

# The Sentinel



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LIVING HISTORIANS

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## Blown Away at Berryville...

**SPLENDID WEATHER, HOT LEAD AND FINE FRIENDS**

By 1Sgt Steve Shore

The 34<sup>th</sup> Annual Arkansas State Muzzle Loading Championship was a resounding success. What more could you ask for? The skies were blue and clear with mild temperatures during the day. Once the sun set, all those bright stars appeared with a slight chill. The amount of tents and campers, also indicated that more people were in attendance this year, plus some old friends.

Aaron and I arrived at the Luther-Owens Muzzle Loading Range and Park in Berryville, Arkansas on the afternoon of May 17<sup>th</sup> around 4:30 p.m. We were unloading our gear when the chipper Captain John (Daddy Rabbit) Malloy of the 7<sup>th</sup> Arkansas came bouncing in our direction with a huge grin. He had arrived earlier in the day from Mountain View and parked his mobile mansion adjacent to the park entrance.

We unloaded my truck and set up camp within a few minutes. Other members of the 6<sup>th</sup> Arkansas would be arriving on Friday or Saturday, so to reserve them a spot, I set up an additional 'A' frame tent.

The sun started sinking behind the hills, and the chill caused us to put on our coats. A while later, the whoop'n and hollerin' started way back on the hill. We walked up to visit the "Wild Bunch" of the AMLA (Arkansas Muzzle Loading Association) who were enjoying their fire. Based out of Hattiesville, Arkansas, they sponsor the Berryville event each spring. What a great bunch of folks! They are extremely devoted to their hobby as well as their friends. We stayed an hour or so and headed back to our camp to warm up by the fire.

The local Boy Scouts prepared a wonderful breakfast in the log cabin the next morning, opening for business at 7:00 a.m. You have to eat well to shoot well, and we surely took advantage of their fine cuisine. We were more than happy to support their fund raising efforts before heading to the firing line at eight o'clock.

Aaron, John and I then retrieved our shooting boxes, muskets and spotting scope. We located three adjacent positions on the firing line and prepared to begin shooting the first relay. John



*The Capitol Guards at Berryville (Tom Ezell, Steve Shore, Ethan Webster, and John Malloy) along with our target. We scored 22 hits out of around 40 rounds fired.*

had set up a practice target at the twenty-five yard line. This was the first time in twenty years of civil war reenacting that he was going to live fire his Enfield musket. Given the command to fire, the sounds of percussion and flintlock weapons rang out. John did so also after his first shot! A shooting monster was born.

The next couple of hours went by very quickly. Loading, swabbing the barrel, and firing. Stance, grip, breath control, sight picture, and trigger squeeze....BOOM! Daddy Rabbit had a grin from ear to ear. We completed shooting around ten-thirty and took the guns and gear back to camp. They deserved a good cleaning.

John wanted to get his own range rod, cleaning jag, ball puller, worm, ball starter, powder measure, and powder horn, so we next visited the sutlers. Once the first shopping adventure was completed and merchandise in hand, we had lunch.

Around four o'clock, I started getting out the dutch oven, brisket, BBQ sauce, burger buns, and fixings for all the folks that told me they would be arriving Friday night. The cold brew was on ice in the cooler and John still had that grin from ear to ear!

Aaron stoked up the fire and I placed the Dutch oven on the tripod hook to get things underway. It wasn't long after that, that Ethan Webster rolled into camp. He was followed a short time later by Tom Ezell. They set up their tents and then we all broke bread around the fire. Charlie Coleman arrived around 10:30 p.m. from Wynne, Arkansas and joined our band of merry shooters.

Saturday morning, shooters were arriving to claim their spots on the firing line around 6:00 a.m.. I managed to stake out our four slots around five o'clock, so I was ready to head to breakfast, when they opened.

At 8:00 a.m. it seemed the real competition began. All the shooting positions were filled with people standing by to get a spot. Tom and I had entered the individual Musket Competition which consist of a twenty-five yard target, two - fifty yard targets and one - one hundred yard target. My goal was simple this year. Score each shot in a ring that was worth points.

Around 3:00 p.m., I began moving the civil war competition target frames and equipment towards the firing line. Our event was to start at 5:30. I was still looking around in some sort of hope that the guys that said the

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*The AMLA Team on the firing line...*



*The winning team, with 34 hits on the targets...*



*Tom and John, with his loading step, shooting for score in the musket match.*

were coming, would keep their word. Meanwhile, Tom made a commissary run into town to obtain Saturday evening's meal items for the hungry horde.

To give the spectators a good show, the civil war boys toed the line first. Each man had at least twenty cartridge and caps in his pouches. Once the command to "fire" was given, each shooter would attempt to fire as many shots as possible at their fifty yard targets. Only hits in the black would be counted. Tom Ezell, Ethan Webster, John Malloy and myself took a deep breath and waited for the command to "FIRE"!

The heat of battle began and the lead flew. I was extremely proud of my 1842 Springfield. I had rolled paper cartridges with a .662 round ball and eighty grains of 2fg black powder. I directed my aim at the neck and let the balls drop in like a mortar. The others were firing paper cartridge .575 minie balls at the center of the target.

At fifty yards, the hits could be seen and heard with no problems. Once the "Cease Fire" was given, we gave the second team our accoutrements and they stepped to the firing line.

The Missouri Bush Whackers were comprised of Denny Villwok, Chad Burrington, Pat Brain and Duey Conrad. (Pat's an Arkansas boy, but filling in.) They were given the command to fire and the sounds of battle raged once again. They had some very well grouped patterns on their targets! After their "Cease Fire" was given, we all benched our weapons and walked quickly to see our results.

It was a no brainer, when the hits were tallied. The Missouri Bush Whackers won hands down 34-23. This was Pat's first speed shooting event and the first time firing an 1842 musket. He had a grin on his face similar to John's.

Pictures of our efforts were taken and then I handed out the 1<sup>st</sup> place certificates. The cheering crowd showed their appreciation with applause and several questions about reenacting. I was very proud of them, for giving us a chance to watch and learn at our own game! We spent nearly an hour afterwards talking about weapons and reenacting.

I do believe there will be more teams involved next year, because

of the word of mouth. People are talking about us and they're excited!

After returning to camp, Tom's stew was ready for consumption. I quickly placed the biscuits in the Dutch oven and started it to bake. The three-year-old target frames were donated to the bonfire pile as we waited on the biscuits. What a day of shooting, eating and fun with friends!

Sunday morning we placed our shooting irons and possible boxes on the firing line to reserve a spot. The smell from the Boy Scouts cooking drew us back to the cabin again. We strolled over to the sutlers and Tom purchased a tomahawk. The two of us then entered the tomahawk competition to be held at 9:30 a.m. Each competitor had three throws at a tack which was stuck in the end of a log section. If the ax stuck, a tape measure, measured from the tack to the blade. It was the standard five paces away from the log.

Firing ceased at noon and the 34<sup>th</sup> Annual Arkansas State Muzzle Loading Championship came to a close. We loaded the trucks and waited for the scoring of targets and posting of scores.

At 2:00 p.m. the AMLA personnel began handing out medals to the top three shooters of each event and prizes to the high aggregate shooters. Aaron had entered the Junior Offhand Competition which is for teenagers under 16 years of age. He walked away with the third place overall aggregate, as well as two additional medals. "Congratulations, Aaron!"

The trucks were packed, the fires were out and the awards accepted. It was now time to depart for home. We looked around and for the first time...in a long time...we didn't want to go. I truly hope everyone adds this event to their 2008 reenactment schedule... NOW... to ensure you come next year! It's a great time with great people that can not be passed up. Congratulations to all the winners of all the events! I hope to see you next year!



*Two competitors "down from the hills..."*

## Arkansas State Muzzle-Loader Championship - Berryville, May 18-20



Steve Shore and John Malloy on the Luther-Owens Range at Berryville



John sights in his Enfield on Friday morning



The Capitol Guards on the firing line Saturday afternoon in the CW Shoot-Out. Steve really made that old pumpkin roller bark!



"Load quickly, boys!"



The Shoot-Out attracts a sizable and enthusiastic audience.



Saturday night, after the competition is over, it's time for a little celebration. Charlie Coleman and Aaron Shore at the fly.



Tom's wishing he had his bayonet for this one... but another monster is created for the tomahawk throw!



Ethan Webster sorts out the prizes for the top shooters in each match.

## 2007 North/South Alliance Annual Meeting; St. Louis, MO May 5, 2007

The annual gathering and business meeting of the North/South Alliance was held recently in St. Louis at the Airport Hilton. Attending the meeting were Mike Moore (Army of Tennessee (AoT)), Mike Ventura (AoT), Michael Zimmer (1st Federal Division (1FD)), Don Kessler (1FD), Mike Pierpoint (1FD), Steve Dunfee (1FD), Stan Prater (1FD), James Ruley (1FD), Trevor Steinbach (1FD), Chris Ableson (1FD), Dan Bowling (AoT), Mark Hernbroth (1FD), Peter Stoddard (1FD), James Bair (1FD guest), Patrick Dickerson (1FD), Mark Bell (1FD), Dom Dal Bello (1FD), Mike Lavis (1FD), Terry Crowder (1FD), Phil Campbell (1FD), Chuck Warnick (Mill Springs Battlefield Assoc.), Paul Ferguson (AoT), James Crofutt (1FD guest), Jack King (AoT), Kevin Gray (AoT), DC Bane (AoT), Bill Rambo (AoT), Brad Quine (AoT), Rob Murray (1FD), Paul Turnbull (AoT), Jesse Martinez (1FD), Jim Moffett (1FD), Thomas Shaw (1FD).

Terry Crowder organized the opening ceremony with a flag presentation of both CS /US flags with a brief song. Mike Moore (AoT commander) and Michael Zimmer (1FD CoS) chaired the meeting and began with recapping past events with commentary on the recent Perryville event. "Perryville is behind us, and while we each have our thoughts and opinions, overall a good event", Moore said. Mike Moore also continued on, praising the N/SA for its solidarity and continued ability to work together. A question was then posed to several of the Brigade and Battalion commanders about actions, positive or negative, that have affected US/CS relations and interactions. Michael Zimmer interjected that battles have been more cohesive and there has been less scenario breaking. This is a direct result of better communication between the US/CS staff and commanders. Mike Lavis brought up a point regarding the Saturday afternoon Cavalry action at Perryville and Mike Moore did clarify that the troops responsible were not N/SA troops, but local CS troops acting on their own initiative.

Bill Rambo, when asked about the state of the hobby stated that we have seen a decline in numbers due to several factors; age, rising fuel costs and he war in Iraq. He likened our position as a heart monitor that beats up and down and we are presently down. Dom Dal Bello echoed similar sentiments stating that participation in the AoP and at California events is down to many of the same reasons. He also stated that it is time to expand and get more individuals involved in the behind the scene processes. "The loyal few are being stretched thin and could use help", says Dal Bello. Jack King, when queried, said, "Play both ends, try to accommodate the needs and wishes of all who participate at N/SA events." King also stated that the Franklin '04 event was excellent and feelings were high on the recent Shiloh '07 event. [This was a supported non-N/SA event]. One key comment made was that it needs to be very clear that while all are welcome and will be accommodated as best as possible, there can only be one overall commander per side.

If the N/SA is going to produce events, care must be given to determine if a large event is best or will we be better served by hosting a smaller, low overhead quality event.

Comments by Terry Crowder were similar regarding support of centralized leadership and control of outside entities. He requested that increased cavalry action at events be factored into the planning process. This would entail more pre-battle and battle actions creating more of a total package, more action, less standing around.

### MILL SPRINGS

A video presentation about Mill Springs and the event was presented by past Division commander, Chuck Warnick. Bill Niekirk was unable to attend. The presentation was an excellent overview of the battle and had many images of the park and historic ground. After the presentation, Chuck fielded questions and clearly emphasized that we are doing this ourselves and the association is behind us 100% and will accommodate us to the best of their abilities. A suggestion from the audience was to extend the scripted battle by adding additional action prior to the main battle to make it a "running fight". Chuck said this will definitely be considered. Chuck also stated that he is confirming the Wagon bounty of \$400.00 and \$500.00 for Mounted Artillery. The ground is there with excellent logistical support and the N/SA command structure will have total control. Also discussed was how to best sell or market this event and all future events to the men.

### FUTURE EVENTS

Long range event is extremely important, and this was evident based on the discussions that followed. Not having any definite events planned for '08, '09, or 2010, the floor was opened to comment on possible events for the N/SA to support. First, Mike Lavis commented on the Gettysburg events planned in the summer of 2008. Mike mentioned two separate events, (A) and (B). He had spoken with Chris Anders and Kevin Air about the first event and while the event is well organized and displays a definite commitment to excellence and limited participation, the site is small (300 acres) and might pose a problem as to who could attend. The second event has more land but appears to be targeted more to commercialism and to how much revenue can be generated by attendance. In his opinion, he could not recommend that the N/SA commit to the first event unless the amount of ground was significantly increased. It was decided to have Mike L. contact the Easterners and get a report to be passed to the General and Brigade commanders within 45 days to determine if suitable ground is available for the N/SA to support his event.

Our next speaker was Paul Ferguson, AoT Artillery commander who proposed an Elkhorn Tavern/Pea Ridge event in NE Arkansas. This event would be held on 1200 acres of land with plenty of trees on a small rise. Located within reasonable distance between Memphis and Little Rock this event has promise. The planning for this event started after the Corinth '05 campaign and has an infrastructure in place.

The suggestion was to have this event in March of 2008, breaking the fall event mode, but after discussing the short turnaround time, it was proposed to attend this event in March of 2009 to insure all financing is in place with the support team. Two large satellite images were shown and the site is remote with large tracts of wooded areas and natural ponds for livestock. There are only two owners to deal with and one owner uses the site for hay production with plenty available for the troops. The GPS coordinates for this event are: 35° 58' 32.57" and 90° 40' 58.12".

Terry Crowder, 1FD Cavalry commander, proposed an event near Kansas City for May of 2008. The event is the Battle of Westport. Terry stated that the land is a former park with all infrastructures currently in place. There is over \$100k presently earmarked for this event and the N/SA would have total control over registration, scenarios and command. He suggested that an on-site tactical can be held judged by members of the KC mounted police patrol. Proposed electronic registration and scripted actions were also mentioned. This concluded future event business, but consideration will be given to any further proposals that may be forwarded to the N/SA.

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## BREAKOUT SESSIONS

With the retirement of BG Mark Dolive after Mill Springs, candidates for the office were given an opportunity to present their case to the membership present. Each was given equal time to give their vision for the future of the 1st Federal Division and to field questions.

Chris Ableson was first to speak relating his reenacting experience and service. His main themes were of "looking within the organization to provide quality events," "redouble our efforts and communicate to the ground level, the troops". He also suggested that we use the next three years events to build a solid foundation culminating with the 150th Anniversary events. Several of the Brigade commanders then asked Chris a series of questions which he answered over the course of the next 15-20 minutes.

Steve Dunfee then took the floor and gave his history and reenacting profile. He said that the 1st Federal Division does things better than we give ourselves credit for, and that we need to be more of a corporate body with input from the ranks. Leadership is everything, not pretend, and that when in the field, command. Leadership is not just management. Things he mentioned that we could do better on are increased communication in the field, and more proactive communication. One has to be a passionate leader in the field. He said, "Reality dictates action" when addressing change. A more integrated combined arms approach, both remote and static camps and facilitate enough Division cross roads. He agrees with the proposition of dialogue with the Eastern organizations - extend the hand of friendship and participation, however, do not sacrifice our goals to continue the friendship. The Brigade commanders then proceeded to ask Steve a similar set of questions and he answered them over a 20 minute period. Both candidates were thanked and a short recess was held as the AoT finished their breakout session and both sides reconvened for the final session.

## FINAL SESSION

The first major item was the reaffirmation to focus on Mill Springs and market this to the troops. The leadership agreed to attend the Battle of Westport (Kansas City) in 2008 and Pea Ridge (NE Arkansas) in 2009. This will hopefully lead the N/SA into the 150th Anniversary event cycle which all agreed would dictate our event selection process.

Mike Moore then asked if all Federal units would be in attendance at Mill Springs and Stan Prater stated that the Frontier Brigade would not be attending in force but a few units may attend. Terry Crowder then asked Bill Rambo if his Brigade from Alabama would attend the '08 event in KC, and Rambo stated it was unlikely.

Mike Zimmer then stated that no decision had been reached concerning the selection of a new Federal commander and Mike Moore announced he would be retiring after the '09 season.

It was agreed that due to its centralized location, all future N/SA meetings, would be held in Nashville around the 3rd weekend in January. One item that was added near the end of the meeting was suggesting that if the N/SA is to continue to meet and fund meeting rooms, etc, that we, as the N/SA ask event hosts to provide a small percentage of registration fees back to the N/SA.

Terry Crowder proposed creating a N/SA Finance Committee with participation from both members where a small fund could be managed to pay for the above mentioned items.

Discussion then ensued regarding our corporate status and how could we best accomplish this. Mike Moore then suggested that we have this looked at legally, and a report made to be passed along to both Divisions. The meeting ended at 3:25 pm.

These notes submitted respectfully by:

Don Kessler, AAG, 1st Federal Division  
May 7, 2007

**Follow-up:** Army of Tennessee Chief of Staff Mike Ventura noted on the OTB message board on May 24, "there is no 'official national' event in 2008. Some will attend Gettysburg and some in the far west will attend Westport, Missouri."

Ventura continued, "[t]he 'old' N/SA dictum of a 5-year plan for events is just not practical anymore. Unless we have the funds and manpower to stage our own events every year (we don't), we have two choices: 1) Work with an entity such as a Mill Springs or Perryville that has the land, the funding and the infrastructure to stage events; 2) Look for events that someone else is willing to work to put together (Andersburg). We have the funds and energy to maybe stage one event every 3-4 years on our own. We can't create our own event two years in a row. It will literally kill those 6-8 people who seem to be the ones that do all the work."

"Anyone who has been involved in staging large events soon learns two things," said Ventura, "1) land is very difficult, if not impossible, to find for events of this scale. It's not just the land to play on, but land for parking and staging. A decent road system is required to get folks into and out of the event. 2) As mentioned, it is expensive. A big event does cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The largest single expense is land. Then infrastructure and logistics. The numbers of participants times the going rate of registration fees just doesn't compute. Say 3,000 folks show up and pay \$15 per person to play. That's \$45,000. Seems like a lot, but it's less than half of what you need to stage a "national" event. If we were forced to raise the registration fee to \$30-35 per person in order to make the numbers work, we would greatly diminish the number of players."

"Everybody bitches about paying "dues" to a "national" organization," he concluded. "But by doing so, you handicap and limit that organization's ability to stage good events. The NSA has about \$4,000 in it's treasury and the AoT a similar amount. When the land owner wants a \$10,000 deposit for the land, or you have to make a deposit to secure logisitics, our hands are tied. We don't have the money to do it. It's not like not too many years ago when a "national" event attracted 5-6,000 participants. Now, 3,000 is a realistic figure - and that was when gas was less than \$3 a gallon."

## Old State House celebrates Arkansas Statehood

by Ian Beard, Old State House Museum

The Old State House Museum will be holding a special event on June 9, 2007 to celebrate the 170th anniversary (actually, the 171st, but who's counting?) of Arkansas's admission as a fully-fledged state of the Union. The setting will be the summer of 1836, and living history presentations will focus on Arkansas's new role in the Union, President Andrew Jackson and the events of his administration and the prospects for the new elections this fall, the events of the Alamo and the Texas revolution against Mexico, and the ongoing worries about Indian problems here at home.

We're a month out from 1836 Arkansas Statehood event, so I wanted to start getting some firmer numbers on how many people are coming so I can plan accordingly. Please e-mail me back and let me know if you plan on attending, and what kind of character you plan to be.

Camping will be available on our lawn, but you need to let us know if you want to take advantage of that soon so we can make the proper arrangements. If camping is not your style, I've attached a list of nearby hotels. I know some of them are already full. The Legacy Hotel is giving us a rate of \$72 for either one king or two queen-size beds. You can reach them at 501-374-0100. If you need travel money, some might be

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## Old State House (Continued from Page 5)

available. Please let us know ASAP if you would like to try and take advantage of this.

Just a quick rundown, the event will go 9-5 pm on Saturday, June 9. We will have programs and demonstrations going on both inside and out throughout the day, as well as activities for kids. We will feed you during the event.

Here are some of the types of characters we're looking for:

- Politicians
- Businessmen and Gentlemen
- Laborers, small farmers, and townfolk
- Ladies of all classes and professions
- Militia
- Regular military either passing through or stationed in Arkansas
- Slaves and free blacks
- American Indians either living in Arkansas or traveling to or from the Indian Territory.

Let me know if you have any questions or need any help. I will send background research for the event to everyone who confirms with me. Hope to see you all soon!

Ian

*Ian Beard*

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## Vicksburg June 30-July 1 2007

Another event at Vicksburg National Battlefield Park has popped up as a potential for the pre-4th of July weekend, this time as Confederates, and with our old friends from Shiloh. Richard Hollowy wrote to Captain Keenan Williams of the Confederate Guard:

*From : <ClanGraham@aol.com>  
To : keenanwilliams71801@hotmail.com  
Subject : Re: Vicksburg*

*We had a great time at Alexandria. The weekend for Vicksburg is June 30/July 1. As for standards, just keep everything modern out of sight and all will be well. I need to get some approximate numbers in the next two weeks. I will be off the next week due to my back operation, so sometime after that will be fine.*

*We will be portraying the 20th Alabama Infantry manning Fort Garrott [http://www.civilwaralbum.com/vicksburg/fort\\_garrott.htm](http://www.civilwaralbum.com/vicksburg/fort_garrott.htm) or the front breastworks near the museum if numbers are low. The park feeds us KFC on Saturday and Sunday. Shelter halves are only used in the fort, larger tents are about 50 yards away. It does get hot, so most get a motel room at night to refresh, however, those wishing to stay in the fort the entire time are welcome. All fires are about 50 yards from the fort. We MIGHT need some Federals, but not sure yet.*

*At night, men are allowed to camp on the area of the park that their ancestors served, but no fires are allowed and they must be back at the fort by dawn. Tours come by every two hours when the park is open.*

*Guns will be inspected by park rangers so please make sure they are clean and working. Send your list of guys to me for registration when you are ready. Thanks for the interest.*

*Richard*

There's room at this point for about 15 troops, so if anyone is interested, we must act soon as he said in the letter. Keena has to turn in names by the end of the month. If you are going make absolutely sure

your rifle is not only clean and working properly but not a hint of residue in the barrel. Triple clean if necessary.

Well this year has been a dry spell for good events. They all seemed to have been in a single month. But we now have something very unique—a weekend on the Vicksburg National Military Park. I do not have a moment to moment schedule. What I have is Richard's letter but it lays out what is up.

It allows for families with options of camping. If participating they would set up not as belles but as refugees, but also might like to tour the town during the day.

Men may put up shelter halves in the fort, get a motel in the evening or as the special attraction camp where you ancestor fought.

I am going to get up a pea bread project also so you have siege food for noon. We will be working on details this month which we will pass on but standard campaign style will do. We will use tarps and shelter halves to get out of the sun as we get to planning this out.

## Old Washington Drill Day June 16

Keenan Williams has advised that the 3<sup>rd</sup> Arkansas/Confederate Guard will have a drill day at Old Washington State Park on June 16, 2007. This will let new recruits practice and also go over the particulars concerning the Vicksburg event and conduct. You may camp Friday night or Saturday night behind the Royston Log House. Talking to visitors, showing a model camp, and drill will make the day during the 8-5 park hours. (if you have a blue coat bring it also)

Josh Williams is putting on a 19th dance seminar that night in the gym from 7-10. Those who participate during the day may take the dance lessons without park fee. If there is interest, supper will be arranged.

Let's give the park a good show to build interest in the fall's re-enactment this November!

## Planning begins for Civil War's 150th anniversary

*by RUSTY DENNEN  
Free Lance-Star [Fredericksburg, Va.]  
May 23, 2007*

Camera-toting tourists converge on Civil War sites and cemeteries during Memorial Day weekends, but there's an even bigger draw on the horizon.

Beginning in 2011, the Fredericksburg area will be part of a national commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the conflict.

Since Virginia was an epicenter of the war, it's not surprising that planning for the 2011-2015 sesquicentennial has already begun here.

Spotsylvania County was the first jurisdiction in the state to form a planning committee for the historic milestone. The Board of Supervisors adopted a resolution May 8, creating the panel.

Along with having all or parts of four major battlefields, fast-growing Spotsylvania has been at the forefront of local land preservation efforts.

"It's not too early at all to start getting things ready," said Russ Smith, superintendent of Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park. He noted that this year's 400th anniversary of Jamestown took a decade to plan.

Smith is heading up the National Park Service's efforts. He met last week with counterparts from four other park service regions with Civil War sites.

He's using a plan written several years ago by John Hennessy, the local military parks' chief historian, "to lay out a framework for the anniversary," Smith said. "This is important to Virginia because there are 12 national parks with Civil War themes."

Here, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania Courthouse battlefields spread over 8,000 acres and are visited by more than 200,000 people every year.

Smith said there's much to be done to put the anniversary in perspective.

"What we're trying to do, first of all, is redefine what a Civil War site is. It's not just strategy and tactics," he said.

"We're using the motto: 'The Civil War is not just battles anymore.'"

More than 70 sites nationwide, he noted, have themes related to the war. Even locales such as the Martin Van Buren National Historical Site in New York could be mentioned because of the eighth president's stand on anti-slavery politics.

Some of the overall themes would include causes of the war, the military experience, ethnicity, race, industry and economics, the role of women and civilians, the ordeal of the border states, Reconstruction and reconciliation.

There's legislation in Congress to establish a national sesquicentennial commission, which would include funding for related projects.

Though it's still awaiting action, "We're going to forge ahead," Smith said.

Virginia is out front. Last year it became the first state to form a Sesquicentennial of the American Civil War Commission. Heading up that panel are local heavy hitters. House Speaker Bill Howell, R-Stafford, is chairman; and Senate Finance Committee Chairman John Chichester, R-Northumberland, is the vice chairman.

Area nonprofit groups such as the Civil War Preservation Trust and Central Virginia Battlefields Trust, will be involved.

"We're trying to help out on federal legislation," said CWPT spokesman Jim Campi.

Erik Nelson, secretary of CVBT, said, "We know about it and we're supportive."

With the relentless pace of development in Central Virginia, "there are only a couple years left to do any meaningful preservation work," Campi said. "You can safely say that anything not done" prior to the anniversary, "is not likely to be done."

The trust, with the help of its 70,000 membership and groups such as CVBT, last year purchased Slaughter Pen Farm, a crucial part of the southern end of the 1862 Battle of Fredericksburg.

Campi says localities such as Spotsylvania and Fredericksburg could be winners.

"This is going to be a big tourism generator. If it's anything like the centennial [in 1961] there will be a big surge of interest in the Civil War—people researching their ancestors and wanting to visit places where they fought or lived."

Campi said he's not surprised that Spotsylvania has taken an early interest.

"There's been a lot of growth and it's a great tourism location on [Interstate] 95. It doesn't get much better than that."

## Save Your Confederate Money, Boys...

*A (Very) Brief Financial History of The Civil War*

by Bob Sullivan, Sullivan Press

There are many articles covering the financial history of the Civil War. This is a quick summary of the monetary system in the 1850s and the years leading up to the Civil War. Basically, the United States government was not in the business of printing paper currency until the second year of the Civil War.

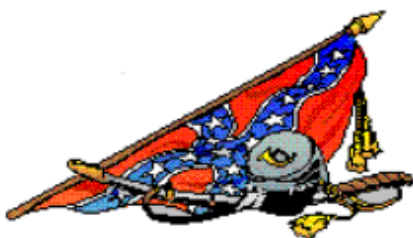
### Before the War

The ante-bellum economy operated on the barter system and a system of hard money. For most folks (not all), it was rare that they would ever have more than several dollars in their hands at one time. Think of it this way. How many of us today routinely carry over \$1000 in cash around with us? We don't need it, because most of our purchases when conducting our normal business are relatively small. The barter system was helped along by limited issues of bank notes. Paper money in the form of bank notes was issued by private and state banks, and was also used as a medium of exchange. It had no intrinsic value, and was only redeemable for hard money at the place of issue, i.e. the bank that had it printed. So bank note paper money had a very limited distribution, and was mainly used locally. Exceptions to this rule would be money from trade centers such as New Orleans and some eastern cities. Some folks claim that the word *Dixie*, meaning the South, comes from New Orleans money.

Because of the large French/Creole population, New Orleans banks' paper money was bilingual. Supposedly, the ten dollar note was referred to as a Dixie, dix being printed on the bill and also the French word for 10. I cannot confirm or refute this story. Anyway, because of the far reaching trade on the Mississippi, New Orleans notes were practically national currency all along the Mississippi basin. So while it might be uncommon to see Boston bank notes or Philadelphia bank notes in Minnesota, it would not be that uncommon to see New Orleans notes there, and thus spreading the term Dixie up and down the river.

To put things in modern perspective, private bank notes were similar to modern bank checks. They were issued in good faith, and other banks would usually honor them, but normally they could only be exchanged for hard currency at the issue bank. Sometimes, even the bank would not issue specie for its notes. The value of the note might be expressed in other economic staples, such as cotton or corn (remember the "Corn Exchange" regiment?). Look at it this way: I am a cotton farmer in the South, or a corn farmer in the Midwest. I raise my crop, harvest it, and take it to the local brokerage house. I receive fair market value for my crop, but not in hard money. I get notes, the ones that look like money to us today. The notes come from a local bank, or possibly even from the brokerage house itself. Everyone in town knows that the local brokerage house or bank backs its notes, and if you really wanted to, you could go and get the cotton or corn or specie from them for the notes. But in the mean time, you can use the notes to go to the grocers and trade your notes for some of his items, or go to some other place. The notes become a medium of exchange, because they are backed by the faith that the local folk have in the brokerage house or bank. These notes are basically no good 100 miles from home, but what do the locals care about that? Most of them aren't going that far away in their lifetimes anyway. If the local brokerage house or bank ever goes out of business, all the locals are in big trouble economically, but that's what happened anyway. The notes hold their value because everyone thinks that if everybody would all of a sudden get together and try to turn in their notes for hard money or a staple good (called a panic or a bank run), everyone

*Continued on Page 12...*



## "YOU DAMNED YANKEE SONS OF BITCHES HAVE KILLED OUR OLD GEN. POLK"

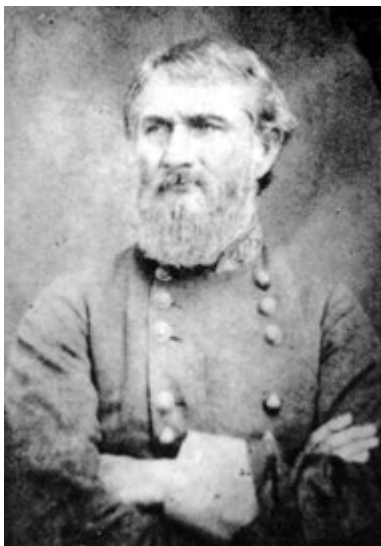
The 3-inch artillery shell that killed Episcopal Bishop and Confederate Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk on the morning of June 14, 1864, nearly tore him in half. When his mangled body was carried down from Pine Mountain, Georgia, on a litter, Private Sam Watkins of the 1st Tennessee noted that the bishop-general was "as white as a piece of marble," and "not a drop of blood was ever seen to come out of the place through which the cannon ball had passed." But plenty of blood had been spilled – advancing Union soldiers found the Georgia clay soaked with it the next day, along with a note reportedly staked by a ramrod into the ground nearby: "You damned Yankee sons of bitches have killed our old Gen. Polk."

It was a sudden and gruesome end to a controversial military career. From the outset, Polk was vilified in Northern newspapers and in some religious circles for "buckling the sword over the gown," as he put it, and leading armed men in rebellion against their government. In contrast, other members of the American clergy either fanned or fought the flames of secession from the safety of their pulpits – or steadfastly avoided the thorny moral issues of war and slavery altogether.

William H. De Lancey, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, wrote a letter to President Abraham Lincoln demanding with all the certainty and condescension of a Sunday school lesson that the church's bishops and priests be exempted from any draft. "[I]t is contrary to their consciences as officers of Christ's kingdom to bear arms as soldiers and shed blood," De Lancey said, reminding Lincoln of Christ's warning at Gethsemane: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Leonidas Polk had no such qualms. He led men in battle on fields from Missouri to Georgia, a Christian soldier in a gold-buttoned gray uniform. "The Lord rewards them according to their works," he said, summing up his view of the matter in an 1863 letter to his brother. But whatever his works and his ultimate reward, Polk would indeed perish with the sword.

### "A Man of High Social Position"

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, N.C., on April 10, 1806, the son and grandson of Tarheel heroes of the Revolutionary War. His father William was a member of the North Carolina General Assembly and a trustee of the University of North Carolina, and young Leonidas would enjoy all the advantages that wealth and family connections could provide. Among these was a commission to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated eighth in the class of 1827. His roommate at the academy was Albert Sidney Johnston, and he became close friends with a cadet from Mississippi two years his junior,



Jefferson Davis. Another classmate, Robert E. Lee, would later write that Polk was considered by officers and cadets alike "as a model for all that was soldierly, gentlemanly, and honorable."

During his last year at West Point, the would-be artillery officer found a new and higher calling. Caught up in a fervent religious revival that swept through the academy, Polk was baptized into the Episcopal Church in the presence of the entire Corps of Cadets. Just six months after graduation he resigned his commission in the artillery in order to enter the Virginia Theological Seminary, dashing his father's hopes for military glory. Shortly thereafter, when asked where his newly commissioned son had been stationed, William Polk snorted in disgust and exclaimed: "Stationed! Why, he's over there in Alexandria at the Seminary!"

Polk rose in the ranks of the army of the Lord quickly: He was ordained a deacon at age 24, joined the priesthood at 30 and was named missionary bishop of the Southwest at 32 – thanks in large part to his affluence and family name. "The Church needed a man of high social position," another bishop would later explain, "to commend her to the consideration of men of hereditary wealth, of great refinement, of cultured accomplishments." For the next two decades, Bishop Polk led a quiet and for the most part comfortable life of service to the church. He spent months at a time traveling the vast reaches of his frontier episcopate, preaching sermons, establishing new parishes and ministering to wayward

sinners, of which there were many. At times he tended his flock from the comfort of his Tennessee plantation near Columbia, which was tended by several hundred slaves. In 1844 Polk was named bishop of Louisiana – almost a million square miles and well over a million souls now fell within his territory. Meanwhile, the luster on the Polk family name would shine even brighter in 1845, when the bishop's first cousin, James K. Polk, was inaugurated the 11th president of the United States.

### "The Parson Decidedly Predominates over the General"

When the Civil War began, Bishop Polk traveled to Richmond to visit with his old friend, newly elected Confederate President Jefferson Davis. Davis not only welcomed him, but convinced him to enter the Confederate army to command the Southern forces in the Mississippi valley pending the arrival of Albert Sydney Johnston from the west coast. Davis commissioned him directly as a major general, even though Polk had served no more than six months as a brevet lieutenant, never held a command and had been away from military life for more than 30 years. *Harper's Weekly* saw a dark and sinister hand in this. Bishop Polk "sympathized so ar-



"The Sword Over the Gown"... a post-war portrait of Bishop Polk symbolizing his simultaneous commitment to the Church and to the Confederacy.



dently with the rebel leaders that he was induced in an evil moment to resign his bishopric," the magazine reported, going so far as to credit an anonymous report that Polk "has doffed the decent manners of the episcopate for the habits of a trooper – that he drinks, swears, etc. etc."

Returning to Memphis, Tennessee, Polk found that one of his principal subordinates was to be Gideon Pillow of Tennessee, and Mexican War "fame." Pillow convinced Polk of the necessity of defending the Mississippi as far upstream as possible, even if that meant reaching into the so-far neutral territory of Kentucky. Polk conceded, and Pillow moved immediately to occupy and fortify the Iron Bluffs of Columbus, Kentucky. This proved to be one of the most serious strategic mistakes made by the Confederacy, as it painted the Confederates as aggressors against Kentucky's neutrality and provided an excuse for federal forces to occupy the key cities of Paducah and Smithville, giving them control of the mouths of both the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers down which the key Federal offensive would be made.

In early November 1861, Polk and Pillow faced up-and-coming Union brigadier Ulysses S. Grant at Belmont, on the Missouri shore opposite Columbus, in what would be the bishop-general's first battle. The fight was in fact little more than a glorified raid on the Confederate camp on the banks of the Mississippi River. Grant succeeded in this mission and destroyed the Rebel encampment, causing the strategically irrelevant battle to be listed as a Union victory by most historians. But the Rebels under Polk did not see it that way. Feeding reinforcements into the battle, Polk drove the blue forces back to their transports on the river, nearly surrounded Grant's 3,000-man force and held possession of the field. The bishop had had his baptism of fire.

Polk's résumé from then on encompasses an impressive array of battles in the West, including Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, fighting against Federal opponents that included Grant, William T. Sherman and George H. Thomas. Polk's performance in these battles, however, was the subject of considerable criticism, then and later. Notwithstanding his lack of military experience, the intelligent and somewhat arrogant Polk always seemed to think that he knew best. Unaccustomed to answering to anyone but the Almighty, the Bishop of Louisiana had trouble taking orders from the likes of General Braxton Bragg.

According to historian Albert Castel, as a corps commander, Polk "missed several critical opportunities for victory by attacking when he should have defended and by moving too late, to the wrong place, or not at all." An apocryphal case in point was the second day at Chickamauga, when an irate Bragg reportedly sent a staff officer to Polk's headquarters to see why his troops had not attacked as ordered. The aide reported that he had found Polk on a farmhouse porch, reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast to be served.

The prevailing view of General Polk's incompetence as a military commander has been reinforced by contemporaneous descriptions and portraits. "I think the parson decidedly predominates over the General in the Bishop's appearance and manner," Lt. Col. Walter A. Roher of the 20th Mississippi wrote in a January 1864 letter. "In person I think the Bishop is at least six feet in height, large, portly, and as straight as an arrow," Roher added, with "the appearance of a man who had good living before the war and would have no objection to it now if he could get it." Most historians have ungenerously described Polk as "portly" or even "corpulent" and characterized him as bumbling, arrogant and downright unmilitary. This image – that Polk was more a self-important



This image from late 1863 shows Polk as the soldier, rather than the Bishop in a baggy gown.

Friar Tuck than a gallant Southern knight – was corroborated in part by the most famous portrait of him, a photograph from the studio of Mathew Brady showing the bishop in full liturgical regalia, clean-shaven, foppish and fat.

Other witnesses, however, were more flattering. An English observer, Colonel Arthur J.L. Fremantle of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, described Polk as "a good-looking, gentlemanlike man.." – affable, tall and upright, looking "much more the soldier than the clergyman." Wartime pictures seem to support this impression: A later (though undated) photograph shows the general in full uniform, his arguably weak chin hidden by a full, grizzled beard, his eyes gleaming with martial fervor, and his entire form and visage apparently hardened by more than two years of almost continuous campaigning.

Nor was Polk lacking in personal courage. "In battle he was a daring old man, with his heart in the fray, and his best faith on the result; riding through shot and shell from point to point, unconscious of danger," his aide, Henry Watterson, would recall. "He was proverbial for getting into 'hot places'; and he seemed to be able to pass along a line of fire like the children through the fiery furnace, untouched."

Thanks in part to these qualities, as well as his overwhelming popularity in the butternut ranks and his close friendship with President Davis, he was promoted to lieutenant general in October 1862.

Polk saw no tension at all between his dual vocations of warrior and clergyman, and in fact did not hesitate to combine the two. At times he literally donned his clerical robes over his gray uniform to perform religious services, including the famous wedding of General John Hunt Morgan in a candlelit, holly-decked ceremony in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on December 14, 1862. It was this faithful, God-serving soldier who inspired loyalty from his troops and devotion from the Southern people. "His soldiers always loved and honored him," Sam Watkins wrote. "'Bishop Polk' was ever a favorite with the army, and when a position was to be held, and it was known that 'Bishop Polk' was there, we knew and felt that 'all was well.'"

Polk himself told a moving story of Confederate resolve to Colonel Fremantle, describing a visit to offer condolences to a Southern widow who had lost three of her sons in battle, leaving just one – a boy of 16 – still at home. The grieving mother looked steadily at Polk and replied, "As soon as I can get a few things together, General, you shall have Harry, too." Relating the tale to Fremantle, Bishop Polk marveled, "How can you subdue such a nation as this?"

### "Under God We Shall Beat Them When the Collision Shall Take Place"

Polk arrived on the scene of what would come to be known as the Atlanta campaign on May 11, 1864, having been ordered to bring his Army of Mississippi – a force of 10,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry – from Alabama to join up with General Joseph E. Johnston's Army of Tennessee at Resaca, Ga. Almost immediately, Polk would once again be asked to don his robes and conduct religious rites for men in uniform: he baptized Lt. Gen. John Bell Hood at Dalton on May 12 and did the same for Johnston six days later. The next month was spent in a frustrating, sidling retreat to the south as the Rebels were pressed by Sherman and the armies of his Military Division of the Mississippi (Thomas' Army of the Cumberland, Maj. Gen. James B. McPherson's Army of the Tennessee and Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield's Army of the Ohio). The Rebels finally dug in on a strong, curving east-west line

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along a broken series of ridges and hills covering Marietta, Kennesaw Mountain and the Chattahoochee River to the east and south. Polk had great confidence, writing to his wife on June 1, "I think I have never seen the troops, one and all, in such fine spirits and condition as they now are, and am of the very common opinion that under God we shall beat them when the collision shall take place."

On June 10, Polk established his headquarters at the home of G.W. Hardage, a modest white farmhouse on the Burnt Hickory Road west of Marietta. During the next three days, the skies opened up with thunderstorms of Old Testament ferocity, drenching the landscape and miring the great armies where they stood, with blue-clad commanders probing for weaknesses in the long Confederate line.

On Sunday, June 12, Polk seemed distant and pensive, spending the early morning reading his Bible as the storms continued to rage outside. He then led his staff and the Hardage family in worship, leading the singing of hymns and conducting the service, according to an aide, with the "dignity and solemnity of a prophet of old." This emotional religious service would take on added significance given what would follow two days later: In effect, Polk was conducting his own anointment for burial. He seemed re-energized the next day, receiving and writing dispatches to Johnston, Bragg, Hood and Lt. Gen. William J. Hardee, along with a note to Jefferson Davis, asking that General Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry be reassigned from Alabama to harass the railroads in north Georgia. He also penned a long, heartfelt letter to his newly married daughter Lilly, advising her: "Do always what is right, not calculating what is expedient, but try and find out what is right, and with a pure heart and true devotion go straightforward and do it. Be always kind and considerate of the feelings and rights of others, and you will be very apt to have your feelings and rights respected." He closed, "May the good Lord bless and keep you and yours, my dear child, in all your coming experiences and trial of life, and afterward receive you to glory, is the prayer of your affectionate father."

Later that evening, Polk rode over to Johnston's nearby headquarters for a conference. There, Hardee expressed concern to Johnston that the position at nearby Pine Mountain, occupied by a division of his corps under Maj. Gen. William B. Bate, was too far out in front of the main line, leaving the men posted there considerably exposed. With the heavy rains continuing to postpone any movement, Johnston proposed that he and Hardee climb the heights at Pine Mountain the next morning to take a



*The crest of Pine Mountain, Georgia in 1864.*

firsthand look at the position and the Union batteries in the valley below. He invited Polk to join them.

### **"General Polk is Killed!"**

Pine Mountain is hardly a mountain at all. Rising no more than 300 feet above the surrounding countryside, the unimpressive little ridge – which is heavily wooded today but had been cleared of timber in the summer of 1864 – is referred to in official reports and diaries as Pine Knob, Pine Hill, Pine Mount or Pine Top. In June 1864, the Confederate line of defense formed a sweeping arc from Lost Mountain

and Dallas on the left to Kennesaw Mountain and Marietta on the right. The left center of the curve was situated at Pine Mountain, which protruded from the main line in a salient, like a blister in the gray line waiting to be lanced. But whatever its vulnerabilities, the position did afford an excellent viewing point from which to observe the dispositions of the Union IV Corps, Army of the Cumberland, posted to the north under Maj. Gen. Oliver Otis Howard.

June 14 dawned bright, with the tattered remnants of clouds dispersing as the sun fought through. "Weather cleared up, cool winds drying roads fast," a Union quartermaster reported. Polk departed his headquarters on the Burnt Hickory Road and rode north to join Hardee and Johnston before proceeding to climb Pine Mountain. The scraggly hill had been cleared of trees, and a log and dirt emplacement was situated at its apex, where a battery was posted under Captain René Beaugard, son of General P.G.T. Beaugard. The gray-clad commanders, trailing a conspicuous crowd of aides and subordinates, clustered atop the knoll, viewing their opponents through large field glasses and ignoring warnings that the position was grievously exposed and was no place for a general, let alone three.

Less than 100 yards right of where Johnston, Hardee, and Polk were making their observations, Private John Jackman and Captain John W. Gillum of the 9<sup>th</sup> Kentucky Infantry sat chatting by a camp fire. "For two days not a shell had been thrown at our position," Jackman later wrote, "and when a shell came shrieking over the mountain to our left, I remarked to the captain, that some general and his staff, no doubt, had ridden up to the crest of the hill, and the Federal batteries were throwing shells at them. 'Yes,' said the captain, 'and I hope some of them will get shot. A general can't ride around the lines without a regiment of staff at his heels.'"

The Confederate commanders were under observation. Shortly after their arrival, General William T. Sherman rode up to the Union lines to confer with



*A contemporary sketch of the death of General Polk at Pine Mountain, with General Hardee and Johnston shown at left.*

Howard, posted due north of Pine Mountain. General Howard, a pious, teetotaling Methodist, had certainly noticed the commotion across the way but had been instructed by Thomas to conserve his ammunition. Sherman was amazed at the audacity of the group of Confederates gathered on the heights some 600 yards distant, in plain view and well within range. "How saucy they are!" Sherman exclaimed, and he directed Howard to make them take cover. Howard at first hesitated, answering that General Thomas wanted the artillery ammunition spared. "This was right, according to the general policy," Sherman answered, "but I explained to Howard that we must keep up the morale of a bold offensive, ... and ordered him to cause a battery nearby to fire three volleys."

The nearest guns at hand were those of the 5<sup>th</sup> Indiana Battery's six 3-inch ordnance rifles, commanded by Captain Peter Simonson. After pointing and making quick adjustments to the guns' elevating screws, 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant Alfred Morrison's 1<sup>st</sup> Section opened fire on the cluster of Confederates just below Pine Mountain's summit.

Up on the hill, Johnston quickly agreed with Hardee's assessment that Pine Mountain was a vulnerable salient, and he directed Bate's Division to fall back. But the party lingered and took in the sweeping view of the Federal guns visible to the north, along with a little white church to the west, ominously called Golgotha. In response to a spatter of Minié balls from Union sharpshooters below, Colonel William S. Dilworth of the 4th Florida began imploring Polk, Hardee and Johnston to retire and take cover, pointing out the numerous Union batteries. As if to emphasize his point, a puff of white smoke erupted from one of the Federal cannons.

This first shot came screaming over their heads, but the three generals stood fast. Dilworth begged them to separate and move to the rear. At this, Hardee and Johnston broke off to the left and right, with Polk trailing along behind – either brave, careless or just plain slow. Some witnesses maintain that he lingered and stepped back toward the crest for one last look, while others simply state that Polk was "quite stout and very dignified" and thus lagged behind. Another witness would later suggest that the bishop had paused for a word of prayer.

Down below, the Hoosier battery's 2<sup>nd</sup> Section under 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Jacob F. Ellison prepared to take their turn at the Rebels. Corporal Benjamin F. McCallum sighted one of the pieces, and cannoneer Charles Miller pulled the lanyard. Seconds later, Ezra Ricketts, a private in the nearby 90<sup>th</sup> Ohio Infantry remembered, "I could see a running to and fro of the rebels for a few minutes, and then they all disappeared from that place."

Atop Pine Mountain, the two shells from Ellison's section came whistling through in quick succession. One of these two – considerable debate would ensue as to which one was the fatal shot – struck Polk in the left arm, ripped through and eviscerated his chest, and tore through his right arm before exploding



An unexploded 3-inch Hotchkiss shell of the same type that struck General Polk. This shell was dug from the crest of Pine Mountain where Polk was killed, and very likely was fired during the heated artillery exchange between Beauregard's Battery, Simonson's battery, and several other Federal batteries that followed Polk's death on June 14.

against a tree. He was blown back toward the crest of the hill, and lay with his feet toward the enemy. "General Polk is killed!" the men in Beauregard's gun emplacement cried.

General Polk's escorts quickly gathered Polk's torn body together, placed it in a stretcher, and carried it down the back side of the hill, trailed by the General's horse, Jerry, to the shelter of a tent in a ravine the rearward slope of the ridge, but it was immediately apparent from the horrific wound that nothing could be done – as one modern bishop would put it, "his soul was in heaven before his head hit the ground." Johnston and Hardee both wept like children. "We have lost much!" Johnston cried, placing his hand on Polk's head. "I would rather anything than this!"

In the left pocket of Polk's gray uniform coat they found his *Book of Common Prayer*, and in the right were four blood-soaked copies of a small volume, Chaplain C.T. Quintard's *Balm for the Weary and Wounded*. Three of these were inscribed as gifts to Generals Johnston, Hardee and Hood, "with the compliments of Lieutenant-General Polk, June 12, 1864." Polk had clearly intended to present the little books to his fellow commanders after their reconnaissance that day. Johnston would treasure the crimson-stained souvenir in the years to come as one of his most prized possessions.

The news of Polk's death spread quickly. Johnston made no effort to hide the bishop's body, which was transported to nearby Marietta, his riderless roan horse led along behind. The Union command soon found out as well, intercepting wigwag messages at midday from a nearby signal corps station that asked, "Why don't you send me an ambulance for General Polk's body?" Sherman, who had for years resisted his wife's pressure to convert to Catholicism and who had little use for clergymen and ostentatious piety, seemed satisfied with the results of the peremptory bombardment he had ordered. The next day he reported matter-of-factly to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, "We killed Bishop Polk yesterday, and have made good progress to-day...."

### "An 'Irreparable Loss'"

Military historians largely dismiss the dramatic death of General Polk as no great loss, militarily speaking. Polk had been at best unspectacular and at worst near incompetent in his efforts over the past three years. He was a mediocre commander whose post would be filled by unremarkable replacements, Maj. Gen. W.W. "Old Blizzards" Loring and later Maj. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart. Even Polk's usually generous biographer Joseph Parks merely evaluates him as "competent," frankly admitting, "He was not a thorough student of military science."

But the people of the South and the rank and file of the Army of Tennessee did not see it that way. "My pen and ability is inadequate to the task of doing his memory justice," Sam Watkins wrote. "Every private soldier loved him. Second to Stonewall Jackson, his loss

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The obelisk atop Pine Mountain that marks the spot where Polk was killed on June 14. Pine Mountain is still in private hands, though designed as one of Georgia's most endangered battlefields due to the amount of development ongoing in the outlying counties around Atlanta. To reach this site from Kennesaw Mtn NBP, from the Park entrance, turn left on Stilesboro Road, go 4.5 miles to Beaumont Drive, then turn left and go 1.25 miles to Pine Mountain. A roadside marker notes the site, a rough path leads up to the crest of the hill where this monument stands in the landowner's yard.

was the greatest the South ever sustained." President Davis agreed, calling the death of his friend an "irreparable loss." For his part, Johnston sent an order to the army that same afternoon:

Head-quarters, Army of Tennessee  
In the Field, June 14, 1864

Comrades, you are called upon to mourn your first captain, your oldest companion in arms, Lieutenant General Polk. He fell to-day at the outpost of this army, the post of duty; the army he raised and commanded, in all of whose trials he shared, to all of whose victories he contributed. In this distinguished leader we have lost the most courteous of gentlemen, the most gallant of soldiers. The Christian, patriot, soldier, has neither lived nor died in vain. His example is before you, his mantle rests upon you.

Joseph E. Johnston, General.

Captain David P. Conyngham of Howard's staff remembered, "When we took that hill, two artillerists, who had concealed themselves until we came up, and then came out within our lines, showed us where his [Polk's] body lay after being hit. There was one pool of clotted gore there, as if an animal had been bled. The shell had passed through his body from the left side, tearing the limbs and body in pieces. Doctor M\_ and myself searched that mass of blood, and discovered pieces of the ribs and arm bones, which we kept as souvenirs. The others dipped their handkerchiefs in it too, whether as a sacred relic, or to remind them of a traitor, I do not know."

Also left behind on the crest of Pine Mountain was a hand-written sign on a piece from a cracker box, staked to a ramrod, "You damned Yankee sons of bitches have killed our old Gen. Polk."

The Army of Tennessee would exact a measure of revenge less than two weeks later, inflicting some 3,000 casualties on their blue-clad adversaries at the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain on June 27, 1864. Furthermore, two days after Polk died on Pine Mountain, Death came calling for Captain Simonson (the Federal battery commander whose guns killed Polk) as he was shot through the head by a Confederate sharpshooter.

In a manner perhaps befitting his station, Polk would have three funerals. A few days after his death, his body lay in state at St. Luke's Church in Atlanta, where it was reported that "thousands thronged the streets" for the occasion. "The casket was placed in front of the chancels and was then opened showing the flag that draped the remains, and all was covered in flowers from the beautiful magnolia to the smallest one then blooming." Atlanta diarist Sarah Conley Clayton would recall.



In the right pocket of the General's frock coat were found 4 copies of this pamphlet, inscribed by Polk as gifts for his fellow generals Johnston, Hardee, and Hood after the morning's reconnaissance.

"The good old Bishop's death seemed a personal loss to everyone who looked upon his bloodless face that day," she said.

Clayton described the day of Polk's funeral as the saddest Atlanta had ever seen. But more sad days were ahead for the bustling young railroad town. The little church at St. Luke's would burn to the ground in November in the wake of Sherman's departing columns.

On June 29, a second, lengthy funeral service was held at St. Paul's Church in Augusta, Ga., where Stephen Elliott, the bishop of Georgia, eulogized, "The battle has been fought, the victory won, and the war-torn veteran is heralded by his vanquished enemy to his crown of righteousness."

Polk was laid to rest in the churchyard there, until such time as his "martyred dust shall be carried in triumphal procession to his own beloved Louisiana, and deposited in such a shrine as a loving, mourning people shall prepare for him." That day would not come until almost 81 years later, when in May 1945 Bishop Polk had his third and final funeral and was reinterred beneath the chancel of the Episcopal Christ Church Cathedral in New Orleans.

Back in north Georgia, Pine Mountain was not included within the postwar boundaries for the Kennesaw Mountain National Battlefield Park, leaving the site of Polk's demise on private property, hidden in the piney woods and in danger of being lost to history. Thanks to the efforts of a Confederate veteran, J.G. Morris, an impressive monument stands on the spot today. The 20-foot marble obelisk, dedicated in 1902, is inscribed on its south face "In Memory of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, who fell on this spot June 14, 1864," with a moving verse carved below. The remains of the earthworks that protected Beauregard's hilltop battery are clearly visible nearby.

But a more fitting postwar remembrance may be the sentiment Polk expressed in a prayer on October 9, 1862, the day after the bloody Battle of Perryville. "Peace to the land," he said, "and blessings on friend and foe alike."

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#### Save Your Confederate Money... (continued from Page 7)

will get the exact value of the amount printed on the bills. In fact this is not true, but few people care about this. Even in today's economy, we all think that if we decide to withdraw all of our money from a bank, there will be enough in the bank for all of us. Well, the fact is that banks, the last time I looked, only had to have in cash 17% (I think) of the total value of all deposits in the bank. Which is why the FDIC was created during the 1930's, but that is another topic.

If the brokerage house or bank would carelessly print notes without backing them with hard money or staples, then the perceived value of these notes would lessen, because everyone would know that you really couldn't get full value for the note. So instead of that item in the store costing you \$1 in notes, it would cost you \$2. This is called inflation, and while it can be caused by a number of factors in the modern world, the biggest cause of inflation in the 19th century was a surplus of paper currency. There was a great mistrust of paper currency which

is why, with rare exception, it was not valuable outside the local economy. How could you tell if the bank issuing the notes was printing them like leaves, or issuing them out only for goods or specie actually received?

If I happen to conduct Mississippi river business, I might receive these notes from a New Orleans business concern at my destination. When I get back to Illinois, or Missouri, or Minnesota, I will still be able to use these notes as money because others will be making that trip also, and they know that when they get to New Orleans, the notes are good. So a local currency becomes a regional currency because of faith. And this is how "dixies" are spread around the region.

The beginning of the Civil War put tremendous pressure on the United States economic system. Goods and services were needed at rates never seen before, and there was no method in place for paying for them. In the South, a brand new government had no Treasury deposits

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**Save Your Confederate Money...** (continued from Page 7)

to speak of, and needed to quickly get a system in place to handle and produce currency.

**The Confederate Economy (or lack thereof)**

In the Confederacy, the government needed to establish the trust and faith on a national level that had been the backbone of the state/bank system. The Confederate Treasury Department tried to do this in two ways, by issuing bonds and hoarding cotton. In the short run the government could build up cash reserves by borrowing from the citizens, thus bonds were issued. To handle long term currency needs, the government would base its currency on cotton. The government figured that if the Confederate currency was fixed to the price of cotton, and it could get the price to rise by hoarding, then the Confederate currency would be in good shape. Also, by issuing bonds, the government would obtain enough hard money to jump-start the faith in the notes.

The hoarding principle is based on the most fundamental law of economics, supply and demand. Think of the Cabbage Patch dolls of a few years ago. There was a fixed supply of dolls and the demand grew tremendously. Thus parents were willing to go anywhere and pay any price to get that Cabbage Patch doll for Christmas morning. People that can't get what they want will pay more for it when it's finally offered. So if I can't make more people want something (increase demand), the only way I can get the price to go up is to cut down or decrease the supply.

Bonds are promises to pay. Essentially, when a government issues a bond, they are borrowing money from you. They need the cash now, and will pay you (interest) for lending it to them. Those Confederate bonds you might have seen are all promises to pay "three years after a successful ratification of a treaty of peace between the governments of the Confederate States and the United States". That's the fine print. Of course, since there never was a "successful ratification of a treaty of peace", the bonds became worthless.

The cotton issue was another factor. The government tried to raise the world price of cotton by not selling it. The Confederate government figured that by saying "No, we're not selling cotton.", the European governments, especially England and France, would worry about the collapse of their respective textile industries and would beg to buy cotton at any price, not only economically but also including political factors like allying themselves to the Confederacy. The Confederate government bought up tremendous amounts of cotton and warehoused it. They embargoed (made it illegal to export) the rest. This hoarding did not have the effect the government anticipated. First, the textile industries in Europe had enough cotton to continue to produce goods in the short run, so there was no desperation for cotton. For the long run, a cotton producing industry sprang up in the British colony of India among other places, and the Confederate cotton was by-passed. The cotton in the warehouses became as world prices fell, and the notes issued that were backed by this cotton became less and less valuable.

The best economic approach would have been to threaten to embargo cotton and then sell everything as fast as possible. The fact is that when word spread that the government was going to embargo cotton there was a mini-panic in the world market, and cotton prices actually rose in the first half of 1861. But the price of a commodity like cotton is fleeting, and can change quickly. When the government refused to sell the cotton, second looks were taken at existing stockpiles of cotton and the price began to fall. By the end of 1861 it was too late, and the government was stuck with its cotton.

Not only did the Confederate national economy suffer by this wooden headed approach to economics, but the local economy did also. By placing an embargo on the cotton they didn't own the government collapsed local economies, meaning most of those brokerage houses that I spoke about in the first part of this paper. This had the effect of collapsing many of the local economies. The brokerage houses issued

notes based on the assumption that they would be able to turn around and sell the cotton to other markets, such as Northern or European textile manufacturers. If they couldn't get the cotton to the manufacturers, they didn't need any more, so they stopped buying from local farmers. No sales, no money, no exchange of goods and services, economy stops. The Northern blockade took care of the rest. By closing ports, the North stopped trade. No trade could occur, and thus banks and other brokerage houses began to fail. This snowballing caused ever increasing inflation in the Confederacy, and the devaluation of Confederate currency grew greater and greater as the war progressed.

Money has no value in and of itself. The three basic economic needs are food, shelter, and clothing. You can't eat money, you can't wear it, and you can't use it to make shelter. It only has value if it can be exchanged for goods and services. If the person who holds the goods and services thinks that the money is not as good as it used to be (lack of faith and trust), then he will demand more of it for his goods or services (inflation). If he thinks that it is no good anymore, he will refuse to part with his goods and services unless you can give him something of equal value in return. If you don't have anything to offer in return, you cannot buy goods. Think of the Richmond bread riots, 1863.

**The Northern Economy and the Rise of a National Currency**

In the North, a huge demand was put on the economic system by the war effort. Currency practically dried up, because there just wasn't enough to pay for all of the economic activity going on. The government desperately needed to inject more currency into the present system to continue economic growth. By the way, adding more currency in this manner is also inflation, but the true cause of inflation here was increased demand for war goods and limited supply of those goods, (like the Cabbage Patch dolls) not a lack of faith in the currency.

The government found that it had no real way to increase the availability of money. State banks and brokerage houses did not want to issue more of their notes, because that would deflate the value of their currency. The war economy was beginning to slow down, because there wasn't enough money to pay for it. So in 1862 the government passed a national currency act, which basically gave the United States the right to print money, for the first time in its history. This money was not backed by any particular financial reserves, just by the full faith and credit of the Federal government. Because of the colors used in the printing of the money, the notes were called Greenbacks. For smaller denominations, the government used its existing stocks of postage stamp dies and printed what it called Postage Currency. These were notes that looked like blocks of stamps glued together, and were worth the face value of the combined stamps.

The government also passed an excise tax law, which meant that there was a government charge for conducting normal business. You paid the excise tax by purchasing stamps that were placed on certain documents such as bank checks, express bills, and playing cards, among other things. The amazing thing about this tax is that almost exactly 100 years before, the British did the exact same thing to the then colonies (The Stamp Act) and it caused a tremendous public outcry. The Stamp Act was enacted to help pay for the cost of conducting the war against the French and the Indians, from 1755-1763.

To complete the supply of currency, the government also issued fractional currency, which was miniature versions of the national notes for values less than one dollar. The fractional currency is not the same as the postage currency, but was issued in the same denominations. I believe that the fractional currency was issued to replace the postage currency, as the postage currency was really a temporary fix to the currency shortage anyway. The fractional notes in my collection date from 1864, while the postage currency is dated earlier.

At the conclusion of the war, the Federal government stopped printing money to try to control inflation. There was so much of it in circulation anyway that it continued on its own momentum.

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## Further Mishaps to Si & Shorty...

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### "HOOSIER'S REST" – SI AND SHORTY CHRISTEN THEIR PLACE AND GIVE A HOUSE-WARMING.

WITH a tin roof, a real door, a glazed window and a plank floor, Si and Shorty's house was by far the most aristocratic in the cantonment of the 200th Ind., if not the entire Winter quarters of the Army of the Cumberland. A marble mansion, with all the modern improvements, could not more proudly overshadow all its neighbors than it did.

Even the Colonel's was no comparison to it. A tent-fly had been made to do duty for a roof at the Colonel's. It could not be stretched evenly and tight. It would persistently sag down in spots, and each of these spots became a reservoir from which would descend an icy stream. A blanket had to serve as a door, and the best substitute for window glass were Commissary blanks greased with fat from headquarters' frying-pan. The floor, instead of being of clean, new plank, as Si's and Shorty's, was made of the warped and weather-beaten boards of a stable, which had been torn down by a fatigue detail.

Si and Shorty took as much pride and pleasure in their architecture as any nabob over his million-dollar villa. They were constantly on the alert for anything that would add to the comfort and luxury of their home. In their wanderings they chanced to come across an old-fashioned bedstead in an out-house. It was of the kind in which the rails screw together, and the bed is held up by a strong cord crossing and recrossing from one rail to another. This looked like real luxury, and they at once appropriated it without any consultation with the owner, whoever he may have been.

"It'd be a waste o' time, anyhow," remarked Shorty. "He's a rebel, and probably over there in Bragg's army."

They made a tick out of the piece of wagon-cover, filled it with beech leaves, and had a bed which surpassed their most extravagant ideas of comfort in the army.

"Shorty," said Si, as they snuggled themselves in the first night, "this seems almost too much. Do you ever remember settin' the whole night on a rail, with nothin' over us but clouds leakin' ice-water?"

"Shut up," said Shorty, giving him a kick under the blankets. "Do you want me to have a night-mare?"

They got a number of flat stones, and laid down a little pavement in front of their door, and drove an old bayonet into the logs to serve as a scraper. They rigorously insisted on every visitor using this before entering.

"For common Wabash-bottom fly-up-the-cricks and private soljers, you're puttin' on entirely too many frills," said Sol Murphy, the Wagonmaster, angrily, as it was firmly insisted upon that he stay outside until he carefully cleaned his shoes on the bayonet. "Aman that's afraid o' mud hain't no business in the army. He orter stay at home an' wear Congress gaiters an' pantalets. You're puttin' on too many scollops, I tell you. You knowed all 'bout mud in the Wabash bottoms. You

had 'nuff of it there, the Lord knows."

"Yes, we had," replied Shorty; "but we was too well raised to track it into anybody's parlor."

"Parlor," echoed Sol, with a horse-laugh. "Lord, how fine we are, just becaze one o' us happens to be a measly little Corporal. In some armies the Wagonmasters have Corporals to wait on 'em an' black their boots. Now, I'll tell yo' what I've come for. I've lost my scoop-shovel, an' I've bin told that you fellers stole it, an' are usin' it to bake hoe-cakes on. I've come up here to see if you've got it, an' I'm goin' right in there to see for myself, mud or no mud."

"We hain't got your blamed old scoop-shovel; you can't git it; you ain't goin' in there until you clean your feet, an' not then unless we conclude to allow you," Shorty replied.

"I'm goin' in there, or break some Wabash loon's neck," said the Wagonmaster wrathfully.

"I always did like to get a chance to lick a mule-whacker," said Si, pulling off his overcoat. "And the bigger and the more consequential he is, the better. I've never licked a Wagonmaster yit, an' I'm just achin' for a chance."

The Wagonmaster was the bully of the regiment, as Wagonmasters generally are. When Si came into the regiment, a green cub, just getting his growth, and afraid of everybody who assumed a little authority and had more knowledge of the world than he, the Wagonmaster had been very overbearing, and at times abusive. That is the way of Wagonmasters and their ilk. The remembrance of this rankled in Si's mind.

On the other hand, the Wagonmaster failed to comprehend the change that a few months of such service as the 200th Ind.'s wrought in verdant, bashful boys like Si. He thought he could cow him as easily as he did when Si had timidly ventured to ask His Greatness a modest question or two as they were crossing the Ohio River. Wagonmasters were always making just that kind of mistakes.

The other boys ran up to see the fun. The Wagonmaster made a rush for Si with doubled fists, but Si quickly stepped to one side, and gave the hulking fellow a tap on the butt of his ear that laid him over in the mud. The other boys yelled with delight. Next to a Sutler, or a conceited, fresh young Aide, the soldiers always delighted to see a Wagonmaster get into trouble.

The Wagonmaster sprang up, ready for another round; but the boys raised the cry that the Officer of the Day was coming, and both Si and the Wagonmaster remembered that they had business in other parts of the camp.

The next day Shorty said: "It's all right, Si; we could've kept that scoop-shovel as long as we wanted to, but I thought that for many reasons it'd better be got out of the regiment, so I've traded it to them Maumee Muskrats for a Dutch oven they'd borrowed from their Major."

"Bully," answered Si. "I'd much rather have the Dutch oven, anyway."

Si produced a piece of board, which had been painted white, and evidently done duty as art of the door of a house in Murfreesboro', looked at it critically, and then selected a piece of charcoal from the fire, and sat down with an air of studious purpose.

"What are you up to now, Si?" asked Shorty curiously.



"Why," explained Si, "I've noticed, whenever we've bin in any big place, that all the fine houses have signs or numbers, or something else onto 'em, to name 'em. I've bin thinkin' o' something for our house. How does 'Hoosier's Rest' strike you for a name?"

"Splendid," said Shorty. "Couldn't be better."

"And," continued Si, "I've got this board to make a sign to nail up over the door. Do you know how to spell Hoosier, Shorty?"

"Blest if I do," answered Shorty. "It wasn't in our book. At least, we never got to it, if it was. You see our spellin' school broke up just as we got to 'incompatible.' The teacher got too fond o' Nancy Billings, that I was castin' sheep's eyes at myself. He got to givin' her easy words, to keep her at the head o' the class, and pickin' hard ones for me, to send me to the foot, where I'd be fur away from her. I wouldn't stand it always, so me an' him had it out one night before all the scholars; I got away with him, and he left the country, and busted up the school."

"Hoosier," repeated Si to himself. "I never saw it spelled. But there must be some way to spell it. Let me see: "W-h-o spells 'who.' "

"That's so," assented Shorty.

"I-s spells 'is,' " continued Si. "Who-is—that's right so far. H-e-r-e spells 'here.' 'Who-is-here?' That seems almost right, don't it, Shorty?"

"It certainly does," replied Shorty, scratching his head to accelerate his mental action. "Or it might be, Si, w-h-o, who; i-s, is; and y-e-r, yer. You know some ignorant folks say yer for you. And they say the name came from the people who first settled in Injianny sayin' 'Who's yer?' to any new-comer."

"I believe you're right, Shorty," said Si, bending over the board with the charcoal to begin the work. "We'll make it that way, anyway."

The next day passers-by saw a white board nailed up over the door, which contained a charcoal sketch of a soldier seated on a chunk of wood, with a pipe in his mouth, taking as much ease as Si could throw into the outlines of his face and body, and with it was this legend:

"WHO IS. YER'S REST."

The next idea that came into the partners' minds was that the requirements of society demanded that they give a housewarming in their sumptuous abode. They at once set about making it a memorable social event.

While out with a wagon after forage they found an Indiana man who had settled in that country. He had a good orchard. They bought from him a barrel of pretty hard cider and several bushels of apples. His wife knew how to make fried doughnuts of real Indiana digestibility. They would be luxuries for the boys, and a half-bushel were contracted for. The farmer was to bring them all in his wagon, and Si and Shorty were to meet him at the pickets and guard the treasures to their abode.

They bought a little bale of fragrant Kinnikinnick tobacco from the sutler, made a sufficiency of corn-cob pipes, swept off the ground in front of their house, which, as there had been no rain for several days, was in good condition, with brooms of brush, that it might serve for a dancing-floor, gathered in a stock of pitch-pine knots for their fire, spoke to Bunty Jim to bring his fiddle along, and to Uncle Sassafras, the Colonel's cook, to come down with his banjo, and their preparations were completed.

It was a crisp, delightful Winter evening, with the moon at full, the fire burning brightly, and everybody in the best of spirits. The awful week of marching, enduring and suffering; of terrific fighting, limitless bloodshed; of wounds and death to one out of every four men in the ranks; of nerve-racking anxieties to all might as well have been centuries ago for any sign that appeared on the bright, animated faces of the young men who gathered in front of the cabin. They smoked, danced old-fashioned country dances to the music of the fiddle and the banjo, and sang songs which lamented the death of "Lily Dale," mourned that "My Nelly was sleeping in the Hazel Dell," adjured the "Silver Moon" to "roll on," and so on through the whole repertoire of the sentimental ballads of that day.

Then they were invited into the house to inspect its complete, luxurious appointments, and feast themselves to bursting on apples, hard cider, and doughnuts that would have tried any stomach but a young soldier's.

Billy Gurney, who had been back to Nashville as one of the guard to a train-load of wounded, was induced to favor the company with the newest song, which had just reached that city. He cleared his throat with another tincupful of cider, and started off with:

"When this cruel war is over..."

Rapturous applause followed the first verse, and Billy started in to teach them the chorus, so they could all join.

A loud explosion came from the fireplace, a camp-kettle full of cider that was being mulled by the fire was spattered over the company, scalding some of them severely; stones from the fireplace and bullets flew about the room. They all rushed out. Footsteps could be heard running in the distance. They looked in that direction, and recognized Sol Murphy's broad back and bushy head.

"That blamed Wagonmaster dropped a nosebag with a lot o' cartridges in it down the chimbley," said Shorty, who had made an inspection of the fireplace. "Mad because he wasn't invited. You bet, I'll salivate him well for that little trick."

#### CHAPTER XIV. DEACON KLEGG'S SURPRISE—DECIDES TO VISIT MURFREESBORO AND MEETS WITH ADVENTURES.

"MOTHER," said Mr. Josiah Klegg, Sr., suddenly laying down the County paper, and beginning to polish his spectacles with his red bandanna, "do you know what I've the greatest mind in the world to do?"

It was an evening in February, 1863, and the family had been sitting for some hours after supper around the bright fire, engaged in various occupations.

"No, father," said Mrs. Klegg, looking up from her knitting with such interest that she dropped several stitches. The girls stopped their sewing, and turned expectant eyes on their father. When Mr. Josiah Klegg, sr., announced that he had a great mind to do anything, that thing stood in imminent danger of being done. He was not given to ordinary schemes, still less to idle speech. He thought slowly and doggedly, but when he had arrived at a conclusion there were 200 pounds of solid, stubborn unchangeable Indiana farmer behind the conclusion.

"What is it, father?" asked Mrs. Klegg, making an automatic effort to gather up her lost stitches.

"I've a good mind to go down to Murfreesboro' and see Si," responded the father.

"Why, father!" gasped the three "wimmen folks." "Go down there among them gorillas?" ejaculated Mrs. Klegg.

"And John Morgan raiders," echoed Maria. "And Secesh soljers, butternut brigands, rebel rascals," added 'Tilda.

"Well, answered Mr. Klegg, deliberately, "they've been peggin' away at Si for a good many months now, and they haven't killed him by a jug full. Guess I kin stand 'em for a few days. The papers say that the army's settled down at Murfreesboro' for the Winter, and that the railroad's runnin' all right from Looyville clean there. I kin do nothin' 'round the farm for the next three or four weeks, till Spring opens, except the chores about the house, which Jimmie Watkins kin tend to as well as I kin. I've got all my fences in good shape, and split all the rails I need. There's wood enough cut to last the Winter out. I've hauled all the wheat to town I'm goin' to till prices go higher. I finished gittin' out my clover seed yesterday, and now there's nothin' left for a month but to do boy's

work 'round the house, or talk politics down at the store. I'd rather go down and see Si."

"Why, father," remonstrated Mrs. Klegg, "how kin you ever git along in them camps, and live the way them soljers do?"

"You forgit," said her husband, with a touch of dignity, "that I druv team for a whole week in the Black Hawk war. I wanted to enlist, but I was too young. Then I turned out and drilled with the militia as long as there was any musters. I know a good deal more about war than you think."

"How do you s'pose you'll ever find Si in all that ruck o' men?" said Mrs. Klegg doubtfully.

"O, they all know Si by this time," returned the father confidently. "Besides, he's an officer now. I'll go right to Gen. Rosecrans's Headquarters. He's probably right near him, where he kin have him at any time. But don't write to Si that I'm comin'. I want to surprise him."

As soon as it was seen that the father was determined to go, mother and daughters entered upon the scheme with the greatest enthusiasm.

Each began to think of some useful thing that they could send to Si to add to his comfort. Mrs. Klegg had already knit a couple of pairs of lambs'-wool socks, and was at work on a third. Maria had knit a pair of mittens, gay with the National colors and representing the flag. The blue field with the white stars around the wrists, while the red and white stripes ran down the fingers. When they were put on the effect was picturesque, not to say startling.

"When Si holds up his hands," remarked Matilda, "they'll look like big hollyhock blossoms, and the men'll wonder where he got posies in Winter."

Matilda contributed a red flannel shirt, upon which she had been engaged since the beginning of Winter reminded her that such a present would be very acceptable to Si. She had done a lot of her finest stitching upon it. Si's initials were wrought in white thread on the cuffs, and on the bosom was a maze of white lines representing hearts, anchors, roses and flags of the Union. In the center of these, in letters of bold outline but rugged execution, was the legend: "Josiah Klegg. His shirt. From Tildy."

*"Round is the ring,  
That has no end; So is my luv for you,  
My dearest friend."*

"I know it ain't quite right to speak of Si as a friend," she explained, when she spread the shirt out for the family's examination and admiration; "but I couldn't think of nothin' to rhyme with brother."

"I could," said Maria, in her superior way. "I'd said somethin' like this :

*"The ring's no end  
From which to t'other; So is the  
love I send  
My onliest brother."*

"Maria, you always was so much smarter'n me in writin' poetry," admitted Matilda. "It would've bin ever so much nicer. But it's too late now to do it over agin."

Annabel was sorely puzzled what to send. She wanted something that would be indicative of her feelings toward Si, and yet maiden modesty restrained with the fear of sending something that might be too significant. She spent a sleepless night thinking it over, and finally decided to send a new ambrotype of herself, with a lock of her hair. It is needless to say that this kept Si warmer than a whole bale of

flannel shirts would have done.

A thousand things occurred to the family that Si would enjoy, from a couple of feather pillows to a crock of "head cheese," of which Si used to be immensely fond. The old hair trunk was brought down from the garret, and its dimensions studied. But the next evening Jim Wilkins, of Co. Q, who was home patching up a leg which had caught a bullet at Stone River, came in, and his advice was asked.

"No, sir-ree," said he, emphatically. "Don't you never take no trunk nor no box. Don't you take nothin' that you can't hang on to, and keep your eye on every minute. I think the Army o' the Cumberland is the most honestest army in the whole world. I'd knock any man down in a minute that hinted there was a single thief in it. All the same, the only sure way to keep anything you want is to never let go of it for a second. You'd better only take a carpetsack, and look mighty sharp after that, the nearer you git to the army. Keep one eye on it all the time after you cross the Ohio River, and both eyes on it when you git to Murfreesboro'."

A week later a strongly-built, farmer-looking man entered the Nashville train at Louisville and looked anxiously around among the crowd of soldiers with which it was filled. His full, resolute face was destitute of whiskers, except a clump of sandy hair on his chin. He wore a coarse but warm overcoat, a black slouch hat, around his neck was a voluminous yarn comforter, and mittens of the same generous proportions were on his hands, one of which held a bulging blue umbrella and the other a large striped carpetsack.

He found a vacant seat beside a rough-looking soldier, who had evidently been drinking, placed his precious carpetsack between his heavy, well-oiled boots, stuck his umbrella beside it, unwound his comforter, laid it back on his shoulders, took off his mittens, unbuttoned his overcoat, and took from his pocket a long plug of navy tobacco, from which he cut off a liberal chew, and then courteously tendered the plug and knife to his neighbor, with the remark: "Have a chaw, stranger."

The soldier took the plug, cut it in two, put the bigger part in his own pocket, sliced off a liberal portion off the other for his own mouth, and then rather reluctantly handed the remainder, with the knife, back to Mr. Klegg, without so much as a "thankee."

"Manners seem a little different in the army from what they are in Injianny," thought Mr. Klegg; "but mebbe the soldier's not had a chance to git any ter-baker for a long time."

He chewed meditatively for some minutes, and then made another friendly advance toward his seat-partner.

"S'pose we'll start purty soon, won't we, stranger?"

"The devil you do," responded the other surlily, and sending over a strong whisky breath. "Don't know much about this blamed old start-when-it-pleases and stop-when-you-don't-want-to railroad. We'll start when some young sardine with shoulder-straps finishes his breakfast, and stop when John Morgan tears up the track. If you didn't feed your hog's any better'n this train runs, old Hayseed, they'd starve to death in a month."

"He ain't jest what you'd call perlite," thought Mr. Klegg, as he meditatively chewed for a little while longer. "But mebbe that's the way in the army. Probably Si's got jest that way, too."

He chewed meditatively for a few minutes longer. The air was getting very redolent of the fumes from his neighbor's



"A STOUTLY-BUILT, FARMER-LOOKING MAN ENTERED THE TRAIN."



breath. "I hope Si ain't got to drinking like that," he sighed, as a particularly strong whiff reached him. "If he has, I won't rest a minute till I've yanked him up before Gen. Rosecrans and made him take the pledge. Gen. Rosecrans can't afford to have officers around him who drink. 'Tain't right to trust men's lives to 'em."

"Say, ole Sorrel-top," said the soldier, turning toward him, "give us another bite o' that terbaker o' yours, will you?"

Mr. Klegg did not like the tone nor the manner, but he produced his tobacco, and began prudently clipping off a fair-sized chew for his companion himself.

"O, the devil, that ain't no chaw," said the other, pulling the tobacco and knife from his hand.

"Don't be stingy with your terbaker, old Hawbuck. You kin git plenty more."

He sliced a strip off clear across the plug, and stuffed it into his mouth.

"You don't chaw terbaker. You jest eat it," remonstrated the long-suffering Mr. Klegg.

"Here, I'll take some o' that, too," said another soldier on the seat in front, snatching at the knife and tobacco.

"No you won't, you sardine," angrily responded the first soldier. "This gentleman's a friend o' mine. I won't see him robbed."

The reply was a blow, and the two were soon mixed up in a savage fight. Mr. Klegg was alarmed, lest one of them should be hurt with the heavy, sharp knife, and he mixed in to get it in his hand. In the scuffle his hat, mittens and comforter were thrown to the floor and trampled in the tobacco juice. The provost-guard rushed in, a stalwart Sergeant separated the combatants, jammed the first soldier down in the seat until the timbers cracked, banged the other one's head against the side of the car, and remarked:

"Confound you, don't either o' you raise a hand or open your mouths, or I'll break both your necks. Old man, you keep mighty quiet, too. Hain't you got no sense, to mix up in such a row? You're old enough to know better. I'll snatch you off this train if you make any more disturbance."

Mr. Klegg's blood was up. He wanted to thrash the whole crowd, including the Sergeant, and felt equal to it. But the cry was raised that the train was going. The Sergeant hastened off, with a parting admonition to him to keep still if he knew what was good for him.

"I'm afeared the army's a mighty rough place," thought Mr. Klegg, as he gathered up his soiled be-longings and tried to straighten them out. "I wonder if it'll git wuss the nearer we git to the front?"

The train pulled out of Louisville, and he became interested in the great banks of red earth, crowned with surly, black-mouthed cannon, where the forts were, the rows of white tents in the camps, the in-numerable droves of horses and mules in the corrals, and the long trains of army wagons.

"I'm goin' to stock up with some horses when I git back," he said to himself. "The Government seems to need a powerful sight o' them, and prices is goin' up faster'n wheat." Things had now been

tolerably quiet in the car for over half an hour, entirely too long for a party of soldiers returning to the front. Monotonous peace was obnoxious to them. A two-fisted young fellow up toward the front rose up, drained the last drops from a pint flask, dashed the bottle on the floor, and yelled:

"Here's for a quiet life, and peace and good will. I belong to John F. Miller's Brigade, the best brigade in the Army of the Cumberland, and the only one that captured any guns at Stone River. I can lick any man in McCook's Corps."

The answering yell that went up seemed to indicate that nearly all in the car belonged to McCook's Corps. There was a general peeling off of over-coats, and a rush forward of answerers to his bold challenge. A few yelled,

"Hooray for Miller's Brigade!"

"Hooray for Crittenden's Corps!"

"Hooray for Pap Thomas!"

and started in to help out the Miller man. Mr. Klegg rose to his feet in dismay. Before he could think the soldier beside him picked up his carpetsack and flung it at the Miller's Brigade man. Mr. Klegg groaned as he thought of the consequences to a jar of honey and a crock-of butter, which Mrs. Klegg had put in for Si's delectation.

The combatants came together with the hearty zeal of men who had been looking for a fight for a straight month. The soldier beside Mr. Klegg snatched up the umbrella and began laying about him. The crash was fearful. The backs of the seats were wrenched off, the carpetsack trodden under foot, the windows broken out, and finally Mr. Klegg found himself on the floor of the car under a mass of struggling, fighting, striking and kicking men.

The train came to a halt at a station. The guards on the platform rushed in, and by dint of a vigorous use of gun-butts and other persuasives, and more strong language than Mr. Klegg had ever heard before in all his life, succeeded in quieting the disturbance and making the men take their seats. Mr. Klegg recovered his carpetsack, his comforter, mittens, hat and umbrella, and sat down again. He turned around and glared at the soldier by his side.

"If it warn't for startin' another fight," he said to himself, "I'd punch his infernal head."

But the soldier had gone to sleep; he lolled his head over in Mr. Klegg's lap and snored loudly.

For two or three hours afterward the train rattled along without particular incident. Mr. Klegg recovered his composure, and got very much interested in the country through which they were passing, and its farming possibilities. These did not strike him favorably, and he was more than ever convinced that the Wabash Valley was the garden spot of the world. Finally, the train stopped and backed on to a switch to allow another to pass.

An enterprising man had put up a shanty near the track, with a long shelf in front, upon which were displayed sandwiches, pies, boiled eggs, and other eatables. The men all rushed out of the car. Mr. Klegg had begun to feel hungry himself, and joined them.

"How much for that pie?" he asked, pointing to one.

"Half-a-dollar," answered the keeper. "Fifty cents for pies, 25 cents for sandwiches, 10 cents for a cup of coffee."

"Too blamed much," shouted a chorus of voices. "An infernal pirate come down here to skin the soldiers. Let's clean him out."

Before Mr. Klegg fairly understood the words everything was snatched up. Those who did not get hold of any of the viands began on the shed. It was torn to pieces, the stove kicked over, the coffee spilled



THE FREE FIGHT.



## The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

After a long and busy spring, things seem to be taking a break over the summer, when most folks believe it's too hot to run around in wool uniforms... Actually this is the time when campaigning was most active during the War, but the original Boys of '61-'65 didn't go by the same event schedules that we do, didn't have a whole lot of choice as to when they went to the field, and certainly didn't hold off on the Big Battle until 2 p.m. on Sunday so's the spectators could get out of church and Sunday dinner.

I actually like summertime events, and several have popped up out of the woodwork over the past couple of weeks that weren't fully laid out when we put our calendar together back in January. A lot of these have promise, and if you're interested, pass the word around and we'll see if we can't get up a few rifles and go.

The Capitol Guards have no maximum effort events over the summer until the next big road trip to Pilot Knob, Missouri in late September, home of the "Red Hot Hootchie Mamas" (if you want to know, you've got to go, otherwise, Steve, Kenny, W.J., and I ain't tellin'.) Between now and then there are a number of small events and living histories shown in this issue of the *Sentinel* that you might use to keep your interest up and keep your hand in the game. In two weeks is an 1836 living history at the Old State House. This is way before our usual time... even for those of us who sometimes galvanize as veterans of the Mexican War... but there's ways to put together a good impression for one-time events like this without going into bankruptcy or having Sweet Thing put you in the dog house for the next ten years... The Old State House has some loaner clothing that will fit the period, and for some of the other stuff...

- Trousers - Use those civilian trousers that have been gathering dust in yonder closet. So, you've maybe been wanting a pair of new trousers? OK, well, how about your old Richmond Depot trousers. Yep, that's what you'll see on most of the pards, and the style came from where? Yep, you guessed it.

- Shirt - Well, yeah, you probably have one. Use it as an undershirt.

- Jacket - Dang, pard, ya got an overshirt. A civilian sack coat? A nondescript "commutation" jacket? Maybe, you don't need that overshirt, after all. Maybe it is a good time to buy a civilian jacket of some kind. Maybe not.

- Shoes - Got 'em? Use 'em. Barefoot? Your call. Sure would be nice to have some early war, pre-war, or civilian shoes, but....

- Socks - Got 'em? Use 'em. Optional? Your feet. Your call.

- Drawers - Got 'em. Use 'em. Freeball? Your call.

- Cravat - Got one? Make a few for the pards, and look spiffy. Yep, there's your early war concession to being a dandy.

- OK, so, for the most part, an overshirt kit investment so far. That's a few less Extra Value Meals at the McRoadFood over the next few months.

- Musket - Ouch! Ouch! OK, remember that pard who has a nice M1816 or other Mex War firearm? Yeah, the same one who said "Pard, ain't no way in Hades I'm going to that friggin' wrong-month no good megaturboramafest!!!!" Good. Borrow his.

1836 was also the time of the longhunters and a few stray mountain men and backwoodsmen, so there's another opportunity... Anyway, give Ian a call if'n you can help him out. It'll be appreciated.

## BERRYVILLE...

For those who missed the shoot up at Berryville this past month, well... ya missed a good 'un. I'm one of those who gets depressed at doing the same old same old all the time, and am always welcoming trying something a little different. This was a good chance to take the new Mississlippy Rifle out and see what she could do, and it was a little inspiring to step up to the firing line competitively again... I used to shoot rifle matches over in Germany at the community Rod & Gun clubs, and signing up and toeing the line (though with a muzzleloader I'd only live fired once before) brought back a lot of good memories.

I won't say that we shot well up there, though Steve was leading the musket match most of the weekend until the ringers showed up late Sunday morning and blew us out, but we shot better than we have in the past, and the old competitive urge got re-ignited, that maybe with a little practice we could shoot more better, and we started counting the days until the next shoot at Hattieville. John and Steve caught the same bug, and we all learned a great deal about what these weapons can really do, and how to make them do it. We'll be shooting regularly in the Hattieville matches the rest of this summer, so if you're interested, holler, and come on along.

## NATIONAL EVENTS

This issue reports the results of the annual meting of the North/South Alliance, and some of the issues they're having, especially on the Confederate side. The old First Confederate Division broke up shortly after the 2005 Corinth event, with most of the units west of the Mississippi River going off on their own, and the old Mississippi Valley Brigade, once the largest brigade in the Confederate Division, simply dissolving into virtual non-existence. Much of this was due to inter-general politicking, but a great deal had to do with the FCD's implementation of a harsh provost system as well as assigning units to mundane event support functions like guarding the parking lots when the pre-event support fell apart. The much hyped insistence on a uniform standard focused around an 1863-1864 Chickamauga/Atlanta impression had a good bit to do with it, and it's amusing to note that since imposing that standard, the Alliance has not sponsored a single event where that impression would be valid, going instead to pre-'63 scenarios such as Corinth, Perryville, and now Mill Springs.

As previously mentioned, the 6th Arkansas isn't a member of the N/SA since leaving battalion affiliation in April 2005. And looking at the current state of the Confederate side of the Alliance, I can't see where we're missing anything. From days of old, (1998 and prior) the N/SA used to hold two national level events per year, and was noted for it's vision and the "5-Year Plan," where events were alid out and in the planing and implementing stages not only for the current year but for the next three to four years in the future. Now it looks as though they aren't going to even try for at least one per year. As the AoT's Chief of Staff, Mike Ventura, noted after this year's annual meeting in St. Louis, the Five Year Plan is definitely a thing of the past. Over the past three or four years the N/SA has gotten caught up in a great deal of inter-hobby politics that has not only thinned the ranks considerably, but taken them from one of the most visionary organizations in the hobby to a group that can barely see beyond their boot laces. I didn't attend the St. Louis meeting, but in chatting with those who did, and reading the various reports, a lot of politics is still rife in the new "Army of Tennessee, and this isn't helping their cause any.

I am impressed, though, with the positive efforts that the First Federal Division is making to keep up their side of the house... if we continue to support N/SA events, this might be the better, less hassled option.

Looks like the 2009 National Event will be an effort at "Pea Ridge," though held on the far opposite side of the state from the original battle. We'll keep an eye on progress in this direction.

# Coming Events

**June 8-10, 2007. "Battlefire" Civil War Weekend**, Tribbey, OK. 1st Arkansas, TMVI, Frontier Brigade and most mainstream Confederate units will be going here.

**June 9, 2007. Old State House living history, "Arkansas Becomes a State."** Little Rock, AR. We've been invited, this would be a pre-Capitol Guards state militia/backwoodsman-type impression

**June 16, 2007. Confederate Guard Company Drill.** Old Washington State Park.

**June 30- July 1, 2007. Vicksburg Siege Living History** (Confederate) Vicksburg National Battlefield Park, Vicksburg, MS. Sponsored by NPS and 19th Louisiana Infantry.

**August 18, 2007. Civil War History Seminar, Old State House Museum.** Topic: Technology and Innovation in the Civil War." Living history program on the State House grounds. Impression TBD.

**August (?), 2007. Battle of Bloomfield**, Bloomfield, MO. I haven't been to this one before, but have heard a lot of good things about it. Confederate is okay, but I'm probably a little more familiar with the federal end of the story. The original *Stars & Stripes* newspaper was printed here by the Yankees in 1861...

**September 8, 2007. Little Rock Campaign Anniversary Living History, Old State House Museum.** Details still being worked out, potential impressions of the 27th Arkansas Infantry (CS) and the 3rd

Minnesota Infantry (US).

**September 14-16, 2007 145th Anniversary Reenactment, Battle of Antietam**, Sharpsburg, MD. (national event)

**September 21-23, 2007. Battle of Fort Davidson re-enactment**, Pilot Knob, MO. 6th Arkansas max effort event for September

**September 28-30, 2007. Battle of Mill Springs re-enactment**, Somerset, KY. North/South Alliance Maximum Effort Event.

**October 12-14, 2007. Battle of Columbus-Belmont re-enactment**, Columbus, KY

**October 12-14, 2007. White Sulphur Springs living history & Confederate memorial services**, Sulphur Springs, AR

**October 26-28, 2007. Outpost III**, Rippavilla Plantation, Spring Hill, TN. Immersive (e.g. hardcore) tactical; hosted by the Western Independent Grays.

**October 26-28, 2007. Battle of Pea Ridge re-enactment** (formerly "Cane Hill"/"Battles Around Bentonville"), Bentonville, AR.

**November 2-4, 2007. Civil War Weekend & Battle Demonstrations, Old Washington State Park**, Washington, AR. Intentions here are to field a Confederate rifle company, principally armed with 2-banders.

## Si Klegg (Continued from Page 17)

on the ground, and the eating-house keeper and his assistants scuttled away out of danger. The whistle sounded, they all rushed back into the cars, and Mr. Klegg had to stay his hunger with another chew of tobacco.

Again there was tolerable peace for several hours, broken at last by the sudden stoppage of the train out in the country, the sound of shots, and the yell of "Guerrillas! Guerrillas!"

Everybody bolted out of the cars. Those who had guns buckled on their cartridge-boxes, and formed in line, ready for orders. A squad of rebel cavalry had been trying to tear up the track, but were surprised by the unexpected appearance of the train. They had fallen back to the top of the hill, to see how many were aboard, and whether it looked profitable to make an attack. They were keeping up a desultory fire at long range.

Mr Klegg had seen a gun standing in the corner as he ran out. He picked it up and joined one of the squads. He was no coward, and if there had to be fighting, he was willing to do his share.

"Bully for you, old Hayseed," said the man who had wanted to whip any man in the right wing of the army. "You're made of the right stuff, after all."

Others around him nodded approval, and Mr. Klegg was conscious that the social atmosphere was more pleasant for him.

The guerrillas finally decided to give

the job up, and rode away, after yelling some very uncomplimentary things about Yankee soldiers generally.

When Mr. Klegg returned to his seat he found his carpetsack, umbrella, mittens, and comforter gone. Likewise the man who had been riding with him. He waxed very wroth, and lifted up his voice to let them know it. Several around began to guy him, but suddenly the man from Miller's Brigade forced his way through the crowd and asked: "What's the matter, Squire?"

Mr. Klegg explained.

"Well, you've got to have every one of them things back again, if I've to lick every man on the train. I'll not see an old man and as good a man as you are mistreated where I am. I've got a father myself."

This time he was in the large majority. All of McCook's men were with him. A general hunt was instituted through the train, and one by one his possessions were recovered and brought back to him.

"Thankee, gentlemen; thankee very kindly. Will any o' you gentlemen have a chaw of terbaker? It's all I have to offer you, but it's good."

When the train pulled into Nashville that night a very tired old farmer got off and inquired: "How much farther is it to Murfreesboro?" "About 25 miles," someone answered.

"I'm awful glad to hear it. If it was 30 miles I don't believe I could stand it."



MR. KLEGG READY FOR ACTION.

The 6th Regiment, Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, Co. A, the "Capitol Guards" is 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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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.

## Politics Never Change...

Scene is the 1860 election, and canvassers are going around Ranger in North Georgia drumming up for Ole Abe. One of these drummers comes up on an old hillbilly and says "Can I count on you to do the right thing and vote Republican?"

Old boy says "Nope."

"Why not?" says the drummer.

"Well ma Grandaddy voted Democrat, and ma Daddy voted Democrat, so I guess I'll just go ahead an' vote Democrat."

"Why old man," says the drummer, "that's just hogwash, why not think for yourself? The way you speak, what would you be if yo grandaddy was a horse thief and your daddy was a horse thief?"

The old timer ponders this for a second or so and replies, "well, if ma grandaddy was a horse thief and ma daddy was a horse thief, I guess that WOULD make me..."

"A Republican."

## Save Your Confederate Money... (continued from Page 7)

The advent of a national medium of exchange, good anywhere in the country, was new and unique. People really liked the idea of being able to use these notes anywhere. Soldiers stationed all over the country (and coming home) could use the currency anywhere they traveled. Remember, it was a new thing in 1865 that the people in Boston and Philadelphia used the same paper currency as the people in St. Louis and Chicago. It made the transacting of business so much easier that a national currency was immensely popular. Bank and Brokerage notes dried up quickly, and passed out of existence shortly after the war. The national currency system was here to stay.

### Re-enacting and Money

For the Federal re-enactor, you would have been paid in national notes starting in 1862. I have no sources here now that would tell me what the Federal government used to pay its troops in 1861. I suppose that it would have been hard currency.

The Confederate re-enactor would have been paid in first issue Confederate notes in 1861, and later issues later in the war.

The best Federal notes I have seen are from Arthur Henrick of California who calls himself the Paymaster. I don't have his address here, but he always has a classified ad in the Camp Chase Gazette. He was at Spring Hill last year.

I currently do not carry any Federal money because there is a fine line between good reproductions and counterfeiting. It is a Federal offense to reproduce any United States national medium of exchange that has been minted or printed since 1797, the date of the creation of the United States Mint. You must make certain changes to the note, and most high-quality reproductions fail to comply with the changes necessary. By the way, according to the letter of the law, simply putting the word COPY on the bill is not enough. The Paymaster's stuff is very good, and I don't want to be arrested for counterfeiting because I'm carrying his stuff. Perhaps another letter to the Secret Service is in order from me. I finally got the OK to produce postage stamps in writing, perhaps I should do the same with money.

Mark Brainard in Alabama produces the best Confederate notes I have seen. Mark has painstakingly reproduced original Confederate notes, even numbering his notes by hand and signing them at the clerk's signature line. I sell these in sets for \$3. I feel much safer carrying these notes, because there is no corresponding law against counterfeiting other mediums of exchange, including Confederate notes.

## The Captain's Tent (Continued from Page 18)

### LOCAL EVENTS

A couple of small events has popped up on the calendar over the past couple of weeks, one a living history event (Confederate) with our friends from the 19th Louisiana in Vicksburg National Battlefield, with a company-level drill at Old Washington with our friends the 3rd Arkansas. Both are units we fell in with at Shiloh and Marks Mill, and maybe it's an opportunity to get out and keep some of the rust knocked off our drill and gear.

July looks to be a quiet month, as is usual during the dog days of summer, and in looking for some options to fill in the time, a suggestion was forwarded to hold a "School of the Musket" on an off-weekend up at the Hattieville range, with time spent learning from the bottom up the care and use of black powder muskets, including basic rifle marksmanship. Let me know your thoughts, and if the timeframe is too short to do it this summer, we'll look at putting it on the schedule for 2008.

August looks to have a Civil War-oriented living history at the Old State House in conjunction with their annual Civil War History Seminar, and we're looking at ways to support this, as well as begin planning for a commemoration of the 145th anniversary of the Little Rock Campaign. Hope y'all enjoy the summer!!

Sam