

The Sentinel



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Living Historians
http://www.geocities.com/capital_guards

Starting Off '07 with a "Bang" ...

The 2007 re-enacting season got off with a bang -- even a somewhat early one -- on January 6th with the observance of the 143rd anniversary of the death of David O. Dodd. Dodd, a seventeen-year-old civilian, was apprehended the week after Christmas 1863 while apparently attempting to carry military information to the Confederate lines. He was arrested, accused of spying, tried and convicted by a Federal military commission, and executed by hanging on January 8, 1864. For the past 25 years, Arkansas reenactors and the Sons of Confederate Veterans have commemorated his death with a memorial service at Mt. Holly Cemetery near downtown Little Rock.

The 2007 observance garnered 41 riflemen in the ranks of the honor guard, with eight of those provided by the Capitol Guards. Captain Tom Ezell, Sergeant Steve Shore, and Privates Jim Briggs, Harvey Moore, Ken Nations, Randy Puckett, David Sesser and Jerry Simpson shouldered muskets for the event.

One nice thing about the Dodd event is that it's pretty much the same old same old every year, and pretty well comes together on its own each year as far as the reenactor end goes. Most of the 6th met at the cemetery, as we've found that allows us to take the most advantage of the social aspects of the event... getting together as a group for the first time each year, catching up on old times, and visiting with the members of the other units we haven't seen in some time. There was plenty of socializing this year, as we were blessed by some of the nicest weather that can be remembered for this event in a long, long time.

Eventually we formed ranks, loaded the muskets, and moved down to the grave site for the memorial service. Pre-inspections and dressing the ranks was cursory, so it was a matter of the old timers watching out for the new guys. Me, I left mine unprimed, figuring that from my comfortable spot in the rear rank there would be plenty of opportunity to take care of that before the first volley. I was packing a 2-bander Mississippi rifle for the first time, and didn't care to have the extra hazard from the muzzle while waiting for all the speeches to be over with.

As before, lots of speeches, nothing really memorable but they weren't intolerably long, either... We were kept at the position of the soldier throughout, but a few folks took the opportunity to stretch and fidget a little to relieve the strain.

After a short prayer, we were called to shoulder arms, and then to the ready, and "Aim..." Checking the interval to my file partner (I was in the rear rank with a rifle), I got ready, placed the finger to the trigger and was ready to squeeze on the first syllable of "fire," and **POW!** ... followed by a slightly

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Members of the Capitol Guards at Dodd's grave during the 2007 memorial service: Ken Nations, Randy Puckett, David Sesser, Harvey Moore, Steve Shore, Jerry Simpson, Jim Briggs, and Tom Ezell.

Tentative 2007 Event Schedule (and other opportunities)

During the meeting at Vinos' on January 6, we discussed wide variety of potential events for the coming year, and decided to focus on a few Company Maximum Efforts, and support selected other local events as possible. Here's a tentative schedule for the 6th Arkansas, as well as a listing of other events that are of likely interest during the coming year. From what was very nearly a "dead" calendar most of last year, this year our opportunities and our cups runneth over...

Company "maximum effort" events, where we try to get as many people out as we can, are highlighted; the other events are listed for information and consideration. Other events may pop up out of the blue from time to time, and we'll try to get the word out in a timely manner.

February 10-11 – The 1st Battalion, Frontier Brigade will be holding their annual battalion muster at Fort Washita, OK.

February 17 – **Company Drill Weekend** for 6th Arkansas/37th Illinois. (Reed's Bridge Battlefield Park?) The idea here is to get together for a training day and knock some of the dust off the drill manual. Quick review of School of the Soldier and School of the Company, work on School of the Skirmisher. Lunch together at the Crooked Hook catfish restaurant. **6th Arkansas max effort event.**

March 3 – (Tentative) **Battalion/large company drill** in preparation for Shiloh event.

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Dodd AAR (continued from Page 1)

ragged volley, and then by Mark Kalkbrenner's delayed order, "Fire!"

Those of y'all who read through last month's issue of the *Sentinel* probably recall that Steve Shore and I invested in a pair of M1841 rifles this past fall, and in the review article noted a good deal of "creep" in the trigger assemblies. I had removed the lockplate on mine, cleaned all the cosmoline out, lubed, and reassembled mine. And guess what? The creep wasn't there anymore, as I found to my surprise with the first volley. In fact, the same thing happened the following week at Arkansas Post

The funny thing, was that the early shot was blamed on my comrade-in-arms, cavalryman David Wilson, who was to my right and hadn't even loaded his weapon, since he had a sawed-off shotgun back there in the rear rank. The next two volleys went off crisply, and after presenting arms, we moved by the right flank back out to the assembly area, cleared weapons, and dismissed the troops.

After gathering up the colors, we put away the weapons and accoutrements, and headed along with everyone else to a re-enactors' gathering at Vino's Brewpub at 7th & Chester street, where the leadership of the 1st Arkansas Battalion

had planned to hold a statewide organization meeting after the Dodd memorial and had invited all the local reenacting groups in an effort to better organize support for some of the smaller events within the State.

However, neither Colonels Sanders or Griggs was able to attend the Little Rock service due to other requirements, and the only other officer of the battalion was called away to a 1:00 p.m. SCV meeting. So, we used the time and opportunity to hold an informal Company meeting to work out a tentative schedule and confirm interest in a few events that were coming up in the near future.

Interest appears to still be strong in continuing the 6th Arkansas as a mostly Confederate group, and in retaining our status as an independent company – there is no hurry or urgency in trying to affiliate with a standing battalion at this time. The group supports the ongoing efforts to seek to "do it right" both in individual and unit impressions, and in drill and tactics. There is a need to hold more frequent drill or



As always, the participating reenactment unit colors were posted along the lane leading down to the grave site. The 37th colors, posted alongside those of the 6th, however, mysteriously disappeared and were later found down at the far opposite end of the lane, tightly furled.

training sessions in the local area, and to seek to teach each member to be able to function at the corporal or sergeant level in teaching both drill and camp/campaign duties.

Specific interest was shown in the March event at Shiloh, Marks Mill in April, and Pilot Knob in September. There is supposed to be a large reenactment commemorating the 145th anniversary of the battle of Antietam, and there is interest in getting together a small group to go back east for that event. More attention needs to be paid in ensuring that we have a better balance between Confederate events and Federal events, because we've been wearing the blue an awful lot during the past two years. Steve mentioned that the Arkansas Muzzle-Loading Association has been offering an excellent opportunity for live fire with the muskets, and we will be supporting and taking part in the State Muzzleloading Championships again in May.

Discussions focused on the need to recruit in order to sustain membership and a viable organization. Overall throughout the hobby, participation is down, and new members are getting more and more scarce. We've worked at this with a liberal loaner policy in the past few years, with mixed results. New members seem to

be more committed as they acquire their own gear. It was pointed out that the Company by-laws provide that new recruits have priority on the Company's loaner gear; after the first year to year and a half, members should be getting their own stuff together and may not always be able to rely on the loaner box.

Steve Shore was re-elected as First Sergeant, and Tom Ezell as Captain despite their efforts to slither back into the rear rank.

Tom handed out updated versions of the Reference CD-ROM, which has been significantly updated from the previous edition.

Lastly, the books were opened and dues collected for 2007, with all present members showing a vote of confidence by re-enlisting for another year's service. All in all, 2007 is off to a pretty good start, with a great deal of promise for the "Flower of Little Rock," the Capitol Guards.



The honor guard prepares to fire a volley at the grave side.



The Shooter on the Grassy Path. *It's nice to be able to fire early and screw up the first volley, but then get it blamed on somebody else who wasn't even loaded... However, our forensic photographer has tracked the responsible shot back to the culpable party, a galvanized private wielding a 2-bander rifle from the rear rank. This was, by the way, the first round fired from Tom's new toy, an M1841 Mississippi rifle. It was definitely a memorable shot!*

David O. Dodd Memorial Service - January 6th, 2007



The Capitol Guards (& friends) at the 2007 David O. Dodd memorial service. L to R: Jerry Simpson, Steve Shore, Vernon Dutton, Ken Nations, David Sesser, Randy Puckett, Tom Ezell, Jim Briggs, Harvey Moore



Probably the greatest draw of this event for the re-enactors is the fellowship and "tailgate time" before and after the ceremony itself. Jim Briggs and Harvey Moore chat while waiting to form up, Doyle Taylor, Tom Ezell, and Randy Puckett are yapping away in the background.



Jerry Simpson & David Sesser



Vernon Dutton and Ken Nations



The fellows from the 6th Arkansas & 37th Illinois formed the 2nd Platoon, on the left end of the line



On the line, waiting for the ceremony to start...

Arkansas Post State Museum - January 13-14th, 2007

The second weekend of January saw the Capitol Guards back in the field, this time at the annual winter encampment at Arkansas Post State Museum, near Gillette... one of the few places where it wasn't raining (at least until the wee hours of Sunday morning). Steve Shore, Randy Puckett, and Tom Ezell, along with members of the 1st Arkansas, took the time to come and burn a little powder and log some time in jean wool, for once. The weather had an adverse effect on retention, so we spent Saturday night holding what's probably our first annual Civil War Film Festival in the museum building.



Tom manages to be a little fast on the trigger once again... He's the one weapon what's not aiming at the high-flying birds. Steve Shore and Bob Hutcheson are on the right file.



There's something wrong with discipline in this ragged bunch. Private Ron Kelley, at far left, is having an attack of dysentery, to boot...



Randy Puckett fires his first live round from his new P'53 Enfield



The Park provided meals for the weekend, here a picnic lunch on Saturday afternoon. Everywhere else in Arkansas was inundated by the rain, down at Arkansas Post we were high and dry for the most part!



Tom Ezell and Steve Shore

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A Little Antebellum History Lesson...

January 8 not only marks the date of the death of David O. Dodd, but of more regional importance, is the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, fought on the plains of Chalmette in 1815, some six weeks after the signing of a peace treaty between the United States and Great Britain to end the War of 1812.

I was fortunate enough to tour the little museum and the battlefield at Chalmette one rainy day in 1986, and brought back a lot of memories of the field where the 7th U.S. Infantry (the same folks who took out Iraq as part of the Rock of the Marne four years ago this spring) earned their nickname as the "Cotton Balers." Another Arkansan, Jimmy Driftwood, once composed a little ditty to help his high school history class to remember the occasion:

*Well, in eighteen fourteen we took a little trip
along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
And we caught the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.*

*We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin.
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

*Well, I see'd Mars Jackson walkin down the street
talkin' to a pirate by the name of Jean Laffite
He gave Jean a drink that he brung from Tennessee
and the pirate said he'd help us drive the British in the sea.*

*The French said Andrew, you'd better run,
for Packerham's a comin' with a bullet in his gun.
Old Hickory said he didn't give a damn,
he's gonna whip the britches off of Colonel Packerham.*

*We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin.
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

*Well, we looked down the river and we see'd the British come,
and there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
while we stood by our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.*

*Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
if we didn't fire a musket til we looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire til we see'd their faces well,
then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em hell.*

*We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin.
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

*Well, we fired our cannon til the barrel melted down,
so we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind,
and when they tetched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.*

*We'll march back home but we'll never be content
till we make Old Hickory the people's President.
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans,
we'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.*

*We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin,
But there wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

*Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'em
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

It ain't exactly period, but it's still a neat little song. Johnny Horton became known for a sharply abbreviated version in the early 1960s that still shows up on the local radio stations from time to time.

The Cotton Balers meanwhile have become part and parcel of the 3rd Infantry Division in World Wars I and II (hence the new name, "Rock of the Marne, for their stand there in WWI), and while they don't sing Mr. Driftwood's song very much (if at all), they're not at all embarrassed to sing the Division song, "Dog-Faced Soldier..." infact they sing it every day of the week at first (PT) formation:

*I wouldn't give a bean
To be a fancy pants Marine,
I'd rather be a dog face soldier like I am!
I wouldn't trade my old OD's
For all the navy's dungarees,
For I'm the walking pride of Uncle Sam!
On army posters that I read
It says "be all that you can"
So they're tearing me down
To build me over again.
I'm just a dog face soldier
With a rifle on my shoulder
And I eat raw meat for breakfast e'v'ry day!
So feed me ammunition,
Keep me in the Third Division
Your dog face soldier's A-Okay!*

Next month, I promise, we'll look at a little more period music for our songbirds, but it goes to show that music not only was, but still is a camp tradition.

Civil War museum may leave capital; Richmond's Museum of Confederacy studies a move to Lexington

BY JANET CAGGIANO
(Richmond, VA) *TIMES-DISPATCH*
Wednesday, January 24, 2007

Museum of the Confederacy officials are considering moving the world's largest collection of Civil War artifacts to Lexington.

"I don't know if the conversations will go anywhere," said Waite Rawls, the museum's president and CEO, who visited Lexington this month. "But they have started."

Lexington, about 140 miles west of downtown Richmond in Rockbridge County, could be a good fit for the museum's collection of Confederate artifacts, manuscripts and photographs. Confederate Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson are buried there, it is home to Washington and Lee University, and the town takes pride in its Civil War history.

"The mission of the museum is consistent with the historic attractions and educational institutions already in our community," said Lexington Mayor John Knapp in a joint statement with Harvey Hottinger, chairman of the Rockbridge County Board of Supervisors.

The museum at 12th and East Clay streets has been struggling for survival beside Virginia Commonwealth University's sprawling medical campus for years. Annual visitation has dropped from 92,000 to about 51,500 since the early 1990s. Rawls announced in October that the museum will relocate its collection but that the adjacent White House of the Confederacy will remain where it has stood since 1818. A committee had looked at the feasibility of relocating the Civil War home of Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

"We have said all along that our preference is to be in Richmond," Rawls said. "But given Lexington's historical character . . . we said, 'Let's go up and take a look.' We are no further along than that."

During their visit, Rawls and three members of the museum's board toured a possible site, the historic Rockbridge County courthouse complex on Main Street. Lexington is set to break ground on a new courthouse in February. When the two-year project is completed, the 1897 building will be vacant.

The courthouse complex also includes the town's old jail, which dates to 1841, the First American Bank building and the "lawyer's

row" building. All are vacant and would require renovation work.

"We want to keep the historical integrity of the buildings," Rawls said. "The question is, can you do that and meet the needs and demands of both sides?"

It would be a big blow to Richmond if the museum should leave town, said Jack Berry, president and chief executive officer of the Richmond Metropolitan Convention and Visitors Bureau.

"It would be a very big loss," he said. "We'd be losing a huge asset. We hope it doesn't happen."

While talks with Lexington will continue, Rawls said, that doesn't mean the search is over.

"This is all very preliminary," he said.

Whether the collection stays in Richmond or moves outside the city, Rawls said he hopes the museum will be in its new home by 2011, the beginning of the sesquicentennial of the Civil War.

Arkansas Muzzle Loading Association 2007 Schedule

By 1st Sgt Steve Shore

The **Arkansas Muzzle Loading Association** (AMLA) membership dues are due on January 1st, 2006. This is a well organized muzzle loading shooting club located in Hattiesville, Arkansas. There is thirty-seven wooded acres used for camping, a one hundred yard firing range and a newly constructed trap range. A \$25 membership pays for the entire family that resides in the same household and runs from January to December. If interested in a Life Membership, they are available for \$300 or you can pay in four quarterly payments of \$75 each. Send a check or money order to **Robert W. Wiley, AMLA Secretary, 960 Midway Rte., Monticello, AR 71655.**

2007 SHOOT DATES

14 JAN - Medal Shoot at Targets

11 FEB - Blanket Shoot at Targets

11 MAR - Medal Shoot at
Novelty Targets

08 APR - Meat Shoot at Targets
(Spring Rendezvous)

06 MAY - Medal Shoot at
Targets

18-19-20 MAY - Arkansas State
Championship/Berryville, AR/**CW**
Shooting Competition

10 JUN - Blanket Shoot at
Novelty Targets

08 JUL - Medal Shoot at Targets

12 AUG - Medal Shoot at Targets

09 SEP - Blanket Shoot at Targets

14 OCT - Medal Shoot at
Novelty targets (Fall Rendezvous)

04 NOV - Meat Shoot at Targets

02 DEC - Xmas Blanket Shoot at
Novelty Targets

The 6th Arkansas will be conducting the Third Annual Civil War Shooting Competition at the Berryville Firing Range, Saturday afternoon at 1700 hrs., during the Arkansas State Championship. We invite all Civil War Reenactors to form four (4) man teams to compete. It would be a great time for units to enjoy live firing their muskets, setting around the campfires, visiting the sutlers and a laid back weekend. We are beginning to have a large gathering of spectators that come only to see us compete. This years should be even larger! Contact 1Sgt Steve Shore at spflyboy@hotmail.com for more details.

The Examination for Lieutenant

You didn't just get promoted to officer's rank in the Confederate Army; you had to show you deserved it by passing an examination in front of a board of senior officers. Here are the results from a [hopefully] less-than-successful candidate:

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA],
May 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Funny.—A soldier just from Johnson's army, gives the following amusing account of an examination of a lieutenant in camps a few days since. He says the boys had considerable fun over it and would like to see it in print:

Exchange.

Examination of Lieutenant ———

Question.—What is an army?

Answer.—A big crowd of men and officers, half fed and lousy.

Q.—What is the position of a soldier?

A.—Head up, heels down, eyes equally open; neither bow-legged, nor knock-kneed, dirty hands, whiskers long and hair short, bread-basket not too full, but rather empty.

Q.—What is the duties of a Brigadier General?

A.—To smoke fine cigars, look wise, put fellows in the stocks, claim all the glory, and try to be promoted.

Q.—The duty of a missionary?

A.—Holding meetings, holler loud, forage [sic] for butter milk, and stray in the rear when danger is near?

Q.—The duties of a lieutenant?

A.—Wear his bars and to wish for more of them, get furlough to go home, and tell the men to "close up" on a march—"silence in ranks" on a drill.

The Origin of Hardee's *Tactics*

by Nathaniel Cheairs Hughes, Jr.
from General William J. Hardee: Old Reliable
Baton Rouge, LA, LSU Press (1965)

THE UNITED STATES ARMY knew relatively little about William J. Hardee in November, 1853. His colleagues and the officials in the War Department regarded him as one of many proficient and promising officers. His services in the Mexican War had caught the eyes of a few; his interest and talent in matters pertaining to drill and organization had been recognized by his immediate superiors. The American public hardly knew that he existed. Yet two years later Hardee's *Tactics* was a popular topic of discussion in the generals' offices and in the privates' tents. And eight years later Hardee's name had become a household word throughout most of America. This remarkable rise from obscurity was the result of his work on the light-infantry manual. How did he come to be singled out to prepare it? And to what extent was the manual his own?

In late November, 1853, Hardee wrote his family from Washington that the War Department had assigned him a more ambitious task than he could have hoped for, and that he would be stationed in Washington for some time.¹ Working closely with the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, he was to prepare a new army tactics manual.

The War Department during the 1850's was characterized by a progressive, enlightened outlook, particularly during the tenure of Jefferson Davis. Davis recognized the significance of recent military developments, especially those in the French army, and wanted to modify the tactical system of the American Army to take them into account. A new manual was needed, he felt:

In anticipation of an increased, if not exclusive use of rifle arms by the regular Army, and because of the belief that the rifle or light infantry system of instruction . . . is best adapted to the foot militia; I have caused inquiries to be instituted into the systems used by the light troops of other countries, that complete light infantry or rifle tactics² might be introduced into the service with such improvements as the experience of other armies has shown to be valuable. A work on this subject is now in the course of preparation.... With the recent improvements in small arms, it is probable that the distinction in the armament of heavy and light infantry, and riflemen, will nearly cease, especially in our service, where the whole force is liable to be employed as light troops.³

New means of communication, transportation, conscription, and even finance had changed methods of waging war; since the French Revolution the precision of formal warfare had been replaced by a process of constant shifting and adaptation. In fact, the dazzling tactical formations devised by the French military minds of the Napoleonic era became obsolete before the Americans learned to use them.

Moreover, military innovations were numerous—the rifled cannon, the delayed-action fuse and the Borman fuse, shrapnel, the revolver, the percussion cap. Perhaps the most significant innovation was the Minie bullet, which extended the range of accurate fire for a rifleman to fifteen hundred yards. The new bullet had other advantages, as well. Its design enabled him to reload and fire more rapidly, and it could be made by the soldier himself, using a hand mold.

Surely, the nature of warfare had been drastically altered. Heavy columns of infantry were doomed; once within the zone of the enemy's fire, troops must be able to move rapidly. The individual soldier, acting more independently and armed with his deadly weapon, now became the basic element in tactical employment.

The French army had learned its lesson in Algeria during the 1830's and early 1840's. There Bonaparte's heavy, formal columns had struck

like a fist, only to sink harmlessly into the Algerian pillow. Untrained French skirmishers had been picked off by the Moorish cavalry, for the French heavy cavalry could not afford the infantry the necessary protection. All the while, the Algerians subjected the exhausted French regulars to ambushes. Casualty figures mounted, and the French mission remained unaccomplished. Recognizing that Algerian warfare demanded a major change in tactics, the French began to accentuate the tactical concept of skirmishing.

"Comrades in battle" were also developed, a tactical formation that grouped the skirmishers in self-sustaining units of four men. The light-infantrymen were armed with long-range, accurate rifles, their conspicuous uniforms were changed to a drab bottle green, and they were put through a program of intensive training in fencing, bayonet drill, and gymnastics. Perhaps the most significant feature of the new drill was that the old cadence of 90 steps a minute was increased to 110 and 165 steps a minute, so that the infantry could maneuver more rapidly and effectively. After these changes were introduced, casualty lists became shorter, and losses were relatively light in Algeria and in the Crimea.

This shift in French infantry tactics did not go unnoticed in America. Hardee and his fellow officers who journeyed to France to study cavalry tactics during the 1840's undoubtedly saw it occurring and reported their observations to their superiors. It had special relevance for the Americans: not only was France the recognized center of military science, having supposedly the world's finest army, but the new fluid warfare developed by the French could be employed with great effectiveness on the American frontier, where combat conditions closely resembled those of Algeria.

Davis was probably aware of Hardee's training at Saumur and of his knowledge of French. He probably knew also that Hardee had instructed the Second Dragoons in the latest French cavalry methods in 1842-45. Davis is known to have been impressed by Hardee's Mexican War service and his record of professional accomplishments, and Hardee may have been further recommended by influential friends. His commanding officers, Harney and Sumner, were good friends of Jefferson Davis. At the time of Hardee's selection, Sumner was traveling throughout Europe investigating Continental cavalry developments, and could easily have influenced Davis' decision during consultations prior to his departure.⁴ In addition to Hardee's record and recommendations, he possessed the distinct advantage of being detached from duty and therefore immediately available.

Hardee began his new duties with a trip to Harpers Ferry Arsenal in late December, to confer with the superintendent and to examine the army's new rifle designed for the Minie bullet.⁵ He spent most of the spring of 1854 meeting with a board of officers at the Washington Arsenal, analyzing, translating, and adapting the French tactics manual, *Ordonnance du Roi sur l'Exercice et les Manoeuvres des Bataillons de Chasseurs à Pied*.

By July 28, 1854, Hardee's manuscript was completed. He submitted it to the Adjutant General, who in turn forwarded it to the Secretary of War, Davis, who had worked closely—indeed, daily—with Hardee on the manual, gave his approval at once and directed that a testing board be assembled. This board convened at West Point on August 15, and Hardee joined the board to furnish information and to make suggestions. Davis put the cadet corps at the board's disposal, thereby providing an intelligent, well-disciplined group for use as an experimental unit. By late October the board felt that the cadets had

Hardee's Tactics (Continued from Page 7)

mastered the drill well enough to display it before the Secretary of War. Davis thereupon came to West Point and observed the French drill used by Americans.⁶

While Hardee's manual was being prepared for publication, Colonel Ethan Allen Hitchcock was also writing a manual, which he believed would be much more useful than Hardee's. He claimed, in fact, that Hardee's manual was not adapted to the new rifle being issued by the War Department. A heated controversy was resolved by the intervention of Jefferson Davis, who supported Hardee.⁷

As soon as the first proofs of Hardee's manual had been proofread and corrected, Hardee decided to take a long-postponed trip to St. Augustine. He remained there for a month, returning in June to supervise the printing of his light-infantry manual and of a cavalry tactics manual.

The cavalry manual is a reprint of the 1841 *Cavalry Tactics* and does not bear Hardee's name, but it owes much to his careful revisions and modifications. For example, Hardee was responsible for its supplement dealing with the Colt revolver, a new feature that made the manual particularly desirable and practical for the dragoon regiments. Hardee had displayed great interest in the Colt revolver throughout his service as an officer in the Second Dragoons, and the supplement was compiled, probably with his encouragement by Samuel H. Starr, a lieutenant in Hardee's Company C. Hardee's own mark is upon it, moreover, for he revised it at will before including it in the cavalry manual.

The publisher of the two manuals was Lippincott, Grambo, and Company, but publication was subsidized by the government. During June, Lippincott printed more than two thousand copies of the two manuals, and soon more than eighteen thousand copies of *Light Infantry Tactics* had been printed and delivered to the government, for one dollar a copy.⁸

Now that Hardee's manual had been completed, American infantry officers had to discard their old manuals and familiarize themselves with the new work. Changes in American tactics had been relatively few. In colonial days American militiamen had used a drill derived by British tacticians from the Prussian drill introduced in the time of Frederick the Great. During the Revolutionary War, Baron von Steuben compiled a manual to instill discipline and uniformity into the poorly-trained Continental army, and this manual remained in use until 1812. The old system was modified in 1827 by a French officer, Guibert, and this, in turn, was used as a basis for Winfield Scott's manual, which appeared in 1835.

Scott's system had been described as "complicated," "wearisome," "tedious," and "imposing," but the transition to Hardee's *Tactics* did not come easily to those who had drilled under the other system for years. Militia units in several states balked at having to learn the new drill. To a New York militia officer Hardee wrote, "I think under the circumstances, you have acted wisely in not attempting to force the new tactics on the Militia. It is with many of them as with many old officers in our services. They don't wish after learning one system to be compelled to learn another. In time they will be brought to see the advantages of the new drill and will also discover that after all there is not much new to learn & that it is easy to pass from one system to the other."⁹

In later years professional jealousy, sectional hatred, financial considerations, and personal animosity occasioned many attacks on Hardee and his manual. One individual maintained, "I have compared it with the [French] original and it is word for word a *translation* and nothing but a *translation*."¹⁰ Another claimed that "Hardee was Chief of a Board 'to translate a system of Light Infantry Tactics' from the French. Lieut. Bennett [sic] of Ordnance did the work, every word of it; and Hardee's name was attached to the translation! He never, in all probability, saw or read one word of it, until called upon to 'study it' for the purpose of learning how to drill the cadets at West Point...."¹¹

Such allegations must be answered, for there is a kernel of truth in

both statements. Hardee's work did follow the French version closely and did incorporate literal translations in many instances. (Perhaps the most noticeable examples are the chapter headings: "Titre Premier, Article Premier" becomes "Title First, Article First.")

No record as yet discovered substantiates the contention that someone else "did the work," although Lieutenant Stephen Vincent Benet, probably an old St. Augustine friend of Hardee and a capable translator, was in the area of Washington at the time.¹² The fact remains that Hardee assumed responsibility for the manual and headed the board assembled to revise the French text. He never denied translating sections of it, and it is certain that he added the modifications necessary to adapt it for the American army.

The differences in French and American organization occurred in the lower echelons of command. The basic tactical unit of the American army was the regiment, whereas that of the French was the battalion. The United States had ten companies in its regiments, the French battalion, only eight; the American company was comprised of two platoons, the French company, of seven platoons and a platoon of carabinieri. These distinctions were carefully observed by Hardee.¹³

Ordonnance du Roi

Hardee's Tactics

§ 36. Each year, at the period when one will begin instruction, the school of the soldier and the school of the platoon will be taught in each company under the direction and responsibility of the Captain. (Vol. I, p. 7.)

§43. Captains will be held responsible for theoretical and practical instruction of their noncommissioned officers, and the adjutant for the instruction of the non-commissioned staff. To this end they will require these tactics to be studied and recited by lesson; and when instruction is given on the ground, each non commiss-ioned officer, as he explains a movement should be required to put it into practical operation. (Vol. I, p. 1 1.)

§ 27. The buglers, formed in four ranks, will be posted twenty paces from the file closers, behind the fifth platoon, the bugle-major in front, the bugle-corporal to the right. (Vol. I, p.5.)

§ 34. The buglers will be drawn up in four ranks, and posted twelve paces in rear of the file closers, the left opposite the centre of the left centre company. The senior principal musician will be two paces in front of the field music, and the other two paces in the rear. (Vol. I, p. 9.)

§ 35. The regiment band, if there be one, will be drawn up in two or four ranks, according to its numbers and posted five paces in rear of the field music, having one of the principal musicians at its head. (Vol. I, p. 9.)

Hardee's work also includes several features omitted in the French manual, such as a lesson on loading and firing procedures in the kneeling and prone positions.¹⁴

Comparison of the two works further reveals that Hardee's instructions are more detailed:

The manual was divided into two volumes, *School of the Soldier and Company, Instruction for Skirmishers*, and *School of the Battalion*. These volumes were subdivided into particular phases of training, each with a series of lessons progressively leading to mastery. An example of this system may be seen in Part Second of *School of the Soldier*:

- Lesson 1. Principles of shouldered arms
- Lesson 2. Manual of arms
- Lesson 3. To load in four times, and at will
- Lesson 4. Firings, direct, oblique, by file, and by rank
- Lesson 5. To fire and load, kneeling and lying

Hardee's Tactics (Continued from Page 7)

Lesson 6. Bayonet exercise

The manual specified that an "instructor never requires a movement to be executed until he has given an exact explanation of it; and he executes, himself, the movement which he commands, so as to join example to the precept." Hardee explained in intelligible terms the reason for many movements that the individual soldier was required to make. For example, Von Steuben simply states that when a soldier is at the point of attention, the "heels will be placed together." Hardee explains: "Heels on the same line; Because if one were in rear of the other, the shoulder on that side would be thrown back or the position of the soldier would be constrained."

Hardee reduced the steps in loading a rifle from twelve to nine, and ultimately to four, enabling a proficient recruit to increase his rate of fire to three rounds per minute. He emphasized precision and gave great emphasis to exercise in the massing of firepower: fire by battalion, fire by company, fire by wing, fire by file, and fire by rank.¹⁵

Although he permitted soldiers to practice at 90 steps a minute (the standard used in Scott's work) until they "acquired steadiness," he thereafter required training only at "quick time" (110 steps) or "double-quick time" (165 steps). These troop maneuvers were soon labeled the "Shanghai drill."¹⁶ The cumbersome facing movements detailed in Scott's manual were replaced by marching flank and oblique movements, so that no halts were required during deployments. Hardee also provided that countermarching could be done by files rather than by massive bodies.¹⁷ Every effort was made to cut drastically the time required for deployment, because within the range of the deadly new weapons, time was life.

The light-infantry concept embodied in Hardee's *Tactics* stressed two French features—"comrades in battle" and skirmishers. The concept of "comrades in battle" represented a positive step in the direction of effective small tactical formations. No longer did an individual soldier need to fear being isolated from the main body of troops. Men were trained in groups of four, "careful to know and to sustain each other." Properly schooled in the many, lengthy bayonet and rifle exercises of their manuals, these men could act together to ward off attacks by small groups of cavalry and could defeat attacks made by larger groups of infantry. Hardee used Bonaparte's concept of skirmishing but also provided the skirmish lines with local reserves and directed that circumstances should regulate the size of the group. He taught that skirmishers should never sacrifice flexibility or their great asset of elasticity: "A chain of skirmishers ought generally to preserve their alignment, but no advantage which the ground may present should be sacrificed to obtain this regularity."

Hardee's *Tactics* was designed only for the lower echelons of command, stating that "when a battalion, instructed in this drill, shall be required to maneuver in the evolutions of the line, its movements will be regulated by the instructions contained in the third volume of the *Tactics for Heavy Infantry*, approved by the War Department, April 10th, 1835"—that is, by Scott's manual.¹⁸ Civil War veterans would often criticize their tactics manual because it had not provided instruction for the deployment of bodies larger than the regiment. When the brigade replaced the regiment as the basic tactical body, a new manual was indeed desperately needed.

Before the Civil War, however, Hardee's manual became "the authoritative guide of our army drill, and by that means his name [was] familiar to every officer and man among us."¹⁹ One of his contemporaries commented on the utility of his work for the American Army: "The effect of the new system of instruction, as taught in Hardee, is nearly to double the efficiency of the troops so taught. The celerity of movement, the facility of minishing distances by moving on the shortest lines, and the rapidity with which changes from column to line, and the reverse, can be made without halting, enable a body of troops to multiply itself on the field of battle."²⁰

Having been a simple practical guide for the company and regimental infantry commanders in the regular army of the 1850's, the manual became the pocket-size text for Union and Confederate officers during the Civil War. Hardee's lessons in how to mass and increase firepower and to increase accuracy, together with new weapons that had been introduced, were utilized so effectively at Malvern Hill and Fredericksburg that tactics in Virginia during the closing months of the Civil War became a matter of positional warfare.

The ultimate significance of Hardee's *Tactics* can be seen when it is contrasted with Scott's manual. Although it retained the formations and the general terminology of the Scott era, it broke sharply with the old emphasis on precision and mass. For the first time in American tactics, it demonstrated the importance of speed and flexibility, heralding the tactics of Sherman, Guderian, and Patton.

NOTES:

1. Mrs. Kirby Smith to Edmund Kirby Smith, November 28, 1853, in Kirby Smith Papers
2. The term "tactics" as employed in the mid-nineteenth century was a more comprehensive term than in present-day usage. Tactics included basic foot drill, instruction in elementary small arms, and maneuvers of bodies of troops. Billow defines tactics as "the science of movements which are made in the presence of the enemy, that is, within reach of his artillery." Scott, Hardee, and the other tacticians accepted this definition. As deployments and attacks were carried out in drill formations, the mid-nineteenth-century military mind did not differentiate between formal foot drill and field maneuvers. Foot drill served a double purpose for the commanders of that day: not only did it inculcate discipline and precision of movement, but skill in foot drill meant mastery of the science of maneuver when troops were in contact with the enemy.
3. *Appendix to the Congressional Globe for the Second Session, Thirty-third Congress* (Washington, 1855), 17-18.
4. Adjutant General to Edwin V. Sumner, May 23, 1854, in Letters Sent, Adjutant General's Office.
5. Adjutant General to Hardee, December 20, 1853, ibid.
6. J. Davis to Adjutant General, July 29, 1854, S. Casey to Adjutant General, in Letters Received, Adjutant General's Office; *Veteran*, II (January, 1882), 16; Special Order No. 131, August 2, 1854, in Special Orders.
7. E. A. Hitchcock to Adjutant General, April 2, 1855, Hardee to Adjutant General, April 11, 1855, in Letters Received, Adjutant General's Office.
8. William Joseph Hardee, *Memorial to the Congress of the Confederate States, December 14, 1863* (Mobile, 1863), I. Although the *Tactics* was authorized by the War Department, Hardee received royalties on each copy sold, as was customary at the time. These royalties continued until the beginning of the Civil War. The publishers did not copyright the work, however, because publishing costs had been high, and they believed that sales would be poor. Their failure to do so ultimately cost them as well as Hardee, for many publishing houses brought out unauthorized editions during the war.
9. Hardee to F. Townsend, December 1, 1859, in William J. Hardee Letters, 1859-62 (Historical Society of Pennsylvania).
10. Benjamin F. Evans to William P. Miles, May 20, 1861, quoted in Rembert W. Patrick, *Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet* (Baton Rouge, 1944), 23n
11. Frank Moore (ed.), *The Rebellion Record*, 11 vols. (New York, 1861-68), I, 111
12. Adjutant General to Stephen V. Benet, March 20, April 4, 1854, in Letters Sent, Adjutant General's Office.
13. France, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat de la Guerre, *Ordonnance du Roi sur l'Exercice et les Manoeuvres des Bataillons de Chasseurs à Pied*, 3 vols. (Paris, 1845), I, 2.; William Joseph Hardee, *Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia, 1855), I, 5, 19.
14. *Ordonnance du Roi*, I, ii; Hardee, *Tactics*, I, 19
15. Hardee, *Tactics*, I, 16-18, 36 ff.; II, 224.
16. *Army and Navy Journal*, February 11, 1888; R.E.C., "Modern Tactics," in A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leaches (eds.), *The Cambridge Modern History*, 13 vols. (New York, 1902-12), X, 504-505.
17. Hardee, *Tactics*, I, 17, 26, and passim; Winfield Scott, *Infantry Tactics*, 3 vols. (New York, 1835), I, 7, and passim.
18. Hardee, *Tactics*, I, 175.
19. Jacob Dolson Cox, *Military Reminiscences of the Civil War*, 2 vols. (New York, 1900), II, 525.
20. *Senate Miscellaneous Documents*, 36th Cong., 2nd Sess., Doc. 3, p. 87.

“ARKANSAS TOOTHPICKS”

The D-Guard Bowie Fighting Knife

*We burnished brass buttons, arms, and accoutrements, until they shone like new gold. We bought long Colt's revolvers, and long-bladed bowie-knives; we had our images taken on tin-types in our war-paint and most ferocious aspects, revolver in one hand, bowie-knife in the other, and a most portentous scowl between the eyebrows. We sharpened the points of our bayonets, and gave a razor edge to our bowies, that the extermination we intended should be sudden and complete.*¹

—Henry Morton Stanley, Co. E, 6th Arkansas Infantry

From its early days onward, Arkansas was known as a wild and rough-hewn territory, on the fringes of civilization. Among other things, Arkansas men were reputed to have a great fondness for long-bladed fighting knives, said to be as common in Arkansas society as toothpicks, and indeed the knives so carried were indeed used for that purpose, among others. The knife referred to here is the so-called “Bowie” knife, and has become legendary in Arkansas’s history.

The knife got its name from a pioneer land speculator and slave trader who settled in early Arkansas and Louisiana. James Bowie killed one man and seriously injured another with a “big knife” in the “Sandbar Duel” on September 19, 1827, upriver from Natchez, Mississippi. Bowie later moved to Texas, was a key leader in the Texas Revolution, and died at the Alamo in March 1836, his legendary knife in hand. In the early 1830s, the term “bowie knife” began to be used, possibly shorthand for “a knife like Bowie’s” for the knives that were being worn and used in the Mississippi River Valley region especially. Jim Bowie’s brother Rezin promoted the knife’s association with the Bowie name by giving away several presentation knives and attributing the design of the “first” bowie knife, the one wielded by Jim Bowie at the Sandbar Duel, to Rezin himself. By his own account, this knife was a simple “hunting knife.”

Among the early blacksmiths and cutlers who made a knife more refined than the common hunting knife was James Black of Washington (Hempstead County), who claimed to have made a knife for Jim Bowie. An article in the Washington *Telegraph* on December 8, 1841, first attributed the invention of the bowie knife to Black. Arkansas statesmen Daniel Webster Jones and Augustus Garland both heard stories firsthand from Black about his designing and making a knife for Bowie. Black’s knives, embellished with silver plating on the ricasso (the part of the blade immediately above the handle) and silver around the distinctive, coffin-shaped handle, became the most copied of all bowie knives; many Sheffield, England, cutlers produced knives with the



Unidentified Arkansas Confederate with his Bowie knife. (He’s also wearing one of the so-called “Arkansas frock coats” and the dark slouch hats that repeatedly shows up in Arkansas images.

coffin handle and/or elements of the silver wrap around the handle. The connection of these knives to Arkansas, and the state’s reputation for the use of the blade, inspired an alternative term to “bowie knife.” “Arkansas knife” and then “Arkansas toothpick” were used interchangeably for the bowie knife from the 1830s onward. Only a few references from that period make a distinction between Arkansas toothpick and bowie knife. (Today, “bowie knife” usually is defined as a large knife with a cross guard and a blade with a clipped point, while an “Arkansas toothpick” is a knife with a double-edged blade coming to a point.)

The bowie knife was worn for defensive purposes; its primary function was for personal combat. It was designed to be part of a gentleman’s attire, and the key difference between the bowie knife and a hunting knife, a dagger, or a dirk was, initially, the quality of finish of the bowie. Bowie knives came in a variety of forms—with or without guards, with differently shaped blades—and often were adorned with silver and other decoration, sometimes including etching and/or engraving on their metal surfaces.

One of the more infamous encounters with the bowie knife occurred on the floor of the Arkansas House of Representatives in the fall of 1836. Representative J.J. Anthony of Randolph County attempted to amend a bill concerning the bounty on wolves so that each bounty payment would have to be signed by the president of the Real Estate Bank. House Speaker John Wilson, who also worked as president of the Real Estate Bank. While Anthony apparently made his amendment in jest, Wilson didn’t get the joke, and ordered Anthony to take his seat and be silent. Anthony refused, and Wilson then came down from the Speaker’s podium, drew his bowie knife, and stabbed Anthony to death there in the middle of the House Chamber.² The incident was widely publicized, and several states passed laws establishing sanctions against the use of the bowie knife and the Arkansas toothpick. Arkansas’s reputation suffered because of its association with violence and the “toothpick,” and many called Arkansas the “toothpick state.”

With the coming of the War in the spring of 1861, weapons were at a premium, and many Confederates turned to the bowie knife as a means to accelerate the anticipated slaughter of the vile Yankees. Part may have come from the frontiersman psyche. For the longhunter, frontiersman and mountain man prior to the revolver, a big knife was his last ditch sidearm. With the most commonly available weapons being old flintlock muskets, shotguns, and hunting rifles, and the Southern chivalry’s confidences in “cold steel” as the weapon of



This is an excellent example of the classic D-guard Bowie knife, showing the characteristic clipped point, knuckle and cross-guard, and wooden grips. The blade is 18 inches long. This weapon was taken from a Louisiana Confederate killed at Shiloh.



This weapon, while retaining the D-guard grip, shows the characteristics of the classic Arkansas Toothpick, a dagger-like blade sharpened along both edges and suitable equally for stabbing or slashing.

Arkansas Toothpicks (Continued from Page 10)



This fanciful illustration, published in an 1861 edition of Harper's Weekly, purported to represent the "backwoodsmen" of the 3rd Arkansas Infantry, sent to represent the state's commitment to the "seat of the War" in Virginia. This cartoon did much to reinforce the common image of Arkansas as the "Toothpick State," where every man (and most women) were packing long-bladed fighting knives.



Two reproduction Confederate D-guard bowies in the author's collection/kit. The top knife was made by George Davis of the Capitol Guards from the measurements of an original knife carried at the battle of Franklin, and now on display in the Carter House Museum. The bottom example was purchased from Levi Ledbetter, Sutler, at the 1999 Chickamauga reenactment. Both are good examples of hand-forged reproductions, and have served well in the field over the past seven years.



Classic "Arkansas toothpick" knife, this one with an 18" blade and beautiful tiger-striped, hexagonal curly-maple grips. It was carried by a Tennessee soldier in 1861.



This is an example of the 1840s style "coffin-handled" Bowie knife of the type that James Black of Old Washington made for James Bowie.

decision, blacksmiths in every community were kept busy at their forges. J.F. Cannon of Florence, Alabama recalled the fitting-out of the 27th Alabama in the summer of 1861:

*Bayonets would have been useless appendages with our shot guns, but it looked more "warlike" to have something of the kind, and it was decided that long "Bowie knives" would be the best substitute and the most easily obtained: accordingly a search was begun for material from which to manufacture them. Almost every farm had a blacksmith shop in those days, and in them were large files and rasps which had been worn out and laid aside as useless. These and any other pieces of steel which could be made into knives were hunted up and the ring of the blacksmith's hammer could be heard in every shop. The blacksmiths fashioned these once peaceful instruments into weapons which were to exterminate all the Yankees who should have the temerity to come up the Tennessee River.*³

As Private Stanley of the Dixie Grays remembered, bowie knives were considered an essential tool during the muster and organization of the 6th Arkansas and its sister regiments. The 1st and 3rd Arkansas Infantry regiments, along with the 2nd Arkansas Battalion deployed to what was perceived as the "seat of the War" in Virginia in July 1861, only to find that the reputation of the "Toothpick State" had preceded them. Shortly after the Arkansas regiments organized and took their place in the Virginia armies, *Harper's Weekly* published a woodcut image purporting to show the hillbillies from Arkansas with their long-bladed "toothpicks."⁴

While many Rebs wielded a traditional style bowie with a simple grip and cross-guard, many blacksmiths added an oval or D-shaped guard to the grip to protect the wielder's knuckles and hand from his opponent's blade, as well as to serve as "brass knuckles" in the close quarters of knife fighting. These distinctive knives have become known as the "D-Guard Bowie."

As far as service in the field, the long-bladed bowies did not pan out as well as anticipated. The 1st Louisiana Special Battalion (Major Rob Wheat's infamous "Louisiana Tigers" of New Orleans) did make a fierce and successful charge against the Federal line at the first battle of Manassas on July 19, 1861 (a bad tactical idea, but these guys had the panache to pull it off, and were lucky, to boot) however for the most part the large side knives proved to be simply a burden on the march. Like the pistol that many also armed themselves with, these were weeded out by attrition as guys found that carrying a 5-lb chunk of steel that they never used got old. I believe that relic knives are so (relatively) common today because they were sent home. For the vast majority of the 'old boys' a pocket knife was far more useful than an Arkansas Toothpick.

As for the 27th Alabama, they were sent to defend Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and occupied an outlying post on the opposite side of the river where much time was spent practicing with their knives. However, when "de Linkum gumboats" came "up de ribber" in the first week of February, 1862, the 27th was alerted to move out in a great hurry to reinforce their comrades in the main fort. Private Cannon remembered:

*Although we did hear that the country below us was just "swarming" with Yankees, we felt that the time was at hand when we would have an opportunity of testing our double-barreled guns and bowie knives. An inspection showed that we had left our knives on the other side of the river; not half a dozen could be found in the regiment. Some were left sticking in trees where we had practiced throwing them, others on stumps where the last beef had been carved, but the large part probably scattered around camps and tents.*⁵

Not everyone left their knife in camp, several days later at the surrender of Fort Donelson, there was a ruckus as the victorious Federals attempted to relieve the surrendered Confederates of their knives; with the long blades eventually being confiscated and dropped into a

Arkansas Toothpicks (Continued from Page 11)

barrel as the defeated Rebs boarded the steamers taking them north to POW camps in Illinois and Ohio.

Some Confederates did find their knives to be useful, but more as a camp tool than as a weapon... to cut branches for bedding and kindling, to clear small limbs and brush much like a lightweight hatchet, and to cut up or slice the meat ration. Still, it wasn't necessary to have more than one of these implements within a mess group.

REPRODUCTIONS, AND IMPLICATIONS FOR LIVING HISTORY

Should a Rebel re-enactor carry one of these big knives? The answer is dependent on the particular impression and time period being portrayed. For the volunteer of 1861, their propensity for these fearsome weapons has been well-documented. For the seasoned soldier with a campaign or two under his belt, the number of these knives in the ranks should drastically reduce, due to their general lack of utility and dead weight on the march. One or two good knives with well-honed blades can be of great use in camp, and the burden of lugging them around can be shared among messmates.

The next issue is finding a good reproduction of a period knife. Original weapons were hand-forged in local blacksmith shops from available materials, such as files, saw blades, springs, etc. Hand-made, one at a time, each example is at least a little bit different from the other, and they look nothing like the knives currently sold by sutlers or at local gun shows. If you're going to carry one of these things, get a good hand-made knife based on a original or documented example. For display purposes it isn't important to have a sharp blade, but if you intend to actually make this thing a part of your campaign gear, take the time to place and maintain a good cutting edge. Why carry it if it won't cut what you need it to?

The author has two reproduction bowies in his kit, collected over the past several years. Both are set up as functional camp tools as well as to be visually correct, so care is needed while interpreting living history, as they are sharp enough and heavy enough to cause a serious cut or remove a few peripheral parts in careless hands. They're not for casual handling by the public!

A good scabbard for your blade is an essential item as well. It should protect your blade, but most of all should protect you, your pards, and the general public with accidental or unintentional contact with your

Since so many folks were enchanted by Miz Ellie's version of home-made beer at the Arkansas Post event, here's a little different version of the "Corn beer" documented to Confederate useage at Port Hudson, LA in 1863. While the Rebels where short of nearly everything else except determination at Port Hudson, they were able to make this stuff, to trade it through the picket lines to the Yankees in exchange for something to eat, and it was healthier for them than trying to drink to local water.:

Thanks & props to the "Sorefoot Boys" web forums:

"On Making Molasses-Corn beer in the Confederate, Civil War-Era Style"

Making this old recipe in a half-gallon jug was very fast and easy. Rather than the fresh corn off the cob I poured in one can of niblets. I added a popular brand of molasses (the only one I could find on the shelf). Rather than leaving the jug completely open and hoping for a stray wild yeast infection I pitched bread yeast which is probably closer to form than the expensive ale yeast used for home brewing these days. Noted that this cost about fifty times more now than then. For authenticity I paid little attention to the sanitation of the fermenta-

tion vessel. Because it was spring time in Texas I put the fermentation jug in the water heater closet of my air-conditioned house rather than by my wood stove as is suggested in the recipe. This makes a quicker fermentation time.

blade. Period scabbards were made simply of heavy, sewn leather, wood, or a combination of both. Never take the field with a bare blade!

Many event regulations and safety rules will prohibit the carrying of large side knives, or at least proscribe their being drawn on the battlefield. Why? The answer is simple: *Safety*. All we need is for some guy to fall on one, especially one where the blade has been properly maintained – or, God forbid - pull it out on the field. Many of us old timers remember the tactical at the 1998 Prairie Grove where the event was stopped when some yahoo from Louisiana drew his bowie knife in the middle of the fight. Side knives in re-enacting have only two purposes: either to look fierce in a display or photograph, or to serve as a functional camp tool. They have no use in re-enacted combat.

The decision to carry a reproduction side knife is a personal one, and as noted above, should be based on whether it's appropriate for the specific impression. The author typically limits his to very early war events, and for the most part, limits his knife-toting to the bare essentials.

What was one of the most essential items for day to day living? Why the pocket knife, of course! Reproductions and originals can still be had for reasonable sums, and no lad should be without his wonderous steel blade. A simple single blade knife, or small pen knife can and will make your life in the field much easier.

Aside from the usual food prep, and cutting chores, what man wouldn't want to whittle? How else does one clean and trim his toe and fingernails? All at once, it is auger and awl; a dart for throwing; a fish scaler; a candle holder; a thread cutter, and all sorts of wonderful things. This has been beaten to death, but get a pocket knife...

Besides, cutting the cheese takes on an entirely different meaning when one has a sharp knife!

NOTES:

1. Hughes, Nathaniel Cheairs Jr., *Henry Morton Stanley – Confederate*.
2. Bolton, S. Charles, *Arkansas 1800-1860: Remote and Restless*. Fayetteville, AR, University of Arkansas Press. (1998) p. 177.
3. Crowson, Noel, and John V. Brogden, *Bloody Banners and Barefoot Boys: A History of the 27th Alabama Infantry, CSA*. Shippensburg, PA, Burd Street Press (1997) p. 1-2.
4. Dougan, Michael B., *Arkansas Odyssey: The Saga of Arkansas from Prehistoric Times to Present*, Little Rock, AR, August House Publishers (1994) p. 199.
5. *Bloody Banners and Barefoot Boys*, p. 4.

The taste varied considerable over time. In about a day and a half there was an appreciable amount of alcohol in the beer but the flavor was still rather sharp. After a couple more days it had mellowed and was drinkable. It was still sweet and heavy tasting, and certainly no Bud Light. In order to replicate the entire experience as best as possible, in 'these' hard times, I left the corn kernels in and added more molasses and water each time after sampling. There was an evolution of flavor over time as the brew was apparently infected by lactobacillus and wild yeast, other than my inoculation of bread yeast. Varying levels of alcohol and sugar also contributed to the variance across the taste-time continuum.

I kept it going for several weeks, wagging it around with me and making friends and strangers taste it. Perhaps the most entertaining part of the entire experience was observing the reactions of other who were caught off guard by one wielding a jug-o-ugly. Some, paraphrased, comments included:

Coming Events (Continued from Page 1)

March 10-11 – Pea Ridge Living History. Pea Ridge National Battlefield Park, near Avoca, AR. Bob Serio and some of the locals are trying to put something together here for the battlefield park... low on info yet, but apparently MSG types and Mississippi rifles are welcome

March 16-18 – 145th Anniversary Reenactment, Battle of Shiloh, near Michey, TN. This is the big event for most Arkansas reenactors this year. Neither the 1st Arkansas nor TMVI battalions appear to be supporting this event in strength, so the current idea is to put together an ad hoc battalion of Arkansas companies just for this event. As noted in last month's *Sentinel*, the idea is to gather in a fixed Confederate camp Thursday evening, with Friday devoted to a tactical/skirmish. Sleep on arms Friday night, then Saturday will re-enact the Confederate attack of April 6th. Saturday evening the Confederate Army will retire to their fixed camp to rest and refit, Sunday will see the Union counterattack of April 7th. Should be a good one, if the weather holds out. If you can't make the tactical on Friday, you can go to the CS Camp and they'll get you out to join us for the Saturday fight and thereafter. Voted as a 6th Arkansas maximum effort event. Haven't heard whether the Frontier Brigade will be supporting this event or not, so Federal options are sort of up in the air right now. Registration for this event will be coming due in February, so if you intend to go to Shiloh with us, let Steve or Tom know so that we can plan accordingly. We'll be putting the registration packet together at the February drill event. **6th Arkansas maximum effort event.**

March 17 is also the date of the Little Rock St. Patrick's Day Parade... which is a local option for those who can't make it or don't plan to go to Shiloh. You'd know it, on the one day that the parade day actually falls on St. Patrick's Day.

March 24 – Gen Patrick Cleburne Memorial Service, Helena, AR. Delayed one week so that we can all go to Shiloh. Same old same old, it would appear, with the SCV observance and speechifying at Maple Hill Cemetery in Helena.

March 24-25 – Battle of Port Hudson Reenactment, Port Hudson State Commemorative Area, Zachary, LA. A very nice little event. Despite a 6-hour road trip, it would be nice to try this one from the Confederate perspective...

April 7 – Confederate Flag Day observation, Little Rock. Annual SCV observation & speechifying at the State Capitol. Same old same old. Celebration at Vino's afterwards for a little incentive, and Tom promises to leave that light-triggered Mississippi at home for this one...

April 13-15 – Battle of Pleasant Hill, Pleasant Hill, LA. Annual battle demonstration. We haven't been to this one in a couple of years, but should be the same old same old. Expect to do Confederate one day, and Union the next.

April 13-15 – Shiloh Living History Encampment, Shiloh National Battlefield Park, Tennessee. SCAR (SE Coalition of Authentic Reenactors) have been invited to portray the 8th Illinois Volunteer Infantry to celebrate the 145th anniversary of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh) on the weekend of April 13-15th, 2007. We plan to have three, (50) man companies, (10) man commissary and staff. The park will provide us the use of 12 Sibley tents. We will need volunteers to bring A-frames (we will need 20 A-frames) and Wall Tents (we will need 8 Wall tents). Also, if anyone has a Sibley tent, please contact me if you can bring it. Please contact Jim Butler at unionguy1@comcast.net or http://www.geocities.com/scar_civilwar/ShilohEventInfo.html. I had a grand, revitalizing time at this event back the last time in 2005... then came home to the storm the TMVI stirred up at Pleasant Hill the same weekend. A couple folks are wanting to go Confederate down at Pleasant Hill again, me, I'm still thinking hard about a bowl of cartridge box belt soup on the banks of the Tennessee... Working on an Illinois

State Jacket while I'm at it... good for Shiloh and Vicksburg both, and I found a couple pictures of 37th IL veterans in them...

April 21-22 – Battle of Poison Springs Living History, near White Oak Lake State Park and Camden, AR. Dave Sesser could use a helping hand, here...

April 27-29 – Battle of Marks Mill, near Fordyce, AR. Biennial reenactment at and near Marks Mill Battlefield State Park. As before, we'll be representing our old friends, the 36th Iowa Infantry. Usually a good little tactical event, we've had a lot of fun here before, and it's actually kind of fun to be the odd men out and wear blue at this one. Not sure if the bushwhackers will be back, though. **6th Arkansas maximum effort event.**

May 18-20 – Arkansas State Muzzle Loading Championship, Berryville, AR. Our annual live-fire competition, plus the annual Comrades-in-Arms Shootout on Saturday afternoon. A nice, low-impact event where you can really burn some powder...

June 8-10 – “Life on the Line”: Vicksburg Siege Living History, Vicksburg National Battlefield Park, Vicksburg, MS. Sponsored by the Western Independent Grays and the National Park Service, this event is set during the siege of Vicksburg in 1863. Vicksburg was the key to controlling the Mississippi river and was the last Southern stronghold on this important body of water. The South could not afford to lose it and the North could not afford to all the South to keep it. Thus one of the most famous sieges of the war began. During this Living history we will be portraying the 20th Alabama and the 56th Ohio infantry regiments.. The 20th Alabama was in position at Fort Garrot during the siege of Vicksburg, for any of those who have visited the park in recent years, this is the area they have recently cleared of all trees, back to its appearance in 1863. Confederate registration is limited to 60 participants, and Confederate registration is already filled. John Duffer is the overall Federal Commander. Terry Sorchy and Jim Butler will be commanding the two US infantry companies. Rations will be provided for Saturday and Sunday. You are on your own for Friday. Attendees, except those with a medical condition that may dictate otherwise, should arrive with empty haversacks. Remember to prepare for the heat. Drink plenty of water before the event. Registration money left over will be donated to Vicksburg park and possibly used to restore the land to the state it was in 1863 at the time of the siege. See <http://www.westernindependentgrays.org/Vicksburg/>

August – Battle of Bloomfield, Bloomfield, MO. This event has a lot of promise, and isn't that far away, just a ways over the Missouri line from Blytheville.

September 14-16 – 145th Anniversary Battle of Antietam, MD (national event). We'll be looking to put together a small group (Confederate impression) to head back East for this one. Dates and details still to be confirmed.

September 21-23 – Battle of Fort Davidson, Pilot Knob, MO. Always fun, there are opportunities this year to repeat our valiant defense of the fort, or to join the Confederates outside trying to get in. Not a hardcore event, this is a very enjoyable little community festival and well worth the drive up. **6th Arkansas maximum effort event.**

September 28-30 – Battle of Pocahontas, AR. This is pretty much a little hometown heritage fest and hootenanny, but the state reenactors are trying hard to build something worthwhile out of it. Last year's efforts got swamped when a tornado blew away the Union camp and a flash flood got the Confederates. It's probably worth another try to get something going here. Not a 6th Arkansas max effort event, but the 37th Illinois guys could probably use some help standing off the Rebel hordes.

September 29-30: Reenactment of the Battle of Mill Springs. Near Glasgow, Kentucky. North/South Alliance National Event. This

is the old First Confederate Division's max effort event for the year, recreating the first significant Union "victory" of the war, which helped start the collapse of the Confederate defenses in Tennessee. We aren't part of the First Confederate Division any more, and there really isn't a First Confederate Division left to be part of. Still, it may be a good road trip for those really interested in early war western theatre. I imagine most of us in the field this weekend will likely go to Pocahontas instead.

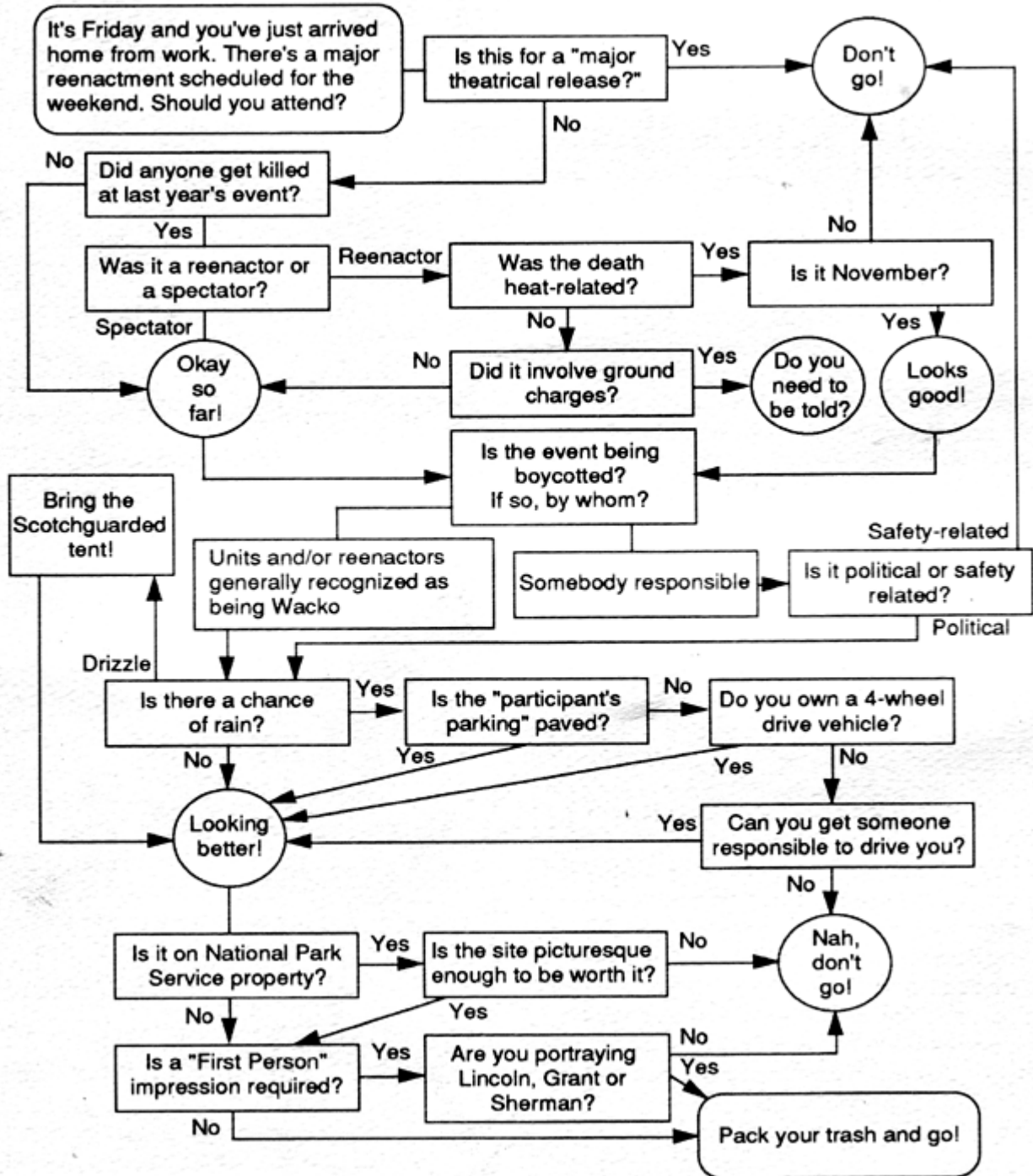
October 12-14 - White Sulphur Springs living history/skirmishes, Sulphur Springs, AR. Mostly an SCV memorial event for

the weekend, but our pard in the 1st Arkansas can certainly use some helping hands.

October 26-28 - Outpost III. Spring Hill, TN. This event is being hosted by the Western Independent Grays (WIG) who will be portraying the 20th Tennessee Infantry and the 1st Tennessee Cavalry. The Old Northwest Volunteers (ONV) will represent the 89th Illinois Infantry and the 4th Michigan Cavalry. This event is a Tactical reflecting the movements and operations of regiments after the battle of Stones River and will take place in Spring Hill, Tennessee on October 26-28, 2007. The exact location will be the 600 acres behind [Rippavilla Plantation](#).

Having a hard time picking which event to go to this year? Here's some quick & easy help!

Re-Enactor's Event Decision Flowchart



One of the greater references for the Civil War reenactor is Wilbur Hinman's 1887 fictionalization of his service in the 64th Ohio Infantry, Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard. This is the source for the fad of using canteen halves as substitute fry pans, etc. Hinman's work was so successful that John McElroy of the National Tribune took upon himself to expand upon Si's and Shorty's adventures with the Army of

the Cumberland, "Further Mishaps of Si & Shorty: The Second Year of Their Service." Out of print for more than a hundred years, it makes for a good look into the life of the Civil War soldier. As we join them, it's the week after Christmas of 1862, and the boys are on the march in middle Tennessee, chasing Bragg's Army of Tennessee toward a little town called Murfreesboro...

THE MUD AND MIRE OF DUTY'S PATH.

"Shorty," said Si Klegg, the morning after Christmas, 1862, as the 200th Indiana sullenly plunked along through the mud and rain, over the roads leading southward from Nashville, "they say that this is to be a sure-enough battle and end the war."

"Your granny's night-cap they do," answered Shorty crossly, as he turned his cap around backward to strop the icy current from chasing down his backbone. "How many thousand times 's that bin stuffed into your ears? This is the forty-thousandth mile we've marched to find that battle that was goin' to end the war. And I'll bet we'll march 40,000 more. This war ain't goin' to end till we've scuffed the top off all the roads in Kentucky and Tennessee, and wore out God's patience and all the sole-leather in the North. I believe it's the shoemakers that's runnin' this war in the interest o' their business."

The cold, soaking rain had reduced the most of the 200th Indiana to a mood where they would have disputed the Ten Commandments and quarreled with their mothers.

"There's no use bein' crosser'n a saw-buck if you are wet, Shorty," said Si, walking to the side of the road and scraping off his generous-sized brogans several pounds of stiff, red mud. "They say this new General with a Dutch name is a fighter from Wayback, an' he always licks the rebels right out of their boots. I'm sure, I hope it's so. I like huntin' ez well ez anybody, an' I'll walk ez fur ez the next man to find something to shoot. But I think walkin' over two States, backward and forward, is altogether too much huntin' for so little shootin'. Don't you?"

"Don't worry," snapped Shorty. "You'll git all the shootin' you want before your three years are up. It'll keep."

"But why keep it so long?" persisted Si. "If it can be done up in three months, an' we kin git back home, why dribble it out over three years? That ain't the way we do work back home on the Wabash."

"Confound back home on the Wabash," roared Shorty. "I don't hear nothin' else, day an' night, but 'back home on the Wabash.' I've bin on the Wabash, an' I don't want to never see the measly, muddy, agery ditch agin'. Why, they have the ag'er so bad out there that it shakes the buttons off a man's clothes, the teeth out of his head, the horns off the cows. An' as for milk-sickness—"

"Shorty!" thundered Si, "stop right there. If you wasn't my pardner I'd thrash you this minute. I kin join you in jawin' about the officers an' the Government. A great deal of your slack that I can't agree with I kin put up with, but you mustn't say nothin' against my home in the Wabash Valley. That I won't stand from no man. For fear that I may lose my temper I'm goin' away from you till you're in better humor."

With that Si strode on ahead, feeling as cross and uncomfortable internally as he was ill-at-ease externally. He hated above all things to quarrel with Shorty, but the Wabash Valley, that garden spot of earth, that place where lived his parents, and sister, and Annabel—but the subject was too sore to think about.

Presently an Aide came galloping along the middle of the road, calling upon the men to make way for him. His horse's hoofs threw the mud in every direction, and Si caught a heavy spatter directly in his face.

"Confound them snips of Aides," said he angrily, as he wiped the mud off. "Put on more airs than if they was old Gen. Scott himself. Always pretend to be in such a powerful hurry. Everybody must hustle out of their way. I think that fool jest did that on purpose."

The rain kept pouring down with tormenting persistence. Wherever Si looked were drenched, depressed looking men; melancholy, steaming horses; sodden, gloomy fields; yellow, rushing streams, and boundless mud that thousands of passing feet were churning into the consistency of building-mortar.

Si had seen many rainy days since he had been in the army, but this was the first real winter rain he had been out in.

Jabe Belcher, the most disagreeable man in Co. Q, was just ahead of him. He stepped into a mud puddle, slipped, threw the mud and water over Si, and his gun, which he flung in the effort to save himself, struck Si on the shoulder.

"Clumsy lunkhead!" roared Si, as ill-tempered now as anybody. "Couldn't you see that puddle and keep out of it? You'd walk right into the Cumberland River if it was in front of you. Never saw such a bat-eyed looney in all my life."

"If the Captain wasn't lookin'," retorted Belcher, "I'd shut up both of them dead mackeral eyes o' your'n, you backwoods yearlin'. I'll settle with you after we get into camp. Your stripes won't save you."

"Never mind about my stripes, old Stringhalt. I kin take them off long enough to wallop you."

Si was in such a frame of mind that his usual open-eyedness was gone. The company was wading across a creek, and Si plunged in without a thought. He stepped on a smooth stone, his feet went out from under him, and he sat down hard and waist-deep in much the coldest water that he ever remembered.

"O, Greenland's icy mountains," was all that he could think to say. The other boys yelled:

"Come on to camp, Si. That's no place to sit down."

"Feet hurt, Si, and goin' to rest a little?"

"This your day for takin' a bath, Si?"

"Thinks this s a political meetin' an' he's to take the chair."

"In-Place, Rest!"

"When I sit down, I prefer a log or a rail, but some men's different."

"See a big bass there, Si, an' try to ketch 'im by settin' down on 'im?"

"Git up, Si, and give your seat to some lady."

Si was too angry to notice their jibes. He felt around in the icy water for his gun, and clambered out on the bank. He first poured the water out of his gun barrel and wiped the mud off. His next thought was about the three days' rations he had drawn that morning. He opened his haversack, and poured out the water it had caught. With it went his sugar, coffee, and salt. His hardtack were a pasty mess; his meat covered with sand and dirt. He turned the haversack inside out, and swashed it out in the stream.

Back came Capt. McGillicuddy, with water streaming from the down-turned rim of his hat, and his humor bad. He was ignorant of Si's mishap.

"Corporal Klegg, what are you doing back here? Why aren't you in your place? I've been looking all around for you. The company wagon's stalled back somewhere. That spavin-brained teamster's at his old tricks. I want you to take five men off the rear of the company, go back and find that wagon, and bring it up. Be smart about it."

"Captain," remonstrated Si, "I'm wetter'n a drowned rat. I—"

"Well, who in thunder ain't?" exploded the Captain. "Do I look

as dry as a basket of chips? Am I walking around in a Panama and linen clothes? Did you expect to keep from getting your feet wet when you came into the army? I want none of your belly-aching or sore-toeing. You take five men and bring up that wagon in a hurry. Do you hear me?"

And the Captain splashed off through the red mud to make somebody else still more miserable.

Si picked up his wet gun from the rain-soaked sod, put it under his streaming overcoat, ordered the five drenched, dripping, dejected boys near him to follow, and plunged back into the creek, which had by this time risen above his knees. He was past the stage of anger now. He simply wished that he was dead and out of the whole business. A nice, dry grave on a sunny hillock in Posey County, with a good roof over it to keep out the rain, would be a welcome retreat.

In gloomy silence he and his squad plodded back through the eternal mud and the steady downpour, through the mirey fields, through the swirling yellow floods in the brooks and branches, in search of the laggard company wagon.

Two or three miles back they came upon it, stuck fast in a deep mud-hole. The enraged teamster was pounding the mules over the head with the butt of his blacksnake whip, not in the expectation of getting any further effort out of them—he knew better than that—but as a relief to his overcharged heart.

"Stop beatin' them mules over the head," shouted Si, as they came up. Not that he cared a fig about the mules, but that he wanted to "lump" somebody.

"Go to brimstone blazes, you freckle-faced Posey County refugee," responded Groundhog, the teamster, in the same fraternal spirit. "I'm drivin' this here team." He gave the high-swing mule a "welt" that would have knocked down anything else than a swing mule.

"If you don't stop beatin' them mules, by thunder, I'll make you."

"Make's a good word," responded Groundhog, giving the off-swing mule a wicked "biff." "I never see anything come out of Posey County that could make me do what I didn't want to."

Si struck at him awkwardly. He was so hampered by his weight of soggy clothes that there was little force or direction to his blow. The soaked teamster returned the blow with equal clumsiness.

The other boys came up and pulled them apart.

"We ain't, no time for sich blamed nonsense," they growled, "We've got to git this here wagon up to the company, an' we'll have the devil's own time doin' it. Quit skylarkin' an' git to work."

They looked around for something with which to make pries. Every rail and stick within a quarter of a mile of the road was gone. They had been used up the previous Summer, when both armies had passed over the road.

There was nothing to do but plod off through mud and rain to the top of a hill in the distance, where there was a fence still standing. A half an hour later each of the six came back with a heavy rail on his shoulder. They pried the wagon out and got it started, only to sink again in another quagmire a few hundred yards further on. -

Si and the boys went back to get their rails, but found that they had been carried off by another squad that had a wagon in trouble. There was nothing to do but to make another toilsome journey to the fence for more rails.

After helping the wagon out they concluded it would be wiser to carry their rails along with them a little ways to see if they would be needed again.

They were – many times that afternoon. As darkness came on Si, who had the crowning virtue of hopefulness when he fully recognized the unutterable badness of things, tried to cheer the other boys up with assertions that they would soon get into camp, where they would find bright, warm fires with which to dry their clothes, and plenty of hot coffee to thaw them out inside.

The quick-coming darkness added enormously to the misery of their work. For hours they struggled along the bottomless road, in the

midst of a ruck of played-out mules and unutterably tired, disgusted men, laboring as they were to get wagons ahead.

Finally they came up to their brigade, which had turned off the road and gone into line-of-battle in an old cotton-field where the mud was deeper, if possible, than in the road.

"Where's the 200th Ind.?" called out Si.

"Here, Si," Shorty's voice answered.

"Where's the fires, Shorty?" asked Si, with sinking heart.

"Ain't allowed none," answered his partner gloomily. "There's a rebel battery on that hill there, and they shoot every time a match is lighted. What've you got there, a rail? By George, that's lucky! We'll have something to keep us out of the mud."

They laid the rail down and sat upon it.

"Shorty," said Si, as he tried to arrange his aching bones to some comfort on the rail, "I got mad at you for cussin' the Wabash this mornin'. I ain't a fluid talker such as you are, an' I can't find words to say what I think. But I just wisht you would begin right here and cuss everybody from Abe Lincoln down to Corporal Si Klegg, and everything from the Wabash in Injanny down to the Cumberland in Tennessee. I'd like to listen to you."

SI KLEGG was generous with his rail, as he was with all things among his comrades. He selected the softest part, in the center, for himself and Shorty, and then invited the other boys to share its hospitalities. They crowded up close to him and Shorty on either side, and there seemed to come a little warmth and dryness from the close contact of their bodies.

Si was so mortally tired that it seemed a great relief just to sit still and rest, though the rain continued to pour down.

Shorty fished some hardtack and fried pork out of his haversack, and also gave him a handful of ground coffee. Si munched the crackers and meat, with an occasional nip at the coffee. His spirits began to rise just a trifle. He was too healthy in body and mind to be totally downcast for long.

"'Tis n't much of a supper," he said to himself, "but it beats nothin' at all miles and miles. Besides, I was mighty lucky in gettin' the biggest rail. Some that the other boys has are no good at all. They'll let 'em right down in the mud. And most o' the boys has no rails at all. I'm awfully sorry for 'em." Then he began to wonder if they were not over-cautious about the nearness of the enemy. He had been in the army just long enough to have contempt for the stories that were always current with a certain class about the proximity and strength of the enemy. Shorty was not of that kind; but, then, Shorty was as liable to be imposed upon as anybody.

"How do you know there's a rebel battery on the hill out there?" he finally asked Shorty.

"They belted into the Oshkosh Terrors, out there to our right, killed a mule, scared two teamsters to death, and knocked over three or four kittles of coffee. It was awful unlucky about the coffee," answered Shorty.

"How long ago was that?"

"Oh, several hours ago. Just after we turned into the field, and long before you come up."

"Mebbe they've gone off now. Mebbe, if they're there yet, their ammynition's so soaked that they can't shoot. What do you say to startin' a little fire? It'd be an immense comfort. Unless we can dry out a little we'll be soaked into such mush before morning that we can't keep our shape, and they'll have to ladle us up with dippers."

"It's strictly against orders."

"You mean it was against orders several hours ago. I can't see nothin' on that hill over there. I've been watchin' for half an hour. There's nothin' movin'. Mebbe the orders has been changed, an' you haint heard about it," persisted Si. "Mebbe the Orderly that was bringing 'em 's stuck in the mud. Mebbe the rain's soaked 'em so's they can't

be read. If anybody's got any dry matches I'm goin' to chance it."

Word was passed along the rail, and at length one of the boys was found to have some matches in a tin box which was proof against the rain.

Si got out his knife and whittled down a corner of the rail until he came to the dry part, and got off some shavings. Splinters were contributed by the others, and after several failures a small flame was started.

"Here, what in the world are you men doing there?" came in the stentorian tones of the Colonel, who it startled Si to discover was sitting a short distance behind him. "Put that light out this instant."

Even before the command could be obeyed, four great flashes burned out like lightning in the murky darkness on the hilltop. Four cannon roared, and four shells screeched toward Si and his companions, who instinctively toppled over backward into the mud. One of the shells struck in the mud a few yards in front, burst with a deafening report, and sent over them a deluge of very wet Tennessee real estate.

"The battery's out there yit, Si," said Shorty, as they gathered themselves up and carefully stamped out every spark of fire.

"It's 'tendin' strictly to business," remarked Wes Williams.

"Its amnyition don't seem to be a mite wet," added Jim Hutchinson.

"There, you see, now," said the Colonel sternly. "I'll tie up by the thumbs the next man that dares scratch a match."

"You jest kin if I do," muttered Si, scraping off some of the superabundant mud, and resuming his seat on the rail. "This dog's cured of suckin' eggs."

He set the butt of his gun down in front of him, clasped his hands around the barrel, leaned his head on them, and went to sleep.

He was so tired that he could have slept anywhere and in any position. He was dimly conscious during the night that the rain ceased and that it turned bitter cold. He was not going to wake up for trifles like that. His sleep was one thing that he never allowed any interference with.

But with the first gray streaks of dawn in the east some uneasy, meddlesome spirit in the 200th Ind. happened to be awake, and he awakened the Adjutant, who cuffed and shook the headquarters drummer until he awakened and beat the reveille. This aroused the weary Orderly-Sergeants, who started upon the task of getting up the bone-wracked, aching-muscled men. In 10 minutes there was enough discontent and bitter grumbling in the 200th Ind. to have furnished forth a new political party.

The awakening process finally reached those of Co. Q who had roosted on Si's rail all night.

Si vigorously insisted on being let alone; that he hadn't been asleep five minutes, and that, anyhow, it was not his turn to go on guard. But the Orderly-Sergeant of Co. Q was a persistent fellow, and would not be denied.

When Si finally tried to rise he found that, in addition to the protests of his stiff legs, he was pinned firmly down. Feeling around to ascertain the cause, he discovered that the tail of his overcoat and his shoes had become deeply imbedded in the mud, and frozen solidly there. Shorty was in the same fix.

"Got to shuck yourself out o' your overcoat, and leave them gunboats anchored where they are," re-marked Shorty, doing as he said, and falling in for roll-call in his stocking feet.

After roll-call Si got a hatchet from one of the boys and chopped his and Shorty's shoes out. The overcoats were left for subsequent effort, for the first thing was to get some wood and water and cook breakfast.

The morning was bitter cold and the sky overcast, but Si felt that this was a thousand times better than the cheerless rain, which seemed to soak his very life out of him.

He pounded most of the frozen mud off his shoes, picked up the

camp-kettle, and started off for wood and water, broke the ice on the creek, took a good wash, and presently came back with a load of dry pine and a kettle full of water.

"My joints feel like I think an old wagon does after it's gone about a year without greasing," he remarked to Shorty, who had a good fire going; "but I think that after I get about a quart o' hot coffee inside of me, with a few pounds o' pork and crackers, I'll be nearly as good as new again. My, how good that grub does smell! An' did you ever see such a nice fire?"

He chopped his and Shorty's overcoats out while Shorty was cooking breakfast, and when at last he sat down on one end of his rail and ate enough toasted hard bread and crisp fried side-meat to feed a small family for a week, washing it down with something near a quart of black coffee sweetened with coarse brown sugar, life began again to have some charms for him.

"You're sure that dumber battery's gone that shot at us last night, are you, Shorty?" he said, as he drained his cup, fastened it again to the strap of his haversack, and studied the top of the hill with a critical eye.

"They say it is," said Shorty, between bites. "While you was down at the crick a man come over from the camp o' the Oshkosh Terrors, and said two o' their companies 'd been onto the hill, and the rebels had gone."

"I wish them Oshkosh fellers'd mind their own business," said Si, irritably, as he picked up his gun and began rubbing the mud and rust off. "They're entirely too fresh for a new regiment. That battery was none of theirs. It was ours, right in our front, an' if they'd let it alone till after breakfast we'd gone up and taken it. It was just the right size for the 200th Ind., and we wanted a chance at it. But now they've had to stick in and run it off."

"Don't worry," said Shorty, fishing out another cracker; "it hasn't gone too far. 'Taint lost. You'll have a chance at it some other time. Mebbe to-day yet."

The army began to move out very promptly, and soon the 200th Ind. was called to take its place in the long column that crawled over the hills and across the valleys toward Murfreesboro, like some gigantic blue serpent moving toward his prey.

Miles ahead of the 200th Ind.'s place in the column the rebels were offering annoying disputation of farther progress. Lines as brown as the dried leaves on the oak trees would form on the hilltops, batteries would gallop into position, and there would be sharp bangs by the cannon and a sputter of musketry-fire.

Then the long, blue serpent would wriggle out of the road into the fields, as if coiling to strike. Union batteries would rush on to hilltops and fire across valleys at the rebel cannon, and a sputter of musketry would answer that from the leaf-brown ranks on the hilltops, which would dissolve and march back to the next hilltop, where the thing would be gone over again. The 200th Ind. would occasionally see one of these performances as it marched over and down one of the hills.

As the afternoon was wearing away the 200th Ind. kept nearing the front, where this wars going on. Finally, when the dull day was shading into dusk, and the brigade ahead of it was forming in the field at the foot of a hill to open a bickering fire against the dun line at the top, the 200th Ind. was taken off the road and marched away over to the left, where it was put into line in front of a dense grove of cedars.

"Capt. McGillicuddy," commanded the Colonel to the Captain of Co. Q, "advance your company as skirmishers to the edge of the cedars, and send a Corporal and five men into the thicket to see if there is anything there?"

"Corporal Klegg," said the Captain, "take five men off the left of the company and go in and see what's in there."

Si was instantly fired with the importance of the duty assigned him. He sent two of his men to the left, two to the right, while he and Shorty, a little distance apart, struck for the heart of the thicket. They made their way with difficulty through the dense chaparral for some minutes, and then stopped, as they heard voices and the crashing of branches in front.

Si Klegg (Continued from Page 17)

Si's heart thumped against his ribs. He looked over to his left, and saw Shorty standing there peering earnestly into the brush, with his gun cocked and ready to fire. He ran over to him and whispered:

"What do you see, Shorty?"

"Nothin' yit, but I expect to every minute," replied Shorty, without turning his intent eyes. Si's gun was already cocked, and he bent his head for ward eagerly, to get a better view. But he could see nothing, except that the tops of the bushes were shaking.

"Shall we skip back an' report?" asked Si.

"I ain't goin' till I see something," said Shorty, stoutly.

"Norme," echoed Si, rather ashamed that he had suggested it.

"Steady, there; steady, on the right! Come forward with that left company," called out a stern voice in front.

"Must be a full regiment in there," whispered Si, craning his neck still farther. The tramping and crashing increased.

"Steady, men, I tell you ! Steady ! Dress on the center," commanded the unseen Colonel. "Forward! Forward !"

In spite of his perturbation, Si noticed that the sounds did not seem to be coming any nearer.

"We must get a squint at 'em," he said, desperately, to Shorty. "Let's git down an' crawl forward. There must be an openin' somewhere."

They got down on their hands and knees, so as to avoid as many as possible of the thickly-interlaced branches. Soon they came to a rift which led to an opening of some rods in circumference. Raising their heads cautiously above a moss-covered log, they saw in the opening a stalwart Sergeant with five or six men. The Sergeant was standing there with his eyes fixed on the tops of the trees, apparently thinking of the next series of commands he was to give, while the men were busy breaking limbs off the cedars.

Si and Shorty immediately grasped the situation.

"Forward, Co. Q!" yelled Si at the top of his lungs. "Surrender, you consarned rebels, or we'll blow your heads off," he added, as he and Shorty jumped forward into the opening and leveled their guns on the squad.

"What'n thunder was you fellers makin' all that racket fur," Si asked the Sergeant as he was marching him back to the skirmish-line.

"Ouah Cunnel," explained the Sergeant, "wuz afeared you'ns 'd try to flank us through the thicket, and sent me down to make a rumpus and hold you back, while he fit you in front. But whar's your company?"

"We'll come to it soon," said Si.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Events (Continued from Page 14)

This plantation was the site of Hoods Army before they marched to Franklin on November 30, 1864. We will be on some the actual land on which Cleburne's men were encamped. The "War" will begin at 5pm on Friday and will be around-the-clock operations, concluding at 12 noon on Sunday afternoon. Structured after the 1999 and 2000 Outpost events near Lookout Mountain and the 2004 "Advanced Guard" event, this will be a fully immersive event, so come prepared to soldier. Both sides will begin in different locations and will march out to find the other side (and the best team wins!) Each man is to have 80 rounds of ammunition. 40 in his cartridge box and 40 to be bundled and placed in the battalions ammunition boxes. Rations will be provided for all participants. Water will be provide onsite and in several locations. Authenticity guidelines are to be monitored by each company commander. This is a military event with no civilian participation. Everyone is expected to come with a good attitude and be willing to participate and pull his share, no more, no less.

October 27-28 - Battle of Pea Ridge,

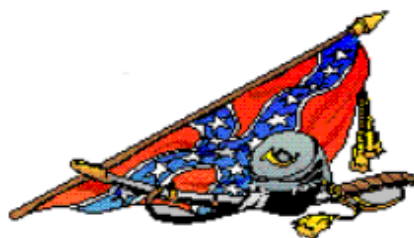
Bentonville, AR. Formerly called the "Battles Around Bentonville," this looks to be the largest event in Arkansas for 2007, with full participation from both the Frontier Brigade, the 1st Arkansas Battalion, and the 1st Missouri Battalion. In the past, it's been well-supported by the sutlers as well.

November 3-4 - Old Washington Civil

War Weekend, Old Washington State Park, Washington, AR. While 2007 is a year in which Old Washington plans to hold a full-scale reenactment and battle demonstration, local re-enactor support is very weak at the moment for this event, with both the Trans-Mississippi Brigade and Frontier Brigade (which comprise nearly all the mainstream reenactment units in the state) committing to the Bentonville event on the previous weekend. The State Park hasn't been the easiest folks to deal with in the past in regard to deconflicting event schedules, and this may work against them.

December - (TBD) Company

Christmas Party. It's been awhile since we got the group together for a little holiday fellowship, so a Christmas get-together or party around the first of December may be a good idea. Think about it, and share what you'd like to see us do as a group...



Confederate Beers (Continued from Page 11)

- 1) I never drink anything brewed in anyone's home.
- 2) Mmm! Corn squeezin's!
- 3) Oh, wow man, look at the little corns goin' up an' down in there!
- 4) Wrinkled, bitter-beer face... [no audio].
- 5) [Expletive deleted], that's different!

An explanation is needed for "the little corns goin' up an' down." When the yeast eat the sugar and produce the alcohol they also produce CO2. This production of gas in the liquid creates currents and turbulence in the fermentation vessel. The liquid will be moving during this period even if undisturbed by human hands. This accounts for some movement of materials in the vessel. The CO2 forms on the surfaces of the container and on any particulate matter therein. This makes the particles, in this case corn kernels, buoyant and so they float to the top. There, they release the gas bubbles then sink back to the bottom. Very entertaining indeed.

This was a fun experience but for my tastes I will home brew a barley-wheat ale rather than molasses-corn beer.

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CORN BEER.

Take one pint of corn and boil it until it is soft, add to it a pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours the beer will be excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used add more molasses and water.

The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twelve hours by keeping the jug where it is warm. In this way the ingredients used in making a gallon of beer will not cost six cents, and it is better and more wholesome than cider. A little yeast greatly forwards the "working" of the beer.

—Augusta (Ga.) Cultivator."

Now for Miz Ellie's recipe:

- 1) **Yeast** - Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter pound of brown sugar and a little salt in 2 gallons of water for one hour. When warm to the touch, bottle it closed. It will be fit to use in 24 hours. One part of this to your receipt will make 18 pounds of bread.
- 7) **Table Beer** - 8 quarts of water, 1 quart of molasses, 1 pint of yeast, and 1 tablespoon cream of tartar, mix well and bottle in 24 hours. Let this stand for 1 week or 10 days and will improve in taste daily afterward for a moderate time.