
The UNION STANDARD

May 2003

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The Newsletter of the 1st United States Infantry, The Regulars

Dispatch from the Board

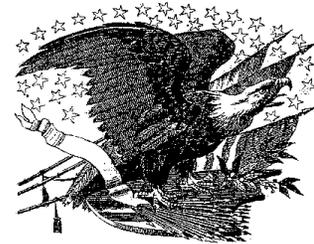
Sir, I have the honor to report that the 1st successfully re-supplied our garrisons on the North Texas frontier. The small detachment of infantry with a detachment of cavalry brought needed supplies to two garrisons on 27 April last. This despite the presence of a larger confederate force known to be operating in the area. So might have gone a period report of the recent tactical in the LBJ Grasslands. Seventeen men of the 1st with two wagons and five teamsters, eight cavalry and an assortment of dismounted cav. took on two companies of the 9th TX and 7th TX Cavalry. This was a judged event with detailed rules of engagement. Each side contributed a judge who was in radio contact throughout the scenario. Despite starting about two hours late (the judges had a little trouble getting out to set the garrison flags) we "re-supplied" two of the garrisons by early afternoon without firing a shot. The cavalry was where they should be, scouting, protecting out flanks when needed and protecting out rear. Throughout the day the men moved quickly when we had to and even assisted the wagons to navigate a steep incline by providing a counterweight. All in a days work. By the end of the day the johnnies were ready to change the scenario and have us chase them! We were game, even though we still had the two wagons to escort. By this time our numbers were half of what we started with most of the Henry platoon off for other commitments. Of course it wasn't long before we ran into an enemy ambush. After a hard march over Jeep hill which just about did us in we were on the Confederate rear just as they finally figured out that Hargis and Bowen were not a full company, rushed them and captured the wagons. At least the johnnies finally got a chance to use some of the 300 rounds they brought. By this time they were ready to call it a day after marching hither and yon to no avail and the scenario was terminated a half day early.

Our next event is Atoka, September 27,28. Mark out your calendars now! Our goal is to have two full companies there. With our normal number of attached to Battalion staff that means we need forty of us to show up. This Brigade event has a nice camping spot and is held on the actual battlefield. In November we will journey to northwest Arkansas for Bentonville (formally know as Cane Hill). While not a Brigade event, this is a max effort for our battalion, and expect to see most of the 2nd Battalion there too. This reenactment is located on a nice piece of property and we will again hold the high ground for at least one battle with the johnnies coming up the hill to us.

In July while some of you will be attending Gettysburg the unit will hold a cartridge rolling and equipment marking party. We will spend part of the time rolling live rounds for the live fire in August. For those few who were at drill in Arlington, you noticed a few changes in how drill is conducted. *In general we will not be firing at drill.* The feeling of the men present was that it's just not worth the time to clean the musket for a little bit of firing. Hopefully this will induce a few more of you to come out to drill. The other thing that has changed is that in addition to the basic maneuvers we will devote a portion of the drill to working on "non standard" formations maneuvering from left in front and sized as an even numbered company (short guys on the right). Although not hard it does require a little extra thought. Of course the fresh fish will still get their chance to fire.

See you in the field,
Don Gross

*Regulars by
God!*



1st U.S. Calendar

2003

MAY	
17th	Drill – Veterans Park, Arlington
JUNE	
21st	Samuel Farm
JULY	Live cartridge rolling and equipment marking (Note LIVE ROUNDS...)
AUGUST	
30	Live Fire, 200 yd range, Mansfield
SEPTEMBER	
26-28	Battle of Middle Boggy (Atoka, Oklahoma)
OCTOBER	
18	Drill at Granbury Re-enactment
NOVEMBER	
7-9	Battle of Bentonville (formally Cane Hill)
DECEMBER	
6-7	Drill, Fort Washita

Literary Musings*

On Writers and their Writings

A New Way for Miss A

Miss Louisa May Alcott, whose work has graced the pages of Atlantic Monthly and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Journal, has taken a new literary tack.

(Well, perhaps "graced" is not the best word for the pyretic prose Miss A presents.)

The authoress has previously produced "Pauline's Passion and Punishment," "Debbie's Debut," "A Whisper in the Dark," "Love and Self Love" as well as A Long Fatal Love Chase, a novel that has as yet proven too sensational (or is that sin-sational?) to find a willing publisher. In Hospital Sketches, the plucky writer relates her experiences when she went off to the war as an Army nurse. While her frank descriptions of ward life may be too graphic for reading in mixed company, one cannot but feel patriotic pride in the selfless courage and sacrifice of our boys and in the devotion of those women who give their all to save them.

The word pictures that she creates are both vivid and

enthraling. If she can but create a work that is as genteel as it is well-crafted, she may yet make a name for her self.

* Reprinted, with permission, from the "August 1863" edition of TIME, editor A. E. Hargis

THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL *OR* HOW I FOUND A BETTER HENRY BLANK

By Kip Bassett

.....
About six years ago I purchased a military version of the Henry rifle. Made by Uberti in Italy, it was a beautiful sight and I was thrilled. I sold my wife on the idea by pointing out that I could not only use it in "cowboy action shooting" (the fastest growing shooting sport in the country for about 10 years) but I could also reenact with it. That is where the trouble began.

The original Henry rifles were chambered for the then new .44 caliber rimfire cartridge. According to "Roundball to Rimfire", the Henry cartridge was loaded with 26 gr. FFFg powder and a 200-gr. pointed bullet. The only rimfire ammunition available today is the .22 LR as well as the .22 magnum and the new .17 HMR. Ammunition for the Henry, while numerous during the Civil war as well as during the last half of the 19th century, has not been produced for a long while. The modern reproduction Henry rifles come in either .44 WCF (.44-40) or the .45 Colt. It is interesting to note that the .44-40 came on the scene with the Winchester '73, and no lever-action rifle was ever chambered for the .45 Colt. But that is another story. Live ammunition for cowboy competition is easy to produce with blackpowder; the blank round is another story.

I initially did what most guys do; I went to see Gay Frazer. She sells a black plastic blank that is called a "Hollywood" blank. These are 5 in 1 blanks since they fit in several different chambers. Anyone with a Henry, either in .44-40 or in, 45Colt can use these blank rounds. They are loaded with only a modern shotgun primer and give a descent pop sound and are easy to deal with. The cost is about 50 cents per shot. WOW! My main problem with them is that there is no smoke and boom, and I could not see how to reload them. There had to be something better.

My first thought was, why not use empty .44-40 brass, put some powder in it and off we go. WRONG. Due to the feeding system in the Henry, empty brass will jam the elevator and render the rifle T.U. (not working) Actually what happens is about 1 and 1/3 rounds are fed into the elevator from the tube magazine. (Not a good thing) What I needed was a blank round that approximated the length of a loaded round.

The length of an empty .44-40 round is 1.29", while the empty .45Colt is 1.27" long. You can see why the Henry is produced in either caliber. A live .44-40 round is 1.57" long. Easy, you say, just get something 1.57" and use it. AHA! Not so fast musket boy. You see the rim of whatever brass is used must be VERY similar to both the .44-40 and .45 Colt. Otherwise the rifle's extractor will not work and the fired round will be stuck in the chamber. What to do, what to do.

After a lot of failures, some at reenactments, I came upon 2 items that looked promising. A company named Starline Brass has many hard to find calibers of brass casings for the reloader. One item is a brass 5 in 1. After talking to a representative of the company, I thought it might be just the ticket. The problem was that I had to order 1,000 pieces of brass to begin. Well, if this didn't work, I was out another \$240. Who wants to risk that? So, I went to plan B. The .445 Supermag is a long, straight walled case with a rim very similar to both the .44-40 and the .45 Colt. Another positive was that I could buy 100 pieces and not go broke if it didn't work out.

The first step was to trim the .445 brass down to an overall length of 1.57". Remember that is the length of a loaded, or live, .44-40. The next step is to contour the brass to look like a .44-40. My thinking was that since the .44-40 is smaller in diameter to the .45 Colt, and slightly bottlenecked, this way it should fit in either chamber. The brass was resized in a .44-40 sizing die. Now to see if it would feed into the chamber. It would not. After scratching my head, (I do that a lot), I thought it might be due to the mouth of the blank. You see, the nose of most bullets is smaller in diameter than the case mouth. Since my blank was as long as a live round, the mouth of the blank had to be a bit smaller than the diameter of the case at the point where the mouth of the real .44-40 case would be. One more step in the process. I sized down (called "necking down" to you non-reloaders) the top .20" of the brass in a .38-40 sizing die. This makes my blank brass with 2 bottlenecks. The first at .40" and the second at .44".

Did it work? I have run probably 500 rounds of blank ammunition through my Henry and have had no problems. Most Henrys that have a problem have

been new and real tight chambers or had extractor problems anyway. My load is 26 gr. of FFFg topped with an oversized wad made from milk cartons. The wax on the wad stops most moisture and is not dangerous as a flying projectile passed about 10 feet. The best thing is not just a pop but a boom and smoke from a realistic Henry round. Not only that, but every round I pick up, the cheaper the blanks are to reload. We now have enough Henry rifles in the unit that a try with that Starline 5 in 1 brass might be in order. Remember, Franklin is coming and Henrys were there in good numbers. FIREPOWER!! NOW I'M MOTIVATED.

From "Everyday Life in the 1800's, A Guide for Writers, Students & Historians"

SLANG & EVERYDAY SPEECH
By John Bowen

The darlin "Old Woman" (Cpt B.) was cut shart by meself in the middle of his ar-tea-cle way back in March. What with all the contributions I had there was no choice. And since it grieved me sore not to give him awl the space he needed, I swore a sacerd oath on a jug of Powers that I'd see the thing through in the next issue. But being on the resupply detail for the frontier forts, and then taking a French Leave via ship up to Chicagi town to deal with some matters of a financial nature (we'll see now if yer NEXT man decides to run off and not pay HIS honestly acquired debts before he goes....) cut my typesettin time short and I had to rely on some stand-in fellers (Members of the Union of course) to get the April edition to press. So, here's yur man again, back with the next installment of the "slang" terms yer all should know. And for those who intend to start trying to rival "old Mos" himself, there's a couple o' articles enclosed that'll give ya's a fair idea of what yer up against. All I can wish yer is the best o luck! ...McF

Candle-lighting: dusk

Cap the climax: to beat all, to surpass everything

Carryings-on: frolicking, partying

[to] Catch a weasel asleep: referring to something impossible or unlikely in regard to

someone who is always alert and seldom or never caught off guard

Cavort: to frolic or prance about
Chandler: a candle maker
Chattel: euphemism for a slave, used by polite society
Chevaux-de-frise: spiked logs used to protect defensive positions
Chirk: cheerful, chirpy
Cobbler: one who repaired shoes and boots
Cocked hat: to knock someone senseless or to shock him completely
Cold as a wagon tire: dead
Conniption fit: a fit of hysteria
Considerable: no small specimen
Contraband, cuffy, cuffee, darky: pejorative slang for a Negro
Coon's age: a long time
Coot: an idiot, a simpleton, a ninny
Cooper: one who made or repaired wooden vessels, especially barrels and tubs
Corned: drunk
Cordwainer: one who made shoes
Cracker: a poor white of the South, named after the cracking whips used by rural Southerners
Cussed: a somewhat acceptable swear word, meaning cursed, contemptible, mean
Dad: a euphemistic form of God, e.g. dad-blame it
Dang or dash: euphemism for damn
Devil: a more powerful expletive in the 19th century than now
Dickens: a euphemism for devil
Didoes: to cut up didoes was to get into mischief
Diggings: one's home, lodgings, community
Doggery: a cheap drinking establishment, in modern terms; a dive
Doings: 'fixings' for a meal
Do tell: phrase used to express fascination with a speaker's subject
Doughface: a Northerner who favored slavery
Dude: a dandy
Dundrearys [or Icadilly Weepers]: sideburns
[to see the] Elephant: to see it all, to experience it all
Embalmed beef: nickname given by Union troops to the tinned beef sold to the army by Chicago meat packers. Also called **Salt Horse**
Express: the mails, a mail stage
Farrier: a blacksmith who specialized in shoeing horses
[make a] Fist: to succeed at something
Flip: a drink comprised of beer, rum, and sugar
French pox: euphemism for syphilis
Full chisel: at full speed, executed with everything you've got

[not one's] Funeral: not one's business, none of one's concern
Gallowses: suspenders
Goober grabbers: nickname for Confederate soldiers from Georgia
Gotham: New York City
Go the whole hog: to go all the way
Greased lightning: anything very fast
Grist: a quantity
Grit: guts, courage, toughness
Grocery: a drinking establishment [also doggery, dram shop, grocery]
Grum: surly, gloomy, glum
Gum: lies, exaggerations. As a verb, to dupe someone.
Guttersnipe: a homeless child who roamed and slept in the streets
Hang up one's fiddle: to give up
Hankering: a strong desire
Hard tack: also called **teeth dullers, worm castles, & sheet iron crackers**
[settle one's] Hash: to settle one's business
High-falutin: highbrow, stuck up
[on one's own] Hook: on one's own, one's own doing
Hooter: an atom, a tiny amount
[by the] Horn spoon: an exclamation of surprise, shock or anger
Hornswoggle, honey-fuggled: to cheat, to pull the wool over one's eyes
Huckleberry above a persimmon: a cut above
Huffed, huffy: angry, irritated, offended
Hull: frequently used for whole
Hum: frequently used for home
Humbug: a deception, a hoax, an imposter, the equivalent of the modern BS
Inexpressibles: euphemism for pants (underwear)
I snore, I swan, I swow: socially acceptable alternative to the expression "I swear"
Jesse: to give one hell or to beat the hell out of him
Jim Crow car: any railroad car in which Negroes were segregated from white passengers. The name derived from a minstrel routine-"Jump Jim Crow"-performed in 1828. The name grew quickly into a pejorative epithet for blacks.
Knacker: one who purchased old or dead livestock and sold meat or hides
Kick: to protest or object to something, to complain

(Now....on me next Jigger of Powers, I promise yer'll see more of this again NEXT month!....McFuddy)

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After Inaction Report

or

Speaking o' Spokes

Hargis, G. 5 A-1

I hope that someday, a full account will be writt o' th' goings-on on th' Grasslands. 'T'would make interessin' readin', that's fer danged sure. As fer me, I kin onlyst tell whut I seed, th' whut ain't all that much, but it sure kep me occupied at th' time. That's fer true.

They tol' us we'd be a guardin' lines o' comuonykshun twixt th' stores depot an' three uv our forts out on th' prairie. They wuz powerful strong posts that kud laff off any sesech attack, but withouten reglar deliveries o' provender, they'd haffta pull up stakes. It wuz up t' us t' do th' deliverin'. T' guard this wealth o' beans an' fatback, they'd cobbled t'gether scraps o' various commands.

There wuz Reglars like me, mosly from Co.s A & D o' th' First U.S. Inf. An' a hodgepodge o' cavaliers who wuz sans cheval (or as we say, "without a hos, a man's afoot in this country"). Th' mornin stared off like it nearly al'uz duz. We clum up frum th' ground, shook th' leaves off'n our blue suits, an' commenced t'rollin' up our blankets, when th' supply train kum up.

First kum a passel o' well-mounted scouts, troopers, an' outriders. Next wuz th' teamsters an' thar loads. Now that wuz a sight, lemmie tell ya.

Thar wuz these two wagons, see. Now one'z bein' pulled by a matched pair o' strappin', big ol' white mules. They looked like they could go to it fer a month without'n a speck o' rest along th' way. T'other wuz hitched t' th' gawldurndest, broke-down, sway-backed, old nags that you iver did see. Whut I know 'bout hosses wud fill a thimble, a small one anyways, but countin' th' ribs strechin' its dull, shaggy hide, I figgered he wouldn't last but a few staggerin' steps. Them whut know, cyphered that this ol' moke wuz 'bout 86 in equine years.

"Hoss meat fer lunch," th' boys crowed. I figgered they wuz overly optimistic 'bout his longev'ty. By m'lights, thur might be enough scrawny meat on his bones fur most uv us t'have a bite. Some favored roastin' 'im over a roarin' wagon box fire, but others opined that he wuz pretty much jerky already, sos jest a bit o' skinnin' an' he'd be all set t' be et.

Well, after our requisite 'spections we all uv us pike it. Th' saddled an' harnessed stock an' critter sojers went one way an' we ground pounders went t'other. D'spite th' fact that I ain't changed breath fer years, I soon wuz staggerin' like a spiflicate, sos when we next met up wid our train I wuz chucked into th' first wagon wid a load o' hos fodder, water, an' sundry equipages. (I bein' more sundry than most.)

My career as freight larnt me a sum o' might sharp lessons 'bout draft critters in gen'ral an' teamsterin' in partic'lar. First off that moke uv a hos I took t'be teeterin' on th' brink o' mortality proved t'be th' fieryest, oak-hearted oat-burner that I iver seed cum up th' pike. He wuz utterly fearless an' seemingly tireless, and contributed mightily to th' vict'ry "when our cause hung in th' balance" (as they say in dispatches).

Useta be I figgered drivers wuz a pack o' plodders fer th' most part. But I lernt that th' dashin' hussar an' th' bold sabeur ain't got nothin' over th' brave an' wily freighter. Ours statigized us across th' landscape on a dizzin' 'sortment o' roads, trails, tracks, an' jest plain open country crossin' that left our friends th' enemy utterly in th' dark as t' whar we wuz (I, m'sef wuz utterly th' dark as t' whar we wuz an' I WUZ whar we wuz all th' time).

Our drivers traverset obstacles that goats would find dauntin'. Oncest I noticed that I an' th' rest o' th' load wuz floatin' free in th' air as team an' wagon dropped prit'near straight down one side uv a deep ravine. Then iverthin smacked down hard an' shot up t'other side like a rocket. We bounced over or drove through things that I jest knew would check our advance. I watched teamsters hangin' offn their boxes make repairs wile still on th' roll, an' I seed um get their critters t' perform in amazing ways. An' I seed um go off t'war with nutthin' but a trace cuttin' knife.

It took us no more 'n five hours t' 'complish whut we'd 'lowd a day an' a half fur. In th' end I wuz awe struck by th' whole thing. As fer th' rest o' my eddication, I lernt that supports don't haffta be right with ya t' protect ya, as th' odd shots far off told us. I also wuz schooled in th' art o' mule ear watchin'. Each o' th' big ol ears o' th' pair I spent a lot o' time facin' twisted 'round on its own course? listenin' posts on th' hoof, as it were. But when they all sudden-like pointed in th' same direction, I knowed they'd found sumpin o' interest to th' hull lot uv us. That's how I came t' cotch those four butternut troopers that sought t' sneak up on us in th' wilderness.

True, some uv our boys did fire off th' 'ccasional angry shot or two (not I). But we started out wid th'

notion that we'd come t' win, no t' fight. An' thet's what we did.

Forward a few years into our past – The President's last day.

At a midday meeting on April 14th, 1865, President Lincoln surprised his Cabinet members and General Grant by mentioning a dream he had. Gideon Welles recorded that it came in answer to the question of whether news from General Sherman would soon be coming. The President remarked it would, he had no doubt, come soon, and come favorable, for he had last night the usual dream which he had preceding nearly every great and important event of the War...I inquired what this remarkable dream could be. He said it related to ... water; that he seemed to be in some singular, indescribable vessel, and that he was moving with great rapidity...[T]hat he had this dream preceding Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Willmington, etc...

"I had," the President remarked, "this strange dream again last night, and we shall, judging from the past, have great news very soon, I think it must be from Sherman".

Say Jasper, where'd ya get *that*?

By A. Prendergast (thief editor)

A few years ago, when I was more into acquiring things for the hobby I came across a tidy little book called the CIVIL WAR SUPPLY CATALOG, which purports to be (and I can vouch that it is...) a "Comprehensive Sourcebook of products from the Civil War Era Available Today". Now we all know where one can find the standard accoutrements and what nots for the standard soldier's impression, but THIS book goes right to the heart of the matter and will permit you to select everything from Wooden frame lanterns to Wall paper, from Cabbages to Confederate Cipher wheels to Cut Nails. I'd be hard pressed to even begin to describe the contents of the volume except for to say it certainly has variety.

There's Hard Tack from the Mechanical Baking Company, Ham and Bacon from the Cumberland General store. For those with a ready hand and a spot out back of the shed to plant a row or two, there's the Winningstadt Cabbage, or the Jenny Lind Melon. Food Tin labels from Cartridges Unlimited. There's some fun quotes and information on every page – one

of my favorites, proves that I would have gotten on well with General Grant, for in addition to his proclivity for whiskey and cigars, the man had a culinary taste rivaling my own as he proclaimed "I will not move my army without onions". I know, you all expected Potatoes to be the "apple" of my eye, but any meal that doesn't have onion in it somewhere just falls shy of a good meal to my thinking. If there was a good way to put it into Apple Pie, trust me, I would.

Here you can find Patent Medicines – I'm sure they're just as effective NOW as they were then, but here's a title or two – Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam from which we learn "the bowels are of more consequence than the brains" This particular elixir is purported to take the action of George's famous cheese and provide one with, as George would say, a "liquid cork".

Or Father John's Throat Medicine which claims to contain no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. Now exactly WHY I'd want to take it without one of these two secret ingredients which they so pridefully claimed to have left out is beyond my understanding, but there it is, offered for sale.

If I'd have married a woman who had a fortune, I'd be inclined to outfit our two former Riverboat pilots (Kip and John) with their own steam launches, which the books assures me I can purchase. Fired by wood, coal or fuel oil, I'll bet the modern version doesn't "go up" quite as readily as it's period predecessors. Though I'm sure if McFuddy got at the values he'd find a way to launch the infernal thing into glory despite the best efforts of safety engineering.

Eyeglasses, Pitcher and Water basins (though I'm not sure what we'd use THOSE for...I'll bet the officers would commandeer it for their own bath and we'd probably be expected to provide hot water and warm towels to boot...). Vulcanite pocket combs ...yes boys, they had hard rubber pocket combs just like YOU can get at a local drugstore on the cheap...at the risk of keeping my hair neat, I might even invest in one...anyway, they haven't changed hardly at all since the war so unless you opt for one of the glitterite neon ones you won't be out of period if you're seen using one of them to attend to your coiffure.

Want to rent a Jeff Davis impersonator? He's in here. I'll bet he doesn't do the kind of thing your average Union trooper would have in mind for him. You probably just can't pay the man enough money to agree to a "short engagement" where he has his neck stretched.

Our own beloved Mr. Lincoln is available too, and I'm fairly certain based on the tintage provided that some of us have had the honor of being this "Mr. Lincoln's" guards at a couple of Dallas events in years past. Doubtless the others on the detail will recall our protecting him at the Bello house in Dallas a few years ago when he came to give a talk to the local hooligans...err....southerners.

As if one book detailing this isn't enough, you can even order a period book called "Illustrated Catalog of Civil War Military goods". Now that just flat boggles the imagination. "Look here Drew, weren't you wanting a 100 lb Parrot rifle for the front yard? Keep the neighbors from tying their ketch up in front of the house and spoiling our view of the island?"

And finally, the Frontier Battalion is mentioned too, as an organization you can contact for information on the hobby. A certain Sgt. Emeritus of the 1st, but more properly now "the General", is the contact, one Mark Dolive.

Anyone wanting to take a look at said book or curious about some of it's possibilities, let me know, I'll be happy to let you have a gander at it. I'm not sure where you can buy it, but there's always that telegraph thing they call "internet" where you wire your desire off to some Swede sounding operator back east (Url Html)and he will take down your information and send you things via post. Maybe you can get it there. At any rate – the info for the book is as follows – CIVIL WAR SUPPLY CATALOGUE (frenchie spelling...) by Alan Wellikoff (no doubt a danged Ruschian) 1996, published by Crown Publishers Inc, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Intangible Advantages By Major Alltoo Grossprecht

Not all of the respective advantages and disadvantages of the combatants in this conflict lend themselves to graphs or charts. For example, it is true that the Rebels, fighting for the most part, a defensive war have the advantages of interior lines of communication, local support and special knowledge of the terrain. However, their shorter lines must be traveled on poor to pitiably bad roads or over a rickety railroad net laid out in a plethora of different track gages and woefully short of rolling stock. All this while we devote great energy to converting their tracks and engines to scrap and their bridges and cars to kindling.

As for sezech having local support and a better knowledge of the lay of the land, ever since we moved into the south, we have found friends and guides, both dyed-in-the-wool union men and contrabands able and willing to show us the way. Yes, it is true that the bulk of southern Army officers and a few northerners, too, forsook their oaths and joined the Rebellion, but a goodly number of experienced ones stayed with the colors. As for the men, virtually every veteran remained true. True, even though in Texas that meant betrayal by their commander and prison as their reward for years of faithful service. Past defections aside, as this war has kept a dear school, we now have an officer corps that is second to none.

The siren call of sectionalism never was as loud in our navy as it was on dry land, which may be why one Lee of Virginia, cousin of Jeff Davis' bully boy, the admiral who devised our three girdle blockade of the South, has the Reb ports stoppered like bottles. There is one final advantage I'll mention is perhaps the least noticeable. For all the annoyance of political wrangling that is always aswirl in Washington City, and the deal-makers infesting the lobby of the Willard Hotel, we have clear means to do the Nation's business. In the heart of Secessiondom, where Jeffy D. holds sway, there are NO political parties. There the only way opposition to public policy can be expressed is through, back-stabbing, plotting, and general foot dragging. No way to run a government and certainly no way to win a war.

Reprinted from the "August 1863" edition of TIME, A. E. Hargis, editor

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Wanted – New typesetter – former position occupied by one Pvt A. McFuddy, soon to be deceased. Those interested to should contact Editor, A. Prendergast

Newsletter contributions - E-Mail/Mailing submissions to **The Union Standard – d1stus@gte.net or C/O Alan Prendergast, 1403 Barclay Drive, Carrollton Texas, 75007 (please help out by using Times New Roman)**

Newsletter – contact George Hansen if you did not receive your newsletter, beast1st@attbi.com or (972) 529-5349.

Address/Telephone changes – any mailing/e-mail address changes or telephone number changes should be submitted to John Bowen, bowen01@dellepro.com or (972) 539-6167.

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