

The Sentinel



Vol. 8, No.6 – The Newsletter of the 6th Arkansas Infantry, Company A, C.S.A. – June, 2004

Living Historians

<http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards>

And it's back!!

After leaving his post only once in more than 90 years, a soldier returned to duty on May 15..

The “Capital Guard” has stood watch over MacArthur Park since 1911. Two months ago it was removed from its base to be restored. Private contributions raised the \$35,000 necessary for the restoration, conservation and preservation of the historic monument.

The Capital Guard Monument in front of the old U.S. Arsenal building, now the MacArthur Museum of Arkansas Military History, honors the local militia unit that participated in the seizure of the Little Rock Arsenal in 1861. Later they fought as Company A of the 6th Arkansas Infantry during the Civil War. The monument is located on the site where the company was mustered into service at the beginning of the Civil War.

The modern-day Capitol Guards played a part in the return of the refurbished statue, providing a living history demonstration on the museum grounds, and firing a salute in memory of the Guards. Our turnout was a bit disappointing, but those taking part included George Davis, Robert Giles, Chuck Lee, Mike Loum, Harvey Moore, Ken Nations, and Paul Trotta. Captain Tom Ezell was featured on the program, giving a short history of the Capital Guards and their role in Little Rock's and the state's history. In addition, MacArthur Museum Commission chairman Ron Fuller and Museum Director Stephan McAteer each gave a short welcoming speech detailing the history of the monument itself and the efforts undertaken to restore and preserve it, and Susan Railsback, president of the Arkansas division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a short talk on the role of the UDC and preserving the old Confederate monuments.

One of the high points of the afternoon was the opportunity to meet and visit with a number of the grandsons of members of the original Capital Guards. Sometimes we get wrapped up in the hobby and its incipient politics, and forget that we actually represent someone from that time. So, for me at least, it was a great privilege to meet Mr. Bill Terry, the grandson of the Capital Guards' third commanding officer, John G. Fletcher, as well as the grandsons of Surgeon Charles J. Lincoln and Private F.P. Cates.

The preservation folks did an outstanding job in restoring the bronze statue to its original appearance, if not a little better. Some 80 pounds of the original casting material was removed from the interior of the statue, corrosion was removed from both the outer and inner surfaces and the metal sealed with a polymer coating to prevent, or at least retard further deterioration. Missing parts, such as the bayonet and canteen sling, were fabricated and replaced. The statue was then remounted on its granite pedestal, and the pedestal scrubbed to remove stains and other pollutants on its surface.

All in all, the old Capital Guard should be ready to stand his watch for another ninety years, or more...



“For nearly as long as there has been a State of Arkansas, there has been a Capital Guard to serve and defend it...”

Capital Guards Statue Rededication - May 15th



Tom Ezell, Mike Loum, Robert Giles, Harvey Moore, Ken Natons, and Paul Trotta stand in front of the newly-refurbished monument.



George Davis questions the statue's authenticity...



Ready for another 90 years...



Tom Ezell at the podium during the dedication service



A little drill never hurt anybody...



In fact, we should have done a little more of it -- How many different versions of "Prime" can you find?



Likewise, with the foot positions at "Aim"... Hint: Look at Ken on the far left; that's what it's supposed to look like!

Wilson's Creek Living History Set for August 7-8

The 1st Battalion, Army of the Trans-Mississippi are holding a semi-immersive living history event at Wilson's Creek National Battlefield Park on the weekend of August 7-8, 2004, to mark the 143rd anniversary of the Battle of Wilson's Creek. This event is sponsored and hosted by the National Park Service.

Scenario: The Missouri State Guard (MSG) is encamped along the banks of Wilson's Creek August 1861 along with Confederate forces under the command of Gen. Ben McCulloch. Gen McCulloch and the Commanding General of the MSG, Sterling Price, are of differing opinions and attitudes. Price's concern is protecting the sovereignty of Missouri as federal forces begin occupation of the State. McCulloch prepares the forces for movement on the federals garrisoned in Springfield, MO some 10 miles distant to the east. The actions depicted are a prelude to the eventual engagement at Wilson's Creek, known also as the battle of Oak Hills by the Confederate and pro-Southern MSG.

There will be limited civilian interaction, primarily directed for the purpose of foraging food supplies. Because of this, civilian registration is on an invitation basis only.

Impression:

Military: The impression for this Living History (LH) is the Missouri State Guard. See attachment for specific impression guidelines.

Civilian: The civilian impression is that of the common Missourian of that region circa 1861. See attachment for specific impression guidelines.

Location: Wilson's Creek National Battlefield Park located in Republic, MO.

Dates: Check in begins at noon on Friday, August 6th and closes at 2:30 am on Saturday, August 7th. Refer to Check In procedures found in this document for military and civilians. The LH begins on Saturday; 5:30 am for the MSG, and 7:30 am for the civilians.

Command Structure:

MSG

Battalion Commander-Frank Aufmuth
Company A-Michael Kupsch
Company B-Rob Sanders

Civilians

Civilian Contact-Debbie Kupsch

Registration Fee: There is a registration fee that covers the rations and foraged items for the weekend. Any additional monies collected in excess of the cost of rations will go to Wilson's Creek National Battlefield Park as a donation for preservation. The fee is \$15.00 and must be received with your registration no later than July 2, 2004. Payment instrument must be in the form of a Money Order, no checks. Make Money Order out to Mike Kupsch. Send registration form and Money Order to: Mike Kupsch/Wilson's Creek Registration, 11131 Georgia Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas 66109

Living History Objectives:

The objectives for this living history are very easy. The first objective is to educate the park visitors on the MSG, the civilians in and around the battlefield, and what happened leading up to and after the battle of Oak Hill.

The second objective is to accurately depict the MSG encamped days prior to the battle of August 10, 1861. To this end, once the event begins, all participants take on the persona of the MSG or civilians they are portraying. Although it is difficult at best to remain in first person throughout and event, please strive to remain in character. Battalion Demonstrations for the Park will be executed not as the typical demonstration but integrated into the over all immersion scenario. The goal is that the park visitor comes away feeling he or she has walked into an MSG camp and witnessed the typical camp routines and drill and not simply seeing reenactors dressed up going thru the firing motions.

Execution:

Check In Procedures: All participants can begin checking in beginning at noon on Friday, August 6th. Stop at the Visitor's Center and get directions to the assembly points (there are different assembly points for MSG & Civilians). The Park will have release forms for you to sign. The Ranger will also provide you with a coin to use at the entrance gate. Upon signing the park forms, proceed to the assembly point, park vehicle in the designated areas, and then check in. Please arrive to the park in your period attire and ready to begin. This will eliminate changing in the restrooms at the Visitor's Center and causing congestion with park visitors.

For those arriving after park hours, the entrance gate will be "dummy" locked. Simply open the gates and be sure to close them and replace the lock **IN THE DUMMY LOCK POSITION!** If you lock the gate, then others

will not be able to get into the park. Pass thru the toll gate (it will be raised for entry) and proceed on the tour road. There will be a large sign on the left indicating the service road entrance for the MSG. Civilians should continue past this to the Ray House and look for the entrance sign just past the house. The check in tables will be staffed at the MSG assembly site and at the Ray House for civilians until 2:30 am Saturday, August 7th.

The MSG assembly point is reached by taking the tour route. There is a service road to your left that will take you back into the wood line and near a small cemetery. Parking will be designated. Park, then proceed to the check in table for impression inspection and confirmation of company assignment. You will then receive instructions directing you to your company's location.

The civilian assembly point is the Ray House. There is a service road to your left just past the Ray House that will lead to the designated parking area. Proceed up behind the Ray House for checking in and impression inspection. Since the civilian portrayal does not include "camping," the camping site is located away and to the rear of the Ray House. Please limit yourself in tentage and camping equipment. The idea is not to attract attention to your campsite; in 1861, you would either be part of the Ray Family residing at the house, or a neighbor.

Event Schedule:

MSG:

Saturday, August 7th

5:30 am - 6:00 am Company roll calls, inspections
6:00 am - 6:15 am Battalion Formation
6:15 am - 7:00 am Morning mess
7:00 am - 7:30 am Break Camp
7:30 am - 8:30 am Movement to Ray House
8:30 am - 9:00 am Interaction with civilians at Ray House as MSG arrive via the Old Wire Road. Refill canteens, visit sinks, etc.
9:00 am - 9:45 am Movement to tour Stop # 5 via Old Wire Road
9:45 am - 11:00 am Establish bivouac site and begin camp routines (NPS Inspection)
11:00 am - 11:30 am Battalion Drill (Park Demonstration # 1): Scott's Drill, marching, firing in 10 times
11:30 am - 12:00 pm Issue Rations for the noon mess
12:00 pm - 1:00 pm Noon meal
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm Camp routines (post pickets, fatigue duties, forage party to Ray's)
2:30 pm - 3:15 pm Battalion Drill (Park Demonstration # 2): Deployment of skirmishers, battalion movement to battle
3:15 pm - 3:30 pm Company mail call

Wilson's Creek (Continued from Page 3)

3:30pm - 4:00pm Weapons & equipment maintenance
4:00 pm - 4:30 pm Battalion Parade
4:30 pm - 5:00 pm Issue evening mess rations
5:00 pm - 6:00 pm Evening mess
6:00 pm - 12:00 am Captain's Time

Sunday, August 8th

6:00 am - 6:15 am Roll call
6:15 am - 6:30 am Sick call
6:30 am - 7:30 am Morning mess
7:30 am - 8:00 am Fatigue Duties
8:00 am - 8:30 am Battalion Parade
8:30 am - 9:00 am Church Service
9:00 am - 11:00 am Foraging at the Ray House
11:00 am - 11:30 am Issue Noon mess
11:30 am - 12:00 pm Battalion Drill (Park Demonstration #3): Evolutions of the Battalion
12:00 pm - 12:30 pm Noon mess
12:30 pm - 1:00 pm Break Camp down
1:00 pm - 1:30 pm Battalion Drill (Park Demonstration #4): Company & Battalion Firing
1:30 pm - 2:30 pm Movement back to parking area
2:30 pm Dismissed

Civilians

Saturday, August 7th

8:30 am - 9:00 am Interaction with MSG advancing along Old Wire Road
9:00 am - 10:45 am Civilian Life interpretation
11:30 am - 12:00 pm Civilian Life Presentation-Life in SW MO, 1861
12:00 pm - 1:00 pm Noon meal
1:30 pm - 2:00 pm Interaction with foraging parties
2:00 pm - 2:30 pm Civilian Life Presentation-Battle of Oak Hill & the effect on residents

Sunday, August 8th

8:00 am - 9:00 am Civilian Life interpretation
10:00 am - 11:00 am Interaction with Foraging party
11:00 am - 11:30 am Civilian Life Presentation-John Ray describes what he saw from his porch August 10, 1861
11:30 am - 12:00 pm Civilian Life interpretation
12:00 pm - 1:00 pm Noon meal
1:00 pm - 1:30 pm Civilian Life Presentation-Mrs. Ray describes the carnage after the battle and care of the wounded soldiers
1:30 pm - 2:30 pm Civilian Life interpretation
2:30 pm End Living History

Logistics: The NPS will provide port-a-potties, firewood, and water. Rations/foraged items and food for the civilians will be procured with the registration fee and distributed at the event. Participants are responsible for any meals on Friday and breakfast on Saturday, the exception being the civilians, which will receive their rations for Saturday thru Sunday upon check in.

Rations/foraged items: MSG will receive a meat, bread and coffee ration, supplemented with foraged items. The meat ration will not require cooking as it will be boiled and can be consumed as is. Tour Stop #5 has only one fire pit. The plan is to have a battalion mess section prepare a warm meal for the Saturday supper.

Civilian Food: The Civilian Coordinator will get with those registered prior to the event and determine what meals to prepare and purchase. There is a fire pit located behind the Ray House.

Note on Food items: Participants are allowed to bring supplemental food items. MSG participants must be able to carry any food items brought within the haversack. Foods must be period correct and correct for the season. In addition, they must be wrapped per period customs. **THERE WILL BE NO CAMP COOLERS OR MODERN COOKING ITEMS OR FOODS ALLOWED.**

The Drill Field: In Place Rest - Parade Rest

I'm not sure which command in the School of the Soldier is the most abused by reenactors, but "In place- Rest" has to be right up there. When given this command the overwhelming majority of reenactors go to something that's not in any of the manuals, others take up a version of what is actually parade rest. In fact, there is no specific position for "In place-Rest", its purpose is to allow the men to relax without falling out of ranks and a man can turn around and carry out a conversation with the man behind him if he chooses. You can take a knee, stretch, and otherwise relax so long as you keep one foot on the company line. But if everyone does it this way it must be right, right ? We've always done it that way, so it must be right, right?

Let's see what the manuals say about "In place-Rest" and "Parade Rest".

HARDEE'S School Of The Company and CASEY'S School Of The Company agree word for word:

37. *The instructor, wishing to rest the men, without deranging the alignment, will first cause arms to be supported, or ordered, and then command:*

In place - Rest.

38. *At this command the men will no longer be constrained to preserve silence or steadiness of position; but they will always keep one or other heel on the alignment.*

CASEY'S & HARDEE'S in their *Manual For Relieving Sentinels* also agree word for word on "Parade Rest":

At the command rest, turn the piece on the heel of the butt, the barrel to the left, the muzzle in front of the centre of the body; seize it at the same time with the left hand just above, and with the right at the upper band; carry the right foot six inches to the rear, the left knee slightly bent.

Finally, what about that other "Parade Rest" where the piece sets in the crook of the right arm ? That comes from U.S. REGULATIONS, page 50, paragraph 335:

335. *On all parades of ceremony, such as Reviews, Guard-mounting, at Troop or Retreat parades, instead of the word "Rest," which allows the men to move or change the position of their bodies, the command will be "PARADE-REST!" At the last word of this command, the soldier will carry the right foot six inches in rear of the left heel, the left knee slightly bent, the body upright upon the right leg, the musket resting against the hollow of the right shoulder, the hands crossed in front, the backs of them outward, and the left hand uppermost. At the word "ATTENTION!" the soldier will resume the correct position of ordered arms.*

Either of these "Parade Rest"s can be correct depending on the unit portrayed and timeframe, the most important thing is for the entire company/battalion/brigade to do it the same way at the same time.

Within the Capitol Guards, our training standard will be to do it just as Colonel Hardee described it in his 1861 manual, e.g., as described in the first two cases above. Both positions are illustrated in the *Capitol Guards Drill Manual*, on page 107.

If you have an aspect of drill or tactics that you'd like to see explored in "THE DRILL FIELD" contact the editor.

AAR: Tour of Hoover's Gap/Liberty Gap lines

By Joe Smotherman

I took a three hour tour of the Wartrace - Bell Buckle line, focusing on the Hoover's Gap and Liberty Gap Battles that kicked off the Tullahoma Campaign. The tour begins at the Blockade Runner Sutlery in Wartrace and is led by a Professor Bradley from Motlow State Community College. (This is the same school where former Cleburnite Howard Bahr teaches. Howard wrote *The Black Flower*, a novel about the Battle of Franklin, that includes characters based on men he knew in Cleburnes way back when. But, I digress ...)

My primary purpose was to become familiar with the geography of locations and to scout out sites for a possible immersion event next year. Well, Hoover's Gap is out. Interstate 24 runs squarely through the gap. Liberty Gap has distinct possibilities, as it is still very rural and growing in hay. I learned the land is tied up in an estate dispute (multiple children with multiple desires). Actually, Fairfield, a non-existent crossroads community that still bears a town sign on the road, has gained my interest. A.P. Stewart's Division was camped here guarding the Fairfield Pike leading to Shelbyville and the Wartrace Road leading to ... you guessed it ... the Wartrace railroad depot. Stewart advanced from Fairfield into the fight with Wilder's men at Hoover's Gap from this position.

If I can pull together my distant relatives and my mother's genealogy contacts and find some usable land, we'll have an outpost event there this time next year.

As far the tour was concerned, I was with a group of mostly older folks who had learned history by listening to folk tales told by their grandmothers. I heard more bullshit today than I've heard in a long time. Bradley is apparently quite accustomed to it, because he did a decent job of brushing off the shit and giving them a glimpse of what was true without stepping on any toes. We would load up into our cars and drive to the next stop, get out and listen to his description of "what happened here". Considering this was a free tour, it wasn't bad.

If you ever find yourself on I-24, south of Murfreesboro, and see an exit for Beech Grove/Wartrace/Bell Buckle, take it. Turn east and go to the stop sign. You will see Parker's Grocery. There was a grocery store on this site during the war. Turn left and then left again into the driveway (directly across from the store) that leads up the hill to the Confederate cemetery. There are public restrooms open year round, several graves from the Hoover's Gap fight marked "Unknown CS Soldier", an historic marker describing the fighting, Wilder's men,

etc., a 3 inch rifle (plugged), water fountains with city water, and picnic shelters. Look back towards the interstate. THAT used to be Hoover's Gap, until the U.S. government filled it in with asphalt.

If you headed west from I-24, you would soon find yourself in Fairfield. There are no markers here and you would probably drive right through the intersection with no notice, unless you saw the sign leading to the left that says "New Hope Baptist Church, established 1809". If you visited said church, you might see the graves of two men named Singleton. One was a CS soldier who lost a leg at Stones River and spent the rest of the war in a prison camp up north. The other was George, his faithful servant who joined his master in the field, fetched his master's mother to Murfreesboro when his master was so terribly wounded and helped to care for him until Rosecran's advance forced them to hastily exit the city. George took Mrs. Singleton home and stayed with the family until after the Federals advanced past the home on the way to Tullahoma. George then joined the 16th USCT and marched away. In 1865, George knocked on the door of the Singleton house and told his former master, "You can't farm with one leg. I've got nothing to farm, but I've got two legs. Make me your foreman and I will run your farm for you." They shook on it and this arrangement lasted until both men were dead. The Singleton families, black and white, still come together once a year in a sort of family reunion at the New Hope Baptist Church to lay flowers on the graves of these two men and honor them.

I love a happy ending.

"We will put in Hazen and see what success he has."

AAR of Orderly Sergeant, Co. K, 5th Regiment, Kentucky Volunteer Infantry -- 140th Anniversary, the Battle of Pickett's Mill

Near Dallas, Georgia. May 31, 1864.

The Company was initially formed on Friday night, but due to several men still being on detached duty, we did nothing more than move into the tree line, and bed down for the night. The warmth of the evening made the use of blankets or tentage unnecessary. It did however sprinkle with a light rain shower on us at one point during the night, but quick use of a gum blanket, and you could easily stay dry throughout the night.

At sunrise, reveille was sounded, and a roll was taken. Due sickness and death, our Company now officially stood with 22 enlisted,

and 2 officers. As soon as the roll was signed by Capt. Duffer, we drew our rations. Perhaps because Gen. Sherman had moved us so far from the rail lines, our rations were somewhat lacking. Each man was issued a small portion of bacon, six hardtack crackers, a handful of beans, and as much of the cursed southern cornmeal as a man would want. We were all anxious to get back to the rail lines and once again draw proper rations that consisted of our beloved Coffee and proper white flour. The men would soon lament the lack of Coffee on our coming movement along Pumpkin Vine Creek.

After rations were drawn, we had very little time for the cooking of the Bacon, as were soon formed up for Battalion and Company Drill. At 10 o'clock the Battalion was formed and we began our movement into the woods.

In the column, we were third of the four companies as we moved. The thickness of undergrowth amongst the woods and the many of the steep hills forced us to move in two ranks. A very, very few of the entire column found the heat and the hills too much for them, and had to be sent back to the wagons. Given the challenge of those hills, it was a marvel that so few men had succumbed to the conditions. We were very fortunate that several wells were along our route, as we quickly drained our canteens. Details were often sent to replenish them, and at least one of the wells, we literally drained it dry.

It was at mid-day that we took a longer break than usual. At this stop, the men quickly had fires going, and several of us cooked what sparse issues of Bacon we had been given.

We crossed the Pumpkinvine Creek three or four times in our movement. On two occasions, it was nothing more than a small stream, but on our final crossing, not a man stayed dry, and the water was over the top of our booties, and about as wide as the height of two men.

It was just after the crossing of this wide section that the Battalion took what was intended to be a short stop, however.... The company that was leading the column upon a taking of the roll, discovered that two of their privates, a father and son, their given name - Mitton, were not answering the call of their names.

Now... as we had been advancing through out the day, on a few occasions, the head of the column had been forced to deploy skirmishers, as a very light force of Southern cavalry had been harassing our movement. But at no time had they actually posed a serious threat, or caused those of us in the middle of the column to slow our progress, or have to be deployed for a fight. So... it was thought that perhaps these two missing Mittons had been captured by the Confederates... but no... Col. Craddock was sure that he had seen them as we had



The 5th Kentucky (Western Independent Grays) charges the Confederate works on the south end of the cornfield at Pickett's Mill.

crossed the last creek. A small search party was sent out to find our lost Mittons. After perhaps half an hour, word came down the line that they had been found... still in their place with the lead Company. How they went unnoticed in the ruckus that followed their failure to answer to the roll, we'll never know. But found they were, and so we were once again on our feet, and soon climbing more of those damned North Georgia hills.

There was one creek we crossed, and had moved less than the distance of three or four rods, when we noticed that there was actually a bridge just out of sight of where we had forded the water! Once again we were amazed and amused at how close we had come to comfort, only to have passed it by just a few more steps. (the next morning, after the fighting, when the bridge was commented on, someone had ventured that their were trolls living underneath... and the big bugs had decided it best to avoid a ruckus with them lest the Southern Cavalry that had been in front of us take advantage of that, and swoop down on us while we were busy at the bridge).

Well... after a whole day of marching up and down these damned hills, it appeared that that Col. Dal Bello had gotten us to where he wanted us, and after a short break, and replenishment of water, we were formed into a column of Eights. It was at this time, that the only rainfall of the day came upon us. It wasn't too heavy and only lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, but with the heat we already had, the additional water only made the air heavier, and the heat more oppressive. As Co. K. we were the lead Company of the left half of the column. The command to load was given, and the front four men of each of the two lead Companies were sent forward as skirmishers, with our own Lt. Morris commanding them.

Eights followed. In the tree line, we went down a thickly covered slope, across a crick, and started back up on the other side. The trees and tangles had split our column of eights, and after a brief struggle with the steep hillside, we were reformed. Our skirmishers had slowed a little near the top of the hill. This allowed us to deploy from a column of eights, right into a Battalion on line as we approached the crest of the hill.

At the top of the Hill, a farmer had built a split rail fence around this edge of a small field. The Southern Cavalry had been using to fight from. We were pushed forward, and I think without the loss of a man, we forced them off the fence, and across the field. We didn't hesitate, but kept after them. We had to take some the fence rails down, and reformed on the other side. Pushing across the small field, we advanced in the far tree line, and saw the southerners flee down into a ravine, and up the far side. Keeping our line as best we could, we tried to keep on their heels.

At the bottom of the ravine, we crossed yet another crick, and then faced one of the steepest hills of our journey. The skirmishers pushed up ahead of us, and as we formed our lines to reach the top of the ravine, we finally started to lose a few men. Josiah Edwards of our Company went down with a glancing shot to his knee, The elder Smotherman was put out of the fight by a spent ball to the center of his chest. Out Lt. Morris, whom had done so well pushing the skirmishers, also fell.

As we finally reached the top of the ravine, we found an uneven corn field, about 12 rods

We knew at this point that a fight was soon to be undertaken. The skirmishers soon engaged what was described as a thin line of dismounted Cavalry. After a quick push across a small field, and into the tree line, the Column of

across, and about 50 rods from out left to right. On the far side was another of those rail fences, edged against another tree line.

We paused to load, and advanced into a galling fire from the other side. We leaned into the heat, and pushed. Our line fired at about 20 paces from the rail fence and stopped to reload. The Southerners were knelt down behind the rails, and returned our fires. More of our Men went down. A fellow in the company to our right must've been gut shot, because he lay in the field behind us, thrashing and hollering and screaming, but there was nothing we could do for the poor soul, as we were quit busy minding our own lives in this unexpectedly hot fight. We knelt and held on for some time having a heated exchange with the Rebels on the other side, but that damned rail fence they were using, might as well have been made of stone, as we just couldn't push them off of it. We soon came to accept that we were no longer facing mere dismounted Cavalry, but the fellas on the far side were Infantry... and lots of them.

We would rise up as a Company and give them a Volley, and kneel back down, but to no avail. The smoke from our muskets, the steam rising from the men, and the fog which had started right after the earlier rain, had all mixed together to make it difficult to make our distinct individuals on the other side of the fence. Their muzzle flashes however, marked them as serious... and deadly. Our line pulled back to some of the uneven ground and sought to reform our ranks. At our first start to move back, some of the men were anxious to leave the killing ground, and we had to keep them in line, and slow their retreat, forcing them to face the enemy, and continue the fight. Our discipline held, and no one from Co. K. skedaddled to the rear. We continued to exchange fire with them, but our careful withdrawal must have excited the southerners, as they soon rose, and advanced into the field. We gave them some heat, and were drawn further back and into the ravine. Cpl. Skemp went down during this movement, as did Pvs Wilson and Waddel.

We struggled to get back up the far side, and finally withdrew to the first rail fence we



The Federal battalion sets off to search for the Rebels' right flank

140th Pickett's Mill (Continued from Page 7)



The Battalion presses the attack on Sunday morning, and overwhelms the Rebel pickets, taken by surprise at their Sunday breakfast.



Rebel prisoners are being led to the rear... their next stop will be the POW cages in Chattanooga.

had encountered. We had just enough time for a quick call of the roll. We had lost five men in that hot hour since we had first crossed the fence we now sought refuge behind. Three others in our ranks were wounded and still with us, though unable to fight.

It wasn't long before the Confederates came out of the far tree line, and in good form, advanced towards us. We were determined to return the favor, and hold the rail fence, and



Company rations issue on Saturday morning. Our distance from the rail lines made us tighten our belts -- each man receiving only 6 hard crackers and a piece of fatty bacon for the weekend's provender.

make them pay, as they had done to us.

The Southerners pushed once, twice, and then stalled in the middle of the corn field. We held our line. After some minutes of exchanging fires with them, they withdrew to the far side of the field. I once again took the roll, and marked the names of our missing and wounded. I got a count of rounds, and found that we averaged less than 30 rounds per man now. We had marched out that morning with full cartridge boxes, and additional rounds in our knapsacks and blanketrolls. In all, each man had fired perhaps 30 rounds or more. I told the Captain that if we were going to hold that line, or push again, we needed a replenishment of ammunition.

After a short respite in the fighting, the Southerners formed into a column, and made a dash to break the far left of our line. They had a brief success, but then, for whatever reason, withdrew. Perhaps they were realized that they had broke our lines, only to find themselves unsupported, and with another federal regiment on the far side of them, they thought it best not stay amongst us. With that short fit of excitement, the fighting for the day was over for us.

Co. F was left n that fence as pickets, while the rest of the Battalion wearily withdrew a few hundred yards into the tree line for the night.

Just as darkness closed in, two of our wounded, and presumed dead, made I back to our lines. Cpl. Skemp had taken a round to the skull, but it had only stunned him for a few hours, and after the Southerners had passed him by, he made his way out of the ravine, and was able to make it back to out lines.

Just at dark, Capt. Duffer allowed Pvts. Leech, White and three others to leave the area in search of forage. We had heard rumors of a few civilians being in the area, and were hopeful that they could find some forage to supplement the meager government issue that we were trying to live on. After perhaps two hours, they returned with only a handful of food items, hardly enough to have made the

effort worthwhile.

The men of Co. K, quickly stripped off their soaking clothes. I think we had more men near nakedness, than we had clad. They first saw to their weapons, which greatly pleased me, as I knew that with the morning, we would renew the fight.

Two fires were started by our men, and attempts were made to dry socks and trousers. What bacon had not been cooked earlier was quickly cooked and consumed.

Soon after full darkness, we heard some firing from the Skirmishers, but it wasn't heavy enough to cause us to form back up.

The Big Bugs had camped near our company, and I could see that a few of them had also stripped out of their outer garments as well. It would have been quite a hoot if the skirmishers had gotten heavily engaged, and the Colonels would have been forced to form the Battalion, them and us still in our undergarments!

At first light, we quickly dressed, and formed for roll call. It was my sad duty to record the names of five men as missing, and presumed dead. Lt. Morris, Cpl. Skemp and Pvt. Edwards had recovered during the night, and were ready to fight once again.

We soon formed in our battle lines, and sought to give as good as we had taken the day before.

We advanced across the first fence and field unopposed. We dropped into the ravine, and began to climb the slope towards the second field and fence. As we gained the field, the Confederates were just moving into place. It appeared as though we had caught them at their morning cook fires, and had surprised them with our attack!

We hardly paused as we made for the fence. We gave them two good volleys and charged. Unlike the previous day, we made it to the fence, and pulled several of them across as prisoners. Unfortunately, Capt. Duffer fell as we made the fence line. Three others in our company were wounded, but struggled to stay with the line. Lt. Morris now took charge of the Company. As the Confeds fell back into the trees, I struggled to get another roll called.

The Southerners reformed and charged. We were ready for them though. We had loaded, and were crouched behind the fence that had served them so well the evening previous. Now the fence served us well. As they came to within 10 paces, we rose as a Company and unleashed a horrendous volley into their faces. Their line to our immediate front vanished in a wall of smoke and fire. We knelt back down and reloaded. To our front, barely out of reach, several southern lads lay dead or dying. Their line once again fell back to reform. And once again they came at us. We rose and fired, with the same results as before.

After their second failed attempt to charge

140th Pickett's Mill (Continued from Page 8)

us, they must have lost faith, as they soon began to shift to our right.

The fight moved down our line, and the right wing of the Battalion became the focus of the southern fury.. With our front clear, we were ordered to go into Companies into line, wheeled to our right into the woods, stepping over the freshly killed southerners, and began to move to our right, keeping the tree line and rail fence just several paces off our far right ranks. We soon came upon the Southerners flank, and assailed it. With our Right wing to their front, and our left wing taking their flank, the Confederates finally lost all hope and either fled the field or surrendered.

With this last fight early in Sunday Morning, our adventure came to an end.

Respectfully,

Brian Hicks

Orderly Sergeant, Co. K, 5th Reg't, Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.

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Dear Friend,

I write to tell you of our action of May 27th, near Acworth, Georgia, while the events are fresh in my mind. This letter is intended for your eyes alone, for to be perfectly candid never did men more valiantly follow an order and seldom was there an order more foolishly given. Some oracle of wisdom, divining that we must certainly be near Johnston's extreme flank and could shift to our left a very short way and get beyond it entirely, it was our great luck to be a part of this grand adventure. From mid-morning on we toiled through some of the worst terrain we have encountered to date, not so much as a hog path to go on, as no creature but man would want to traverse the area, the head of the column making their way by compass. This country is oppressively hot, the men suffering much and making but slow progress. Despite the pace there was a sense of urgency and we were under order not to allow the men to take off their shoes at creek crossings, which caused some grumbling and more than once thought I saw a black look directed my way notwithstanding my lack of guilt. Throughout most of the day enemy cavalry had hovered in our front, occasionally putting up a slight resistance, doing little damage but making me personally uneasy as our expedition would seem to assume some element of surprise in order to succeed. In late afternoon this resistance stiffened enough that the skirmish line couldn't drive them, we paused to let the men catch their breath and make their coffee and then moved forward by wings of regiments through wood and ravine, our mass enabling the line to move once again. We drove them across a wheat field, another creek, climbed a hill that six months ago I

would have thought not scaleable, and halted before a fence being used as works. We formed line of battle, went over the fence and crossed a cornfield down to another ravine where we came under much heavier fire, from artillery and small arms. No body of men could behave more gallantly than my company, sliding down one side and scaling the other, quickly reforming the line and plunging up the steepest hill yet with loud shouts of "Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" towards another fence at the treeline. We came within a few paces of the fence, close enough to shoot down the led horses behind the lines, when we were stopped by massed infantry volleys moving from our right across our front, a perfect hail of shot tearing through our line and we were quickly driven back to the lip of the hill. They moved along the fence to our left which uncovered our line and forced us to leave the field entirely, back down through the ravine. Here our cohesion left us, the least winded and the most frightened leaving the others in their haste to gain the first fence we had encountered, now looking quite the fortress to our eyes, where we could reform and await our supports. And wait we did, I have not seen them yet in fact. The enemy now tried their hand assaulting our fence with even less success than we had enjoyed, making several attempts with waning enthusiasm. As darkness approached we were withdrawn. It would seem we were not as far beyond their flank as might be hoped and the whole sad affair took less time than has been needed to write of it. James Aulds was killed outright, we had four wounded, one severely, and three still missing. The brigade as a whole suffered horribly and for what gain I could not tell you. I will close this mournful tale for now. Were the need not great I would not impose but if you could send a package of foodstuffs you can not imagine the joy with which it would be received. The men's rations are poor at best and not plentiful enough to share, there is almost nothing in this region to buy, and I have begun to fear we will have the remarkable sight of an officer in more danger of starving to death than being slain by hostile fire.

your servant and loyal friend
John M. Duffer
Capt., Commanding Co. K
5th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry



The Federals are pinned down by the terrible fire directly in front of the Rebel lines.



Driven back from the slaughter pen of the Rebel guns in the ravine, the dazed Yankees re-form at the fence along the north side of the corn field.

The Colonel was out in the woods one fine evening, and noticed several soldiers dodging him and apparently wishing to be unobserved. Massa Geems (the enlisted men's nickname for their colonel) thought something was going on wrong, so after going a circuitous route he approached the same spot... unseen. He discovered to his astonishment two female individuals (of the sable hue) in petticoats and crinoline. Well, these two young women were carrying on a lucrative trade and the Colonel stood and watched long enough to satisfy his curiosity, when he dodged and caught a fellow by the arm just going to camp through the bushes.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "Where have you been and what have you been doing?"

The soldier stammered a little, but with remarkable presence of mind replied, "Why you see, Colonel, I have got a bad cold and have been out here to get some Sassafras Root to cure it."

"Ah," replied the Colonel; "Sassafras Root indeed! I have never heard it called by that name before! Report yourself to the officer of the sword."

The next morning, the story leaked out, for on the Guard Report of prisoners was the fellow's name, charged with *Hunting for Sassafras Root*. The fellow has ever since been named Sassafras. (October, 1863, 2nd Maryland

Infantry)

Put Some South in Your Mouth...

One of the key facets to a good impression of a Southern soldier, or one of the Midwestern boys sent down here to quell the Rebellion, is the ability to sound like one... to regain some of the Southern manner of speech that is slowly fading due to the widespread electronic media and standardized English education. Arkansas was still a young state in 1860, populated by people from most of the southern states east of the Mississippi River, so it would not be unusual to hear some variety in individual accents, but it would definitely not sound like we do today, either in diction or dialect.

People in the rural South generally spoke slower in the 1860s. According to an 1880s study, people typically spoke between 80 to 100 words per minute. In a few recent experiments, my sister the anthropologist conducted a number of linguistic tests, clocking some of my family and friends speaking at nearly 200 words per minute, roughly twice as fast! It is possible that men hailing from the larger, Eastern cities would have had a different rate of speech. In an 1882 study conducted in Boston, MA, Frances Atwell noted that: "...the tempo of the urban dwellers was noticeably faster in all cases, the average being about 150 words per minute, contrasting greatly with the unhurried speech of the farm and town dwellers at around 90 words per minute." This provides an excellent insight to the old farmer's observation, "Them fast fellows from town can talk the ear off'n a wooden Indian."

Mr. Edison didn't invent his means of recording sound until some 30 years after the end of the Civil War, so there is no recording of period speech. We do, however, have some excellent resources in the literature of the time – especially by those authors such as Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) who tried to capture Southern dialect in his novels, as well as books such as the Si Klegg series where old veterans tried to capture the thoughts and expressions of their youth. Likewise, there is a wealth of letters and diaries by the veterans and citizens of the time, and people tend to write letters very much in the same manner as they speak.

Here is a thought. If you read diaries and letters that have not had the spelling modernized, you can get some idea of how various words were pronounced. Standardized spelling was just starting to be used and those who were not educated using the standardized spelling of words, used phonetic spelling.

This is mentioned in the foreword to the book *"Whipt'em Evertime, The Diary of Barlett Yancey Malone, Co H. 6th NC Regiment"*. In this forward Bell Irvin Wiley states:

"The spelling, interesting enough in itself, is more important for the light it throws on pronunciation; for Malone, like most of the common soldiers, spelled phonetically. Among rural Confederates, as among many of their descendants, a cold day was a coal day; closer was closter; a court house was a coat house; where was whar; pretty was pritty; Yorktown as Yolk Town; until was untell, accidentally was axidently; ford was foad; and verbs frequently were prefixed by the indefinite article as 'the Yankies was a running.'"

When transcribing period letters and diaries, it is often easier to read out loud a word you do not understand. Once you pronounce it a few times, it often becomes clear that the word was spelled phonetically and now makes sense in the context.

Not only are "words" important, but the idiom and syntax used in 19th century speaking is also important. By this, I mean how words were used and how sentences were constructed. One major element in "19th Century speak" is the absence of many "contractions" that are prevalent in modern English. We say "can't" - they said "can not."

The recent movie *Ride With the Devil* did an excellent job in recreating mid 19th Century dialogue, including use of period words. The costumes (other than the stampede strings on the hats and the brass framed Colt revolvers) were pretty accurate. Rent it and watch it during a cold winter weekend. It's a great primer on 19th century "speak."

Hello!

There has been a good bit of discussion among living historians over the use of this word during the 1850s and '60s. It was used, however all documentation found to this time has been by New Englanders in the Federal service.

The proper greeting for Southerners, as well as those midwestern meddlers sent down here to quell the rebellion, is **“How do you do?”**, or in stronger Southernese, **“Howdy do?”** or **“Howdy!”**

To Say Yes...

Two slang terms for *yes* that are very commonly used today are “*yeah*” and “*uh-huh*.” If these terms were used during the decades leading up to the Civil War, they have left no mark on the records of the time, even in places where slang was commonly written as it was spoken. Don’t use these terms, instead say “*yup*,” “*yep*,” “*yes*,” or “*aye*.”

Profanity

We’ll speak about this face of period language separately, in a little more detail. Let’s just say that despite what the present-day heritage defenders may naively and idealistically say, the camps of the Confederate and National armies of the time were rife with nasty speech. This speech was not the quaint “*gol-darn-it*” variety, it was quite profane and vulgar, with most of the specific terms and phrases continuing in use today, though with a bit of their shock and power sadly attenuated in today’s ears by their overuse.

So, here is a lexicon of “Civil War slang” and other figures of speech that were common to the Southern and MidWestern men of the 1850s and 1860s:

a going	Going. A common habit of our forefathers was to add the prefix “a” to a verb: <i>“He was a going to town”, “He was a running like a hero.”</i>
about right	Correct. <i>“I asked him if the barn was burned to the ground. He said that was about right.”</i>
above his bent	out of his power. <i>“He told me he would sell me the farm, but that was above his bent. The farm belonged to his father.”</i>
ague, ager	Malaria. <i>“...a good many of the men are getting sick, mostly ague and diarrhea.”</i>
all-fired	Large, expansive. <i>“He left here in an all-fired hurry.”</i>
all gone up	Wiped out, destroyed. <i>“How are the wife and family?” “All gone up... don’t ask.”</i>
all the go	All the rage, ‘in fashion’. <i>“Playing chuck-a-luck is all the go here now.”</i>
ain’t	Is not. <i>“There ain’t a thing betwixt us and Richmond.”</i>
ary	ever a <i>“If there was ary a man to do it, he’s the one.”</i>
atall	at all, (pronounced a-tall, with stress on the second syllable.) <i>“I hant got nary a thing to write to you atall.”</i>
backdoor trots	Diarrhea. <i>“Father is complaining of the backdoor trots.”</i> This had more meaning in a day when the toilet was an outhouse behind the main house.
backward	Bashful. <i>“Jake is such a backward child, he has no friends atall</i>
bad	Very. <i>“Mother was bad sick.”</i>
beat out	Exhausted. <i>“We was so beat out that we had to rest some.”</i>
beau	Boyfriend. <i>“Caroline has got herself a new beau.”</i>
been through the mill	Eventful time/bad day. <i>“God spare us, we have been through the mill.”</i>
biddable	Manageable. <i>“Can we take that hill? Yep, I’d say that’s biddable</i>
big bug	Officer. <i>“Here comes a big bug now.”</i>
blackguard	As a verb, it meant to harass. <i>“We blackguard the New York boys so.”</i> As a noun, it meant a villain: <i>“That bunch of fellows from Brooklyn are a lot of blackguards.”</i>
blowhard	Braggart. <i>“Joe Smith is the biggest blowhard in the whole company.”</i>
blue pill	Bullet. <i>“The only cure for Secession fever is the blue pill.”</i>
bound	Determined. <i>“I told Johnny not to enlist but he was bound to go. Now he has got hisseif kilt.”</i>
bug juice	Liquor. <i>“Pass the bug juice.”</i>
bully	Very good, Yeah! Excellent! This term is frequently seen in period correspondence, as is even found being used by young women. <i>“We had a bully time.” “Bully for you!”</i>
bust a cap	To shoot a firearm. <i>“Our regiment was held in reserve all afternoon, and nary man busted a cap.”</i>

carry guts to a bear	To do something worthless. <i>“All this countermarching is about as useful as carrying guts to a bear.”</i>
cipher	Do mathematics. <i>“Father wanted me to clerk for Mr. Simmons but I couldn’t because I can’t cipher.”</i>
clip	Strike. <i>“Captain Leach gave that skulker a clip with the flat of his sword.”</i>
coffee-coolers	Worthless soldiers. <i>“That damn Alabama regiment is nothing but a bunch of coffee coolers.”</i>
crazy as a shithouse rat	Loony. As anyone who has ever had to live with an outhouse will tell you, the rats that live there do not act ‘normal’. <i>“Hezzy Pierce is as crazy as a shithouse rat.”</i>
crow	To lecture, or preach. <i>“I don’t want to go to divine services today. I’ve got better things to do with my time than to hear that old chaplain crow.”</i>
cut up, cut around	Make a show. <i>“You should have seen your brother cut up when Miss Hoyt came into the room.”</i>
cut a shine	Make a show, display. <i>“Now that there is some ladies in the camp, the men cut all sorts of shines.”</i>
dear	Expensive, costly. <i>“Everything is so dear now. Paper is five cents a sheet, bread is fifty cents a loaf and everything else in proportion.”</i>
dicker	To bargain, or make a deal. <i>“I tried to get him to take less, but he wouldn’t dicker.”</i>
difficulted	Perplexed. <i>“Mother was difficulted over your silence.”</i>
directions	Mailing address, usually a soldier’s address. <i>“Please send me Will’s directions, for I want to write to him. Is he still in the hospital?”</i>
directly	Right away. <i>“Don’t worry .- the water will boil directly.”</i>
do tell	Really! You don’t say! <i>“Thomas is wounded! Do tell!”</i>
dough-face	Naive person. <i>“Margaret is such a dough-face, no wonder she was robbed.”</i>
dry up	Fall silent, or be quiet. <i>“Aw, dry up.” “Well, I’ve said about enough. Tune for me to dry up.”</i>
et	Eaten. <i>“I sure am hungry. I haven’t et in three days.”</i>
experience religion	To be converted, or “saved.” <i>“Now that Isabell has experienced religion, she won’t attend any more dances or parties.”</i>
fancy woman	Prostitute. <i>“Silas spent the whole weekend in Little Rock amongst the fancy women, and come back out of money and tuckered out.”</i>
fast	Worldly, wild. <i>“William was going to parties every night and is going to the city next week. Ifear he is becoming a fast fellow, and father must have a talk with him.”</i>
fat as a fool	In good health, robust. <i>“Tell Mother that William is as fat as a fool. I can’t see where soldiering has hurt him one bit.”</i>
feather bed soldiers	Garrison troops. <i>“Grant has called all those feather-bed soldiers down from Washington to do some real soldiering. I wonder how they liked the Wilderness?”</i>
feel like a fox	In good health. <i>“Ed says to give you his respects and to tell you that he is fine and feels like fox.”</i>
fellow	Man, ‘guy’. <i>“Who told me to do that? Why, that fellow over there.”</i>
fetch	Get. <i>“Sergeant Miller went up to headquarters to fetch the mail.”</i>
fetch up	Stop suddenly. <i>“Jake and I were running like heroes, but I saw Jake fetch up when we got to the gate, stricken by a rebel ball.”</i>
first rate	Superior, very well. Very commonly used. <i>“I liked those cakes first rate.” “We now have a first rate Captain by the name of Ahab.”</i>
first premium	First prize (at the fair) <i>“Mrs. Cowles took the first premium for butter.”</i>
fit to be tied	Angry. <i>“General Smith was fit to be tied over the delay.”</i>
flummoxed	Confused. <i>“He was so flummoxed that he didn’t know which way to turn.”</i>
flux	Diarrhea. <i>“Silas has had the flux for near a week.”</i>
fly off the handle	Fly into a rage. <i>“Caleb just flew off the handle, tearing our shebang all to peices.”</i>
fork over	Give, pay. <i>“That greedy shit-ass of a sutler was there at pay day. I had to fork over most of what I got from the paymaster.”</i>

french leave	AWOL. <i>"Tom Cannon is home now on French Leave."</i>
fresh fish	New recruit. <i>"If you want a new blanket, you just have to steal one from a fresh fish."</i>
frolic	Party, good time. <i>"We haven't had a frolic since last spring when all you boys enlisted. Times here are so dull now."</i>
galoot	Worthless soldier, stupid person. <i>"Will Tucker is nothing but a tobacker-chawing galoot from west of nowhere."</i>
give the mitten	To dump a suitor, or reject a lover. <i>"Ned Brown was courting this gal at Jones' Corners, but then she found another beau and gave ol' Ned the mitten."</i>
given name	Christian name. <i>"I can't read but only his given name on this headboard."</i>
gizzard	Stomach. <i>"Our old muley cow kicked him right in the gizzard."</i>
go in for	In favor of. <i>"Now it ain't that I'm a coward mind you, but I just don't go in for attacking Yankee breastworks."</i>
go it	Make do. <i>"My tentmate John Grant was killed instantly by a ball through the head. Now I will have to go it alone."</i>
go under	Die. <i>"All he said was 'I won 't go under! I won 't go under!'. Then he went under."</i>
gobbled up	Captured, taken prisoner.
grab a root	When someone falls. <i>"The adjutant came striding down the path, tripped, and fell flat on his face. All the boys was hollering, 'Grab a Root!'"</i>
grape	The latest news or rumor, short for "grapevine". <i>The grape is that there may be a prisoner exchange soon..</i>
grass widow	Unmarried mother. <i>"That grass widow that is living with Mrs McLane had the gumption to bring her howling tribe to the church last Sunday."</i>
grayback	Louse. <i>"All the boys sat near the creek with their shirts off picking off the graybacks."</i>
greenbacks	Currency (\$ bills). <i>"The paymaster should visit us soon with his greenbacks."</i>
greenhorn	Recruit. <i>"Those greenhorns don't know a thing."</i>
grub	Food. <i>"Grub is plenty at present."</i>
hack	Hackney coach. <i>"General Curtis came into camp in a hack."</i>
hain't	Have not. <i>"Hain't you got the got the money to buy a substitute?"</i>
hang the dog	Get married. <i>"When Josh got married, I thought that the last dog was hung, but I was mistaken."</i>
hant	Is not, have not. <i>"I hant got much to talk about."</i>
hard case	Tough guy, scoundrel. <i>"That Jimmy Slade is truly a hard case."</i>
hard knocks	Tough times. <i>"We have had a great man)' hard knocks over the past campaign."</i>
hemp(en) necktie	Hangman's noose. <i>"If we find old Jeff Davis, we give him a hemp necktie."</i>
Here's Your Mule	A derisive phrase; usually spoken while grabbing your crotch, it's a period euphemism of flipping someone the bird, or telling him "screw you."
high falutin'	High flown. <i>"We're mighty tired of old Mose and his highfalutin' religious ideas."</i>
hitch	Entanglement, issue. <i>"The Captain said he knew where there was all the free tobacco we could want. The hitch was, we had to capture it from the rebs."</i>
holt	Mispronunciation of Hold. <i>"Grab holt of your musket."</i>
homely	Ugly. <i>"Deak Tyrell just sat there, looking into that likeness of that homely old woman of his."</i>
hush up	Go silent. <i>"The colonel told us to hush up, or the bushwhackers would hear us."</i>
in a pucker	Frightened. <i>"Lem was in such a pucker that all he thought of was saving his own skin."</i>
jay hawk	Steal
keep company	To court. <i>"Your brother was keeping company with a secesh girl who lived near the camp."</i>
kesouse	Fall into water. <i>"Bill fell into the creek and got kesoused."</i>
kick up a row	Create a disturbance. <i>"They got tight on whiskey and kicked up quite a row in the camp."</i>

knock the spots off	Defeat severely. <i>"I don't believe the rebels will attack here, for if they do, we will surely knock the spots off them."</i>
lame as a brick	Very lame. <i>"We marched twenty miles yesterday, but this morning I woke up as lame as a brick."</i>
leaders	tendons. <i>"A bullet came along and just clipped him. It cut some leaders in his left hand."</i>
let her rip	begin, start <i>"You asked when we would want you to express that box. Let her rip I says."</i>
let on	disclose <i>"He never let on that he was mortally wounded."</i>
lickety split	Very fast. <i>"Those guns were moved back lickety split."</i>
licks	Efforts, exertion. <i>"I won't take any great licks to send them packing."</i>
likeness	Photograph <i>"I will have my likeness taken for you."</i>
loins	Groin. <i>"He had a wound in the loins."</i>
long in the tooth	Old person or animal. <i>"Old John Huff was getting a little long in the tooth to go on the summer campaign."</i>
long sweetening	Molasses. <i>"We found a whole barrel of long sweetening."</i>
low	Ill. <i>"Mother was very low before she died."</i>
lucifer	Match <i>"You need a dry lucifer to start a fire."</i>
lummoX	Oaf. <i>"You stupid lummoX! I want you out of my company!"</i>
mad as a bear with a sore head	really angry
make tracks	Run. <i>"We was whipped. It was make tracks or die."</i>
mean	base, poor quality <i>"These socks are so mean that they will not last a fortnight on a march."</i>
mean as the land of cat piss	Really nasty, grumpy. <i>"Old ball-face was here. She is meaner than the land of cat piss."</i>
mighty	Very. <i>"I like soldiering mighty well."</i>
monkey shines	Antics. <i>"The boys were cutting all sorts of monkey shines."</i>
more talk than cider	Rumor. <i>"They say we will go home to recruit, but I suppose it is more talk than cider."</i>
mortified	Infected, necrotic. <i>"His wound mortified and we all feared the worst."</i>
muss	Disarrange. <i>"Sal told me not to muss the fire."</i>
nary	never a <i>"Nary a dull moment, I tell you!"</i>
natural	'OK', unchanged. <i>"I saw Noah and he looked natural. I was three years since I seen him." "How do you like soldiering. Do you look natural?"</i>
nigh unto	Nearly, almost. <i>"I was supposed to get a furlough before Thanksgiving, and here it is nigh unto Christmas and I'm still down in Dixie."</i>
no-account	Worthless. <i>"We'll never thrash the rebels with these no-account foreign guns of ours."</i>
not worth a pinch of snuff	Of little value. <i>"The fair wasn't worth a pinch of snuff this year."</i>
notions	Small items, trifles. <i>"It's sad to see all the small notions from home that we had to throw away before starting on the march."</i>
odd fish	Eccentric person. <i>"They are all bully chaps except for Ezekiel Wallace, who is a bit of an odd fish."</i>
off'n	Off of. <i>"Get your damn gunboats off'n my fingers!"</i>
'old boy', the	The devil. <i>"Eph Brow came running into the barracks like the old boy himself was after him."</i>
old Nick	The devil. <i>"You'd think she was married to old Nick, she is so rattled."</i> Also called "Old Scratch."
on hand	Present. <i>"How many men are on hand?"</i>
on the square	To tell the truth. <i>"You say that Lee has taken Washington? Are you on the square?"</i>
outen	Out of. <i>"After Gettysburg, we should never have let Lee get outen Pennsylvania, but we was too played out to catch him."</i>
Paddy	Generic term or nickname for an Irishman. <i>"There was an Irishman on picket. He</i>

	<i>hears the officer coming and says "Who comes there." "Grand Rounds" was the answer, to which Paddy replied, "Who is Dan Brown?"</i>
paper collars	Recruits, dandy soldiers. <i>"Come on, Johnny Reb! Nobody up here but Hooker's Paper Collars!"</i>
parlor soldier	Worthless soldier. <i>"Frank is nothing but a parlor soldier. He could never go soldiering the way the rest of us do."</i>
particulars	Details. <i>"Idon 'tknowexoctlywhere that farm is supposed to be. Jake onb' gave me a general idea, he did,: 't give me the particulars."</i>
peaked	Thin, emaciated. Pronounced in two syllables: 'peak-ed'. <i>"Hey Cyrus, you're looking kind of peaked. You feeling all right?"</i>
pesky	Annoying. <i>"Those pesky mosquitos are having another go at me."</i>
piles	Hemmorhoids.
pitch	Fall suddenly. <i>"We were running for the stone wall, when Jake pitched over dead."</i>
place	Identify. <i>"I've seen that face before, but I just can't place it."</i>
played out	Worn out, exhausted. In common usage during the war. <i>"The folks at home say why don't the army advance. Well, after this last battle I am pretty well played out. So are all the others."</i>
plumb	Direct, straight. <i>"That horse looked me plumb in the eye!"</i>
pony	Small soldier, boy. <i>"Shorty got stuck in the 4th section with the rest of the ponies."</i>
posted up	Well informed. <i>"Nate is a clerk at headquarters. He's posted up on the news."</i>
powerful	Very. <i>"That dead Yank made a powerful stink."</i>
prayerfully	Devoutly. <i>"I'm prayerfully attached to that testament you sent me."</i>
pretty considerable	Tolerable.
promenade	Walk. <i>"I hear tell of you promenading along the lake with that Wilson fellow."</i>
proper	Very, real. <i>"It wasn 't a proper battle, just a little fuss."</i>
quickstep	Diarrhea. <i>"I am well at present, except for having the quickstep."</i>
reckon	Imagine, think. <i>"I reckon so."</i> (I think so, I guess that's right.) <i>"Do you reckon that we'll march on Springfield soon?"</i>
right smart	Great. <i>"Charley got a right smart bruise on his leg."</i>
rile	Make angry, disturb. <i>"I swear woman, it doesn't take much to rile you!"</i>
rio	Coffee. <i>"I can smell the rio now."</i>
rowdy	notous fellow, riotious. <i>"Don't be so rowdy."</i> <i>"All that noise is made by Dave McCallum and his rowdies."</i>
Sabbath (the)	Sunday. <i>"Today is the Sabbath."</i>
sand	Courage. <i>"Sam Dix is mighty small, but has more sand than any man in the regiment."</i>
scarce as hens teeth	Uncommon, rarely seen. <i>"Razors are as scarce as hen's teeth here."</i>
set, setting	fit. <i>"I havenot had a good setting pair of trousers in the Army."</i>
shakes	Malaria. <i>"Lieutenant Mason is down with the shakes."</i>
shindig	Lively social function. <i>"Mrs Owen had a shindig for her son Johnny."</i>
shits, the	Diarrhea.
sinks	Latrine. <i>"I could smell those sinks five miles away."</i>
skedaddle	Run away. <i>"We made the rebs skedaddle."</i>
slick up	Make fine. <i>"Being Sunday and the day for inspection, we were obliged to slick ourselves up."</i>
smart chance	Good opportunity. <i>"I had a smart chance to shoot that rebel officer, but l couldn't do it."</i>
spark	Kiss, 'make out' <i>"Hank was on the porch sparking with Jenny McLane until her Pa caught them."</i> It can also mean 'to court': <i>"Tom Brown has been sparking Mr. Haney's daughter."</i>
spat	Quarrel, argument. <i>"I had a spat with my tentmate."</i>
spell	A period of time. <i>"Sit down and rest a spell."</i>
sporting women	Prostitute. <i>"Had a good time down in Nashville with the sporting women."</i>

spree	A riotous good time. <i>"Last night I went on a spree. This morning I woke up in a ditch."</i>
spunk	Spirit, verve. <i>"That Sergeant Harris sure has a lot of spunk."</i>
stove in, stove up	Worn out. <i>"Nothing on that farm but one old hag and a stove-in mule."</i>
straight out	Downright, candid. <i>"The major told us straight out that is was going to be rough."</i>
strapped	Broke, without money. <i>"Please send me a dollar for I am strapped."</i>
style	Manner, way. <i>"Hit 'im again Tom! That's the style!"</i>
suffer	Permit, tolerate, allow <i>"This pencil will not suffer sharpening."</i>
summer complaint	Diarrhea. <i>"We all have the summer complaint."</i>
taint	It is not. <i>"Taint too hot. The lead hasn't melted out of my belt plate yet."</i>
take on	To grieve or mourn. <i>"I never heard anybody take on so."</i>
thrash	Defeat, beat up. <i>"We have gotten another good thrashing from the Rebs." "If he doesn't dry up, I'm going to thrash him."</i>
three sheets to the wind	Drunk, intoxicated. This is actually a nautical term describing a ship out of control. <i>"Cal Smith was three sheets to the wind last night."</i>
threwed	Threw.
tight	Intoxicated. <i>"We got tight last night."</i>
since	(time) ago. <i>"I received your letter five days since."</i>
tiptop	Fine, superior, well. <i>"That cake you sent was tiptop."</i>
tote	To carry. <i>"I won't tote another thing. You tote it yourself!"</i>
tough as a boiled owl	Fit, lean. <i>"This soldier life has made me tough as a boiled owl."</i>
toe the mark	Do the job. <i>"If you don't toe the mark, I'll find someone else who will."</i>
traps	Accoutrements, equipment. <i>"The whole fence was gone before I could get my traps off."</i>
travelers	Maggots. <i>"They issued us bacon that was so full of travelers we could not eat it."</i>
tucker out	To exhaust, tire out. <i>"That run has tuckered me out."</i>
turn her tune	Change her mind. <i>"I knew she'd turn her tune before the day was done."</i>
euchred, euchred out of	Deprived of. <i>"We have been euchred out of the best camping site the last three days."</i>
Uncle Sam	He was around in the Civil War, too... <i>"Whatever Uncle Sam don't provide, we are in a position to steal, and steal it we do."</i>
up to the hub	All the way. <i>"We are in this thing up to the hub."</i>
victuals	Foodstuffs. <i>"Victuals are mighty scarce in these parts."</i>
vittles	Food. Mispronunciation of victuals. <i>"Eat your vittles!"</i>
wake up the wrong passenger	To alert the wrong person. <i>"Whoa, there... I guess I woke up the wrong passenger."</i>
walk chalk	Walk straight, behave well. <i>"He'd better walk chalk now, one more mistake and the Captain will arrest him for sure."</i>
whip	To defeat. <i>"Whipped 'em again, Josey!"</i>
who wouldn't be a soldier?	Who cares? An all-purpose lament for whenever the military system is sticking it to you...
worryment	Trouble, anxiety. <i>"I don't care what Kate does. She's not worth the worryment."</i>
yellow girl	Mulatto female. <i>"A gentleman came into camp today with a handsome yellow gal on his arm."</i>
yourn	Yours, your own <i>"That blanket's not mine. It's yourn."</i>



The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

The usual summer break is upon us, and there are no organized activities in place for the Capitol Guards until the campaign resumes at a hectic pace again in September. There are a few scattered events around the summer, though, and I would urge you to take the opportunity to reach out and sample some of the different experiences the hobby has to offer while we have some down time. Coming up in July (10-11) the guys in the 37th Illinois will be putting together a company to go fight for Uncle Sam at Fort Smith's "Massard Prairie" re-enactment, and this ought to be a good bit of fun...

May has been a very busy month for the Capitol Guards, with something going on nearly every weekend. First there was the little pilgrimage down to Jefferson, TX, followed by the rededication of the Capital Guards monument on the 15th, followed by the annual school program at Cabot on the 21st, a trip back east to Georgia over the holiday weekend, and a history program and battlefield tour for the Arkansas National Guard's NCO academy on the 3rd. It'll be good to slow down for a couple of months...

Georgia on my mind...

As I've mentioned a time or two before, one of my little obsessions in this hobby is visiting the sites where the 6th Arkansas served during the War. If there's a reenactment or living history program involved, all the better! I am still a little stiff from my Memorial Day weekend, which was spent running up and down the ridges and ravines at the Pickett's Mill Historic Site, over in Paulding County, Georgia. This was the year's first major event for the Western Independent Grays, and also suited my long-running desire to attend events whenever possible on the ground where the 6th Arkansas was engaged during the War. As the pre-event info warned, Pickett's Mill was to be "physically demanding," and they certainly delivered on that. I had been busily running and cycling for the two months leading up to the event, and thought I was in pretty good shape. Still, the conditions (imagine putting on all of your gear, get on a treadmill angled up at about 40 degrees, inside a sauna) did a real good job at extracting most of the starch from me in short order. Even a week later, I still hurt in a few places I had forgotten I had.

Outside the physical stress, it was a fascinating experience. We had originally registered as Confederates, but when a tight limit was placed on Confederate registration, the entire WIG was "galvanized" to join the boys in blue, who would represent the 5th Kentucky Infantry of Hazen's Brigade, 3rd Division, 4th Army Corps.

Pickett's Mill is the site of one of Patrick Cleburne's most stunning victories in the Atlanta Campaign, where his Division protected the right flank of the Army of Tennessee. Cleburne's mastery of light infantry tactics smashed everything the Yankees could throw at him and inflicted 1800 casualties on them, in return for fewer than a hundred killed on the Confederate side and an additional 350 wounded. General Sherman makes no mention of the disaster in his memoirs or reports; Union officer Ambrose Bierce of Hazen's staff (whose war would take a time-out the following month at Kennesaw Mountain) recorded his memory in a post-war essay, *The Crime at Pickett's Mill*. Pickett's Mill Historic Site is probably the best-preserved battlefield park I have seen... Once you find the place (they don't believe much in road signs in Paulding County, GA... if you find the place it's presumed you already know where you're going), the only modern intrusions are the Visitors Center - which is itself an obscure place - and the paved road leading in from the county road. All the vegetation, the fields, the trees, fences, etc. are as close as they were to 1864 as you can imagine. The two letters included in this month's *Sentinel* pretty well capture the experience of the event. It was awesome, pure soldiering - on the official Port Gibson scale of march difficulty, this one rates a "12" out of a possible 10. I served as second sergeant of Company K, 5th Kentucky, which numbered 24 rifles and two officers made up from old friends from Cleburne's and the MOOCOWS.

As things turn out this year's Pickett's Mill event will be the last Wool Hat/Critter Company-produced event, bringing to an end a long string of some of the most realistic, demanding living history events that it's been my privilege to take part in. For a number of reasons, John Cleaveland, Rick Joslyn, and Coley Adair have gotten pretty well burned out in the event sponsorship business.

Likewise, the "Immortal 600" event set for February 2005 is not going to happen. Rick and John were unable to get advance permission from the National Park Service and Fort Pulaski National Monument to hold the event at Fort Pulaski, and in the past year Fort Pulaski has implemented a policy of not allowing overnight events in the fort, which effectively kills the Immortal 600 idea. A repeat of the Port Gibson (Mississippi) Preservation March might be attempted in 2006, but with different players involved.

Bleeding Kansas - 1855 Cancelled, too...

The event organizers for the "Bleeding Kansas" living history, which was to have recreated the Kansas territorial elections, announced on May 17 that the event was cancelled due to much lower than expected registration numbers. Registration fees already paid will be returned to the registrants this week.

140th Franklin

Plans are crystallizing for the 140th anniversary Battle of Franklin, which will be held on the Saturn Corporation property (~800 acres) near Spring Hill, Tennessee, on October 1, 2, and 3. This will be the 1st Confederate Division's and the North/South Alliance maximum effort event for 2004, and extensive preparations are underway to make this a realistic, and memorable experience for all participants.

For our old hands, the plan for 140th Franklin will resemble the mobile, campaign format of the 1998 Raymond event. The 1st Division will form its battalions on Friday night, move out "to the field," and will stay in a tactical environment until Sunday morning. There are four battles planned, with each occurring in a different field. There will be a skirmish for the spectators on Friday afternoon, the "Battle of Spring Hill" on Saturday morning, the Confederate charge at Franklin on Saturday afternoon, followed by a resumption of the Franklin fight after nightfall. The Division will "sleep on arms" (e.g., a tactical bivouac on the battlefield) both Friday and Saturday nights, with companies or battalions detailed to grand guards (picket) duties each night. The Division will stand down Sunday morning to allow the troops to go visit the sutlers, food vendors, and other sights, then we will re-form at noon for the Sunday scenario, the Battle of Nashville. At the end of this scenario, the Confederates will be driven off the field (hopefully to the parking lot) to start the long, weary retreat home to Arkansas.

The Division command promises plenty of fighting at this event... for example, the target is for each battle scenario to last two hours apiece, and the Brigade leadership recommends that each infantry soldier bring a minimum of 200 cartridges. For the Franklin scenario, work is underway to recreate the Federal earthworks that surrounded the town, as well as replicas of the Carter House and the Carter cotton gin.

The aim for the 1st Confederate Division is to portray Cleburne's Division during the 1864 Tennessee Campaign, with each 1st CS Brigade portraying one of Cleburne's three brigades present at Franklin. Bill Rambo's First Confederate Legion will portray Lowrey's Brigade of Alabama and Mississippi troops; John Beck's Trans-Mississippi Brigade will

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 portray Daniel C. Govan's brigade of Arkansas troops, and Mark Griffin's Mississippi Valley Brigade will portray Hiram Granbury's Texas brigade. So, the TMVI will be representing one of the Texas regiments at Franklin.

The exception to the "campaigning" climate for the Confederate division will be the Trans-Mississippi Volunteer Infantry (TMVI) Battalion. The N/SA is striving to accommodate both the campaigner as well as the heavy-camping members of each division, and so for those who desire a little more comfort, and wish to bring their tents and other impedimenta, there will be a "base camp" set up at the Oak Ridge plantation. COL Blanco of the TMVI will be in charge of the base camp, and will be leading a battalion of the heavy camper "reserves" out to meet up with the rest of the Brigade before the assault on Spring Hill Saturday morning. These reserves will march out to join up with the rest of the brigade each morning, and will march back to the base camp at the end of each day's scheduled activities.

The remainder of the Brigade will be living out of our knapsacks or blanket rolls. The "campaign" camp areas are relatively primitive. There will be water and toilet facilities. However there will be no straw for bedding, nor will there be split firewood. We will have what we need to be comfortable and to experience something truly unique. There will be great opportunities for Grand Guard activities (which will be responsibly scheduled so that you don't have to stand picket duty all night before driving back home to Arkansas). Everyone needs to be prepared to march at least two miles with full gear (knapsack/blanket roll, as well as weapon, leathers, etc.). This is just a fact of participating at such a large event. We will not be marching just to be marching, but there will be a fair bit of movement between the various battlefield sites.

The Mississippi Valley Brigade will be procuring wagons to carry extra water, rations and ammunition. We will need to pack our extra ammunition in period style wooden boxes; as water and ammunition run low during the battle scenarios, battalions will be rotated out of the firing line to rest and replenish, then will be fed back into the fight as "fresh troops" and relieve the others still on the line.

Rations will be issued by the Brigade at a cost of \$5.00 per man. This will include an issue of salt pork, potatoes, onions, Johnny cakes, coffee and molasses cookies. It does not sound like much but it is. No one will go hungry and it all can make a good meal. Of course, one may bring extra snacks such as peanuts, dried beef etc. Please send this in to BG Griffin ASAP (2603 Pinta Court, Grand Prairie, TX 75052. Make checks and money orders payable to the "9th Texas Infantry." All funds will be used for the food only.)

Registration for 140th Franklin is going on

Coming Events

~~July 10-11, 2004 – Battle of Massard Prairie Re-enactment, Fort Smith, AR. 37th Illinois max effort event. Federal impression. Event CANCELLED. Host unit (15th Arkansas NW) will hold a living history on the site instead.~~

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

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.*

now, and the cut-off for the "early bird" registration fee (\$10 per man) is June 30. After June 30, registration goes up to \$15 per man. The last date that anyone will be able to register for Franklin is August 30, 2004. As with previous events, the Division is pretty adamant that no walk-on registrations will be accepted. The Big Bugs are pushing to get as many registered as early as possible. To register, you can go on-line at <http://www.battleoffranklin.com/soldierregistration.html>, fill out the form, and pay your fee via credit card or PayPal. For those who aren't comfortable with the on-line process, get in touch with

Captain Ezell, and we can register as a group.

Several decisions need to be made, which I had hoped to get resolved at the May 15 event out at MacArthur Park. First, do we plan to deploy the Company in campaign mode, or do we wish to commute each day from the base camp to the battlefield and back? (Of the six votes received so far, it has been unanimous for "campaign," and I concur with them. Absent a major change in attitude, the 6th Arkansas will be going campaign, and we'll be staying out in the field with the rest of the brigade for the duration of the event.

Next, since the campaign vs. heavy camp

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.

Captain Tom Ezell 338 Johnson Road Scott, AR 72142 (501) 961-1937 (501) 912-1047 (cell)	1st Sergeant Steve Shore 68 Stonewall Drive Jacksonville, AR 72076 (501) 985-0560
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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.

Confederate Rations at Atlanta

Here is some information about food and food preparation for the Confederate troops of Cleburne's Division during the Atlanta Campaign in May and June 1864. This account is from "As Told By Mr. W. E. Matthews - A Confederate Soldier" pages 32 & 33. Matthews was in Co. B (Dale County Greys) 33rd Alabama Infantry, Lowrey's Brigade.

"Then I was one of a detail of a man from each of the thirteen companies who remained from two to five miles in the rear with the regimental skillet wagon and near plenty wood and water, occasionally breaking cook camp to a new camp where I was kept busy chopping in the forest and carrying wood and water and cooking for the company. Company B then consisted of about sixty men. However, the day following each first, Resaca, New Hope Church (Pickett's Mill), and at Kennesaw Mountain, I would draw and cook rations for less men. I was detailed to relieve Joseph E. Chesire, who had sent us word that he was sick and not able to do the cooking, and who returned to the command and died in camp one night sixteen days later, May 26.

Each regiment's wagoner daily drew at the nearest railroad station a ration for each officer and man of the regiment, consisting either of a pound of unbolted corn meal or sometimes a half pound of bacon and some salt, but the meat rations were usually one pound of fresh beef which he got at the butcher pen. Wagoner carried each company's rations to the cooking camp separately, where the

company rations were cooked together. The meal was baked into ponies in skillets, or if flour, into biscuits. The meat was cut into pieces usually weighing from one to three pounds and boiled in tin cans with wire bails that held about four gallons each. After this set until cold in the water, the tallow was heated and used in the next batch of bread. The cooked meat and bread was put in sacks and wagoner carried the rations to the company. Then someone, usually Sergeant Linsenby would ascertain the number of officers and men with the company at the time and divide the food into that number of portions. Then someone would turn their back to the grub and Lisenby would point his finger and say, "Who is this for?" and the man whose eyes were turned away would name one of the company and continued to do so until he named all.

We drew cooked rations all through the Dalton-Atlanta campaign and while at Lovejoy commenced again drawing uncooked rations and cooking them ourselves. Details had cooked our rations at other times but only for a short while. Our meat rations on this campaign seemed to be a better grade and more liberal in weight than we had the previous winter. Company B didn't make this any presents. About July 1st, I was relieved of cook detail by W. Green Snell and returned to the command where we occupied ditches at different places and the night of the 9th crossed the river on a pontoon and occupied the hills on the south side."

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split will entail a fair bit of swapping back and forth each day, as well as a desire to represent Govan's Arkansans, we need to decide on a Texas vs. Arkansas impression (not that there is any great difference at this point in the War other than inter-state rivalry and pride). Willie Huckabee's 1st Arkansas battalion will be campaigning for the event, and representing the 1st & 15th Arkansas. They have a small cluster of companies that will be staying with the base camp, and it would be possible to cross-attach, or "trade places" for the weekend, and serve the event with the 1st Arkansas. This would give us a bit of the hometown pride in representing the Arkansas brigade for the weekend, as well as reduce a good deal of the on-field friction that is sure to arise from the logistics of the base camp commute each day. It's a fairly radical move, though, with a number of implications. I would like to have the thoughts of the individual members of the Company before taking any further action.

At any rate, it's high time to turn our

thoughts toward the Franklin event, and get registered before the Yankees and the Texans take up all the good spots. Go to the event web site and get signed up, or get with me if you wish to be part of a Company mass registration. At any length, please let me know your thoughts and intents for the Franklin event, and whether you have registered or will be coming.

"Battle of Massard Prairie" Reenactment Cancelled

I was informed last evening that the scheduled "Massard Prairie" re-enactment scheduled for July 10-11 up at Fort Smith has been cancelled for unspecified reasons. Instead of the re-enactment, the local host unit, 15th Northwest Arkansas, will be holding a living history demonstration out at the city park marking the site of the battle.

Your pard,

Tom Ezell

Uncle Billy is our General, too...

A Union and a Confederate picket were having a conversation during a lull in the Atlanta campaign, The Confederate asked the Federal "Who's your gen'ral now?"

"Sherman," replied the Yank, "Who's yours?"

"Ourn's Sherman, too," was the answer. "What!" Said the surprised Federal, "You don't mean that you've got a general named Sherman?"

"Nope. But whenever you'uns gits marchin' orders we'uns allus goes too!" stated the Reb.

=====

In late 1865, General Joseph E. Johnston was aboard a Chesapeake Bay steamer when he, and others, were told by a fellow passenger that the south had been "Conquered, yes, but not subdued." Asked in what, or whose, command he had served in the "recent unpleasantness," the bellicose young passenger (one of those stalwarts later classified as being "invisible in war but invincible in peace") replied to the second-highest ranking 'active service' General of the late Confederacy that "unfortunately, circumstances had made it impossible for him to be in the Confederate Army." "Well, Sir, I was," Johnston told him. "You may not be subdued, but I am."