

# The Sentinel



VOL.11, No.2 – THE NEWSLETTER OF THE 6TH ARKANSAS INFANTRY, COMPANY A, C.S.A. – FEBRUARY, 2007  
LIVING HISTORIANS

[HTTP://WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/CAPITALGUARDS](http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards)

## “Looking toward ‘Bloody March’...”

On March 15-18, we will be going back to the hallowed ground of Shiloh, where many of the men we represent made the supreme sacrifice for what they, and we, believe. We have the honor of representing the 1st Arkansas at this event. We will be combining with the 1st, 3rd, and 9th Arkansas, 3rd Confederate (from California) and possibly 2-3 Texas companies to form the “1st Arkansas Infantry.” Mark Kalkbrenner of the 1st Arkansas. Co. D, will command our provisional battalion. In turn, this Arkansas unit will be brigaded with the “19th Louisiana Infantry,” as was the case during the actual battle.

Richard Holloway, captain of the 19th Louisiana, has put together a combined unit very similar to what we are doing.

We will have a base camp (tents, etc.) set up at the main site, but everyone is encouraged to join us Thursday night and take part in the campaign event Friday and Saturday.

Several of us will be leaving Little Rock Thursday afternoon, driving out to the site, and taking part in the tactical/campaign all day on Friday. We will leave the base camp early Friday morning and fight from position to position until about noon on Saturday. We’ll be sleeping on arms Friday night. It will be an experience that some of you have never experienced, but will never forget.

For those who will be arriving on Friday afternoon or Friday evening, you’ll be in the base camp Friday night and will come out and join us at “O-Dark-Thirty” on Saturday morning, and will be in on the scripted battles Saturday and Sunday. At the end of the Saturday scripted battles, we will all move back to the base camp (as did the Confederates at the original battle) for Saturday night and at least part of Sunday morning, where you’ll have a chance to rest up and visit the sutlers. We’ll be attacked by the Yankees on Sunday and presumably driven off the field to close out the event.

Once we’ve gotten everyone accounted for and are in March Order, we plan to eat at the Catfish Hotel, next door to the Battlefield Park, and then start the march home. From Little Rock, it’s approximately a 4- to 4 1/2-hour drive to and from the event, so we should be back home (to LR, anyway) around 9 p.m. Sunday evening.



### Battle of Shiloh Reenactment Infantry Safety Rules and Guidelines

#### Drill

1.1. The learning of drill is essential for safety and authenticity on and off the field. All members should be regularly drilled in the School of the Soldier, School of the Company, and School of the Battalion according to Hardee’s Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics, 1855.

1.2 For safety reasons, emphasis should be placed on loading in nine times, the position of the feet, and in handling the piece during firing. This is especially critical for the men in the rear rank.

1.3 Training in Hardee’s Skirmishers

drill and McClellan’s Manual of Bayonet Exercise is to be encouraged.

1.4 Interpretations of the instructions in the period manuals must be approved by the Brigade Staff.

Weaponry (section 2)

2.1 A soldier under the age of 18 years shall have the written permission of a parent or guardian to carry firearms.

2.2 Only military issue three band long arms that were issued and used in large quantities will be carried on the field. These weapons shall be in good working order with a functioning half-cock. (Note: the original 1st Arkansas was armed with 2-banded Enfield rifles.)

2.3 Ramrods will be carried on the field but never drawn unless ordered by the Commanding Officer. NCOs are responsible for insuring that the troops do not draw the rammer.

2.4 Fouled pieces will be given to a file closer who will be allowed to pull his rammer,

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## Reed's Bridge Drill - February 17, 2007

The Capitol Guards met on a chilly, blustery February mornig at Reed's Bridge Battlefield Park in Jacksonville to knock some of the dust off the drill manuals and refresh on the School of the Soldier. Turnout was relatively light... with seven members (Steve Shore, Tom Ezell, Phil Varnell, Ken Nations, Randy Puckett, Ethan Webster, and Devid Sesser) present, but we did a fair review of the manual of arms, basic movements in squad and company formation, safety procedures, and weapons handling and firing in preparation for a larger, battalion-sized drill planned for the units that will consolidate to form an Arkansas company at the 145th Shiloh event in March.

Afterwards, we adjourned to the Crooked Hook catfish restaurant nearby for lunch and an organizational meeting to set out the basic plan for attendance at Shiloh. All in all, a good day to be in gray!



Steve Shore instructs the squad in opening the ranks for inspection and drill.

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## MacArthur Park Drill - March 3, 2007



Sam watches the skirmishers on line at MacArthur Park.

Members of the Capitol Guards, 1st Arkansas, 9th Arkansas, and the 3rd Arkansas/Confederate Guard met at MacArthur Park on March 3 to finalize plans for the 145th Shiloh event and to hold a regional drill to knoeck the dust off the covers of the drill manual and get used to operating together as a unit prior to forming an ad hoc company or battalion for the 145th Shiloh reenactment later in the month.

Though turnout was small for the numbers on company rosters, we had 28 rifles in formation, enough to practice as a small company under the instruction of Mark Kalkbrenner of the 1st Arkansas. We went over the rudiments of the manual of arms, but the majority of the 3-hour session was focused on School of the Company, facing, marching in column and line, and forming line of battle from the march column. This was followed by a review of loading and firing, both in line and as skirmishers.

Tom Ezell of the 6th Arkansas then led a session on the School of the Skirmisher, deploying the company into skirmish line and demonstrating deployment, moving forward, fighting, and withdrawing in skirmish order, as well as how to rally the line in order to defend against cavalry.

Following an review of all the maneuvers covered, we adjourned, to meet again on the field in Tennessee. Several went to lunch at Brown's Restaurant in Benton on the way back home, the central Arkansas contingent adjourned for lunch at Vino's Brew Pub in the downtown area.

All in all it was a good session, but revealed a need to study the drill manuals more closely and not rely so much on "reenactor drill" as so many of us learned it by the "monkey see -- monkey do" method so many years ago.



The 6th Arkansas fills out the right of the line as it advances firing.



Closing in on the duck pond... Sadly, goose season ended three days ago!

*"All that you have heard in the way of shooting, all your zeal and patriotism, will be of no avail in the day of battle without a thorough knowledge of company drill. Where the men in each company are steady and well drilled, the whole army will be steady and well drilled likewise. To have a battalion or brigade act like a machine is to be effected only by company drill."*

*And he might have added that to have a well drilled company, each man must first go through a thorough course of drilling in the "school of a soldier," or of equal drill. Simple as it may seem, unless each man knows how to 'keep step'-'to dress to the right' or 'to the left'-to face properly-to 'keep proper distance in ranks'-to step the same length of step, whether in common, quick or double quick time, etc., the company cannot as a company manoeuvre correctly. Two or three deficient members spoil the appearance of an otherwise good company, and embarrass its movements. To endeavor to drill a company, as such, ere its members have learned individually what they must know to be a good soldier, is like teaching a boy geometry before he knows what arithmetic is."*

## Civil War museum to change name?

**Center may drop the word 'Confederacy' after move; perception problem cited**

BY JANET CAGGIANO  
Tuesday, February 20, 2007

RICHMOND, VA: The Museum of the Confederacy will likely drop the word "Confederacy" from its name when it moves its collection to a new home.

"One of our challenges is a gap between the public's perception of who we are and the role we play, and the reality of who we are and the role we play," Waite Rawls, the museum's president and CEO, said yesterday.

"The repositioning we have done over the past 30 years is to be more of a modern education institution and less of a memorial . . . to the Confederacy."

The museum dates to Feb. 22, 1896, when The Confederate Museum opened in the former home of Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

The new name, Rawls said, would depend on the location of the museum. Lexington took a step closer to becoming that place last week when its City Council voted unanimously to enter into nonbinding talks with the Richmond institution.

"It would be a boom to tourism and in increasing the vitality of downtown," Lexington Mayor John Knapp Sr. said yesterday. "But we've really just begun the process."

In January, Rawls and three members of the museum's board toured a possible site in Lexington, the historic Rockbridge County courthouse complex on Main Street. The complex also includes the old jail, which dates to 1841, the First American Bank building and the "lawyer's row" building. All are vacant and would require renovation.

"To me, the Confederate flag symbolizes slavery, oppression and denying people their rights," Lexington Councilwoman Mimi Elrod said yesterday in a phone interview. "I have a problem with a museum that celebrates that being in our city. If you have a museum that looks at all aspects of the Civil War, that's very different to me."

After discussing a possible name change with Rawls, Elrod said she welcomes more talks. Lexington City Council has appointed a committee to look into the best uses for its courthouse complex.

"This may all work out very nicely," Elrod said.

Not everyone agrees.

"Moving the museum would be a bad administrative move," said Darryl Starnes, the Sons of Confederate Veterans commander of

the Edmund Ruffin Camp in Mechanicsville. "Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. That's the place the Museum of the Confederacy should be."

He's even more concerned about a name change. "I think it would dilute the integrity of the museum," he said.

A group of about 10 historians, grant writers and preservationists don't think so. The committee studied the museum's health last year and released its findings in October. The report states that the word "Confederacy" carries "enormous, intransigent and negative intellectual baggage with many. For them, the Confederacy, and by association the Museum of the Confederacy, now symbolize racism."

The museum is seeking a new home for its Civil War collection, the world's largest, to escape the sprawling medical campus of Virginia Commonwealth University. About 140 miles west of downtown Richmond in Rockbridge County, Lexington could be a good fit for the museum's collection of artifacts, manuscripts and photographs. Confederate Gens. Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson are buried there, and the city is home to Washington and Lee University as well as Virginia Military Institute.

In October, Rawls announced that the museum at 12th and East Clay streets would relocate its collection but that the adjacent White House of the Confederacy would stay put.

Although museum officials may be interested in Lexington, Rawls said other sites will be considered as well. He hopes the relocation is complete by 2011, the beginning of the sesquicentennial of the American Civil War.

## Shiloh Event Info

*(Continued from Page 1)*

from the file closer position, in order to clear the piece.

**2.5 HANDGUNS WILL ONLY BE CARRIED BY OFFICERS AND NCOS AS WAS APPROPRIATE DURING THE PERIOD**

2.6 Swords will only be carried by Officers and NCOs as was appropriate during the period.

2.7 Bayonets should be carried by all enlisted men and should be the appropriate type for the weapon. The bayonet should fit the piece properly and securely. Bayonets will only be fixed by order of a commanding Officer. At other times they shall be secured in a proper scabbard. The scabbard must have a metallic tip to be allowed on the field.

2.8 Knives carried will be of period and secured in a period sheath. At no time will

knives be drawn on the field.

**Infantry Safety Rules and Guidelines Cartridges (section 3)**

3.1 Powder will only be carried in the form of properly rolled cartridges. A properly rolled cartridge is defined as one rolled in soft type paper with no more than 80 grains of FFg or FFFg black powder. A standard charge of 60 to 65 grains is considered optimum. Penny wrappers, heavy bond paper, plastics, staples, or tape will not be used for rolled cartridges.

3.2 Members should arrive at events with at least 80 rolled cartridges. Cartridges will not be rolled within 20 yards of camp.

3.3 Percussion caps and cartridges will only be carried in authentic cap pouches and cartridge boxes.

3.4 Under no circumstances will projectiles of any kind be carried to events. Violators will be ordered off the premises for the duration of the event.

**Safety Inspections (section 4)**

4.1 NCOs will insure that their men clean their pieces the evening after or the morning before taking the field.

4.2 Safety inspections are mandatory for all troops before taking the field. Unit commanders, Officers, or NCOs will inspect troops for safety and authenticity; or participate in the event-designated safety inspection.

4.3 Upon inspection, any weapon that is found unsafe will be removed from the field until repaired and reinspected by the proper official. At a minimum, a safe piece will have a functioning half-cock and a hammer screw securing the hammer to the lock plate.

**4.4 NO ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES WILL BE CONSUMED AT LEAST SIX HOURS BEFORE THE SCHEDULED SCENARIO. OFFENDERS WILL BE ESCORTED OFF THE FIELD.**

**Engagements (section 5)**

5.1 All troops will remain under the control of properly designated Officers while under arms.

5.2 Weapons may be charged with cartridge but not primed if adverse terrain must be traversed prior to engagement, particularly when troops are in close order.

5.3 Weapons will never be aimed at an opponent's face at any distance.

5.4 When within 15 yards of an opponent or animal, weapons will be aimed to one side of or away from the object, but never directly at the object. Weapons shall never be discharged within 20 yards of powder storage or artillery chests.

5.5 Unscripted hand-to-hand fighting will not be tolerated under any circumstances. Only scripted, host unit approved hand fighting will be allowed.

**Women in the Ranks (section 6)** Women shall not be precluded from participation in an Infantry unit during this Battle if a proper

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### 145th Shiloh Event Information

impression of an infantryman is made. A woman found not to have an appropriate and concealed impression representing a man during the war between the states will be asked to remove herself from the Battlefield.

Hardee's Corp, 1st Division will participate in the following:

#### **Friday Night "Hells Hollow" tactical.**

This event will take place as noted on the schedule of events on Friday night for those who wish to participate (optional). The terrain coupled with darkness may not allow for the use of "Mounted" Cavalry but those Cavalry units wishing to participate may participate with their respective Infantry Brigade as "Dismounted" units where appropriate.

#### **Dawn Battle "Shiloh Church",**

Saturday Morning at daybreak. This will be the precursor to the Saturday afternoon battle. As each of the battle's end it will set up the start of the following battle (End of Saturday's dawn battle will be the starting point of Saturday afternoon's battle, and the end of Saturday afternoon's battle will be the starting point for Sunday afternoon's battle.)

Weapons Inspections will be performed before this dawn battle as with every battle over the weekend and will present a special problem for the inspecting officer. Due to the fact that weapons inspections will be performed before dawn the inspecting officer needs to make arrangements for lighting. Period lighting (possibly a candle lantern) would be the preferred method. Safety is paramount at this event and we want to ensure all measures are taken to have a safe, incident-free event.

#### **Saturday afternoon main battle.**

This battle will recreate as best a resemblance as possible the Hornet's Nest. Federals will occupy camps and Confederate forces will engage. Battle will commence with Hardee's Corp, 1st Division engaging the Federal forces at the Hornet's Nest. Several failed attempts to take the Hornet's Nest will occur followed by around a fifteen minute bombardment by Ruggle's Battery. Hardee's Corp, 1st and 2nd Divisions will then attack the Hornet's Nest and drive the Federals out.

Hardee's Corp, 2nd Division will come in and form their line of battle from their off-site bivouac. This will enhance/enable Hardee's Corp to mass it's infantry with both Divisions in hopes of pushing the Federal forces from within the Hornets Nest back to their stronghold Pittsburg Landing.

#### **Sunday afternoon battle.**

This battle will include the entire Hardee's Corp featuring Grant's overwhelming Federal counterattack. Gen. Grant's army will be reorganized during the night allowing him to mass his forces after receiving fresh troops. Gen. Grant, at that point, will attempt to push Hardee's Corp in the direction of Corinth, Mississippi.

### ORDNANCE REQUIREMENTS

There will be a considerable amount of battle time over the weekend and the following recommendations are made to ensure that a shortage of ammunition over the weekend does not occur for you.

#### INFANTRY 250 ROUNDS PER MUSKET

(Note: This comes out to around 3 pounds of powder per man. As a conservative estimate, I would figure on being ready to expend about 50 to 60 cartridges per day's scenario, for a total of 150 to 160 rounds. Me, I plan to stay within about 40-50 rounds per day, which is what the troops actually had. At current prices for powder, it's roughly 30 cents every time you fire your weapon.)

#### CAVALRY 100 MUSKET/CARBINE ROUNDS - 300 PISTOL ROUNDS ARTILLERY 100 ROUNDS

The registration for the 145th Battle of Shiloh will either on site at the large activity tent near the entrance gate or off site ¼ mile south of the entrance at Southside Elementary School. The use of the Elementary School is still pending at this point but we are hopeful to be able to use the school for this purpose. Please continue to check here for further updates.

#### YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED ON THE BATTLE SITE WITHOUT FIRST GOING THROUGH REGISTRATION AND RECEIVING A "SHILOH PIN" UPON COMPLETION OF REGISTRATION.

There will be individuals posted at the entrance of the Battle site to verify that registration has occurred previous to your arrival at the site. Registration will issue this proof to each registering person to carry with them to the Battle site. Once verification is complete you will be directed to your respective camps by the individual present.

Campsites will be pre-determined according to your unit affiliation specified in your pre-registration packet sent in before the Battle. It is imperative that all units wishing to attend this event should pre-register with the event host prior to arriving at the event. Pre-registration will allow better planning of camp areas and minimize the time it takes to properly locate you on arrival.

Pre-Registration can be achieved by downloading the packet contained within this website and forwarding it and the registration fees to the address specified within it.

Camp locations have been determined and will be revealed upon registration. Military camps are in primitive locations. None of the camps will be in field areas so it may be necessary to clear small underbrush and such from your camp areas. Please plan accordingly and bring proper implements to accomplish

setting up your camp areas. Company street layouts will be adhered to for all units to ensure organized layout of camps and maximum usage of space.

All units will be asked to provide pickets for duty at this event. 24 hour pickets will be utilized the entire weekend.

Military camp life will reflect a period weekend to the best of our ability. Military camps will be separated from Family/Garrison camps by about ¼ mile with modern being a little farther away and out of sight.

**Firewood** - Firewood for cooking and heating fires will be made available by the event host. All firewood will be located at the Confederate Headquarters for distribution and will be monitored by an appointed representative of the Event Host. Each unit should organize themselves and send a detachment to collect wood for their unit collectively to minimize traffic and maximize efficient distribution. **NO HOARDING PLEASE!!!!** We have made every attempt to provide an adequate amount of firewood for everyone but colder weather will of course tax any amount of wood we provide. Use of four man cooking fires will be a vital necessity. Please use as much as you need but be observant of your fellow man. At the end of the 2004 event wall tents full of wood were revealed and a shortage during the event was observed. Please help us in avoiding this in 2007. All distributions of firewood will be recorded in ledger form as it is distributed with unit and brigade designations.

**Bedding Hay** - Bedding Hay will also be quartered for distribution at Confederate Headquarters for distribution and will be monitored by an appointed representative of the Event Host. Reenactors must present the token distributed to them at the time of registration to retrieve bedding hay for themselves. Please be mindful of the Horse Hay we will have for the Cavalry and do not use it for bedding please. All distributions of bedding hay will be recorded in ledger form as it is distributed with unit and brigade designations.

**Horse Hay** - Horse Hay will be quartered for distribution at Confederate Headquarters for distribution and will be monitored by an appointed representative of the Event Host. Units will organize themselves and send a detachment to receive distribution of a sufficient amount of hay for the event. Every attempt will be made to ensure an equal distribution of hay to all mounted units present at the event. All distributions of horse hay will be recorded in ledger form as it is distributed with unit and brigade designations.

**Water Availability** - The site has been prepared with piped water to the camp areas for retrieval by respective individuals. The location of all watering sites will be notated on

### **145th Shiloh Event Information**

a maps to be distributed to all commanders upon registration. Commanders please relay this vital information to your subordinates.

**Restrooms** - We will provide around sixty port-o-lets for use during the event and will evenly distribute them through the camp locations so as not to impose upon camp appearance. Restroom locations will be notated on maps to be distributed at time of registration check-in.

We are using the nearest city to the battle site as a reference point. If you are approaching from a different direction please adjust the directions as needed. Southside, Hardin County, Tennessee

FROM SOUTHSIDE TO  
REGISTRATION AND BATTLE SITE

From Southside you will travel west on Hwy 57 to the Battle Site which is situated to the north of the highway.

## **Cleburne Memorial Service Rescheduled for March 24**

Robert E. Lee called him "a meteor shooting from a clouded sky." And as long as Confederate veterans of the Army of Tennessee lived, and traveled up and down the Mississippi River past Helena, Arkansas, they would come up on the deck, remove their hats, and stand at attention as they passed the small white obelisk standing atop the end of Crowley's Ridge marking his grave. He was the greatest combat leader that Arkansas has ever produced, and in the tradition of the old veterans, the Arkansas Sons of Confederate Veterans and living historians of the state gather to honor him on the weekend nearest his birthday.

The Patrick R. Cleburne SCV Camp #1433 and the 1st Arkansas Infantry reenactors announced they will hold their 22nd annual memorial service for Major General Patrick R. Cleburne at the Confederate section of Maple Hill Cemetery in Helena, Ark. on March 24, 2007. The ceremony will begin promptly at 12:30 p.m. and will last approximately 45 minutes. Period dress or Confederate uniform is encouraged.

Cleburne is perhaps the most noted and most accomplished of the soldiers who served the Confederacy from Arkansas. Enlisting as a private in a local militia company, the "Yell Rifles," in Helena late in 1860, Cleburne was elected to captain and commanded the company during the seizure of the U.S. Arsenal in Little Rock in February 1861. When Arkansas left the Union later that spring, Cleburne was elected to command the 1st Arkansas State Troops (taken into Confederate service as the

15th Arkansas Infantry) and then to command of a brigade at Shiloh and in the 1862 Kentucky campaign. His competence and courage brought him a division command at Murfreesboro, and Cleburne's division, with its distinctive blue-and-white battle flags struck fear into Yankee hearts until his death in the battle of Franklin, TN on November 30, 1864. Originally buried near Columbia, TN, Cleburne's remains were returned to his home town of Helena in 1870 and interred in the Confederate cemetery there.

Maple Hill Cemetery is located on the north edge of Helena, at the point where Crowley's Ridge touches the Mississippi River. From Little Rock, take either I-40 or Highway 70 east to Brinkley. At Brinkley, take Highway 49 east to Helena. At the traffic signal where Highway 49 splits south in West Helena, follow U.S. Business 49 (e.g., go straight ahead) into downtown Helena. In downtown Helena, turn left from 49B onto Columbia Street. Go 3 blocks and turn right onto McDonough Street. Go 2 blocks and turn left onto Holly Street (the Helena Housing Authority sits on this corner). Go 3/4 mile north on Holly Street, and turn left into the front gate of Maple Hill Cemetery. Turn right onto the first avenue in the cemetery and follow this road and the signs to the Confederate cemetery, about 0.4 mile. Park at the foot of the hill, and walk up to the crest where the memorial service will be held.

*As promised in the January issue of The Sentinel, we'll carry on with the continuing adventures of Corporal Si Klegg and his pard, Shorty...*

### CHAPTER III.

#### STILL ON THE MARCH—SI AND SHORTY STOP ON THE WAY LONG ENOUGH TO BAG SIX REBS.

SI CALLED out to the other boys by name to come up and join him.

The rebel Sergeant mentally tallied off each name as it was called. A flush of shame and anger mounted to his face as Si concluded.

"Gol darn hit," he said, "you'uns hain't got ez many ez we'uns; they hain't nigh ez good men ez we'uns, an' they'uns ain't theah. We'uns air Tennesseans, an' you'uns hain't."

"We've got enough, an' they're good enough," said Si sententiously. "Injianny turns out better men than Tennessee ever dreamed o' doing."

"I don't believe hit a mite," said the Sergeant, stooping down and picking up a piece of cedar, which made a formidable club. "We'uns is not a-gwine back with yo'uns nary a step. By rights, we'uns orter take yo'uns back with we'uns. But I'm willin' to call hit off, and let yo'uns go of yo'uns 'Il let we'uns go. Is hit a bargain?"

"Not by 40 rows o' apple trees it ain't," said Si, stepping back a little to get a better range, and fixing his bayonet. "I've set my heart on takin' you back to Co. Q, an' back to Co. Q you'll go, if Si Klegg knows himself."

And you'll go in a hurry, too," said Shorty. "It's gettin' late, and I'm always afraid to be out after dark. Mosey, now !"

The other rebels were picking up clubs similar to the Sergeant's and casting their eyes on him for the signal to attack.

"See here," said Si desperately, cocking his gun. "Don't waste no more time in words. This hain't a debatin' society. You're goin' back to Co. Q or going somewhere else thunderin' quick. Sergeant, if you make a move agin me I'll surely blow your head offen you, an' jab my bayonet through the next man. My partner, Shorty, is a worse man than I am, an' I can't tell how many of you he'll kill. He's awful quick-tempered, too, towards evening, an' liable to begin shooting any minute without warnin'. It'll save several lives if you start right off on the jump, straight toward the rear, an' keep it up, without looking to the right or left, until you reach Co. Q. You'll find the trail we made comin' in. Take it this minute."

The rebel Sergeant's eyes looked directly into the dark muzzle of Si's gun. They glanced along the barrel, and met one eye looking directly through the sights, while the other was closed, in the act of taking deliberate aim. He decided with great promptness that there were many reasons why he should prefer to be a live rebel in a Yankee prison, rather than a badly-disfigured dead one in a lonely cedar thicket. He dropped his club, turned around, and made his way along the path over which Si had come. The rest followed, with Si and Shorty a few paces in the rear.

Palpating with pride, Si marched his

prisoners up to the company, who gave him three cheers. The Captain ordered him to report with his prisoners to the Colonel.

The Colonel praised him with words that made his blood tingle.

The skirmishing off to the right had now ceased. The rebels had fallen back to the next hilltop, and the 200th Ind. was ordered to go into camp where it stood.

It was a fine place for a camp. The mud of the day before was frozen into stony hardness. The wagons had no difficulty in coming up. There was wood and water in abundance, and it seemed that the command "Break ranks—March !" had hardly been uttered when great, bright, comfort-giving fires of fragrant cedar rails flashed up all along the line.

Si and Shorty found several cedar stumps and logs, which they rolled together, and made a splendid fire. They cooked themselves an ample supper of fried pork, toasted hardtack, and strong, fragrant coffee, which they devoured with an appetite and a keen enjoyment only possible to healthy young men who have had a day of active maneuvering and marching in the crisp, chill air of December.

Then they gathered a lot of cedar branches, and made a thick mattress of them near the fire, upon which to spread their blankets for the night.

This was a new suggestion by Shorty, and an amazing success.

"I declare, Shorty," said Si, as he lay down on the bed to try it, "I often wonder where you get all your ideas. For a man who wasn't raised on the Wabash you know an awful sight. Mebbe, if you'd actually been born in Posey County you'd a-knowed enough to be a Jigadier-Brindle. Then I'd a lost you for a pard. This's a great invention. Why, it's softer and comfortable than one of mother's feather beds. When I get out of the army, I'm going to sleep on nothin' but cedar boughs."

"There, you're at it again—the Wabash forever," returned Shorty, good-humoredly. "They raise the finest corn and cattle in the world on

the Wabash, I'll admit, and some fairly good soldiers. But where'll you get any cedars there to make beds with? You'll have to go back to sleepin' on wheat straw and corn husks, with chicken-feather pillers. But after the way you stood up to that rebel Sergeant to-day I'll never say another word about ager and milk-sick on the Wabash, and I'll lick any other feller that does. There wasn't a speck of ager in your gizzard when you ordered him forward, or you'd blow his Southern Confederacy head off."

"There was more ager there than you thought, Shorty," Si admitted softly. "I was awfully scared, for there was six to us two, and if that feller 'd had the right kind of sand he'd a-jumped me at once, before I could get my gun up. The moment he began to palaver I knowed I had him. But I'd a' died in my tracks before I'd let him go, and I knowed you would, too. You're the best pard a feller ever had."

And he reached over and took Shorty's rough hand and squeezed it affectionately.

"I can bet on you every time, even when I don't think it's quite safe to bet



SI REPORTS TO THE COLONEL.

on myself. And, Shorty," he continued, with his eyes kindling, "it was worth all that we've gone through since we've been in the army, even all that time in the rain, to have the Colonel speak as he did to us before the rest of the boys. I'd be willing to enlist three years more if father and mother and sisters, and—and—Annabel could have heard him. I tell you, war has some glorious things in it, after all."

He sat there on his bed before the fire, with his feet curled up under him in the comfortable way that it takes months of field service to acquire, and gazed steadily into the bank of glowing coals. They suffused his face and body with their generous warmth, and helped lift his soul toward the skies.

He was much happier than he had ever been before in his life. The trials of the day before were hardly more than a far-away dream. The fears and anxieties of the coming battle were forgotten. The ruddy embers became a radiant vista, which Pride and Hope and Joy filled with all that he wanted to see. He saw there the dear old home on the Wabash, his father seated by the evening lamp reading the paper, while his mother knit on the other side of the table. His sisters were busy with some feminine trifles, and Annabel had come in to learn the news. They would hear what he had done, and of the Colonel's words of praise before the regiment, and his father's heart would glow with pride and his mother's eyes suffuse with tears. And Annabel—but it passed words, passed thought, almost, what she would say and think.

Just then tattoo rang out clear and musical on the chill night air. The rattling military "good night" had never before had any special charms for Si. But now he thought it an unusually sweet composition.

"I declare," he said to Shorty, "that sheepskin band of our'n is improving. They're getting to play real well. But I ought to write a few lines home before taps. Got any paper, Shorty?"

"Much paper you'll find in this regiment after that rain," said Shorty contemptuously, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and started to fall in for roll-call. "Every mite of paper anybody has was soaked to spitwads. But mebbe the Orderly might have a sheet."

After roll-call Si went to the Orderly-Sergeant.

Nothing in reason could then be refused Si, and the Orderly tore a couple of leaves out of the back of his treasured diary, which had escaped the rain, and handed them to him. Si fished his stub of a pencil out of his blouse-pocket, laid the paper on the back of a tin plate, and began:

*"Somewhere in Tennessee,  
December the 27th, 1862.*

*"Dere Annabel: We're movin' on Murphysboro, where we expect a big fite. There's bin fite'n goin' on ever since we left Nashville, but the 200th Ind. hain't had no hand in it so far, except this afternoon me and Shorty—"*

He stopped, stuck his pencil in his mouth, and began to study just what words he should use to describe the occurrence. He wanted to tell her all that was bubbling in his heart, and yet he was afraid she would think him an intolerable boaster, if he told it in just the words that came to him. He was more afraid of that little country girl's disapproval than of all the rebels in Murfreesboro.

There were yells, the rattling of chains, and the sound of galloping hoofs coming toward him.

"Hi, there; stop them condemned mules!" shouted the voice of a



teamster.

Si jumped to his feet, for the mules were charging directly for his fire, and were almost upon him. He dropped paper, pan and pencil, and jumped to one side, just in time to avoid a rush which scattered his fire, his carefully-prepared bed, and all his belongings under 24 flying, hard-pounding hoofs.

"Blast mules, anyhow," said the driver, coming up with his whip in his hand. "I didn't hev nothin' for them to eat but a cottonwood pole that I cut down in the bottom. But they must have smelt fodder over there somewhere, and they broke for it like the devil beatin' tanbark. Hope you weren't hurt, pard."

Si and Shorty fixed up their fire again, rearranged their scattered cedar boughs, and did the best they could with their torn blankets.

Si found that a mule's hoof had landed squarely on his tin plate, mashed all future usefulness out of it, and stamped his letter to Annabel into unrecognizability.

He threw the rent fragments into the fire, sighed deeply, and crawled under the blankets with Shorty, just as three sounding

taps on the bass-drum commanded silence and lights out in the camp.

## CHAPTER IV. THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE—SI FEELS ONCE MORE THAT LIFE IS REALLY WORTH LIVING.

THERE come times in every man's life when he feels himself part of the sunshine that illumines and warms the earth.

The lover, after he has won his best girl's consent. The candidate, after he has been elected by a big majority.

The valedictorian, after his address has been received with bursts of ringing applause.

The clerk, after he has been admitted into partnership.

The next morning the camp of the 200th Ind. seemed to Si Klegg one of the most delightful places on earth.

The sun shone brightly and cheerily through the crisp December air. The fires of cedar rails sent up a pungent, grateful fragrance. Hardtack, pork and coffee tasted better than he had ever known them.

Everybody noticed him and spoke pleasantly to him. The other boys of Co. Q called out cheerily to him from their fires. Those from other companies would stroll over to take a look at him and Shorty, and his comrades would point them out proudly as fair specimens of Co. Q, and what it was capable of doing when called upon in an emergency.

The Captain spoke very cordially to him and Shorty, the busy Adjutant stopped and greeted them smilingly, and even the grave Colonel singled them out for a pleasant "Good morning" and an inquiry as to whether they had everything they wanted. It did not seem to Si that there was anything more on earth just then for which he could ask.

The 200th Ind. having been at the head of the column when it halted, was to take the rear for that day's march, and so remained in camp for a while to let the rest pass on.

After getting things ready for the march Si and Shorty took a stroll through the camp to see what was to be seen. They came across their prisoners seated around a fire, under guard.

How different they looked from what they did the evening before, when the two partners encountered them in the depths of the cedar

*Continued on Page 8...*

brake. Then they seemed like fierce giants, capable of terrible things, such as would make the heart quail. Now, powerless of harm, and awed by the presence of multitudes of armed men in blue filling the country in every direction that they looked, they appeared very commonplace, ignorant, rough men, long-haired, staring-eyed, and poorly-clad in coarse, butternut-dyed homespun, frayed and tattered.

"Father gits better men than them to work on the farm for \$8 a month," Si remarked to Shorty, after a lengthened survey of them.

"Eight dollars a month is Congressman's wages to what they git for fightin' for the Southern Confederacy," answered Shorty. "I don't s'pose any one of 'em ever had eight real dollars in his pocket in his life. They say they're fightin' to keep us from takin' their niggers away from 'em, and yit if niggers wuz sellin' for \$1 a-piece not one of 'em could buy a six-months'-old baby. Let's go up and talk to 'em."

"I don't know 'bout that," said Si, doubtfully. "Seems to me I wouldn't be particularly anxious to see men who'd taken me prisoner and talked very cross about blowin' my blamed head off."

"O, that's all right," answered Shorty confidently. "Words spoken in the heat of debate, and so on. They won't lay them up agin us. If they do, and want any satisfaction, we can give it to 'em. I kin lick any man in that crowd with my fists, and so kin you. We'll jest invite 'em to a little argyment with nature's weepens, without no interference by the guard. Come on."

The prisoners returned their greetings rather pleasantly. They were so dazed by the host of strange faces that Si and Shorty seemed, in a measure, like old acquaintances.

"Had plenty to eat, boys," asked Shorty, familiarly, seating himself on a log beside them and passing his pipe and tobacco to the Sergeant.

"Plenty, thankee," said the Sergeant, taking the pipe and filling it. "More'n we 'uns 've had sence we left home, an' mouty good vittles, too. You Yanks sartinly live well, if yo'uns don't do nothin' else."

"Yes," said Shorty, with a glance at his mud-stained garments, "we're bound to live high and dress well, even if we don't lay up a cent."

"You sartinly do have good cloze, too," said the Sergeant, surveying the stout blue uniforms with admiration. "Yo'uns' common soldiers 've better cloze than our officers. We 'uns got hold o' some o' yo'uns' overcoats, and they wear like leather."

"There's leather in 'em," said Shorty unblushingly. "I tell you, old Abe Lincoln's a very smart man. He saw that this war was costin' a heap of money, especially for clothes. He got a bright idee that by soaking the clothes when they were new and green in the



THE ADJUTANT SMILED ON SI AND SHORTY.

tan-vats, jest after the leather wuz taken out, they'd take up the strength o' the leather out o' the juice, and wear always. The idee worked bully, and now old Abe goes every morning to where they're makin' clothes and sees that every stitch is put to soak."

"Nobody but a Yankee'd thought o' that," said the rebel reflectively.

"You bet," assented Shorty. "Jeff Davis'd never think of it if he lived to be as old as Methuselah. But that's only the beginnin' of Abe Lincoln's smartness."

"He's a durned sight smarter man than we 'uns thought he wuz when we begun the war," admitted the Sergeant. "But we 'uns 'll wollop him yit, in spite of his smartness."

"We kin tell more about that a few months later," returned Shorty. "It's never safe to count the game until the last hand's played. We hain't fairly begun to lead trumps yit. But what are you fellers fighting for, anyhow?"

"We 'uns foutin' for our liberty, and t' keep yo'uns from takin' our niggers away."

The reply that came to Shorty's lips was that they seemed to be losing a great deal of liberty rather than gaining it, but he checked this by the fear that it would be construed as an ungentlemanly boast of their capture. He said, instead:

"I never knowed as any of us wanted your niggers—me particularly. I wouldn't take a wagon load of 'em, even if the freight was prepaid. But, let me ask you, Sergeant, how many niggers do you own?"

"I don't own nary one."

"Does your father own any?"

"No, he don't."

"Does your mother, or brothers, uncles, aunts, or cousins own any?" persisted Shorty.

"No, thar ain't nary one owned in the hull family."

"Seems to me," said Shorty, "you're doin' a great deal of fightin' to keep us from takin' away from you something that we don't want and you hain't got. That's the way it looks to a man from north o' the Ohio River. Mebbe there's something in the Tennessee air that makes him see differently. I'll admit that I've changed my mind about a good many things since we crossed the river."

"I've alluz said," spoke another of the prisoners, "that this wuz a rich man's wah and a pore man's fout."

"Well," said Shorty, philosophically, "for folks that like that sort o' fightin', that's the sort o' fightin' they like. I'm different. I don't. When I fight it's for something that I've got an interest in."

While the discussion was going on Si had been studying the appearance of the prisoners. In spite of their being enemies his heart was touched by their



THE PRISONERS.



comfortless condition. Not one of them had an overcoat or blanket. The Sergeant and a couple of others had over their shoulders pieces of the State House carpet, which had been cut up into lengths and sewed together for blankets. Another had what had once been a gaudy calico counterpane, with the pattern "Rose of Sharon" wrought out in flaming colors. It was now a sadly-bedraggled substitute for a blanket. The others had webs of jeans sewed together.

The buttons were gone from their garments in many essential places, and replaced by strings, nails, skewers and thorns. Worst of all, almost every one of them was nearly shoeless. A sudden impulse seized Si.

"Shorty," said he, "these men are going up where the weather is very cold. I wish I was able to give each of them a warm suit of clothes and a blanket. I ain't though. But I tell you what I will do; I'll go down to the Quartermaster and see if he'll issue me a pair of shoes for each of 'em, and charge it to my clothin' account."

"Bully idee," ejaculated Shorty. "I'll go you halves. Mebbe if they git their understandin' into Yankee leather it'll help git some Yankee ideas into their understandin'. See?"

And Shorty was so delighted with his little joke that he laughed over it all the way to the Quartermaster's wagon, and then rehearsed it for that officer's entertainment.

Fortunately, the Quartermaster had a box of shoes that he could get at without much trouble, and he was in sufficiently good humor to grant Si's request.

They added a warm pair of socks to each pair of shoes, and so wrought up the A. Q. M.'s sympathies that he threw in some damaged overcoats, and other articles, which he said he could report "lost in action."

They came back loaded with stuff, which they dumped down on the ground before the prisoners, with the brief remark:

"Them's all yours. Put 'em on."

The prisoners were overwhelmed by this generosity on the part of their foes and captors.

"I alluz thought,"-said the Sergeant, "that you Yankees wuz not half so bad ez I believed that yo' uns wuz. Yo' uns is white men, if yo' uns do want to take away our niggers."

"Gosh," said the man who had uttered the opinion that it was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight, "I'd give all my interest in every nigger in Tennessee for that ere one pa'r a' shoes. They're beauties, I tell you. I never had so good a pa'r afore in all my life."

## CHAPTER V.

### LINING UP FOR BATTLE—THE 200TH IND. GUARDS THE WAGON TRAIN, AND DEFEATS AN ATTACK.

"RAIN agin to-day," said Shorty, disgustedly, as, on the morning of Dec. 30, 1862, he crawled out of the shelter which he and Si had constructed by laying a pole in the crotches of two young cedars, and stretching their ponchos and pup-tents over it. "Doggoned if I don't believe Tennessee was left out in the flood, and they've been tryin' to make up for it ever since. I'd rather have the flood at once, and be done with it, for then I'd join the navy instead of paddlin' round in this dirty glue that they call mud."

"Never saw such a grumbler, Shorty," said Si cheerily, as he punched the soaked embers together to start a blaze to boil their coffee by. "Last Summer the dust and dry weather didn't suit you. Do you want to do your soldierin' in heaven?"

"Hurry up with your grub, boys," said the Orderly-Sergeant, who came spattering through the muck of leaves and mud into which the camping-ground had been trampled. "The regiment's to move in 15

minutes. The 200th Ind. guards wagon trains to-day. Yesterday Wheeler's cavalry got in among our wagons and raised thunder—burnt about a mile of 'em."

Shorty grumbled: "That means a tough day's work pryin' wagons out of the mud, and restin' ourselves between times runnin' after a lot o' skippin', cavortin' cavalry that's about as easy to ketch as a half-bushel o' fleas. Anything I hate it's rebel cavalry—all tear-around and yell, and when you git ready to shoot they're on the other side o' the hill."

"Well," said Si, removing a slab of sizzling fat pork from the end of his rammer, laying it on his hardtack, and taking a generous bite, "we mustn't allow them to take no wagons away from the 200th Ind., slosh around as they may. We want all that grub ourselves."

"Well, hump yourselves," said the Orderly-Sergeant, as he spattered on; "fall in promptly when assembly blows. Got plenty o' cartridges?"

Two or three hours later every man in the 200th Ind., wet to the skin, and with enough mud on him to be assessable as real estate, was in a temper to have sassed his gentle old grandmother and whipped his best friend. He believed that if there was anything under heavens meaner than Tennessee weather it was an army mule; the teamsters had even less sense and more contrariness than the mules; the army wagon was a disheartening device of the devil, and Tennessee roads had been especially contrived by Jeff Davis to break the hearts of Union soldiers.

The rain came down with a steady pelt that drove right through to the body. The wagon wheels sank into every mud-hole and made it deeper. Prying out the leading ones seemed only to make it worse for the next. The discouraged mules would settle back in the breechings, and not pull an ounce at the most critical moments. The drivers would become blundering idiots, driveling futile profanity. In spite of all the mud the striving, pushing, pulling, prying, lifting, shouting 200th Ind. gathered up on their hands and clothes, it increased momentarily in the road.

The train had strung out over a mile or more of rocky ledges and abysses of mire. Around each wagon was a squad who felt deeply injured by the certainty that their infernal luck had given them the heaviest wagon, the worst mules, and the most exasperating driver in the whole division.

"I couldn't 've made a doggoneder fool than Groundhog, that teamster," said Shorty, laying down his rail for a minute's rest, "if I'd 'a' had Thompson's colt before my eyes for a pattern. That feller was born addled, on Friday, in the dark of the moon."

"Them mules," dolefully corroborated Si, scraping an acre, more or less, of red Tennessee soil from his overcoat with a stick, "need to be broke again—with a saw-log. Luck for old Job that the devil didn't think o' settin' him to drive mules. He'd 'a' bin a-goner in less'n an hour."

"Doggone it, here they come," said Shorty, snatching up his gun.

Si looked in the direction of Shorty's glance. Out of the cedars, a mile or more away, burst a regiment of rebel cavalry, riding straight for the front of the train.

With his tribe's keen apprehension of danger, Groundhog had jumped from his saddle, nervously unhitched his mule, and sprung into the saddle again, ready for instant fight.

"Get off and hook that mule up agin," commanded Si sternly. "Now get on your mule and go to the head of your team, take the leaders by the bridles, and stay there."

"If you ain't standing there holding your mules when we come back I'll break your worthless neck."

The bugle sounded "Rally on the right flank," and Si and Shorty joined the others in a lumbering rush over the miry fields toward the right. Their soaked clothes hung about them like lead. They had not a spoonful of breath left when they got to where, half a mile away, Co. A had taken a position in the briers behind a rail fence, and had opened a long-ranged fire on the cavalry, which was maneuvering as if trying to discover a way to take the company in flank. Another fence ran at right angles away to

the right of Co. A's position. The cavalry started for that.

"Capt. McGillicuddy," shouted the Colonel, "take your company back to that fence as quick as you can, run along back of it, and try to keep those fellows on the other side."

Away the panting company rushed for the fence. The field was overgrown with those pests of the Southern plowman, called locally "devil's shoe-strings," which stretch from furrow ridge to furrow ridge, and are snares to any careless walker. The excited Indianians were constantly tripped on these, and fell headlong in the mud. Down Si and Shorty went several times, to the great damage of their tempers. But in spite of all—rain, mud, lack of breath and devil's shoe-strings—the company got to the fence in advance of the cavalry, and opened a scattering fire as each man could get his damp gun to go off. Si and Shorty ran back a little to a hillock, from which they could get long-distance shots on where the cavalry would probably try to tear down the fence.

"It's all of 600 yards, Si," said Shorty, as he leaned against a young oak, got his breath back in long gulps, and studied the ground. "We kin make it, though, with our Springfields, if they'll give us time to cool down and git our breaths. I declare I want a whole Township of fresh air every second. That last time I fell knocked enough breath out o' me to fill a balloon."

"There, they're sendin' out a squad now to go for the fence," said Si, putting his sight up to 600 yards. "I'll line on that little persimmon tree and shoot as they pass it. I'll take the fellow on the claybank horse, who seems to be an officer. You take the next one on the spotted bay."

"Better shoot at the hoss," said Shorty, fixing his sight. "Bigger mark; and if you git the hoss you git the man."

The squad made a rush for the fence, but as the leader crossed the line Si had drawn on the persimmon tree through his sights, his musket cracked, and the horse reared and fell over in the mud. Shorty broke the shoulder of the next horse, and the rider had to jump off.

"Bully shots, boys. Do it again," shouted the Captain of Co. Q, hurrying some men farther to the right, to concentrate a fire upon the exposed point.

Si and Shorty hastily reloaded, and fired again at the rebels, who had pressed on toward the fence, in spite of the fall of their leader. But not having an object in line to sight on, Si and Shorty did not succeed in bringing anybody down. But as they looked to see the effect, they also saw a cannon-flash from a hill away off behind the cavalry, and the same instant its rifled shot took the top off the young oak about six feet above Si's head.

Shorty was the first to recover his



EARNING THIRTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH.

the train, the rest of the regiment bolted off on the double-quick for the rear. They did not get there a moment too soon. Not soon enough, in fact. As they came over the crest of the hill they saw Co. B, which had been with the rear, having more than it could attend to with a horde of yelling, galloping rebels, who filled the little valley. Co. B's boys were standing up manfully to their work, and popping away at the rebels from behind fences and rocks, but the latter had already gotten away from them a wagon which had been far to the rear, had cut loose the mules and run them off, and were plundering the wagon, and trying to start a fire under it.

The fusillade which the regiment opened as the men gained the crest of the hill, put a different complexion on the affair. The rebels recognized the force of circumstances, and speedily rode back out of range, and then out of sight. As the last of them disappeared over the hill the wearied regiment dropped down all around to rest.

"We can't rest long, boys," said the sympathetic Colonel; "we've got to start these wagons along." Presently he gave the order:

"Go back to your wagons, now, and get them out as quickly as you can."

Si and Shorty took a circuit to the left to get on some sod which had not been trampled into mortar. They heard a volley of profanity coming from a cedar brake still farther to the left, and recognized the voice of their teamster. They went thither, and found Groundhog, who had fled from the scene, after the manner of his race, at the first sound of firing, but had been too scared to fasten up his traces when he unhitched his saddle mule. These had flapped around, as he urged his steed



A CLOSE SHAVE.

Continued on Page 13..



## The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

I don't have much to say this month, so I'll yield the floor to an old friend. True, we won't be going all that far at Shiloh, but if you're not into a lot of this sort of activity, this is good advice for anyone wanting to recreate a period march, as well as the folks who are supposed to be leading them there.

Hope to see all y'all in the woods of Tennessee...

*Sam Ezell*

## Thoughts on Modern Folks Making a Period March

The hobby has very few campaign events, and it is wise to take advantage of them when and if you can. The first campaign event in several years has evidently snuck up on many people, and there's a big difference between covering long stretches of ground on foot and walking over to sutler row to show off new gear.

A number of folks just realized they have about 2 weeks to get ready to take a long hike in period equipment. Here are some decidedly non-period ways and a few period thoughts to help yourself before, during, and after the event. As a bit of background, the longest one day hike I have ever made was 42 miles, one of the most grueling was 36 miles on railroad tracks, and the most painful trek was with a broken leg. I don't recommend the latter. If I could do this with chronic rheumatoid arthritis, then you desk jockeys and wrench turners can do it, too. Remember to roll your feet when you walk.

- Now, get up, go get some water, and come back to this. Remember what water tastes like? It's not bad. Start drinking an extra couple of quarts per day. Yes, you'll be taking a whiz much more often, and note how clear it is. Your hiney will also appreciate it, and I hope I don't need to explain that bit of useful info. Slowly getting hydrated without upsetting your electrolyte and trace element balance is a big positive.

- **Start walking tonight.** Not jogging. Not biking. Not treadmilling, but walking in the

'hood. Start with about a mile, and work upwards. You have an automobile, so figure out a mile with the odometer. Start doing this in whatever shoes you normally wear, because you need to work on your period shoes. You'll get to your period shoes, soon, but have patience. Good socks and shoes make for happy feet. I've seen situps and handweights mentioned for the arms, back and stomach. It's a good suggestion, as your back and shoulders take a beating from the knapsack (and suspenders). For those who are chained to a desk all day, just get out and do it. You may find there are some useful side effects, and bring a canteen of water with you. Get used to it slapping around.

- On your way home tonight, stop by a tack shop or farm supply store and pick up some pure neatsfoot oil. You should already have this. If you can't find that, then Meltonian (lanolin) shoe cream is also period, and still marketed by Kiwi. Find some real saddle soap (glycerine) in bar form. If you can't find that, just use plain lard or olive oil. Also buy a pair of shoe trees. The cheap plastic ones are fine. Take a stiff brush and really clean your shoes, especially the seams above the sole, heel, and around the heel and toe counters. Check the laces, and replace them if needed. Don't get the garter snake laces from Walmart, but take the time to order a decent pair. Dell Leather, among others, can supply you with plenty of these. Stash an extra lace in your housewife. Some dumbass (maybe you) will need it. After cleaning your shoes, give them a light coat of neatsfoot oil inside and out. Do this three nights in a row. On the fourth night, soften them with a good rubbing of saddle soap. This seems backwards at first, but try it one time. Saddle soap softens leather and makes it more pliable. I like the glycerine variety over the paste, but that's a personal choice. BTW, if your shoes are coated with mold, just use some vinegar to wipe them off. It's a period solution, too. During the event, put some bacon grease on them, especially in the evening. The salt will do some harm, but only after about 75-80 years.

Check out the rest of your gear, and maintain the leather in a similar fashion. Neatsfoot oil is meant to be applied sparingly (WW2 cav folks were using a tin soap box lid as a guide for saddle et al), so don't over do it.

While we are at it, let's obsess over shoes for a moment. At the usual mainstream event or living history, one can have the worst shoes in the world, and it really doesn't matter, because you don't go anywhere. Stiff shoes will cause problems, and so will little pressure points like knotted thread on the inside by the tongue (Land), those little screw heads or nails poking up from the heel (Serio), and so on. Look for those things, and correct them. If the heel pad leather needs to be reglued, then this

is a good time to do it. Additionally, if the heels are worn down significantly, it will place stress on your knees and other hard working joints, so take them to the local shoe repair fellow this week (just in case he is slow), and get them back next week. He can do a built up leather heel, and if you have drywall screws in your shoes, show him those before he rips everything apart. Most shoe repair places like to work on this old fashioned stuff, and turn around is usually just 1 week.

If you can choose between a pair of shoes with and without hobnails, go for the pair without them for walking on asphalt. There's a correlation between hobs and blisters for a lot of folks. For some reason asphalt early in the day is less destructive than later in the day. No idea why, but it is an observation proven out time and time again. Heel plates tend to keep the heels from wearing out after a few miles on hard surface, so there's a trade off.

Rounded heels need to be repaired. If you can set them on a level surface and roll a soda straw under them, then they need to be repaired, because they are killing your knees. That's right — knees. Skinny fellers tend to walk on the inside of their heels, and those who push not away from the table have heel wear on the outside. Not 110% true, but you'd be surprised.

On day five (three days of oiling and one day of soaping), start wearing your period shoes when you walk. They will start building up wear points on your feet, and you'll begin to feel the difference a couple of weeks ahead of time rather than right out of the box on the first day of the event. Adjust your socks to fit your shoes. Don't wear out your good wool socks at this point, but use modern socks, and you may need two pair for this.

Keep walking, and add a piece or two of gear every night to your ensemble to build up muscle memory. Even an empty knapsack has weight, and it gets that shoulder muscle memory started.

**Boots.** Yeah, right. Cool can turn into cruel. Feet will swell in boots or shoes, and boot jacks don't always grow on trees. Prying off a pair of boots that have been on your feet for 2-3 days can take considerable effort. Some folks don't have this problem, but most folks do, and there's nothing like having to make five guys bail because one man in the carpool gets a senseless boot-inflicted injury.

**Wash your period socks.** Dirty socks contribute to blisters. If you use Woolite, your socks will feel more comfortable. *Farb!* Lye soap works, too. If your period socks were made with huge knitting needles and bulky yarn, consider buying more appropriate pairs more finely knitted. I've seen more feet destroyed by cotton socks than anything else, but if they work for you, then don't change. If you want to rub your socks down with lye soap for lubrication, that's good too. Olive oil

also works. Look for holes that need to be darned, look for small pieces of trash that will cause blisters. Repair your socks if need be, and learn darning from the several fine darning websites that have nice diagrams and instructions. Hey, it's a period skill.

**Driving Funk:** After a 2 day drive sweating your ass off on the upholstery, you've already got a good headstart on crotch rot. Make some arrangement to wash off the funk when you get there. That lye soap and washrag in the knapsack are good for this modern challenge. Damn baby ass wipes are good for this, and good for getting the grunge off just before heading home.

On a rainy night when you don't want to walk around the block a few times, pull out your gear. Check your drawers for places that may chafe, and fix them. A looser pair of trousers is better than tight. You'll want your legs to breathe. Dry drawers are a good thing. Linen, Osnaburg, Muslin, and plain cotton cloth drawers tend to hold water, while cotton flannel wicks it away. The latter seem to work the best. Some wear drawers that are too long and need to be cut off. The hardkewl fad of plaid drawers hanging out about 4" is nice shamming and glamming on sutler row, but not on a march. There's a lot to be said for having an extra pair of clean and dry drawers, but a shirt here and drawers there adds up to a lot of weight, and having the right drawers from the right cloth is part of the "system." Even the old boys had to figure out what they really wanted on a march.

**Right index finger.** Nothing can substitute for developing the callous from carrying the musket at shoulder arms. If you haven't played with the peashooter all winter, then this is a good time to do so. Good time to clean the Hell out of it, and give it a good once over to find those little things that crawl into the barrel over the winter. Carry it around a little bit. Get used to it.

Eat some bananas, and drink some Gatorade. Add a little salt to your food, and take a few potassium pills to stock up on trace elements before the event. Most of all, drink more water than normal. Some say this does no good, but it works for a lot of people.

Pre-event applications of Gold Bond, talcum powder, or whatever on your feet, in your shoes, and crotch can make a difference. Make a "dirt bag" if you must, and keep it within another poke bag. Zinc is the biggest element in most of these anti-fungal products, and they will typically make matters worse if one is already galded and bloody. If your thighs already rub together when you walk, try a rubdown of mineral oil or other lubricant. Friction and moisture plus bacteria make your life suck. Lye soap works here, too.

**Medicines and candy.** Don't forget the insulin if you need it. Let folks know you are a diabetic (mild or otherwise) and they'll understand when you go down with your eyes glazed over. Hopefully, this won't happen. A couple of pieces of hard candy can go a long ways, too. Remember the lemon drop club? Get some. In addition, the average person can use some Ibuprofen when they get back to the wagon park. It's good to stash some there. It's also a good idea to carry some in that tiny little personal meds tin in your knapsack if you know you are going to need it. Four at wake up and four at noon can make a big difference. Having a few with you is much better than asking out loud for them.

**Big wad of keys :** The only person who really needs keys is the Lord God Kabuki of the Motorized Wagon Park. Otherwise put a copy of the vehicle door key in the bottom of the cartridge box. This is the one place everyone already knows to look should you be passed out on the side of the road, and it is unlikely to get lost. Standard shit here. Some use a poke bag, but it can take time to find it.

**Big fat wallet :** Along with the key, a form of ID and an insurance card can be a big help when no one knows your name, and you need to get to the hospital. Sticking them behind that piece of marked pasteboard on the right bottom side of the cartridge box tin was a great idea for some damn event, who ever came up with it, and far better than folks spending 10-15 minutes searching through pockets, knapsacks, haversacks, hat bands, etc. It never caught on, but it is still a good idea. If you've ever

shown up at an emergency room with a fellow with no ID, no money, and no insurance card, you'd understand this. Leave the big fat wallet hidden back in the vehicle, as it is just weight and friction.

**Packing light is important.** No need to be a gear bomb with the kitchen sink, and home entertainment center. A march is not a LH where folks need a lot of show and tell items to gawk, fondle, and discuss at length. You should be too busy cooking, cleaning, guarding, and sleeping to worry about a checkers marathon.

Drag out your knapsack, mend what needs to be fixed, and maintain the leather parts. Straps that are maintained well tend not to snap and lose their shape, although I have seen some brand new knapsacks do some bizarre things in the field. Wipe the outside with a very light coating of olive oil for waterproofing. A knapsack is a great place to let wet wool socks dry in the sun by inserting them into the straps on the back and letting them wick away the moisture. Good officers will have a knapsack inspection before folks get away from the parking area. Yes, this takes manpower and willpower.

Launder your blanket - for the first time, even. Lose the dirt. You can do this by hand with soap or Woolite. Drywall buckets work well for this. Rinse well, and let it sun dry. Sometimes they have 1-2 lbs of dirt in them. A clean blanket is also a warmer blanket, and if you have the choice between a one of the thin fed issue blankets, and a 9-pounder, well, you make the call. This is a good time to monogram and mend it, too. Remember Si Klegg?

It would be a company of dumbasses not to be able to clean their weapons or fail to have a screwdriver to get into the ammunition boxes. Have on hand a well fitting wiper, cleaning patches, pocketknife, hemp twine, period pocket trash, matches and match safe. Corporals and above should have a combination screwdriver wrench, and at least one sergeant, preferably the 2nd Sgt., should also have "the you know what." It's weight, but when it is needed, it is priceless. It would be like the 3rd Sgt. not having a knife.

On that note, knowing a little something about your messmates, and who carries the can boiler, the hatchet, the plate, skinning knife, and skillet can be helpful. Folks do need to have a few things to work with.

Can't imagine firing more than 20 cartridges at any event, but 40 in the box is generally a good deal. Following the event guidelines can be good, too.

An extra shirt is a good luxury item, I say that because the federal issue shirts are made the way they are to be self drying, and, no surprise, still warm when soaked. Cotton shirts tend to be soaking wet by the end of the day, and can use a good draping over a bush. That stuff was made that way for a reason.

**Vest :** Open closet. Remove from hanger. Shake twice. Replace on hanger. Close closet. Smile. In two weeks, note the number of people removing their vests at the first halt.

The jacket sleeve linings typically become soaking wet. Turn it inside out, and drape it over a bush in the warm sunshine. Those wet linings are designed to keep you cooler, and they do.

**A sewing kit** shouldn't be big enough to choke a mule. I've seen some housewives lately that were almost the size of modern coffee cans covered with painted cloth. A couple of buttons, some thread, and two needles pretty much cover that busted suspender and/or popped fly button. It's not a dry goods store for heaven's sake.

Belts are easier on your back than suspenders. Add a couple of holes to cinch it up tighter due to water loss.

**Toiletry items** can be in a poke bag (outer bag) and should at least be periodish. Nothing like a pristine morning moment when someone busts loose with the Aquafresh and a bright pink toothbrush. The boar bristle brushes and toothpowder work just fine for a few days here and there.

**Don't take breaks on the bottom of a hill,** and remind your officers of this. Breaks longer than 20 minutes cause the leg muscles to tighten up. The Jackson 50/10 rule still applies. Water should be

available approximately every two miles, which some folks scoff at, but there's a good reason.

Hot? Soak your hat at the next water stop. It helps.

**Don't go too fast.** The real army didn't, except when there was a reason to haul ass. Put an old guy up front in that right general guide position who understands the concept and practice of pace. Pace is important. Reenactors tend to think marches are an end to themselves. For the old boys, it was a way to get to where the workin' started.

A surgeon needs to be an EMT or at least a good first aid man, and he needs some modern supplies like liquid skin, moleskin, pain meds, and such. Some immodium can be helpful, too. A little whiskey is good for sanitizing lances, among other things.

Leave a couple of gatorade quarts in the automobile. Sure, it tastes like warm piss might, but it puts some liquid back into your system before you leave the parking lot.

**Sag wagons** are a good idea, even if it is a small motor vehicle a half mile behind the column. Sag squads are good, but not the same as having a way to evacuate someone without having the "only officer who knows the route" stuck behind a battalion marching off course. 'Nuf said.

About ten miles is the normal walking distance for reenactors. Somewhere about 12 miles folks have developed enough injuries that they begin to think there is a good reason to have stopped at 10 miles. This, of course, depends on terrain, walking surface, etc.

**Skirmishers**: Run the young ones around a little bit to get the edge off them early in the morning, then keep an eye on them because they don't/won't drink water.

**Sick Lane and lazy squad.** (See Sag squad above.) There will be stragglers, elders, and those who need to go a little slower. Let them have a squad on their own with an earlier start, and later finish. When one boy gets hurt, and the other three guys in the carpool have to go home, then 4 "casualties" turns into 16 in a hurry. People with injuries and in their 70s have made marches due to this consideration.

**Commo**: Someone needs a cell phone, and one that actually works

in the rural areas (PCS sux/Analog rules). The only reason I'm thinking about getting a damn cell phone for myself is because of the need to call home when a horse throws a shoe or has a rider inflicted accident.

Have some pre-assigned "known points" on the ground on the maps. Field and staff, and the boys at the support cell need to have the same "real" map. It is good to label water points as "springs" so folks have KNOWN points where a vehicle can access the line of march.

**Watch**: Everyone needs to know how to use this as a compass. Look it up.

**Knowing the March Route**: More than one man should know the march route. Yes, I harp on this. Although some get upset that this is giving out "too much information" at least one recent event was screwed up because only one man in the battalion knew the march route, and when he was back behind the battalion tending to a malingerer (where was the surgeon?), the battalion made a wrong turn, even on a well marked bushogged, limed, ribboned, path through a field.

**Lunch**: Boil coffee, and eat a cracker at least. Even if you don't feel hungry, eat something. Don't overeat for lunch (dinner) either. There will be plenty of time in the late afternoon for cooking and eating, and breakfast can usually be pre-cooked.

**Control Cell and Kabuki**: No need to expand on this. It needs to exist, and if it doesn't, you'll wish it did.

**Asswipe**: Harper's or Leslies works fine. A funky ass can lead to all sorts of complications.

These are a few thoughts. Some may be helpful, and some may not be helpful to you at this moment, but they may be in the future. At least do this:

1. Get out and walk.
2. Maintain/rehab your shoes.
3. Lighten your load.
4. Drink water.

Charles Heath

*Your feet will eventually break into the shoes.*

### Further Mishaps of Si Klegg...

forward, and the hooks had caught so firmly into the cedars when he plunged into the thicket that he was having a desperate time getting them loose.

"You dumbed, measly coward," said Si. "I told you I'd blow your head off you if you didn't stay by them mules. I ought to do it."

"Don't, Si," said Shorty. "He deserves it, and we kin do it some other time. But we need him now in our business. He hain't much of a head, but it's all that he's got—and he can't drive without it. Le's git the mule loose first."

They got the mule out and turned him around toward the wagons.

"Now," said Shorty, addressing Groundhog, "you white-livered son-in-law of a jackass, git back to that wagon as fast as you kin, if you don't want me to run this bayonet through you."

There was more straining and prying in the dreary rain and fathomless mud to get the wagons started.

"Shorty," said Si, as they plodded alongside the road, with a rail on one shoulder and a gun on the other, "I really believe that this is the toughest day we've had yet. What d'you s'pose father and mother'd say if they could see us?"

"They'd probably say we wuz earning our \$13 a month, with \$100 bounty at the end o' three years," snapped Shorty, who was in no mood

for irrelevant conversation.

So the long, arduous day went. When they were not pulling, pushing, prying, and yelling, to get the wagons out of mudholes, they were rushing over the clogging, plowed fields to stand off the nagging rebel cavalry, which seemed to fill the country as full as the rain, the mud, the rocks and the sweeping cedars did. As night drew on they came up to lines of fires where the different divisions were going into line-of-battle along the banks of Stone River. The mud became deeper than ever, from the trampling of tens of thousands of men and animals, but they at least did not have the aggravating rebel cavalry to bother them. They found their division at last in an old cotton field, and were instantly surrounded by a crowd of hungry, angry men.

"Where in blazes have you fellers bin all day?" they shouted. "You ought to've got up here hours ago. We're about starved."

"Go to thunder, you ungrateful whelps," said Si. "You kin git your own wagons up after this. I'll never help guard another wagon-train as long as I'm in the army."

*Once again...  
TO BE CONTINUED...*

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