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# The UNION STANDARD

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July, 2001

Vol. 9, no 7

*The Newsletter of the 1<sup>st</sup> United States Infantry, The Regulars*

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## ***Dispatch from the Board:***

Our ranks have slightly increased due to the recent recruiting surge within the past few months. The Irish Festival, Kaufman, Boy Scout Show, Grapevine and hopefully Six Flags this month are productive events, as they have brought new numbers to the 1<sup>st</sup>. Special recognition is extended to Clark Kirby for arranging and coordinating these events and to Conway Barton for monitoring the necessary prospect follow-up. John Bowen is sponsoring a prospect/new recruit meeting at his house on June 30<sup>th</sup>. Members Steve Sanders, Mike Phineas, Conway and John will conduct the session. There are many others who have significantly contributed to the recent recruiting tasks and much enthusiasm towards our growth abounds within the Unit. We need to stay on top of this effort if we are to remain a viable, two-company regiment. Mentors are needed to get the new guys acclimated and onboard and you may volunteer for this duty by contacting me. Don't overlook the impact this responsibility may have on a new member, as a few phone calls within the first enlistment month can make a lasting impression. Again, your services are requested.

It was especially nice to see six or so new prospects at the June 9<sup>th</sup> drill in Arlington. Some have not yet paid dues, but will probably do so soon. Drill was lightly attended though spirited. 1st Sgts Sanders and Bowen led their respective companies during energetic drill routines and basic School of the Soldier instructions. Capt. Gross conducted skirmish drill by combining Cos. A & D into one large company. We can only perfect our drill impression by doing so as much as possible and your participation in these sessions helps you and others achieve this goal. Your attendance is needed.

Matt Noell is working to maintain our web site. The new web location is [www.1stUSInfantry.com](http://www.1stUSInfantry.com). Your thoughts as to how it can be improved and made more functional should be delivered to Don Gross. It is hoped this time next month that the Calendar of Events section will be updated.

There are several events this fall which deserve consideration. The newly revamped Granbury board, which now consists of primarily re-enactors, has asked if we will send a contingent, not the whole unit, just to investigate the improvements they are making with their event. The trouble with this is Granbury is one week after Cabin Creek, our official event, and Cabin Creek is not to be missed! Liendo is listed on the schedule, but has not been officially approved by the members as a maximum effort event. There is another reenactment in NW Arkansas in early November, Cane Hill. Cane Hill is offering a different dimension by incorporating living history, ongoing guard mount and allowing the re-enactors to be involved in action at unforeseen moments (thanks Mr. Benefiel). Liendo, near Houston, also wants to have round-the-clock outpost stuff in addition to public battles. Send your preferences or comments to your Captains as the Board will soon meet to discuss the late 2001 scenarios. Obviously, we can also schedule a November drill.

It's not too early to start looking at events for next year, so start making your suggestions. The Board would like to have a schedule voted on by December or January.

Your obedient servant,  
George Hansen  
Captain, Company D

## **PARADE**

### **July 4th**

### **Arlington**

### **More Parade info on page 3**

Arrive between 7:30 – 8:00 a.m. for a close-in parking spot. For a map contact Clark Kirby at (metro) (817) 261-0257 (work). Additional info at [www.arlington4th.com](http://www.arlington4th.com). See Clark's "July 4<sup>th</sup> Parade" article on page 3 for all the details.

# 1<sup>st</sup> U.S. Calendar 2001

## JULY

4 July 4<sup>th</sup> Parade Arlington, TX

## AUGUST

TBA Live Fire Mansfield, TX

## SEPTEMBER

29-30 Cabin Creek Reenactment Cabin Creek, OK

**Official Frontier Brigade Event - NOTE DATE CHANGE!!!**

## OCTOBER

13 Drill TBA

## NOVEMBER

17-18 Plantation Liendo Reenactment Houston area, TX

## DECEMBER

Drill TBA

*The above are subject to change*

## Three cheers for our latest recruits in the ranks!

**Matthew Torres**

**David Mabry**

**Matt Torres was recruited at the Grapevine event and**

**David Mabry was conscripted by Pvt. William Ray**

*Diary of Eugene H. Freeman, Parole Camp, West Chester, Pa, July 17, 1863.  
(After being captured at the Battle of Gettysburg)*

In reply to you queries about my treatment by the rebels, I would say that they did not take my watch nor money – nothing, except, of course my rifle and equipments; neither did they laugh and jeer at us, as I have seen our men do to them under similar circumstances .... There were between five and six hundred in our squad, when we were .... drawn up in line by states, and asked if we were willing to take the parole that we would not take up arms against the confederate government until we were fairly and legally exchanged; the answering to our names as they were called, is considered the same as an oath; all of our squad took the oath.

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## Lessons from Lincoln

### MOTIVATION

*When Lincoln was asked what he was going to do about Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase's driving ambition to become president, he grinned and told the following story:*

“My brother and I were once plowing corn, I driving the horse, and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous chin-fly fastened upon him, and knocked him off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. ‘Why,’ said my brother, ‘that's all that made him go.’ Now, if Mr. Chase has a presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm not going to knock him off if it will only make his department go.”

**New web site location → [1stUSInfantry.com](http://1stUSInfantry.com)**

# July 4th Parade

The civil war army loved to hold parades. The generals would hold a parade at the drop of a hat and my research indicates that a great deal of hats were dropped back then. And, there was no parade better attended than the one held on Independence Day. For modern reenactors, such a parade allows us to be in the public eye, not as gun nuts or crazy wool wearers, but as a patriotic marching unit. With our brass shined, our rifles & bayonets gleaming in the sun, our flags proudly flying, the drummers beating, who could resist. The judges certainly cannot, for they have given us 1st place every time we have entered. But, we cannot do it, again, without you.

The 1st U.S.' official July event is Arlington's 36th Annual 4th of July Parade. It is billed as the largest in Texas and this year's theme is "A Salute to the Patriots of Liberty". It is a two-mile loop through the center of Arlington. Last year's crowd was estimated at 25,000. A great many of our members participated last year so most of the following will be a refresher course. In order to get a close-in parking spot it is imperative that you arrive at the parade "Assembly Area" by 7:30am on the morning of Wednesday, July 4th. By 8:00am, our unit must be in it's designated spot and be ready to move when the parade starts at 9:00am. We will meet at the same area that we did last year, on the small parking lot just to the east (across West Street) from the main "Assembly Area". The lot that we will meet is where all the entries are going to have horses in their group. Yes, horses. We are one of five entries that will have horses as part of their entry. Bob Fuhrman has generously agreed to bring his wagon and Percherons to be used as our official "support vehicle". It will hold (1) water, ice, a nurse, and medical supplies (as required by parade rules) and (2) any civilians that will fit after #1 is loaded. Last year, we had a problem with more people wishing to ride than we had space in the wagon. Additionally, children have priority seating since one of the parade rules is that no children under the age of twelve may walk. So, adult civilians are advised not to come determined to ride in the wagon, but, rather, to plan on walking alongside it. Of course, as with all our events, period civilian clothing is a must, in order to participate.

We are entry #70 of 144 entries. That puts us about in the middle, as we were last year, so we should be through by 11:00am. Wear light marching order - sack coat, forage cap, & canteen for privates, please. Please insure that your canteen is full before you arrive. You may wear your haversack, if you must (a great place to store spare ice!), but please, NO knapsacks! Please bring white gloves so that we will look "uniform". For a detailed map of the parade assembly area, etc. contact Clark Kirby at Metro (817) 261-0257 (work) and he will fax you what he has. Further information may be obtained from the official parade web site: [www.arlington4th.com](http://www.arlington4th.com)

If you are interested, here is the spiel that has been written for the announcers: *"Members of this living history organization salute the patriots of liberty by portraying the typical career infantry soldier who was stationed along the frontier of Texas before the Civil War and who became the nucleus of the Union Army in 1861. As "Federal Regulars" the "1st U.S." takes pride in accurately reproducing the uniforms, weapons, infantry tactics, and camp life of those long ago soldiers. The members of the "1st U.S." are highly educated professionals who study civil war history, not only by research, but by actually recreating it. Everything they do is as close to what the actual soldiers did over 136 years ago, as is possible, omitting only the death and disease. For more information, visit their web site: [www.1stUSinfantry.com](http://www.1stUSinfantry.com)"*

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## Interested in attending the 140<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reenactment of the First Battle of Manassas/Bull Run? August 3 – 5, 2001, Leesburg, Virginia

Located in Loudoun County, Virginia, 30 minutes from Manassas National Battlefield Park. Contact Steve Sanders or Mike Phineas for more info. Visit [www.firstmanassas.com](http://www.firstmanassas.com) for a registration packet.

## New Trooper

Beck and Heather Martin proudly announce the arrival of their newborn girl, Rebecka Elizabeth Martin. Born at Harris Methodist in Fort Worth at 2:28pm on June 27th, Rebecka weighed in at 8 lbs., 4oz. and measured 19 1/2 inches long. Mother and baby are reported in fine health; whereas, it is reported dad has lost a few more scalp hairs. The NTRS extends hearty congratulations to the Martin family for their newest addition.

## Casey's for the Enlisted

"The WatchDog" publication announces a new drill instruction manual, which is based on Casey's. Steve Hanson, who is a drill instructor for Sykes' Regulars, has compiled "The Annotated Casey's, A Drill Manual for Reenactors." Priced at \$5.50 (postpaid) this manual deals strictly with the School of the Soldier and is intended for those in the ranks. At last, something for the private showing the basics instead of the 750 pages or so in the hardbound version.

Paragraphs in the manual are presented in sections of similar evolutions, not in the order within Casey's. Annotations and commentary are included for clarification. "The Watchdog" rates this compilation very highly. At last, something

To obtain "The Annotated Casey's," send a check to Steve Hanson at 740 Hollow Rd., Oella, MD, 21043. Steve's e-mail is [shanson2us@yahoo.com](mailto:shanson2us@yahoo.com).

The Sykes Regulars have a web site at: [www.cwreenactors.com/~sykes/](http://www.cwreenactors.com/~sykes/)

## Newsletter Editor

The Union Standard needs a newsletter editor. You may volunteer by contacting George Hansen. The editor will piece the newsletter together from the various contributors, will ensure it is available for delivery by the first of the month, and of course, edit the final product. A "circulation manager" is also needed; i.e., someone who takes the newsletter to the printer to make copies and then mails them. You may volunteer for either of these positions, or both by contacting George Hansen.

## Red, Yellow & Green: Practicing the Healing (Ha!) Arts During the Rebellion

American hospitals flew red flags to make them easier to find and as a shield from hostile fire. In a pinch, red shirts were reportedly used. One report exists of the emergency use of a ladies red nether garment for a hospital flag! The Rebs' Stars and Bars proved to be indistinguishable from the old U.S. flag (a.k.a. Gridiron Flag, Old Glory), so a switch to a mostly red battle flag was made to cut down on the confusion. So then U.S. and C.S. hospitals, with their red flags, started receiving the unwanted attention of federal artillery. To dodge this new threat, a switch to yellow flags began. Some times a green "H" was added to differentiate hospital banners from the old quarantine flag. The changeover was largely completed by after Gettysburg, although some use of red hospital flag is noted in 1864.

Ambulance drivers and stretcher bearers were directed to wear plain green half chevrons and a green band around the cap. Ambulance service sergeants wore green chevrons, points up. Only surgeons were considered noncombatants, so ambulance fellers wore pistols to defend themselves and their wounded charges. All Hospital Stewards wore yellow trimmed green half chevrons with caduceus (snakes on a stick). Temporary Hospital Stewards (appointed in the field at \$20 per month pay) wore this chevron on the old uniform of their corps. Full fledged Stewards (appointed by the Secretary of War at \$22 per month pay) wore a maroon trimmed frock coat, maroon sergeant width pant stripe, "US" hat insignia, crimson sash, and were authorized the N.C.O. sword. They filled prescriptions (labeled by patient name and cot number), they prepared drugs (except for Galenials, just didn't trust them with stills), they took care of dental needs, the supervised the nurses, ward masters and matrons, they were responsible for procuring, preserving and distributing medicines, medical supplies, food (including "special" diets), they took meteorological readings (temperature, humidity, weather conditions) and filed reports, they performed minor surgical procedures and assisted in major ones. It was said it was easy to know what a Hospital Steward's duties were, the hard part was determining what they were not.

Experienced in the medical arts and with the scars to prove it - **Hargis, G. 5 A-1**

## On The Dodge

There are 1648 regulations in the 1861 Revised Regulations For The Army Of The United States and 101 articles in The Articles Of War. Contained therein are all the do's and don'ts of a soldier's existence (mostly don'ts). Nowhere in all these rules is a soldier forbidden to sprout wings and fly away from morning formation. Why? Because no one EVER did it.

So when we read that laundresses were forbidden to wear army uniforms and that soldiers were forbidden to force safeguards (the latter carries a death penalty) we may safely conclude that people did both those things, and did them often enough to necessitate having the activity proscribed.

Long, long ago, when I was the freshest of fresh fish, I thought that slavishly adhering to every jot and tittle of the Regs was the path to true authenticity. I have since learned better. The barracks lawyer and the artful dodger have a valued place in the tapestry we weave depicting mid nineteenth century military life.

Oh, I'm not so sly a dodger as those of us who had made such things their life's work, but I feel that I have a firm grasp on "the slovenly soldier" and I play a pretty good pick up game of "sickly gimp."

Back when I commanded (yes children, amazing as it seems, my sleeves were not always so slick, nor was the sardine can utterly alien to my shoulders), trusty, dependable men were as fine gold to me. But the leaden lumps of the rare shirker and the one actual coward made my job more challenging and interesting. Closer to the "Being There" that we all seek.

So, from time to time, peruse your well-thumbed volume of rules and regulations. See what Thou Shalt Nots you might change to Thou Shalts. I'm not so much advising to "go outside the box" as I am saying play in a bigger box.

Your Obedient (mostly) Servant

Glen

a.k.a. Hargis, G. 5 A-1

### A Soldiers' View of the Raymond Campaign – Part II

by Mike Phineas

Arriving at the crossing, the familiar din of battle leaped out and engulfed us. In the gray predawn mist, amongst the dark smoke and yellow flame, we quick timed forward to link up with the engaged battalion's left flank. We went in hard. Though I had seen the elephant before, several times, I was consumed with the excitement and furor of battle. Screaming like a demon possessed, I was seemingly out of control! "You're in for it now Johnny! We'll have every mother's son you before we're done!!!" Hollering above the noise, I loaded and fired like a madman!

On my shoulder I felt a discreet tap, and turned to see 1st Sgt. Sanders smoothing his neatly trimmed goatee. "Excuse me private," he soothingly murmured, "would you be so kind as to settle down just a wee bit? And while you're at it, please don't forget to 'T' your feet while loading..." I gave him a sheepish nod, feeling like a strawfoot rookie. For the rest of the campaign, after his much needed rebuke, I went through battle steady as the oldest veteran. Meanwhile, we were having our way and soon had the Johnnies on the run. Out numbered, outmaneuvered, and outfought, they broke for the rear. We pursued them along the creek, around a bend in the trees, tramping through some fields of corn (which I thought would make some reb farmer happy as hell), prepared to bore in and finish the job. Suddenly, a cease fire was announced and it became apparent that an incident had occurred.

The reason for the tragedy at Raymond was never official explained. The facts were this... A fellow re-enactor, a galvanized reb from Somer's Battalion, had been dreadfully wounded by a small caliber projectile in the groin area. Thankfully, the wound was not fatal. Of course, this was the only consolation for a gentleman, a comrade in arms, who would have his life turned upside down. All throughout that day, and the entire weekend, speculation abounded regarding the cause of the incident. Was the wound deliberate? Was it accidental, yet caused through negligence? Was it unintentionally self-inflicted? As far as I know personally the truth is still officially unknown. For me, this is as tragic as the incident itself.

All participants were told to stand down and the event seemed on the verge of a very sudden and tragic end. We were marched to the sutlers area. As we hiked along the main highway, adorned in 19th century gear, facing a 21st century

disaster, the hobby seemed trivial and unimportant. Gloom hung over the entire column. We stacked arms near event headquarters and waited for the powers-that-be to sift some semblance of direction out of this tragic mishap. Heated discussions permeated through the ranks of the 1st US, mostly from the more experienced soldiers who had seen comrades wounded with live rounds, and ramrods shot through their camps, at prior events. These were men who had endured all the brutal hardships of the hobby over many years. Camping and living in knee deep mud. Shivering in freezing cold and rain to the point where you chose between sleep or warmth. Driving dust and wind that parched mouths and throats. Endless fatigue and blistering feet. Bad food, foul water, ticks, chiggers, poison ivy, diarrhea... Any and all of the same ailments that bedeviled those very men whose lives we wish to recreate. Yet here, finally, they had reached a limit where, to them, there could be no compromise. Safety.

After hours of deliberation, it was decided the event would continue. Measures would be taken. The Confederate unit involved nearest the shooting would be sent home, guilty of negligence or not. Tactical battles would be done away with. Lastly, a detailed and intense weapons and cartridge box inspection would be performed and documented. However, in a statement protesting the inability of the event organizers, and allegedly the Confederate command structure, to hold a safe event, the men of the 1st US Infantry Regiment left the field en masse and headed home. Myself, I am new to the hobby. I know nothing of the politics and gears of reenactments, only that someone had been tragically shot. To me, any statement made would not help the man who was shot. I put myself in his shoes, and saw that even if my life had been hideously ruined by mischance, I would not want 5,000 people to turn around and head home because of it. Lastly, I am very serious about this hobby and desperately needed the experience this weekend would bring, not withstanding the shooting. So, along with Don Gates from Company A, who stayed behind to help with the regimental wagon, I decided to remain.

The remnants of the 1st Battalion were consolidated into a fourth company and placed into the ranks of the 2nd Battalion, which was led by Lt. Col. Prater. We spent the afternoon before battle lolling around, boiling coffee, cooking dinner, and basically making sure our canteens were topped off, lest we suddenly be called into action. Off in the distance, I saw the Army of the Pacific form ranks and smartly march off for some pre-battle drill. "No wonder they're a crack unit," I deadpanned to myself, "disciplined enough to be out there drilling in this heat..."

Saturday's battle for Raymond began to take form. Again, the Frontier Brigade was in the van. We had taken a forward position, opposite a copse of trees and up atop a sloping ridge. We were behind our batteries, waiting for the signal to attack. On the other side of the treeline, somewhere across another of those meandering Mississippi creeks, waited the reb army. I had attached myself to a hardcore band of messmates from the 26th Illinois, led by a steadfast lad the rest deferred to as 'Brother Maynard.' These hardcases took me under their wing, and on that sunny day in Raymond I became a pseudo member of the Austin Mess.

The roar of cannon shook us awake. Col. Hodges, the brigade commander, was amidst our ranks, astride his mount and urging us forward. As we advanced in a column of companies, our lines rippled. We were having difficulty keeping dress. The heat was intense and, AGAIN, empty canteens were plaguing the battalion. I could see flush faces and sweaty brows, men breathing labored breaths. I wondered if half the company might pass out before we even reached the enemy...

Shortly, the objective was in sight. A creek up ahead screened by a thin layer of woods, and some scruffy characters on horseback. Reb cavalry pickets guarding the ford! We tramped up and let loose one, two, then three massed volleys at the horsemen. Through the acrid smoke we could see they were loath to withdraw from their vantage point. Seething at their impertinence, we formed in a column of fours and rushed the crossing, which was steep, but entirely fordable for those possessing a little mettle. Traversing the creek was a near fiasco, but we managed to form up well enough on the opposite shore and see what the enemy was about. It didn't take long, or take being a shoulder straps, to see we were in a bad spot. Our battalion, a scant four companies strong, had come face to face with the entire Trans Mississippi Brigade, comprising four full battalions, one of which was our old nemesis, the 9th Texas Infantry. 'Ector's Chubs.'

We commenced a stand up, drag out, firefight which, with a steep creek at our back, could only end up one way. We were heavily outnumbered, even after the Western Brigade crossed in our wake to support us. Confusion and bedlam were rampant. Amongst the roar of battle and screams of the wounded, commands seemed to be coming from everywhere. I could sense a desperation in this engagement, and before long we were most hastily streaming for the rear, with the rebs at our heels! 'A little late,' I thought as I leaped across the creek, joined by those of the battalion

who were not left lying on the field, or herded up as prisoners. But more urgent business was at hand than to second guess the officers. The battalion was fighting for its life. I loaded and fired like some detached fiend, the red-hot barrel of my 1861 Springfield burning my hands unmercifully. I was low on ammo, water, and sufferance. Officers were screaming, seemingly everywhere. The 1st Sgt., our captain, the battalion colonel... I was having difficulty determining which ones to follow when, to our front, the rebs surged across the creek.

This did us in... With scores of prisoners on the opposite shore, low on water, our officers fuming, and the enemy ready for hand-to-hand fighting, the Frontier Brigade left the field. Later I learned the scenario had not been adhered to by our opposite number, but in my most humble opinion, we had just been soundly whipped. As we straggled off the field, shuffling along, no regard to dress or order, I counted barely ten men in the ranks of my company. Among the casualties was our captain, missing and presumed dead. From heat exhaustion, a reb bullet, who knew... Leading us out of battle was Lt. Mabry, who was the 1st Battalion adjutant, and a rock on the field that day.

We rallied around a water hole in the rear, gathering in stragglers. The heat and humidity was a killer. The day had taken a new, desperate, tone. Col. Hodges, red faced and exerted, rode up and spoke with the men, praising and encouraging our fortitude and efforts. We were directed to proceed to camp and cool down. Our new camp was to be Camp Peaveyhouse, up the road ahead and to the left of the fighting, which had now picked back up with the arrival of fresh federal battalions. We marched at the route step, and after several hundred yards moved off the road to give room to a passing column. This body of troops was Col. Mark Griffin and the 9th Texas Infantry, stepping by smartly, experiencing the same deprivations as us but full of ardor and elan. We were smoldering hot, infernally exhausted, and thirsty to high heavens, yet were inspired enough to present arms and give three cheers for these brave and tireless enemies of ours.

Rejuvenated, we marched to camp only to find it already occupied by troops from an enemy brigade. Apparently these men didn't feel inclined to leave their comfortable billet, and were not told to do so by their officers, despite scenario planning for the otherwise.

By now the situation had become laughable in a morbid sense. It was evident the patience of many Frontier Brigade men was wearing thin. Fights with the troops occupying the camp were barely avoided. Countless numbers were voting to leave the campaign right then and there. The officers were not holding them to stay, and encouraged the men to follow their conscience. To diffuse the situation, and perhaps avoid a melee, brigade staff moved down the road to set up headquarters at Camp DeGolyers. I proceeded there with Pvt. Gates, Quartermaster Sgt. Fuhrman, and the regimental wagon.

The mood was gloomy as evening came. We settled the wagon and team for the night, and set up camp in an A-Frame tent the regiment had used for ordnance storage. Foraging for some straw to line the tent in case of rain, I was severely reprimanded by the Brigade Adjutant for pilfering horse straw instead of bedding straw. Dumbfounded, I knew not the difference...

Pvt. Gates built a fire and cooked up a supper of ham and peaches, while I cleaned the rifles. Sgt. Fuhrman joined us and we had a nice, relaxing meal, after which we boiled some coffee and recounted the days events. As we talked, we observed the issuing of rations by the Army of the Pacific, which was bivouacked near us. I will say, this was a most impressive living history demonstration, especially by the commissary officer in charge.

As I knew the Frontier Brigade would be leaving the event, I soon wandered down to the campfire of the Austin Mess. I then pulled up a seat in the dirt and engaged in some enlightening conversation with 'Brother Maynard', 'Corn', and the rest of the boys. We talked far into the evening. It was as if I literally took a step back in time! I learned a great deal from this small group of authentics, including a new term... 'Immersion.' I also learned that the Mess would be leaving before dawn in the AM, and would not stay for Sunday's battle. I sat there, staring at the campfire, wondering to myself, "Just how bad do you want to be a re-enactor?" I pondered the misadventures of the last few days... The lack of water, the shooting incident, the perceived slights, etc. Shortly I made a decision, bid good-bye to these hearty comrades-in-arms, and went off to find the headquarters of the Army of the Pacific.

To be continued

# "The Civil War" Musical

by C. Alan Kirby

In mid-June, agents for Dallas' Old City Park, who had been retained by the Dallas Summer Musicals to obtain reenactors for the performances of the Broadway musical "The Civil War", contacted me to see if we would be interested in working with them. With just two weeks before the musical was to begin its run, it precluded me from putting out notice in the next "Union Standard". Only those who had e-mail received notice. But, finally, enough came forward and the 1st U.S. Infantry had enough of a presence at "The Civil War" to bring honor to our unit. Since those of us who responded to the call met the requirements imposed upon us (at least five members for at least four performances), we earned \$200 for our treasury and got to see the musical for free. We also got the unit's name in front of an affluent, educated (theater going) public. Over 25 living history brochures and at least 200 recruiting brochures were taken from the information table at the Music Hall. **A big 1st U.S. thanks goes to Mark & Michelle Chenot, Greg Fett, Glen, Carol, Amy, & Meg Hargis, Bill & Dianne Hathcoat, Art Ogle, Don Rogers, Steve Sanders, Mike Vance, Cameron Vance, and my family, Patty, Jennifer, & T.J for their selfless dedication to our hobby.** Many of the theater patrons asked us if we were paid actors. We told them that we were civil war reenactors who volunteered to help the public understand the period.

But, what about the show, you ask? The musical play was written by Frank Wildhorn (music), Gregory Boyd (lyrics), and Jack Murphy. It began life in 1995 when Boyd and Wildhorn collaborated on the music for this show, with the goal of premiering it at Houston's Alley Theater, on that stage's 50th anniversary. After it's premier, the production moved to New Haven CT, finally opening on Broadway in the spring of 1999 and though only having a short seven week run, garnered two Tony nominations. However, "The Civil War" was bested for the Best Musical Tony Award by the tremendously popular "Fosse". Like "West Side Story" and "Chicago", two other Broadway musicals that were initial commercial failures, "The Civil War" has had a successful run on tour. Now with Larry Gatlin (of Gatlin Brothers country music fame) starring as the Rebel Captain and Michael Lanning starring as

the Union Captain (the two protagonists), supported by a tremendous vocally talented cast, this show will continue to do well. The set design, the lighting (yes, the lighting!...all the soldiers wear coats that change from blue to gray dependent upon which color light is played upon them allowing you to see that the men on both sides of the war were really the same, just wearing different colors) and the songs, oh, the songs, were stupendous.

The play was greatly inspired by visits to civil war battlefields. On one such visit, to Little Round Top at Gettysburg, the lyricist, Gregory Boyd, was very moved when the tour guide began weeping when talking about "her boys" who had perished on that fateful little hill. Wildhorn wanted to use many musical styles, gospel, rock, r & b, and country to tell this story of history and he has succeeded. The songs "Virginia", "By the Sword/Sons of Dixie", "I Never Knew His Name", and "Tell My Father" are good enough for rock music stations to play. "Freedom's Child", "The Day the Sun Stood Still", "Regimental Drummer", "I'll Never Pass This Way Again", and "Old Gray Coat" are certainly good enough for country music stations, North or South. During the show, interspersed between the excellent songs, are speeches, sayings, and writings of Abe Lincoln, among others. Period photos, billboards, and portraits are projected onto the backdrop. The most stirring projections concern the list of casualties associated with the various battles. The sets are simple, but effective.

The songs were inspired by the journals and letters of Walt Whitman, Frederick Douglas, Henry Kyd Douglas, Sullivan Ballou, and others whose words make up much of the lyrics. The first songs are enthusiastic war songs with verses such as *"...It's the Union forever When the Blue meets the Gray Every Rebel will pay..."* and conversely by the Rebs: *"...Then we'll all see how fast that a scared Yankee runs Now that the battle is near And the moment is here..."*. The play progresses with "Tell My Father" conveying the sense of a tremendous waste of life: *"Tell my father when you can I was a man... ..tell him how I wore the Blue Proud and true through the fire Tell my father so he'll know I love him so... ..Tell my father not to cry Then say goodbye"*. The song "Missing You (My Bill)" tells the story of wives still at home: *"I learned to chop a tree today I laughed so hard I cried And Billy helped and*



scraped his knee But he took it all in stride Day by day I get by...". There are songs conveying the painful separation of slave families and in "River Jordan" about their impending freedom: "*But they say there's a new wind blowin' Down by the mighty Mississippi dressed in blue shaking loose these chains that bind me till this endless night is finally through...*". Then, there is presented the letter that President Lincoln wrote to a Mrs. Bixby on the loss of her five sons (also featured in the movie "Saving Private Ryan") commiserating with her "to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom".

Oh, but there is more. The nurse's lament on losing another young life in the song "I Never Knew His Name". There is even a song about the never ending marching, the weariness of the long campaign: "How Many Devils" where the pace of the song is "to the step" so to speak:

*"One...Two...Pick 'em up and put 'em down again And watch the miles roll on by Three...Four...Pick 'em up and put 'em down again Until you "Stop One" and you die..."*. One song, "Oh Be Joyful" explains the hardships of the Union soldier who is "celebrating" with a bottle: *"...Well we march and do the double-quick The sergeant's too damn rough This Dixie mud is mighty slick And this bread is hard and tough..."*. One of the most touching, "A Candle In the Window", tells the

feelings of a black woman who sees the President's outline by candlelight in a White House window every night. She knows that as long as he is there, and that candle burns into the night, she will be free. Towards the end are songs telling of the coming of the end: "Northbound Train" and the sad lament, "Last Waltz for Dixie". The musical ended with the stirring final song, an anthem really, entitled "The Glory". It is my personal favorite. *"The bugle calls us to the line From the mists of the long ago See how the battle sabers shine And the shadows the flags all throw...For the glory...For a land forever free....For the truth we hold so dear Let us give the last full measure Gathered here"*. All the songs' lessons are clear.

For the life of me, I cannot understand why all eighty-five 1st U.S. members did not come out to see this wonderful musical. Perhaps you could not afford it, though you could have seen it free. Perhaps you do not like music. Perhaps you think it "farby". This production was not a documentary. It was a modern theatrical play set during the civil war. It is a heart pounding, soul stirring musical about the time period we love so much. You have a second chance. The soundtrack is available from Amazon.com and other retailers of music.

## 20 Deadliest Battles of the Civil War

BATTLE	TOTAL BATTLE DEATHS	UNION	CONFEDERATE	DATE
Gettysburg, PA	7,058	3,155	3,903	Jul 1-3, 1863
Seven Days, VA	5,212	1,734	3,478	Jun 25-Jul 1, 1862
Antietam, MD	4,032	2,108	1,924	Sep 17, 1862
Chickamauga, TN	3,969	1,657	2,312	Sep 19-20, 1863
Shiloh, TN	3,477	1,754	1,723	Apr 6-7, 1862
Chancellorsville, VA	3,240	1,575	1,665	May 1-6, 1863
Second Bull Run, VA	3,205	1,724	1,481	Aug 29-30, 1862
Stone's River, TN	3,024	1,730	1,294	Dec 31-Jan 2, 1863
Spotsylvania, VA	-----	2,725	-----	May 8-18, 1864
Wilderness, VA	-----	2,246	-----	May 5-6, 1864
Franklin, TN	1,939	189	1,750	Nov 30, 1864
Fredericksburg, VA	1,879	1,284	595	Dec 13, 1862
Cold Harbor, VA	-----	1,769	-----	May 31-Jun 12, 1864
Petersburg (Assault), VA	-----	1,688	-----	Jun 15-18, 1864
Vicksburg, MS	-----	1,514	-----	Apr 30-Jul 4, 1863
Perryville, KY	1,415	845	570	Oct 8, 1862
Chattanooga, TN	1,114	753	361	Nov 23-25, 1863
Opequon, VA	973	697	276	Sep 19, 1864
Corinth, MS	860	355	505	Oct 3-4, 1862
First Bull Run, VA	847	460	...387	Jul 21, 1861

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