



## NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hd. Qrs. 67th. N.Y.V., Mifflin Guard  
Oct. 21st. and 22nd.,  
Cedar Creek, Middletown, Va.

Well Boys it was another great Event, and the weather was absolutely beautiful. Dennis Phelps, John Lenard, and my son Michael left for Middletown at 4am. Brian Nessing and Bob Bachman met up with us in Massapequa and we started our journey. It was an eventful one to start. We had an extra passenger we did not count on. (see Attachment on "Lil Miff") The ride down was a breeze and arrived on site at 12:30. The 61st. N.Y., 125th. N.Y., and the 67th N.Y. (1st long Island) made up second company, and what a fine company it was. All spirited fighting Irishmen we were. All New Yorkers!!! We showed them Pa. Boys a thing or two!!! Our Commissary, Brian and Snackman, cooked up some fine chilli. It was so good, I had four plates of it. That evening, and into the early morning, there was spirited skirmishing all along the picket line, and at times it was quite heavy. At 3am the Guard sent out a company of pickets and I believe a second, was sent out shortly after. Before long the entire Battalion was formed on news of a pending attack. Far on our left flank, the U.S. Volunteers were engaged in some brisk fighting that was beleived to be just a demonstration. On our left flank a skirmish line of dimounted Cav. were receiving musket fire from a rebel skirmish line. Nothing came of it. There was some movement in the tree line to our immediate front. Col. Washburn sent out some pickets to probe the tree line for the main body. They soon returned with a report of a company size force to our left and our front was clear. We stood in the dark waiting, and soon the musket fire slowed and then all was quiet. The much waited attack never came. Too bad, we would have taught them a lesson or two. Lt. Col David, our wing Cmdr., had fire in his eyes and was itching for a fight. If they came, it would have been a swell brawl. We returned to camp and cooked some brown eggs and onions I had picked from a local farm. With hot coffee and corn bread it made a fine breakfast. Color Sgt. Patrick Collins and Cpl. Thomas O'Brien, who were missing in action at Fishers' Hill, straggled into camp, with a cheer from the Boys of the 1st. Long Island. They have been missing for sometime and presumed dead. After breakfast was Dress Parade. At 11am we went to meet up with Susan Lewis from The Cedar Creek Battlefield Foundation with our donation of \$300 towards Preservation. Mr. Collins (Ty) presented her with the check. Susan stated that a gentleman from The CWRT of Great Brittain stated that he would match any donations that the Foundation would received. With that we went with Susan over to see the gentleman who made the offer. Our check of \$300 became \$900 in short order. The money would go to a parcel of land, which contains original breast works, that the foundation just purchased. We visited the Sutlers as usual and then headed back to camp. Reports began to flow of an attack on the XIX corps positon and possibly the V111 Corps. In short order we found ourselves in the heaviest fighting since Fisher Hill. The smoke from the buring powder stung our eyes. It was so thick it was difficult to see what was going on. I stood with Mr Collins throughout the fight, and we both kept on the Boys to see if all was well. The fighting grew heavier and heavier. Our Guns on the hill, behind us, kept up their deadly work,



with rings of smoked bellowing out of their mouths at every pull of the lanyard. We were forced to retreat back towards Middletown, and form a battle line in a Cemetery, due to the shortage of cartridges. Can't fight without any ammunition. The Rebs were as thick as fleas. Arrigant people they are. They just kept coming at us. For some reason their push on our lines slowed to a standstill. Before long darkness fell and we were back in our camps. That evening again our Commissary prepared a delicious stew and plenty of hot coffee. That evening, we were visited by those spirited Boys from the 12th. N.J. and enjoyed an evening of laughter and good cheer. You had to be there for the feativities. In fact it continued throughout the next day. Rumor has it that the Boys from the 12th. N.J., along with their Buglar, Pvt. Rabbi, from Italy, visited General Daniels, that evening, to complain about the food we had to eat. Only to find the General and his Staff dinning exquisitely with fine wine, China, silverware, and freshly roasted chickens with all the toppings. This produced a spirited disscussion between the Boys of the 12th., and the General and his Staff. Apparently, during the exchange of words, silverware and other items were missing from the Gen'l's table. With that, Col. Washburn and Staff conducted a full investigation into the matter. A full camp inspection, in the morning, was conducted, with disasterous results for second company and my command. The first attempt was made by the Col. to inspect our street was interupted by an argument over a card game between the 1st. Sgt. of the 125th.N.Y., and the 2nd .Sgt. of the 61st.N.Y. That errupted into a brawl, which envolved the entire company. After inspecting the Battalion, Col. Washburn and his staff made a second attempt at our company. This is where the trouble started. An empty bottle of "Rebel Yell" was found in my tent, on top of my blanket, in plain view. Somehow, God only knows why, the silverwear and other items, from the Genl.'s dinner table, was found in the tents of the Boys in our company. I suspected the Pa. Boys had a hand in it. With the findings, and articles now in the Col.'s possession, another brawl broke out among the men, accusing each other. The Sgt. Major quickly put an end to the brawl. I placed the 1st. Sgt. of the 125th. N.Y., and the 2nd. Sgt. of th 61st. N.Y. on report. Mr. Collins, of our beloved 1st. Long Island, was given the task as 1st. Sgt. The men stood at attention by their respective tents and was given a spirited talking to, while the Pa. Boys taunted them. I stated, so only all in our street could hear, that Capt. Brown of the 61st. N.Y., and I were to inspect a Battery to our front, and if they were to set things right with the Pa. Boys, nothing would be said. As Captain Brown and I walked away, we turned and saw all of our New Yorkers strip their blouses, and in mass, marched as a mob over to the street of the Pa. Boys. What followed I will leave up to your imagination. I don't think they will mess with us New Yorkers again. Our Boys can really wreck a street. The fine Irishmen they are!!!! We were saved from the Col.'s wrath only because of "Lil Miff" and would have to prove ourselves on the battlefield, in which we did splendidly. Musket fire was again heard this time a Battery on the hill to our left began it's hot work. We formed into our Battalion. We marched into an area with a farm house, and formed up for battle. Gen'l Daniels rode over to our Battalion and gave us his well wishes. In minutes it seem that the whole rebel army came over the hill. They crossed the stream to our front. We held them in check for some time, and withdrew slowly, in hopes they would pursue us. Lt. Col. David had an idea. If we could lure them at us when in retreat, then give the entire Battalion an about face, we would then smash into their lines before they would know what happened. To our disgust they would not take the bait. We fought them back across the stream, and up the hill. At the top of the hill, we dressed our lines and continued our advance. As we were crossing the stream my right foot became engulfed in a sea of mud. With the help of Cpl. Farr, I was able to pull my foot free, almost

losing my boot. The rebel battle lines began to dissolve before our eyes. We charged up towards the rebel guns and watched what was left of the rebel army fall apart and disperse to small groups which soon surrendered to our army. Thus ended the 136th. Anniversary of the Battle of Cedar Creek. Another memorable and enjoyable weekend. I want to thank Brian and Snackman for the great job they did with our Commissary. Your efforts are commendable and I greatly appreciate the time and dedication both of you put into the impression. We have come a long way in a short period of time. This is due to the quality of people we have in our organization. Our camp looked great, and as to our personal impression's what can I say. You Boys looked liked you stepped out of a history book. Drill and battle field tactics was flawless. We really do blend well with the 61st. N.Y. and the 125th. N.Y. They are are great bunch of guys. Again, my many thanks to all of you.

*Respectfully Submitted, Capt. Joe Bilardello (AKA Peter Morarity)*