

The Sentinel



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"All Gone Up" at 140th Franklin...

Well, the long-anticipated "Battle of Franklin" has come and passed, and with nearly a month's reflection, it went pretty well in the long-term scheme of things.

For the Capitol Guards, many more things went well than went bad. We had an outstanding turn-out, fielding a total of 22 men on Saturday, 16 of whom are regular members of the Company and new recruits. We had 19 men pre-registered, so this is an outstanding performance for a road trip of this distance. In the ranks on Saturday we had Tom Ezell, Steve Shore, Tyson Savell, Ken Nations, and David Sesser serving as our officer and NCOs, with Privates Bob Black, Bryce Blanco, Matt Bond, George Davis, Mike Loum, Jake Osburn, Corey Shumate, Jerry Simpson, Chris Stewart, and Robert Tibbet. W.J. Monagle of the 37th Illinois joined us at mid-day on Saturday for his first experience at fighting on the Confederate end of the field. In addition to our regulars, we were joined by six members of the 1st Arkansas, Marvin Langrell, Bob Hutcheson, Rex Norris, Guy Taylor, Andy Taylor, and Bill Turney.

For once, getting there and back was almost as much fun as the event itself, as the company organized a caravan to Franklin. Meeting at the McDonalds near the Lonoke exit on I-40 at 7:30 a.m., we were on the road at 8:00 headed for middle Tennessee. We took a noon break at the Cracker Barrel in Jackson, TN, then headed on to Franklin, where we made a brief stop at the Carter House, refueled the wagons, and headed in to the event site.

Things started to get a little complex here, as traffic was backed up on the Columbia Pike from Franklin pert near all the way to Spring Hill, and we lost a fair bit of our spare time in the process. Registration, for once, was as promised... show your card, get your pass, and move on into the parking area, where we regrouped as the individual wagons made in in from the confusion on the Columbia Pike.

Shifting from travel clothes into uniform, another problem cropped up when one of the fellows found he had left his musket back in the assembly area in Arkansas. Others needed pants, or a pair of shoes when the stuff in the loaner box didn't fit. This necessitated a quick trip to the sutlers, and the pressure was on as the Brigade



Granbury's Texas and Govan's Arkansas brigades assault the Federal works in front of the Carter cotton gin on Saturday afternoon at 140th Franklin. Approximately 8,200 reenactors met on the original fields at Spring Hill, Tennessee to recall the 1864 campaign that destroyed the Confederate Army of Tennessee. More photos inside this issue!!

was already beginning to assemble in preparation to depart for the Friday night camps off-site. Next surprise, the sutler area was not the expanse of canvas just over the top of the hill (that was the civilian camp) but was a little more than a mile away.

Hustling to get the quartermaster and ordnance issues solved, we fixed the missing musket problem by getting a new Enfield to serve as the new Company loaner, and heading back to the assembly point at the Brigade base camp. Others took a little more time to complete their transactions, and at move-out time for the Brigade, there was only myself, Ken, and Corey watching the troops disappear over the hill.

Just before dark, we found everyone else regrouped at the wagons, and got all the chicks shooed into camp. By then it was full dark, and no one at the base camp knew where the campaigners had gone or were going, so we stacked arms and settled down for the evening on the edge of the base camp to wait for the next morning.

Reveille came an hour early, as the artillerymen next door to us blew the bugles at 4:00 a.m. in order to get their horses fed, watered, and harnessed. The artillerymen's noise got the others stirred up, and with the

sounds of chopping wood from the other side of camp, we figured we might as well get on up anyway.

Breakfast was easily taken care of... there wasn't any, since our rations had gone to the field with the campaign battalion. We had coffee with us, and a few quick cups of that elixor and some leftover hardtack from whatever the last event was would have to serve until we caught up with the commissary wagons. Then again, lack of breakfast hunger is an authentic Confederate experience, though not one that we usually seek by choice.

Shortly after 5:00 a.m., the yahoo yankee cavalry staged a raid on the Confederate base camp, setting off a running firefight for the next half hour. Since we had not had a chance to check weapons in the daylight, we stayed out of it, and let the yahoos have their way out there in the dark. One fellow who was unable to stay out of it, though, was Jerry Simpson, who found himself taken prisoner on the way to the sinks. A true Southern heart, he refused to give even name, rank, or service number, and was able to get away shortly thereafter, taking care of his intended business and heading back into camp.

It didn't take long to call the roll, submit the morning reports, and break camp, so by

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140th Anniversary Battle of Pilot Knob Sept.25-26, 2004

Based on reports from the previous event in 2001, the Capitol Guards took care to add the reenactment at Pilot Knob, Missouri to our schedule when that event, held every three years, rolled around again. Well, in 2004, it came back up, sadly on the weekend immediately before another long road trip for the Division event at Franklin.

Our resolve bolstered by Ken Nations' assessments and the previous event report, we kept it on the schedule and made plans to attend as Federals, figuring it would be easier to find someone to fall in with that way. So it was that on an overcast Friday, we packed the wagons and headed north to the Show-Me State, intent on saving Mizzourah for the Union and Abe Lincoln. It was a pleasant drive, but fairly long and mostly over rural 2-lane roads. It rained for a short time after noon, and a weak drizzle continued as we pulled into the Fort Davidson State Park in Pilot Knob and started looking for a place to sign in and throw down. Despite having traveled separately, we all showed up at the site within 20 minutes of each other, a neat if unintended bit of coordination.

With Franklin the following week, many of the Guards had to save their kitchen passes for the following weekend, and so we only fielded five rifles and two civilians. Still, it was



One of the more fascinating scenarios on Saturday night was the re-enactment of the Federal evacuation of the fort and blowing up the powder magazine. Here goes a lot of Uncle Sam's ammo, as well as Sterling Price's hopes of a decisive victory.

a good turnout considering the crowded fall schedule. Toeing the line at Saturday's roll call we had Tom Ezell, Steve Shore, Ken Nations, and our newest member, Corey Shumate. W.J. Monagle of the 37th Illinois got off to a late start, but joined us at midday Saturday.

We found a shady spot to set up our dog tents and took a brief wander through the site, the fort, and the museum. First order of business on Saturday was to get a kettle of coffee going, followed by breakfast at the nearby Fort Davidson Inn & Cafe, both of which were highly commended and appreciated by the participants. The Captain was called to a series of officers' calls at 8:00, and upon return we cootered up, fell in with the battalion, and had inspection and battalion drill. Being shorthanded, the Captain shed his sword for a musket, and reveled in being a lowly shirking private for the remainder of the event. Drill was fun, too, as we ran through the basics of the School of the Battalion and firing drill and safety.

We had a little more than an hour's time off afterward before we had to fall back in for the afternoon's battle scenario, so we headed back to camp and made lunch from our haversacks and the rations issued at registration.

We consolidated with the folks from "Holmes' Brigade," Federals from the Kansas City area who turned out to be pretty good folks, and who were camped adjacent to us. All in all, the Federal force, commanded by Col. Stan Prater of the Frontier Brigade, fielded three companies of about 20 rifles apiece... and for once we were on fairly even terms with the Confederates, too... as other conflicting events at Cabin Creek, Oklahoma had drawn most of the southern infantry contingent to that direction. There was no shortage, however, of scale artillery and even a few full-sized guns, and about two dozen mounted cavalry per side.

On forming up, we marched out to the field and took up a defensive position several hundred yards in advance of the fort to await an attack by a Confederate force rumored to be approaching. Soon enough the

skirmishers were engaged, followed shortly by the cavalry the artillery opening fire. The resting infantry



The Federal camp at Fort Davidson, with Pilot Knob Mountain in the background.



Inside Fort Davidson, where the Capitol Guards fought on Sunday, looking toward the Confederate positions in the distant treeline.



Tenting tonight on the old camp grounds... a different look at the campaign lifestyle, with everybody under shelter halves, or "dog tents."



W.J. takes up whittling Saturday evening. He said he was gonna make a toothpick.

“Sunset in the West” – The 140th Anniversary Battles of Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, Oct. 1-3, 2004



The Capitol Guards at 140th Franklin. L to R: Tom Ezell, George Davis, Ken Nations, David Sesser, Corey Shumate, Bob Black, Jake Osburn, Robert Tibbett, Jerry Simpson, Rex Norris, Bryce Blanco, Guy Taylor, Marvin Langrell, Chris Stewart, Tyson Savell, Andy Taylor, Bill Turney, and Matt Bond.

Franklin *(Continued from Page 1)*

daylight we were ready to form on the color line and move out as soon as it got light. With daylight came the Brigade courier to lead us out, and we quickly fell in, counted off, and made ready to move out.

As soon as we stepped off, Mother Nature began to smile on our ventures and sent us a little rain to cool us off as we marched. We headed off to the back side of the property, and in the good army tradition of “hurry up and wait” we bided our time for 40 minutes or so awaiting permission from the Spring Hill Police Department to let us out on the road in accordance with our “parade permit.” General Jack King of the Texas Brigade took his folks out early, and when stopped by the cops got a little snippy about it with them... only to find himself arrested and issued a citation for violation of the permit. General Moore, the Division commander, nearly found himself in the same boat, but held his temper and avoided any undue disciplinary action.

Finally, at the stroke of the hour allowed by the permit, the gates were opened and the Base Camp Brigade took the road for the Spring Hill battlefield. Most of this march was made along the side of the modern highway on Kedron road, until we swung left into the historic battlefield and headed over hill and over dale to catch up with the rest of the Division. The rain quit about midway through this march, and the sun came from behind the clouds, steaming everything in 110% humidity. Musketry and cannon fire could be heard ahead as we pushed up the hill overlooking Spring Hill and took a break to allow the stragglers to catch up and the others to catch their breath.

Moving on, we pushed through the campaigners’ Friday evening camp and crossed an open field to come up behind the Confederate line, then moved by the flank, and formed column to come up and reinforce the lead brigade. moving into line of battle, we crossed a second filed, only to find that the fighting had died down and we joined the brigade line, stacked arms, and waited for water to be brought up in the wagons.

Water supply would be a continuing problem through the event as the brigades struggled to rely on horse-drawn wagons carrying 55-gallon drums with a spigot system, and 55-gallons among 500 men with empty canteens and warm Indian summer weather just doesn’t go very far. There were no other potable water sources in the maneuver area, so the quartermasters and the wagoners definitely got a workout this weekend.

Once watered, we put the Division back on the march and headed back down the Columbia Pike (a 4-lane divided highway) to the Saturday campaign camps in order to stage for the Saturday afternoon scenario of the Battle for Franklin. Some



If it ain’t rainin’, it ain’t trainin’, and Franklin was no different. Here Chris Stewart, Jake Osburn, Jerry Simpson, Corey Shumate, Bob Hutcheson, and Bill Turney wait out Saturday morning’s rain shower on the way to Spring Hill.



The TMVI on the road to the original Spring Hill battlefield, the Capitol Guards on the right.



Sgt. Tyson Savell brings up the rear of the company as we start up the ridge at Spring Hill.



The Mississippi Valley Brigade forms line of battle at Spring Hill. Elk River Battalion on the right flank, Red River Battalion in the center, and the TMVI on the left flank.

of the guys were getting tired and footsore by this time, so we took things at a very easy pace. On arrival in what we were told was to be camp for the night, we stacked arms and packs, drew our rations, and got a small fire going for coffee and a very belated

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"General Granbury" (the MVB's Mark Griffin) offers a prayer before leading the Texas Brigade in an attack on the Federal works at Franklin. L to R: Bob Black, Mark Griffin, Lt. George Strawn, and Col. Toren Blanco.



Cleburne's Division forms line of battle in front of Franklin. Here, too, the tooters went right in with the shooters as the bands played "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag."



A view from behind the Federal works as we broke the Federals' forward position and swarmed toward their main lines.



The fight soon became a bloody stalemate as both sides were pinned behind opposite sides of the breastworks, neither quite able to drive the other side away.



Casualties were high, and kept getting higher as disorganized clusters of Rebs kept pushing at the Federal works. Here the Captain holds the battalion colors, just before going down sorely wounded in no-man's-land.

breakfast/dinner. Sure enough, just as some of the fellows got their bacon to sizzling, we were called back to arms to move out for the Franklin fight.

The brigade formed up and moved by the right flank for nearly a mile, before emerging into the end of a large open field, at the far end of which was the town of Franklin, surrounded by a substantial network of trenches, bristling with the dark uniforms of the Yankees we had been pursuing, and the glint of their burnished rifle barrels. General Granbury's Texas brigade (us) formed on the left wing of the brigade, with

the 17th & 18th Texas (TMVI) as the right flank, formed directly on the Columbia Pike. General Govan's Arkansas Brigade (John Beck's Trans-Mississippi Brigade) immediately on our right. The Capitol Guards served as the color company, on the right center of the battalion line.

To make our column as strong and invincible as possible, as well as to reduce our exposure to the fire of the enemy, the brigade formed up in close column, doubled on the center... the mailed fist of Napoleon's Grande Armee. In the closed column, the Capitol



Ken Nations, Steve Shore, and Matt Bond wait for other survivors to rejoin the company after the Franklin fight.

Guards now formed the right wing of the battalion's front, with the Texas company on our left, and the 3rd & 12th Louisiana stacked behind us. Behind the left wing, the 19th Louisiana & 9th Arkansas backed up the Texans.

As the rest of the Division filed out of the pass and took their place in line of battle, it was probably the most stirring moment of the event. Looking down the valley at the task before us, it was a daunting prospect to go up against those works, and the barricades and abatis erected in front of them. The generals could sense the same thing, and had all the available bands and field music join behind the line, fueling our fighting spirit with stirring, patriotic music such as *Dixie* and *The Bonnie Blue Flag*. Men quietly spoke to one another,

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The Capitol Guards took 50% casualties at Franklin, and only these veterans were left to hold the line at Nashville on Sunday: LtoR, W.J. Monagle, David Sesser, Tom Ezell, Ken Nations, Matt Bond, Bryce Blanco, Corey Shumate, Jake Osburn, Chris Stewart, and Mohawk, our otherwise unidentified color bearer from Louisiana. Not shown, Steve Shore and Bob Black, who were taking pictures.



A timeless activity in the Army... as we await the Federal attack behind the Rebel works surrounding Nashville. Corey Shumate refreshes himself as Matt and Bryce look on.



Powder smoke hangs like fog as we retake our forward lines from the Yankees' first attack, and await their next attempt.

quietly saying their farewells, or more openly promising to see each other in Nashville, once we had driven the Federals cowering before us. The field officers dismounted from their horses, handing them over to orderlies to lead to the rear, and took their places along the line. A quiet moment was called for as General Granbury led us in a brief prayer and asked for God's blessing and strength in the work that lay ahead of us.

Out front of the division, an outsized company struggled mightily to deploy skirmishers, finally stationing a single line of troops a few paces apart that lingered 30 to 40 yards in front of the division's line of battle, merrily blazing away at the yankees in the far distance.

Finally, once the Division was in place and General Cheatham (ICD's Mike Moore) had checked the line, the order was given, "Forward, guide center, MARCH!" The Division line rolled forward, with the colors forward and the bands still playing. The

setting sun gave a reddish glow to everything, and one of the memorable sights was the swarm of butterflies and grasshoppers that swarmed up from the low scrub grass and cutover corn in the field.

Shortly before coming within rifle shot of the forward Federal works, we deployed from close column into the full line of battle, and overran the skirmishers, who were still fumbling around pot-shooting at the Yankees. Closing in on the forward lines, we lowered our weapons to "charge bayonet" and went after them with a vengeance — Swarmed by the oncoming Confederates, the yankees took to their heels and fled toward their main line. Swinging his sword, General Cleburne shouted, "After them, men! Let's go into their works with them!" as we vaulted over their trench.

Shifting to the double-quick, and then the run, we chased them back into the main line, only to be brought up short as we reached the abatis... cut down trees placed branches outward as a means to block or delay us. Hacking through this, we continued our charge, only to be brought up short again by a thunderous volley from the Federal main line.

General Granbury, leading us forward in the interval in



Shortly afterward, we were called to advance at the double-quick and recapture our forward works from the Federals... here we have briefly driven them back, but they are coming again.



Chris Stewart, Dave Sesser, and Matt Bond on the firing line in the Nashville works.



Chris Stewart, Jake Osburn, Matt Bond, and Corey Shumate in the Nashville trenches, awaiting the Yankees' next assault.

front of our line, raised his sword, looked over his shoulder at us, and shouted, Forward, men! Let it never be said that Texans lag in a fight!" As soon as he turned to keep moving forward, there was a splash of red mist, and the General dropped like a stone — shot through the face and dead before he hit the ground. As his staff stopped to try and help him, we kept

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moving forward, leaning as though into a hailstorm, breaking their main line and overrunning them, only to be pulled back again to take up a spot behind the Federal breastworks.

At this point, the scenario began to take a different turn and the bubble of our "magic moment" popped. As we took up position behind the works, General Beck's troops to our immediate right rushed into the open space and in front of us, masking our fire. Our battalion's right wing had to cease fire to avoid firing into these fools' backs, and the planned hand-to-hand scenario between the Red River Battalion and the Army of the Pacific could not occur.

Our battalion slowly pulled back to the next available cover, trying to avoid firing into the backs of Beck's people. Our color bearer was shot down, then another was shot down in front of us, and Ken Nations took them up and passed them to the Captain before resuming a steady fire against the yankees on the other side of the works. The Captain held them and kept them aloft for a few minutes, then was himself knocked down with a grievous wound. That's the last he remembers for a little bit, as he got thumped pretty good on the noggin in the process. Regaining his senses after a few seconds, the battalion had retreated farther, and he crawled into a nearby thicket to avoid the hail of fire and to prevent getting trampled as a number of subsequent charges and countercharges surged back and forth.

After some time, the firing died down as both sides retreated to lick their wounds, count noses, and replenish their cartridge boxes. As wounded or dead, we remained on the field awaiting medical attention, which was slow in coming, if at all. After a little more than an hour, I figured that I had probably bled to death, and we slowly started trickling off the field. I took a short stroll along Sutler Row in search of the healing elixir of root beer, and after a couple of doses, was healthy enough again to go in search of the rest of the Company.

Most of us had returned to our camp from before the battle, however the rest of the campaign battalion had moved again, over into the next holler. We decided to stay put, and since the last meal had been at the roadside tavern way back in Jackson the day before, most set about trying to convert the issued rations into something edible. The bacon was surprisingly good, and when mixed with the potato and onion issued to each person, it made a very decent hash.

The folks "killed in action" in the Franklin scenario had returned to the base camp to sit out the evening, and after the Beck fiasco in the afternoon battle, very few on either side volunteered to take part in the scheduled night fight. Several decided to make the long trek back over the hills to attend the camp dance in the sutler area, others sacked out, resting up from a long day's activities.

Saturday night turned out to be downright chilly for those of us used to the recent Indian summer weather, and the chill was only enhanced by a heavy dew that fell around 2:00 a.m. Reveille was uneventful, with most sleeping in until daylight. There were no scheduled activities until the noon muster for the next battle scenario, so it was a pretty laid back affair. Stoking the fire, we slowly thawed out, and worked at drying our blankets and ground cloths. Breakfast was bacon, toasted on ramrods or sticks, and was just as good as supper had been.

Shortly after, George Davis, one of our "dead," showed up with a team and wagon, needing the key to get into the Captain's wagon back in the ordnance park. We slung our knapsacks and took up George's offer of a lift back to the ordnance park, where we stacked our knapsacks and then rejoined the rest of the battalion at the base camp.

The remainder of the morning was spent getting some ordnance issues fixed... replacing the front sight on the new loaner Enfield, caused by a poorly ground bayonet socket, and replacing the ramrod on an M1842 smoothbore. We visited a number of the vendors and checked their wares, adding a few things here and there.

The Battalion reformed at noon, and marched over to the campaigner camp about a mile away. Casualties from Franklin had been high, and our company had shrunk to only 11 rifles for the siege of Nashville... again, pretty much in line with what had happened to the Capitol Guards in 1864. In the line today were Tom Ezell, Steve Shore, Ken Nations, David Sesser, Bob Black, Bryce Blanco, Matt Bond, Jake Osburn, Corey Shumate, Chris Stewart, and W.J. Monagle.

Once the Brigade was re-united, the campaigner batallions stacked their knapsacks, and we set off on another march for a little more than a mile to the field west of the sutler area designated as the "Nashville" battlefield. The Texas Brigade was in the front of the line of march, as we wound through the area, passing a small civilian farmstead, and finally climbing up through a narrow defile into the north end of the battlefield. Here, we turned off into the edge of the field, stacked arms, and put the troops at rest while waiting on the rest of the division to take the field. Adding to the spectacle of seeing the full division flow battalion by battalion, brigade by brigade into the field was the sight of a fully-mounted artillery battery and their caissons come storming up the trail at full gallop, then wheeling into position with the reserve artillery.

The Confederates had a 3:1 advantage on the Yankees for the entire weekend, and at least for the Nashville scenario the Johnnies had to be rotated in and out of the line against repeated Federal attacks. We were in the Confederates' second line of defense, and eventually deployed

in column of companies near the spectator fence on the back side of the low ridge which made up the Confederate siege lines.

The battle started off on time, and we continued to wait for 30 to 45 minutes while the first shift of the Confederate army took its trigger time in the trenches.

Suddenly, the Confederate forward lines broke, and we were called into action to plug the hole. Stepping off, moving forward into line, then by right of companies to the front in order to pass through the artillery and reforming our line, we shifted to the double-quick and the the run as the Federals swarmed over our trenches and the forward units streamed to the rear. We slammed forward into the Federals and drove them out of the trenches, then beat off a quick counter charge as they tried to regain our works. Driven back, the yankees regrouped under the cover of a forest some 200 yards to our front, and then came again... and again. While we were under this pressure to our front, Federal cavalry turned our flank to the left, and began to slowly peel back the Confederate line, rolling us up much like an old carpet.

Flanked out of our works, we started back for the rear, keeping a peppering fire up against the yankees pursuing us, only to find ourselves completely cut off by a brigade of Union cavalry. What would become known as "Blanco's Last Stand" occurred there as we struggled to break out, but were mercilessly cut down, losing most of the company here. Close behind came the Federal infantry, sweeping over the hill top and pushing forward to engage the last Confederate brigade hidden at the foot of the hill, breaking them and driving them from the field.

In what was now the rear, the medical staffs attempted to render what aid they could to some of the wounded. We found that at least among the Federal surgeons, rank had privileges - the Captain got his wound bandaged and a few kind words of encouragement, while the poor privates were left to suffer and bleed out.

As the sounds of battle faded in the distance, the shattered remnants of our battalion began the long walk back to safety and home, our hopes of retaking Tennessee for the South shattered, leaving only broken dreams and lost companions...

FOLLOWING THE END OF THE Nashville scenario, we did indeed join the long march back home, straggling along with fellow Rebels and enchanted spectators, still in awe of what they had seen on the field over the past weekend. Healing our wounds with root beer, we checked in one last time at Battalion headquarters to say our farewells and pick up loaned gear, then headed back to the wagon park to change into our traveling duds.

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While most had to march immediately to make it back for Monday morning work call, Tom, Bob, Steve, Matt, and Dave remained on the field overnight to do a little power touring on the way home.

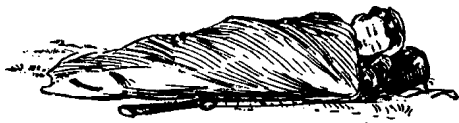
Once the traffic thinned out, we headed back north up the Pike to visit some places we had missed in Franklin, and spent some time back at the Carter House and Gin site, as well as touring Carnton Mansion. Carnton was a great tour, and an odd feeling in seeing the set-up of the house, the bloodstains on the floors, and the many Civil War artifacts housed there.

Once we left Carnton and the Confederate cemetery, we headed downtown to find a convivial establishment for a hot supper, and then returned to the reenactment site to stay overnight. We weren't the only ones with that idea, as there were still a number of units camped out, plus all the sutlers over atop the hill. Sunday night featured the same heavy dew and chill as the previous night, and we were up before dawn to continue our trek.

Heading south in the early dawn, we went through Sam Watkins' home town of Columbia, then headed west for Savannah, Crump's Landing, and Shiloh. For most of us, this was our first time at Shiloh battlefield, and we took in the sights at the Visitors Center, and set off around the park, particularly in search of the areas where the 6th Arkansas was engaged. Some of the memorable sites were the Confederate burial trenches, and especially the newly reconstructed Shiloh Church and its adjacent cemetery, and Fraley Field, where the 6th launched its attack. This is definitely a place where you can spend a LOT of time and still not see it all!!

Leaving Shiloh, we went on to Corinth, Mississippi, the site of next year's Division event. Here we saw the new Corinth Civil War Interpretive Center and Battery Robinett, as well as the railroad station and the site of the old Tishomingo Hotel, high water mark of the Confederate attack. An additional treat was a visit to the shops and retail store of C&D Jarnagin, just around the corner from the old rail station.

After foraging for lunch and feeding the horses, we set out for Memphis and home, having had a pretty good experience over in the wilds of Tennessee. And we still made it home before dark...

**Pilot Knob** (Continued from Page 2)

was called to attention, and we loaded our pieces and made ready.

The Confederate infantry appeared shortly afterward, and came after us. The Federal battalion opened fire, and proceeded to shred the Rebel lines with crisp company and battalion volleys. The Rebs appeared a little stunned to meet such resistance, and in return only opened a peppering return fire, punctuated by only a few ragged company volleys.

Still, the pressure of the Confederates, strengthened by their cavalry pressing our right flank, slowly pushed us back, and under repeated Confederate charges we grudgingly gave ground and were pushed back toward the fort. We finally held the line and repulsed the last feeble Rebel effort in the outer works of the fort, when they withdrew into the woods to our front... leaving us to resupply and consider our position, potentially cut off from our lines of supply.

The Capitol Guards, once relieved from the forward lines, repaired to our little camp and cleaned weapons and resupplied ammunition in anticipation of another fight.

Near 5 p.m., we rallied everyone to the wagons, and were invited to the home of Ken Nations' parents for the Saturday evening meal. Lord, what a spread!! We had grilled pork steaks and bratwurst, nearly a dozen different fixin's, and nearly half a dozen kinds of pie and cobbler for dessert. His family was gracious in allowing us to visit and enjoy their wonderful hospitality! We all ate until we were stuffed, and shortly after dark, headed back for camp and the dance.

One key thing about the Pilot Knob event is that this is a big deal for the entire Arcadia Valley area. In addition to the battle reenactment, there were historical and other presentations throughout the day at a stage set up in front of the Park's visitors center. Just beyond Sutler's Row and the civilian camp, there was a sizable food vendor's mall and a crafts fair. On the other side of the park, two competing groups, the Elks and the VFW, each set up band stands and beer gardens, and rocked on into the night. And as we were camped along the edge of the Federal area, there was a steady stream of local females and hoochie mamas streaming by from mid-morning into the night. In fact, while we were at battalion drill I noticed one lady's Labrador taking this "dog tent" business a little too seriously and checking out our shelter halves while we were away. Fortunately, the curious hound stuck his nose up to my haversack and was immediately repelled.

So Saturday evening was interesting... with the string band from the camp dance down by the visitors center competing with the rock

bands on the other side of camp, and a constant stream of Missourians up and down the streets. Ken, Corey, and Steve headed out for the dance, while W.J. and I stayed in camp and kept an eye out for wandering Labradors.

Thing quietened down around midnight, and we slept soundly until the next morning. Reveille was an informal affair, and we worked to get the fire poked up again for coffee. For firewood, the event staff supplied 12 to 14-inch diameter slices of tree trunks, each about 12 to 24 inches long. Kindling was mostly strips of bark whacked off the side of these, so fire maintenance was a bit of a problem in the early dawn.

Once the coffee was boiled and consumed, we went sight-seeing around the area, visiting the Iron County court house, the Catholic cloister where U.S. Grant was promoted to brigadier general, and the sites of the other forts and camps in the Ironton area. We wrapped up with a tour of one of the biggest gun stores in the area, and came scuttling back into camp just in time for Sunday morning inspection and drill. Once this was over, we had a bit of spare time to make a last round of the sutlers, take down the dog tents, and re-pack our knapsacks so as to be ready for a prompt departure once ENDEX was announced.

The battalion re-formed at 1:00 p.m., and after a short drill we moved into the fort and took up positions. Shortly afterwards our friends the Confederates reappeared, making a frontal assault on the fort with infantry and mounted cavalry. This was even more of a turkey shoot than the day before, as we were well-protected by the fort's earthen walls, and with one rank on the firing line and the rear rank and file closers reloading muskets and passing them forward, we made it really hot for Johnny Reb. Few of them were able to scamper back into the woods from whence they came, while the Feds in the fort were by and large unscathed. Driving them away three times with little loss to ourselves, we taunted them, and waved Old Glory gleefully from the ramparts of the fort. "Y'all come on back, Johnny, if you want to try some of this again!"

Victorious again (unlike the Yankees of 1864), we formed up and marched out of the fort, past the spectators, and dismissed the battalion for the weekend.

This was a decidedly mainstream event, set in the midst of a county fair, but it was as our scouts reported in '01, a vastly great deal of fun, and I'd not hesitate to go back again. We may not have to wait so long, as the Park is working to hold the next event in '06 so as to get off the same weekend and schedule as the competing event at Cabin Creek, Oklahoma. That'll work for me...

Old Washington to hold Civil War Days on November 6-7

In their typically informative manner, the park staff at Old Washington Historic State Park have announced their annual "Civil War Weekend" for the first weekend in November. This is not a TMVI Battalion event, and not a max effort event for the 6th Arkansas, however several of us will be going down on our own to scope things out. Most likely we'll go as Federals, simply because that's one thing just about any event in Arkansas needs most. If interested, give Tom a call or an e-mail, and we'll get a plan going.

Civil War Day for Schools Friday, November 5, 2004: 10 am - 2 pm

Students join reenactors and park staff as they learn about the military and civilian issues of the War Between the States. Visit the 1836 Hempstead County Courthouse, which served as the Confederate Capitol of Arkansas from 1863 to 1865. Students may learn a nineteenth century dance, drill with an infantry sergeant, see a cannon firing demonstration, and participate in many other activities. Teachers, call for reservations. Pre-visit orientation supplied to teachers. Admission: \$5.50 per student.

Civil War Weekend Saturday and Sunday, November 6-7, 2004: 9 am - 5 pm

Step back in time this weekend: Cavalry, infantry and artillery converge on historic Washington when reenactors meet to relive daily camp life, conflicts and challenges of the Civil War in Arkansas. Camp tours and demonstrations are open free to the public. Historic home tours are available at regular price. Admission: FREE; Parking: FREE Contact: (870) 983-2684 or e-mail: oldwashington@arkansas.com

Reenactors call (870) 983-2860 or e-mail billy.nations@arkansas.gov for registration information.

Directions: From Interstate 30, take exit# 30 at Hope, Arkansas. Take US HWY 278 northwest for 8 miles.



UP WISCONSIN! 2004: Feel like another Franklin event?

The MOOCOWS (Middle Tennessee Occasionally Organized Company Of Westernfederal Soldiers) are hosting a living history/preservation march on November 26th-28th in Franklin, Tennessee. Our preservation efforts for this event will go either to Save The Franklin Battlefield or the Carter House.

SCENARIO

We'll be portraying the 24th Wisconsin Infantry. The 24th was led by Major Arthur MacArthur who won the CMH at age 18 for carrying the colors up Missionary Ridge. Part of Opdycke's Brigade, Wagner's Division, the 24th served in the rear guard from Spring Hill to Franklin, with each of Opdycke's regiments in turn forming a line for the other regiments to fall back through. Flanked off Winstead Hill by the Confederate advance, Wagner placed his division in an exposed position along the Columbia Pike which Opdycke refused to occupy. He felt his brigade had done more than their share during the retreat and marched to just past the Carter House to rest and cook. Had things turned out differently he might have been considered insubordinate, but as things turned out, he was in the right place at the right time. The men were startled from their coffee when the federal center suddenly collapsed. Opdycke ordered the men up and crashed headlong into the charging Confederates, stopping them cold. MacArthur shouted "UP WISCONSIN!" and led the 24th in a counterattack through the Carter House yard, where he was severally wounded. Senior Captain Philbrook took command only to be killed shortly thereafter and Captain Parsons led the regiment off the field. The 24th only had a little over a hundred men, but still had a ten company structure and we will have small 10-12 man companies to represent this.

LOCATION AND SCHEDULE

We'll park Friday night at Fort Granger and be shuttled to our Friday night camping spot. Saturday morning we'll replicate some of the rear guard effort and should arrive at the Carter House 2:30 Saturday afternoon just one day shy of the 139th anniversary. That night we'll camp where the fortunes of war find us. You won't have to walk back to your cars Sunday, we'll shuttle.

This event will go live Friday evening and wrap up early Sunday morning.

REGISTRATION

Registration will be a suggested donation of \$10 to our selected preservation group, this fee includes rations and a ticket for a raffle of a copy of *The 24th Wisconsin Infantry In The Civil War, Biography Of A Regiment*. We'll also attempt to raise funds through sponsorship, raffles, etc. If you can't afford \$10 come anyway, it's as much about honoring these gentlemen as about preservation. Payment and registration will be onsite but please call or email to let me know you're coming. One difference this year will be a choice of group - please specify a preference for the regular march or a slightly more extreme version.

For more information or to sign up, contact John Duffer at jduff@gsnet.com.

Prairie Grove '04 is next Max Effort Event

The Arkansas Department of Parks and Tourism and the Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park will sponsor a reenactment of the pivotal Battle of Prairie Grove on December 4th and 5th, 2004. The event will be held at Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park, on the east side of the town of Prairie Grove, about 12 miles west of Fayetteville on Highway 62. Please mark your calendars for Friday, Dec. 3 through Sunday, Dec. 5. This is the last battle reenactment for this year, so let's make a maximum effort to attend in force.

For more information on the Battle of Prairie Grove, the best single reference is Michael Banasik's *Embattled Arkansas: The Prairie Grove Campaign of 1862*, published by Broadfoot in 1996. Additionally, this month's edition of *Blue & Gray* magazine is dedicated to the Prairie Grove battle, to include an illustrated tour guide to the park and related areas on the battlefield. A shorter synopsis is at the Civil War RoundTable of Arkansas's web site, at http://www.civilwarbuff.org/prairie_grove.html.

The Park welcomes all invited units and their members to this year's event. Individual registration starts at Noon, Friday, December 3, and goes through midnight at the Latta Barn. Late arrivals can register Saturday morning at the Latta Barn between 7 and 8 a.m. Everyone who wants to participate must register. Straw will be issued at 1/3 of a bale per person. Firewood will be conveniently located near each camp. Please take just what you need and do not hoard it. Water will also be readily available. Everyone will provide their own food for man and beast as well as gunpowder.

Uniforms and accoutrements must be authentic in style and material. Weapons should be accurate with infantry carrying military-

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issue black powder rifles or muskets; cavalry armed with carbines, shotguns, and/or revolvers.

Artillery will be original or full-scale reproductions only. Swords and sabers will be carried by officers, NCOs, and mounted cavalry only. All camps will remain authentic throughout the event, including after dark. No radios, telephones, televisions, tape or CD players will be allowed in camp.

Everyone will completely hide any modern items from the view of the public and their fellow campers. Thus, all vehicles should be unpacked and parked in the reenactor parking area no later than 8 a.m. Saturday morning. No vehicles are allowed in the camps until after the battle demonstration Sunday afternoon without permission from the park staff. Anyone not complying with these rules will be asked to leave and not invited back.

SAFETY

Officers are responsible for inspecting all weapons and cartridges before each battle demonstration. Any material with the chance of becoming a projectile will not be used. Any weapon or cartridge not passing inspection will not be allowed on the field. Bayonets and ramrods may be carried, but not drawn during the battle demonstrations. Safe distances between the lines of fire will be maintained at all times, with a minimum of 100 yards from artillery and 50 yards from small arms. Artillery pieces may fire only once every three minutes and charges should not contain flour or other foreign material. Horses will be ridden safely, especially when riding near the public. If any problems arise, contact Park Historian Don Montgomery or Park Superintendent Ed Smith, who will be on duty throughout the event.

PRAIRIE GROVE TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

Saturday, December 4, 2004

- 8:30 a.m. - 9:30 a.m. — Officers meeting in the Latta Barn
- 9 a.m. until Noon — Civil War camps open to the public
- 9 a.m. until 11 a.m. Print and book signings in Hindman Hall
- 1 p.m. Battle demonstration near the Borden House
- 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. Civil War camps open to the public
- 2:30 p.m. until 5 p.m. Print and book signings in Hindman Hall
- 5:30 p.m. until the cows come home... Social at the Latta Barn.

Sunday, December 5, 2004

- 9 a.m. until 9:30 a.m. Officers' meeting in the Latta Barn
- 9 a.m. until Noon Civil War camps open to the public
- 9 a.m. until 11 a.m. Book signings in Hindman Hall 10 a.m. Church service in the log

church

1 p.m. Battle demonstration near the Borden House

Both Days

8 a.m. until 5 p.m. Hindman Hall open to the public and participants with exhibits, audiovisual programs, diorama, gift shop, and bookstore.

All Day Sutlers' Row open along the historic stone wall. Prairie Grove Band Boosters' and Prairie Grove Masonic Lodge concession stands will be open.

Halloween Through The Centuries

Since it is October, it seemed like an appropriate time to write about Halloween. This holiday has been celebrated in one form or another for centuries and was, during most of it's history, a religious holiday. By the time of the Civil War, it had started to evolve from strictly a religious holiday to a party holiday, but its celebration was not widespread throughout the country. There is little mention of its celebration until the 1870s.

Halloween has been celebrated since the 5th B. C. century. It was originally a holiday instituted by the Irish Celts and was called "Samhain" (sow-en). October 31 was considered the end of the summer, and the Celts believed if this day were celebrated, they would have a prosperous next year.

They also thought on this last day of summer, all the people who had died in the past year, would gather and find a person or animal's body to inhabit for the next twelve months. After a year, the soul would pass to the afterlife. The Celts believed that if they extinguished the fires and lights in the house, that the spirits would look elsewhere for a home, and to frighten away the souls, the family would dress as demons, hobgoblins, and witches, and made much noise as possible as they met with the other villagers at a bonfire outside the town. Occasionally, if a person was considered already possessed, that person was sacrificed in the fire.

In 43 AD, the Romans conquered the Celts, and adopted the Celtic celebration of Halloween, although they abolished human sacrifice in 61 AD. As a substitute for the human sacrifice, they borrowed from the Egyptian custom of effigies and burned those. They called their celebration "Feralia" and celebrated it on February 21, which was the end of the Roman year. The festival was meant to honor the dead and a time to offer prayers for them.

In the early church, a feast day to honor all known and unknown saints was introduced by Pope Boniface IV. He did this in order to

have a feast day that took the place of the earlier pagan festivals and was celebrated about the same time. In 731 AD, Pope Gregory III moved the celebration from May 13 to November 1 and called it All Saint's Day. Since saints were honored or hallowed, the day before was called All Hallow's Eve. To celebrate All Saint's Day, the young men of the village would dress up as a saint and they went from door to door begging for food for the poor. In 998 AD, St. Odilo, an abbot from France instituted the celebration of All Souls on November 2, which was a day of prayer for the all souls in Purgatory and the practice of going door to door begging for the poor, was called "a' souling."

The French, in the 14th and 15th centuries started dressing up in celebration of All Soul's Day. During the Black Death, murals were drawn on cemetery walls, of the "Dance of Death" or the "Dance Macabre," which depicted the devil leading a daisy chain of people into a tomb. This dance was sometimes presented as a living tableau on All Soul's Day.

On October 31, 1517, Martin Luther began his Protestant Reformation movement. Due to the Reformation and the influence of Martin Luther in Germany and John Calvin in Switzerland, the celebration to honor saints was abandoned by Protestants. If there was no All Saint's Day, there was no All Hallow's Eve, and thus no Halloween.

In England, on November 5 Guy Fawkes Day was celebrated. In the early 17th century, there was enmity between Catholics and Protestants in England, and some fanatical Catholic leaders plotted to blow up the Protestant Parliament and King James in 1605. They were to be assisted by Guy Fawkes, who guarded the gunpowder. The plan was discovered at the last minute, and Fawkes was arrested and hanged.

In 1606, Parliament declared November 5 a day of national celebration and it was an anti-Catholic celebration. Revelers would mask themselves and visit Catholic households and demand cakes and beer or the men would dress in costume and beg lumps of coal in order to burn effigies of Guy Fawkes, or in some cases, effigies of the Pope.

In the United States, both All Saint's Day, and Guy Fawkes Day, were brought by immigrants and customs from various countries intermingled and became what we know today at Halloween. Guy Fawkes Day (in the United States it became Powder Plot Day or Pope's Day) was brought to America by the Puritans ; All Saint's Day was kept by Anglicans and in the colonies that were populated by Catholics. Guy Fawkes Day eventually combined with the All Saint's and Hallow Eve's customs of the Anglicans and Catholics and thus the American holiday was born.

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The Captain's Tent

by Tom Ezell

*"You may talk about your hardcores
Who say they're better'n me.,
but that dumb-assed Beck of Kansas
sure played hell in Tennessee."*

Well, the most-anticipated event of 2004 now lies in our past, and while it wasn't quite what we anticipated, nearly all the Company members I've spoken to since then remember it positively. While 140th Franklin wasn't exactly all that it was advertised to be, it does represent a significant change in philosophy by the senior leadership of the North/South Alliance, to move both divisions as a whole toward a more authentic effort and experience at our national events.

First of all, I'd like to express my sincere appreciation for all the fellows who came out to support us at Franklin, and I hope that we made the event worth your time and effort. There were some disappointments here and there, and the event as it unfolded wasn't quite what it was advertised to be at times, but what made it special for me was the way that everybody in the Company, to include our friends from the 1st Arkansas who fell in with us, worked so well together and took everything as it came. You guys looked like, and acted like champions out there, and I am very proud to have served with each of you. From drill, to discipline, to fieldcraft, you guys did an outstanding job!!

Scanning through the event reports on the various web sites, most everybody on both sides of the Alliance were outraged at General Beck's taking his brigade straight down the middle and busting up the scripted scenario in Saturday afternoon's reenactment of Franklin. One of the battalions in Beck's Trans-Mississippi Brigade may be resigning and going independent, and the Alliance staff is saddled with determining what to do with a rogue general.

The solution for now may be simple, since the TMB is next on the 1st CS Division's duty roster for galvanizing, we can simply give Beck to the Yankees next year at Corinth and he can be *their* problem.

I was a good bit disappointed in missing out on the campaign efforts on Friday night and Saturday morning, but it was still an excellent learning experience on my part in that we may need to take a more measured pace in getting everybody to these sorts of events. We're still

about half and half on the campaign issue, where half of our membership likes campaigning, half still likes the old way of heavy camping, and half still aren't sure. (Yes, I know that's three halves trying to make a whole. After all, it's reenactor math.) I'm not sure what next year's event at Corinth will offer in the way of getting the whole Brigade out campaigning, but we'll deal with it when the time comes.

A few small disappointments aside, I had a good time at Franklin. While a lot of the marching around seemed pointless at the time, the distances weren't all that far, and they kept it at a very easy pace. My feet hurt pretty badly by the end of Saturday afternoon, but that was more a problem with worn-out shoes rather than any physical exertion, and I found a new pair of shoes Sunday morning from Cedar Creek, which helped the footsoreness immensely.

Franklin 140 was a good learning experience for the Division, as well. In addition to Mr. Beck's adventures, there's a significant shake-up coming in the Division staff, where membership has long been allocated more along the lines of being a rock star groupie than any military or administrative merit. Currently they're looking for a couple of bushy-tailed lieutenants to take over much of the admin work around the headquarters. A copy of the notice has been sent around via e-mail; if you're interested in signing up for the general staff, please let me know and we'll get you on the way to at least an interview.

General Moore promises things will be different for Corinth in 2005. The Alliance will be running its own registration process; there will probably be some sort of limit on Confederate registrations (e.g., 1st CD member units only); and sutlers will be only on a "by invitation" basis to weed out the junk vendors and emphasize those offering quality, authentic goods. Having gone through the Corinth community on the way home from Franklin, and re-read my copy of Peter Cozzens' *The Darkest Days of the War*, this looks like it will be an even better event than Franklin, with a much greater history-to-hype ratio than we've just seen. I'm looking forward to it!

BATTALION ELECTIONS COMING UP

The TMVI Battalion will be holding its biennial elections for the battalion commander and staff on Saturday afternoon at Prairie Grove. All the seats are wide open, so here's your chance to either excel, or put your buddy on the hot seat. The Battalion staff recently polled the company commanders asking for nominations for each office, and we need to submit these by November 15.

One of the things that I like about the TMVI is that we at least try once every two years to give the privates in the ranks a voice

in who runs the thing. Whereas the rules way down below say that the company captains make nominations for the staff officers, in reality that choice belongs to you, the musket-toter. I do not plan to put forth a specific nomination on my own, unless you fellows have a particular choice or recommendation.

The elected offices in the TMVI are:

- Colonel/battalion commander — (currently Toren Blanco, 6th Arkansas)
- Lieutenant colonel — (currently Ricky Hunt, of the 19th Texas)
- Major — (currently Rick Schell, 12th Texas)
- Sergeant-Major (currently Preston Ware of the old 3rd Arkansas)

If you have a particular candidate in mind for any office, please send me a note to that effect by Sunday, October 31, with a copy to First Sgt. Shore. We will post the company nominations for everyone to review and agree on, then once we agree as a company, Steve & I will send that slate to battalion as our nomination. If you like the slate of battalion officers the way it is, please send us a note to that effect, too... If these guys want to be re-elected, they still need to be re-nominated via this sort of process ;-)

You will have yet another chance to vote for each office at the elections in Prairie Grove. The way the actual election works, is that each individual soldier casts his own ballot — I can only vote for myself, I can't turn in for example, 24 votes for Candidate X on behalf of the 6th Arkansas. Essentially, this also means that you'll need to be at Prairie Grove to vote.

Company elections will be held at our annual business meeting for 2005, tentatively scheduled for January 8, 2005, right after the David O. Dodd memorial.

Again, think things over, and let me know how you feel by next Sunday.

CHRISTMAS TIME'S A' COMING...

At this point there are two proposals out on the table for this year's Christmas Party. The folks in the 37th have proposed a get-together at a local restaurant (Ozark Mountain Smokehouse on Cantrell Road has been specifically mentioned) where we might gather and fellowship in the form of a military "dining out" (Military mess/formal dinner, with the ladies invited). Or, that we simply gather at a local steakhouse or other hospitable establishment to recognize a few folks and wrap up what's been a very good year for both groups. Some details are still being worked out, what we need is an idea what you fellows would like to do.

The second option is that we have been invited to share in the Christmas party and potluck scheduled by the Little Rock camp of

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The Captain's Tent *(Continued from Page 2)*

the Sons of Confederate Veterans, currently scheduled for December 11 at 6:00 p.m. at the First Christian Church at 1500 Mississippi Avenue in Little Rock.

Uniforms are welcome at both events, and the format is usually pretty convivial.

Again, please let me know your preferences, and we'll start getting things set up.

ON SKINNER'S ROW...

And while we're talking about Christmas, strolling down Sutler's Row Saturday afternoon while waiting to be "resurrected" I got to see a few goodies they had for offer, and bring back a little evaluation.

• **Armi-Sport P1853 Enfield rifle** (Fall Creek Suttler). In all the confusion Friday afternoon, we wound up getting a new Enfield to serve as a company loaner. The best price offered along the Row was at Fall Creek (\$430), and I was pleased to see some of the improvements they had since I bought my Enfield back in early '98. With the increasing emphasis on "authenticized" weapons, I was pleased to see that they had added the Birmingham cartouche to the stock, as well as the maker's stamp on the bottom of the butt. The wood was a very nice reddish tone closer to the original oil finish than the darker brown used in the past. That being said, all the old errors common to the ArmiSport reproduction are still there and the weapon will need a good deal of work to complete the "de-farbing" process, but it's nice to see even a tiny step in the right direction by these folks.

• **1861 Revised Hardee's Rifle and Infantry Tactics, Goetzel edition.** (S&S Sutlers; C.J. Daley and Co.) One of the more important missing items in western Confederate reenacting is a good copy of the drill manual that General Hardee brought to Arkansas with him and used to drill the regiments of the Arkansas Brigade. Known as the "Revised Hardee's" or the "Goetzel edition," every progressive web site touts this manual as the standard for the hobby, but up until now, nobody had a copy of it! All previous versions sold on sutler's row and elsewhere are the 1855 edition, for the 2-band rifles. Some years ago there was a fundraising project where they printed off copies of the Spelman edition known as the "North Carolina Drill Manual," and we made do with this. During my search for drill manuals last winter I was able to find a set of original copies of the Goetzel edition on a rare book vendor's web site, but at an asking price of \$3,500 per volume. Me, I bought one of the old copies of the North Carolina manual for considerably less, and made myself content with that. Fellow reenactor Eric Mink, who coordinated the recent reprints of Gilham's Manual for Instruction for Volunteers and Militia and the

Coming Events

October 30, 2004 — "Big BOO-Zeum Bash" at MacArthur Museum of Arkansas Military History, MacArthur Park, Little Rock, 4:00 to 8:30 p.m.

November 6-7, 2004: Civil War Days at Old Washington. Old Washington Historic State Park, Washington, AR. 37th Illinois event.

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

TENTATIVE LIST -- 2005 EVENTS

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

February 5, 2005 – Little Rock Arsenal living history, MacArthur Museum of Military History, MacArthur Park, Little Rock.

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

March 26-27 — Siege of Port Hudson Re-enactment, Port Hudson SCA, Zachary, LA

April 8-9, 2005 – Shiloh Living History, Shiloh National Military Park. Sponsored by the Salt River Rifles, by invitation event. (Federal impression).

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

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

October 1-2, 2005 – Battle of Corinth Re-enactment, Corinth, MS. Sponsored by the North/South Alliance

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

3-volume set of Casey's Infantry Tactics, has just finished printing a repro version of the 1861 Goetzel edition of Hardee's, which were delivered the day before the Franklin event opened. I snagged a set for my officer's impression and reference library, and have been very pleased with them. Copied from an original set, these manuals are pocket-sized hardbacks bound in a blue cover, with a small insert pasted inside with Hardee's assertion that this is the "only COPY-RIGHT edition..." All the text and fold-outs are included, and the quality of print is very close to the originals, being offset printed from the microfilmed images of the original pages. Both are dated "The First Year of the Confederacy." Volume I is marked as the 3rd edition, Vol. II is a "2nd edition," a little detail noted in that nearly all known surviving sets of these manuals, no two were a matching set of the same edition. I checked this by looking at my set of original Casey's manuals, and doggone it if they aren't

a mismatched set, too.

Cost was \$60 for the set from S&S, \$55 if ordered from Chris Daley. I bought my set for living history purposes so as to have the authentic books in my hands or tail pockets at events and company drills, but if you're interested in simply learning the right drill procedures, you've already got a copy with your PDF file of the Capitol Guards Drill Manual. Confirming that the CGDM was right on the money with the text of the Goetzel Edition was another plus and a pleasure.

Again, thank you for your time and effort over what has been a very busy fall season, and I hope to see you on the field with us again at Prairie Grove in December!

your pard,

Tom Ezell
Capt., Co. A, 6th Arks. Vols.

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

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

Captain Tom Ezell 338 Johnson Road Scott, AR 72142 (501) 961-1937 (501) 912-1047 (cell)	1st Sergeant Steve Shore 68 Stonewall Drive Jacksonville, AR 72076 (501) 985-0560
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Visit us on the Internet at
<http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards/>

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

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

Did you know that the Capitol Guards have a web site?

Looking for a copy of one of last year's newsletters? Did you miss this month's newsletter? Need a copy of Hardee's drill manual? Are you wondering what the duties of the quartermaster sergeant, the corporal of the guard, or a sergeant of police are? What did the 6th Arkansas do at Pickett's Mill in 1864? What battlefields were they on, and what does it look like today? Strangely enough, you can find all that, and more, on the Capitol Guards' web site at <http://www.geocities.com/capitalguards/>.

Not only that, but there is a bulletin board, too, where you can find the most recently available updates on what's going on in reenacting and living history in Arkansas.

Halloween (Continued from Page 9)

Puritans, even though they didn't celebrate All Saint's Day, were great believers in the occult and superstitions, played fortune-telling games, practiced divinations, and told ghost stories. As time passed, these were adopted into Halloween activities.

After the American Revolution, autumnal feasts were celebrated in rural areas and were sometimes called "play parties." Corn husking, apple peeling, sugaring time and other rural get-togethers were group oriented. Work as well as play was an important part of the community gatherings. After the work was done, music, dancing, fortune-telling games, divination, and good food was a part of the party.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, large numbers of Irish immigrants left Ireland during the famines and brought their customs to the United States, but the celebration of Halloween. By the end of the Civil War, Episcopalians and Catholics were the only ones celebrating All Saint's Day. There were various celebrations and nights of revelry that were observed, but it was not until 1921 that Halloween was declared an official holiday. In Anoka, Minnesota the first citywide Halloween celebration was held, where it was celebrated with a pumpkin bowl, a costumed square dance and two parades.

Some of our modern customs date back to the early celebrations. We think of Halloween to be a time of noise and parties; masks; begging treats; and jack o' lanterns. Most of the current traditions find their roots in the early history of the celebration. Irish Catholics remembered the souls of all the departed, not just those of the faithful so they had the custom banging on pots and pans to let the dead know they were not forgotten along with the bonfires to scare away the wandering souls.

Masks originated with the French and the English, as well as the begging of treats but "Trick or Treat" does not appear in print until the 1939.

The jack o' lantern developed from the Irish fable of Stingy Jack. Jack tricked Satan (the type of trick differs according to the tale) and then Jack died. He could not enter Heaven because of his sins and Satan would not let him enter Hell. Wandering around in the dark, he was able to beg a coal from Satan in order to light his way. Jack put the coal inside of a carved-out turnip and thus came the jack o' lantern. In Scotland, children use large turnips; in Ireland, they use turnips or potatoes; and in parts of England they used large beets. When the customs came to America, pumpkins were adopted.

There is not a great deal of reference to Halloween prior to the Civil War and very few mentions during the war. Kate Stone, in her journal, *Brokenburn*, did contain a reference to Halloween. She wrote in November, 1864,

"Some gentlemen called, and we had cards. After they left, Lucy and I tried our fortunes in divers ways as it was 'All Hallow'e'en.' We tried all magic arts and had a merry frolic, but no future lord and master came to turn our wet garments hanging before the fire. There were no ghostly footprints in the meal sprinkled behind the door. No bearded face looked over our shoulders as we ate the apples before the glass. No knightly forms of soldiers brave disturbed our dreams after eating the white of an egg half-filled with salt."

The above activities were forms of divination and a great many of the nineteenth century divination games were similar to those in England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. Most of them were ways to find out the future husband of the girls.

There was very few mentions of Halloween in literature until the 1870's. In Oct. 1872 issue of Godey's was one of the first literary mentions of Halloween. "Hallowe'en - Time in its ever-onward course, has one more brought us to the month in which this festival occurs. About the day itself there is nothing in any wise peculiar or worthy of notice, but since time almost immemorial All Hallow Eve, or Halloween, has formed the subject theme of fireside chat and published story." The article was an explanation of Halloween as described in the Robert Burns poem, "Hallowe'en" written in 1785. Burns included many divinations in his poem which were still popular among the young people. The author of the Godey's article stated that the holiday was an ethnic celebration of the old-style English, Irish, Scots and Welsh immigrants.

As the 19th century progressed, the celebration of Halloween continued to increase. It was mentioned in magazines for adults and children. Godey's, *Harper's Bazaar*, *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and local newspapers had Halloween stories and suggestions for party activities.. Costumes at Halloween parties began to appear in the last part of the century. Thus various old customs evolved into the present day event we know as Halloween.

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