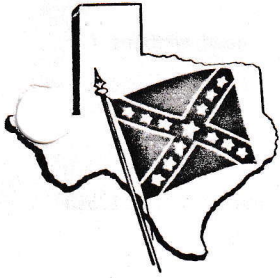


THE TEXAS RIFLES

"To The Tyrants Never Yield!"

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COMMANDER'S DISPATCH

A "job well done" is extended to Mike Moore for Texian Market Days and to Larry McMahan, Randy Gilbert, Don Gipson, Ashton Oravetz, Dwight Hall and everyone else involved with the success of Camp Ford. In my opinion, this was the best year ever for both of these events. If you missed either of these, you "screwed the pooch", as they say.

Obviously, this edition focuses on our participation at Franklin, Tennessee, December 1-3. At this time, our company is about 30 men strong including the Tarrant Rifles. By now, everyone should have made arrangements for traveling. If you haven't, please contact your regional director or me for help. There are a few people that still have room in their vehicles. Remember, the weather could get cold so come prepared. Dig out your greatcoat and your mittens and head north to Tennessee. I'll look forward to seeing each of you at Franklin. Oh, and so will Virgil

For God and Texas!!!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

[Notice: Most of the members, officers, and NCOs will be present at events in **bold type**, but you may be on your own at events in regular type.]

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN: December 1-3 near Franklin, Tennessee. This will be a maximum effort brigade and Texas Rifles event. This reenactment is put on by reenactors for reenactors. There will be three battles. See event information and maps for details.

TEXAS RIFLES "FIRST ANNUAL" BALL: December 30, Driskell Hotel in Austin, Texas. This is a living history evening ball sponsored by the Ladies of the Texas Rifles. See Issue Nos. 18 and 19 for details or Contact Ana and Vince Draa for more information (see masthead for address and phone number).

DADE'S MASSACRE: December 29-31, Bushnell, Florida. Pre-1860 event. For those seeking the action of a full-fledged battle in the 1830's. Contact Steve Abolt (817) 535-2359 or Vince Draa (see masthead).

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS: January 5-7, 1990. New Orleans, Louisiana. The 175th Anniversary of the 1815 battle. Encampment on the original site. Contact Steve Abolt (817) 535-2359).

CONFEDERATE BALL: January 1990 in Houston, Texas. The Albert Sydney Johnston SCV annual debutante ball. Need members for color guard. Contact Gordon Gentry in Houston (713 645-1119).

TEXAS RIFLES ANNUAL MUSTER AND ELECTION: January 27-28, 1990. Winedale, Texas. More information to come.

BENTONVILLE: In Georgia third weekend of March 1990. Surrender of the Confederates will mark the end of the 125th Anniversary. Battle reenactment, encampment, and surrender ceremony. Brigade event. Details to come.

* * THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN * *

By Scott Swenson

Unit: Our battalion's primary impression will be the 10th Texas Infantry. Our company will be Co A [since Capt. Swenson is the Senior Captain -- Editor]. Physical Impression: Campaign uniform. Don't forget greatcoats, mittens, scarves, etc., if you have them. A good pair of "long johns" might not be a bad idea either. No gaiters, havelocks, etc. You might want to try to Scotchguard your uniform or greatcoat in case it snows. Also be sure to bring an extra pair of dry socks. Ammunition: I strongly recommend that you bring at least **100 rounds** in arsenal packs. It's no fun to run out of cartridges in the middle of a hot battle. Don't be the one who runs out and has to beg for cartridges. Also be sure to bring ample percussion caps.

Extra Gear: Cars will not be allowed in camp and, more importantly, we are portraying an army on campaign. So be prepared to carry everything you need in on your back. Tentage and possibly a pot to cook in are the only pieces of extra equipment you should have. Tentage: The company will bring two tent flies for the enlisted men. No "A" tents in the company street except officers. No wall tents will be allowed. The tent flies will be converted by lowering them to about 4 feet high and enclosing the ends with gum blankets. These should then hold at least 6 men each. If you have shelter halves, bring them. If you don't have a buddy to share shelter halves, we can pair you up with someone. The bottom line is that the only tents you should bring are shelter halves or tent flies. The company will have a shovel, hammer, and an ax available, so don't load yourself down with these types of items.

Furniture in Camp: Not allowed! Even for our company officers! Remember, we are an army on the march. No ice chests please. It should be cold enough that you won't need them, and you wouldn't have them anyway. (Note: it will be standard practice from now on that we will bring a company barrel to store ice in for the entire company at non-winter events). Blankets: Bring them! If you were at Shiloh, you know that you need to plan to spoon with someone (sleep close together). If you don't, it doesn't matter how many blankets you have, you won't stay warm. With this in mind, if everyone will bring 2 blankets, then two men can sleep on one and have the other three to cover up with. Food: There will not be a company mess at this event, nor any modern vendors anywhere close, so make plans now to bring period rations. Remember the old adage: "If they're good enough to spoon with you, they're good enough to mess with you!" So get together with a few people and decide who should bring what for your mess. If you are a new member, contact your sponsor, your regional director, or me and we will find a mess for you. Some ideas for food are smoked sausage, cheese, beans (to cook - not in a can!), raw vegetables with spices for soup or a stew, hard bread, hard tack, or bring makings for Corn Dodgers. You can fry some sausage and use the grease to fry taters or Corn Dodgers, etc., etc. (Consult your newsletter back issues for recipes for stew, beef jerky, Hopping Johns, Corn dodgers, etc. by James Nash or Vince Draa.) Whatever you decide upon, wrap it and bring it in period containers, bags, etc., and plan to cook some hot food. If it is cold, you will need it. Also, keep your cooking utensils to a minimum. No elaborate cooking setups, please.

Weather: It could be cold and it could even snow! Whatever the case, don't let the weather keep you from attending unless you have a health problem. Cold weather always provides a hardship that brings men who endure it closer together. I, for one, look forward to whatever the weather brings. Schedule: Everyone should try to arrive no later than noon Friday. If you want to tour any local sites, try to arrive in time to do so Friday morning or before.

Thursday, November 30: Afternoon memorial services: Carter House, Carnton, and Confederate cemetery.

Friday, December 1: 6 a.m. Reveille all camps. 9 a.m. camp closes to vehicles. 12:30 p.m. troops leave for battle site. 1 p.m. Skirmish at Columbia.

Saturday, December 2: 6 a.m. Reveille all camps. 8 a.m. company drills. 8:30 a.m. battalion drills. 10 a.m. Union troops form and leave for "Springhill." 10:15 a.m. Confederate troops form and leave for "Springhill." 11 a.m. cavalry

attacks Union left. 12 p.m. Confederate infantry engage. 2 p.m. battle ends. 4 p.m. evening parades - battalion level CS and US camps.

Sunday, December 3: 6 a.m. Reveille. 8 a.m. Confederate troops form for grand review. 9 a.m. grand review. 10:30 a.m. church services begin. 11:30 a.m. Union troops leave for "Franklin." Confederate troops leave Springhill for "Franklin". 1 p.m. the Battle of Franklin. 3:30 to 4 p.m. battle ends, camps open to vehicles.

When you arrive, find out where the Confederate First Brigade camp is located (commander -- Jack King). Then ask for Mike Moore's battalion camp, and when you arrive there, ask for the company street for the Texas Rifles. Remember, fire pits are only allowed at the end of the company street on line with the tents (kitchen area.)

For your information, here is a list of Texas Rifles members on staffs. Brigade Staff: Brig. Gen. Jack King. Chief of Staff: Randy Gilbert. Adjutant: Kevin Young. Staff member: John Blackmon. Provost Marshall: Mike Click (who may be on Army Staff instead of Brigade Staff). Battalion Staff: Col. Mike Moore. Adjutant: Bruce Winders (Tarrant Rifles). Sgt. Major: John Keahey. Suggested reading to prepare for the reenactment: "Five Tragic Hours."



GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD, C. S. A. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The following are excerpts from the event information package written by Al Gatlin: We will be gathering here in Franklin, Tennessee, to portray an event that happened 125 years ago -- An event that led to the end of the War Between the States. One of the things I wish that each one of you could accomplish by this event is to try to make it an "event to remember" not just a reenactment. Those of us who have been in this hobby for many years and have "done" reenactments must resist the temptation to do so. We must keep our military bearing, historical bearing and show the rest the way to respect our ancestors. We are going to be doing the Battle of Franklin on Sunday. Preparations on the field have been extensive -- retrenchments and earthworks will be recreated to resemble the fortifications t ill-fated invasion of Tennessee. The Carter House and Gin House are being cons authenticity to enrich the event. The famous 'Osage Orange' hedge will be simu be in place. We are going to have some different impressions at this event tha have a working telegraph between them. Atlanta had this but unless someone toI gentleman who is going to have a field "post office" set up at the Confederate has done extensive research and found that the Army of Tennessee had such an of Army, they are striving to get as many "repeating rifles" as possible to simula received from Spencers and Henrys during the original battles. A company of B1 another touch of 1864 for the Union side of the event. The Union troops will b improving the trenches during the night before Sunday's dramatic finish.

The event rules and regulations include: absolutely no discharging of weapons will be permitted within the camp boundaries. No cars, trucks, or modern vehicles will be allowed within the camp boundaries while the area is closed to vehicular traffic. All Violators will be towed! Special note: we are providing a civilian authentic camp that is between the two military camps. Therefore, civilians will not be allowed to camp in the military camps. Any military person that "shares" a tent with a civilian will be allowed to set up their tent in the civilian camp. The three camps are close enough together that the military person would not be inconvenienced. The event will have transportation from the parking area during the event for those who need assistance getting their trappings into the camp sites. We are allowing vehicles in the camps during these times: Thursday - Open all day. Friday - closed from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday - closes at 5 a.m. Sunday - opens after the battle. No authentic civilians are allowed in military camps without passes. Confederate troops should present their best 1864 western impression at Franklin. Knives - remember this is 1864, not 1861. Large knives had all but disappeared -- too much weight! Anyone under the age of 18 years must have a signed wavier from their parents or legal guardian to participate. Emergency phone number: A cellular phone has been provided for emergency phone use only. If there is an emergency in which you need to contact someone on site, you [or our friends and family in Texas] may call (615) 351-9601. This is for EMERGENCIES ONLY.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

By Steve Abolt

Hdqtrs 7th U.S. Infantry, General Orders No. 1: Preliminary information of New Orleans. Fellow Regulars, TO ARMS! Recent intelligence has reached Regimental Headquarters of John Bull's minions attempting an invasion of the Mississippi Valley via New Orleans. The Army, of which this regiment is a part, has been ordered posthaste to prepare for the upcoming campaign. Our numbers are growing daily! Please read the following General Orders. For those not possessing the capability of reading, a sergeant, specifically assigned by the Captain commanding, will read the document.

General Information: We may expect to meet our British foes on January 5, 6, and 7. Troops are encouraged to arrive before these dates. Headquarters will be established on the field of Chalmette on January 1. All troops must be on site no later than Friday, January 5. As per regulations, the camp will be established parallel to the line of works. The order of encampment from right to left will be: (1) Civilians, (2) Militia, (3) Regulars. Our British counterparts will camp across the roadway and facing us. The most important item to remember for this event is that it is not a battle! It is a living history weekend to commemorate the 175th Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. Therefore, please note carefully the following: NO PARTICIPANT SHALL BRING ANY BLACK POWDER UPON PARK GROUNDS! ALL CARTRIDGES SHALL BE DISTRIBUTED TO THE COMPANIES VIA THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.

At the present time, our company of the 7th looks to be one of the largest at the event. The Park Service has decided there will be no small units. Small units and individual soldiers will be brigaded with larger units. So in order to avoid an identity crisis, please fill out the information blank at the end [see last page of newsletter - Editor] and be counted amount the best! At the time of these general orders, our strength is nearing the thirty mark. Amenities: The Park Service will be supplying firewood and hay as well as meals. As to the meals, these are being served in an olive drab issue National Guard tent. If you do not wish to compromise your impression by messing in this tent, you may either cook your own period meal, or we can dispatch someone to the tent to bring the food back to camp. Firepits for cooking may be dug at the site, but they must be shallow! At this time there is still a question on mileage being provided. Please fill out the information sheet so I can inform the Park Service. Members are asked to carpool so any money received may be distributed more equitably. We are also attempting a special event to be held on Friday evening in a Pub in New Orleans. This event will, at the present time, be open only to members of the 7th. Uniforms must be worn. This event is being coordinated by Pvt. Scott Swenson.

Command Structure: Overall American Command will be under Capt. E. Peterkin of the Ft. McHenry Guard. At present, there will be two companies of the 7th U.S. One under the command of Capt. Ray Giron, and the other under my command with John Keahey as 1st. Sgt. For the purpose of maneuvering, a second sergeant will be appointed. As this is a living history event, and firings will be strictly controlled, we will spend a great deal of time in company drill and school of the soldier. Sutlers: At the present time, the Park Service is allowing no sutlers at the event. If you bring items to sell, they must be kept out of public view and sold only to fellow reenactors. I have had several conversations with the powers that be about this restriction, but to date their ruling still stands. Civilians: We are encouraging participation by civilians. We need laundresses, soldier's and officer's wives, street vendors, and camp followers. All civilians must be in their own camp. No women will be allowed in the camp without an escort! Soldiers: All ranks will exhibit the proper decorum. Military courtesy will be extended to all superior officers, whether American or British. As we are on a war footing, guards will be posted about the camp. Any enemy soldiers appearing in the compound will be arrested and brought to headquarters.

Required Equipment: All men of the 7th should have the following equipment: M-1813 blue coatee, M-1813 leather tombstone shako, M-1808 or Charleville musket with bayonet, white buff crossbelts, M-1808 cartridge box, black bayonet scabbard worn on crossbelt, oval brass crossbelt plate, blue painted canvas haversack with cup, plate, etc., wooden canteen, white cotton or wool DROP FRONT trousers, shoes of the period (Jefferson Bootees acceptable). Optional equipment: blue painted canvas knapsack, black canvas gaiters, blanket overcoat, extra blankets. If you need any of these items, please contact the following: For uniform coatees: Capt. **Steve Abolt**, 1856 Carl, Ft. Worth, Tx. 76103 (817) 535-2359. For shakos contact either **John Gattis**, 14523 Hague, Dallas, Tx 75234 or **Brian Lloyd**, Buffalo, MN, (612) 682-3609. For haversacks, knapsacks: **John Keahey**, 2810 W. Pebble Beach, Missouri City, Tx 77459. For blankets, cross belts, coatees, belt plates, gaiters, cartridge boxes: **Bruce Frazer**, 5501 South Lamar, Dallas, Tx 75215. Drill Manual: In order to standardize drill, the Park Service has issued a manual compiled by Capt. Peterkin. If you would like a copy of this manual in order to prepare for the event, please send a check for \$5 to me, Steve Abolt, 1856 Carl, Ft. Worth, Tx 76103.

* * * T R I D B I T S * * *

NCO POSITIONS: Scott Swenson reports that these are the appointed NCO positions until Winedale in January 1990. Only these members should be wearing NCO rank. Third Sergeant - **David Agee**, First Corporal - **Vince Draa**, Second Corporal - **Brian Bosworth**, Third Corporal - **Kevin Stork**, Fourth Corporal - **Larry Richardson**.

CHARLES CHILDS: Charles Childs of Country Cloth, the primary supplier of jean material (a period wool-cotton blend) has a new phone number. If you want to order cloth, dial (216) 482-5131.

A FRIEND DEPARTED: One of our outstanding members has moved. **Robbie Chiles**, who lived in Austin and was present at almost every Texas Rifles event, has moved to 3526 Grove Avenue, No. 1, Richmond, VA 23221. Robbie will be greatly missed here, but I must say that I really envy him. He'll be able to attend all those superb Eastern events in and around Virginia! Good luck, Robbie! And don't forget to keep in touch with your pals in Texas -- Editor.

TEXAS RIFLES ANNUAL BALL: See the last two newsletter issues for details. If you plan to attend, you should send your \$35.00 per person to Gill Eastland right away. Contact Vince or Ana Draa (see masthead for address and phone number) if you have any questions. The Ball will be held in Austin, Texas, at the Driskell Hotel on Saturday night, December 30, 1989, from 7:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.

TAILOR FOR HIRE: If you need someone to sew uniforms, Steve Abolt is making his services available. His work is guaranteed and high quality. Write to 1856 Carl, Fort Worth, Texas 76103, or call (817) 535-2359. (By Scott Swenson)

GET READY FOR NEW ORLEANS: Anyone interested in going to New Orleans as a U.S. Regular should start putting together their uniform and kit immediately. See event information in this newsletter. Contact Steve Abolt or Scott Swenson for assistance and information. (By Scott Swenson).

EDITOR'S NOTE: I've been asked why I don't use the VOL. & NO. system like "fancier" publications. I admit it looks more impressive to see "VOL. II, NO. XII" than just plain "No. 20", but I decided to use a simple numbering system to make it easier for you to keep track of your newsletters. It's easier to look for No. 8 instead of trying to figure out what volume and number to look for. I hope the simpler system is okay with you. It's not fancy, but it is practical.

NANCY PRETZER: Nancy sent a nice letter to me advising of an address change. Since I'm not sure her letter was meant for publication, I thought I'd at least give you a summary. Nancy said her family has experienced some serious illnesses and the death of someone close to her. This kept her from attending events. Nancy then said, "Then good news came (really surprising news). I found out I was pregnant! No, it wasn't planned - but we're getting used to the idea. I'm due March 24th. Of course, as far as my husband is concerned - it's a boy. No doubts about it." Nancy went on to say, "I will, if at all possible, attend the annual Winedale Muster. I had fully planned to attend Texian Market Days, but got up Saturday and Sunday morning very sick. Comes with the package. I just wish the stork would drop it on our doorstep - sure would be a lot easier on me!" I'm sure a lot of moms can sympathize with Nancy about that! -- Editor.

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F O R S A L E , T R A D E , L O S T O R F O U N D

The following items are available from the IMAX Theater gift shop, 849 East Commerce Street, Suite 483, San Antonio, Texas 78205: The U.S. Mexican War by Philip Katcher, Osprey Men-at-Arms, \$9.95. The Alamo and the War of Texas Independence, by Philip Haythornthwaite, Osprey Men-at-Arms, \$9.95. My Confession by Samuel Chamberlain, one of the classics of the Mexican War, paper, Bison Press, \$9.95. For a complete book list, mail SASE to above address. Please add \$1.00 per book. (Submitted by Kevin Young of the IMAX Theater).

For sale: Two 1836 Mexican Army reproduction tail coats in excellent condition (one red/blue coat, one red/blue with white piping - both size 40 to 42), and one shako with chin scales, cord, plate, and rosette. Fits 7 to 7 1/4 head size. Contact Jon Butcher (713) 996-9424 or write to 17310 Fife Lane, Webster, Texas 77598. All three items for \$130.00

The following items are available from John Keahey, 2810 W. Pebble Beach, Missouri City, Tx. 77459, (713) 261-0665: 1 pair CWP/IWP Federal Infantry corporal's **chevrons** \$5.00. 1 pair CWP/IWP Federal Infantry corporal's **trouser stripes** \$4.00. 1 pair

CWP/IWP Federal Infantry corporal's **service stripes** \$2.00. 1 Arkansas **toothpick knife sheath** \$2.00. 1 pair white cotton duck **drop-front trousers**, hole in one knee, great for U.S. or Soldado use, inseam 26", waist 31" \$20.00. 1 pair **stockings**, white cotton for lady or man with correct back seam \$5.00. 1 pair **stockings**, white for lady or man \$4.00. Miscellaneous original **brass letters**, assorted sizes from closed saddle shop, each \$1.00. 1 **cartridge box**, .75 Cal. with white buff strap, correct for British Napoleonic or Mexican 1830's use \$50.00. **Linen**, beautiful fine white linen suitable for shirts, linings, etc., from discarded linen maps. Wash the fabric map and save the linen base, one or more yards per map, each \$1.00. 1 **bone piece**, white, for use as buttons, knife handle, whatever \$2.00. 1 **Union identity coin**, cast pewter, reverse side left blank for engraving of name and unit \$2.00. 1 Confederate cloth Springfield **musket sling** \$5.00. 1 **New Orleans Grey's flag**, beautiful copy of flag captured by the Mexican Army at the Alamo, blue silk with gold fringe \$250.00. 1 **backsword**, circa 1625-1700, heavy sword with tapered 1-1/4" straight blade, brass hilt with shell motif, leather grip wrapped with wire, brass trimmed scabbard \$250.00. 1 **Kentucky rifle**, .50 cal. custom made rifle with curly maple stock, intricate escutcheon plate, patch box, toe plate, etc., 41" browned barrel, swappable locks that convert rifle from flint to percussion in minutes, with bullet mold \$800.00. 1 **Shiloh Sharps carbine**, mint condition, .54 cal., the top-of-the-line reproduction in American-made guns \$500.00. **Books:** Great Historic Places, American Heritage \$10.00. The Great Iron Ships, Dugan \$3.00.

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* * R E P O R T S B Y T H E M E M B E R S H I P * *

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, REPORT
By Vince Draa

Texas Rifles members **Kevin Young** (Quartermaster Sgt., U.S. Infantry), **Michael Moore** (3rd Sgt./Brevet 2nd. Lt., U.S. Infantry), **Gill Eastland** (Pvt., U.S. Infantry), **Jeff Hunt** (Pvt. U.S. Infantry), **Ana Draa** (civilian activities coordinator), **Steve Abolt** (Captain, U.S. Infantry), **Scott Swenson** (1st. Lt., U.S. Infantry), and **Vince Draa** (Pvt., Mississippi Rifles-Missouri volunteers) attended the Mexican War encampment held September 8-10 at the National Park Service's Ft. Scott Historic Site in east-central Kansas.

Following an eleven-hour journey from Scott Swenson's digs in Waco (highlighted by an interminable session of Jeff Hunt's patented Name Game), we reached our destination at about 1:30 a.m. just as a vicious thunderstorm broke loose (shades of Chickamauga and Vicksburg). Luckily for us, the Ft. Scott site is a meticulous reconstruction of a 1840's-1850's frontier fort complete with dragoon and infantry barracks. Thus we were able to sleep in bunks instead of the ground which was quickly being covered by a couple of inches of water; although between a trio of snores and two fire alarms, very little shut-eye was obtained. There was no sympathy from Steve and Ana for the barracks dwellers, though, as they rejected the "arms of Morpheus" in favor of putting the final touches on various sewing projects that had to be completed by daybreak. Following a NPS-supplied breakfast of pancakes and sausage, the infantry (commanded by Steve Abolt) and volunteers (commanded by Bruce Winders of the Tarrant Rifles) were formed up and marched out of the fort then back in order to recreate the arrival of the troops who were stopping over on their way to join the war in Mexico.

The rest of the morning was taken up by setting up camp and drilling. After lunch, the volunteers were mustered into the service of the United States much to the delight of the regular army infantry and dragoons. The day's military activities were capped off with a firing demonstration and an evening parade. While the gentlemen were soldiering, Ana and her assistants were mightily striving to prepare dinner for the officers of the fort and their guests. Although presented with last minute increases in the number of dinners and the serving schedule, Ana and friends managed to pull off a first-class meal consisting of pork steak, soup, assorted vegetables, apple cake and coffee. I "volunteered" to help with dessert and coffee when Ana's assistants departed for the ball. I hope the fort's "gentlemen" appreciated the little something extra I added to the last course in the name of all privates who have ever performed KP service for officers' mess.

On Sunday morning, the fort's complement was assembled for inspection. Many unauthorized and unorthodox items were in the volunteers' equipage as might be expected; however, the bunny rabbit found by Captain Abolt in U.S. Infantry Pvt. Bruce Frazer's knapsack was the biggest laugh-getter! Bad blood between the volunteers and the dragoons erupted into a riot involving virtually all the troops who were being assembled to receive their monthly wages (a notable exception being Paymaster Scott "Call me Skylock" Swenson, who would not leave the vicinity of the payroll). Once the brawl had been quelled, and lunch had been served, a combined-arms tactical demonstration was performed with the volunteers deployed as skirmishers in front of the U.S. Infantry in line of battle supported by U.S. artillery and dragoons. Camp was broken shortly thereafter and the frenzied return trip found Ana and I back home in Houston at 05:45 and due to work at 08:00.

The Mexican War event was my first non-civil war reenacting experience, and I found it gave me a better insight on the events and tactics which preceded the 1861-1865 period, particularly into the temperamental nature and hair-singeing capabilities of a flintlock musket! The facilities and amenities provided by the National Park Service were top-notch, and after the late night deluge, the weather was delightfully cool for the remainder of the weekend." (Be sure to see some of the photos Vince took at this event, Xerox copies of which appear in this edition - Editor.)

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FIGHT 'N FOR ATLANTA

By Daniel Snell

[This report was submitted by Texas Rifles member **Daniel Snell** of Boerne, Texas. This is Dan's first contribution to the newsletter, but I sincerely hope it will not be his last -- Editor].

"Gentlemen: Having recently had the opportunity to experience the re-enacting at the Battles of Atlanta, and seeing that most of you were not in attendance, I would like to share with you a few of my experiences. The site in which the event was held was that of a 1,200 acre would-be plantation substantially well suited for an event of this size. My only regret was the few numbers of Federals present (about 800) while the Confederate force was an overwhelming 3,000 plus. However, since most of the fighting was either assaulting or defending in the trenches and breastworks, the visibility of the diminished enemy or the overwhelming force of our comrades was substantially camouflaged.

The First Confederate Brigade commanded by General **Jack King**, having only one battalion commanded by none other than the formidable Col. **Mike Moore**, made an excellent showing. The members of the Texas Rifles present at this event were **Vince Draa** and **Ana Draa**, **Mike Moore**, **Jim Barret**, **Jack King**, and myself and two others who made a showing with us, one being an old friend of mine who reenacts in California, **Richard Magwood**. We ended up falling in with the 26th North Carolina whose ranks were being filled with men from all over. My thanks to Lts. Roberts and Robertson for having us. While I truly missed the presence of a company of Texas Rifles, I was very pleased to be treated with such hospitality as these members of the 26th displayed towards us. I could truly sense that a much larger camaraderie exists towards all members of this hobby and especially within that of the First Confederate Brigade. My thanks are also extended to Jack King, Mike Moore, and all the other members of the Texas Rifles who helped fill the ranks. I would like to share a brief moment I felt during the second day's Battle of Kenesaw Mountain.

THE HEAVENS SEEMED MADE OF BRASS. During the second day's fight, we held a line of trenches over 1500 feet in length forming a horseshoe about halfway up one of the hills of the Kenesaw range. Below us lay a ravine and beyond an open field where we could see the Yankees forming. We knew they were up to something, and we knew it was no damn good! The sun was high above us and the heavens seemed made of brass when all of a sudden the storm broke all around us with the sound of Yankee artillery opening up and shelling us continuously. Shells were bursting in our very faces, we could do nothing but keep as low as possible to the ground. A line of Yankee skirmishers approached the ravine where our skirmishers opened up on them and drove them in. They were followed by the whole Yankee army. We held our fire until our skirmishers returned to the safety of our trenches. Then when the Yankees were about 100 yards away, the whole line was given the order to commence firing and a deafening roar echoed off the hills. The men in the front rank had filled the trenches while the men in the rear rank lay down behind standing briefly only to get a shot off. As the men in the trenches went down they were dragged out and the men in the rear rank would fill in. The Yankees got to within 100 feet of us behind the cover of trees. The firing was heavy all along the Kenesaw Line. The Yanks fell back and we got a breathing spell. Then they made assault and the firing was heavy again. A man went down in front of me, so I dragged him out and jumped into fired and fired as fast as I could; my musket barrel was so hot I burned my hands, but I kept shooting. Then pulled back again and the firing stopped. They had retreated to the ravine and now they came on again. Once deafening roar echoed from the hills. Ammunition was running low, everyone having fired at least 50 rounds. getting ammunition from our fallen comrades. The firing lasted for what seemed an eternity then the Yanks were left of them. King's Brigade and Moore's Battalion had held the line! We were exhausted but triumphant! submitted, Pvt. Daniel Snell"

* * * * *



BATTLES OF ATLANTA

By Vince Draa

"What a difference a year makes! For the second time in a little less than a year, a major 125th Anniversary reenactment was held in northeast Georgia. Unlike the Chickamauga event in September 1988, though, which featured several days of rain, mud and floods, the 1989 Battles of Atlanta reenactment was only briefly marred by a thunderstorm on Friday night, and the weather overall was not as hot and humid as is usually experienced in Georgia during the late summer. Although not an official Texas Rifles event, there were many familiar faces to be seen: **Jack King, Mike Moore, Phillip Cuccio** (past member), **Kent Hargett** (past member), **Daniel Snell, Ana Draa** and yours truly were among those attending.

There were three scenarios planned for the weekend: a tactical on Friday evening, a reenactment of the Battle of Cheatham's Hill on Saturday afternoon and the main event, the Battle of Atlanta on Sunday Afternoon. I can't provide a first-hand account of the tactical. Shortly after arriving at the site on Friday afternoon, I was chopping wood when a "massive" (3/4 inch diameter) piece of wood rebounded into my face following a Paul Bunyon-like ax blow, triggering an immediate torrent of blood from my nostrils and an involuntary (?) stream of tears from my eyes. Thus Ana and I were at the emergency room in Cartersville seeking treatment for my broken nose, instead of participating in the tactical. I'm told, however, that it had a lot in common with our Pleasant Hill experience.

After putting a couple of pots of my world-famous Brunswick Stew on to simmer in anticipation of a "TR and friends" dinner scheduled for Saturday night, Jim Garrett (who has "quested" with the Texas Rifles at Pleasant Hill, the Wilderness, and now Atlanta), Sam Petty (my college roommate and potential recruit) and I joined up with the 12th Louisiana for the day's battle. Yankees died by the thousands in front of our strong entrenchments this day as we repulsed at least three separate assaults. The dinner that night was attended by Mike Moore, Dan Snell, Kent Hargett, Phillip Cuccio, and Ana and I of the Texas Rifles, along with Sam and Cyndi Petty, Jim and Anita Garret, Dr. Sharon Locke of Corinth, Mississippi, Fran Titpon of ACWCC, and several others. After dinner, Kent played the accordion and Ana put knowledge gained at a period hair styles seminar to work as she arranged several ladies' hair for the ball that night.

The Yankees got the chance to turn the table on us on Sunday. Jim, Sam, Dan Snell, and I fought and died with the 26th North Carolina in repeated, but ultimately futile assaults against the Union positions in a recreation of the Battle of Atlanta. All in all, this "medley" provided a good glimpse of the different types of combat that was featured in the 1864 Atlanta Campaign under cooperative weather conditions. I can't wait to participate in the next chapter of the J. B. Hood story at Franklin, Tennessee, in December!"

* * * * *

A R T I C L E S

[This is the conclusion of the "Experience of a Confederate Soldier in Camp and Prison in the Civil War" by M. S. Bryan, a relative of Texas Rifles member Dennis Hubbard, who provided the account for publication. The first two chapters appeared in Issue No. 17. This account is significant, not only because the author is related to Dennis, but because Bryan was a combatant in several important battles including Franklin and Nashville. He was also twice imprisoned, and his descriptions of the suffering and conditions he endured, while appalling, serve to remind us that soldiers on both sides fought battles of survival, not just on the battlefields, but in the prison camps, too. We left off with Bryan being exchanged and sent back to Mississippi where he joined Joseph Johnston's army -- Editor.]

"Chapter III We were placed under the command of Gen. Johnston and participated in all of his movements for the release of Vicksburg. When Vicksburg was surrendered we fell back to Jackson. We were ordered to store our knapsacks with all dispensable baggage in the Edward Hotel, telling us that it would follow us. During the time we had been in Mississippi, our mothers had made and sent us plenty of good warm clothing. We left it all in that hotel. Fifty years have come and gone, and I have often stopped at the Edward House, and I always think of my old knapsack. We fell back to Newton. I was while we were there that my Captain gave me permission to go home and see my parents, who I had not seen since I had joined the army. He told me that he would have me marked present until the next night. I left the camp at dark. I am sure that I ran and trotted two thirds of the way home -- eighteen miles. The next night my father placed me on a horse, and a negro on a mule and carried me near our camps, and no one but my Captain and a few others knew that I had been absent.

From Newton we went to Rensselaer and in a few hours, we were plunged into a desperate fight. One member of our company was killed and several were wounded. General Joseph E. Johnston was put in command of the army and from that day on for one hundred or more days we were constantly fighting, retreating, and destroying railroads. A short time after we arrived at Atlanta, General J. E. Johnston was superseded by General J. B. Hood. On the 22nd of July he gave battle. He lost heavily and gained nothing. On the 26th of July he again gave battle and the result was the same. Sherman, instead of attacking us in our breastworks, marched his army around us and started for the sea. Gen. Hood turned his back on Gen. Sherman and started for Nashville, Tenn., crossing the Tennessee River at Florence, Alabama. We soon came in contact with Gen. Schofield, who was in command of the Federal forces in Tennessee. He retreated before us until we reached Franklin, where he had good breastworks and decided to give battle. The survivors of Franklin who were in the midst of the carnage are indelibly impressed with the dreadful events that occurred on that fateful evening and night of the 30th of November, 1864. I went through that terrible carnage without a scratch, and now I believe it was in answer to the prayers of loved ones at home that I was spared. I know I went into the last line of the enemy's breastworks and as far as any other Confederate soldier went.



The next morning after the battle, I was detailed to help bury the dead. I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that in places the dead were piled upon each other three and four deep. Sometimes we would find a poor wounded comrade pinned down by several dead comrades lying on him. Our brave commander, General John Adams, rode his horse on the top of the enemy's breastworks. His horse was killed with his fore-feet and head hanging in the inside of their works. Gen. Adams was pierced with eight minnie balls and fell inside their works and died in fifteen minutes with his head resting on the arms of a Federal colonel. We dug trenches two and one half feet deep and wide enough for two to lay side by side. A piece of oil cloth or blanket was spread over their faces and covered up. Everyone that could be identified, a small piece of plank was placed on their head with their names on it. Thus we left them until the Resurrection Morn. We had six brave generals killed, all lying in a row on the gallery of a private house. The Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, was the worst slaughter pen of all our battles, with a greater loss of life on our side than any battle of the war, according to numbers and the time the engagement lasted. We had very near 7,000 killed and wounded in less than three hours. Mississippi's loss was greater than any other state. Nearly one third of those killed were Mississippians.

Before daylight the next morning, the Federals were in full retreat. We followed them to Nashville and on the 15th and 16th of December the two armies clashed again. General Thomas was in command of the Federal Army. On the 16th, our lines were broken and Gen. Hood's army routed. On the 16th in the evening, I was desperately wounded in almost a hand-to-hand fight; the Yankees not being more than twenty steps from me. We both shot at each other at the same time. I ran a few yards and fell, and while lying on my back on the ground unable to help myself, a drunk soldier who was a Russian would have wounded me had it not been for one of their officers who had stopped near me. He was in the act of running his bayonet through me when the officer gave him a shove. He went on over me and perhaps murdered some other poor fellow. While lying there, two young men, Illinois soldiers, approached me and asked me to what regiment I belonged. I told them the 15th Miss. They said, "You were at Fort Donaldson. We were there too. You fought bravely." About that time an ambulance came along, gathering up their wounded. They picked me up and put me in it. The driver cursed and said he would throw me out as soon as he got out of their sight. However, he did not put this threat to execution. I was carried to a private house that they were using for a hospital for their wounded. I think I was the only Confederate soldier in the building. I was carried to the city the next morning and placed in a hospital prepared for the wounded prisoners. Many of our boys lay on the battle field next evening and perhaps many died for the want of attention. I got along nicely until about the ninth day, when my

wound commenced painning me terribly. One of the hospital doctors examined it and said I had a bad case of gangrene. He had me carried to the Gangrene Ward. I was placed on the amputating table, chloroform was administered, and they did their cutting without me knowing anything about it. When I came to, I was snugly wrapped up in my bunk crying like a baby. In a few days, gangrene made its appearance again. I was placed upon the table and the chloroform was again administered.

There were two things that stuck closer than a brother; that was the itch and body lice or graybacks as they were politely called. There was always enough filthy ones to keep it alive and going. I had a bad case of itch. While in the gangrene ward, it became very bad; so much so that my hands were swollen and my fingers stood apart. Sores and yellow blisters came between them and ran corruption. I could scarcely touch anything, my hands were so sore. The doctor prepared sulphur and grease for me to rub my hands with. It was placed on a small table at my head. Someone passing knocked it off on the floor. The nurse, who was a hospital rat, asked me if I did it. I told him, "No!" He said, "You are a damned liar" and stood over me and cursed me for five minutes. I was in his hands and helpless and said nothing. However, I got over the itch and the cursing and in a few weeks I was able to travel and set off to Camp Chase Prison.

Chapter IV Camp Chase was situated four miles west of Columbus, Ohio, the capital of the state. The prison had a wall around it sixteen feet high. There was a partition wall which divided the prison into two compartments, and contained seven or eight acres of land, and each held 4,000 prisoners. No. 2 was called by the prisoners in No. 1 "The Razorbacks". The gates to the two prisons stood side by side and opened into each prison. When we arrived at the gates, we were told if we would take the oath of allegiance to the United States and go into Prison No. 2, they would have bountiful rations, plenty of blankets and fires to keep them warm, but if they went into No. 1, they would have no promises to make. As a matter of regret, many went into the Razorback Prison. The guards were placed on the wall with loaded guns with instructions to shoot to kill with the least infringement of the prison rules. The barracks were on the pattern of the Camp Douglas prison with three narrow bunks, one above another on each side of the barracks. By spooning two could lie in one bunk. We slept on the naked plank, no straw being allowed. Some poor boney fellows' hip bones wore through the skin sleeping on the naked plank. We were not allowed fires in our stoves after night. In our emaciated and rundown condition with nothing to wear but our light southern clothing and many of us in rags, you can imagine our terrible condition with zero weather almost half the time. We had no chairs nor benches, and when we sat down we sat upon the floor. We were guarded by a heartless set of wretches. They had never been to the front and baptized in the fire of battle; therefore, they were cruel and mean in the extreme often shooting unsuspecting prisoners without the least provocation. After taps, as they called it, no lights were allowed and after that all was quiet as death until morning.

As to our rations: there was just enough to keep us ravenously hungry all the time; one-half loaf of baker's bread eight inches long divided between eight men, one inch to a man twice a day; with that one tablespoonful of navy beans with a piece of pickled beef or salt pork about the size of a person's forefinger. We had a kitchen sergeant who had the cooking done for his barracks. When ready it was handed to us through a window in a tin cup, with the liquor it was cooked in. The guards would throw down apple cores and peeling and enjoy seeing our poor, starving boys scuffle for them. The hospital was just outside the prison wall. There was a ditch four feet wide and three feet deep. It was planked up sides and bottom and from the hospital it just passed through our prison, and in it all the filth of the prison was deposited, including the scraps from the hospital, such as scraps of meat, baker's bread, onions, and beef bones, etc. At the head of the ditch there was a large tank. It was pumped full of water every day by a detail of prisoners. We all knew when the floodgate would be raised and the water turned loose. It would come sweeping down, bringing the garbage with other filth deposited in it during the day. Our boys would be strung along the sides of the ditch and as it came floating by they would grab it and eat it like hungry dogs. Beef bones was a choice morsel. We would take them and pound them up and put them in tin cups and boil them until all the marrow was boiled out. When cold there would be a thin cake of tallow on top. We would spread it on our bread like butter. Had Lazarus been laid at our gate, he would not have gotten a crumb. A little snow bird would have starved to death at our feet. I now, after fifty years, recall some of the pitiful scenes of the starved, emaciated young men. Those once proud Southerners who had been victorious in many a battle kicked and cuffed, starving and sick at heart, and in despair with no hope, sitting and waiting for the scraps from the hospital to be washed to their feet with the garbage and excrements all dumped in the ditch together. There are no words adequate to depict the outrageous cruelties and barbarities perpetrated upon helpless prisoners by some of those who had them in charge. The small pox was raging all the time but we cared nothing for that. We did not have vitality enough to produce a scab. I used the blanket of one of my comrades who was carried to the pest house and was glad to get it. The scurvy was also terrible, eating the gums away and the teeth falling out, leaving the victim a perfect wreck, all for the want of proper food. There was another species of suffering but that befell the tobacco users. It was pitiful to see them following those who were lucky enough to have a little money to buy tobacco watching until they threw it out of their mouths to pick it up off the ground and put it in their own mouths or take it to their quarters to dry and to smoke.

Chapter V In making this statement of my war experience and prison life, I have endeavored to state facts as they occurred to my mind after a lapse of over fifty years. I have only given a sketch, especially of the life and the hardships of the Confederate Soldier on the march, of short rations and often none, and of the forced marches by day and by night, through rain, snow, and ice, cold mud; thinly clad, oft times barefooted with bleeding feet, all for a cause dearly loved. About the 10th of April, 1865, we were told that General Lee had surrendered to General Grant. We received the news with great sorrow for we wanted to be exchanged so we would have a chance to even up with them for their cruelty to us. We were told we would be released on taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government in squads of two or three hundred every day until all were released. There were a good many of us who said we would not take the oath, but were plainly informed that was the only way we would be released. On the 13th of June, 1865, the oath of allegiance was administered to us and we, through the providence of God, walked out of the prison gates free men with free transportation papers in our pockets to our homes.

My comrade, M. F. Roberts, and I walked to Columbus; from there we went to Cincinnati where we had to stop over for several hours. We were conducted to the 5th Market Square; there the Ladies' Aid Society met us with canned goods and second-hand clothing; all of which we greatly needed. From there, we went to Louisville, Kentucky. We were conducted by the ladies to a tobacco shed where we were again supplied with all kinds of canned goods and second-hand clothing. Some of us were in rags. My pants legs were worn off almost to my knees. I had no coat and my one old ragged shirt which I had worn since the day I was captured. A good merchant took pity on me, or was ashamed to see me walk the streets of the city (especially when my back was to him) in my garb and took me into his store and gave me a good pair of pants and a shirt. From Louisville we went to Memphis; from there we went down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg. We walked twelve miles to Big Black, the railroad having been destroyed. From there, we went by rail to Jackson and to Hickory, where I arrived on Sunday evening the 26th of June, 1865. I struck a trot for home a distance of twelve miles. In two hours, I was in the arms of my dear mother, having spent only one night under my father's roof in four years and twenty-four days.

I want to say in conclusion, I have long since forgiven those who had us in their power and were so cruel. I have not the least spark of bitterness in my breast against them. I pray they have repented and been forgiven and that we will meet on the shores of sweet deliverance. I saw and talked with two men, one from Chicago and the other from Columbus, Ohio. I asked them about our dead at each of these places. They said the cemeteries were enclosed with a stone wall five feet high and at the entrance a beautiful arch with the word "AMERICANS" and the graves were decorated every year as were the Union soldiers. While it is true it has been over fifty years since the war ended, yet there are things we can't forget and are hard for us to forgive; the diabolical deeds perpetrated by men who called themselves Union Soldiers. In our meditations, our minds run back upon that field of 5,600 young lives that went out of Camp Douglas and the 3,300 at Camp Chase, all among strange people far from their Southern homes with no fond and loving mother to speak a loving word to them in their dying hours or to close their eyes in death where they now rest in their rude pine coffins with their old Confederate blankets at their shoulders. When we think of our deceased comrades, we can but wonder was it neglect, disease or starvation. The all wise God only knows."

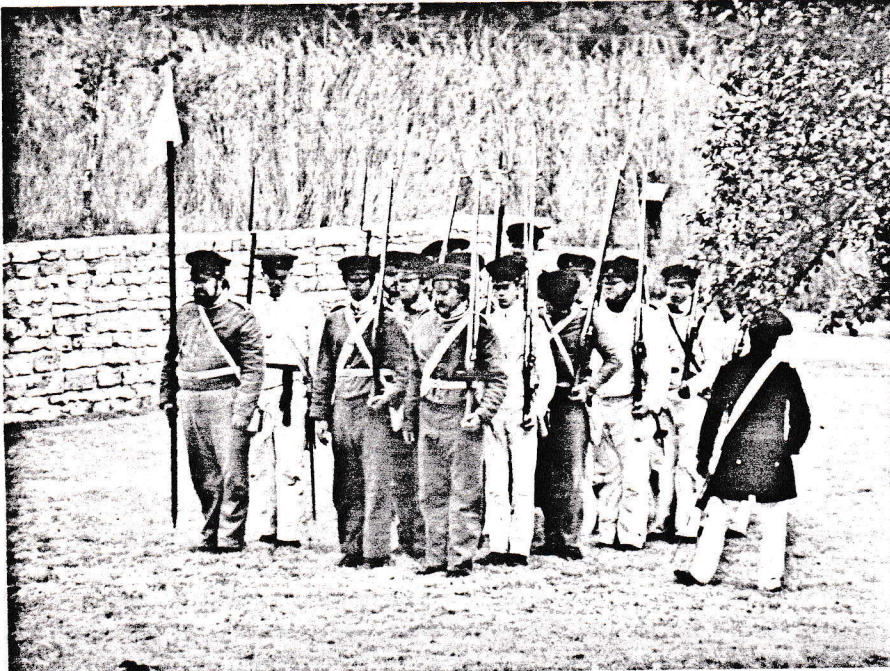
[Thank you, Dennis Hubbard, for providing us with this remarkable account -- Editor.]

* * * * *

TWO PAGES OF MAPS are provided to help you get to the Confederate camp at the Battle of Franklin reenactment. I assume that most of you will have road maps to help you get to Franklin, so I have only provided two basic road maps to give you a general idea of what routes are available to you. The map of the reenactment area was part of the information package produced by the event organizers. While it is a bit "sketchy," it does show you where the main camps are and where to register. We have been very fortunate over the years that no one has been seriously injured or killed on the highways going to or from an event. Please drive safely and defensively, and maybe our good fortune will continue -- Editor.

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The Texas Rifles is a non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of history, with emphasis on the War Between the States, the Mexican War, and the Texas War of Independence. Annual dues are \$12 per year, pro-rated monthly. The Texas Rifles newsletter is published on an as needed bases, but usually appears bi-monthly. For more information, contact any of the members listed on the newsletter masthead. Members must notify the company commander of any change in address to prevent newsletters or other information from being mailed to an incorrect address.



U.S. Regulars at drill. Kevin Young with guidon at left. Also in the group were Steve Abolt, Gill Eastland, Mike Moore, Jeff Hunt, and Scott Swenson is the officer.



Scott Swenson in his 1846 Mexican War 1st. Lt. impression.

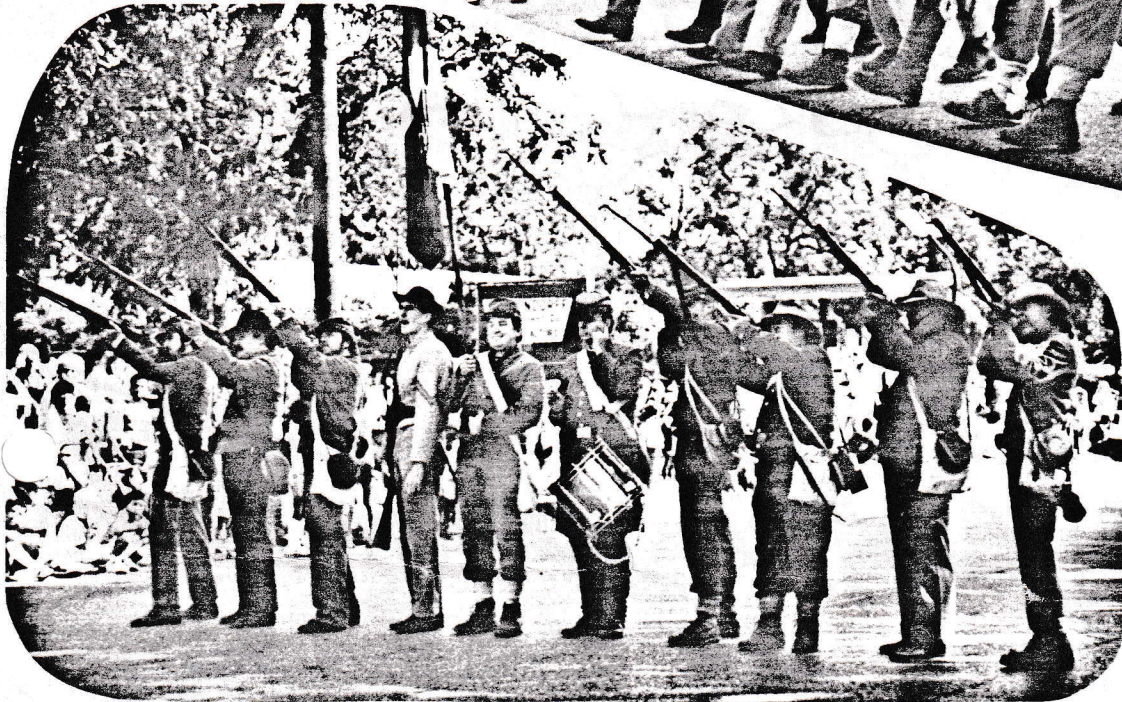
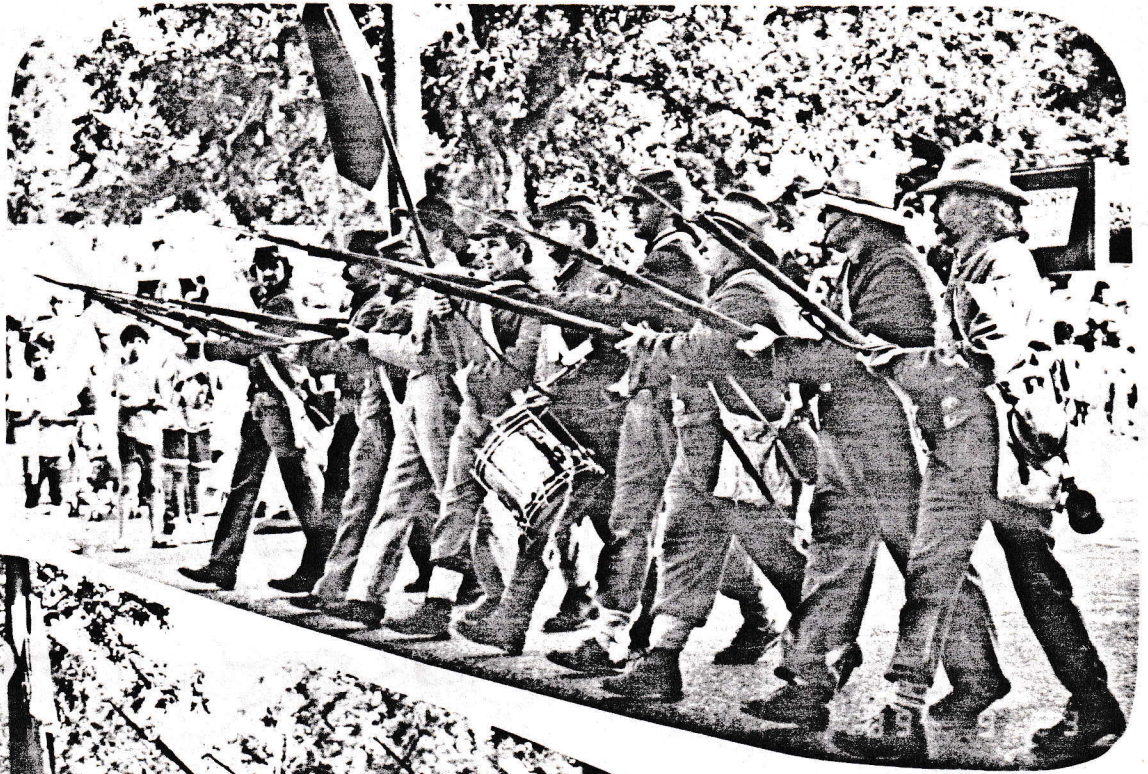


Vince Draa as a member of the Mississippi Volunteer.

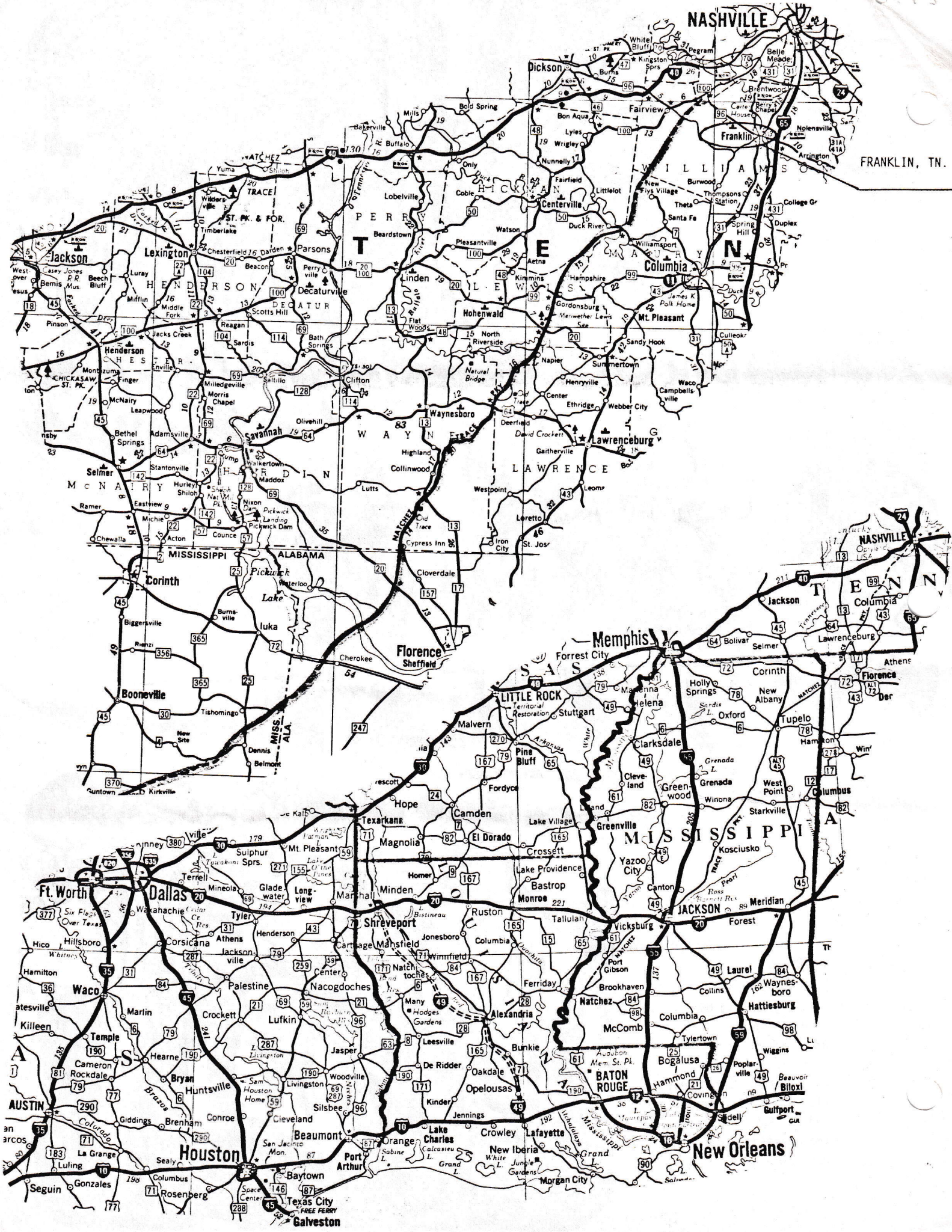


Mississippi and Missouri Volunteers. Bruce Winders is the officer at left and Vince Draa is the private at center.

PHOTOS TAKEN
AT THE FORT BEND
COUNTY PARADE
BY DON DRACHENBERG
SEPTEMBER 29, 1989



Left to Right:
Troy Fogle, Otto Hardt,
Gordon Gentry,
Don Drachenberg,
Alan Hutton (kneeling),
Earl Hutton, David Agee,
Lloyd Lively. (James Hesses
and Jon Butcher marched in
the parade but are
not in the photo.)



NASHVILLE

FRANKLIN, TN.

NASHVILLE

TENN

Memphis

LITTLE ROCK

MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON

BATON ROUGE

New Orleans

Jackson

Lexington

PERR

Centerville

Columbia

Selmer

Stantonville

Waynesboro

Lawrenceburg

Waco

Booneville

Corinth

Florence

Forrest City

Jackson

Ft. Worth

Dallas

Texarkana

Greenville

JACKSON

AUSTIN

Houston

Shreveport

Monroe

BATON ROUGE

Seguin

Gonzales

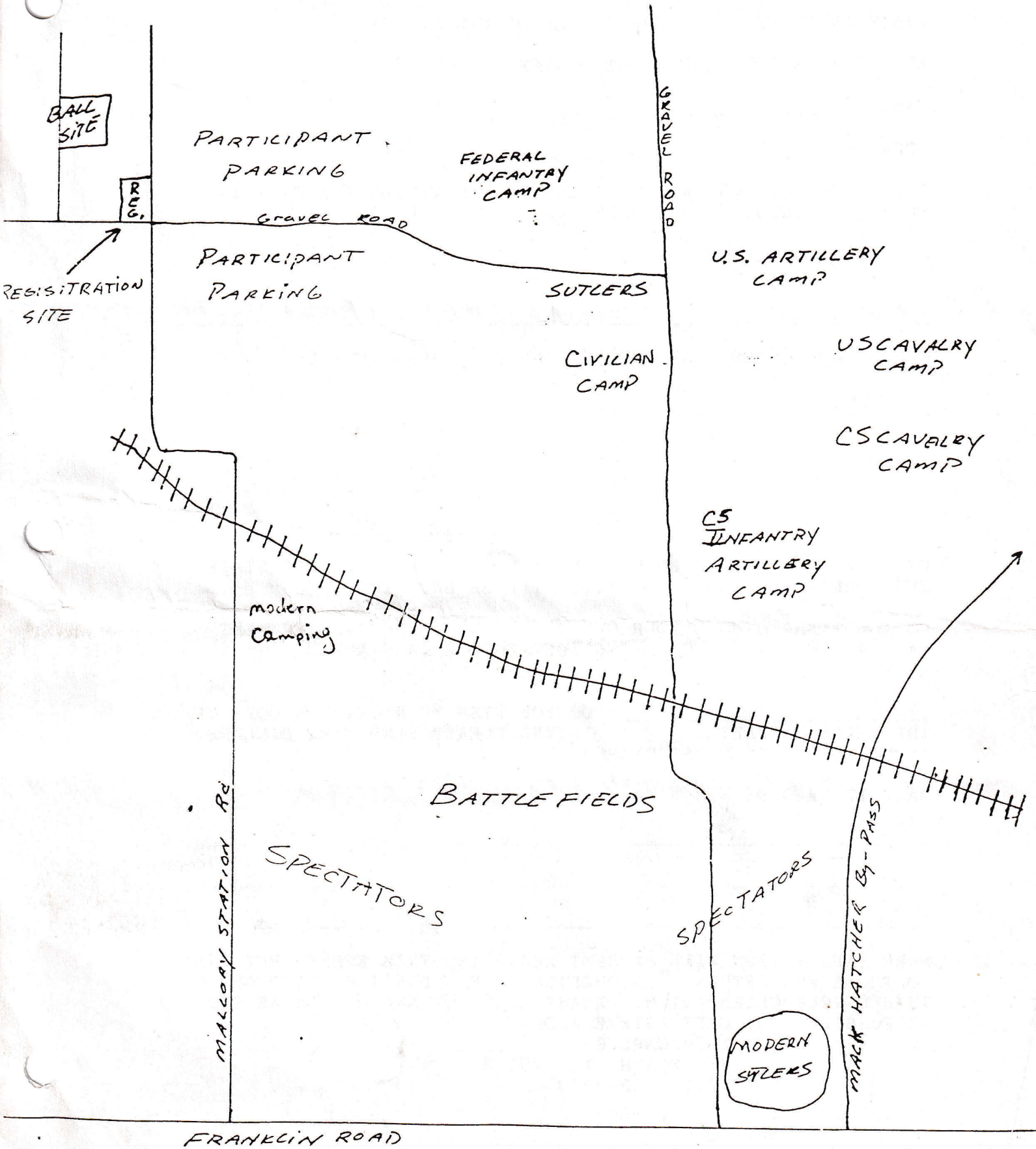
Port Arthur

Opelousas

New Orleans

Galveston

SITE MAP



↓ SPECTATOR ... | — FRANKLIN —→

7TH US INFANTRY
175TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

APPLICATION FORM AND QUESTIONARRE

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

IMPRESSION (CHECK ONE) SOLDIER CIVILIAN (IF CIVILIAN
PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR IMPRESSION)

NAMES, ADDRESSES, AND IMPRESSIONS OF OTHERS IN YOUR PARTY

ENLISTED MEN SHOULD BE HOUSED IN WEDGE TENTS. PLEASE STATE
THE NUMBER OF WEDGE TENTS YOU WILL BE BRINGING _____

DO YOU WISH TO COOK YOUR OWN MEALS, TAKE THEM IN THE TENT OR
HAVE A COMPANY MEMBER BRING THEM TO THE CAMP AREA? _____

_____ DO YOU WISH TO RECEIVE A COPY OF
THE DRILL MANUAL? _____ IF YES PLEASE SEND FIVE DOLLARS,
ALONG WITH THIS QUESTIONARRE.
SUGGESTIONS FOR SCENARIOS, AND GENERAL SUGGESTIONS: PLEASE USE
BACK IF NEEDED:

MORE INFORMATION WILL BE SENT REGARDING THIS EVENT, BUT ONLY
TO THOSE WHO RETURN THIS QUESTIONARRE. DON'T BE LEFT OUT ON
THIS UNIQUE CELEBRATION. PLEASE FILL OUT AND RETURN AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE TO: CAPT. STEVE ABOLT

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