SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL FUND REQUEST

(FORM CWM #62) Requester Information

	DEPARTMENT NAME: e print or type)	General Benjamin D. Fearing Camp #2, Dept OHIO				
ADDRESS:	c/o Andrew Brancis	c/o Andrew Brancis - Secretary/Treasurer				
	104 Williams St	reet				
CITY:	Marietta					
STATE:	Ohio	ZIP CODE: 45750				
NAME OF CO	ONTACT PERSON: Dai	nny L. Hinton - Commander Camp #2				
ADDRESS:	1417 Derby Rd.					
CITY:	Waterford					
STATE:	Ohio	ZIP CODE: 45786				
PHONE(S):						
NAME OF M		emorial or Monument Information on Civil War Veteran to be buried in Belmont County, Ohio				
		y or other location description, such as, corner of 3rd and Lincoln Street)				
WHEN WAS	IT BUILT: 1941 IT: Family of Willi	iam W. Groves				

WHO IS FINANCIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR IT: Family of William W. Groves
ARE MATCHING FUNDS AVAILABLE:No FROM WHERE:N/A
ARE OTHER SOURCES OF FUNDS AVAILABLE: Yes FROM WHERE: Ohio Dept SUVCW & Dona
AMOUNT BEING REQUESTED: \$300.00
DESCRIBE WORK THAT THESE FUNDS ARE NEEDED FOR: (Be specific, use back if necessary)
Manufacture and placement at the grave site of William W. Groves a flush mounted
granite marker commemorating William W. Groves as the last Union Veteran to be bur
in Belmont County, Ohio and honoring the deeds and sacrifices of Union Veterans.
Additional costs for ceremonies, etc. will be met through donation sources being
spearheaded by General Benjamin D. Fearing Camp #2. These currently (March 2012)
_include the Belmont County Cumberland Trails Genealogical Society.
See attached mock-up of granite plaque proposal)
WHO EVALUATED THE NEED FOR THE WORK AND WHAT ARE THEIR QUALIFICATIONS:
Danny L. Hinton - Commander & Richard Griffiths & Jr Vive Commander Fearing Camp #2 QualificatLens Veteran markers & ceremonies in Washington, Monroe, and Noble Counties. WHO WILL DO THE WORK DESCRIBED AND WHAT ARE THEIR QUALIFICATIONS:
Miller Memorials- Rock of Ages Monument Co. / 301 Colgate Dr. / Marietta, OH 45750
WHO WILL RECEIVE THE FUNDS IF GRANTED: Andrew Francis - Secretary/Treasurer
104 Williams Street / Marietta, Ohio 45750
Prepared by:

Danny L. Hinton – Commander General Benjamin D. Fearing Camp #2, Dept Ohio 1417 Derby Rd

Waterford, Ohio 45786

my L Vinton - P.C.C. 10 April 2012

	Ρ	rint For	m	
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(Form GR, 9/09 Rev., Page 3)

National Organization SONS of UNION VETERANS of the CWIL WAR

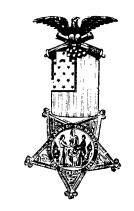
Graves Registration Form

Veteran's Name: Groves		William				W.
Last			First		M	iddle
Born: 19 Aug 1843 Day Month Year		28 Dec Day Month	1941 Year	Age:	9 4 Day Month	98 Year
CIVIL WAR Union	Confederate					
Service: OH Oh	lnfant	ry Co	o. "B"	P	VT	126th
U.S./State State of E		-	y/Ship Name	Rank		Regiment No.
Please use the	e standard abbreviatio	ns found on the Gra	ves Registration	n Form Instructio	on sheet	
Enlisted: 13 Au	ıq 1862	D	ischarged:	25	June	1865
	onth Year			Day	Month	Year
Misc. Info: Wounded 3rd fing	ger of left hand V	Vilderness, VA	6 May 1864.	. Belmont Co	ounty, OH last	Civil War
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(II applicable, list other units so	ervea III, locations of of	rtii, aeatti, vvix, rov	r, MA. AISO HEUR	est crossrodus or	airections to cemet	ery.,
Cemetery Name: Salem		**************************************				N. A. S.
Cemetery Address:	Street	Manual Control of the				
	Kirkw			elmont		OH
City or Village	Township	C	ounty		State	
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		Flag Holders/ M			Medal of I	lonor - () Yes
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Headstone Needs Resetting - (Private Headstone or		Marker (Flag F ()Military Order o		ngion	G.A.R. POS	t
	♦Yes ()No	Marker (Flag F		gion	Dept. or S	tate <u>OH</u>
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Your Name: Hinton	Dan	ny L.		Survey Da	te: <u>6</u> N	lov 2011
Last	First	MI			Day Mon	
Your Address: 1417 Derby R	d V	Vaterford		45786	EMail:	
Street		City	State	Zip		
SUVCW Member: Camp Name:	Gen. Benj. D. Fe	aring Numb	er:2	Department:	Ohio	

Attach Extra Sheet if Needed for Comments

Refer to Instructions for where to Submit Completed Form. This Form may be Photocopied

SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR



CUVCW – Civil War Memorials & Monuments Committee c/o Robert M. Petrovic, PDC & Committee Chair 6519 Cherokee Lane Cedar Hill, MO 63016-2527

Dear Brothers,

Enclosed please find an application for consideration of funds for a marker honoring the last Union Civil War veteran of Belmont County, Ohio – Pvt William W. Groves of Company "B", 126th O.V.I. I have included a mock-up of the marker, photo of the grave site, some of the documentation of service, and death certificate. Descendents have been contacted and Cemetery Officials will soon be contacted. Plans are under way to conduct dedication ceremonies at Salem Cemetery, Kirkwood Township, Belmont County, Ohio upon receipt of funds and placement of the marker.

Fearing Camp #2 conducted ceremonies in 2011 in Monroe and Noble Counties of Ohio honoring the last Union veterans of those counties. These markers for Privates John T. Landis and Jacob McBride respectively were due, in part, to the funds provided by your committee through the National SUVCW. *The Banner* carried articles on both events last winter.

Your consideration in this matter is greatly appreciated. If you have any questions or concerns please contact me.

Yours in Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty,

Danny L. Hinton – Commander, General Benjamin D. Fearing Camp #2, Dept. Ohio 1417 Derby Rd.

Waterford, Ohio 45786

Enclosed Documents:

- Application for funds
- National Grave Registration Form
- Civil War narrative of Private William W. Groves' experiences
- 1890 Veterans & Widows Pension census for Kirkwood Township, Belmont Co., Ohio
- Mock-up of dark granite marker from Miller Memorials Rock of Ages, Co.
- Invoice for marker
- Copy of Death Certificate showing Salem Cemetery, date of death, and Army service.
- Photo of Grave site as It appears in Salem Cemetery, Kirkwood Township, Belmont Co.,
- Service record from Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers in the War of the Rebellion, Vol. VIII, page 458 courtesy of historicaldatatsystems.com

Civil War Experiences of William Wirt Groves Born August 19, 1843, Died December 28, 1941

As Told To Helen Murphy Nelson By Her Maternal Grandfather.

William Wirt Groves enlisted in Company B, 126 Ohio Volunteer Infantry on August 13, 1862. He was 18 years old but had his 19th birthday on August 19, 1862

He was originally named William Wesley but changed his name, 'when a chunk of a boy-old enough to take notice', because of reading in school books of Wirt, a great orator in British Parliament, Sir Robert Walpole, and others.

The whole country was alive with patriotic feeling. Half the talk in school was of enlisting – one boy saying to another – 'I'll go if you'll go'. I was in school at Hendrysburg, Ohio. I had never been away from home three nights in my life. I used to cry with homesickness when away in the army. It's a good deal like a girl getting married when a boy joins the army. It's for keeps. My parents did want me to go – and they didn't.

My parents hated to say good-bye. Dad followed me as long as he could to the railroad train. When I left home at two o'clock in the morning, "Mam" got my breakfast. I remember I had a piece of apple pie. I was so choked up with emotion that I couldn't say good bye to "Mam". I just stole out of the house.

l went to Morristown and a hundred of us had dinner there at noon. From there we went to Wrightstown [now called Belmont] to the train. Our route went from Belmont to Camp Dennison, then back up to Camp Mingo on the Ohio River. Then we went to Parkersburg, Virginia, to Cumberland, Maryland, and to Martinsburg, Virginia. We stayed there 'till General Lee cleaned out the valley on the way to Gettysburg. That used to be a great place for stone fences. We made breastworks out of them to shoot at the rebe's – pretty hard for a bullet to get through a stone fence. We used to see lots of spotted vipers down there. We went from Martinsburg to help run General Lee away from Gettysburg. We were just there for the last of the fight. I could hear the bullets whizzing. We followed Lee's army up through Loudon Valley, Virginia. We soldiered all that summer – Loudon Valley, Warrentown Junction [County seat of Fauquier County] [Note: The Bursons came from Warrentown. H.N.], Foxville on the Rappahanock River. I stood picket there many times. We spent the whole summer around there fighting some - no severe battles. We spent the winter around Culpepper Court House. Culpepper, Strasburg, Front Royal - was the old stamping ground of my grandfather, Matthias Groves. I found a whole nest of Groveses down there one day. I said, 'Are you Groveses?' I was wearing my Federal uniform then and when they answered 'Yes' I said, 'I am a Groves'. They replied, 'We have no kin folks west of Wheeling.' They were rebels.

I said, 'I'm not hunting kin folks. I'm just hunting Groveses'. Some of the Virginia Groveses were wearing homespun suits and rabbit skin caps. [Note: August 1943: H. H. Murphy, (the son-in-law of W.W. Groves) says that West Virginia had not separated from Virginia at the time of the above conversation. Wheeling was still part of a Southern State. West of Wheeling, Ohio, was North. H.N.]

This was a great place for honey. I came to a place where the soldiers had taken 16 stands of bees. Only 2 stands were left. The farm woman had a family of children and her husband was in the rebel army. I told my companion to get some straw and I'd go to the house and get a coal of fire. We'd smoke out the bees and get the honey. The poor woman wrung her hands and begged me not to take the honey. I said, 'You don't know how hungry I am.'

All through the Shenandoah Valley, 2000 barns were burned, all the water mills were burned, and all the wheat, corn, and flour. General Sheridan, describing the conditions there, said, 'A crow flying over would have to take his rations with him.'

Union men shook hands with each other over the success, for the Shenandoah Valley was called the rebels' granary – the richest land in the South.

One night at Gettysburg, I went to sleep on dry ground. When I awoke in the morning, rain was pouring down in my face. (I had been lying on my back.)

I had all kinds of experiences when I was soldiering. I would cry with homesickness and couldn't get back. The longer I stayed, though, the better I stood it. I would look back in the direction of home when I got homesick.

I never had an Irish potato to eat, never had an onion to eat, never had a hen egg. We just craved such things. We never had as much as cow butter to eat as you'd put on the point of a case knife. Rebels had no salt, hardly. They used to trade tobacco for salt. Tobacco in the North was very expensive then.

I took the hat off the head of a dead Southern soldier and wore it all winter. It was made of stiff cloth and was better than my old worn-out Union cap. I was given the name "Johnny" because of wearing the hat. I picked up the hat on September 22 at the Battle of Fisher's Hill. [Note: Northern soldiers often referred to the Southerners as "Johnny Rebs". H.N.]

I got scurvy early in the war. We had mostly fat pork meat, called sow belly. Once in awhile we'd have a feed of beef. Some of my teeth fell out.

One Sunday evening when I hadn't been in the Army very long, I decided to milk an old cow on the side of the hill. I got my tin cup full of milk and broke my crackers in it. I'd had no milk to drink for a long time and thought I'd never tasted anything so sweet and good.

The countless experiences I had in the war made impressions on my mind that I'll never forget.

At Fisher's Hill, we threshed the earth with the rebels – scattered 'em everywhere. We pursued the enemy to Harrisonburg, Virginia. We were on a forced march and were hungry and came across a well built house on a kind of plantation. The soldiers went through it and up in the attic they found a half bushel of rebel cartridges. This made the soldiers mad, and they took a feather tick and ripped it to pieces with knives. At the same place, my comrade and I found a sheep. We led it along for a day or so and then butchered it, dividing with the group.

We'd run the rebels out of camp after they'd prepared for the winter and would find persimmon butter they'd made. This tasted something like apple butter, and we ate it on crackers.

We'd find 2 or 3 pigs on a farm and butcher them right before the farmer's eyes, skin the hams and then throw the rest away. This was in July and August in Virginia. Pork is unseasonable in August and ham was the only part fit to eat.

My comrade and I went out one Sunday afternoon to get something to eat. We went to a very rich house. The man was well fixed. He had 4 mules and a smoke house full of smoked meat. He had 4 grown girls. My comrade was an onery man and said, 'I'm going to take one of these mules.' The girls pled with him but their pleadings did no good. I told him in the presence of the girls, 'You should be ashamed of yourself.' He took the mule and sold it to the quarter master's department for \$80. I said, 'I've just got to have some meat.' I was hungry. I took a side of meat from the smoke house, and it tasted better then any ham.

If we were stationed long at a place of any size, salt bread would be baked. We got one little loaf – about as big or thick as your foot – a funny shaped thing. On the march we had crackers.

In New York City I saw a caldron [Note: iron kettle H.N.] that would hold 2 barrels of water. They'd put beans and beef in it and cook it into shreds. Flies on the ceiling would be stupefied and fall into the caldron. We'd be given 2 or 3 tins of this soup. This was in August.

People would plant soup beans in along rows of oats. When they sold beans to the government, oats would be with them and mouse dung. We would be served this mixture as soup. I called it slops. Everyone was trying to make money out of the war. The poor old government got imposed on. In every one of these wars people took advantage of it.

I was very near the spot where General Lee surrendered. The reason I wasn't right on the spot was because I was helping to guard rebel prisoners. The Union Army was sick of war and so full of joy and hilarious feelings they could hardly contain themselves. The Rebels were discouraged and badly dejected and many of them mad because they had to surrender.

The rebel army under Lee was called the Army of Northern Virginia. Ours in the later days was called the Army of the Potomac.

At the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the Shenandoah, it was very cold. I had no shoes. The sergeant detailed me for guard duty. I said, 'For goodness sakes, relieve me from duty 'till I get some new shoes. I'll do double duty then.' He agreed.

That night I was sleeping in a little dog tent - 6 by 4 feet. About 3 in the morning I called to my companion and said, 'We'd better get out of here.' He was sleepy, but as I do now, I was sleeping with one eye open. I could hear the rattle of musketry. We got out of the tent and so did most of the soldiers. Some soldiers went on sleeping and were shot right in their tents. Many never awoke again. The rebels chased us until noon when Sheridan came up. While I was running away, the rebels were shooting with solid shot. Some ploughed into the road ahead of me tearing up the road. If I'd been a little farther along the road I wouldn't have known what hit me.

At the Battle of Cedar Creek, General Sheridan was in command of the Shenandoah Army. He had to go to Washington on business with the war department. He came back by train to Martinsburg, and there he got his horse, a stallion called Rienzi. [Note: Rienzi, as restored by a taxidermist, can be seen today in the Smithsonian Museum.] He started back leisurely, but after awhile met stragglers on the road who told him Lee had about ruined his army. Sheridan put spurs to his horse and ran him 20 miles. I was as close to him as that automobile. [Note: Grandpa and I were sitting on the front porch as he was reminiscing. The auto was in the street in front of us.]

General Sheridan shouted, "About face, boys! We'll ship hell out of 'em before morning!"

The soldiers had all faith in him but hadn't had in his deputies. He reorganized his lines, and we drove the enemy back all afternoon. That night I slept the same place I had the night before.

We chased the Johnnies then and finally some of them made a stand behind a stone wall. We got in a locust grove among sandstone rocks. I was hiding behind a rock that only half hid me. A bullet came as close to my head as the width of my hand. It struck the rock and then glanced away and buried itself in my musket stock.

On the morning of the 6th of May 1864, Grandpa helped Bob Hilles, his Second Lieutenant, off the battle field after the Battle of the Wilderness. He was shot in the left lung and was groaning terribly. Blood was coming from his mouth. He lived only a few days – died in Fredericksburg, Grandpa thinks.

That same day Grandpa was shot in the 3rd finger of his left hand.

[Note: Bob Hilles was born in 1833 and was a brother of Betty Hilles Murphy's grandfather, Skipworth Hilles.]

Soldiers threw their cards away as they marched into battle. Very few soldiers wanted to be killed with a pack of cards in their hands.

June 25, 1865 was the last service I performed. Lincoln was on his reviewing stand as I marched past. I had a sunstroke and got under an aqueduct until a thunder storm came up a few hours later. Then I marched slowly to camp 2 or 3 miles away. The camp was Bailey's Crossing.

[[Out of sequence]]:

We were running the rebels at the Battle of Winchester in 1864. There were 3 or 4 battles at Winchester. It was a great place for battles.

On the 19th of September the rebels stood their ground and were about to capture us. We had to run for our lives. I always dreaded getting captured. I knew the rebel grub would cure me if I ever was captured.

[My question: 'How far did you run?' Grandpa: 'Till I was safe.']
My breath was coming in gasps. You could have heard me breathing from here to Shannon Bradfield's.
[Note: About a half block.]

The rebels had made a stand at a farm house. We had to put up a fight there. In the barnyard was an old red wagon bed that had been lifted off a wagon and set on the ground. Adam Secrest was my companion then, a good man, a religious man. We hid behind the wagon bed and bullets were cracking all around us. We were scared, though we were only two among a thousand.

Adam said, "Groves, this is getting too hot for me."

I said, 'I guess I'll stay here awhile.'

Adam ran and hid behind an apple tree which only half hid his body. A rebel saw him and shot him through his body. I lived to see another day.

I saw Grant 2 or 3 times. He was a great whiskey drinker.

[March 29, 1940]

We soldiers played cards when we weren't on active duty. It was about the only thing we could find to do. If there was a fight on, and the soldiers had cards with them, the roads would be lined with the cast-off decks. They didn't want to go into battle with a deck of cards on them. 7up and euchre were the popular games.

In 1863 in October I voted for the first time and for Johnny Brough for Governor. We were on a march and the officers told us, "You have just one hour here to get your dinner and to vote." The Captain took his hat. We deposited our votes in his hat as he passed it around. He sent the votes to Columbus. Brough got the biggest majority any governor had ever had up to that time. [Note: Grandpa was only 20 years old when he voted!]

We were close to the Bull Run battlefield. We had only boiled coffee, crackers, a little piece of the under part of a female hog (sow belly) for dinner. We hadn't marched over 20 minutes when we ran into the rebels and had some skirmishing with them. We brushed them aside and went on marching. We marched that afternoon and, strange as it may seem to you, I was asleep part of the time we were marching fast on the roadway. We were tired to death. We were retreating and they were advancing. [Note: this was after the Battle of Bull Run in which Grandpa didn't take part.] We marched 'till dark without supper. I said to my comrade, 'I'll surely have to have a drink of coffee before I can get some rest.' One of us got water and another tore down a board fence for firewood. The water was just boiling when an order came to go on picket duty. I went on picket duty without a bite to eat.

The next morning at dawn the rebel artillery was set up and firing at us. We began to march again without eating breakfast. The rebels didn't pursue us. Both the rebels and the Union forces were struggling to get at a strategic point. We beat them to it, and they let us alone. They retreated to Culpepper or Rapidan. That war tried the soul of man.

After the campaign under Phil H. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley we were withdrawn and sent to Petersburg. It was in the early days of December. There was a blizzard we had to pass through from Shenandoah to Washington. They were shipping horses and men. The horses were put inside the freight car and the soldiers on top of the freight car. [Note: This is reminiscent of World War One's "40 and 8" - 40 chevals (horses) and 8 hommes (men)]. I was nothing but a big sleepy headed boy. I would catch myself slipping off the freight car as I dozed. Then I would crawl back to the center of the car and get some rest. When I got to Washington City I couldn't tell what my hands were made of. They were so cold. We weren't allowed to go into restaurants to warm ourselves. The soldiers would have scattered all over the city and some got drunk. We were marched to a steamship on the Potomac. (We had started on a freight car one evening after supper and got into Washington the next morning. But we got no warm coffee.) On that steamship we went to Petersburg.

In that campaign we came to a home where the husband was in the rebel army. There were ornery soldiers in the group. They went through the basement, the first floor and the second, and in the attic they found a haif bushel of rebel cartridges. This made the Union soldiers mad. (The rebel was a bushwhacker – one dodging around from one place to another, secreting himself like a copperhead snake.) The soldiers destroyed everything in the house and took a feather tick out in the yard and ripped it open. The feathers flew everywhere. [Note: This is probably the same incident described earlier.]

There were some sheep on the farm. The soldiers shot and wounded and killed some. I captured one alive and led it along for 2 or 3 days until we got hungry. Then we butchered and killed it. [Note: This was related earlier]

The Shenandoah Valley was about 120 miles long. It was rich agriculturally. The hay and wheat had been harvested. Apples hung in the orchards. Philip Sheridan destroyed every hay and wheat stack, the apples, every water mill, all the corn, and everything that was edible.

I didn't rejoice in that war even though it was sanctioned by the government. They were nice people—just as nice as the Yankees. There was one difference. They were raised on one side of the fence and the Yankees on the other. The railroads in that day were made to run East and West. There was no communication with the South as there ought to be in national affairs. Like two people quarreling they resorted to war.

[October 5, 1971]

Mamma, at 95 years of age, remembers that Grandpa had a severe case of the measles while in the army. He was so sick that his father, James Groves, came from Ohio to Virginia to see him. He found his eldest son, Billy, "lying on a brush pile with snow all around him".

W.W.Groves received \$13 per month pay, and \$30 per month pension

List of battles in which W.W. Groves took part:

Martinsburg, Virginia (Superior force of Lee's men on the way to Gettysburg ran us out.

B. F. Kelley commanded a small Union force.)

Smithfield, Virginia (It wasn't a big fight - looked as if it was going to make one - Sheridan's Army.)

Manassas Gap, Virginia (Union forces victorious. General Meade commanded.)

Boonesboro, Maryland (Rebels very sassy. Yankees ran them away.)

Upperville, Virginia

Battle of Winchester, Virginia – Sept. 19, 1864 (Very hard fight – lots killed and wounded.)

Flint Hill, Virginia

Newmarket, Virginia

Cedar Creek, Virginia

Hallville, Virginia

Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia (Spottsylvania Court House. Lots of white oak trees there that have now been cut down.)

Petersburg

Richmond (I saw a catfish hung up by its gills in Richmond market. It was as big as my body.)

Dabney's Mills

Sailor's Creek

Burkeville Junction

Danville, Virginia

Fisher's Hill, Virginia

/Mine Run – 1st of December 1863

\Locust Grove -

[Note: Comments are those of dear Grandpa. He listed these battles from memory and without hesitation, in the summer of 1941 when he was 98 years old.]

SD. 7 6.231 Special Schedule.—Surviving Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, and Widows, etc. 3/ : Minor Civil Division: Seveller la Pa MARINIM, AND WIDOWS. 6 & James & private 16 2 in your 7 apr 61 N age 64 3 5- 3 I william Sogphile fra to 10 Brock & galger 1 ap 1002 & 7 1400 ванрого 10 × В 121 Фру 15 апри 24 год 1 р 1 10 512 9 - Stores Parties VP2 & 470 h gy 20 44 100 1 24 gm 188 x 9 20 x (51 41 4 James Lo Persons V Pr B 129 0 14 A any 199 3 my 180, 1 8 49 31 6 34 4 William in 5 was V Dr B 120 14 13 ang 9 9 mg 2 10 15 6 45 5 Thursy Herry V Pr B 126 0 gry 29 cm 1800 25 9 m 1800 2 11 3 30 5 6 6 Francis & waller V PA a 63 48 fy 1 y 100 100 00 x 10 10 se 6 16 7 Nieholus Homafor VPn B 14 8 14 13 mg 18 225 9 mes Q 10 12 3 3 pg & fame in Willia J. Pr 16 10 Rg 5 mos 1001 94 Fres 1003 1 2 115 10 6 88 5 gohn CH anse, which hence Pr J 95 0 Rg 15 angres 11 agres 3 × 250 653 4 nathan Davie V Pr & BO By Q grayes 3 ginger +2 Servellaville & his Chronie Diarea I humb shot of left hand ver Disease Hendricking C Behenmaken annohat own and Through sight ab Balass h R here muliana adnes Tana

HERE IN HONORED GLORY LIES THE LAST UNION CIVIL WAR VETERAN BURIED IN BELMONT COUNTY WILLIAM W. GROVES 19 AUG 1843 – 28 DEC. 1941

PRIVATE COMPANY "B", 126TH OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

MAY THIER DEEDS AND SACRIFICES
REMAIN EVER GREEN IN OUR MEMORIES

PLACED BY

GEN. BENJAMIN D. FEARING CAMP #2 SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

AND THE CITIZENS OF BELMONT COUNTY MONTH DAY, 2012

Miller Memorials 301 Colegate Drive Marietta, Ohio 45750

Fearing Camp #2 SUVCW c/o Andy Francis 104 Williams Street Marietta, Ohio 45750

April 10, 2012

Cost to place marker for William W. Groves

Granite flush marker - 24x12x4 - \$475.00

This price includes all lettering and placement into the cemetery.

Miller Memorials 301 Colegate Drive Marietta, Ohio 45750

Printed: February 16, 2010

FAMILYSEARCH

Collection: Ohio Deaths 1908-1953

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To: forgehollow22
Cc: RPetro7776

Subject: Grant

Date: Thu, Jul 5, 2012 2:55 pm

Brother Danny,

The committee has looked at your request for a grant. The committee unanimously voted to award you \$300.00. The paper work has been forwarded to Treasurer Richard Orr who will issue you a check.

In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, Robert M. Petrovic, PDC Memorials/Monuments Committee Chairman

American Civil War Research Database

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William W. Groves

Residence was not listed; 19 years old.

Enlisted on 8/13/1862 as a Private.

On 9/4/1862 he mustered into "B" Co. OH 126th I He was Mustered Out on 6/25/1865 at Washington, DC

He was listed as:
* Wounded 5/6/1864 Wilderness, VA

Sources used by Historical Data Systems, Inc.:

- Official Roster of the Soldiers of the State of Ohio (c) Historical Data Systems, Inc. @ www.civilwardata.com

SUVCW MEMORIAL GRANTS REQUEST 2011 - 2012

GRANT REQUEST # 2011-2012-6

Camp/Dept: Gen. Benjamin D. Fearing Camp #2, Dept. Ohio Monument Location: Grave site of William W. Groves, Salem Cemetery, Kirkwood Township, Belmont C., OH Contact Person: Danny L. Hinton, Commander Camp #2 Check Payable to: Andrew Francis Secretary/Treasurer Address: 104 Williams Street, Marietta, OH 45750 **Amount Requested: \$300.00** Total cost of project: \$475.00 Amount Approved: \$300.00 Existing Monument_____New Monument____Last Soldier Project_X___ Please initial your vote next to your name, then sign and date below, once completed, fax or email to Bob Petrovic, , Email; who will send it to Richard Orr, National Treasurer for payment. Denied **Tabled** Approved Robert M. Petrovic, PDC Tad D. Campbell, PDC Bill Vierra, PDC Signature Date Signature Signature Date

Comments: Last Union Veteran in Belmont County, Ohio