

The Sentinel



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Are You Fired Up for Franklin?

Are you getting excited yet? The 140th Battle of Franklin reenactment is just 2 months away. It is important that everyone start preparing now for this event.

The final details probably will not be worked out until after this weekend's meeting (July 31) and site tours (Aug. 31) over in Nashville and Spring Hill, and I'll try to have that gleaned and available at the August 14 drill day and picnic over at Reed's Bridge, and will run it for the record in next month's Sentinel.

The 6th Arkansas currently has 13 men registered: Tom Ezell, Steve Shore, Bob Black, George Davis, Robert Giles, Mike Loum, Ken Nations, Tyson Savell, David Sesser, Jerry Simpson, Paul Trotta, and new member Robert Tibbet were registered in the first Company packet, Chris Stewart and Bryce Blanco registered separately. I expect that between 4 to 6 more folks will sign up between now and the estimated cutoff date at the end of August, so it looks like we'll have a very good group for our first trip back to Tennessee in over three years.

It's rare that we get to go re-enact a battle where the 6th Arkansas was actually engaged, even more so to be able to do it on the actual ground... Perryville in 2002 was our last chance at this, and the Franklin event promises much, much more. As of the time the Sentinel went to press, most of the trenches had been laid out and a great deal of the earthwork done... There are 375 yards for the main Federal trenches on the "Franklin" battlefield, with an additional 120 yards of the forward trenches manned by Wagner's Federal division and 110 yards for the reserve trench line. That's a lot of improving to do on Saturday, but it will keep the Yankees busy. The Federal Army will be marched to the Franklin trenches following the Saturday morning Spring Hill scenario. Once the army is emplaced they will have 4 to 5 hours to improve on the trench works for the late afternoon scenario (4:30 p.m.). While the trenches are pre-dug, they will need to be reinforced and built up. Both lumber and logs are being pre – positioned to assist in this "upgrade" project. I'm not sure just what we Rebels will be up to while the Yankees are digging in, but I'm sure we'll be busy, and it'll be a good time.

140th Franklin will be a campaign-style event. The event site has approximately 1300



Detail from Don Troiani's "Opdyke's Tigers" shows the struggle at the Carter House during the battle of Franklin

acres, of which some 300 acres are part of the original Spring Hill battlefield. There are around 800 acres on which to maneuver and fight, with 250 acres allotted to each side for camping area. Plan to do some walking!!

Everyone planning on participating in the campaign should be on-site, cootered up, and ready to march by 9 p.m. Friday night. It's a five-and-a-half-hour drive from the Little Rock city limits to Spring Hill, not counting for any rest stops, sightseeing, or any other puttering around. So, if you are planning on driving out on Friday afternoon, you need to have your butt on the road by 3:00 p.m., and keep the hammer down.

Once the Brigade marches out, stragglers and late arrivals will be held at the base camp near Oaklawn Plantation, and will be marched out early Saturday morning some time. There has been some mention of a shuttle service running from the base camp to the outposts until 11 p.m., but do not count on this, just yet. Be there, and be square, before 9:00 p.m. Friday night.

Ammunition:

The MVB staff has estimated that 200 rounds of ammunition will be needed for each man for the weekend's worth of battles at the Franklin event. This assumes the person does not take a hit all weekend. This

might be a relatively high number, especially if you plan on taking a hit, but better to be safe than sorry. For more practical guidance, you should figure on using no fewer than 40 rounds (one cartridge box full) in each battle scenario. Counting on Friday evening arrivals, we will skip the Friday p.m. tactical/spectator entertainment, and will be engaged in four staged battles: "Spring Hill" on Saturday morning; "Franklin" on Saturday afternoon; the continuation of the Franklin fight Saturday night, and "Nashville" on Sunday. That's a minimum of 160 rounds... Add in a reserve for picket firing on either night, and there's the need for 200 rounds (equivalent to 2 pounds of powder per man for you logistically-minded folks).

Carry 40 rounds in your cartridge boxes, and plan on stashing a reserve of another 20-40 rounds in your knapsack or pockets. We will need to plan on bringing the company ammo boxes for reserve ammo, but I don't expect to have any more information on how the battalion and brigade will be handling ammo resupply until after the Nashville meeting.

Rations

The Mississippi Valley Brigade is issuing rations at the 140th Battle of Franklin event to men wishing to participate. Rations will consist of salt pork, potatoes, onions, johnny

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The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy.

— Ernest Benn

If I get the newsletter out on the 31st, it still counts as the July issue, doesn't it?

Well, another month has slowly rolled around, and looking back, I sort of wonder where it's gone... Then I check the Day-Timer on the desk at the office, the training log for the bike, and count up the time spent plopped in front of the TV watching the one sporting event that I follow all year, the Tour de France, and it starts to add up after all...

Not a whole lot has gone on reenacting-wise since we last got together, and all appear to be sweating out the summer vacation period before the campaign season resumes in earnest in the early fall. The first registration deadline for Franklin has passed, and at this point we have 13 registered, and are hoping to pick up maybe half a dozen more. Numbers for our friends, the 1st Arkansas, are similar, with 9 registered and another half dozen hopefuls.

The North/South Alliance is holding its annual business meeting in Nashville this weekend, seeking to wrap up planning for the 140th Franklin event and put some more substance on their five-year plan, which over the past four years has been allowed to dwindle to only 2 years at a time. Sunday will be a visit by the brigade and battalion commanders to the event site, so we ought to have some better information by this time next week.

Along with this month's newsletter, I'm sending along a PDF file with the Franklin event schedule as well as a description from the site coordinator as to what we can expect this coming October. It's starting to sound better and better all the time!

Welcome home, Jeffrey!

A big Southern WELCOME HOME to Sergeant Jeffrey Stewart of the 37th Illinois, and lately of the 153rd Infantry, 39th Brigade, at Camp Cooke, Iraq. Jeffrey arrived back in Little Rock on Wednesday morning to spend his mid-tour furlough at home. He'll be back with us for two weeks, and we are planning to get together with him one evening at the Lone Star Steakhouse or a similar establishment. This will be on short notice, so stand by for a warning order and further instructions.

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Sarge Sez...

by 1st Sgt. Steve Shore

How to make sleeping 'Campaign Style' Comfortable...

Personally, I hate being miserable when I have to sleep outside. Over the years, I have learned a few tricks to staying warm and comfortable at the same time. I want to share them with you now. The following is compiled in the order you'll need to accomplish them.

1.) **LOCATION:** Location, location, location! Finding the proper place to make your nest, when camping for the night is essential. Sometimes your company is directed to a given company street. But when campaigning...you might be pointed towards the woods. With any luck your 1st Sgt will take action to ensure the spot is prime real estate. You'll want to find an area with a slight hill and occupy the sides or the top of it. Never...ever take the low ground! Should it rain...you'll wish you were home and that is what we are trying to avoid! Sleep with your head slightly elevated and towards the top of the hill will alleviate some early morning headaches. This is due to poor circulation during the night. "Take the High Ground Boyz and Keep Your Heads Up!"

2.) **INSULATION:** You will need something to protect you from the earth. By sleeping on the bare ground, it drains the heat out of your body and make you miserable. This can occur during any of the four seasons. Most events provide hay or straw if your lucky. Even then, it is in small quantities. Being on a campaign and in the woods has it's advantages. There is shade in the daytime and leaves for insulation at night. Use your feet to rake up leaves and pine needles to make a pad three inches thick by three feet wide and six feet long. If you like your bed thick and soft...keep on raking. Check it for sticks and rocks and then discard them. Remember comfort is our objective!

3.) **GROUND CLOTH:** You'll need an oil cloth or gum blanket for two reasons. First, it prevents dampness from coming through the leaves and getting you wet. Second, it prevents the critters from crawling in bed with you that was in the leaves that you raked up. (ticks, chiggers, etc.)

4.) **CLOTHING:** This is a fact that few people think about, but actually plays an important part in your comfort! Marching all day, causes you to get hot and sweaty. You lie down and go to sleep sweating...only to wake you a few hours later shivering. DUH? Your clothing is damp! To solve this problem, simply remove all your clothes down to your drawers. Wash your face with a clean damp rag, then

your arm pits and next your feet. Your feet will love you for this! Brush your teeth if you have a tooth brush and comb your hair. Now, reach in that knapsack and get out a clean pair of socks and a shirt. Redress and hang up the damp clothes on a tree limb to air out and dry. You're only in the woods two nights...so don't get your drawers in a wad. You will have them to switch into the next evening. Comfort keeps the body happy!

5.) **BLANKET:** My blanket is wide enough to fold in half and use part to lie on and the other half to cover me. I realize some folks aren't so lucky and have the small 5' x 7' issue item. The fact is that ANY blanket is utilized to trap body heat from floating out into the atmosphere. You'll have to find the appropriate one for you.

6.) **CANVAS SHELTER HALF:** Also known as part of a pup tent, this small piece of canvas can also be transported in the knapsack. I actually carry two halves, some tent stakes and some twine in mine. They can be used as extra blankets, overhead cover, a tent, a drag for getting bedding, a litter, or a rain poncho. These items can make you smile if the clouds start rolling in!

7.) **RAIN PONCHO:** This is another item in my knapsack. An oil cloth rain poncho can be very handy when it is raining. I prefer mine thrown over my blanket to keep the dew off my blanket in the mornings. Remember, campaigning is allegedly tent less.

8.) **SLEEP HAT:** I'm sure there is an official name for it, but I call it a sleep hat. You know...the one that looks like the father's in the 'Night Before Christmas'. Anyways, it has won me over! No one had better laugh! It fits in my knapsack, keeps my ears warm and the mosquito's out! Try it...you'll like it...or you'll be diggin' sinks!

9.) **SLOUCH HAT:** There nothing more authentic on the battle field than seeing a slouch hat. The slouch hat is my shade during the day and roof at night. I sleep on my back, so by placing the slouch hat over my face and breathing in it, I stay warm. It also acts as a shelter from the morning frost, dew and pesky mosquito's that want to land on my face. For those that don't realize it...it also acts as a muffler! "ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

10) **LATRINE:** This has nothing to do with sleeping...unless...the wind shifts! On a campaign reenactment, the 1st Sgt will designate a sink area for the company. It is your personal responsibility to follow and enforce these rules. You will not appreciate being watered on... in the middle of the night...by someone that doesn't want to walk the extra steps to the sinks. Also, toilet paper is not an authentic period item, but everyone needs one new roll in a large zip lock bag. This can then be placed in an authentic looking cloth bag for personal hygiene. A long march can cause a

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A Note from the General

July 8, 2004

I hope all is well with our various commands of the Brigade. We have just two and a half short months to go before the big event of the 140th anniversary battle of Franklin. This one is looking more and more to be the cornerstone of western events to come. Both Gen. Moore of the 1st CS Div. and Gen. Mark Dolive of the 1st Fed. Div. recognize the failures of past large scale events and the uttermost importance of the success of Franklin. For that reason, I believe both men are committed to making this an accurate and unique experience for all of our members. I can attest to the fact that their heart and focus is firmly on this event. That, in itself will lead us along way to success.

Then there is our part. I believe that we all have a responsibility to contribute to the events we, as a Brigade, choose to attend. For that purpose, my staff and I are committed to putting every effort into making Franklin a fantastic battle. Unlike most reenactments this will be a weekend experience rather than simply a weekend with a couple of battles to focus on. Starting late Friday afternoon, our Brigade will move, act and fight like Granbury's Texans. We will be campaign style for accuracy (as well as convenience) but more than that we will be campaigning in the field. There will be grand guard activities with opposing forces, evening skirmishing, patrols, and many more plans that will come as a pleasant surprise. Even the down time will be filled with period activities and such. Furthermore, we are intently focused on the three scenarios. Little is more important to an event than good fighting. Of course the Franklin battle is the prime focus. I promise that we will move to the attack just exactly as Granbury's Texas Brigade did 140 years ago using the same formations, same tactics and taking the same casualties. We will come as close as men can to actually being there!

I plan to incorporate some very unique experiences as well. Each battalion will take casualties by lottery based upon official battle reports. Those officers and men who are killed, wounded or captured may not necessarily return to the ranks until the nights fighting has concluded to give the true effects and appreciation of the event to those who survive. This is something that is rarely done yet very memorable.

I ask each member to take ownership of this event as well. Take some time to study the details of what the men of Granbury's Brigade endured through the engagement. Do what you can to enhance your personnel impression and



Don't laugh too much... In trying to fill the holes in the units assigned to Operation Iraqi Freedom, 5,600 members of the Individual Ready Reserve got a phone call from St. Louis the week after Independence Day, recalling them to active duty for the next two years. (From the July 12 issue of Newsweek.)

come prepared to be a soldier in the army. Most importantly, come with the right positive attitude and willingness to take your living history impression to the next level. Come ready to be a soldier in 1864 with eyes and arms bent toward the enemy and hearts and souls turned toward home. Together we can make this an event to remember for years to come.

Finally, registration is now \$15. We have done well in leading the Division with our support but we can do better. Sign up now and support your Brigade. We have a chance to shine like the sun; we can do that if we swell our ranks with proud soldiers!

Mark Griffin
Brigadier General, Commanding
Mississippi Valley Brigade

Franklin *(Continued from Page 1)*

cakes, coffee, and molasses cookies. The cost is 5 per man. Make your check payable to "9th Texas Infantry" and mail to:

*Franklin Rations
c/o Mark Griffin
2603 Pinta Ct.*

Grand Prairie, TX 75052.

It is extremely important that you purchase your rations quickly if you intend to participate so the Brigade staff can plan and purchase accordingly. The due date is August 15, 2004.

If you decide not to participate in the Brigade rations issue, we can organize our own Company issue, which will be a whole lot closer to what the Rebs were actually eating at

Franklin. And I'm sure we can do it a lot cheaper than the brigade is currently offering... But I hope you like parched corn, parched corn (or chicory) coffee, and corn meal.

Impression guidelines:

Overall, the 1st Confederate Division will portray Cleburne's Division of Cheatham's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Cleburne had three of his four brigades at Spring Hill and Franklin, the fourth (Smith's) brigade being assigned to guard and accompany the trains in the Army's rear area. The Mississippi Valley Brigade (of which we are currently part) will be portraying BG Hiram Granbury's Texas Brigade; with the Red River Battalion specifically portraying the 6th & 15th Texas Infantry, Consolidated.

The TMVI's assigned impression is that of the **17th & 18th Texas Cavalry (Consolidated, Dismounted)**. I have little or no information to share on this particular unit at the time, but will try to dig something up between now and the Company meeting on August 14.

John Beck's Trans-Mississippi Brigade will be portraying BGD.C. Govan's Arkansas Brigade (which contained the 6th and 7th Arkansas; Willie Huckabee's 1st Arkansas Battalion will be portraying their namesake, the 1st & 15th Arkansas Infantry (Consolidated)); and Bill Rambo's 1st Confederate Legion will portray BG Mark Lowrey's brigade of Mississippi and Alabama troops.

As far as impressions really go, there isn't a great deal of difference between the Confederate units at Franklin. Most regiments

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Omnia Mea Mecum Porto

(All that is mine I carry with me)

It's commonly seen as one of the indicators of a "hardcore" reenactor. Overloaded and with lack of conditioning, it can be one of the most uncomfortable pieces of kit in your impression. Yet, when you're out in the field for an extended piece of time, it can be one of your best friends and comforts, protecting your bedding and belongings from the effects of bad weather. It's your "luggage," so to speak, as a Civil War soldier – the Army-issue knapsack.

The knapsack was meant to be the most important piece of equipment a soldier carried, because it held all of his personal items and spare clothing. Primary sources suggest that many men kept their knapsacks and carried them throughout the war. It was common for the men to drop their packs in a pile before going into battle, only to lose them, and desperately regret it later. Often the packs were carried off by stragglers, or the ensuing fight carried them away from their baggage, and it never "caught up to them". Some soldiers were so fond of their knapsacks, they felt compelled to discontinue this practice, and carry their knapsacks with them, even in battle. In 1864, a Confederate soldier wrote to his wife about a near escape from being captured. In it he said his pards dropped all their gear, in the rout, but that he was able to get away with rifle, haversack, canteen, and knapsack to boot. He was very proud of this accomplishment, and expressed that he was very glad he retained his knapsack.

Why was the knapsack so valuable to these men? When lost, what items did the soldiers have to do without? Let's take a look at the knapsack, its contents, and for modern benefit, the best way to pack these items.

The soldier learned that, in packing their knapsack, it was important to evenly distribute the weight to make it more comfortable for long marches. The soldier very quickly decided what he was going to carry, and what he was not. Knapsacks are a great tool for carrying a soldier's wares, and if packed and worn correctly, can allow you to carry everything you will need for a weekend of campaigning, right on your back. The knapsack offers flexibility in the carrying of your items, but can become quite heavy, and burdensome very quickly. The main disadvantage of the Civil War pattern knapsack is that their weight is borne totally on your shoulders. The overwhelming advantage is that it does not inhibit access to your traps, and allows the coat to be opened to receive air, which we all know aids in cooling the body.

Far too many reenactors portraying the Confederate soldier equip themselves for



HOW HE STARTED IN.

campaign based on the description from Carlton McCarthy's book, *Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia 1861-1865*. In his oft-quoted book, McCarthy said: "Reduced to a minimum, the private soldier consisted of one man, one hat, one jacket, one shirt, one pair of pants, one pair of drawers, one pair of shoes, and one pair of socks. His baggage was one blanket, one rubber blanket, and one haversack." In the reenactor world, this "baggage" became the ubiquitous blanket roll used by a majority of the Rebs and many of the Yanks with a western theater impression. McCarthy's recollections, however, are not consistent with the majority of other Confederate fighting men.

If you use McCarthy's remembrances as a basis for your impression, you need to be aware of one important fact—Private McCarthy was an artilleryman, whose Civil War service extended only to the Petersburg trenches in the winter and early spring of 1865, and on the retreat to Appomattox. It could be that he used his own experience within an Army of Northern Virginia artillery unit to develop that description. It may be that neither he nor his comrades had a need for knapsacks as the wagons and horses in the artillery provided all of the conveyance required to move their possessions. In fact, McCarthy makes reference to an incident on page 164 of his book that reads: "He was originally an infantryman, recently transferred to artillery, and therefore

wore a small knapsack, as infantrymen did". The infantryman in the Army of Tennessee would fall in the same category. On occasion he and or his possessions might be moved by train or wagon but most of the time he would carry all of his issued equipment, rations, extra clothing, and personal effects. In contrast to Carlton McCarthy's recollections, let's look at some AoT accounts.

Private (later Corporal) Sam R. Watkins of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, Army of Tennessee, makes numerous references to the knapsack in his book, *"Co. AYTCH" A Side Show of the Big Show*. References appear on pages 97, 104, 116, and 208 to the use of knapsacks by Watkins and his comrades from enlistment through to the surrender of the unit in North Carolina in 1865. In the *They Bore Every Burden, History of the 19th Alabama Infantry Regiment*, Sergeant Ambrose Doss, wrote in a January 18 1863 letter to his wife: "...Sarah i was from the time that we left camps we was some 20 days tell we got back to whear i cold (could) get my knapsack...". Similar references abound in other memoirs and letter collections from AoT soldiers.

And finally, the ordnance and inspector general reports of the Army of Tennessee throughout 1863 and 1864 show that the troops typically possessed and used knapsacks; at the opening of the Atlanta campaign in April 1864, 75% (12,610 out of 16,941) of the Confederate infantrymen present for duty in Hardee's Corps were carrying knapsacks.

Which Pack?

The key question is which unit do you most commonly portray, and what sort of knapsacks were they issued?

Over time, I've added three different styles of knapsack to my stash of stuff in order to meet event authenticity standards for several Confederate and Federal impressions. The first addition was one of the Federal M1855 double bag knapsacks, which will pass for both a Federal impression (this is the required knapsack for a Yankee anyway) and for the scavenging Johnny Reb. For purely Confederate purposes, I eventually acquired a British import Isaac & Campbell, or "Trotter pattern" pack, and then a Mexican War style knapsack, sometimes called a "Kibbler" pack, because the example in the Museum of the Confederacy from which most reproductions are copied was owned by a Private James A. Kibbler of the 10th Virginia Infantry, and has his name stenciled on the inside¹.

Omnia Mea Mecum Porto (Continued from Page 4)

The Isaac & Campbell knapsack

I am probably more fond of the Isaac & Campbell pack, and it gets the most use in the field. It is one of the more comfortable packs to carry, and its limited space makes you a little more conscious of just what all you try to stuff in there. Barring specific evidence to the contrary, the British Pattern 1857 knapsack would be appropriate for Confederates in the western theater for almost any time between Spring 1862 and the end of the war. Were they common? No. Were they uncommon? No. They were but one of several types of packs that saw a fair amount of issuance. They would not have been an unfamiliar sight to a soldier in the Army of Tennessee - or the ANV, for that matter.

There are no obvious places to strap anything extra to the I&C packs, save for the two loops on the top where you attach the mess tin and its cover. I usually place a wool blanket, ground cloth, a spare pair of socks (or two), a small towel, a little ditty bag with some personal items like a comb and toothbrush, and a couple extra packs of cartridges in there, and it all rides very nicely. If you are one of those fellows who packs "like Si started in," then an Isaac & Campbell is probably not for you unless you research and master the methods that the Brits used to add to their combat load.

One extra bit of trivia on the Trotter or British pack is that there are seven (7) buckles to fasten or unfasten each time you open or



The British "Trotter pattern" knapsack, imported into the Confederacy by Isaac & Campbell.



Inside the Isaac & Campbell pack, showing the rear flap with its contractor stamp, and the single-bag design.

close it... the buckle for the main suspension strap, two small buckles that hold the back flap closed, one top-to-bottom strap on the main bag, and three side-to-side straps on the main bag. There's not much that rattles around loose in there ;-)

In packing the I&C pack, I usually go pretty light, and pack so that the last things I take out when settling down for the night are the first things to go in. First, go a few small items such as a small cloth bag containing a few personal items such as a toothbrush, comb, a spare pair of dry wool socks, sleeping cap, etc.. Next goes one wool blanket - it takes a bit of practice to get the folding just right so it all fits, but folding in thirds works well for me. Next goes the ground cloth or gum blanket, again folded to a compact square. Any other small items such as spare cartridges, notebook, candle, wring material, is then squeezed into the corners. All the internal straps are then fastened, the rear flap closed and buckled down, and you're ready to hit the road.

Finding a good I&C pack can be a trial, and a little dear. Nick Sekela makes the best version currently available, and these are available via special order from the Jersey Skilletlicker. Once in a blue moon you might find one for sale on the secondhand market; if you do, snatch it up. David Jarnagin makes a very nice copy of the I&C pack, though the ones that I have seen in the field look to be a wee bit larger than my Sekela pack... It may be that the original he's copying is on the upper end of the range, dimensionally.

The Mexican War Knapsack

The Mexican War pack and its various derivatives (such as the Kibbler) are very common in Confederate use, and are an excellent choice for a purely Confederate impression. These are essentially the same pattern knapsacks used by Uncle Sam from the late 1830s until the debut of the M1855 double-bag model, so they would be something the older veterans would be familiar with, and fairly easy to manufacture in the resource-strapped South.

The Mexican War pack is essentially a "pocket" and "flap" arrangement, that fits inside and is held together by a web of leather straps. The flap is a nice idea, as it is flexible for a variety of items. Fold your blanket in thirds, a little less wide than the width of the flap, and lay it in there as the first layer. Do the same with the groundcloth, and it goes as the layer over the blanket. That way, as you unsling and unpack at the end of each day's march, you simply undo the two rear buckles, open the flap, and the first thing out is your groundcloth, then your blanket, and you're pretty much fixed up to grab a few winks, as well as make a hasty departure with a minimum of re-packing at o'dark-thirty the following morning.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Knapsacks have fallen into general discredit and disuse in the Confederate armies, and in derision of them the soldiers call them "hand organs." Whenever a company or regiment is seen marching with "knapsacks slung" the taunt is sure to follow: "I say, you've got your organ; where's your monkey? You left them behind, expecting to find bigger and better monkeys down here," &c. A blanket and oil-cloth twisted into the shape of a boa constrictor, and slung about the shoulders of the soldier, is the light equipment for heavy, rapid marching now.

The two long straps in the back go over the flap and secure at the bottom rear of the pack. I have found through a little practice that crossing these across the back of the flap (in an "X" pattern) helps to keep things from sliding around back there, and appears to have been the period practice as well. The two shoulder straps attach to the bottom front of their respective sides, and there's a small strap that goes across your chest to secure the shoulder straps and help distribute the load a little more evenly across your shoulders. With a new pack, the straps will need to wear in a bit to find their place in life... the best way is to load the pack and buckle it up, and let it set for a spell for the leather to stretch to just about where it needs to be.

With the pocket and flap both filled, the pack resembles a large beetle. Crossing the straps across the back of the flap appears to be the period way to go, although there were probably exceptions. For me, the crossed straps keep the pack together a whole lot better. As your load increases or decreases, you'll find the straps need adjusting to keep a neat and balanced load.

Taken individually, either the I&C or the Mexican War pack is a good choice for a Rebel impression in either theater of the War. What you would want to consider then, is your unit impression; and what would make you fellows look like you all belong to the same army.

The Federal M1855 knapsack

For the Union soldier, the first and absolute choice is the Pattern of 1855 knapsack. This is a "double-bag" arrangement with a closable outer envelope that is used to hold clothing and small personal items. This compartment closes at the top with a flap and two ties made of buff leather. A second, inner compartment fits against the wearer's back and closes with four triangular flaps that are buckled together side-to-side-, top-to-bottom with four bridle leather straps. The inner compartment is used to carry the issue blanket, water-proof (gum) blanket, and shelter half. The body of the pack is made from linen canvas, which

is then sized and painted black to make it (more or less) waterproof. The entire knapsack closes with three leather straps that buckle at the bottom of the pack. One of the more distinctive features of this knapsack is the set of wide leather upper shoulder straps with scalloped ends and a leather-covered stud holding the thinner lower straps. There are two sets of these lower straps, one pair to buckle to the bottom of the pack, and a second pair tipped with brass J-hooks which were intended to fasten to and hold up the M1855 Rifleman's Belt. The belt was never widely issued, and this second set of straps is mostly "just along for the ride," left to hang loose or crossed over the chest.

"The road to glory cannot be followed with much baggage."

Time and again, when we take to the field with knapsacks, we are cursing and damning the serned things before we get more than a quarter-mile down the road. A key reason for this is simply that we are packing too much stuff, and strapping add-ons to the outside of the pack. Likewise, we as part-time reenactors are not used to toting these sorts of loads over any sort of distance. This overloading and



Federal-issue M1855 pattern double-bag knapsack. The round straps on top are the "overcoat straps" and were issued with the overcoat, not the knapsack.



Inside the M1855 knapsack. The inner envelope (at left) holds the blanket, ground cloth, and shelter half; the outer envelope (at right) holds spare clothing and personal items.

under-conditioning leads to fatigue, and fatigue leads naturally to fear... fear that we're not gonna make it, that we can't carry this load. And when the roads go uphill, this stress quadruples and you see folks falling out of the ranks all over the place.

The secret to campaigning is figuring out how to get by with the minimum amount of stuff you have to carry, to lighten your load to the greatest extent. When "campaigning" with Uncle Sam, the weight of an individual soldier's load is a critical issue. Even if seasoned troops try to carry too much stuff, they develop fatigue, and fatigue breeds fear, followed by physical failure. Some of our old guys need think no further back than March 2000 and our experiences at the "Last Surrender Campaign" out at Fort Towson, Oklahoma. This was a mobile, campaign event where we would live out of our knapsacks, while moving some eight to ten miles per day on the march. Many of us packed heavy bedrolls, to include sleeping mats, extra gum blankets, extra wool blankets, shelter halves, as well as a lot of other gear. What ensued was similar to the Si Klegg story in the back of this issue. The result was that we lost nearly the entire company, and more than half the battalion in a single day's operation. Fear was the cause.

The U.S. Army, along with other, has conducted a long term study of just how much a foot soldier can carry into battle and still function efficiently.¹ Over time, that combat load has remained fairly constant at 40 to 45 pounds. That's not just the knapsack... that include the weight of your weapon, accoutrements, ammunition, uniform, canteen, haversack, and then your pack. A good rule of thumb for us weekend warriors on a campaign/marching event is that if your knapsack weighs more than 15 to 20 pounds, then you are carrying too much stuff.

Every reenactor must eventually come to some epiphany within himself as to what load he can safely and comfortably carry over a weekend's campaigning. Mine came on the first couple days of the 1999 Red River Campaign, when we spent 8 days on a campaign march, carrying everything with us, never stopping twice in the same place, and covering

from 8 to 16 miles of marching per day. We all started off like the guys at Fort Towson, but at the end of the first afternoon guys were throwing stuff – expensive stuff in many cases – into the roadside ditches to keep from having to carry it. I did a little of it myself. I kept a tally of just what I used during the event's time, and from that point forward if I didn't have a strong need to use it, I didn't carry it. I still do that, and it has paid off.



Interior of the Mexican War style, or "Kibbler" knapsack, showing the inner pocket at bottom and the outer flap at top.

At Pickett's Mill last month I had my pack stripped down to just a gum blanket, a shelter half, two spare pair of socks, two spare packs of cartridges, and a small bag with my toothbrush, comb, housewife, and some spare twine and boot laces. And when the trail turned up the second set of hills, man even that was way too much of a load! This issue contains a couple of examples of how the Boys of '61-'65 met this revelation, one from the original Capitol Guards, and another fictionalized account of Union soldiers with the Army of the Cumberland.

There are lots of articles telling what the soldiers actually carried, or what you should carry in your knapsack for a campaign event. Most of them, even the ones that I wrote, recommend that you carry too much stuff. If you aren't used to walking with a pack and combat load, I recommend that you let a lot of that slide.

In the old Dixie Guard, we had a rule that incorporated Cal Kinzer's old "Hardcracker Challenge": you could have anything in camp that you were willing to carry in on a five mile march. And we enforced that rule by doing just that – parking some distance away and marching in some five miles or so before setting up camp. So here's what I recommend, based on six years' experience marching with the hardcore folks in multiple marching events.

For those with a standard double bag knapsack, the goal is to **keep its weight at no more than 12-15 pounds**. Besides the uniform which you will be wearing, try packing two extra pairs of socks, a wash rag or towel, a bar of soap, toothbrush, small housewife, matches, one wool blanket, one gum blanket (or poncho), and some toilet paper (everyone should bring this!).

Wear a loose fitting uniform, for better

Omnia Mea Mecum Porto (Continued from Page 6)

ventilation and when worn properly, for protection to your exposed skin. Cotton shirts seem to be the most popular in our ranks, but cotton stays damp and clammy when you sweat in it, and before you know it, the shirt will disintegrate right off your back. Consider upgrading to a flannel shirt – either domed or canton – these will keep you cool (or warm) at the appropriate time, even when soaked with sweat, and they are tough to wear out.

Leather accoutrements: Cartridge box and sling, without the brass box or breast plates. In the cartridge box, “40 Dead Men” in the tins. In the accessory pouch I keep a “wiper” that fits to the ramrod for cleaning my weapon in the field, along with a musket tool that combines as a screwdriver and nipple wrench, 2 or 3 pipe cleaners, and several soft cotton rag cleaning patches. Battalion and Company policy is that you will also carry your medical and emergency contact information card behind your cartridge tins as well. Waist belt and cap box, plus the bayonet and scabbard. You’ll need your bayonet to stack arms, plus it has a multitude of uses around camp.

IN YOUR HAVERSACK: Food Only!

This is for rations and a small amount of mess gear, only. Shy away from what the skinner call “haversack stuffers,” because if you use a haversack correctly, you don’t want to stuff much of anything into it other than food and your mess kit/utensils.

- 1 ½ pounds of bacon or salt pork, cut into 2-3 small slabs, OR same weight of boiled or fried beef, wrapped in paper/muslin bag.
- Cornbread (or corn dodgers or meal) in a ration bag, OR hardtack (ration was 1 lb. of corn meal per day, or 9 hardtack crackers per day) OR same weight of parched corn.
- coffee (or substitute), in poke bag.
- sugar (Turbinado “Sugar In The Raw”, or a brown sugar cone from the Mexican section of the supermarket) - if desired, in poke bag
- (optional) small apples, potatoes, onions, etc. that might have been found foraging.
- Tobacco is an option. I don’t smoke or chew, but sometimes keep a plug to try and trade with the Yankees for something or another. A lesson learned from TAG last year, though, was that a small dip or nip of a chaw worked wonders for staying non-drowsy out on the picket line in the wee hours of the morning. Works well for bug bites, too. (I personally do not keep my tobacco in my haversack.) [A note on tobacco use by the enlisted soldier of either blue or gray: Cigarettes are inappropriate for reenactors, as they did not come into common usage until the late 1870s. The soldier had two options for tobacco use — he smoked a pipe, or he chewed either plug or leaf tobacco. Cigars were common, but their cost and



SI FINDS HIS MATCH.

availability usually limited them to the officers.]

Tin cup, or dipper. Next to your [filled] canteen, your cup is your best friend amongst your mess gear. You can hang or tie your cup from a variety of places so as to have it handy on the march.

Canteen: Kept full of water at every opportunity to refill it. And remember that the best place to carry water is in your belly. Drink what’s left in your canteen before you refill it, and also fill your dipper with water and drink that, too.

IN YOUR KNAPSACK:

- 1 ground cloth or gum blanket.
- 1 wool issue blanket, either in the knapsack or slung as a blanket roll. Your blanket is your best friend, and probably your most important piece of camp gear. As a Reb, it’s also your overcoat. Don’t skimp – get a good 100% wool one, and not one of those OD army surplus blankets. Gray, brown, or white.
- A housewife”, or sewing kit, is an important item to have when you split your britches and have your hiney hanging out in the breeze, or when you lose a key button somewhere. Having a spare button at the right moment, AND the means to attach it when you (or a pard) needs it is a valuable thing indeed. Don’t forget to replace things as you use them, and stick a pair of spare shoelaces in the danged thing.
- canteen-half “frying pan”. It doubles as your plate, too.
- Spare dry socks. At least one pair of dry, knitted wool socks are great foot injury prevention. Change socks at least once per day... rinse the old socks in cold water, wring them out, and let them dry on the back of your pack.
- small “hygiene” bag, toothbrush/tooth powder, personal items (optional). Add in one of those small camper’s rolls of toilet paper,

too!

• A good **washrag** is an essential. This can be a nice piece of wool flannel with hemmed edges or a danged ol’ rag. Wrap a small piece of lye soap in this rag, and you have the tools to wash your hands before preparing food, before and after eating and using the latrine. A sure way to get diarrhea (or worse) is to use dirty mess ware. Wash your mess gear kit with hot water when possible, or use the campfire to sanitize your frying pan or canteen half before you start cooking. That rag will also be handy when you finally run out of cleaning patches at an event, or use it as a pot holder to remove your dipper from the fire.

That’s it, at least to start off with. In time, you’ll learn if you can even do without a number of these things.

You should be able to pack everything in just one compartment (the one against the back, which closes with the roller buckles and leather straps) The other compartment is just tied shut. Packing this light may mean having to punch some extra holes in the closure straps on the bottom of the knapsack so you can tighten the straps. The loops on the top of the knapsack are provided as a place to strap an overcoat if you had one. Putting a coat or an extra bedroll up there only adds unnecessary weight, and screws up the balance of your load.

IN JACKET/TROUSERS POCKETS:

- pocketknife (you can both cook and eat with this) A nice single-bladed Barlow reprob can be had for a few bucks, and period knives (with much better steel) can be found at the usual places. Take your favorite pard with you when you buy yours, and make him buy one, too. That knocks at least one person from the “Can I borrow your knife?” list. DO NOT get a stainless steel blade. This is a critical item.
- period wallet with a pencil, appropriate money, and a few small pieces of writing paper, either in my jacket pocket or it sits on top of the most convenient pocket in my knapsack. That well-protected paper is also an excellent fire starter.
- period handkerchief. You’ll need it when you need it.

Footnotes:

¹Time-Life Books, *Echoes of Glory: Arms and Equipment of the Confederacy*, Alexandria, VA, Time-Life Books. p. 202

²S.L.A. Marshall, *The Soldier’s Load and the Mobility of a Nation*, Quantico, VA, The Marine Corps Association, 1950 (reprinted 1980). This is one of the little books that every officer and NCO should read and absorb. For what it’s worth, Marshall notes the Army routinely ignored (and still ignores) the results of all these studies when it comes time for Joe Snuffy to hump his ruck. Light infantrymen of the 10th Mountain, 82nd, and 101st Airborne divisions were still toting 120-pound rucksacks up the mountains of Afghanistan and across the burning sands of Iraq.

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S.L.A. Marshall, *The Soldier’s Load and the Mobility of a Nation*, Quantico, VA, The Marine Corps Association, 1950 (reprinted 1980).

Kevin O’Bieme, “Knapsack and Haversack Packing 101.” Published in *The Columbia Rifles Research Compendium*, privately published, The Columbia Rifles (2001), article III-2.

Rick Simmons, “Looking at Originals: The 1853-1855 US Pattern Knapsack,” *The Watchdog*, Winter 2001, pp. 4-6.

Getting Used To It...

Initial Experiences in Toting the Knapsack

Private Henry Morton Stanley, Co. E, 6th Arkansas Infantry, June, 1861:

After a few weeks we made our last march through the Arkansan capital. The steamer was at the riverside, to take us across. The streets were gay with flags and ladies' dresses. The people shouted, and we, raw and unthinking, responded with cheers. We raised the song, "We'll live and die for Dixie," and the emotional girls waved their handkerchiefs and wept. What an imposing column we made! The regiment was in full strength. The facets of light on our shining muskets and bayonets were blinding. Banners of regiments and companies rustled and waved to the breeze. We strode down to the levee with "Eyes front," after the manner of Romans when reviewed by their tribunes!

Once across the river, that August day, we strapped our knapsacks, slung our haversacks and water-canteens, and felt more like veterans. All being ready, our physically noble Colonel Hawthorn, prancing on his charger, drew his bright sword, and, after he had given us a sufficiently stern glance, rode to the head of the regiment; the brass band struck up a lively tune, and we swung gaily in column of fours along the pike, towards the interior. Our officers and orderly walked parallel with us. The August sun was extremely hot, the pike was hard, dry, and dusty. At first, the officers' voices had a peremptory and sharp ring in them as they sang out, "Keep step, there! Left shoulder, shift arms! Dress up!" but after a while, as the heat began to force a copious perspiration, and the limy dust from the metalled highway parched our throats, they sobered down, and allowed us to march at ease.

Within an hour the sweat had darkly stained our grey coats about the armpits and shoulders, and it rolled in streams down our limbs into our boots, where, mingling with the dust and minute gravel, it formed a gritty mud which distressed our feet. Our shoulders ached with the growing weight and hardness of the muskets, our trousers galled us sorely, the straps and belts became painfully constrictive, and impeded respiration, but, through fear of shame, we endured all, without complaint. At the end of the hour we were halted for five minutes' rest, and then resumed the march.

Like all new recruits, we carried a number of things that veterans dispense with: for instance, keepsakes, and personal treasures; mine were a daguerreotype of my adopted father, and a lock of his grey hair, very trivial and valueless to others, but my own peculiar treasures, carried in my knapsack to be looked

at every Sunday morning when we smartened up. With these, toilet articles, soap, changes of underclothing, camp-shoes, etc., besides extra uniform, and blankets, made up our luggage, which, with heavy musket, bayonet, accoutrements, and canteen of water, weighed about sixty pounds, and more, in some cases. For growing and lean youths this was a tremendous weight; and, during the second hour, the sense of oppression and soreness rapidly increased; but, excepting more frequent changes of the musket from shoulder to shoulder, we bated nothing of our resolve to endure.

After the second halt we were sensibly lamer. The gravel created blisters and the warm mud acted like a poultice on the feet. The military erectness gave way to a weary droop, and we leaned forward more. We were painfully scalded, restlessly shifted our weapons, and tried scores of little experiments, hustled our cartridge-pouches, inch by inch, then from back to front, from right to left; tugged at our breast-straps, eased our belts, drank copious draughts of water; and still the perspiration rolled in a shower down our half-blinded faces, and the symptoms of collapse became more and more pronounced.

Finally, the acutest point of endurance was reached, and nature revolted. Our feet were blistered, our agonies were unendurable, and, despite official warning and menace, we hopped to the roadside, whipped off our boots to relieve our burning feet; after a little rest, we rose and limped after the company. But the column had stretched out to a tremendous length with its long wagon train, and to overtake our friends seemed hopeless. As we limped along, the still untired soldiers mocked and jeered at us, and this was very hard to endure. But, by and by, the stragglers became more numerous; the starch appeared to be taken out of the strongest, and, the longer the march continued, the greater was the multitude of the weary, who crawled painfully in the rear of the column.

Had the Little Rock ladies witnessed our arrival at camp late at night, we should have been shamed forever. But, fortunately, they knew nothing of this; and blessing the night which hid our roasted faces and sorry appearance, we had no sooner reached the precincts of the camp than we embraced the ground, pains and aches darting through every tortured limb, feet blistered and bleeding, our backs scorched, and our shoulders inflamed. No bed that I had ever rested on gave me a tithe of the pleasure afforded me now by the cold, damp pasture-land.

The next day was a halt. Many of us were

more fitted for hospital at daybreak than for marching, but, after a bath in the stream, a change of linen, and salving our wounds, we were in better mood. Then Armstrong, the old orderly, suggested that we should shed our knapsacks of all "rubbish," and assisted his friends by his advice as to what was indispensable and what was superfluous. The campfires consumed what we had rejected, and, when we noted the lightened weight of our knapsacks after this ruthless ransackment, we felt fitter for the march than on the day we departed from the Arkansas River.

Sam Pittman of Co. K, 34th Arkansas Infantry was issued a "British" knapsack in November 1862 near Van Buren, Ark., as his brigade moved out on the march to Prairie Grove. Pittman records his relationship with said knapsack in a post-war article in a Fayetteville newspaper, "My Old Knapsack." Pittman took a good deal of ribbing "for all the freight that I hauled from Van Buren to Prairie Grove", only to lose it when a stray bullet cut one of the shoulder straps as the 34th Arkansas deployed into line of battle:

"POETS HAVE IMMORTALIZED "the Old Canteen" but as far as I am aware, no one has ever said anything about its companion, the Old Knapsack. Mine was an English one of peculiar construction and well adapted to the exigencies of the Rebel service inasmuch as it was roomy enough to stow not only the soldier's clothing, but also his cooking utensils and general camp outfit in the event transportation was short, (which not infrequently happened).

Well I remember the day I became the fortunate possessor of this foreign article which the enemy had permitted to slip through the blockade. Now, I thought, it didn't matter if the wagons got stuck in the mud and didn't get into camp for three weeks. I, at least, was all right. One evening at Spadra Bluff on the Arkansas River, after we had received orders to be ready to march next morning at daylight, I packed my knapsack so as to be on time. When I packed, I discovered that it could be used for a camp stool besides being comfortable as a pillow when lying down. The uses to which it could be put, seemed to me, to fill all the long felt wants of a soldier's life. After strapping it on and unstrapping several times to become familiar with the rig, I took it down to the commissary to have it weighed. It tipped the beam at 83 pounds. No load, thought I, for a big

Getting Used To It *(Continued from Page 8)*

strong fellow like me, and I actually regretted that I did not have something more to put in it. I consoled myself with the thought that I would be able to help some poor fellow who had not been so fortunate as to draw one of those splendid knapsacks.

Next morning, when I had stood in line for about an hour waiting for the orders to "march," with my knapsack on my back, a navy six and heavy cartridge box belted around me, a canteen full of water, and an Enfield rifle slung over my shoulder, it began to dawn on me that perhaps I would be doing my share of the transportation service without soliciting the outfits of my comrades. I am still thankful that I didn't, for before we had marched five miles I could have sworn I was carrying at least three hundred dead weight. Still I was not discouraged and kept step with the foremost. Were we not going home, and had I not heard all my life that there was nothing like "getting used to it"?

Old soldiers will remember that marching in an army is a very different thing from travelling by oneself or with a companion. The frequent stops and starts will try the patience and staying power of the best, and you will not be surprised to hear me say that when we went into camp that evening twelve miles above Spadra I was pretty well done up. To make matters worse, every wagon belonging to the army was in camp and unloaded in less than an hour. Then it occurred to me what a "blooming idiot" I had been. Instead of letting the mules transport my baggage, I had worn myself out unnecessarily. By this time, some of the boys who had no knapsacks, or those of smaller calibre, commenced guying me about my load, even offering me one dollar per pound for all the "freight I pulled into Van Buren." That settled it. My temper was up and I resolved to take the freight through though it cost Jeff Davis a soldier. I sat down on my knapsack and I sat very hard. I was tired. I laid down and slept on it, or at least I felt like had just got to sleep when the drums beat reveille next morning. In addition to the tired feeling and general soreness, two spots about the size of my hand had developed on my back, just where the south edge of the knapsack had rested the day before, that didn't seem to have any skin upon them. These facts I kept to myself, and if there be any living who guyed me then, I can forgive them for they "knew not what they did."

After moving out and getting limbered up, each step brought me nearer home and served to raise my spirits. I began to speculate upon the coming battle, which we felt assured we were going to meet, and, in a measure, I was relieved of the weight upon me by having my thoughts on something else. But that night Lieutenant B., who lost his life on this battlefield a few days later, (one of the kindest and best men I ever knew), asked me why I lay upon my face. I replied that in one of the

histories of Napoleon which I had read the author had stated that that was the proper position for a soldier to assume when going to sleep. I told a lie, but I thought the circumstances would justify it. The fact was that a feather bed would have been too hard for my sore back.

When we got to Van Buren I demanded my pack be weighed and one dollar a pound be paid in good and lawful money, but as pay had never come around, I finally had to compromise with the boys upon their agreement to set me up a good supper. I never did know where they got those chicken, honey, etc., and the truth is, it did not become me to be too inquisitive. I was simply there to do justice to the occasion and those of you who remember the appetites we grew and cultivated while lying on the sand bar at Spadra Bluff will rise up and say, "He did!"

After a few days rest at Mazzard Prairie south of Fort Smith, we were ordered to march, and this time the head of the column pointed in this direction. I had resolved to transfer the greater portion of the weight in my knapsack to the wagon, but orders were issued for the wagons to remain in the rear and for each man to carry three days rations. We knew then that there was music in the air. Notwithstanding my poor back was one solid scab, I shouldered that blessed knapsack and stepped into line, if not with a light load, a very light heart, for it was the mountains and into the valley to drive the invaders from "God's Country" and our homes.

Well, lest some young person not old enough to remember what did occur mistakes the will for the deed, I will just say here that we didn't do it, but the thought of what we were going to do cheered and inspired us, and sore feet and backs were forgotten. The night before the Battle of Prairie Grove was spent by the Rebel Army at John Morrors, eight miles south on Cove Creek. We knew the enemy was not far off but did not know when we would meet them. The next morning at three a.m., without blast of bugle or beat of drum, we filed into the road leading up the mountain. At daylight we were double-quicking down the mountain on this side. After passing John Mock's we filed left by the old Moore place. At sunup we met two hundred Federal prisoners under guard at the Andy Crawford place. These prisoners had been captured by Marmaduke's cavalry just west of the graveyard a few minutes before us. We knew now that the battle was on, and we knew very near where it would be; right in the midst of our houses within the hearing of our loved ones.

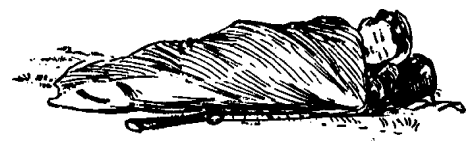
It would be impossible for me to describe our feelings at this point. Any judge of human nature could have seen that these men were going to fight. Few of them were ever on a battlefield but the springy step, the compressed lips, and the steady expression of their eyes proved that they were determined to do

their duty. Opposite the old church, strewn in the road and one the sides, were lying bodies of those killed in the cavalry fight a few minutes before. With a yell and a double quick we sprang over them and passed up the road. All morning that infernal old knapsack had been beating tattoo on my poor back, and under other circumstances would have brought forth yells of pain at every step. A little farther on we met old man Linden in a dog trot, swinging his hat and shouting to us to, "Go in, boys! That's the way I done in the Black Hawk War!" He turned and trotted along my side for awhile and proposed to take my knapsack and take care of it. I told him we were going right on to Springfield, Missouri, and from that point we would invade the north and as it was cold up there I would need my clothes, and if he took them I might not find him again. I also knew the old man could not carry that pack fifty yards in a day and I clung to it with a desperation worthy of a better object.

At the brow of the hills, west of old man Roger's place, came the short quick command "By file right, March", and we were in the woods, halted, fronted, and marched to a ravine east of the Borden Orchard. Here we were halted and ordered to "Lie down". Just in our front was a rebel battery and pretty soon we saw a line of blue coats making for it. They shot down the horses and came on with a cheer. And now came the parting with the old knapsack and all my soldier equipage.

I think the first shot that was fired after we rose up, cut the strap that bound the knapsack to my right shoulder, and it swung around and slipped to the ground. I had no time to think of it, but when I remember the torture it had been and the loss of all my worldly goods, camp treasure, etc. I bitterly lamented the fate that caused me to lug it all over that weary trip and then turn it over to the enemy. "

(I lost one of the little eye hooks off my pack in about the same place that Sam lost his at the 2000 Prairie Grove reenactment. If the same fate should befall you, Hanover Brass Works sells the replacement I&C knapsack hooks)



Getting Used To It (Continued from Page 9)

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH SI'S BIG KNAPSACK PROVES TOO MUCH FOR HIM, AND HE APPLIES HEROIC TREATMENT.

"HELLO, Si, wake up, wake up!"

"Oh, quit! Lemme 'lone! I'm sleepy!"

"Don't ye hear 'em beatin' the drums 'n' tootin' the bugles?" said Shorty. "It's the revel-lee, 'n' ye have ter turn out, right quick. Ye know we've got ter march today."

By this time, aroused by sundry shakes and nudges, Si was fairly awake, and sprang up in an instant, happy in the thought that he was to move upon the enemy. In his dreams, during his brief sleep, he had fought a whole war through.

"Fall in fer roll-call, Company Q!" yelled the orderly. "Seems ter me," said Si, as he hurriedly threw on his blouse, "we hain't done much since we've been in camp but fall in fer roll-call. I can't see no use doin' it six or eight times a day. Wonder 'f they stop right in the middle of a big fight 'n' call the roll when it comes time - do they Shorty? An' does the rebels quit shootin' t'll they gits through?"

"Wall now, Si, ye've got ter l'arn not to fret. Ye don't want ter know nothin' ner ast no questions. Ye mus'n't think 'bout nothin' 'cept ter jest do what the ossifers tells ye to. Ef ye does that ye'll make a soljer; 'f ye don't ye won't 'mount ter shucks."

One of the first things an orderly sergeant had to learn was to call the roll of his company from memory, so that he could go through the ninety or a hundred names in the darkest night without a skip. A man who could not master the long list in a week was not considered fit to be an orderly. The first sergeant of Company Q had not yet learned his roll, and was compelled to call it from his book, by the feeble light of a candle.

"The 'general' will sound in an hour," said the captain, "and you must be through with your breakfast and ready to strike tents. Then you will pack the wagons and roll up your blankets, and at five o'clock, when you hear the 'assembly,' every man must promptly fall in."

"Shorty," said Si, after the company was dismissed, "what does the Gin'ral say when he yells out fer us to strike tents? The cap'n said we'd hear the Gin'ral 'sound' in an hour."

"Ye're 'way off, Si. The Gin'ral don't say nothin'. It's the drums 'n' bugles as does the soundin'. That's only the name they gives ter that call. Ye'll find it if ye'll read the army reggelations."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Si, "but I thought the Gin'ral 'd have to yell purty loud to make 'em all hear."

The whole army was to move. Ten minutes later the darkness that had brooded over the great camp was dispelled by the gleaming light of countless fires. It was a wild,



THE TUG OF WAR.

weird scene. Fifty thousand men were bustling about, busy in the final preparations for the march. To break camp and strip an army of its incumbrances for an active campaign was a prodigious task, only accomplished by the combined labors of all its multitude of men., When completely mobilized and upon the road, it would drop for rest by the way-side, in field or forest, as circumstances permitted, always ready, by day or night, to spring at sound of drum or bugle, to march or fight.

Making coffee and frying bacon were the only culinary processes required to make ready the frugal breakfast, and the morning meal was soon over. The boys ate the last of their soft bread, and not for many a day did they see any more.

Then, amidst a very Babel of shouts and distracting commands, the tents were taken down, and the company baggage, that was to be left behind, was loaded into the wagons.

When Si had finished his part in the general work, he addressed himself once more to his personal belongings. The job of getting his knapsack ready for the march, so auspiciously begun some hours before, was not finished. Each part of the receptacle was crammed to its utmost capacity. When he brought them together his whole weight was not sufficient to make the straps and buckles connect. He was obliged to call Shorty to his assistance. By dint of much tugging and squeezing, their united efforts were at length successful in making the ends meet.

"There," said Si, viewing the great round heap with undisguised satisfaction, "I reck'n she'll do. I c'n carry that jest 's easy's rollin' off a log. All these other contraptions I'm goin' ter hitch on the outside."

Having provided himself with strings, he tied on his frying-pan, coffee-pot, hatchet,

assortment of brushes and the boots. Then he rolled up the two blankets, the quilt and his overcoat, making a bundle nearly as large as the knapsack itself. This he strapped upon the top, and the work was complete. Si was ready to take the road. Promptly at five o'clock the "assembly" sounded through the camp, and cries of "Fall in, men!" were heard on every hand. The new soldiers of the 200th Indiana were determined to toe the mark in the most approved manner, and they began to hustle around with the greatest activity. At the first note of the bugle Si bounded from the ground, where he had been resting from his labors. He buckled on his cartridge-box; then gayly tossed the strap of his canteen over one shoulder, and that of his bulging haversack over the other. Then he took hold of his knapsack and tried to "sling" it. He had done this half a dozen times before, just for practice, but it did not then weigh a quarter as much as now. Seizing it with his strong arm he gave it a long, upward swing, and it came down upon his shoulders like an avalanche. He staggered under the shock, while the coffee-pot, frying-pan and other articles upon the outside dangled about and jingled a merry tune. Si leaned forward until his back was nearly horizontal, so that the unwieldy hump would stay in its place until he could fasten it. He wriggled and twisted in his abortive efforts to reach the strap and make the connection.

"Guess ye want a leetle lift," exclaimed Shorty with a laugh, as he came to his assistance and fastened the hook. "Ye'll want more help 'fore night 'f I ain't badly mistook."

"Oh, this ain't nothin'," said Si, cheerily, as he slowly straightened up, the knapsack almost pulling him over backward. "It's jest's light's a feather. I c'n carry that a hull day 'n' not half try."

Then taking his musket, Si moved with a wabbling gait to his place in Company Q. There were many other very large knapsacks, but his unquestionably would have been awarded the first prize at a county fair.

"Mr. Klegg, fall back into the rear rank!" shouted the orderly, who was fussing around in the usual way, trying to meet the responsibilities that rested so heavily upon him.

The company had only been formed a few times, but Si had always taken his place in the front rank. He naturally belonged there; he wanted to be where he could see all that was going on, and could be one of the, first to "go in," without having anybody in his way. It sorely wounded his pride to be ordered into the rear rank.

"What's that fer, ord'ly?" he said, unable to chagrin.

"'Cause I tell ye to; that's all the reason you want."

The orderly had been one of the "big"

Getting Used To It (Continued from Page 10)



HOW SI STARTED IN.

boys of the town - a size larger than Si - and was already manifesting a fondness for exercising the authority which was vested in him by virtue of his position. Si felt that he was just as good as the orderly, and was on the point of raising an issue with him on the spot.

"Don't ye say nothin', Si," said Shorty, in a low voice.

"Ye want ter recollect what I told ye 'n' jest obey orders, er ye'll git yerself into a sling 'fore ye know it! I 'low 't he put ye 'n the rear rank on 'count o' the big knapsack 'n' tin-shop on yer back. If ye was in front ther' couldn't nobody stan' behind ye 'thout gittin' way out o' line. When yer load shrinks mebbe ye c'n git back 'f ye want ter."

Si took the place assigned him without any further attempt to have a rumpus with the orderly. But his "spunk" was up, and he was determined to stick to that knapsack, whether the Union was saved or not. His grotesque appearance called forth many jests from his comrades, but these only contributed to the further development of his "nerve."

"They think I've bit off more'n I c'n chew," he said to himself, "but I'll show 'em! Si Klegg knows what he's 'bout."

When the company was ready, the captain came out to take it off the orderly's hands. He had no personal baggage except his dainty patent-leather haversack, and something over the other shoulder that looked like a flask.

"Don't he have to carry no knapsack?" Si asked of Shorty. The distinctions and inequalities of rank had not yet found their way into his understanding.

"Course not!" replied Shorty. "Don't ye know 't the ossifers has everything done fer 'em? If ye don't ye'll find it out purty quick. Ye know the orders 't was read las' night said ther' wouldn't be but one baggidge-wagin fer the hull rijiment. That's fer the ossifers."

"The ossifers has a soft thing, don't they?" said Si, whose shoulders were even now beginning to twinge a little.

"Company, Right-Face! Forward-March! " and Company Q started for its place on the color line. The well stuffed knapsacks bobbed up and down like humps on the backs of so many camels. The colonel and the other field and staff officers, booted and spurred, came out on their prancing horses. The adjutant rode wildly up and down the line, directing the formation of the battalion.

"Right-Dress!"

In the effort to get into a straight line, the ranks surged to and fro, like the surface of a body of water when there is a "sea on."

"Front!"

A fairly satisfactory result having been obtained, the adjutant saluted the colonel and told him the regiment was formed. The colonel sent an orderly to brigade headquarters with word that the 200th Indiana was ready, and the work of putting down the rebellion could now begin in earnest.

When forty or fifty regiments were ordered to march at the same hour on the same road, some of them had to wait. It was three hours before the 200th Indiana pulled out - and long, tedious hours they were. The men who composed it had not yet been educated in the school of patience. During the first hour they were kept standing in line, that there might not be a moment's delay when the order should come to join the long procession that was moving upon the pike.

Ten minutes had not passed when Si's back and shoulders began to ache. Furtively slipping his gun around behind him, he placed the butt upon the ground and braced the muzzle under his knapsack. This gave slight temporary relief, but whenever a galloping horseman was seen, the colonel commanded "Attention!" and there was no more resting until official vigilance was relaxed.

At length it dawned upon the colonel's mind that the men could just as well be taking it easy, as far as circumstances would permit. So he told them they might break ranks and rest at will. Knapsacks were not to be unslung, however, and every man must be ready to spring into his place at the word of command. Then those already tired Hoosiers experienced for the first time in their lives what a blessed relief it was to a soldier burdened with all the paraphernalia of war, to lie on his back with all his traps on, slide down a few inches to loosen the straps, and rest, with his head pillowed on his knapsack. There were few things in the

army that yielded as much solid comfort to the square inch as this. It has no existence in the memory of a cavalryman.

The men of the 200th Indiana watched with jealous eyes the column of troops, that seemed to have no end, passing in the road. They were sure there would be a fight that day, and what possible chance would they have to get any of it, with so many ahead of them? They were all anxious to have front seats at the first entertainment they were to witness, however much this desire might be modified in the future.

Si Klegg was greatly disturbed by the apprehension that it would be all over before he got there. He did not know then how long they had to chase over the country sometimes when they were looking for somebody who wanted to fight, nor what a disappointment awaited his expectation of pleasure in a battle.

"Looks like they awarn't goin' ter give us no show 't all," he said, as he tried to roll over so that he could talk to Shorty.

"Now don't git in a sweat," replied his comrade. "I know ye've got lots o' sand in yer gizzard, but ye're goin' ter git filled chuck full 'fore ye gits through with this thing. Ye won't be half so hungry arter a while!"

Nothing could dampen Si's ardor, and as regiments and brigades swept by, he felt that his chance to win military renown was growing slimmer and slimmer. There certainly would not be any batteries left for him to help capture.

"Attention, Two Hundredth Indiana!"

The long looked-for order had come at last. Si got up at once - or, rather, he tried to do so, for it was very much as if a millstone were hanged about his neck. His knapsack weighed twice as much as when he put it on in the early morning. He only succeeded in reaching an erect posture by rolling over and getting up by degrees, with the aid of his hands and knees. He was a little "groggy," but he knew he would be all right after he got fairly started.

The colonel's sword swished through the air as he drew it from its scabbard and gave the order "Forward March," and the raging patriots turned their faces in the direction of the foe - or where he was supposed to be. The 200th had been assigned to a brigade of four or five regiments of veterans, who for twelve or fifteen months had been doing some hard fighting and a great deal of hard marching. They had learned much of war. Their romantic fictions had long since disappeared and they had got down to the reality of army life.

The 200th was to lead the brigade that day, and as it marched past the old regiments the boys made the acquaintance of those who were to be their companions in camp and field. The few knapsacks that still remained among the veterans looked scarcely larger than postage stamps stuck on their backs, compared with the huge masses that were borne on the

Getting Used To It (Continued from Page 11)

shoulders of the Indians. Listen to those ragged and depraved old soldiers as the men of the 200th Indiana, with their fresh faces, clean new clothes and burnished arms, go tramping by:

"Here's yer mules, boys! Look at the loads they're packin'!"

"Fresh fish!"

"Ther' hain't no dew fell on 'em yet." "I say, how'd ye leave Mary Ann 'n' hum?"

"Look at the fellers with fortifications on their backs." "Here's a hull rification o' knapsacks with legs to em!" "Ye'll be a sheddin' them things 'fore night."

"Hello, thar, Bub, how d' ye sell tin-ware?"

This heartless question was aimed at Si Klegg, whose ponderous and picturesque outfit was a conspicuous target for the raillery of the brown and bearded veterans. Si's feelings were outraged. He wondered why men who were so lost to all decency were not court-martialed and shot. He straightened himself up and cast upon his tormentors a look of unutterable scorn. Sharp words of retort flew from his tongue, but they were lost in the chorus of wild yells of derision that greeted him.

"Better dry up, Si," said Shorty "them chaps is too many fer ye. Wait t'll ye git a little more practice 'fore ye try to talk to sich duffers's they be."

Si checked his combative impulses, and marched on in silence.

Once upon the road the column stretched away at a brisk gait. The colonel of the 200th was determined that his regiment should not fall behind, while the men wanted to show the fleet-footed veterans that they could get over the ground as fast as anybody. They indulged the hope that they would soon have an opportunity to show the old soldiers - who had not yet succeeded in whipping the rebel army - how to fight as well as how to march.

Meanwhile the sun was rapidly climbing the eastern sky, and his rays were beginning to beat down fiercely upon the now perspiring patriots. Si had not gone a mile till his tongue was hanging out and he found himself panting for breath. Already his shoulders were aching as they had never ached before in all his life. And the day's march had but just begun!

"How're ye makin' it, Si?" inquired Shorty, with tender solicitude. He had noticed that his pard seemed to have lost his usual vivacity. He had not spoken a word for a quarter of an hour; and when Si's tongue was so long quiet there must be something out of gear.

"Oh! I'm g-gettin' 'long b-bully!" replied Si; but the slow and labored utterance did not quite tally with his words.

Si did not evince a disposition to continue the conversation. He appeared to have other uses for all his energies. He noticed many of his

companions leaning forward to ease their burdens, now and then hitching up their knapsacks to give a moment's ease. It was evident that a feeling of fatigue was already pervading the regiment. All this only strengthened Si's pluck. Whatever anybody else might do he was bound to peg it through to the end, and carry every pound he had taken upon himself. He would get used to it directly and then it would be easy enough.

So he trudged bravely on, with teeth firmly set, and the grip of a vise upon the butt of his musket. The perspiration streamed from his nose and chin, and flowed in tickling streams down his body and legs. He was warming up to his work.

"Sh-Shorty," he gasped, as he reached the end of the second mile, "d-don't they give a feller any restin' spells? Dad used ter put us through when we was pitchin' hay 'n' hoein' corn, but he'd let us b-blow once 'n a while."

"Ye ain't playin' out a-ready, are ye, Si?"

"No-sir-ee, I ain't," he replied, bracing himself up by a great effort. "I c'n go it all day 'f I hafter, but it'd be a heap easier 'f I c'd jest stop a minute er two 'n' lay in a fresh supply o' wind."

"I'll tell ye one thing, Si, ye've got too much meat on yer bones fer a fust-class roadster. Ye know hosses can't travel when they're fat, I reck'n it's the same way with soljers. When ye gits rejuiced twenty er thirty pounds an' 'twon't take hard marchin' 'n' hard-tack long ter do it - ye'll git over the ground a mighty sight better. By that time ye won't be luggin' so many traps, nuther. 'F I was you I'd begin putty quick ter git shet o' some on 'em!" But Shorty's advice was still premature. The most careless observer could have seen that Si was



A SERIOUS MISCALCULATION.

slowly but surely approaching the point when the exigencies of the service would overcome his sentimental devotion to his "traps and calamities," as Shorty flippantly called them, in spite of mother and sister and Annabel.

At length the drum gave the signal for a halt. With a sigh of inexpressible relief the weary, panting men sank to the ground by the roadside, to find such rest as they might in the few allotted moments.

Si Klegg was more nearly exhausted than he was willing to admit, even to himself. As he dropped into a fence corner, trembling in every nerve and fiber of limb and body, there came into his mind the fleeting wish that his load were not so heavy.

The single hour's experience on the road had served to remove the scales from the eyes of a goodly number of the members of Company Q. They began to foresee the inevitable, and at the first halt they made a small beginning in the labor of getting themselves down to light marching order - a process of sacrifice which a year later had accomplished its perfect work, when each man took nothing in the way of baggage save what he could roll up in a blanket and toss over his shoulder. It was but a small beginning. They "yanked" open their knapsacks and flung away a book or an album, or an extra garment, choosing such articles as could best be spared. The sacrifice was not made without a twinge of regret, for all had their cherished keepsakes - affection's gods, that they well nigh worshiped for the sake of the loving hands that fashioned them.

Shorty was lean in flesh and in baggage, and in good shape for traveling. Although he had shared in the general fatigue and was glad enough to rest with the others, the march thus far was to him but a pleasant exercise as compared with what it had been to those who staggered beneath their burdens. While the reducing process was going on he looked at Si to see whether he was yet learning the wisdom that in time came to every soldier. Some did not learn it as soon as others.

"Goin' ter try it 'nother heat, ar ye Si?" he said, observing that the latter gave no sign of casting off any of the weight that encumbered him.

"Course I am," he replied, cheerfully, "I feel 's fine 's a fiddle now 't I've rested a bit 'n' had a chance ter git up steam. 'Tain't goin' ter be so hard when a feller gits broke in!"

"It's the breakin' in 't hurts," said Shorty. "Is 'pose ye've heerd tell o' the hoss 't was fed on sawdust. Jest as he was gittin' used to it he up 'n' died. I sh'd be sorry ter have it work that way with you, Si."

At the call the soldiers fell in and resumed the march. Si was quick to obey, feeling greatly refreshed by his five minutes of rest. He started off very courageously, whistling "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and keeping time to the

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music. But he did not whistle a great while. He did not feel like it, much as he tried to make himself think he did. Hotter and hotter beat down the sun's rays as it mounted to the zenith. In streams more copious flowed the perspiration that oozed from every pore. The air was thick with dust from the countless feet of men and horses that had gone before. It gathered upon Si's face; it permeated his clothes and was ground into the skin under the straps and belts that bound him. At every step his knapsack grew heavier. His heated, sweating back smarted under the pressure. Lower down his cartridge-box, with its leaden load, bobbed up and down with every footfall, chafing and grinding until that particular spot felt as if in contact with a red-hot iron. His canteen and haversack rubbed the skin off his hips; the bunches of cartridges in his pockets scraped his legs; and his musket lay like a section of railroad iron upon his shoulder.

Then a new trouble came to Si, as though he had not enough already. He was young and tender—a sort of “spring chicken,” so to speak. There was a sharp, smarting sensation at different points on his feet; it did not take long to blister such soft feet as he had. They felt as if somebody had poured scalding water on them, and was rubbing on salt and pepper and horse-radish, varying the treatment by thrusting in a dozen needles. What a keen, maddening pain it was! How it thrilled every nerve, as the rough shoes tore off the tender skin; and the great load of knapsack and cartridge-box and gun pressing the needles farther in at every step!

There are not many things in this world of sorrow more utterly and wildly exasperating than tramping with blistered feet on a hot day, carrying a big knapsack. A blister is not always as large as a barn-door, but for stirring up all the latent depravity of a boy's heart, it has few successful rivals.

Si began to limp, and, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, an expression of pain now and then escaped his lips. Still he kept up in his place, strong in his determination not to straggle. His efforts may have been somewhat stimulated by a blood-curdling rumor, which started at one end of the regiment and quickly ran its entire length, that a body of rebel cavalry was following leisurely along at the tail of the column, massacring all the stragglers. But the tax that he had imposed upon his physical forces was too great. The spirit indeed was willing but the flesh was weak.

“Shorty,” he said to his comrade, “I wonder how fur we've got ter hoof it to-day; did ye hear?”

Some o' the ossifers was sayin' this mornin' we'd have ter make twenty mile 'fore we'd camp, 'n' we mout have ter keep right on all night.”

“Seems ter me,” said Si, groaning inwardly



THE SHRINKAGE BEGINS.

at the prospect, “we've traveled much 's twenty mile a-ready, hain't we?”

“Skurcely,” replied Shorty. “I'm sorry fer ye, pard, but we hain't come more 'n five er six mile yit.”

Shorty saw that Si was rapidly approaching the point where he would breakdown. His sympathies were aroused in his comrade's behalf.

“Si,” he said, “lemme carry yer gun a piece; that'll ease ye up a leetle bit!”

“Bleeged to ye, Shorty” he replied, “but I guess I c'n pull through. Ye've got all ye want ter tote.”

But when Shorty reached up and relieved him of his musket, he yielded without objection. At the next halt Si told Shorty that he had made up his mind to take his advice and lighten his load.

“I knew ye'd have ter come to it,” said Shorty, “'cause ye ain't no mule 'n' ye can't stand it. There's lots o' them things ye don't need, 'n' ye'll git 'long a heap better 'thout 'em when ye're marchin'. I know ye hate ter fling 'em away, 'n' I think all the more of ye 'cause ye've got sich feelin's, but if yer mother 'n' yer sister 'n' all the rest on 'em had knowed how it'd be they wouldn't tha' guv 'em to ye to load ye down. It's got ter be did, Si.”

Shorty's logic was unanswerable. Si's blistered feet and aching limbs and smarting shoulders told him, even more plainly than his comrade's words, that the sacrifice was inevitable. He first tossed his hatchet over the fence. Then his clothes-brush and shoe-brush went; true they did not weigh much, but every ounce would help. His frying pan and coffee-pot he decided to be necessities. Opening his knapsack he held a melancholy inquest upon

its contents. The hymn-book he speedily disposed of without carrying out his intention of bestowing it upon a wicked cavalryman. The “Pilgrim's Progress” quickly followed. It was as much as he could do to look after his own progress as a pilgrim. He threw away the cakes of fancy soap and his sister's pin-cushion, after sticking half a dozen pins in his blouse. He discarded the photograph album, first taking out the pictures and putting them in his pocket. Some of the nice articles of clothing he flung upon the ground. As the weather was then, he did not feel that he would ever want them. He looked at his big roll of blankets and decided that an advantageous reduction could there be made. His first plan was to abandon his blankets and keep the pretty quilt he had brought from home.

“Don't do that,” said Shorty. “Ye'll be sorry 'f ye do. Ther' ain't nothin' so good's an army blanket. I know ye don't like to leave away that quilt, but ye jest let 'er slide.”

Si was coming to have a good deal of confidence in Shorty's judgment, and it was settled that the broad expanse of beautiful patchwork, on which his mother had spent so many hours of toil, would have to go.

People who lived along the line of march followed the moving army for miles, gathering up the things that the new soldiers threw away. Men, women and children loaded themselves with quilts, clothing and articles of every description. A happy thought entered Si's head. Drawing out the big knife that his Sunday school teacher gave him, he began to slash the quilt into strips.

“What ye up ter now?” asked Shorty in surprise.

“I tell ye what 'tis, Shorty,” was the reply, “ef I can't have any good o' this kiver ther' ain't no secesh goin' ter sleep under it,” and he continued the work of destruction.

By the same process the home blanket was disposed of. Shorty told him to keep only his overcoat and the blanket furnished him by the quartermaster, and he concluded that Shorty knew better than he did.

Si had learned his first practical lesson in making himself a soldier. It had come to him through much pain and tribulation. Two or three million other men were taught by the same educator - Experience. Precepts and theories went for naught. The shrinkage of the knapsack was the first symptom of the transformation that changed the raw recruit into an effective soldier, ready at any moment for a fight or a foot-race.

—Wilbur E. Hinman, *Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard*, Galway, NY, York Publishing Company (1887) pp. 147-163.

Franklin (Continued from Page 3)

had been issued at least some new clothing while in northern Alabama, though by the time they got to Spring Hill and Franklin, they would be showing a fair amount of wear and tear from the march and weather.

The following text comes from Fred Yokubaitis of the 9th Texas/Red River Battalion, and are the standards, drafted by Cleburnes and that will be used by the RRB as well as endorsed by the 1st Confederate Division authenticity guidelines:

These guidelines are aimed at being historically accurate while trying to allow for as much leeway as possible given our units' diversity in normal impression. This is one area in which we should all strive to be accurate, but understanding. I don't think any unit in this composite battalion will have a problem meeting these guidelines, so none should worry about being turned away.

Please err toward less than more. Remember these men had been without a true and constant base of supply for several months. In that space, they had seen Atlanta fall and had marched back up the length of NW Georgia, through portions of Alabama and then northward into central TN, all without much in the way of resupply. Clothing, particularly footwear, was in a deplorable state. Accounts in great number give light to this. The look of the battalion should accordingly reflect the want of supply and the rigors of the recent campaign.

Granbury's Texans and the 6th/15th in particular, had two important opportunities for Federal captures. The first of these was on 22 July 1864 when they overran a Union camp and took "knapsacks piled as high as a house." As one presumes these knapsacks were filled with blankets and groundsheets (as well as other sundries such as shirts, socks, etc.) they may be fairly common among us. Additionally, a more recent opportunity for pillage came at Dalton, GA, when USCT were captured and some of their gear "lifted."

The largest percentage of uniforms should exhibit evidence of hard campaigning. The look should be very dirty and worn excepting those few items recently issued, confiscated, or captured. The list below is in order of perceived scarcity of types in the AoT at Franklin, with items further down the list being increasingly rare. Please select your items from as far UP the list as possible.

Uniform and Clothing

Shirt - should be of appropriate pattern and construction. Buttonholes at a minimum should be handsewn.

- CS issue White or Natural cotton shirt
- Civilian shirt
- Federal issue shirt (limited numbers)

Drawers - Buttonholes at a minimum should be handsewn. *(No, we're probably not going to check, but c'mon...)*

- Civilian pattern drawers made of linen, osnaburg, or canton flannel
- US Canton flannel under drawers
- Be hardcore like Will Leech and go

"commando"

Socks - Wool or cotton. Appropriate construction techniques.

Uniform Jackets *(in order of preference. If you don't have one of these, contact Tom.)*

- 1) Columbus Depot
- 2) Atlanta Depot jacket
- 3) Mobile or Mystery Depot
- 4) Civilian sack coat
- 5) CS issue four button jacket / sack coat
- 6) No jacket at all

Trousers

- 1) CS Depot Western Issue trousers
 - 2) Civilian trousers
- No blue-gray kersey or federal (sky-blue) trousers*

Headgear *(no hat brass, animal parts, feathers, stampee strings, etc)*

- 1) Civilian style slouch hat - correct lining, sweatband, and trim
- 2) CS kepi

Shoes

- 1) CS issue shoes
- 2) English import shoe
- 3) Civilian shoe
- 4) US issue shoe or boot

Accoutrements

Cartridge box *(all boxes must have tins, and leather or tarred canvas sling)*

- 1) CS "Unmarked" leather box
- 2) CS Atlanta Box
- 3) English import (Enfield)
- 4) Painted Cloth accoutrements
- 5) US issue box pattern of 1861 with plates removed

Cap Box

- 1) CS "Unmarked" leather
- 2) CS Atlanta Depot
- 3) CS Painted Cloth
- 4) English import
- 5) M1850 US issue

Belt plates and buckles

- 1) Atlanta Depot (brass rectangular "C.S.A.")
- 2) Frame Buckle
- 3) Roller buckle

Waist Belt

- 1) CS issue leather with plate
- 2) CS Atlanta Depot Painted Cloth belt w/ plate
- 3) US Belt with re worked plate.
- 4) English Snake buckle & Belt

Bayonet scabbard *bayonets are optional)*

- 1) CS issue leather with or without "ball" tip
- 2) CS issue Painted Cloth Scabbard
- 3) US issue 2 or 7 rivet scabbard
- 4) English Enfield Scabbard & frog or CS copy frog

Weapon

- 1) P1853 Enfield

- 2) M1861 Springfield
- 3) M1855 Springfield
- 4) M1842 Springfield

Equipage

Haversack

- 1) CS haversack - plain or painted cloth variant
- 2) US haversack

Canteen

- 1) CS tin drum
- 2) US issue M1858
- 3) CS issue wood canteen

Knapsacks *(optional, but recommended)*

- 1) US M1853/55 "Double Bag" knapsack
- 2) CS issue "Mexican War" style knapsack
- 3) Isaac and Campbell knapsack
- 4) Blanket roll

Blankets

- 1) US issue M1851 blanket
- 2) CS issue carpet
- 3) Civilian coverlet
- 4) CS issue blanket
- 5) Civilian blanket

Overcoat

None.

Ground sheet

CS issue oil or painted cloth
US rubber blanket

Tentage

None

Reading Up on the Event:

Next month's *Sentinel* will contain a history article on the role of the 6th & 7th Arkansas at Franklin, but for those who like to read up in advance on the event, here are some of the better references that I've found over the past couple of years. Most of these are in the Central Arkansas Library System and can be gotten from there via inter-library loan; or if suitably bribed, Tom has most of them stashed away somewhere in his collection:

• Wiley Sword, *The Confederacy's Last Hurrah: Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville*. HarperCollins Publishers, New York, 1992. (Some of the older editions of this book may be found with the title "*Embrace An Angry Wind...*" Same book and text. Just an older edition)

• Connelly, Thomas L. & McDonough, James L. *Five Tragic Hours: The Battle of Franklin*. (Knoxville, The University of Tennessee Press, 1983)

• Logsdon, David R. *Eyewitnesses at the Battle of Franklin*. (Nashville: Kettle Mills Press, 1988)

• James Willis, *Arkansas Confederates in the Western Theatre*

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(Broadfoot Publishing Co, 1998)

It's interesting to note that the 6th and 7th Arkansas went into battle at Franklin under the command of the senior captain, due to the high attrition rate during the last half of the Atlanta campaign. The regiment took approximately 150 men into the fight – and on the morning of December 1, only 46 men were able to answer roll call.

IF you're interested in the Texans' experiences, read:

- Foster, Samuel T. *One of Cleburne's Command: the Civil War reminiscences and diary of Capt. Samuel T. Foster, Granbury's Texas Brigade, CSA.* (Austin: University of Texas Press, c1980)
- Lundberg, John R. *The Finishing Stroke: Texans in the 1864 Tennessee Campaign.* (Abilene: McWhiney Foundation Press, 2002)

And for some of the better Civil War fiction, centered around a Confederate soldier and his friends at Franklin and the Carnton mansion, be sure to read Howard Bahr's book, *The Black Flower*.

The Captain's Tent (Continued from Page 2)
Reading up...

This month is the Knapsack edition that I've been whittling away at for some time. In addition to some advice, I put in several stories from the viewpoint of the original soldiers themselves, that we might try and learn from their experiences and viewpoints. My own thoughts are that we try too hard to "interpret" the views of the original soldier, and it's always best to get it "from the horse's mouth," so to say.

One of the readings comes from the 1883 novel *Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard*, which is probably the most influential Civil War book that I have personally read. It covers the experiences of a 17-year-old Indiana farm boy and his friends as they join the Army, and serve with the Federal Army of the Cumberland. Many of you have seen some of the clip art in the *Sentinel* over the years, and should recognize Si and Shorty by now. I have a good bit of this one on disk, and might just start some serialization to while away the summer hours...

Coming Events

August 7-8, 2004 – Wilson's Creek Living History, Wilson's Creek National Battlefield. (immersive living history. Missouri State Guard impression.)

August 14, 2004 — Summer Drill Day at Reed's Bridge. Reed's Bridge Battlefield Park; 9:00 a.m. until ?? . Company summer meeting and picnic outing.

September 18-19, 2004 – Arkansas Post National Memorial. Gillett, AR. Semi-immersive living history, Confederate impression.

September 24-26, 2004 – 140th Anniversary Reenactment, Battle of Pilot Knob. Pilot Knob & Iron County, MO. 6th Arkansas/[37th Illinois](#) max effort event

October 1-3, 2004 – 140th Anniversary reenactment, Battles of Franklin and Spring Hill, Spring Hill, TN. *1st Confederate Division, [37th Illinois](#) Maximum effort event*

October 9-10, 2004 – "Ambush at Jacksonport" reenactment/living history, Jacksonport State Park, near Newport, AR. Hosted by the Wretched Mess.

November 6-7, 2004: **Civil War Days at Old Washington.** Old Washington Historic State Park, Washington, AR. [37th Illinois](#) event.

December 3-5, 2004 – Battle of Prairie Grove reenactment, Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park, Prairie Grove, Ark. TMVI, [37th Illinois](#) Maximum effort event.

January 8, 2005 – David O. Dodd Memorial Service, 12:00 p.m., Mt. Holly Cemetery, Little Rock.

March 26, 2005 – Confederate Flag Day, State Capitol grounds, Little Rock.

April 1-3, 2005 – Shiloh Living History, Shiloh National Military Park. Sponsored by the Salt River Rifles (Federal impression).

April 23-24, 2005 – Battle of Marks' Mills Re-Enactment, Fordyce, Ark. Sponsored by the 1st Arkansas.

August 6-7, 2005 – Battle of Athens Reenactment/Living History, Athens, MO. Hosted by the Western Independent Grays

October 8-9, 2005 – Battle of Corinth Re-enactment, Corinth, MS. Sponsored by the North/South Alliance

*Events marked in **bold type** are maximum effort events as voted upon by the Company, and your attendance is expected. If for some reason you will be unable to attend a max effort event, please contact Steve Shore or Tom Ezell (6th Arkansas) or W.J. Monagle (37th Illinois) beforehand.*

Sarge Sez... (Continued from Page 2)

soldier to walk as if he were riding a horse, if his TP was left at home. Oh, one more thing! Never use the big shiny, three leafed plants next to trees, in place of TP. You'll experience a whole new universe beyond explanation.

Read these recommendations and put them into action at our next event.

"Pack Light, Pack for Comfort and ALWAYS PLAN FOR RAIN!"

1st Sgt. Steve

37th Illinois Summer Meeting Notes

The 6th Regiment, Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, Co. A, the "Capitol Guards" is affiliated with the Arkansas Reenactors' Alliance, the Trans-Mississippi Volunteer Infantry Battalion, Mississippi Valley Brigade, and the 1st Confederate Division. We are dedicated to the faithful and historically accurate portrayal of a unit of Confederate infantry in the War Between the States in 1861-1865.

The *Sentinel* is published on a more-or-less monthly basis by the "Capitol Guards", 6th Arkansas Infantry reenactors. Subscriptions are included as part of Company dues; or are available separately for \$15.00 per year. Back issues are \$2.00 each (index available upon request). Send subscription requests, inquiries, and article submissions to the Captain below.

| | |
|---|--|
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Visit us on the Internet at <http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards/>

The 6th Arkansas is always in need of "a few good men" to fill the ranks in service of the Cause. If you are interested in Civil War Reenacting, please call the Captain as listed above.

The 6th Arkansas living historians are available for living history presentations to schools, public and private organizations, and community events. Please contact the Captain.

The 37th Illinois Infantry, Company B held its summer meeting on the evening of June 27, 2004, at the home of Harvey Moore. Members present were: Harvey and Yvonne Moore, Tom Ezell, Keith and Linda Pedersen, WJ Monagle, Sheldon Gately, and Mike Loum.

Treasurer's report by Mike Loum: A check was presented for \$225 from Sheldon Gately to the nonprofit corporation, Central Arkansas Civil War Preservation Association, for the brushwork that was done at Sheldon's home; these funds will be kept in a separate account from the Company funds.

After purchasing a stainless steel canteen for \$25 and haversack in excellent condition for \$15, the Company fund stood at \$969.84. Mike then purchased an 1861 Colt musket for \$520, leaving the balance of Company funds at \$449.84. Mike asked members present if they would agree to a purchase/trade of the 1861 Colt for his 1861 Springfield and a fair dollar amount to make up the difference. The Company agreed to make the trade and gave Mike a \$400 value for his 1861 Springfield with sling. Mike owes the Company \$120 to make up the difference in the amount expended from Company funds for the 1861 Colt musket.

We need to see what the balance is in the shoe fund and find out how much is owed by Marcus Daley.

The Company agreed to purchase from a sutler a sack coat size 44, pants size 38, brogans size ten, a forage cap, and suspenders. Mike will investigate the best deal online.

Upcoming events:

- Fort Smith event for July 10 was canceled by the event hosts.
- * There is an event in Garland County on July 19 - see Tom Ezell

for details.

* September 25-26th 2004, Pilot Knob, Missouri - 6th Arkansas will be going Federal and we can hook up with them; no registration fee; 4.5 hour car ride.

• October 1 Weekend, Battle of Franklin in Spring Hill, Tennessee - national level event; a check for \$60 was written to Tom Ezell for registering six members of the 37th; registration increases to \$15 after June 30. Also a 5-hour car ride.

• Cartridge rolling party at Mike Loum's house before Franklin; he will let us know when.

• Old Washington State Park Event, first weekend in November. The Company was in favor of attending with whatever numbers could be mustered.

• Prairie Grove, Arkansas, December 3-4, 2004; make this an Anniversary/Reunion event for the 37th Illinois. Also make extra effort at recruitment by this event. Recruitment: Reed's Bridge, MacArthur Park, and other public places where they can see us. Everyone needs to think of someone he can recruit and start asking.

Christmas Party: A joint get-together with the 37th Illinois and 6th Arkansas, most likely the week after Prairie Grove. Keith and Tom will work on this for possible locations.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:15p.m. (Minutes respectfully submitted by W.J. Monagle.)

Summer Drill Session Set for August 14 at Reed's Bridge

The Capitol Guards will be holding a Company Drill Day on Saturday, August 14, at Reed's Bridge Battlefield Park. Invitations are extended to our friends in the 37th Illinois and our neighboring Arkansas companies.

We will be covering a short, refresher on Hardee's School of the Soldier, then working on some of the tasks that we are likely to see at Franklin, including outpost duties. There will be a company meeting to prepare for a busy fall schedule and solidify our plans for Pilot Knob and Franklin, and then we'll adjourn for a company picnic with sodas, grilled bratwurst, watermelon, and other Southern treats.

Given that this is August, and Arkansas, we'll take things easy and stay in the shade as

much as possible. There's no intent to melt anybody... after all, the South needs all of her sons.

Bring a pack of ten (10) rounds and caps for the firing drill. We'll have water and coffee available, sodas, brats, and watermelon afterward. Uniforms if you've got 'em; we will have the Company loaner box on site so as to outfit the new fellers as best we can. If you need to borrow something for the event, please let me know and I'll do my best to get it laid on.

To get to Reed's Bridge if you are coming down U.S. 67/167, go past the Jacksonville exits to the new exit for I-440 (labeled as the "RIXEY" Exit. Turn back east on Highway 161 toward Jacksonville, and go two miles to the Bayou Meto bridge. Reed's Bridge park

will be immediately on your right.

Alternatively, take the last Jacksonville exit (REDMOND ROAD) off U.S. 67/167, and turn left under the overpass onto REDMOND ROAD. You'll pass a ball park on your right, but keep going. After about a mile, the street name will change to TRICKEY LANE and it will zig-zag a little bit. At the red light (intersection with HIGHWAY 161) turn right, and go approximately 3/4 mile to the Bayou Meto bridge. Reed's Bridge park will be on your left just past the bridge.