detection. On the contrary, he conceals his identity in every possible way. This we could do only until in the heart of the enemy's country, the very place where we would be in most danger and where the blow would arouse against us all the hatred and most active energies of our enemies.

It commenced raining again the night of our departure, as it had done the week previous, and continued with but very little cessation during our entire trip.

BURFUM: That night, the 7th of April, we commenced our march. About a mile from town Mr. Andrews gathered us together, as we came along in twos and threes, and told us that our object was to destroy the bridges, cut off communications, etc., and that he would meet us at Chattanooga. He gave me five men to take through.

REDDICK: We left camp on the 7th of April, divided into squads. John Wollam and myself went up the railroad about five miles that night. We stopped at a house where there was a light, and represented ourselves as strangers who desired to stop for the night. There was a lady there, a Southern woman, who told us we couldn't stay in the house, as her children were sick. She told us to go to the Negro quarters if we wished to get out of the rain.

We told the Negroes, when we went out to them, that we were trying to make our way to our command, which we represented to be at Round Gap. This the Negroes told to the lady of the house, who came down to see us, and desired us to go over to her uncle's, where we could get better accommodations. We didn't do so, but went to bed and slept until about four o'clock.

DORSEY: Slavens and myself started out together, but as it was now raining quite hard, we stopped under a woodshed by the side of the railroad on which we were traveling, and were soon joined by Mr. Andrews and some other member of the party, who were bringing up the rear. We lay there quite a while listening to the rain, the deep thunder, and the highly entertaining words of Mr. Andrews, as he still further explained to us the great importance of our mission and the grand results to follow.

But it was now after midnight, and it was important that we should get as far as possible from our lines before daylight; so we plodded

[Knight] left us, we came to a Rebel picket post in the bend of the road, and were upon them before we saw them. They were armed with double-barreled shotguns and weren't slow in bringing them to bear on us, and in demanding that we give an account of ourselves or be blown through. The usual story proving satisfactory, they dropped the guns and presented a quart bottle, which, being less formidable, we didn't refuse.

DORSEY: Some of our party arrived at Wartrace early in the morning and took breakfast among Confederate soldiers—who still held the place at that hour—and then resumed the journey southward.

An hour or so later Slavens and I sat down to breakfast here, joined presently by Andrews and others, none of whom we presumed to recognize, although the place was now occupied by Federal cavalrymen, the Confederates having taken their departure.

On attempting to leave Wartrace, we found some difficulty in passing an outpost, but a word from Andrews with the officer aside left the coast clear, and we passed on. This was the last we saw of the boys in blue.

The mild-mannered Andrews soon convinced us that as a leader he knew his business, and could be an autocrat or desperado, if need be. One of our party had been reported to Andrews by another comrade for being too free with his tongue, and coming near revealing our true character to a Union lady, not through treachery or design, but through incautiousness, and overconfidence in the woman. Andrews dressed the man out the minute he came up with him. We weren't to trust anybody with the truth, he told us. Andrews used some pretty vigorous language on this occasion; threatened to shoot the offender on the spot, and promised death as the penalty for a repetition of the offense.

EDITOR: On the journey into Rebel territory—by at least two raiders' accounts—the horse Andrews rode in his role as shepherd of this straggling, hard-muscled flock, was one borrowed from his Southern business partner, Mr. Whiteman. From the merchant, by these reports, he had also received \$10,000 for the purchase of quinine, needles and other articles of contraband which Andrews was to bring through to Chattanooga.

PARROTT: I didn't know Mr. Andrews before this expedition, but I had heard of him as a scout.

After the Monday night meeting on the Wartrace road I fell in with Samuel Robertson of Company G of the 3rd, and we began the journey together. That night we stumbled ten miles in the darkness, knee-deep in mud and soaked to the skin. We slept in a shed, breakfasted at a farmhouse, and struck into the mountains Tuesday night.

KNIGHT: Tuesday we crossed the Cumberland Mountains and took dinner just beyond. An old lady and two daughters were the only persons in the house, and there was a small Union flag over the mantelpiece. We told them they were displaying the wrong kind of a banner, but they stood up for the old Stars and Stripes royally, and it went against the grain for us to have to disagree with them.

That night we lodged with a colonel who was a violent Rebel, and gave us a terrible downsetting on the sly. It mightn't have been safe for him to say what he did against Union soldiers if we'd been sailing under our own colors; but now he had the advantage and we took it meekly.

BENSINGER: That Monday night, Brown, Porter, Ross, Hawkins and myself composed one party. It rained incessantly for eighteen hours after we started. About four p.m., on Tuesday, the 8th, we arrived at a small town, Manchester, where we stopped for refreshments. The town seemed to be alive with secesh citizens inquisitive as to who we were and where we were "gwyn."

We told them we were citizens from Kentucky, and going to join the Rebel army, but while Hawkins and others were in a grocery store purchasing some corn juice for the party, I saw an old chap mounted on a horse, and who had the title of colonel, signal several others to follow him. He rode down an alley, and a half-dozen others followed him, when they held a short consultation. He then rode back to the grocery, and I followed, but wasn't noticed by him. He then told us that he lived four miles right on the road we wished to travel, and insisted we should go home and stay all night with him, which we agreed to do.

We took a square drink of corn juice, got two pints and started, but I had made up my mind that the colonel's roof shouldn't shelter me that night, and told Brown so on the road. I told all the boys just before reaching the house that we were suspected. By the time we reached the house the colonel was pretty well fired up, just what I had been working for.

[Bensinger]

When we entered the house, Brown remarked, "Your clock isn't running."

"No, she's broke down," said the old man.

"I can fix clocks," Brown said.

"Ah," said the old man, "you are a Yankee then."

Brown was equal to the occasion and said he had learned from a Yankee who had worked in Flemingsburg.

After supper we pulled out, even though the old man insisted we should stay. We afterward learned from others of the party who followed through the same town that a party had gone out that night from the town to question us more closely, but as we had impressed on the old man's mind that our reason for not staying over was fear of the Yankees, they concluded we were all right.

REDDICK: At four in the morning, when we got up at the Negro quarters where we were staying, our breakfast was sent over to us from the house, and we then started off. We went some seven miles, when we got a conveyance to Manchester, and from Manchester we footed it, procuring conveyance along the road as we could get it.

PTRENGER: We passed that night outside Wartrace in safety, and after breakfast went on our way. The sky soon clouded, and we were compelled to suffer the inevitable drenching which befell us every day on this weary journey. We reached Wartrace in the midst of a pelting storm. At first we intended to go around the town, as it was the last station on the Union picket line. But it was raining so hard that we thought we might manage to slip along the street unobserved. On making the attempt, however, we were promptly halted. For a time we tried to impersonate the innocent Southern citizen, but finally were compelled to admit our identity and wait under a sheltering porch until a messenger had ridden to brigade headquarters and brought an order for our release.

Then we traveled onward, through mud and swollen creeks. Early in the afternoon we reached Duck River at a point opposite Manchester, and as the river was at flood, we crossed by an unusual ferry—being taken up one at a time by a horseman, and thus carried through.

Here in Manchester we saw several others of our own party. There was no personal acquaintance between us previous to being detailed—I couldn't have given the name of a single member of the band apart from Andrews, Ross and my road companions—but

there was something in the manner of each by which it was easy to recognize comrades. Reddick and Wollam had reached Manchester in advance of all the others. We greeted several of our squads here, but didn't remain long in company. Andrews also passed on horse back, but as all was well, we didn't speak to him.

DORSER: This was our first day out, and the rain literally poured. The mud was terrible, streams swollen, and travel difficult.

Some half-dozen of us took dinner at a farmhouse. We hired our host to send us by wagon as far as a team could go and get back by night. A Negro boy of probably sixteen was detailed for the purpose, and we started out gay and happy, with a four-in-hand, that is, four small mules hitched to a wagon with a woodrack for a box or body, and we had to stand or sit on the boards constituting the bottom. The harness was of the old-fashioned kind. The collars, hames and traces, chains, back and belly bands constituted the "gears," save a light breaching on the rear or wheel mules, a head stall and bit for bridles, a light rope and jockey stick securing the off-lead mule to the near or lead mule, which latter was guided by a jerk line, a rope passing through the left hame ring to the bridle bit on the left side. This was the outfit, not a good article in it except the black-snake whip which was handed by the master to the slave, as he mounted the near mule, or "saddle boss," as usually called, the saddle being a much worn old affair with no girth or cinch. The road in places was very rough, and at one place all our party except myself got off, fearing the thing would upset.

But the boy whipped right ahead as if he didn't care whether the wagon followed or not. In fact, we didn't more than get out of sight of our benefactor until we compelled the driver to put the mules on a full run where the roads would admit of it, for we were being delayed by bad weather, and we knew Andrews and most of the others were ahead of us.

We arrived at a ferry on a swollen stream just in time to cross with Andrews and his gray horse, which he had told us earlier he had left somewhere on the road, and which he said would help us to recognize him en route. It was nearly night when we reached the ferry. The Negro and the mules were pretty well fagged out when we turned them back.

Our Massachusetts Yankee comrade, Buffum, dropped into a store as we passed through Manchester, a small country village, and bought me a pair of yellow and white striped cotton pants. Buffum made the purchase because I still had on my army blue.

[Pittenger] remained awake most of the night ministering to their foes, but invested a good many quarters on their behalf.

KNIGHT: The colonel we'd stopped with Tuesday night sent us for the next night's lodging along to a major, who was more quiet and seemed to be reading our thoughts in secret. He couldn't have succeeded very well, for he gave us a letter to a squire (*all* the people in the South had some kind of title) and directed us to reach his house for the following night's stop by a trail that led over the mountain spurs, through a most desolate part of the country.

It was rough traveling, and we didn't see a man or a house all day; but it brought us out all right in the evening, and only five or six miles from Chattanooga. The squire proved to be a good entertainer, which after our dinnerless jaunt was well appreciated. He seemed also well posted in army movements, telling us how the Yankees were moving on Huntsville, which was no news to us, though we hadn't before heard it intimated by any of the citizens. He said the Southern army was moving back only to get the Yanks in a trap, which they had already set. He told us that we might see the last one of them in irons in Chattanooga before many days. (We didn't believe him then, but we certainly did see some of them in that condition later.)

BENSINGER: We traveled all Thursday night without meeting any one. The following day we met two Rebel scouting parties, but they gave us no trouble. Thursday we reached Pelham, where there was a squadron of Rebel cavalry and one brass gun. We were questioned closely by the commanding officer, a captain, who finally allowed us to pass, after taking our names, place of residence and destination. We flagged a train loaded with Rebel wounded, and soon landed at Chattanooga.

We had seen Andrews on the road, who was surprised at the rapid time we had made, and who told us we were thirty miles in advance of some of the parties, and that we couldn't get together to take the train until Saturday.

Being very tired when we finally got to Chattanooga, we registered at the Crutchfield House, and without waiting for supper, went to bed.

PITTENGER: Although by the original plan we should have been in Marietta that evening, Thursday morning found our quartet still

more than a hard day's journey from Chattanooga. That noon we came to the town of Jasper, and walked quietly up the street to the principal grocery of the place, where we rested awhile and talked with the idlers gathered around. We told them Kentucky was ready to rise and shake off her Yankee chains. They gave us ready credence, and in turn communicated such news as they had.

Having been three days outside our own lines we were anxious for any kind of intelligence. Nothing could be heard in regard to Michel, which was a little disappointing, as we thought that his movement southward—if on schedule—would by this time have caused some excitement. We did hear the first indistinct rumor of the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, believed to be a great Rebel victory. It was the impression that thousands of Yankees had been killed, and that the armies of Grant and Buell were totally destroyed. This didn't cause us great uneasiness, for we placed a low estimate on the accuracy of Southern news—being in this almost as extreme as some of the Negroes, who made it their rule to believe the exact opposite of whatever their masters asserted. One countryman gravely assured me that five hundred gunboats had been sunk. I told him I didn't think the Yankees had so many as that, but wasn't able to shake his faith.

F. M. GRECC: Thursday morning, April 10, the raiders left old man Clepper's house and traveled toward Jasper. About one mile out from that place, some of the party ate dinner with Amos Cox, a farmer. It was about noon when they commenced to pass through Jasper in groups of two or three, going through without stopping. A party of four, consisting of the "spectacled man; a big man with a full beard, wearing a pin with a woman's face in it; and two smaller men"—Pittenger, Campbell, Shadach and Wilson—stopped at a grocery, now used as a bank, and bought tobacco from Billy Hatch. To use the expression of one of the witnesses, "they beat 'em all talking secesh." This, however, didn't convince the crowd of their true character, some of whom were doubtful whether the South produced such a "Yankee face as that man with the spectacles had." Another fact noticed was that one had on a pair of shoes with perforated tips, never seen before, and not made south of the Ohio River.

About this time Amos Cox, the man with whom they had eaten dinner, came in and whispered to a friend, "Them fellers are Yankees, they gave me a silver half-dollar for a dinner." Suspicion was thoroughly aroused by this time, and as the party started on, Major

[F. M. Gregg] first shown the difficulties they would have to contend with in their attempt to execute the work planned. Mitchel was at Huntsville; overcoming all obstacles, he had fulfilled his part of the expedition. As the outcome of his position at Huntsville, the road was crowded with extra trains removing provisions to more distant and safer quarters. Andrews was fully aware of the fact of the increased danger of the expedition, for he had said, "If Mitchel gets to Huntsville before we leave Marietta, the road will be crowded, so that our task will be much harder."

KNIGHT: Toward evening, we saw many of our party coming in. I didn't know them personally, as I hadn't yet had an opportunity of becoming acquainted, but I could have picked them out from the whole Southern army. We were at the depot in time to take the down evening train, with the others.

BENSINGER: Four of us arrived at Marietta about four o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the 11th of April.

ALF WILSON: When we had all secured our tickets, we went aboard the train, and to our great relief, no one seemed to pay any attention to us. We took seats in the cars and were soon moving off into Dixie at a good rate of speed. I felt that this was a much easier and more expeditious way of getting on than the tedious marching of the previous four days.

Just before leaving, Andrews divided \$700 in Confederate scrip among the eighteen of us who were there and told us that we were soon to enter upon our dangerous duty. He warned us, though, that the first man who got drunk, or flinched in the least, he himself would shoot dead on the spot.

After getting seated, and there being no further cause for concern for the time being, I began carefully to study over the situation with all the thought I could, and to calculate our chances of success or failure. The result of my deliberations was by no means encouraging. We were one day behind the time appointed. With General Mitchel in Huntsville, there would be little room to hope for our success. It would cause the road to be crowded with trains flying from danger, and it would be difficult for us to pass them all in safety. But it was too late now to change the program. We must make the effort, come what might.

I said nothing to anyone except Andrews; but on listening to my opinion on the situation he encouraged me by saying there was yet a good chance to succeed. Indeed, he expressed himself in so sanguine a manner that I made no further argument; although I still thought my course of reasoning correct, whether the result would accord with it or not.

PRYNGER: When we had purchased our tickets at Chattanooga, and had ceased to walk about the station for the purpose of looking for others of our party, we got on board. Many of the passengers were furloughed soldiers, who were going back by the southern route to join Beauregard. The conversation still turned to the mighty battle of Pittsburg Landing, which the soldiers regarded as a great triumph. We took part in the talk, expressing as much interest as any. There was no system of passports then in use on that line, or, indeed, in most others in the South, and travel—at least up to that time—was entirely unrestricted.

The sun was about an hour high as we moved from the depot, and it soon sank behind the hills of Georgia. On the northern end of the road, which frequently crosses the crooked Chickamauga Creek, there are many bridges. With one additional over the same stream on the East Tennessee road, there are eleven large ones within thirty miles; and as we ran southward over these, we couldn't help picturing our proposed return on the morrow, and the destruction we hoped to contrive.

Darkness closed in amid the laughter and oaths of the Rebel soldiers, many of whom were intoxicated. Drowsing on an improvised seat on the coalbox, I was aroused by the call of Dalton, the supper station. It was after dark, for the train had been making very slow time.

Whether it was behind schedule or not, I didn't know. The running on all Southern railroads during the war was but moderate, since the scarcity of iron and other material had caused them to fall into bad repair. The fastest train on this road at this time, I was informed later, rarely got beyond eighteen miles an hour. This factor wasn't in our favor, nor was the great traffic on the road, which had become one of the most important in the South. We saw many freight trains standing at the stations, and everything indicated that the capacity of this line was being pressed to the utmost, which would operate to make the running of an unscheduled train—if we should capture one—that much more difficult.

There was a great rush for places at supper. There was not even

[Pittenger]
room for all at the second table, though the conductor was very patient.

DORSEY: Andrews and several others of the party got seats at table at the Dalton supper stop, thirty-eight miles south of Chattanooga, but some of us weren't so fortunate. I stood well back on the left-hand side of the dining hall, and as the meal progressed, I met the landlady, a portly, motherly-looking woman, assisting the servants in waiting on the tables. I asked her if she could spare me a piece of pie, as I wouldn't have time to get supper before the train left.

"Certainly, sir," she said.

With a pleasant smile, she handed me a piece of pie from the plate in her hand, receiving the ten-cent shinplaster I tendered in payment. How forcibly this incident reminded me of my mother and home!

Andrews was one of the most conspicuous personages in that dining room. I think he had the most commanding presence of anyone there, Confederate officers, citizens and all. But little Buffum made himself conspicuous by standing behind a Rebel captain at the table, urging him to hurry up. As the captain finally rose from the chair, Buffum literally slid right in under his arm and took the seat almost before the captain was off of it. This provoked from the officer the remark, "Well, if that isn't a Yankee trick!" The movement had been observed by many, and this sally of the captain's caused a roar of laughter. Buffum knew the ropes, and while at supper got someone to refill his bottle with whiskey, which, when we had resumed the journey south, was indulged in as we felt the need of it, that night and the next day.

We arrived at Marietta about midnight, and put up at the hotel near the depot. The hotel was so full that we could scarcely be accommodated. Slaven, Pittenger and I piled into one bed, and catnapped it until morning.

PITTENGER: Near midnight we were waked by the conductor calling, "Marietta." The goal was reached. We were now almost directly in the center of the Confederacy. Before we could return many miles toward our own lines, we were to strike a blow that would either make all Rebeldom vibrate to its center, or be ourselves at the mercy of the merciless. Nearly all of our group registered at the Tremont House, under all kinds of names. As the hotel was much crowded, we

took a few rooms close together and packed into them to their utmost capacity.

F. M. CREGG: The southbound train the raiders took left Chattanooga at five p.m. At Dalton, supper was had, and about midnight of Friday, the 11th of April, it reached Marietta. The twenty-two Union men reunited there were 200 miles from their comrades, whom they had left less than five days before at Shelbyville.

DORSEY: Except for Llewellyn and Smith—who had been stopped en route near Jasper and were already "enlisted" in the Rebel army—all the men who had started from Shelbyville made it here to Marietta. There were now twenty-one of us in the party, with Andrews as the twenty-second.

PITTENGER: Andrews was with our larger party in the hotel near the railroad station, the Tremont House, while Porter and our three engineers—Hawkins, Knight and Brown—were in the other hotel at some distance. Our chief scarcely slept at all that night. He first went to the other hotel and saw that Knight and Brown had made arrangements for being called on time in the morning. Porter and Hawkins, who had come down the evening before and had gone to bed much earlier this night, weren't seen and it wasn't then known that they had overlooked paying a fee to a room waiter for rousing them the following morning.

We were sleeping three or four to a bed at the large hotel, but young soldiers aren't fastidious, and the greater number slept soundly.

ALF WILSON: We left Chattanooga a little while before sunset on Friday and arrived at Marietta soon after midnight. We at once repaired to the nearest hotel and registered, of course giving fictitious names. Before retiring, arrangements were made to have the hotel men awake us in time for the northbound train in the morning, which they promised to do without fail.

No man knows what a day may bring forth. The uncertainty of what the light of the next day's sun would bring in our particular cases was the reason some of us, myself at least of the number, didn't sleep very much. By the setting of another sun we might be hanging to the limbs of some of the trees along the railroad, with an enraged populace jeering and shouting epithets; or we might leave a trail of fire and destruction behind us and come triumphantly rolling into Chattanooga and Huntsville, within the Federal lines, to receive the welcome plaudits of comrades left behind, the thanks of

[Pittenger]

Andrews went on to lay out every action with the nicest accuracy. Our engineers, Knight and Brown, were told the signal on which to start. Wilson as fireman and others as brakemen were assigned their work. The rest of us were constituted a guard to shoot down anyone attempting to interfere with the work. All orders were to come from Andrews, and he was to do any part of the work not otherwise provided for. Any man not aboard when the signal to go was given was to be left, since a delay of thirty seconds after our designs became clearly known could result in the slaughter of the whole party.

At this point, Sergeant Major Marion Ross, the ranking soldier of the party, and as brave a man as we had, offered a respectful protest against going further. In substance, he said that circumstances had changed since we set out. It was a day later than planned. Many more Confederate troops were at Big Shanty than had been reported a few weeks before. We'd all seen the overloaded traffic of the road as we came down, and the full effects of Mitchell's attack would probably throw Western & Atlantic schedules into even worse confusion. On these counts, Ross thought it better to postpone the attempt or give it up altogether.

Andrews answered quietly. He admitted the facts as stated, but suggested that they operated in our favor, rather than against us. The military excitement, extra trains on the line and general commotion would make our irregular train the less likely to be suspected. As to the several thousand troops at Big Shanty's Camp McDonald, if we did our work promptly, they'd have no chance to interfere. Capturing the train at the moment it was surrounded by armed regiments might actually be easier than anywhere else, because no one would believe it possible and there'd therefore be no guard and little watchfulness.

Andrews could be plausible at any time, and with nearly any material, but on this morning, he hadn't yet completely convinced his hearers. Several others, among them J. A. Wilson, placed themselves frankly as sharing Ross's misgivings. I'd said nothing, for I felt at the time that we were under Andrews' leadership and should simply carry out orders, leaving the responsibility for them to rest on him.

In final answer to the doubts raised, Andrews first made plain that he wanted no man to come against his better judgment. Anyone in the room who thought the attempt too hazardous to try was still at liberty to switch to the down train for Atlanta and thereafter work his way back to the Union lines as best he could. For himself the decision was made.

"Boys," he said, "I tried this back in March and failed. Now I'll succeed or leave my bones in Dixie."

The words and manner won us all. He grasped our hands all around, and we hurried down to the platform, for the train was now almost due. By the time tickets had been procured, the train swept up to the platform. Hastily glancing at it in the early morning light, and seeing only that it was very long and apparently well filled, twenty of us—nineteen and Andrews, since Porter and Hawkins couldn't be seen—entered by different doors, but finally took places in one car.

KNIGHT: I sat up near the front of the car. Looking back I saw that most of our men were pale but steady.

DORSEY: It was just narrowly daylight on the morning of the 12th of April, when we boarded the northbound train at Marietta, twenty miles north of Atlanta, 118 miles south from Chattanooga, and more than 200 miles from General Mitchell at Huntsville, 100 miles west of Chattanooga. We took seats in the cars in a sleepy, drowsy manner, and to observers must have appeared indifferent to all surroundings. The conductor passed through the car, took up our fares apparently without noticing that we were strangers, and asked no questions. Some paid their fare to one point, some to another, so as not to attract attention; ~~as~~ all paying to one point might have done.

JOHN REED PORTER: Through some mistake or negligence of the hotel porter, Martin Hawkins and I weren't called in time for the train, as it left quite early, although we arrived at the depot in time to see the cars before they were out of sight. We gazed intently until the smoke of the locomotive disappeared in the morning twilight. I can't describe my feelings at that moment. I glanced at Hawkins, who appeared to be as much bewildered as myself. There we were in the heart of the Confederacy, knowing that if we were suspected of anything wrong we could expect death.

Trying not to make any move that would create suspicion, we started walking around the town, as if on no more business than a stroll.

WILLIAM A. FULLER: Early on the morning of April 12, 1862, a Saturday, I left Atlanta in charge of the passenger train, having three empty freight cars, next to the engine, which were intended to bring commissary stores from Chattanooga to Atlanta on the return trip.

Subject: Re: The Great Locomotive Chase documentary

Date: Sat, 19 Oct 2002 14:31:53 -0400

From: "Dave Joswick" <daj@blazenet.net>

To: "AJ Du Fresne" <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

Dear AJ,

I sincerely apologize for the delay. I have had difficulties lately with e-mail and am in the process of changing ISP's. I just got your message. You most certainly have permission to use whatever images you would like. I hope it's not too late for you. A link between sites is fine, and we would appreciate a mention on your show. I would enjoy getting a copy of it if possible. If there's anything I can do to help, even at this late date, please let me know. Also, here's a different e-mail to contact me: artmasters@adelphia.net.

Again, sorry for the untimely delay...

Regards,

Dave Joswick

717-34-4877 (Home phone if you would like to reach me.)

----- Original Message -----

From: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

To: <daj@blazenet.net>

Sent: Sunday, October 13, 2002 3:21 PM

Subject: The Great Locomotive Chase documentary

> I wanted to touch base with the owners of this
> site. I am producing and directing an hour long
> documentary about Andrews Raid. I interviewed
> Col. Bogel almost 2 weeks ago and would like to
> talk to you about a proposition.
>
> My name is AJ Du Fresne. I own Visual Image
> Productions in Findlay, OH, near McComb where two
> of the raiders are buried. I received a Legacy
> grant from the Ohio Bicentennial Committee to
> produce several half-hour documentaries, however
> this story deserves more and will be the only one
> to air in an hour. The documentary will air as
> part of a television show I have called BACK IN
> THE DAY. It is broadcast locally on Cable Channel
> 20 in association with the University of Findlay
> Communication dept which runs UF-TV. Our first
> program will air on Oct 21st entitled Dietcsh Ice
> Cream.
>
> We are a non-profit production company with the
> mission to educate about local history through
> various mediums, i.e. television and the
> internet. OUR goal is to air a show then provide
> the ability to download after its two week run (or
> 30 broadcasts) as well as provide links to others
> (school agers) who are interested.

>
> I thought we could partner in that we would
> provide a link from our web site to yours as well
> as air you website on the program for "additional
> information." As I stated earlier I have captured
> alot of material for the show, however, in return
> for the above stated, I would like to use your
> scanned jpegs. Instead reinventing the wheel (or
> scans) i would like to ask for the right to use
> all of the images, all though we will likely only
> use a few.
>
> In return I can provide to you the story of the
> chase in Col. Bogels own words for downloading
> form your web site.
>
> Our website will be ready Oct 21st.
>
> Please contact me ASAP as our production schedule
> is closing fast and I need to have this show
> completed by November 4th. Thank you for your
> time and interest. Great Website too!!!
>
> AJ Du Fresne
> 888.424.5695 o
> 419.425.9387 h
> 419.306.9755 c
>
>
>
>

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Thu, 05 Sep 2002 13:30:03 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

AJ,

The 21st OVI history, written by Capt. Silas Canfield only gives cursory coverage to the raid. It is significant to note however, that Gen. O.M. Mitchell was quite involved in the strategy behind the raid and it should be so noted. Additionally, there are a couple specific items in the text that should be modified. We could probably discuss these best in person.

---Mark---

AJ Du Fresne wrote:

> I thank you. I am heading to Atlanta and making my way back uyp towards
> Chatanooga. i
> am leaving thursday. i have a deadline in 2 weeks. any suggestions?
>
> What does the 21st OVI book say about the raid?
>
> Chris MacDonald wrote:
>
> > A.J.,
> > Sorry for the delay in reporting to you...I had a rather impromptu trip to
> > Louisville! The Andrew's Raid was relatively early in the war (1862), whereas
> > the
> > battle of Chickamauga was in Sept., 1863. Why Chattanooga? Chattanooga was the
> > rail
> > center of the S.E. of the confederacy. If the union could disrupt the flow of
> > supplies from Atlanta to confederate troops in the west (Tenn./Miss...), the
> > confederate army would have to retreat eastward back into Ga. and the
> > Carolina's. To
> > be honest with you, I feel strongly that the raid's consequences were over-rated
> > as
> > I believe that the war was going to demand 4 long years of blood and suffering,
> > even
> > though control of the rail lines in and out of Chattanooga would have been a
> > great
> > loss to the south.
> > I would like to assist you in your editing anytime that I can!
> >
> > Best Wishes,
> >
> > Mark
> >
> > AJ Du Fresne wrote:
> >
> > > Just curious as I prepare editing for the doc, how you can help us. In the
> > > script where can you add information that i can put you in between shots and
> > > paragraphs. For example, can you talk aobut the event leading up to the
> > > motive,
> > > why chatanooga, was thisafter chickamuga? what was the point? can you talk
> > > about co. g of the 21st????

> > >
> > > any ideas?
> > >
> > > Chris MacDonald wrote:
> > >
> > > > Dear AJ,
> > > > It was a pleasure to meet you last week. I only hope that I didn't prattle
> > > > on too much as I oftentimes tend to do!
> > > > I have a small book titled "The Case of Private Smith", printed by Parlee
> > > > Grose of McComb in 1963. It deals with the Andrews Raiders and the
mysterious
> > > > disappearance of one of them that never showed up in Georgia when the raid
> > > > began. This book contains several photos that might be of interest;
> > > > particularly the photo on the back cover which is of the author in his youth
> > > > sitting and listening to an old man (William Bensinger: a member of the .
> > > > raiders).
> > > > Additionally, in a routine e-mail to Marilyn Levison, I aske her if she
> > > > might have access to any photos of the raiders that we might not be aware
of.

> > > >
> > > > Hope to see you soon,
> > > > Sincerely,
> > > > Mark J. Moates

> > > > p.s.- Let me know the times that you plan on showing the film during the
> > > > Hancock County Fair...I'd like to check it out!!

> > > > AJ Du Fresne wrote:
> > > >
> > > > > Nice to meet you. We must talk again soon.
> > > > > Thanks for your help.
> > > > >
> > > > > AJ Du Fresne
> > > > > 888.424.5695
> > > > > www.thearchivecompany.com

> > > > -----
> > > > Name: raiders script.doc
> > > > raiders script.doc Type: WINWORD File (application/msword)
> > > > Encoding: base64

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Thu, 05 Sep 2002 13:27:07 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

AJ,

Let me know when you would like the interview. Earlier in the week is best for me as I will be attending the reenactment of Antietam later in the week. However, your project is very important to me!!

---Mark---

AJ Du Fresne wrote:

> I would like to interview you next week if possible. Let me know what works for you?

>

> AJ

>

> Chris MacDonald wrote:

>

>> A.J.,

>> Sorry for the delay in reporting to you...I had a rather impromptu trip to

>> Louisville! The Andrew's Raid was relatively early in the war (1862), whereas the

>> battle of Chickamauga was in Sept., 1863. Why Chattanooga? Chattanooga was the rail

>> center of the S.E. of the confederacy. If the union could disrupt the flow of

>> supplies from Atlanta to confederate troops in the west (Tenn./Miss...), the

>> confederate army would have to retreat eastward back into Ga. and the Carolina's. To

>> be honest with you, I feel strongly that the raid's consequences were over-rated as

>> I believe that the war was going to demand 4 long years of blood and suffering, even

>> though control of the rail lines in and out of Chattanooga would have been a great

>> loss to the south.

>> I would like to assist you in your editing anytime that I can!

>>

>> Best Wishes,

>>

>> Mark

>>

>> AJ Du Fresne wrote:

>>

>>> Just curious as I prepare editing for the doc, how you can help us. In the

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>>> paragraphs. For example, can you talk aobut the event leading up to the motive,

>>> why chatanooga, was thisafter chickamuga? what was the point? can you talk

>>> about co. g of the 21st????

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>>> any ideas?

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of.

> > > >
> > > >
> > > > Hope to see you soon,
> > > > Sincerely,
> > > > Mark J. Moates

> > > > p.s.- Let me know the times that you plan on showing the film during the
> > > > Hancock County Fair...I'd like to check it out!!

> > > > AJ Du Fresne wrote:

> > > >
> > > > > Nice to meet you. We must talk again soon.
> > > > > Thanks for your help.

> > > > >
> > > > > AJ Du Fresne
> > > > > 888.424.5695
> > > > > www.thearchivecompany.com

> > > > >
> > > > > -----
> > > > > Name: raiders script.doc
> > > > > raiders script.doc Type: WINWORD File (application/msword)
> > > > > Encoding: base64

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Tue, 03 Sep 2002 15:31:57 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

A.J.,

Sorry for the delay in reporting to you...I had a rather impromptu trip to Louisville! The Andrew's Raid was relatively early in the war (1862), whereas the battle of Chickamauga was in Sept., 1863. Why Chattanooga? Chattanooga was the rail center of the S.E. of the confederacy. If the union could disrupt the flow of supplies from Atlanta to confederate troops in the west (Tenn./Miss...), the confederate army would have to retreat eastward back into Ga. and the Carolina's. To be honest with you, I feel strongly that the raid's consequences were over-rated as I believe that the war was going to demand 4 long years of blood and suffering, even though control of the rail lines in and out of Chattanooga would have been a great loss to the south.

I would like to assist you in your editing anytime that I can!

Best Wishes,

Mark

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>> disappearance of one of them that never showed up in Georgia when the raid
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>> Mark J. Moates

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>> AJ Du Fresne wrote:

>>
>>> Nice to meet you. We must talk again soon.

>>> Thanks for your help.

>>>

>>> AJ Du Fresne

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Mon, 09 Sep 2002 11:34:23 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

AJ,

Chris MacDonald is not my alter ego, but rather my wife's name. She is an attorney and has kept her maiden name for professional purposes.

Let me know when you would like to meet.

Your Obedient Servant,

Mark

AJ Du Fresne wrote:

> *I s this email your alter ego? Who is Chris MacDonald?*

>

> *I will prepare this weekend while I am in TN and GA for next week.*

>

> *Chris MacDonald wrote:*

>

>> *AJ,*

>> *Let me know when you would like the interview. Earlier in the week is best for me as I*

>> *will be attending the reenactment of Antietam later in the week. However, your project is*

>> *very important to me!!*

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>> *---Mark---*

>>

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>>> *AJ*

>>>

>>> *Chris MacDonald wrote:*

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>>>> *whereas the battle of Chickamauga was in Sept., 1863. Why Chattanooga? Chattanooga was the rail*

>>>> *center of the S.E. of the confederacy. If the union could disrupt the flow of*

>>>> *supplies from Atlanta to confederate troops in the west (Tenn./Miss...), the confederate army would have to retreat eastward back into Ga. and the Carolina's. To*

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>>>> *though control of the rail lines in and out of Chattanooga would have been a great*

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> > > > Mark

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> > > > > Nice to meet you. We must talk again soon.

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> > > > > AJ Du Fresne

> > > > > 888.424.5695

> > > > > www.thearchivecompany.com

> > > > >

> > > > > > >

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> > > > > > >

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raiders script.doc Type: WINWORD File (application/msword)
Encoding: base64

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

973.731
An46g
1992

Angle, Craig.

The great locomotive chase : more on the Andrews Raid and the first Medal of Honor / by Craig Angle. -- [Rouzer ville, PA : C. Angle, c1992]

[8], 354 p. : ill. ; 24 cm.

Includes bibliographical references (p. 322-324) and index.

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition, 1862.
 2. Medal of Honor.
 3. United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865.
- I. Title

8JH940210

OHTAdc

93-152127

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Folger, Kenneth J

The Andrews raid.

977.1105
N819
v.39,no.1

(In Northwest Ohio quarterly, v.39, no.1, winter 1966-67, p. 10-15; v.39, no.2, spring, 1967, p. 51-60; v.39, no.4, autumn 1967, p. 5-14)

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

973.765
F74a

Foraker, Joseph Benson, 1846-1917

The Andrews raiders: the unveiling of Ohio's monument in their honor in the National cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 30, 1891. Address of ex-governor Foraker. [n.p., n.pub., 1891?] caption-title, 19p.

reprint. From Cincinnati Enquirer, May 31, 1891.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

PA
Box 564
14

Galitza, L. Edward.

Pilot to safety, or, The adventures of a non militant during the Civil War, and the part he played in the escape of two Andrews Raid participants / by L. Edward Galitza. -- Ghost Town, Ohio : Log Cabin Press, 1973.

[8] p. : facsim. ; 22 cm.
Cover title.
"Limited edition."

1. Andrew's raid, 1862.
2. Knight, W. J. I. Vaughan, Robert Y.
- II. Title: Pilot to safety.

PA
Box 729
11

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

Gregg, Frank M.

Andrews['] raiders, or, The last scenes and final chapter of the daring incursion into the heart of the Confederacy / compiled and published by Frank M. Gregg. -- Chattanooga, Tenn. : Republican Job Prints, 1891.

82 p. : ill., ports. ; 18 cm.

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition, 1862.
2. United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865.
- I. Title
- II. Title: Last scenes and final chapter of the daring incursion into the heart of the Confederacy.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

973.731
G912a
1996

Grose, Parlee C. (Parlee Clyde), b.
1889.

The Andrews raiders of the Civil War / by Parlee C. Grose and others ; assembled by Arthur M. Schumann. -- West Milton, Ohio : Arthur M. Schumann, 1996.

1 v. (various foliations) : ill. ; 30 cm.

"Biographical material included."

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition, 1862. 2. United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865--Biography. I. Schumann, Arthur M. II. Title

8JH981120

CHTA dc

973.7331
G912c

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Grose, Parlee C
The case of Private Smith, and the remaining mysteries of the Andrews raid. McComb, O., General Publishing Company [1963] 131 p. illus. 15 1/2cm.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

977.1
G912b
1962

Grose, Parlee C

Biographical and historical sketches, by Parlee C. Grose and others. McComb, O., General Publishing Company [1962?]

[36] p. illus., ports. 31cm.

Contents. - A feather from Old Abe. - The "five-shooter". - The three Stoker brothers at the battle of Murfreesboro. - The famous Nasby letters, by R. L. Heminger. - Elisha Todd in the Civil War. - An issue of a daily

(Continued on next card)

385
R132b
no.106

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Kurtz, Wilbur G
The Andrews raid.
(In Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. Bulletin, no. 106. p. 6-18. illus.)

977.1
G912b
1962

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Grose, Parlee C. Biographical and historical sketches. [1962?] (Card 2)

newspaper that suddenly became historical. - The Vicksburg Daily Citizen, July 1863. - He tried to stop the Civil War, by Dr. Gwyn A. Parry. - Notes on the Andrews raiders. - Burial places of the Andrews raiders and their pursuers. - Samuel Llewellyn. - James Smith. - Notes on Hancock County soldiers in the Civil War.] Charles P. Steinmetz. - The Ohio hunter Ethel May Kitch.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862
Louisville and Nashville Railroad.
The story of the General; the thrilling
Civil War story of the chase of the locomotive
General by the Texas on April 12, 1862.
24 p. illus., ports., map.

973.7331
L93n
1

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862
Louisville and Nashville Railroad. News
Bureau.
News kit. The General. Louisville, Ky.,
1962.

973.7331
L93n

Issued for the centennial of Andrews' Raid.
With our copy in the library have been filed
other materials relating to the observance.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

McBryde, Randell W
The historic "General," a thrilling
episode of the Civil War. n.p., W. L.
McCutcheon & C. W. Clements, 1967;
55 p. illus., map.

Reprint of 1904 ed. published by
MacGowan & Cooke Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

PA
Box 525
53

PA
Box 247
40
1903
CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.
Passenger Dept.
The story of the "General", 1862.
[Nashville, Brandon, 1903?]
16 p. illus., ports., map.

PA
Box 247
40
1909
CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.
Passenger Dept.
The story of the "General," 1862.
[Nashville, Marshall & Bruce Co., 1909?]
24 p. illus., ports., map.

973.732
P686c
1885

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973.732
Oh3b

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862
Ohio boys in Dixie... 1863.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

Pittenger, William, 1840-1904.
Capturing a locomotive: a history of
secret service in the late war / by
William Pittenger. -- Washington: The
National Tribune, 1885.
354 p., [23] leaves of plates: ill.,
ports.; 19 cm.
First edition, 1863, and the editions
of 1864 and 1887 appeared under title
"Daring and suffering"; later editions
have title: The great locomotive chase.

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition,
1862. I. Title

16JH961105

CHTadc

18-18265

973.7331
On2w

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

O'Neill, Charles Kendall, 1909-

Wild train; the story of the Andrews raiders. New York,
Random House, 1956,

482 p. illus. 22 cm.

Includes bibliography.

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition, 1862. I. Title.

E473.55.O5

973.733

56-6347 †

Library of Congress

57k10j

M
973.732
P686c

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Pittenger, William, 1840-1905.

Capturing a locomotive: a history of secret service in
the late war. By Rev. William Pittenger. Philadelphia,
J. B. Lippincott & co., 1882.

354 p. front., pl., port., map. 19cm.

First edition, 1863, and the edition of 1887 appeared under title "Daring
and suffering"; issued later, 1889, as "The great locomotive chase."

1. Chattanooga railroad expedition, 1862. I. Title.

2-20070

Library of Congress

E473.55.P67

V

973.7331
P686d
1863

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Pittenger, William, 1840-1905

Daring and suffering: a history of the great
railroad adventure. By Lieut. William Pittenger.

With an introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark....
Philadelphia, J. W. Daughaday, 1863.

288p. front.(port.) illus. plates.

Postcard view of Andrews raiders monument:
inside front cover.

---Same. Opp.2.

973.7331 CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

P686d Pittenger, William, 1840-1905
1887

Daring and suffering: a history of the Andrews rail-
road raid into Georgia in 1862 ... By William Pittenger
... New York, The War publishing co., 1887.

416, 55 p. incl. front., illus., port., maps, facsim. map. 24^{cm}.

"A partial list of authorities": p. (10)

"Supplement ... with official documents": 55 p.

First ed., 1863. Pub. in 1881 and 1889 under titles "Capturing a locomotive" and "The great locomotive chase," respectively.

New ed., entirely rewritten and greatly enl.

---Same. Cop.2. Edition statement omitted.

Lacks Supplement. Imperfect: front. wanting.

2-20071

Library of Congress

E473.55.P68

M

973.732 CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

P686g

Pittenger, William, 1840-1904.

The great locomotive chase; a history of the Andrews
railroad raid into Georgia in 1862, by William Pittenger,
a member of the expedition. 4th ed. Philadelphia, The
Penn publishing company, 1917.

490 p. incl. illus., plates, ports., maps, facsim. front., plates. 21^{cm}.

Caption title and running title: Daring and suffering.

The 1st edition, 1863, and the edition of 1887 were published under title
"Daring and suffering"; another edition, 1881, "Capturing a locomotive".

"A partial list of authorities": p. (8)

1. Chattanooga railroad expedition, 1862. I. Title.

17-11695

Library of Congress

E473.55.P695

(s23d1)

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

PA
Box 725
11

Pittenger, William, 1840-1905.

Twenty-five years after : being a
supplement to Daring and suffering :
with official documents : an account of
the subsequent fortunes of the Andrews
Raiders, etc., etc. / by William
Pittenger. -- New York : The War
Publishing Company, 1887.

55 p. : ill., ports. ; 22 cm.

1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition,
1862. I. Pittenger, William, 1840-
1905. Daring and suffering. II. Title
III. Title: A supplement to Daring and
suffering.

6JH940728

OHTAdc

385
RL32b
no.62

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Smith, Carrie Weaver.
Andrews' raid, a ballad. 1913.

(In Railway and Locomotive Society.
Bulletin, no.62. p. 31-39)

973.7331
193n
2

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.
Andrews raid centennial commemoration, May
5, 1862. Columbus, O., 1962.
[4] p.

Sponsored with the Ohio Civil War Centennial Commission.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION,
1862.

PA
Box 595
41

The story of the "General" 1862 /
issued by the Passenger Department of
the Nashville, Chattanooga & St.
Louis Railway; John F. Gaffney, Jr.,
general passenger agent. -- Nashville
: Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis
Railway, [between 1944 and 1963]
27 p. : ill., ports. ; 18 cm.
1. General (Locomotive)
2. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition,
1862. 3. Western and Atlantic
Railroad. 4. United States--History--
Civil War, 1861-1865--Campaigns and
battles. 5. Georgia--History--Civil
War, 1861-1865--Campaigns and battles.
I. Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis
Railway. II. - Gaffney, John F., Jr.

04 MAR 83 9278676 OHTAdc

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

M
973.732
Un3

U. S. Judge-advocate-general's dept. (Army)
... Report of the judge advocate general U. S. army to
the secretary of war ...
Washington, 1863.

v. 22 1/2-23 cm.

Report year irregular.
Issued by the Bureau of military justice, 18 -18
Found also in the Annual reports of the War dept., 1863-

i. U. S. Bureau of military justice. ii. Title.

Library of Congress

12-29015

2d set.

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862

M
973.732
W691a

Wilson, John Alfred, 1832-

Adventures of Alf. Wilson; a thrilling episode of the
dark days of the rebellion, by John A. Wilson ... Toledo,
Blade printing & paper company, 1880.

xiv, 15-237 p. front. (port.) plates. 20 cm.

First appeared in the Wood County sentinel, Bowling Green, Ohio.

--Same. Washington, National tribune, 1897.

1. Chattanooga railroad expedition, 1862. 2. U. S.--Hist.--Civil war--
Prison life.

2-10068* Cancel

Library of Congress

E483.18.W75

973.732
Ep85a

CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD EXPEDITION, 1862 -

FICTION

Epstein, Samuel, 1909-

The Andrews raid; or, The great locomotive chase, April
12, 1862 [by] Samuel and Beryl Epstein. Illustrated by
R. M. Powers. New York, Coward-McCann [1956],
253 p. illus. 22 cm.

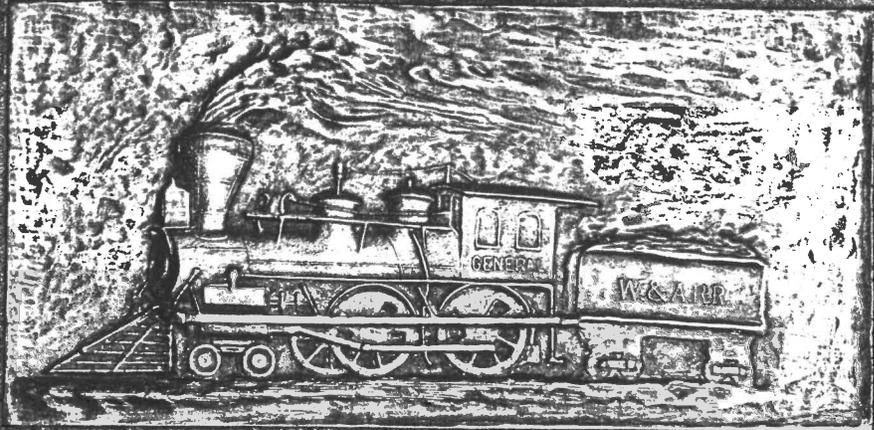
1. Chattanooga Railroad Expedition, 1862--Fiction. I. Epstein,
Beryl (Williams) 1910- joint author. II. Title.

PZ7.E7252An

56-9953 1

Library of Congress

[57x15]



IN MEMORY OF THE ANDREWS RAIDERS

BIG SHANTY GEORGIA
APRIL 12TH 1862



EXECUTED

JAMES J. ANDREWS
FLEMINGSBURG, KY
GEORGE D. WILSON
CO. B. 2ND OHIO VOL INF
MARION A. ROSS
CO. A. 2ND OHIO VOL INF
CHARLES P. SHADRACK
CO. B. 2ND OHIO VOL INF

SAMUEL SLAVENS
CO. E. 33RD OHIO VOL INF
SAMUEL ROBERFSON
CO. G. 33RD OHIO VOL INF
JOHN M. SCOTT
CO. F. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL
SALINEVILLE, O.

ESCAPED OCT. 16TH 1862

WILSON W. BROWN ENGINEER
CO. E. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
W. J. KNIGHT ENGINEER
CO. B. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
JOHN REED PORTER
CO. G. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
MARTIN J. HAWKINS
CO. A. 33RD OHIO VOL INF

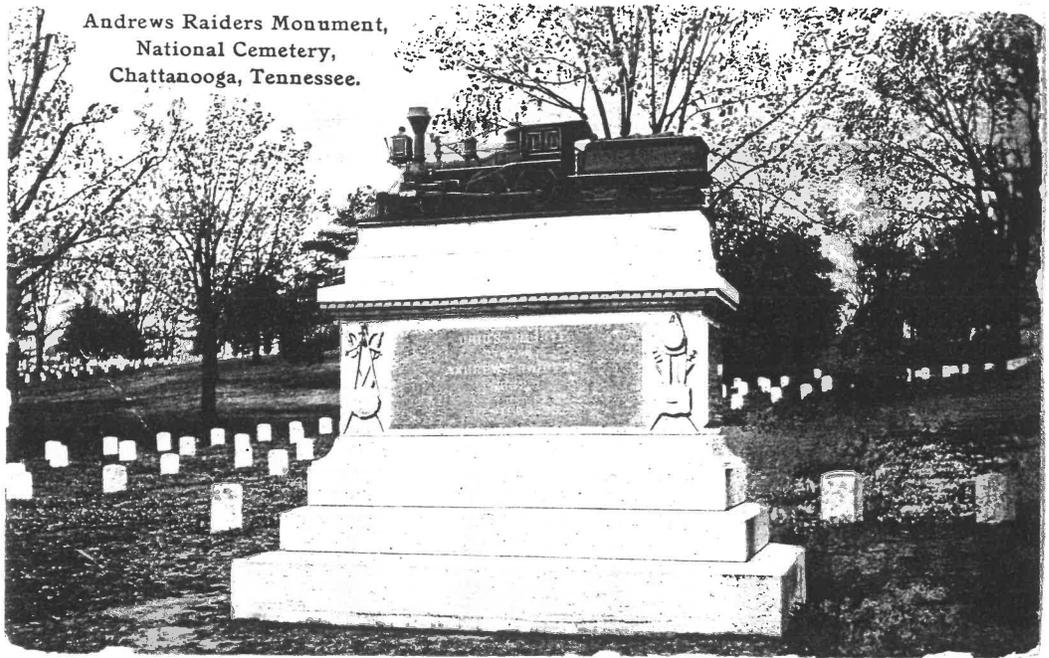
MARK WOOD
CO. E. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
JOHN A. WILSON
CO. C. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
DANIEL A. DORSEY
CO. H. 33RD OHIO VOL INF
JOHN VOLLAM
CO. C. 33RD OHIO VOL INF

EXCHANGED MARCH 18TH 1863

JACOB BARROTT
CO. K. 33RD OHIO VOL INF
ROBERT BUFFUM
CO. H. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
WILLIAM DITTINGER
CO. G. 33RD OHIO VOL INF

WILLIAM BENSINGER
CO. G. 21ST OHIO VOL INF
WILLIAM H. REDDICK
CO. B. 33RD OHIO VOL INF
ELIHU H. MASON
CO. H. 21ST OHIO VOL INF

Andrews Raiders Monument,
National Cemetery,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.



>AUTHOR Pittenger, William, 1840-1904.
>TITLE Daring and suffering; a history of the great railroad adventure.
>With an introd. by Alexander Clark.
>IMPRINT Philadelphia, J. W. Daughaday, 1863.

>Record 7 of 11
>AUTHOR McBryde, Randell W.
>TITLE The historic "General" : a thrilling episode of the Civil War /
>Randell W. McBryde.
>IMPRINT Signal Mountain, Tenn. : Antiques Research Publications, 1967.

>Record 8 of 11
>AUTHOR Brown, Wilson W.
>TITLE Mitchell's Raiders : thrilling incidents never before published /
>W. W. Brown.
>IMPRINT 1890.

>Record 9 of 11
>AUTHOR Galitza, L. Edward.
>TITLE Pilot to safety, or, The adventures of a non militant during the
>Civil War, and the part he played in the escape of two Andrews
>Raid participants / by L. Edward Galitz.
>IMPRINT Ghost Town, Ohio : Log Cabin Press, 1973.

>Record 10 of 11
>AUTHOR O'Neill, Charles Kendall, 1909-
>TITLE Wild train; the story of the Andrews Raiders.
>IMPRINT New York, Random House [1956]

>Record 11 of 11
>AUTHOR Epstein, Sam, 1909-
>TITLE The Andrews raid; or, The great locomotive chase, April 12,
>1862 [by] Samuel and Beryl Epstein. Illustrated by R. M.
>Powers. IMPRINT New York, Coward-McCann [1956]

>*****
>Marilyn Levinson
>Center for Archival Collections
>Bowling Green State University
>mlevins@bgsu.edu
>*****

Paul D. Yon, Director
Center for Archival Collections
5th Floor Jerome Library
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio 43403
419-372-2412
Fax: 419-372-0155

Subject: Fwd: Re: Fwd: book on andrews raiders

Date: Thu, 15 Aug 2002 14:00:29 -0400

From: Paul Yon <pyon@bgnet.bgsu.edu>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

CC: mlevins@bgnet.bgsu.edu

A.J.

Marilyn gave me the enclosed list. I am not sure which one you donated however, you are welcomed to use all/any of the items.

Paul

>X-Sender: mlevins@mailstore.bgsu.edu
>X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Version 4.3.2
>Date: Thu, 15 Aug 2002 13:46:52 -0400
>To: Paul Yon <pyon@bgnet.bgsu.edu>
>From: Marilyn Levinson <mlevins@bgnet.bgsu.edu>
>Subject: Re: Fwd: book on andrews raiders
>
>Paul,
>
>We have several books on the Andrews' Raid, so I'm not sure which book he
>means. Here is the listing of brief titles:
>
>Record 1 of 11
>AUTHOR Epstein, Sam, 1909-
>TITLE The Andrews raid; or, The great locomotive chase, April 12,
>1862 [by] Samuel and Beryl Epstein. Illustrated by R. M.
>Powers.
>IMPRINT New York, Coward-McCann [1956]
>
>Record 2 of 11
>AUTHOR Wilson, John Alfred, 1832-
>TITLE Adventures of Alf. Wilson; a thrilling episode of the dark days
>of the rebellion, by John A. Wilson..
>IMPRINT Toledo, Blade printing & paper company, 1880.
>
>Record 3 of 11
>AUTHOR Grose, Parlee C. (Parlee Clyde), b. 1889.
>TITLE The Andrews raiders of the Civil War / by Parlee C. Grose and
>others.
>IMPRINT West Milton, Ohio : Arthur M. Schumann, 1996.
>
>Record 4 of 11
>AUTHOR Edie, James L.
>TITLE Andrews Raiders William Bensinger and John Porter of McComb, Ohio
>/ by James L. Edie.
>IMPRINT [Bowling Green, Ohio : s.n.], 1970.
>
>Record 5 of 11
>AUTHOR Pittenger, William, 1840-1904.
>TITLE Capturing a locomotive : a history of secret service in the late
>war / By Rev. William Pittenger ..
>IMPRINT Washington, The National Tribune, 1885.
>
>Record 6 of 11

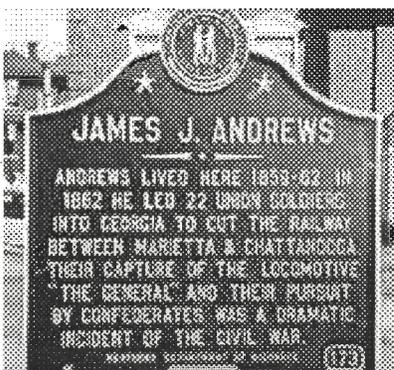


Flemingsburg Hotel was the home of James J. Andrews.

JG Bogle

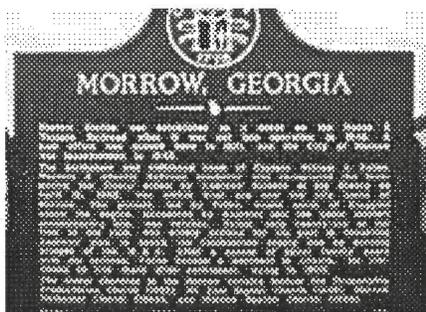
Kentucky State Historical Marker, Flemingsburg, Kentucky, in front of old Flemingsburg Hotel where James J. Andrews lived.

JG Bogle



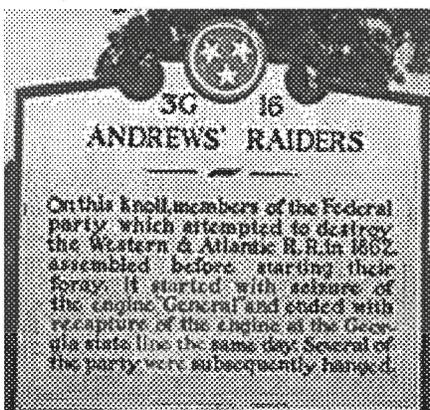
Georgia Historical Marker at Morrow, Georgia, south of Atlanta, the birthplace and boyhood home of Conductor William A. Fuller.

JG Bogle



Tennessee State Historical Marker near Shelbyville, Tennessee, where the Andrews Raiders met to begin their journey into Georgia.

JG Bogle



Kennesaw House in Marietta, GA is where most of the Raiders spent the night before the raid.

JG Bogle

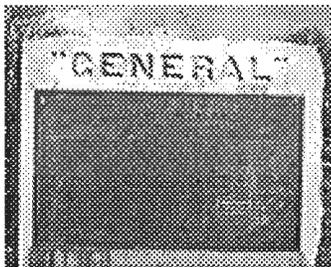


*Atlanta
Grant Park
Texas
Cycleroaming*

Lacy Hotel Marker. The Lacy Hotel was the place for breakfast in Big Shanty the morning of April 12, 1862. The train was totally unprotected as everyone took advantage of the 20 minute stop for breakfast, thus making the *General* easy prey for Andrews Raiders.



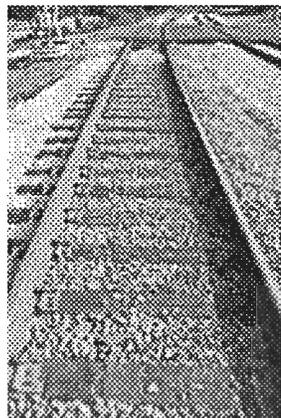
DA Joswick



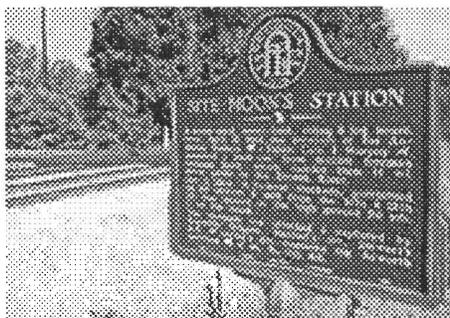
Marker located at the beginning of The Great Locomotive Chase, Big Shanty (Kennesaw), Georgia. Marker was placed by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway in 1901.

JG Bogle

This is a view of the Western & Atlantic Railroad track looking north directly in front of where the Lacy Hotel once stood.



DA Joswick

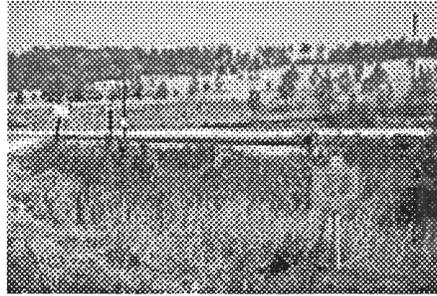


Moon's Station Marker

JG Bogle

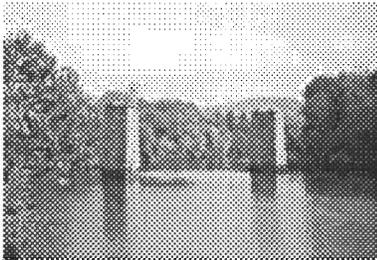
**Site of Moon's Station,
north of Big Shanty
(Kennesaw), Georgia on
the W&ARR.**

JG Bogle



**Iron furnace of Cooper Iron
Works on the Etowah River at
the base of the Allatoona
Dam. Built by Moses Stroup
about 1845.**

JG Bogle



**Original supports of the
Western & Atlantic Railroad
Bridge over the Etowah River.
The bridge was in service on
July 8, 1847.**

JG Bogle

**Site of the Western &
Atlantic Railroad station
at Cass, Georgia.**

JG Bogle



**Georgia Historical
Marker describing the
exploits of the Raiders
at Kingston.**

DA Joswick

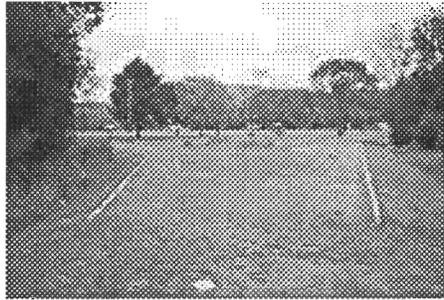
Remains of the depot foundation at Kingston, Georgia on the W&ARR facing south.

JG Bogle



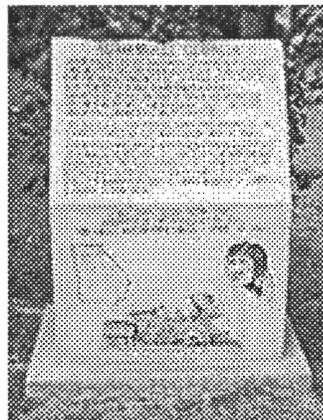
Abandoned right-of-way of the Rome Railroad wye at Kingston, Georgia. To the right is the depot location and to the left is track leading to the W&ARR northbound. Rome is directly behind the camera position.

JG Bogle



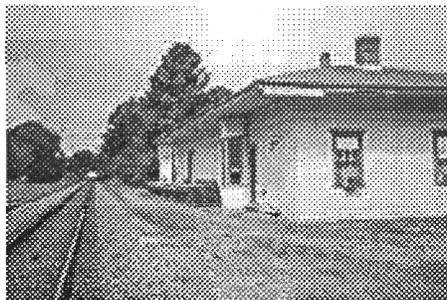
Adairsville Marker.

JG Bogle

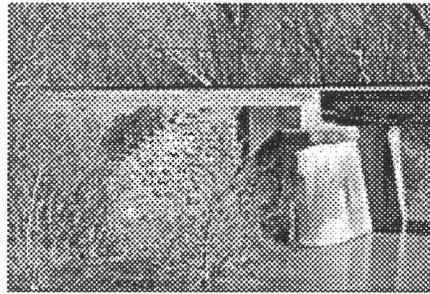


Adairsville, Georgia depot facing north on the W&ARR. The depot was built about 1891.

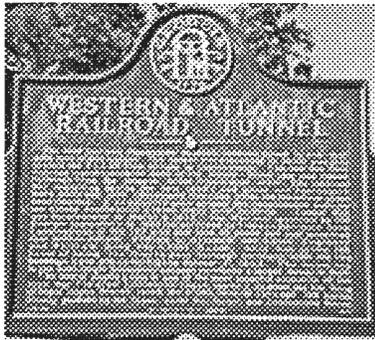
JG Bogle



Abutment at the north end of the Western & Atlantic Railroad bridge over the Oostanaula River, Resaca, Georgia. The bridge was in service on July 22, 1847. Original stone can be clearly seen.

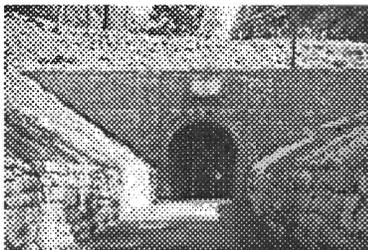


JG Bogle



Georgia Historical Marker for the railroad tunnel at Tunnel Hill, Georgia.

JG Bogle

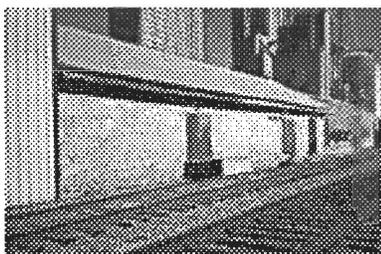


Old tunnel on the W&ARR through Chetoogeta Mountain; begun in 1848. The first train passed through on May 9, 1850. Its length is 1,477 feet. The tunnel was abandoned in 1928 when a new tunnel was bored to the left behind the fence.

JG Bogle

Old tunnel on the W&ARR through Chetoogeta Mountain as it appeared in 1993.

DA Joswick



Pre Civil War depot at Tunnel Hill, Georgia, built from local limestone. It is now incorporated in a local feed mill.

JG Bogle

Georgia Historical Marker for the depot at Ringgold, Georgia.

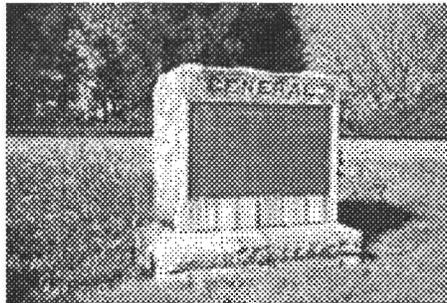
JG Bogle



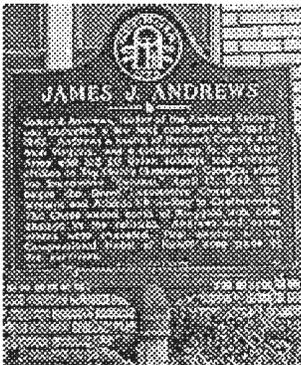
The Ringgold depot was built in 1849. It is the only depot between Atlanta and Chattanooga that has been in continuous use since May 9, 1850.

JG Bogle

Marker located at the end of The Great Locomotive Chase, two miles north of Ringgold. Marker was placed by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway in 1901.



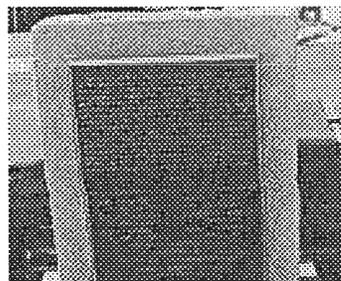
JG Bogle



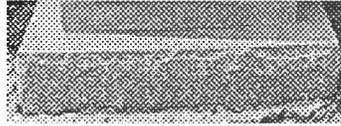
Marker at the site of Andrews' hanging at Third and Juniper in Atlanta.

JG Bogle

On the edge of Atlanta's Oakland Cemetery is a monument to the eight executed Raiders. Seven of them were hanged about 100 yards in the distance.

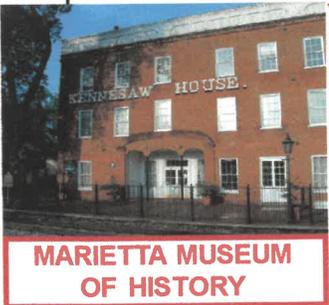
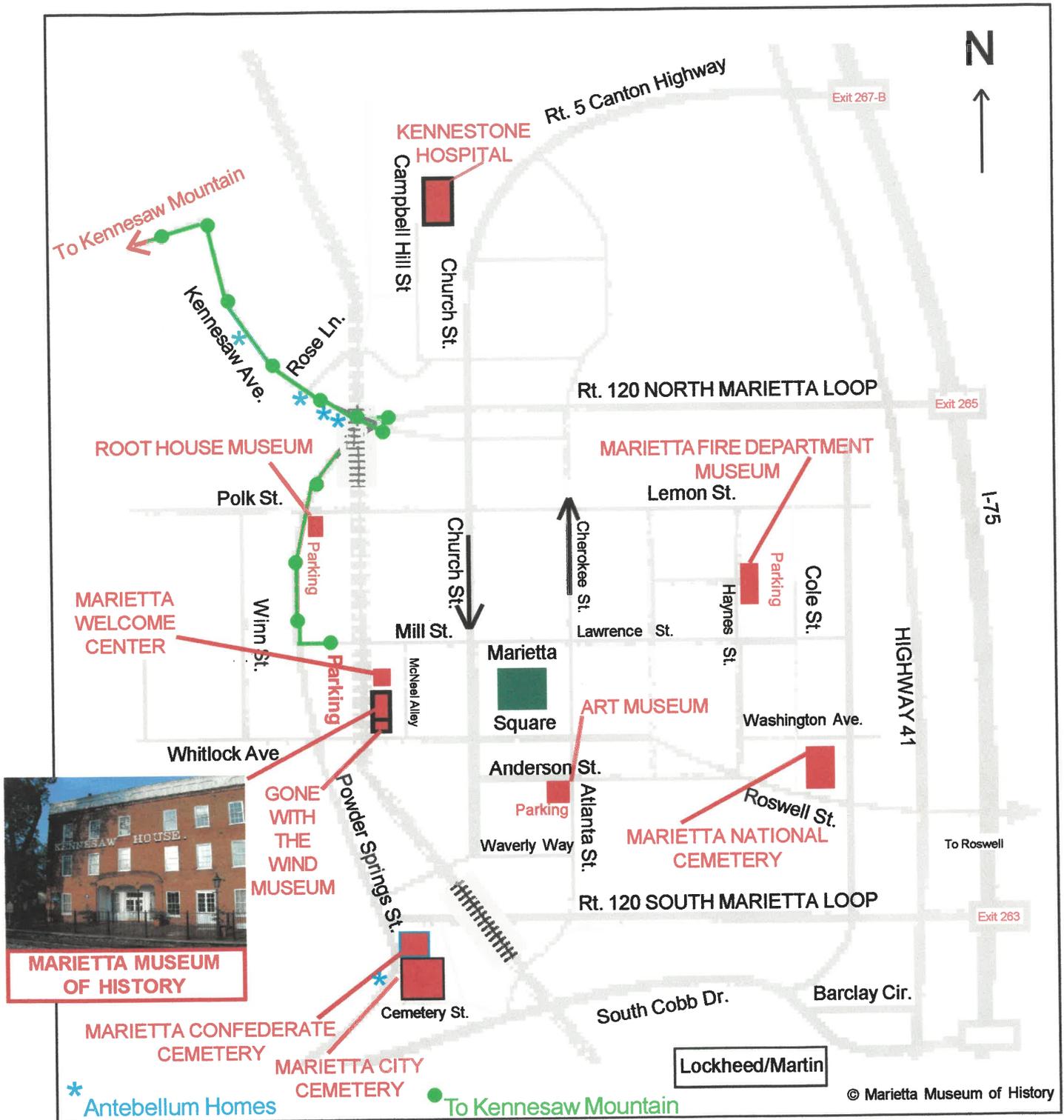


JG Bogle



Direct questions to [webmaster](#). © 2001

MARIETTA MUSEUM OF HISTORY



Located in the 1855 Kennesaw House on the second floor the museum houses many items of interest about Marietta and the surrounding area. The building is one of only a few that Sherman did not burn in November 1864. Our civil War collection is housed in a room that was occupied by James Andrews in April 1862. Andrews was the leader of a group of Federal spies that commandeered the locomotive "General" and began what was to become know as "The Great Locomotive Chase".

Exhibits include many items about Marietta from the Native American times to the present day. The textile exhibit contains dresses from the 1850's to the 1920's along with lace, tatting, quilts and many household items of the early times.

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Thu, 05 Sep 2002 13:30:03 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

AJ,

The 21st OVI history, written by Capt. Silas Canfield only gives cursory coverage to the raid. It is significant to note however, that Gen. O.M. Mitchell was quite involved in the strategy behind the raid and it should be so noted. Additionally, there are a couple specific items in the text that should be modified. We could probably discuss these best in person.

---Mark---

AJ Du Fresne wrote:

> I thank you. I am heading to Atlanta and making my way back uyp towards
> Chatanooga. i
> am leaving thursday. i have a deadline in 2 weeks. any suggestions?
>
> What does the 21st OVI book say about the raid?
>
> Chris MacDonald wrote:
>
> > A.J.,
> > Sorry for the delay in reporting to you...I had a rather impromptu trip to
> > Louisville! The Andrew's Raid was relatively early in the war (1862), whereas
> > the
> > battle of Chickamauga was in Sept., 1863. Why Chattanooga? Chattanooga was the
> > rail
> > center of the S.E. of the confederacy. If the union could disrupt the flow of
> > supplies from Atlanta to confederate troops in the west (Tenn./Miss...), the
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> > even
> > though control of the rail lines in and out of Chattanooga would have been a
> > great
> > loss to the south.
> > I would like to assist you in your editing anytime that I can!
> >
> > Best Wishes,
> >
> > Mark
> >
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 > > > > Grose of McComb in 1963. It deals with the Andrews Raiders and the
 mysterious
 > > > > disappearance of one of them that never showed up in Georgia when the raid
 > > > > began. This book contains several photos that might be of interest;
 > > > > particularly the photo on the back cover which is of the author in his youth
 > > > > sitting and listening to an old man (William Bensinger: a member of the
 > > > > raiders).
 > > > > Additionally, in a routine e-mail to Marilyn Levison, I aske her if she
 > > > > might have access to any photos of the raiders that we might not be aware
 of.

> > > >
 > > > >
 > > > > Hope to see you soon,
 > > > > Sincerely,
 > > > > Mark J. Moates

> > > > p.s.- Let me know the times that you plan on showing the film during the
 > > > > Hancock County Fair...I'd like to check it out!!

> > > > AJ Du Fresne wrote:
 > > > >
 > > > > > Nice to meet you. We must talk again soon.
 > > > > > Thanks for your help.

> > > > > AJ Du Fresne
 > > > > > 888.424.5695
 > > > > > www.thearchivecompany.com

> > > > -----
 > > > > Name: raiders script.doc
 > > > > raiders script.doc Type: WINWORD File (application/msword)
 > > > > Encoding: base64

The Great Locomotive Chase
The story of Andrew's Raiders

A Blue and Gray Trail story

For more than a year war raged in the fields of Virginia and Tennessee while factories and farms in Georgia produced supplies that fed and clothed the Confederate Army. In the spring of 1862, the quiet of North Georgia was shattered by a group of 22 Union spies on a mission to disrupt Confederate supply lines. The General, an engine owned by the Western and Atlantic Railroad, left Atlanta at 4:00 am on April 12, the first anniversary of the attack on Fort Sumter. At Marietta (History of Marietta, Georgia) the raiders boarded the train under the command of James Andrews. When the train stopped for breakfast, the men made off with The General in a daring raid that had been planned the night before at the Fletcher (now Kennesaw) House (More on the Kennesaw House).

1. photo of Ft Sumter
2. Train clock
3. map of operation
4. photo of Kennesaw house

Andrews gained the trust of the Confederates by smuggling quinine across the battle lines for a period of several weeks. Using these "friends" he infiltrated Georgia with men skilled in handling locomotives, among them William Knight, a young Kentucky volunteer who had been an engineer before the war. Union General Ormsby Mitchel approved the plan to steal a locomotive and move north on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, destroying track, bridges and tunnels along the way. Mitchel, fighting in North Alabama reasoned that with the W&ARR destroyed Chattanooga (History of Chattanooga, Tennessee) could be easily taken. The Union commander agreed to take Huntsville on April 11, 1862, which he did, and wait for Andrews to arrive in Huntsville before advancing on Chattanooga.

5. photo of Andrews
6. photo of William Knight
7. photo of Mitchel
8. photo of Chattanooga
9. show tracks
10. photo of Huntsville

The train pulled up to the Lacey Hotel and the passengers and crew walked to the hotel for breakfast. Andrews had selected this as the site to hatch his plot because Big Shanty did not have a telegraph office. The spies stole the train and began the journey to Huntsville.

12. Lacey Hotel
13. Breakfast
14. Big Shanty

The crew of The General had a different idea. Jeff Cain, engineer, and Anthony Murphy, a machine foreman joined conductor William Fuller, who took the theft as a personal affront, as he pursued the raiders. On foot at

15. photo of Cain
16. photo of Murphy
17. photo of Fuller

18. phoca of Moon
19
20
21
22
first, they ran the two miles to Moon's Station, and procured a platform handcar and two members of a maintenance crew to help them pole and push. From here to the Etowah River the track grades slowly but steadily downhill. Two more men jumped on the moving handcar in Acworth.

23 train
Andrews, Knight and two other Union spies stayed in the cab while the other 18 men spread across the train.

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Many Georgians along the route inquired when they saw Fuller's regular train and schedule with a different crew. Andrews responded by telling the men that he was taking a "powder train" through to General Beauregard, then at Corinth, a believable story since this was a few days after Shiloh.

29
The pursuers at first thought the men were deserters who had stolen the train to escape, but the rail ties in the roadbed, cut telegraph wires and missing rails convinced them a formidable enemy lay in front of them. In

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Etowah Fuller took the switch engine Yonah to pursue the raiders. Surprisingly, Andrews did not remove any rails between the river and the complicated rail yard in Kingston. Delayed by northbound trains, Andrews and

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Fuller were now less than 10 minutes apart, although the Union spy still did not know his Raiders were being

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38
pursued. Abandoning the Yonah, the crew of the General negotiated the yard on foot, taking the William R.

39
40
Smith north towards Adairsville. They encountered track torn up by the raiders, abandoned the engine and two of them, Murphy and Fuller, continued the pursuit on foot.

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Undaunted by the obstacles the raiders laid in the way Fuller and Murphy took a southbound engine, The Texas, south of the Adairsville station. The chase was on - The Texas in pursuit of the General at top speed, in reverse! Just north of the city of Calhoun the pursuers spotted the General for the first time. Andrews and Knight considered the situation. A quick attempt by the raiders to raise a rail was fruitless.

46
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48
Andrews and Knight came up with three options, but the first, crossties dropped from the rear of the General, did not slow the pursuers. Next, with the raiders on the locomotive and coal tender they released two boxcars from the end of the train. The men on the Texas pushed those off on the next siding. Now,

49 50
51 approaching the covered wooden bridge over Oostanaula River, Andrews set fire to the remaining car hoping not only to slow the Texas but also burn the bridge. However, wet conditions made it impossible to set the bridge afire. The Texas again pushed the cars off the track and the chase became a test of endurance.

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58 With the telegraph from Atlanta out of service because of the wire cutters employed by the raiders a telegraph operator, 17-year old Edward Henderson, headed south from Dalton, Georgia in search of the problem. South of Calhoun, Fuller saw the lad, whom he recognized, and pulled onto the moving train. Fuller wrote out a message to General Ledbetter in Chattanooga, warning him of the approach of the captured locomotive. In Dalton the telegrapher was dropped from the train and he made off to send the message. 59

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61
62
63 The whistle of the pursuers warned towns and soldiers of the approaching chase. But the end was near. Just before the top of Ringgold Gap The General gave out. The locomotive would not have made it much further. The message from Dalton had made it to Chattanooga and Confederates were already on the track travelling south to Ringgold.

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66 The Raiders failed to destroy bridges over Chickamauga Creek or the Etowah River, or the tunnel at Tunnel Hill, their main targets.

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69 Over the next two weeks, Andrews and his men were rounded up by the Confederates. They managed to get as far away as Bridgeport, Alabama. All 22 men were caught. Of the 14 men sent to Confederate prison 8 escaped in October, 1862 and the remaining 6 were paroled in March, 1863. Andrews and 7 of his men were tried in Atlanta and hung, their bodies buried unceremoniously in an unmarked grave.

70
71 Congress created the Medal of Honor in 1862 and awarded it to some of the Raiders. James Andrews, leader of the raiders, was not in the military and therefore not eligible. The bodies of the raiders who had been hung were disinterred from the unmarked grave and buried at Chattanooga National Cemetery.

72
73 The General survived the episode and the war, continuing in service on the Western and Atlantic and the Louisville and Nashville for another 30 years.

74

74
75
76

Subject: Re: Andrews Raiders

Date: Tue, 03 Sep 2002 15:31:57 -0400

From: Chris MacDonald <cmacd@wcnet.org>

To: AJ Du Fresne <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

A.J.,

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>>> AJ Du Fresne

Capital One ■ 8.9% fixed APR  ■ Credit limit up to \$20,000 VISA® Platinum ■ 30-second response	Visit us at www.capitalone.com When ready to apply, click here
--	--

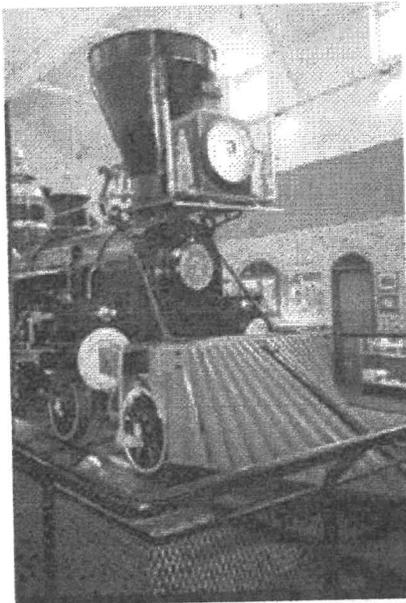
Kennesaw Civil War Museum

County: Cobb City: Kennesaw

Home of the General

The Kennesaw Civil War Museum is closed. It will reopen in 2003.

What a treat.



The Kennesaw Civil War Museum (formerly the Big Shanty Museum) is an information-packed excursion into area Civil War history and one event in particular -- The Great Locomotive Chase. Their web site proclaims "America's favorite locomotive--America's favorite railroad story" and they are right. The story of The General, The Texas and the men that rode each locomotive into history is as compelling today as it was in 1862.

"All aboard" cries the conductor in the short movie that retells the story of April 12th, 1862. The museum introduces each man who had a role in the escapade including all the Union spies (misguided boys from Ohio and Kentucky) and gives an overview of the situation before the chase.

Following the chase from its start in Atlanta to its end north of Ringgold, Georgia, the museum provides interesting exhibits into many of the aspects of the event. The centerpiece, however, is The

General itself. Restored by the old Louisville and Nashville (L&N) Railroad in time for the 1962 centennial, the huge locomotive dominates all the Civil War exhibits in this former cotton warehouse.

Pictures trace the life of the General and Texas, from their birth in Patterson, New Jersey until their last days of service. Displayed in both Chattanooga and Nashville, the General visited many of the Civil War veterans gatherings in the South.

A gift shop in the museum has many items relating to The Great Locomotive Chase including a Buster Keaton movie and a Disney movie, and a video that includes vintage footage of the restoration, highlights from the Keaton film and a recently discovered short film from 1913 about the chase.

Additional links of interest:

[The Great Locomotive Chase](#)

[Railroad Links](#)

[Southern Museum of Civil War and Locomotive History web site](#)

Kennesaw Civil War Museum

Kennesaw, Georgia

Open 7 days a week

9:30am-5:30pm Monday-Saturday

ROI

Travel

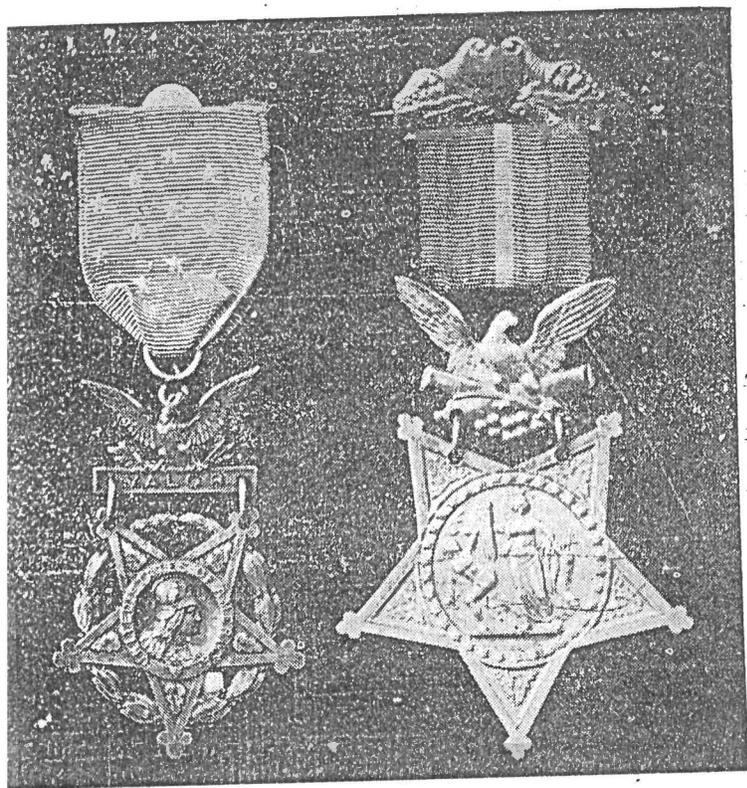
Reserve room!

Atlanta

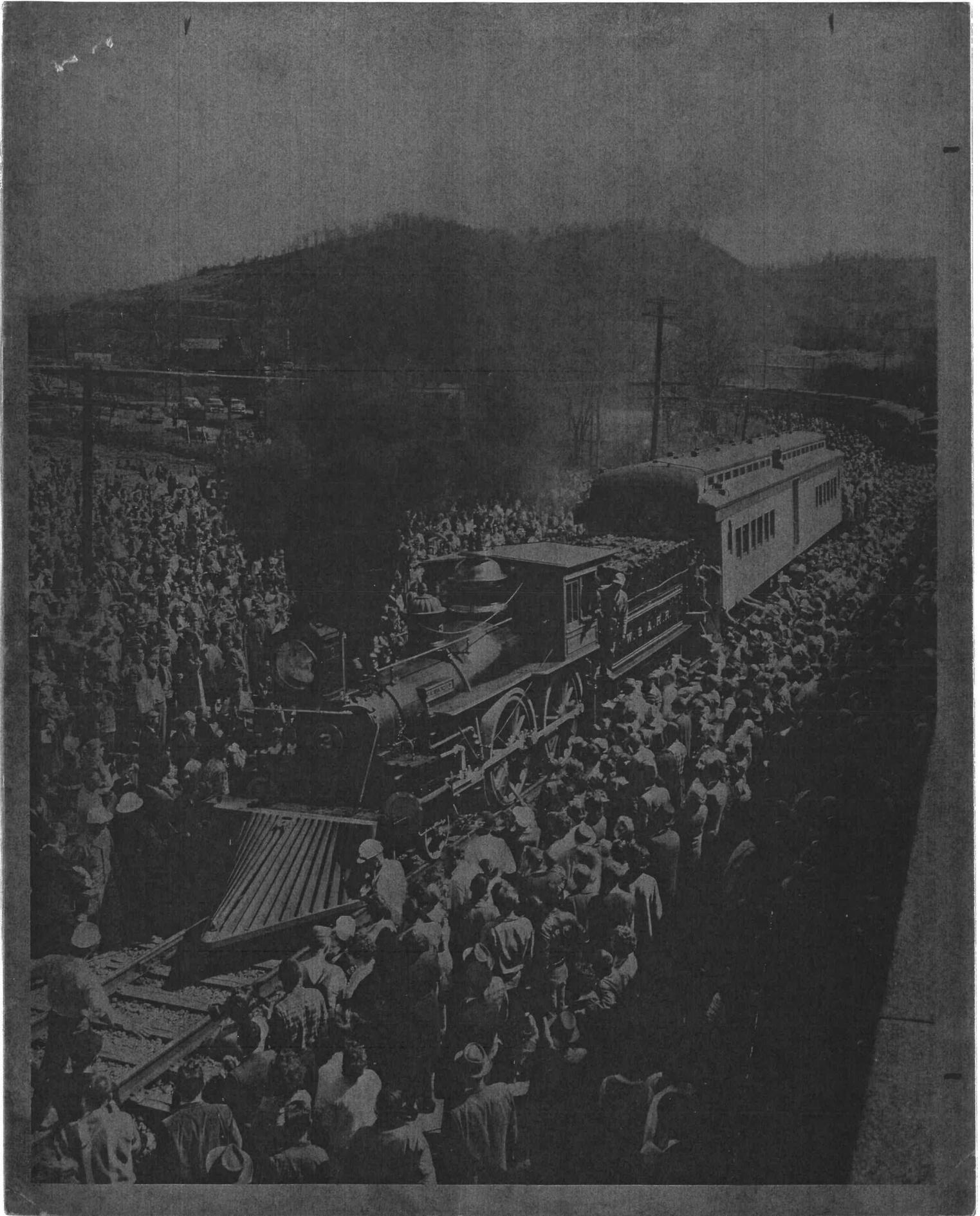
Savannah

Rome

Chattanooga



The illustration shows the two medals that were given to William Bensinger. They are now in the possession of one of his descendants. The large flat design to the right is the medal that was given to the men in 1863. Years later when the design was changed all holders of the original medal were given the newer design, that shown on the left.



Known as "Andrews' Raiders"

1. James J. Andrews, Kentucky, Leader of the Expedition. Hung
2. William. Knight, Co. E, 21st Ohio Volunteers. Escaped
3. Wilson H. Brown, Co. F, 21st Ohio. Escaped
4. Mark Wood, Co. C, 21st Ohio. Escaped
5. Alfred Wilson, Co. C, 21st Ohio. Escaped
6. John R. Porter, Co. G, 21st Ohio. Escaped
7. Robert Buffum, Co. H, 21st Ohio. Exchanged
8. William Bensinger, Co. G, 21st Ohio. Exchanged
9. John Scott, Co. F, 21st Ohio. Hung
10. Sargent E. A. Mason Co. K, 21st Ohio. Exchanged
11. Daniel A. Dorsey, Co. H, 33d Ohio. Escaped
12. Martin J. Hawkins, Co. A, 33d Ohio. Escaped
13. John Whollan (Wollam), Co. C, 33d Ohio. Escaped
14. Jacob Parrot, Co. K, 33d Ohio. Corporal Exchanged
15. William Reddick, Co. B, 33d Ohio. Exchanged
16. Samuel Roberson Co. G, 33d Ohio. Hung
17. Samuel Slavens, Co. D, 33d Ohio. Hung
18. Corporal William Pittinger, Co. G, 2d Ohio. Exchanged
19. George D. Wilson, Co. B, 2d Ohio. Hung
20. Marion Ross, Co. A, 2d Ohio, Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. Hung
21. Perry D. Shadrack, Co. K, 2d Ohio. Hung
22. William. Campbell of Kentucky. Hung

William Bensinger and the Andrews Raid

Medals
Photos
Sword
Confederate #
Gravesites

I. Andrews Raiders in the Civil War

- A. Four men from Hancock County were in the Andrews Raid
 - 1. Wilson Brown
 - 2. William Bensinger
 - 3. John Reed Porter
 - 4. John W. Scott
- B. Ten of the Raiders were from the 21st Ohio Volunteer Regiment
- C. Men were sent to disrupt rail transportation in the South.
- D. They captured a confederate locomotive and train in Georgia in 1862.
- E. Has been described as the most daring exploit of the Civil War.
- F. All of the participants were captured.
 - a. Eight men were executed.
 - b. Eight men escaped.
 - c. Six men won their freedom through a prisoner exchange.

II After the Raid and the Civil War

- A. Raiders were given the newly created Congressional Medal of Honor in 1863.
- B. Seven of the survivors of the Raid, including Bensinger and Porter, held a reunion in McComb (and Findlay) in 1886.
- C. Buried in McComb Union Cemetery are William Bensinger and John Porter.
- D. Ohio Historical Society erected a memorial in honor of these two men at the McComb Union Cemetery.
- E. Walt Disney made a movie about the Raid titled "The Great Locomotive Chase."
- F. Ancestors of William Bensinger donated to the McComb Public Library (on display in a special case):
 - 1. Bensinger's two medals of honor
 - 2. His Medal of Honor certificate
 - 3. Uniform insignia and his dress sword
 - 4. Confederate money and small battle flag
 - 5. Photo locket
 - 6. Other mementoes from Bensinger
- G. Monument to the Andrews Raiders was erected in the National Cemetery in Chattanooga; a museum was built to honor the locomotive "The General" in Kennesaw, Georgia.

11

No. 170

MEDAL OF HONOR CERTIFICATE



ISSUED UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF THE ACT OF CONGRESS APPROVED APRIL 27, 1916.

To whom it may concern:

This is to Certify, That William Bensinger
was enrolled on the second day of
September, 1861, to serve three years, and was
discharged on the twenty first day of September, 1863,
by reason of promotion to Captain, Thirteenth U. S. Colored Troops
while holding the grade of Private, in Company D,
Twenty first Regiment of Ohio Infantry Volunteers;
that a medal of honor was awarded to him on the twenty-fifth
day of March, 1863, for being a participant in a
raid with twenty-two other men, by direction of General Mitchell (or Bullen) in
which they penetrated some two hundred miles into the enemy's territory, and captured
a railroad train at Big Shanty, Georgia in April, 1862, in an attempt to destroy the
bridges and railroad track between Chattanooga and Atlanta.
that his name was entered and recorded on the Army and Navy Medal of Honor Roll
on the twelfth day of May, 1916, as
authorized under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 27, 1916,
and that he is entitled to receive the special pension granted by that Act.

Given at the War Department, Washington, D. C., this twenty-ninth day of
September, 1916.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

H. P. Weir
The Adjutant General.

3x7 1/2
Puff Blow Monday
"SUNDAK" MARKED

The General is greeted at Ringgold, Ga., on April 14, 1962 during its Centennial run over the area of the chase that made it famous. More than 10,000 people were on hand to greet it. It was two miles north of Ringgold that the General ran out of steam during the chase, and the raiders fled to the woods.

--L&N Photo

From: News Bureau
Public Relations Department
Louisville & Nashville Railroad
Louisville, Kentucky

Acquiring at
Ringgold Ga
April 14 1962.

The Archive Company

Preserving the Future of History



OHIO BICENTENNIAL PRODUCTION CALENDAR

Date	Time	Who	Activity	Subject
Friday, Feb 1 st	9am	Dick Kern	Voice Over	Jenera Shipwreck - Done Dietch's Confectioners - script Blanchard Valley Hospital - script
Friday, Feb 1 st	10:30 am	Janice Johnston	Interviews @ BV Hospital	Maxine Snyder write script Bonnie Franks write script Deloris Adams

- Sever
1. Get map of Germany
 2. " " Virginia
 3. Email images to Aaron

"The General" Buster Keaton
 "Great Locomotive Chase" 1956
 Movie Francis Dee Lion
 Jess Parker Salt York

in	out	description
42.29.22	42.42.26	camp / fire
42.42.26	42.55.05	B&W (R-L) camp
42.55.05	43.10:00	b&w fire (in/out)
43.10.00	43.27.28 (good)	table settings (slow mo) & 2 men
43.30.00	43.38.16	camp in slow mo
End of tape (starts recount of clips)		
00:00:01	00:18.11	good
00:18.00	00:29.20	Kennesaw House
00:29.20	00:36.02	" " marker
00:36.02	1.08.00	Kennesaw front Train depot (marriage)
1.08.01	1.26.08	out/in side of Train depot
1.26.08	1.27.10	out/in side of Kennesaw house
1.27.10	1.36.10	L-R J. Andrews photo
1.36.05	1.47.10	R-L photos of Union soldiers
1.46.18	1.50.20	L-R Brown Knight Mason
1.50.21	1.53.22	L-R J. Parrott, Patten
1.55.00	1.59.59	L-R Porter Reddick, Andrews
2.00.26	2.06.20	ROSS, Robertson
2.06.21	2.22.05	L-R (better) Scott Shadrack, ^{Wollam, Wood} Starvick, Wilson
2.22.06	2.40.08	R-L " " "
2.40.09	2.49.14	Letter from Pittinger
2.49.14	3.00.18	Midnight meeting - raiders
3.00.18	3.15.06	" " closeup
3.15.06	3.22.00	L-R Fuller, Murphy
3.22.04	3.27.13	The Texas
3.27.13	3.30.13	
3.32.05	3.46.10	Peter Bracken
	4.02.18	" " in/out
	4.05.15	" " Kennesaw house & wise cb
4.14.07	4.35.00	good shot L-R Kennesaw house/depot
	4.43.00	in/out " "
	5.20.08	(train sound) depot big skanky
5.20.09	5.35.15	out/in to window depot big skanky

front
(over)

TAPE #2 Hi-8

27.09.10		in/out	Front of General / monum
27.09.11	27.11.05		Engrin
27.11.06	27.23.14	in/out	General "3"
27.23.15	27.55.21		monument / whole corner
		out/in	" " side
27.55.21	28.20.00	in/out	General (top)
28.20.01	28.32.25	out/in	Forward view
28.32.26	28.53.29	good in/out	" "
28.53.29	29.13.02	slower in/out	" "
29.30.01	29.41.00	in/out	veterans / cem gates / chat
29.41.01	29.49.12	out/in	" " "
29.50.26	30.03.28	in/out	cemt gates "
30.03.28	30.23.02	good out/in	" " "
30.23.27	30.47.21	in/out	RINGOLD STATION - w/ tracks
30.47.21	31.28.06	out/in	(down tracks) " " w/ tracks
31.28.07	31.44.21	out/in	Ringold - with RR
31.44.22	32.08.23	in/out	" " depot
32.08.24	32.20.04	in/out	WARL depot - hist marker
32.28.08	32.35.09		" " "
32.35.09	32.52.22		The General (stopped) monument
32.52.22	33.14.20	in/out	" " " tablet
33.14.21	33.38.20		RR Tracks (south)
33.38.20	33.48.28		The General monument
33.48.28	34.10.13	*	General with Train going by (whistle)
34.10.14	34.28.18	out/in	mon-to-general w/ Train going by
34.28.18	34.35.26		wheels of Train going by w/ track
34.35.26	34.54.15	in/out	" " " "
34.54.16	35.41.22	in/out	wheels of Train (sound) (movement approx 5 out)
35.41.22	35.45.17	out/in	RR track & Train wheels
35.48.09	36.08.10		Ringold Gap - hist marker (partly later)
36.08.11	36.23.08	out/in	Atlanta Campaign - hist marker
36.23.08	36.54.17	good in/out	" " " MAP of route
36.54.17	37.13.06		" " "
37.13.06	37.27.28		" " Ringold Gap
37.27.29	37.47.22	(train sound)	Tunnel Hill marker (atlanta)
37.47.23	37.59.20		" " " "
37.59.20	38.06.11		WARL RR Tunnel (Tunnel Hill) hist marker
38.06.11	38.24.18	in/out	" " " "
38.24.19	38.28.00		" " " "
38.30.01	38.36.11		CLISBY AUSTIN House hist marker
38.36.11	38.44.17		Tunnel Hill (south) outside
38.44.17	39.10.10	(Sound)	" " Horses (inside)
39.10.11	39.19.12	(cricket)	Tunnel Hill inside (walls) slow mo
39.19.12	39.31.19		" " " "
39.31.19	39.45.05		" " " "
39.45.05	40.09.22		" " " " outside - inside
40.11.23	40.32.24		" " " " ceiling / walls
40.32.24	40.47.14	R-L	Tunnel Hill (outside)
40.47.14	40.57.25	in/out	" " "
41.07.25	41.20.05		front / House @ Tunnel Hill
41.20.06	41.28.13	L-R	" " " " outkase
41.28.13	41.49.02		Campers (enthusiastic)
41.49.02	42.29.22	in/out	Fire @ camp

PRODUCTION:		VIP	TAPE LOG		
Great Locomotive Chase			Page <u>1</u> of <u>_____</u> @ Museum		
Tape # <u>1</u>	Hi-8				
In	Out	Scene	Take	Comments	
✓ 00:01	13.21			Book Covers Daring & Suffering	
✓ 13.22	36.00			Book Covers Daring & Suffering & Wild Train ride	
36.00	1.00.00			WILD TRAIN RIDE BOOK "	
✓ 1.00.01	1.10.18		BOOK	The Case of Private Smith	
1.10.19	1.24.10		BOOK	" " " " cont rows	
1.24.11	1.39.00	* base?		Capture of Train (drawing) Lucy	
1.39.01	1.58.59	ok		" " " (moving)	
1.59.00	2.15.10	good		" " " (" ")	
2.15.11	2.26.26	good		" " " (moving)	
2.26.27	2.34.59			" " " no moving	
2.35.00	3.07.19			Pulling rail (blurry?)	
3.07.20	3.22.04			Capture of Soldier (Union)	
3.22.04	3.41.00			Andrews gives signal capture of Train	
3.41.01	3.57.25			" " " (in out motion/camera)	
3.57.26	4.39.00			Tunnel Hill / Jumping off Train	
4.39.01	4.53.06	sucks		Names of Raiders	
4.53.07	5.02.03	"		" " "	
5.02.04	6.46.07	sucks		" " "	
6.46.08	6.51.15			Photo of Union Soldiers / 1888?	
6.51.15	7.05.24			" " " "	
7.05.24				" " " " closer in/out	
7.05.24	7.21.01			" " " " move into L-R	
7.21.02	7.32.19			" " " " L-R	
7.32.19	7.48.18			" " " " R-L	
7.48.18	8.01.13			" " " " in/out	
8.01.14	8.18.14			" " " " in/out	
8.18.15	8.27.00			" " " " L-R	
8.27.01	8.36.25			" " " " L-R	
8.36.26	9.01.11	sucks		" " " " L-R closer	
9.01.12	9.02.59			???	
9.03.00	9.21.24			The General - Train in/out	
9.21.24	9.48.21			The General (still) out/in	
9.48.21	9.59.00			" " " " R-L / in/out	
9.59.01	10.33.14			Reunion shot of Gen & Soldiers	
10.33.14	10.42.00			List of Soldiers	
10.42.01	11.00.20			William Beasly (still)	
11.00.25	11.20.05			" " " " in/out	
11.20.05	11.37.59			" " " " in/out	
11.38.04	11.54.13			Reunion Soldiers (still)	
11.54.13	12.05.09			" " " " L-R	
12.05.09	12.30.25			" " " " R-L	
12.32.21	13:00.00			Jacob Parrot still	
13:00.01	13.34.18			guy w/ beard that (union) 1	
13.34.18	14.27.00			" " " "	

28 minutes

VIP

TAPE LOG

Page 1 of 1

PRODUCTION: Locomotive Chase Col. Bogel Interview

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In	Out	Scene	Take	Comments
1:25:11	2:06:10	✓		1862 battle of shilo to Shelbyville tn
2:06:12	3:03:14	✓		Andrews to Chatanooga and importance, WARR
3:03:15	4:13:20	✓	Armstrong	Buell sent union soldiers/setup w/ Mitchell seeking volunteers
4:13:21	5:09:21			Brown, knight and Wilson and 24 men ^{+ Campbell}
5:09:22	6:10:22			Starting out to delay until 12 th
6:10:22	6:31:09			Andrews mistake w/ mitchell
6:31:10	7:33:25			Meeting at farm porter on time, rest late Kennesaw house
7:33:26	8:33:27			Meeting and Getting on train/losing men
8:33:28	9:13:13			Number of soldiers/big shanty stop
9:13:14	9:42:01			Stealing train
9:42:02	10:27:04			Crew of train actions/breakfast
10:27:05	11:25:13			Chase on foot by fuller/Andrews has no equipment moon station/cutting telegraph line
11:25:14	12:02:27			Kingston RR/unscheduled trains/Andrews waited an hour
12:02:25	12:59:25			Murphy in pursuit/cooper iron works/pick up yonah
12:59:26 13:00:00	13:42:07			Moving north/reach 5 minutes behind union soldiers/pick up William r smith
13:42:08	14:05:22			William r smith/Andrews removes rail/removing bridges/fuller meets texas
14:05:23	15:44:03			Bracken/fuller/Murphy on texas going in reverse
15:44:04	16:21:13			N of Calhoun/raiders stop to pull rail/Catoosa. Realize they are being chased
16:21:14	16:35:26			Chase is on in earnest
16:35:27	16:59:13			Texas behind them/burn boxcar in Resaca/didn't work
16:59:28	17:42:07			2 nd boxcar burned
17:42:08	18:05:06			Andrews abandoned train and run
18:05:07	18:37:15			Confederate give chase/guard unit helps
18:37:16	18:28:22	47.2		20 men captured/2 did not/KY story
18:28:23	20:30:13			Jail in chat, tn/leader is...? Andrews/court martial As a spy and to be hung
20:30:14	21:21:28			2 nd court martial in Knoxville, tn/12 taken/7 tried
21:21:29	22:12:19			Sent to Atlanta 6.8.62/Andrews hung immed. As well as others.
22:12:20	23:13:15			14 men left in Atlanta/jailbreak oct/8 got away
23:13:16	24:00:08			3/1863 exchange in Virginia/medal of honor
24:00:09	24:39:01			Stanton to parrot 1 st medal of honor/Kenton, oh

get label pro

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251
2/2
2/2
2/2

242
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24:39:01	25:18:26	✓		19 of 22 soldiers given a medal of honor
25:18:27	26:15:21	✓		Failure of raid/confederates put up guards/passports/'great rr story'
26:15:22	28:47	X		Tunnel hill
28:48:00	29:39:11	✓		Captured/hung/George D. Wilson permission to say a few words
29:39:12	31:40:12	✓		George D. Wilson story/gov of ohio/reclaim body ring by son [1888] dies during reunion
31:40:13	32:55:26	✓		Knight stryker, oh/ gave speech/panorama
32:55:27	33:22:02	✓		Bennsiger medal of honor in mcomb
33:32:03	34:19:29	✓		Parrot medal of honor/design changed
34:35:01	36:06:07	✓		Fuller/post war speeches
36:06:08	37:37:06	✓		Fuller fired/wealthy/family
37:37:07	38:14:00	✓		Kurtz artist/illustrator/historian
38:14:01	38:22:08	✓		Fuller in realestate
38:22:09	39:33:18	✓		murphy
39:33:19	40:06:17	✓		Bracken, engineer on texas
40:52:25	41:34:12	✓		Reunion 1888 in Columbus, oh/south and north/brother
41:34:13	42:35:26	✓		General in Columbus/fuller to
42:35:27	43:24:22	✓		Fuller in ohio/relationship with slavens
43:24:23	43:44:22	✓		Fullers statement... 87 miles long
43:44:23	45:00:00	✓		Reunion/ohio memorial in chatnooga 1892
45:00:11	46:29:06	✓		Confusing elements/how many soldiers/civilians in raid and
46:29:07	48:38:25			answer received medal of honor/james smith
48:57:00	50:15:10			Pettingers book 1863/school teacher
50:15:11	50:46:00			Pettingers book
50:46:01	51:20:19			Animosity towards pittenger
51:20:19	51:52:17			Wilson's book
51:52:00	52:38:10			Wild train... best book... scissors
52:38:10	53:17:18			Western reseve/guys against pittenger
53:30:00	54:12:14			Dorsey account
54:12:14	54:50:02			Disney movie lies, parrot
54:50:03	55:29:02			Boxcars in movie not accurate/enjoys movie
56:12:00	57:34:00			Special Medal of honor/not all graves have them
	58:39			Mountains
	59:25			paths

London

AGENCY:	Visual Image Productions
CLIENT:	The Great Locomotive Chase: Andrews Raid Part 2
LENGTH:	28 minutes

Run Time Begin /Cue	Time Cue	Video	Description/Audio
.00	.12	THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE: Part II	Music???
.12	.45	Voice Over with Images	UF-TV Hancock Historical Museum Clyde-Findlay Area Credit Union Community Foundation The Archive Company
51	.05	VIP Intro	Dedicated to Colonel James G. Bogel & Mark Moats, Citizen Soldiers
	.12	Narrator <i>Cycloramacuttingwirepullingrail.jpeg</i>	Part one concluded with Andrews Raider's on the General racing north and Peter Bracken and his crew on the Texas not far behind giving chase. The raiders stopped three miles north of Calhoun, Georgia, to remove another rail and cut the telegraph line. Hearing the whistle of the Texas off in the distance, they abruptly stopped what they were doing and immediately ran to the General.
	38 .52	Begin with review of Interview w/ Col. Bogle [15.43.29 – 16.35.12] <i>map of Calhoun</i> <i>thetexas.jpeg</i> <i>Texasgoingbackwards.jpeg</i> <i>Whistle sound</i> <i>Pullingrail.tiff</i>	$\frac{17}{35} \\ \underline{52}$
		Narrator <i>Texasgoingbackwards.jpeg</i> <i>Genralin1962ish.jpeg</i> <i>Fullerphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Hendersonphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Leadbetter2.jpeg</i> <i>Map of Calhoun, GA</i>	$P_2 \\ \textcircled{3}$ Conductor Fuller ran the locomotive Texas in reverse to Calhoun in roughly twelve minutes, picking up Fleming Cox, Edward Henderson and Alonzo Martin. Fuller composed a telegraph message for Henderson to dispatch to General Danville Leadbetter in Chattanooga.
		Actor VO <i>Bigshanty.jpeg</i> <i>Chatanooga</i> <i>Bridges over river video</i>	"My train was captured this AM at Big Shanty, evidently by Federal Soldiers in disguise. They are making rapidly for Chattanooga, possibly with the idea of bringing the railroad bridges in their rear. If I do not capture them in the meantime, see that they do not pass Chattanooga."
		Narrator <i>Map of Resaca</i>	$P_3 \\ \textcircled{2}$ With the pursuers closing in behind them, Andrew's decided his best alternative was to burn two of his

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			three boxcars on the track at Resaca to ignite the Oostaula River bridge
		Interview with Col. Bogle [16.36.02 – 16.59.10] <i>makingfireinboxcar.tiff</i> <i>Map of Resaca</i> <i>ResacaVideo</i> <i>oostenlaulabridge.tiff</i>	Burning of boxcar #1
		Interview with Col. Bogle [16.59.28-17.42.07] <i>cycloburninglastboxcaronbridge.jpeg</i> <i>Brackenphoto1.jpeg</i> <i>Fullerphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Murphyphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Texasgoingbackwards.jpeg</i>	Burning of boxcar #2 Moving northbound on Texas
		NARRATOR <i>Map of tilton.jpeg</i> <i>Green's Wood station? [video of Resaca?]</i> <i>cut the telegraph wire</i> <i>Andrewsphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Hendersonphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Texas and the General</i> <i>Generalphoto</i> <i>Map of Ringgold, GA</i> <i>Cycloramamap.jpeg</i> <i>Tunnel hill</i>	Nearing Tilton, the raiders stopped at Green's Wood station to gather wood and water to refuel the engine to make the uphill run to Ringgold. Again, the men cut the telegraph wire just as Henderson tapped it in; but only part of the message got through. As the Texas appeared in the distance, Andrews and the men quickly dashed to General without gathering sufficient wood and water.
		Interview with Col. Bogle [17.42.08-18.05.06] <i>map of Ringgold</i> <i>tunnelhill.jpeg</i> <i>texasattunnel.jpeg</i> <i>tunnelhill1864.jpeg</i>	Andrews decides to abandon railroad and take off. Men take off running towards woods
		Interview with Col. Bogle [18.05.07 – 18.37.15] <i>cyclogetoffthegeneral.jpeg</i> <i>cainphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Fullerphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Murphyphoto.jpeg</i>	Confederates give chase on foot
		NARRATOR <i>Soldiers in chains.jpeg</i> <i>swims jail</i> <i>Ledbetter2.jpeg</i>	Within a week the twenty Union soldiers were captured and taken to Chattanooga, Tennessee. They were questioned by General Ledbetter, who promptly put them "in the hole" for not disclosing their leader.
		Interview with Col. Bogle [18.37.16-19.42.27] <i>cycloramaescapefromprisonclimbing.jpeg</i> <i>cycloramacaptureofprisoners.jpeg</i>	Ends with 2 yanks getting caught saying they were from Fleming, KY.

	Interview with Col. Bogle [19.50.51-21.20.25] <i>andrewsphoto.jpeg</i> <i>Knoxville</i> <i>Court martial</i> <i>Execution of andrews in Atlanta.jpeg</i>	Finding the leader – Andrews tried as a spy Defecting engineer Only 7 tried and executed by hanging
	NARRATOR <i>W. Wilson</i>	<i>pc</i> Prior to their hanging in Atlanta, at the corner of Fair Street and South Park Avenue, George D. Wilson raised his hand to make a speech on behalf of his fellow soldiers.
	Interview with Col. Bogle [21.20.26 – 22.11.55] <i>Map of Chattanooga</i> <i>Map of Atlanta</i> <i>Hanging of 7 raiders.jpeg</i>	Andrews hung w/ other 7
	Interview with Col. Bogle [28.57.17-29.39.17] and Bob Van Dorn [18.54.24 – 19.45.00]	Comments on hanging
	NARRATOR	<i>pc</i> After the soldiers arrived in Atlanta on June 19, 1862, the <i>Southern Confederacy</i> newspaper reported,
	Actor VO	<i>“Yesterday afternoon seven more of the Engine thieves were hung near this city. They were a portion of twenty-four that arrived here in strings a few days ago. They are all Ohioans. We have not learned their names.”</i>
	Interview with Col. Bogle [22.11.56 – 23.13.03] <i>cyclorama escape from prison.jpeg</i> <i>Wood photo.jpeg</i> <i>Wilson phot2.jpeg</i>	Lost 8 of 22 men 14 men left in jail in Fulton county Atlanta 8 men escaped
	Interview w/ Bob Van Dorn [13.00 – 14.21.26] <i>Wilson photo.jpeg</i> <i>Woods photo.jpeg</i>	Escape adventure John Wilson and Mark Woods
	Interview with Col. Bogle [23.13.04 – 23.44.27] <i>photo of units</i> <i>City Point 1864.jpeg</i> <i>Washington D.C.</i>	Back to their units March 1863 exchange City point, VA Taken to Washington DC
	Interview w/ Bob Van Dorn [17.57.00 – 18.32.17] <i>parrot photo.jpeg</i>	Medal of honor Jacob Parrot beaten & didn't talk
	Interview with Col. Bogle [23.44.28 – 24.36.02] <i>Stanton good.jpeg</i> <i>color medal of honor.jpeg</i> <i>Parrot photo.jpeg</i> <i>Parrots meal of honor</i>	1 st Medal of honor

	<p>Narrator <i>colormedalof honr.jpeg</i> <i>Stanton.jpeg</i></p>	f9	For their efforts, the United States Secretary of War Stanton awarded the men the first Congressional Medal of Honor on March 25, 1863...
	<p>Actor VO</p>		“... for being a participant in a raid with twenty-two other men by direction of General Mitchell, in which they penetrated some two hundred miles into the enemy’s territory and captured a railroad train at Big Shanty, Georgia...in an attempt to destroy the bridges and railroad track between Chattanooga and Atlanta.”
	<p>Interview with Col. Bogle [24.40.01 – 26.15.23] [32.56.00-34.19.19] medal of honor Jacob parrot shots in museum 1st one in D.C.</p>		Soldiers Die out 19 given the medal of honor ends with “great railroad story”
	<p>Narrator <i>JudgeHolt.jpeg</i> <i>color medal of honr.jpeg</i> <i>Pittengerphoto.jpeg</i> <i>book cover Daring and Suffering, a History of the Great Railroad Adventure Pittengerphoot.jpeg</i> <i>Photo of book</i></p>	89/3	Although the Great Locomotive Chase had ended, the Civil War raged on. All of the survivors remained in service in 1863, except William Pittenger, who had prepared his first book about the raid entitled, “Daring and Suffering, a History of the Great Railroad Adventure.” Although the first official account of the raid was given to Judge Advocate Joseph Holt, in October 1863, Pittenger’s version was in circulation, and its participants were becoming well-known.
	<p>Bob Van Dorn Tape [42.43.00-42.59.00]</p>	1777	
	<p>Narrator</p>		When the war ended, Jonas Drury was sent to Atlanta in the Spring of 1866 to recover the remains of the executed civilian and soldiers.
	<p>Interview w/ Col Bogle [29.57.00 – 31.33.26] <i>wilsonphoto2.jpeg</i> <i>shot of grave(s)</i></p>		Remove men from grave George D. Wilson ring story and Son
	<p>Jonas Drury</p>	78	After completing his detail he reported to Capt. Wainwright: <i>They were all buried in coffins and in one hole six lay side by side the seventh lay across at their feet. The place of burial is about twelve rods from where they were executed. The spot selected for their internment is now the bed of a small creek, but probably when buried, the place was dry. In taking them up I first took the body buried on the right and marked the new coffin in which I deposited the body No. 1, the second No. 2, and so on to No. 7.</i>

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		Narrator <i>Various shots of Chattanooga National Cemetery and memorial</i>	December 1863, a cemetery was established in Chattanooga as a result of the 12,000 casualties from the battles at Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Andrews and 7 of his executed men were later moved to the cemetery after Congress designated it a National Cemetery in 1867. During a reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in Columbus, OH, ten of the raiders and William Fuller gathered for the first time to reminisce about that day in April.
2.88		Interview w/ Col Bogle [40.56.23- 43.44.17] <i>Grand Damn Reunion Columbus OH John Reed Porter.jpeg (brother was newspaper editor and a state legislator in Ohio) Western and Atlantic RR Brown.jpeg General to Ohio Fuller.jpeg Slavens.jpeg</i>	Grand Dame 1888 Reunion Ends Fuller statement "story is 87 miles long"
		Narrator	The success of the reunion <u>caused</u> the State of Ohio to dedicate a large bronze monument of the General on May 31, 1891, in memory of the Great Locomotive Chase.
1.03		Interview w/ Col Bogle [44.47.00 - 44.57.03] Ohio legislative Photos of memorial	Reunion leads to Ohio Memorial to Raiders at Chattanooga Cemetery.
		Narrator Various shots of raid members	After the war all of the participants in the Great Locomotive Chase began to adjust to civilian life in the North and South . Some became successful, others were not so fortunate, but the stories of their actions on that fateful day would change their lives. It wasn't until May 1950 that the Georgia assembly recognized the actions of Fuller and his men, presenting their ancestors with a special minted gold medal.
		Interview w/ Col Bogle [34.35.00- 37.14.04] Fuller Fuller medal.jpeg	Fuller post-civil war
		Interview w/ Col Bogle [38.24-38.51.15] Murphy	Anthony Murphy post civil war
		Interview w/ Col Bogle [39.37.19- 40.05.20] Bracken	Peter Bracken post civil war

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Narrator

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00.54.07	Interview w/ Col Bogle [32.01.00- 32.55.07] knight <i>cycloramamenonbluff.jpeg</i> <i>cycloramamap.jpeg</i> <i>cyclocrossingtennesseerivertomarietta.jpeg</i> <i>cycloramamenonbluffesaped.jpeg</i>	William Knight gives speeches with Panorama OHS Interview w/ Bob Van Dorn???? 35.54.00 – 36.38.10
	Narrator	<i>P 13</i> As Knight attended his speaking engagements, and Pittenger enjoyed the success of his books, the other Raiders began to feel animosity towards Pittenger..
	Interview w/ Col. Bogle [48.57.20 – 51.21.27]	Pittenger writes books
	Interview w/ Col. Bogle [51.22.00 – 51.48.19] <i>Wilson.jpeg</i>	Adventures of Alf Wilson escape
	Interview w/ Bob Van Dorn [21.43.30-23.13.09]	Grand Army Post Life after the war Alf Wilson bitter and admonishes the south for treatment
	Interview w/ Col. Bogle [51.49.00 – 53.33.00] WildTrain (beginning shot of books) Dorseyphot.jpeg	Over the years Charles O'Neil - Wild Train Dorsey papers ends with "Book form..."
	Interview w/ Bob Van Dorn [11.18.45 – 11.58.21] [12.04.55 – 12.50.02]	Most balanced book by John Alf Wilson Differences in accounts of raid Animosity after they were capture
	NARRATOR	<i>P 14</i> Of course, a good story, or in this case a movie, is never without its controversy, even Walt Disney.
	Interview with Col. Bogle [54.18.35-55.21.19]	Disney Controversy Pittenger gets first medal of honor Third boxcar
	Narrator <i>Show (reunion) photo</i> [Standing L-R: Bensinger, Dorsey, Wilson. Sitting L-R Knight, Pittenger, Parrot, and Porter] <i>Photo of the General in crowd</i>	<i>P 15</i> As the years passed on, the men involved in the Great Locomotive Chase would meet at reunions to observe that fateful day of April 14, 1862, until the last veteran departed. One hundred years later, on April 14, 1962, the <i>General</i> again was stopped, but this time it did not run out of steam. For its Centennial the <i>General</i> once again made the run over the same famous route as 10,000 people were on hand to greet it in Ringgold, Georgia.
	Bob Van Dorn Tape [photo 43.19.15 - 43.47.16] <i>Raiders survivors Reunion photo of 1888</i>	
	Narrator	<i>P 16</i> This is a story of courage in the face of insurmountable odds. That on the 28 th day of April 1862, two parties of men would alter the course of history and become legendary in their own right.
	Interview with Col. Bogle 56.19.00-57.29.20	Medal of honor recipients markers missing from a few

Photo of Parrot Shot of medal of honor	Jacob Parrot was captured near Ringgold and exchanged on June 26, 1863. He was awarded the first Medal of Honor and died in Kenton, OH, December 8, 1902.
Photo of John Morehead Scott	John Morehead Scott was captured near Lookout Mountain on April 19, 1862. He was hung in Atlanta on June 18, 1862. He was awarded the Medal of Honor on August 4, 1866. He is buried at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga.
Photo of Robert Buffman	Robert Buffman was captured and sent to Knoxville, TN and exchanged in Virginia on March 17, 1863. He was awarded the Medal of Honor on March 25, 1863. He committed suicide July 20, 1871, in Auburn, NY.
Photo of William Bensinger Bob van Dorn tape Medal of Honor [38.37.09- 39.00.00] Sword [41.20.0941.39.00]	William Bensinger was captured April 13, 1862 near Ringgold. He escaped jail only to be recaptured on October 17, 1862. He was later exchanged on June 21, 1863. He was awarded the Medal of Honor on March 25, 1863. He is buried at McComb, OH.
Photo of Daniel Allen Dorsey (?)	Daniel Allen Dorsey was captured near Ringgold on April 13, 1862. He escaped jail in Atlanta on October 16, 1862 and rejoined Union lines November 18, 1862 in Kentucky. Awarded the Medal of Honor September 15, 1863. Died May 10, 1918, Veterans Administration Hospital, Wadsworth, Kansas.
Photo of Samuel Llewellyn	12 3 Samuel Llewellyn was captured and enlisted in a Confederate unit at Jasper, TN, then escaped to Union lines in Alabama and later wounded in the chin at the Battle of Chickamauga. Died August 14, 1915, Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Home, Sandusky, Ohio. Buried in Coalton, Ohio. He was awarded the Medal of Honor March 25, 1863.
Photo of Elihu Mason	Elihu Mason was captured at Bridgeport, Alabama and escaped from Fulton County Jail in Atlanta. He was later exchanged then captured again after the battle of Chickamauga. He was paroled December 13, 1864. He was awarded the Medal of Honor March 25, 1863. Died September 24, 1896, at his home, in Pemberville, Ohio.
Photo of Campbell	William Campbell was captured and hanged June 18, 1862 in Atlanta. He was a civilian and was not eligible for the Medal of Honor. He is buried at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga.
Photo of Pittenger	12 1 William Pittenger was captured near Lafayette, Georgia on April 15, 1862. He was exchanged June 26, 1863. He was awarded the Medal of Honor on March 25, 1863. Died on April 24th 1904, in

- Photo of John Reed Porter
Bob Van Dorn Tape
[45.17.14]
McComb Monument
[45.45.05-46.18.00]
- Photo of William Henry Harrison
Reddick
- Photo of Samuel Robertson
- Photo of Marion A. Ross
- Photo of Mark Wood
- Photo of Samuel Slavens
- Photo of Ovid Wellford Smith
- Photo of Wilson
- Photo of Wollam
- Fallbrook, California.
- John Reed Porter was captured on April 14, 1862 and escaped from the Fulton County Jail. He rejoined the Union lines in Mississippi only to be recaptured and then escaped his captures in Augusta, GA. He was awarded the Medal of Honor September 1863. He is buried at McComb, OH.
- William Henry Harrison Reddick was detained near Ringgold on April 12, 1862. He was paroled March 17, 1863. He was awarded the Medal of Honor on March 25, 1863. He died November 8, 1903 near Letts, Iowa.
- Samuel Robertson was captured in Knoxville, TN, and hanged on June 18, 1862 in Atlanta, GA. He was decorated with the Medal of Honor on September 1863. His remains are at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga.
- Marion A. Ross was captured in Knoxville and hanged June 18, 1862 in Atlanta, GA. He was awarded the medal of Honor September 1863. He is buried at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga.
- Mark Wood was captured near Bridgeport, Alabama. He escaped the Fulton County Jail on October 16, 1862. He was later a POW in the battle of Chickamauga in 1863 and paroled September 29 1863. He was awarded the medal of Honor September 29, 1863. He was the first Raider to die after the War, on July 11, 1866, in Toledo, Ohio.
- Samuel Slavens was captured and hanged June 18, 1862 in Atlanta GA. The Medal of Honor was delivered to his wife Rachel on July 28, 1883. He is buried at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga.
- Ovid Wellford Smith, also known as James Smith. He was 17 years of age during the Raid. He was never captured and discharged October 10, 1864. He was awarded the Medal of Honor July 6, 1864. He died of pneumonia January 28, 1868, in Columbus, Ohio.
- John Alfred Wilson was captured near Stevenson Alabama. He escaped from the Fulton county Jail and picked up by a Union gunboat in the Gulf of Mexico on Nov 10, 1862. He died March 18, 1904, in Perrysburg, Ohio and was awarded the medal of Honor September 1863.
- John Wollam was captured April 1862 and escaped Swims Jail in Chattanooga, TN. He was recaptured and taken to Fulton county Jail where he escaped again reaching Union lines near Corinth, Mississippi on November 18, 1862. He was awarded the medal

- of Honor July 20, 1864. Died Sept. 25, 1890, in Topeka, Kan. Buried in Jackson, Ohio.
- Photo of Brown Wilson Brown was captured near Bridgeport, AL and jailed in Chattanooga and Atlanta. He escaped Fulton county Jail and reported to Federal Troops in Somerset Kentucky on November 25, 1862. He was awarded the Medal of Honor September 17 1863. Died December 25, 1916, in Toledo, Ohio.
- Photo of Shadrach Philip Gephart Shadrach was captured and hanged in Atlanta on June 18, 1862. Received no Medal of Honor. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.
- Photo of Wilson George Wilson was captured and hanged in Atlanta on June 18, 1862. He did not receive the Medal of Honor. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.
- Photo of Hawkins *P10* Martin Jones Hawkins was captured near Dalton, Georgia, on April 13, 1862. He was exchanged June 26, 1863. He was awarded the medal of Honor September 1863. Died February 7, 1886, Quincy, Illinois.
- Photo of Bond *P11* Jackson Bond was a foreman on the Western & Atlantic railroad on the morning when the Raiders passed through. Worked for the W&A for 36 years. He was honored with the Fuller Medal in 1950.
- Photo of Cain *P12* E. Jefferson Cain Engineer on the General when it was stolen and gave chase with Fuller and Murphy as far as Kingston GA. He was honored with the Fuller Medal in 1950. Died of consumption February 10, 1897 in Atlanta, Georgia.
- Photo of Cox *P13* Fleming A Cox was on leave aboard the Catoosa and joined the chase at Calhoun GA. He was honored with the Fuller Medal in 1950. Died August 21, 1914, buried at the Jefferson Davis Shrine in Biloxi, Mississippi.
- Photo of Haney Henry P Haney was the Fireman on the Texas with Peter Bracken. He was 15 years old. Listed as receiving the Fuller medal in 1950. Died November 19, 1923, in Atlanta.
- Photo of Bracken Peter James Bracken was the engineer on the Texas during the chase. He is listed as receiving the Fuller medal of 1950. Died May 26, 1909, Macon, Georgia.
- Photo of Fuller *P14* William Allen Fuller was a Captain in the Independent State Railroad Guards. Received special ~~the~~ Georgia gold medal Feb 17, 1950 and presented to his son William Alford Fuller, May 15 1950. Died December 28, 1905, Atlanta, GA. *the it*
- Photo of Martin *was* Alonzo Martin served as wood passer on the Texas

during the chase. Listed as receiving the Fuller medal in 1950. Buried Martin Plot, West Point, GA

Photo of Harbin

Oliver Wiley Harbin was the engineer of the William R. Smith, with conductor Cicero Smith, fireman William Kirknodle and brakeman Joe Lasiter, a free black. Listed with others for the Fuller Medal of 1950. Died in Atlanta November 29, 1910.

Photo of Stokley

Stephen H. Stokley lived in Acworth when the General came through during the raid and was involved during the pursuit. Received the Fuller Medal of 1950. Died February 19, 1890, Crawford, GA.

Photo of Henderson

Edward Henderson was a telegraph messenger in Dalton then Atlanta, GA. Picked up by Fuller during the chase to send a message to Gen. Ledbetter. Died November 7, 1894, Smithville, GA.

Photo of Smith

N. White Smith was sent by horseback to Allatoona to cut off the General only to find the Yonah was given up for the William R. Smith, which ended his involvement.

Photo of Murphy

Anthony Murphy was the foreman on the western and Atlantic railroad during the raid. Listed with others for the Fuller Medal of 1950. Died in Atlanta December 28, 1909.

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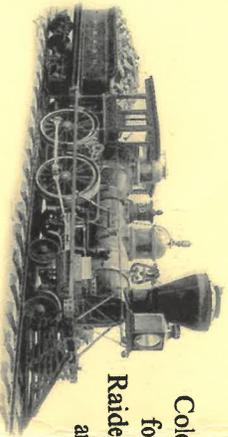
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Subject: RE: Panorama by William Knight

Date: Thu, 17 Oct 2002 17:14:34 -0400

From: Leslie Floyd <lfloyd@ohiohistory.org>

To: 'AJ Du Fresne' <ajd@thearchivecompany.com>

CC: Mike Harsh <mharsh@ohiohistory.org>, Russ Arledge <rarledge@ohiohistory.org>, Vernon Will <vwill@ohiohistory.org>

Hi:

I need to check this out with other individuals here at the Society. Currently, the panorama is not able to be photographed or filmed due to its fragile nature and its enormous size. In the past there have been digital images made of it and some folks might have transparencies but that will need to be checked out. If I can locate these, would that do?

It is also customary for individuals requesting the use of our collections for publication to provide us with a written "scope of work." In making the decision to allow the use of the objects or images in the Society's care, it is important that the Society be assured that any product that might be associated with its name to be of the highest accuracy and best quality. The scope of work should include the information such as who the producers are, who is doing the filming, what is the intended use and/or audience, what is the scope of the story, who are the authors/historians involved, is this to be sold for profit or used for exhibit in a museum, etc.

All associated costs such as reproduction fees, use fees, set up fees, etc. would be required to be paid by the requestor. Also, permission would be given for a one-time only use for that specific request, any additional use would require additional fees and permission requests. Those costs would depend upon what you need and what we can do, if anything.

Please feel free to send the project report to me at the address below. I prefer it in snail-mail so that I may have a permanent copy with your company letterhead for our files. I don't mind doing e-mail for other correspondence however.

I am copying this to my supervisor, Michael Harsh, Interim Chief of the Collections/Curatorial Division, Russ Arledge, Supervisor of Collection Managers (who oversees the object) and Vernon Will, Head of the Rights and Reproductions Department of the Society.

Sincerely,

Leslie Ann Floyd, Registrar
Office of the Registrar
Ohio Historical Society
1982 Velma Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43211-2411
614-297-2206 or lfloyd@ohiohistory.org

Handwritten signature: AJ Du Fresne

-----Original Message-----

From: AJ Du Fresne [mailto:ajd@thearchivecompany.com]

Sent: Thursday, October 17, 2002 1:02 PM

To: Leslie Floyd

Subject: Panorama by William Knight

I am interested in filming for a documentary on

the great Locomotive Chase a panorama by William Knight of the Andrews Raiders that is in your collections. Museum collection item, # H52109.

What is the process in which to obtain permission to film this, etc?

Thank you,

AJ Du Fresne
Visual Image Productions
419.306.9755 c

OILER PRODUCTIONS TAPE LOG

Page: 1 of 2

Tape: _____

Date: Studio/DU

Production: Andrews Raid / Bot ^{Way} Down

TC-IN	TC-OUT	SCENE	TAKE	COMMENTS
0:04 5:00	25:26 18:00	(2)	✓	21st OVF Disorganized under Norton
2:11.00 2:57.18	2:32.04 3:21.00	(3)	✓	New Recruits 21st, 2nd, 33rd ^{most} 1862
2:36 3:24.02	3:06.08 3:53.09	(4)	✓	Moving to Shelbyville, KY - Battle ^{season}
3:12.00 3:57.14 3:57.10	3:40.04 4:22.13	(5)	✓	Grant Victorious west Purpose of Troops in Theater
4:00.05 4:22.11	3:54.11 4:40.21	(6)	✓	Battle of Shiloh
4:06.02 4:44.00	4:30.55 5:17.14	(7)	✓	Atlanta western Theater / important rail ^{line} not
5:40.44 6:27.00	6:17.15 7:01.18	(8)	✓	Control of Mitchells near on Knoxville to WARR ^{& unsuccessful Dryden}
7:08.00	7:23.17		✓	Andrews Discussed plan w/ Mitchell ^{Brace}
7:46.06	8:14.13			Mitchell & Andrews meet discuss plans
8:35.00	8:47.19			Coordinate events / Andrews take
9:09 9:06.04	9:20.29			Mitchell push ^{not a} ^{coordination} ^{on} ^{Shelbyville}
9:03 9:54.00	9:13.01 10:00.00			Mitchell captures ^{Shelbyville}
9:35.07 10:22.07	9:57.01 10:39.23			If Andrews is successful
10:56 10:53 11:51.01	11:19.13 11:51.02			After battle of Shiloh ^{heavy} ^{train} ^{colli}
11:59.00 12:49.18	12:39.05 13:10.09	(X)		Brown Knight to Wilson experience ^{loco}
				Failure of Andrews & disunion ^{between} ¹⁰ ^{nights} ^{Andrews}
13:09.00	13:23.17			Andrews / mining spikes
14:03.03	14:26.09			John Wilson took

~~14:21.01~~

OILER PRODUCTIONS TAPE LOG

Page: 2 of 2

Tape: _____

Date: _____

Production: _____

TC-IN	TC-OUT	SCENE	TAKE	COMMENTS
142601	14: 45:17			discrepancies in food
15:14:00	15:32.25			Auleus civilian / Soldier's action ^{George Wilson}
15:41:04	15:45.20			Amnesty after capture
16:23:00	16:49:22		✓	Escape John Wilson / woods
18:54:24	19:30:00		✓	"of the 7 men Speech at hanging by George Wilson
19:34:18	19:45.11		✓	Murdering soldiers and not spies
20:43:00	21:27:08			Jacob Parrot captured ^{1st medal at honor}
21:38:24	22:13:26			Medal of Honor / commissioners
22:52:27	22:47:00			Mark good, B7, receive
23:08:24	23:33:21			Admonishing Confed for treatment ^{of soldier}
24:38:00	24:54:59			Returning Soldiers
24:55:16	25:08:14			1888 Ramon
25:40:00	26:08:17			Alf Wilson bitter
26:52 27:49:08	28:18:04			Mitchell / Best Account ^{not good}
31:01:12	31:26:19			Best account of story
31:29:14	31:47:03			Mitchell WPINT / VITA
31:46:24	32:18:09			Alf Wilson on Mitchell ^{fair general}