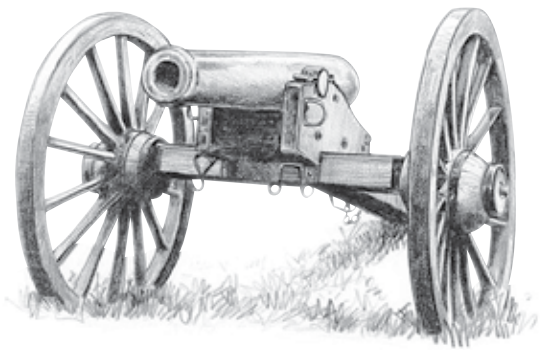


# SAVE HISTORIC

March 2011



P.O. Box 550 • Sharpsburg, MD 21782 • 301.432.2996 • [Contact@shaf.org](mailto:Contact@shaf.org) • [www.shaf.org](http://www.shaf.org)

First let me start off the New Year by thanking you for your kind donations to SHAF. It is gratifying to know that many of you share our respect and love for this very special place. On behalf of our board of directors, thank you. As we approach the sesquicentennial year of the battle we anticipate several big events, and we plan to step up to the plate with our help when an opportunity presents itself.

That thought leads me to another one. Earlier this week I posted a notice on my Facebook page, yes "like 500 million other people I have one" that I was pleased to take my first battlefield walk with our yellow Labrador Retriever in over a month. A friend at work saw it and asked quite innocently if I ever got tired of walking the same trails and places year after year. Of course I answered in the negative, but it did make me think. Why don't I get tired of it? Is it the varied settings, terrain, and vegetation? Or the ever-changing improvements performed by various NPS staff members and volunteers like us? Is it the full four seasons we experience so that it never really looks the same? Those are all good thoughts, and maybe that is part of the reason why I never tire of it. But I contend there is a more important aspect that constantly draws me to Antietam. So many times the terrain was so crucial to the action of the battle. It takes little imagination to walk the West Woods trail, see those rock outcroppings and the rugged ground and be able to picture a few grim-faced stalwart Confederates using this cover to stave off an advancing Union force. It takes little imagination to walk the heights on both sides of Burnside Bridge and put myself in the shoes of Union soldier valiantly striving to capture the bridge despite fire raining down from the west bank, or to visualize those few Confederates using the cover of trees and rocks while picking off their opponents as they approached the bridge. It takes little imagination to walk the Roulette farm fields and pretend you're in the Irish Brigade, moving in line formation up the hill towards the withering fire of the southerners using the Sunken Road as a bulwark of defense. It can all seem so real, so visceral, so omnipresent. Because Antietam is so well preserved, these scenarios, and dozens of others, can easily be imagined. No, I will never tire of walking these special places at Antietam, and I hope you feel the same way.

Tom Clemens  
President

## NEW LOGO MERCHANDISE IS HERE!

Merchandise  
(hats, shirts, etc)  
featuring  
our new logo are  
available visit  
[www.shaf.org](http://www.shaf.org) for  
more information.

## Our Mission

The mission of SHAF is the preservation and protection of historic sites within the Antietam valley that are related to the Battle of Antietam, the Maryland Campaign, or other Civil War activity in the region. We will accomplish our mission through public education, solicitation of funds, promotion of protective easements and advocacy.

SHAF was incorporated in 1986. It is chartered in Maryland as a non-profit corporation and is exempt from federal tax by Section 501 (c) of the Internal Revenue Code. Contributions are tax deductible.

# FORGOTTEN SACRIFICE:

## THE DEATHS OF COLONELS MARCELLUS DOUGLASS & WILLIAM B. GOODRICH AT ANTIETAM

by John David Hoptak

The sanguinary struggle that occurred on September 17, 1862, along the banks of the Antietam Creek and near the small western Maryland village of Sharpsburg ranks easily among the most consequential battles of the American Civil War. The retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia the following night signaled the end of the first Confederate invasion of Union soil. Most significantly, the Union victory at Antietam provided President Abraham Lincoln the opportunity to announce his intention to issue a proclamation of emancipation, which redefined the Federal war effort, allowed for the enlistment of nearly 200,000 African-American soldiers into Union blue, and went far in deterring Great Britain from recognizing the independence of the Confederate States of America. Yet for all of this, the battle of Antietam is still best remembered for its appalling casualties. With more than 23,100 soldiers killed, wounded, captured, or listed among the missing in action, Antietam remains the bloodiest single-day battle in American history.

Included among this grim and unimaginable toll were six general officers—three Union and three Confederate—who gave their lives on that bloody late summer day. With the loss of these men, the Army of the Potomac lost two reliable divisional commanders and one corps commander, while the Army of Northern Virginia lost three promising brigadier generals. Only one other Civil War battle—Franklin—equaled the number of generals who died at Antietam and only one—Gettysburg, where eleven generals fell—surpassed it. Standing in silent tribute today to the six generals who died at Antietam are Mortuary Cannon. Erected by the U.S. War Department in the 1890s, these Mortuary Cannon—a cannon barrel standing upright, with its muzzle facing downward, cemented into a block of stone—enable visitors to Antietam National Battlefield to identify the location where these men fell. However, while the loss in leadership was harsh enough with the

deaths of these six generals, there were also two other brigade commanders who also gave their last full measure of devotion at Antietam; two men nearly lost to history. For the Army of Northern Virginia, it was the youthful and brave Colonel Marcellus Douglass, who died after suffering no less than eight wounds during the first hour and a half of combat. On the Federal side, it was Colonel William Bingham Goodrich, who fell mortally wounded shortly after Douglass on the open fields immediately east of the West Woods.

Described by historian Robert Krick as a “small, fair-skinned man with light blue eyes and blonde curly hair,” Marcellus Douglass was born in Thomaston, Georgia, on October 5, 1830. An 1848 graduate of the University of Georgia, Douglass was a member of the Georgia Secession Convention and, with the outbreak of civil war, entered service as Captain of Company E, 13<sup>th</sup> Georgia Infantry. A short time later, Douglass was elected lieutenant colonel; in the winter of 1861, he advanced in rank once more and assumed command of the 13<sup>th</sup> upon the death of Colonel Walter Ector. Attached to Alexander Lawton’s brigade of Georgians, Colonel Douglass ably led his men during the Seven Days’ Battles near Richmond and at Second Manassas. It was during this latter fight that General Lawton assumed divisional command, replacing a seriously wounded Richard Ewell. Colonel Douglass, the brigade’s ranking officer, assumed Lawton’s place at the helm of the brigade, a command he still held three weeks later at Antietam.<sup>1</sup>

Douglass’s five regiments—the 13<sup>th</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup>, 31<sup>st</sup>, 38<sup>th</sup>, and 61<sup>st</sup> Georgia—totaled just 1,150 officers and men at Antietam. During the late afternoon and early evening of September 16, Douglass formed his brigade into position on the left flank of the Confederate army. His line extended east of and ran perpendicular to the

1 Robert K. Krick, *Lee’s Colonels: A Biographical Register of the Field Officers of the Army of Northern Virginia*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. (Dayton, Ohio: Morningside, 1991), 109.

Hagerstown Turnpike about 225 yards south of farmer David R. Miller's twenty-four acre cornfield. While his line extended roughly parallel with the southern edge of the cornfield, Douglass refused his brigade's right flank to face northeast, in the direction of the East Woods, a position already held by Union First Corps troops under General Truman Seymour. A gap of some seventy yards separated the right of Douglass's brigade and the left of Trimble's Brigade, under Colonel James A. Walker. Douglass's men formed on open ground and the position was thus not a particularly strong one; however, some of his Georgians were able to find protection behind low stone ledges while others piled up fence rails to form a makeshift breastwork. "Our brigade was stretched out in a very thin line," wrote I.G. Bradwell of the 31<sup>st</sup> Georgia, "with wide intervals between the regiments, so as to occupy as much space as possible."<sup>2</sup>

Shortly before dawn on the morning of September 17, Seymour's Pennsylvanians inaugurated the battle of Antietam by advancing from their position in the East Woods. After driving back the skirmishers of Douglass's 31<sup>st</sup> Georgia, Seymour's men became hotly engaged with Walker's men as well as the refused regiments on the right of Douglass's main battle line. The fighting grew spirited, the sharp crack of musketry now and then eclipsed with the thunderous din of artillery. Casualties among Walker's and Douglass's Confederates were heavy, owing to their exposed position, but they were able to keep Seymour's men largely at bay. However, more Federal troops were on their way. Advancing south to the right of Seymour came the First Corps division of General James Ricketts, with Abram Duryee's brigade leading the advance and the brigades of George Hartsuff and William Christian following closely behind. To Bradwell, the advance of Ricketts's bluecoats was a "wonderful sight."

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Carman, Ezra A. *The Maryland Campaign of September 1862: Ezra A. Carman's Definitive Study of the Union and Confederate Armies at Antietam*, edited by Joseph Pierro, (New York: Routledge, 2008), 216; I. Gordon Bradwell, *Under the South Cross: Soldier Life with Gordon Bradwell and the Army of Northern Virginia*, edited by Pharris Deloach Johnson, (Macon, Georgia: Mercer University Press, 1999), 89.

Seeing the massive Federal columns advance toward his line, Colonel Douglass made his way from regiment to regiment, "exhorting the men not to fire until the enemy reached the fence [at the southern edge of the cornfield]. . . to shoot low and make every bullet count."<sup>3</sup>

Duryee's 1,100 New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians advanced into the cornfield around 6:00 a.m. "On they came, crashing down the rank growth of corn," wrote Bradwell. Confederate artillery tore great holes in Duryee's lines, but they continued to advance until finally emerging on the southern edge of the cornfield and coming face-to-face with Douglass's main battle line. Like a curtain rising, the Georgians rose to their feet and delivered a devastating volley that staggered Duryee's ranks. For more than twenty minutes, the two sides traded volley for volley, shot for shot. It was during this time that Colonel Douglass received his first wounds, yet he remained on his feet, continuing to inspire his men. Mistakenly believing that Seymour had retreated on his right and having no support on his left, General Duryee ordered his New York and Pennsylvania soldiers to fall back. The encounter with Douglass's Georgians had cost Duryee dearly; he lost more than one-third his command during those twenty terrible minutes. Cheers erupted from the Confederate line, but the celebration proved short-lived. As I.G. Bradwell later recalled, Colonel Douglass "is badly wounded, many of his men killed or disabled, and his line very much weakened. Though wounded in several places and feeble from loss of blood, he still rushes from regiment to regiment exhorting the men to hold their position, to shoot low, and make every cartridge count, for he knew that this was only the beginning of the struggle." Indeed it was, as more waves of Union troops advanced south through the corn.<sup>4</sup>

Taking Duryee's place in the cornfield were the soldiers of Hartsuff's, Gibbon's, and Phelps's Federal brigades. Douglass called upon Harry Hays and his Louisiana Tigers for support. Hays led his hard-fighting veterans directly into Hartsuff's charging troops to the right of Douglass's line while what was left of Douglass's

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3 Bradwell, *Under the Southern Cross*, 90.

4 Ibid.

Georgians contended the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin of Gibbon's Iron Brigade as well as elements of Phelps's New Yorkers. The fighting intensified to its most terrible point yet. Hays's attack broke down, the brigade losing 323 of the 550 men it brought into action. Hartsuff's Federal regiments were shot to pieces, particularly the 12<sup>th</sup> Massachusetts, which counted 225 casualties out of 325 men engaged. Meanwhile, Douglass's line was collapsing under the pressure. The intrepid Colonel Douglass, leading from the front, suffered several more wounds "but he managed to keep on foot to encourage his men," wrote Bradwell, "and in spite of his wounds and the entreaties of his men, he insists on remaining with them."<sup>5</sup>

There were, however, few men left for Douglass to rally. With Hays's men falling back to their right and with John Bell Hood's division advancing from the south to take their place at the front, what was left of Douglass's Brigade retreated. Slowly making his way rearward, the indefatigable Douglass turned to see the colors of his original unit, the 13<sup>th</sup> Georgia, lying on the ground. Fearing the tattered colors would fall into enemy hands, Douglass called on a passing soldier to retrieve them. The soldier, inspired by Douglass's call, "dashed down in the face of the enemy, and snatched up the flag. . .and bore it away safely. . ." Moments after seeing his flag saved, Douglass was shot for the eighth and final time. He fell into the arms of several of his men, who attempted to carry him off the field. But the thirty-year-old Georgian knew death was imminent. With his dying gasps, he begged to die with his men on the field of battle. Then, as the smoke and confusion of battle swirled around him, Douglass fell dead to the ground.<sup>6</sup>

Casualties in Douglass's Brigade neared fifty percent, with 554 of the 1,150 either killed, wounded, or listed among the missing. Included among this loss were five of the six regimental commanders and, of course, the brigade commander, Colonel Marcellus Douglass. His loss was particularly felt. I.G. Bradwell declared that "No braver man ever lived or one better

qualified to command," while General Jubal Early, who took the wounded Alexander Lawton's place in divisional command, wrote that "In the death of Colonel Douglass, the country sustained a serious loss. He was talented, courageous and devoted to his duty." The remains of Marcellus Douglass were later sent to his hometown of Cuthbert, Georgia, for burial.<sup>7</sup>

As Marcellus Douglass drew his final breaths, several hundred yards to the north Colonel William Bingham Goodrich was leading his Federal Twelfth Corps soldiers into the fray. Goodrich was ten years older than Douglass and, unlike the young Georgian, he had some pre-Civil War military experience, serving as regimental adjutant of the Missouri Battalion of Volunteer Infantry during the Mexican-American War. Born on December 1, 1821, in the small town of Wilna, Jefferson County, New York, Goodrich was a graduate of the Wesleyan Seminary. After a brief stint as a schoolteacher, Goodrich traveled west in search of greater fortunes. He settled first in Wisconsin, then St. Louis and finally in California. However, when the promises of the Gold Rush failed to materialize, Goodrich returned to his native New York, studied law and opened a successful practice in St. Lawrence County. In 1856, Goodrich, along with Seth Pierre Remington—father of the famous artist Frederic Remington—founded the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer*. Using the newspaper to champion his beliefs, Goodrich wrote of the evils of slavery and advocated the tenets of the newly formed Republican Party. Abandoning the newspaper in 1858, Goodrich focused on his law practice until the outbreak of civil war in 1861.<sup>8</sup>

Goodrich first served a captain in the 33<sup>rd</sup> New York State Militia before raising what ultimately became Company A, 60<sup>th</sup> New York Infantry. On September 10, the company departed St. Lawrence County for the seat

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7 I.G. Bradwell, "From Cedar Mountain to Sharpsburg," in *Confederate Veteran*, Vol. 30, No. 8 (August 1921), 298; *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, Series I, Vol. 19, Part 1, Early's Report; Krick, 109.

8 *The American Nation: Lives of her Fallen and Living Brave Heroes*. New York: Thomas Farrell and Son, n.d. (413-414); Richard Eddy, *History of the Sixtieth Regiment, New York State Volunteers* (Philadelphia: Richard Eddy, 1864), 179-181.

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5 Carman, 218-224; Bradwell, *Under the Southern Cross*, 90.

6 I.G. Bradwell, "Bravery and Cowardice in Battle," in *Confederate Veteran*, Vol. 32, No. 4 (April 1924), 133.

of war. Accepting a silk American flag presented by the grateful citizens of Canton, Captain Goodrich declared that his “social position and pecuniary circumstances are such that I could stay at home and enjoy the society of my family, who are dearer than life to me, as well as most people can.” However, in justifying his decision to enlist the thirty-nine-year-old explained that it was “a duty I owe my country, to surrender up my life, if need be, in her defense.” Just over one year later, William Goodrich did just that, falling dead at Antietam.<sup>9</sup>

By September 1862, Goodrich had advanced to the rank of colonel and on the eve of the battle of Antietam, assumed command of the Third Brigade, in General George Greene’s Twelfth Corps division. A consuming premonition that he would not survive the battle overwhelmed the newly designated brigade commander late on the night of September 16. He sought out his good friend, Sergeant Lester Willson of the 60<sup>th</sup> New York, and told him that in the event of his death, he wished his body be sent home and buried, but only if his remains were still recognizable. He handed Willson a note with his wife’s name and address and instructed him to telegraph her should he fall.<sup>10</sup>

Colonel Goodrich and his men were awake well before dawn on that fateful Wednesday morning. The troops started fires and tried to cook up some breakfast, but before they were able to do so, orders arrived to advance. Moving in mass by columns of battalions, the Federal Twelfth Corps marched south from their campsites and to the support of Joe Hooker’s beleaguered First Corps. General Alpheus Williams’s First Division led the way, followed by Greene’s three brigades. By the time the Twelfth Corps reached the front, Hooker’s men were being heavily pressed and in desperate need of support. The right flank of the First Corps, west of the Hagerstown Turnpike was in serious danger. General John Gibbon pleaded for reinforcements. Alpheus Williams, who had assumed command of the Twelfth Corps after General Mansfield was struck down, answered by detaching

Goodrich’s brigade from Greene’s division, which was at this point still in column formation a little bit south and east of the Joseph Poffenberger farm. Williams instructed Goodrich to advance westward, cross the Hagerstown Turnpike, and report to Gibbon or to any general officer he can find.<sup>11</sup>

Colonel Goodrich turned his command to the right and advanced southwesterly just to the north of the Cornfield. To their front, Williams’s brigades under Gordon and Crawford were deployed into lines of battle stretching roughly from the Hagerstown Turnpike on their right to the East Woods on their left. At the same time, George Greene was forming his two remaining brigades under Tyndale and Stainrook further to the east and connecting to the left of Williams’s line. “We marched on in silence,” recorded Donald Brown of the 60<sup>th</sup> New York Infantry, “The country was open and almost level and the burning sun poured down on the dead and dying.” As Goodrich’s men passed behind Williams’s troops on the front line, said Brown, “shot and shell” came “cracking through our ranks.”<sup>12</sup>

Around 7:00 a.m., as Goodrich led his columns across the Hagerstown Pike near the home of farmer David Miller, the Purnell Legion was detached and sent to the immediate support of the 124<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania of Crawford’s brigade, which was then advancing south along the turnpike and through the rows of corn. The removal of this regiment left Goodrich with only the 3<sup>rd</sup> Delaware, and the 60<sup>th</sup> and 78<sup>th</sup> New York, roughly 600 men total. By the time Goodrich and his remaining three regiments arrived on the open ground immediately to the west of the turnpike, General Gibbon was nowhere to be found but the new Twelfth Corps brigadier happened upon General Marsena Patrick, whose New York regiments were at that time replenishing their cartridge boxes and boiling up some coffee. For the moment, the Confederate threat had largely subsided. Patrick briefed Goodrich on the situation, described the terrain to his front, and urged him to be careful. Goodrich then deployed his regiments into a line of battle, sending out skirmishers toward the

9 *The American Nation: Lives of her Fallen and Living Brave Heroes*. New York: Thomas Farrell and Son, n.d. (413-414)

10 *Ibid*; North Country, New York: [www.northcountryny.com/william\\_bingham\\_goodrich.htm](http://www.northcountryny.com/william_bingham_goodrich.htm)

11 Carman, 248-249, 251.

12 Donald Brown newspaper article found online at [www.northcountryny.com/william\\_bingham\\_goodrich.htm](http://www.northcountryny.com/william_bingham_goodrich.htm)

West Woods. Goodrich then led his brigade forward, with three of Patrick's regiments advancing closely behind as support.<sup>13</sup>

Goodrich's men soon came under a heavy fire from soldiers of Jubal Early's brigade as well as remnants of the Stonewall Division under the command of Colonel Andrew Jackson Grigsby. As the fighting escalated, Goodrich was everywhere along his line on battle, urging his men onward. Donald Brown remembered seeing Goodrich about fifty yards behind the battle line, "Calm and brave he was, giving his commands, 'Steady! Shoot low.'" Moments later, as Brown neared the line of tree, he turned once more only to see Goodrich collapse to the ground. "[O]ur colonel put his left hand to his heart," said Brown, "so ended the life of a good soldier."<sup>14</sup>

The bullet that would ultimately end Goodrich's life entered the colonel's chest then traveled down behind his stomach, severing an artery. Because of the trajectory of this fatal shot, many believed that Goodrich was the victim of a sharpshooter, perched in a treetop in the West Woods. Sergeant Lester Willson was near Goodrich when he fell. He rushed over only to find the colonel spread out on the ground, bleeding profusely. As Willson propped up the stricken officer, Goodrich exclaimed, "My God! I am hit," before sinking into unconsciousness. Willson and several others carried Goodrich to a barn in the rear.<sup>15</sup>

To Sergeant Willson, who remained by the side of his dying friend, it was evident that Goodrich's premonition of the night before would eventuate. At one point, the colonel briefly regained consciousness. A smile crept across Goodrich's face when he recognized Willson. He called out for his wife and his eight-year-old daughter, Stella. He again told Willson that he wanted to be buried in his hometown and then asked about his troops. Finally, Goodrich muttered his last words, "I have always tried to do my duty."<sup>16</sup>

Loyal to the end, Lester Willson accompanied the remains of William Goodrich back to Canton, New

York. The local newspaper lamented the death of one of the community's finest citizens. "As a citizen he was upright in all his dealings, kind and conciliating in all his intercourse with his fellow citizens, and respected and honored by all, and his death is deeply deplored, not only by his bereaved family, but by all who knew and appreciated his worth, and few who have fallen in defense of their country will be more sincerely mourned, for in him Canton has lost a good citizen, and our Army a noble and brave officer." In closing, the paper reported, "Thus has passed to his final resting place the good citizen, the faithful friend, the true hero, dying the most glorious death vouchsafed to man and sealing in his life's blood his devotion to his country. With thousands of others he has laid his life on the altar of freedom, leaving behind him the proud record of duty fulfilled and to his fellow citizens a bright example of pure, unsullied patriotism."<sup>17</sup>

William Goodrich was laid to rest on Saturday, September 20, 1862. Hundreds turned out to pay their final respects as the funeral procession made its way through the streets of Canton. Behind the hearse, which was draped with a large American flag, walked Goodrich's horse, the colonel's boots secured in the stirrups. Because there was no cemetery in Canton, Goodrich was buried in the backyard of his home on Judson Street. Forty years later, in May 1901, the bodies of Colonel Goodrich and his wife Elvira were reinterred in Brooklyn's Green Wood Cemetery where they continue to share the eternal rest.<sup>18</sup>

Colonel Marcellus Douglass and Colonel William Bingham Goodrich are two men whose service and sacrifice are nearly lost to history. Both gave their last full measure of devotion within the same hour on that same terrible Wednesday morning in mid-September 1862 and within several hundred yards of one another. The bullets that claimed their lives cut short what may have proved to be promising careers. And although they were brigade commanders, Douglass and Goodrich were shot down and killed before they were able to realize promotion to general. Thus, no mortuary cannon on the Antietam Battlefield today mark the locations where they fell.

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13 Carman, 249.

14 North Country, New York: [www.northcountryny.com/william\\_bingham\\_goodrich.htm](http://www.northcountryny.com/william_bingham_goodrich.htm)

15 Ibid.

16 Ibid.

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17 Ibid.

18 Ibid.

# SHAF MEMBER PROFILE: LARRY FREIHEIT

Currently a resident of Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, Larry Freiheit is a native of New England, having been born and raised in Manchester, Connecticut, a suburb of Hartford. He was a U.S. Marine from 1962 to 1966, serving in Vietnam for ten months before his discharge with the rank of sergeant. He went to college after his military service, earning an associate's degree from Manchester Community College and a bachelor of arts degree in English from Central Connecticut State College (now University) in New Britain, also near Hartford. Upon Larry's graduation from the University of Connecticut Law School, he entered private practice and eventually went to work for the Veterans Administration in its Hartford regional office; while working for the VA, he also served in the active U.S. Army Reserve (826th Military Intelligence Battalion) and then the Army National Guard as an intelligence sergeant. It is worthy of note, finally, that before he left the Northeast for points south, mainly during his years as a student, he worked as a cook, handyman, house painter, retail clerk, landscaper, factory worker and volunteer firefighter, while his main avocation was C Production sports-car racing under the auspices of the Sports Car Club of America.

Larry arrived in Civil War country in 1986, the year in which he took up residence near Tyson's Corner, Virginia, with a job transfer to the Veterans Administration Regional Office in Washington, DC. By the time of his early retirement in 2000, he was employed in the Central Office of the then Department of Veterans Affairs and still living in northern Virginia (Ashburn). After a brief sojourn in Oregon, he returned to the East Coast and moved to West Virginia. Larry and his wife, Terri, married in 2002 in the Dahlgren Chapel on South Mountain. Currently the couple own twenty-five acres, which keep him busy while she works in Ashburn, Virginia. He also is working on two books, one on the cavalry in the Maryland Campaign and another on fellow Connecticut native Joseph King Fenno Mansfield. Larry enjoys hiking, biking, and jogging in his spare time, and he volunteers for the National Park Service at the Newcomer House on Antietam battlefield, and gives talks to Civil War roundtable groups. In addition to SHAF, he is a member of most local Civil War organizations and a Color Bearer member of the Civil War Trust.

Larry explains his passion for history and preservation in his own words: "My interest in U.S.

history began in earnest when I transferred to a new job in Washington, D.C. in 1986. While I had visited historic sights in and around Connecticut prior to then, exposure to Washington and the surrounding area sparked a renewed interest....Working within a block of the White House and spending many lunch hours jogging around the buildings and monuments made history immediate and real, while bicycling and jogging on the C & O Canal towpath as well as the Washington and Old Dominion bike path added to those experiences.

My specific interest in the Civil War came in 1993 when I moved to Ashburn, Virginia, (Farmwell during the Civil War). I learned more about that area during the war, including Leesburg and the battle of Ball's Bluff. I began attending tours and re-enactments as I enjoyed the activities related to the Civil War in Loudoun and surrounding counties, including canoe tours on the Potomac and Goose Creek. I joined many preservation organizations as I noticed the effects the encroaching suburbs were having on the once pristine areas in the region. After I retired in 2000, my wife, Terri, encouraged me to pursue a master's degree in history and I agreed, especially as I found American Public University, which offered a degree with a concentration in the U.S. Civil War and which could be pursued entirely online. Terri and I have toured most of the major battlefields east of the Mississippi as well as related sites in the Southwest and Northwest.

My fundamental interest in the Maryland Campaign was sparked by Dr. Joseph L. Harsh's book *Taken at the Flood: Robert E. Lee and Confederate Strategy in the Maryland Campaign*, which was an assigned text for a class. The Maryland Campaign of 1862 became the most important one for me as I came to agree with many historians that it was the pivotal battle of the American Civil War, in addition to the most sanguinary day in United States history. I also explored Antietam, Harpers Ferry, South Mountain, etc., on foot, by bicycle and by car for several years, so I am aware of the pastoral beauty of most of these areas, some relatively untouched since the Civil War. I joined SHAF specifically because it concentrates on this campaign and has done well in preserving the Antietam battlefield and other areas of the campaign."

## Newsletter as e-Letter

The e-Letter features color photographs and clickable links, (web links in the text and banner of the e-Letter should work when you left click on them) which you don't get with the printed and mailed (and much more expensive) paper copy. Every penny saved by not printing and mailing a newsletter means another penny for battlefield preservation. If you'd like to receive the e-Letter (which can also be printed by you, if you wish), drop us an email at [Contact@shaf.org](mailto:Contact@shaf.org). Keep in mind that you must be a current member of SHAF to receive the Newsletter or the e-Letter.

## Spring Work Day at Antietam

*SHAF members, friends and the general public are invited to join us in our semi-annual work day at Antietam on Saturday March 12, 2011. We chose an early date this year, so we need to hope Punksatawney Phil was correct in predicting an early Spring. If the weather is bad we will post a fallback date on the the SHAF website. Division of Natural Resources Cheif Joe Calzarette suggested we could either continue our clearing more of the Piper Lane and building fence there, or we can plant more trees in the East Woods restoration. Either are great projects, and we'll try to get more specific information on the SHAF website as we get closer. As always, there will be a short presentation about the history of the sites where we're working. Plan to be at the Visitor's Center parking lot by 9:00 a.m., dress for the weather as it may be cold and/or blustery, and bring gloves, water, etc. The NPS will furnish tools. Our Board of Directors will meet that afternoon, so you can convey any questions about our direction and/or projects to me or the other board members at that time. We look forward to seeing you there.*