

SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Lt. Commander Edward Lea U.S.N. – Camp Number 2



Harriet Lane

Winter 2003

Volume 10

Number 4

FROM THE COMMANDER'S TENT

November has been a busy month for the Camp. We had a good turnout for the Veteran's Day Parade. The event turned out to be an exercise in improvisation. We had planned to march together with the 13th U.S. Infantry Re-enactor Group, with Camp members either marching with the Re-enactors or riding in the SCV's 1860 Studebaker. Unfortunately neither the Re-enactor Group nor the Studebaker made it to the parade, so Camp members grabbed our flags, boarded the trailer the SCV uses to transport their two cannons, and rode the trailer through the parade. It seemed to make a hit with the crowds. Camp members were also interviewed by a reporter for Channel 24 news.

The Camp will also participate in the Civil War Weekend at Liendo. We will have a booth and will auction off several items, including a replica sword, some books, and a painting that has graciously been donated by Brother Gary White. Thanks Gary.

Be sure to mark your calendars for Saturday, January 10th, 2004. Plan to be in Galveston that morning for the Camp's dedication of the Battle of Galveston Monument. We have invited a number the National Officers and a number of local officials and groups. It's developing into quite an affair. It is very important that the Camp turn out as large a group as possible. Even if you only attend one function this year, this is the one to come to. It should be a real ball. And remember, we are having lunch and the Department of the Southwest Annual Departmental meeting immediately following the cemetery. So please come, and bring your family. Good food and the kids will have a great time with all the uniforms and musket salutes. Afterwards there will be plenty of time to visit the Elissa, Moody Gardens, and all the other sites in Galveston.

Lastly, I want to wish everyone the happiest of Holiday Seasons, and health and happiness for the coming year.

In F, C & L,
Steve Schulze
Camp Commander

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Membership Muster

<u>Camp Member</u>	<u>Civil War Ancestor</u>	<u>Service Unit</u>
Camp Cmdr - Mr. Stephen D. Schulze	Pvt. Henry Ludwig Schulze	Co. D, 9 th Illinois Volunteers
Sr. Vice-Cmdr - Mr. Scott D. Shuster	Pvt. John S. Darling	Co. F, 171 st Pennsylvania Infantry
Jr. Vice-Cmdr - Mr. Michael L. Lance	Pvt. Finas Euen Lance	Co. F, 12 th Indiana Infantry & 59 th Indiana Infantry
Sec./Treas. - Mr. Gary E. White	Comm. Sgt. William Judson	Co. D, 1 st New York Mount. Rifles
Chaplain - Mr. Randall D. Scallan	Chaplain Francis M. Byrd	184 th Ohio Infantry
Graves Reg. Off. - Mr. Charles Chambers ~	Artificer Horace Chambers	Co. K, 15 th NY Vol. Engineers
Mr. Michael Boyd	Thomas Howey	38 th Illinois Infantry
Mr. Edward F. Brodie	Hosp. Stwrd. Thos. Jeff. Eaton	114 th Ohio Infantry
Mr. William D. Campbell **	Cpl. William Moore Campbell	Co. I, 12 th Illinois Infantry
Mr. Clifford Dale Cates ^^	**	
Mr. Stephen D. Forman **	Pvt. John Henry Arnold	Co. C, 20 th Indiana Infantry
Mr. James M. Foster	Pvt. Xavier Henkel	Co. C, 2 nd Illinois Light Infantry
Dr. Albert Gunn	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 th New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 th New York Infantry
Mr. Albert Gunn III	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 th New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 th New York Infantry
Mr. Andrew R. Gunn	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 th New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 th New York Infantry
Mr. James S. Hackett ^^	**	
Mr. Olin E. Hartley	Pvt. William Gass	Co. A, 168 th Penn. Militia Infantry
Mr. Harrold Henck Jr. **	Pvt. Philip Jacob Apffel	Co. A, 46 th Iowa Volunteer Inf.
Mr. Robert Julian **	--	
Mr. Dale H. Leach	Pvt. Sylvester Leach	23 rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Dean Letzring **	Pvt. Alexander McLain	Co. E, 7 th Michigan Cavalry
Mr. Frank S. Moore	Pvt. William Moore	Co. K, 63 rd Ohio Vol. Infantry
Mr. Harrison G. Moore IV **	Pvt. William Moore	Co. K, 63 rd Ohio Vol. Infantry
Mr. Gilbert M. Moore	Pvt. Charles W. Magan	25 th Missouri Infantry
Mr. Thomas H. Penney	Cpl. Thomas Penney	Co. G, 8 th Illinois Cavalry
Mr. James R. Perry	Pvt. James R. Cook	Co. C, 3 rd Wisconsin Infantry
Mr. Jay M. Peterson	Pvt. William Herbert Trull	Co. D, 26 th Massachusetts Inf.
Mr. Lee A. Phillips	Cpl. Isaiah Green	Co. C, 37 th Indiana Infantry
Mr. C. John Powers	Pvt. James Albert Powell	Co. C, 146 th Illinois Infantry
Mr. Henry W. Satterwhite	Lt. General Wesley Merritt	Cmdr 3 rd Brigade (regulars)
Dr. Harold E. Secor	Pvt. Isaac Secor	Co. D, 28 th Massachusetts
Mr. Bartley N. Stockton	William R. Reck	Co. F, 74 th New York & Co. H, 40 th New York Infantry & Co. F, 5 th Regt., Excelsior Brig.
Mr. Stephen W. Tanner	Cpl. Jacob John Tanner	1 st Nebraska Infantry
Mr. Chapman Traylor ++	Cpl. John Anderson Laws	Bty B, 1 st Btn Tenn. Light Arty
Mr. Nash Traylor ++	Cpl. John Anderson Laws	Bty B, 1 st Btn Tenn. Light Arty
Mr. Kenneth W. Vaughan	Cpl. Newton B. W. Vaughan	Co. E, 3 rd Minnesota Infantry & Troop K, 2 nd Minnesota Cavalry
Mr. Glenn A. Webber	Pvt. George D. Webber	Co. E, 133 rd Illinois Vol. Infantry
Mr. Robert E. Wickman	Pvt. Hugh Alexander Hoy	Co. D, Bracketts Btn, Minn. Cav.
Mr. John E. Worm	Cpt. Loren Lamont Thorp	Co. G, 110 th New York

~ Charter Member

** Past Camp Commanders

++ New Member

^^ Associate Member

New Member Profile

Introducing: **Chapman** and **Nash Traylor** of Sonora, Texas

Nash is a sophomore here in Sonora, is involved in athletics, band, FFA, and several other UIL activities. His life is fairly full these days. I tend to stay busy with these and my daughters activities and in my spare time have a cow calf operation. My daughter Monica is in the seventh grade and stays quite busy herself. My wife Joleta teaches special education here in Sonora and we also have our three year old nephew Hunter living with us.

Nash and I are both members of the SCV in Junction. I had our SUV requirements together but had not made contact with anyone until the group came to Junction for the Real Daughter Ceremony which is pictured on the back of the autumn issue of *The Banner*. Nash and I are in the back, I with straw hat, and he in kepi. I did enjoy the visit with the folks who came out and do appreciate their assistance in pointing me in the right direction to make this possible. I do regret though that I am not able to recognize names of those who came to this event.

My ancestor was John A Laws. His unit was Light Artillery 1st Battalion Battery B Tennessee. He was a corporal when mustered out.

My father's parents lived their lives in Rosenberg and I have a brother in Houston. There are times that I get to your area and hope that I may be able to schedule a trip at sometime to coincide with a meeting.

Hope to see you soon,
Chap Traylor

Editor's Message:

I want to extend a special 'Thank You' to Dr. Craig Reese, Bill Vincent, Wade Nail, and David Walters. These four members of the SCV Captain Ike Turner Camp #1275 united with us on Veteran's Day in downtown Houston. They supplied the two 6 pounder cannons and the trailer on which we all rode in the parade. It was a pleasure meeting and working with them during and after the Veteran's Day ceremonies.

I am continuing to work on improving the content and layout of the *Harriet Lane*. Your suggestions for topics and articles are always welcome. This issue includes a revamped Membership Roster which lists the Civil War Ancestor under which each member entered Edward Lea Camp #2. I was surprised to learn that several Brothers have numerous family members that served in the War Between the States. I wish I could honor them all on the Muster, but space constraints limit me.

I also wish all of you a safe and enjoyable holiday season. This is a good time to communicate with those family members and friends who don't hear from us as often as they should – whether they are near or far. Let's all strive to strengthen our family ties and let those we love know they are in our thoughts and our hearts.

Michael L. Lance

Editor

The **Harriet Lane** newsletter is published quarterly (Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter). Please send questions, letters, suggestions or corrections concerning the newsletter to the Editor: Michael L. Lance, 6303 Craigway, Spring, TX 77389 (or Email mlance1963@charter.net). Publishing deadlines are: Spring issue - February 15, Summer issue - May 15, Fall issue - August 15, Winter issue - November 15.

Camp Commander - Mr. Stephen D. Schulze

Senior Vice-Commander - Mr. Scott D. Shuster

Junior Vice-Commander - Mr. Michael L. Lance

Secretary/Treasurer - Mr. Gary E. White

SUVCW Edward Lea Camp #2 website:

SUVCW Edward Lea Camp #2 (temporary – newsletters online)

SUVCW Department of the Southwest website:

SUVCW National website:

713-729-0348 sdsmcs@swbell.net

281-859-7125 dshuster@ix.netcom.com

281-320-2132 mlance1963@charter.net

281-890-7823 gankintx@flash.net

<http://edwardlea.no-ip.com>

<http://www.lonestarsales.com/suv.htm>

<http://www.txsv.org>

<http://www.suvcw.org>

Ancestor Profile

Pvt. William Moore - Co. K. 63rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry

My great-great-grandfather, William Moore, was born in Belmont County, Ohio, on October 6, 1829. He enlisted at Camp Worthington in Chillicothe, Ohio with his brother, Harrison G. Moore, in Company E, 22nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry on December 5, 1861. This company was transferred and became Company K of the 63rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry. According to his pension record, William was 5'11" tall, with blue eyes and black hair and beard. He was a farmer by profession.

At first, the regiment was armed with U.S. Model 1816 converted flintlock muskets in .69 caliber, but eventually they received a shipment of Model 1854 Austrian Lorenz rifle muskets in .54 caliber, which was one of the finest foreign arms in the service. The regiment was ordered to Paducah, Kentucky on February 18, 1862. From there it moved into Missouri, where it joined the Army of the Mississippi and became one of the regiments in the Ohio Brigade. William and Harrison both participated in the battles of New Madrid and Island No. 10. The battle of Island No. 10 was the first battle utilizing the gunboats of the brown water navy. With the combined efforts of the gunboats and the infantry muskets of General John Pope's Army of the Mississippi, the island was captured and the imminent threat of a Confederate presence on the upper Mississippi River was removed. From there, the army marched to Fort Pillow a day after the massacre. In May 1862, the 63rd Ohio was marched to Corinth, Mississippi, where it took part in the siege and occupation of that town until August 1862. In September 1862, William and his brother were in the Battle of Iuka, Mississippi.

On October 3rd & 4th, 1862, they were both in the line to the right of Battery Robinett with the rest of the 63rd Ohio at the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi. The 63rd Ohio faced the onslaught of the 2nd Texas Infantry and 42nd Alabama alone, and were eventually involved in a desperate hand-to-hand fight with the Confederates. The colonel of the 2nd Texas, William Rogers of Houston, was killed by gunfire from the 63rd Ohio right in front of Battery Robinett. The Battle of Corinth was one of the most vicious slugfests in the war in either theater of operations. The casualty rates for the number of forces involved was the highest in all four years of the war.

On December 30th and 31st, 1862, the 63rd Ohio was involved in the Battle of Parker's Cross Roads, Tennessee, where the Union forces surprised Lt. General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Forrest was hard-pressed, but, as usual, fought his way out with skill and daring.

During their time in Tennessee and Mississippi, William served off and on as the company cook. About this same time, William joined the Pioneer Corps for Grant's Central Mississippi Campaign, and spent much of the next year building corduroy roads through Mississippi and Tennessee. When the chance came, William volunteered for service as a regimental teamster, and eventually became a teamster for the 16th Army Corps (later the 17th Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee). William served as a divisional teamster during Sherman's March to the Sea, and was mustered out due to the expiration of his term of service in Savannah, Georgia on January 12, 1865. His brother Harrison died January 1, 1865, in the army hospital in Dalton, Georgia.

After the war, William went home to Ohio and started farming again, although his first wife Sarah Ann Lunsford died in 1872, leaving him with a son, John Moore, and a farm to run. He was married again in 1873 to Ruth Johnson, and they were to subsequently have four sons: Harrison Gerald Moore (my great grandfather), Andrew Moore, William T. Moore, and Alexander F. Moore. William died September 6, 1894, and was buried in the Bolar Cemetery, in Eagle Township on the border of Vinton and Ross Counties in Ohio.

My other Union ancestors include:

Philip Walter (1836-1911), 2nd gr-grandfather - Co. H, 32nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry

William Absalom Harless (1830-1894), 3rd gr-grandfather - Co. B, 7th West Virginia Cavalry (formerly the 8th Virginia Infantry (Union)).

Jesse Thomas McGee (1829-1903), 3rd gr-grandfather - Co. C, 11th West Virginia Infantry

Jesse P. Durham (1830-1901), 3rd gr-grandfather - West Virginia Union Militia

Jackson Clay (1843-after 1870), 3rd gr-grandfather - West Virginia Union Militia

William Hunter (1793-1862), 4th gr-grandfather - West Virginia Union Militia

Daniel Bradshaw (1802-1879), 4th gr-grandfather - West Virginia Union Militia

Isaac Barker Sr. (1782-1869), 5th great grandfather - West Virginia Union Militia

Also 34 uncles and numerous cousins served the Union, including Major General Rutherford B. Hayes.

Submitted by: Harrison G. Moore IV, PCC - Lt. Cdr. Edward Lea USN Camp No. 2, SUVCW

"The Wounded Rebel Sergeant and the Sagacity and Affection of his Horse - An incident of the War"

The following story relates an interesting story of the Forman family in Kentucky during the War Between the States. This story was written by J. H. Green and appeared in the Nelson County Genealogist, Volume 18, #2 on page 36.

While commander of the post at Bardstown, Kentucky and at the time Morgan made his raid in July 1862, I was ordered to proceed to New Haven, fifteen miles southwest, and station my forces upon the Muldrough's Hill road, which passed through the village. I arrived at the hour of 10 P.M., and shortly after my arrival, I learned that Lieut. Col. Moore and five hundred infantry had just passed en route by railroad for Lebanon, about twenty-five miles south, immediately at the terminus of the Louisville & Lebanon Railroad.

Moore had been ordered by General Boyle(?) to proceed direct to that post and lay in wait for Morgan and his rebel squadron, which were then approaching that place, and would in all probability reach there at an early hour of the morning. At Hope Station, six miles south of New Haven, the engine stopped to take wood and water. Here intelligence was received that about one half mile distant from the station lay a large rebel force. Colonel Moore, not regarding his orders, as it was his duty as a soldier to do, ordered one of his companies to reconnoiter (to make a reconnaissance of) the spot. Captain Stein, a gallant German, was entrusted the work. He had not reached the distance of four hundred yards before his advance met that of the enemy, and a brisk fight ensued; the rebels fell back, and Captain Stein returned and reported. The Colonel then, instead of pushing on according to orders, delayed some time in causing his command to form in line of battle, and then return to the cars, and from the station back to New Haven, where from cause not understood by any other person besides myself, he took his room and bed.

It was not about midnight, and I ascertained that he had retired to his room, his officers and men to their sleep in the cars. I waited upon the Colonel for information in regard to the forces he had encountered, the number & c., to which he could inform me a little. He first believed there was but few, probably twenty, and in the same breath that many hundreds. It was evident that I could not receive anything definite through him, and I then asked permission to return with my command and ascertain what force he had encountered, if any, and how many had been killed, & c. The Colonel thought it very hazardous, but gave his consent, and I took the train and his as well as my own command, and returned to the station. I immediately with my command marched to the place where the skirmish had taken place. A dense fog covered the earth, and daylight had as yet scarce become visible; we halted within a few rods of the spot where the conflict had ended. Here we found blood in profusion scattered upon the grass and earth, and small pieces of flesh and bone mixed. A few rods from the road, in a pasture, upon the earth at the root of a tree, I discovered the body of a man. I halted my company and immediately went to him. He was wrapped up close in a blanket. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and he turned his glassy eye upon me, and I asked him who he was, what command he was under, and where it had been his intention to make the first attack? To which he answered as follows:

'My name is Thomas Forman. I am a citizen of Spencer County, Kentucky. My father still resides there. I am fourth sergeant in Company 'A', of Colonel Morgan's Squadron, commanded by Captain John Allen - the same who is in command of five hundred and fifty men, which were met and routed last night when I was wounded. They were ordered here to tear up the track to prevent reinforcements reaching Lebanon, which place Colonel Morgan in person will attack this morning.'

'You are mortally wounded?' I returned.

'I am', he replied.

'In what part of your body?' I asked.

'In my back, and passing out near the fifth right rib, carrying out my bowels.'

I then approached and raised his blanket and discovered his bowels protruding, much inflamed. He was lying upon a blanket, past his head was placed a candle and a bunch of matches, with a canteen, then empty, and evidently placed there by his companions. I had my attention drawn close up to him, when he exclaimed.

"Take care, Captain, my mare will hurt you," at the same time gently talking to her. I looked up, and standing within five feet, with her ears pricked forward and her nostrils wide open, and her eyes blazing with apparent rage, stood a beautiful bay mare, large, yet very thin; the warm breath whistled through her nostrils, and he kept bidding her to behave. She was at his back; he could hear but not see her.

"Is this your animal?" I asked.

"Yes, sir!" he replied. "Come here," calling her by name, and then she shyed me and came around, still carrying herself in a kind of a defensive position. As she came in front, I passed to the other side.

"Poor thing," said he, "you feel much interest for your master," and she gave indications of understanding what he uttered, and came so near that she placed her nostril within a foot of his face. I then spoke to her and patted her gently upon the neck, and she then looked at me steadily as though she was trying to divine my motives.

"She will not molest you now, Captain," said the wounded master; and she then resumed her feed upon the grass, which she had taken to a spear of all that was within twenty feet of his body in a circle. "I raised her, Captain, and I hope you will take her and see that she is well cared for."

I promised I would. My company came up, and I ordered eight men to carry his body carefully to cars, and another to lead the mare. We then passed over the field generally, found one dead horse with saddle upon him, a pair of saddle bags, and four muster rolls of Capt. John Allen's Co. A, and the company's books, several guns, swords, pistols, blankets, and horses.

Having completed my reconnaissance, I again returned to New Haven and reported the same to Colonel, or rather Lieut. Colonel Moore. He appeared much excited, and immediately took the cars for the Lebanon Junction, some ten miles on the road to Louisville, for the purpose of reporting his success. After two days' absence he returned, and with his command left for Louisville. What afterwards became of the hero, Lt. Colonel Moore, I never heard. But Morgan went direct to Lebanon, and about eight o'clock next morning burnt up all of the commissary stores, hospital buildings, & c., together with destroying all of the ordinance he was unable to carry away; paroled sixty privates and one Lieutenant Colonel, and then departed. And the whole of his success was occasioned by the stupidity or cowardice of Col. Moore.

On reaching New Haven, we captured the wounded rebel, we carried him up to the house of Dr. Gore, where all the attention that friends could render was given young Forman. Clean clothing, a good bed in a cool room, and every other comfort which could be rendered was promptly administered by Mrs. Gore and her two amiable daughters. Young Forman conversed freely and rationally, and rested without any apparent pain until one P.M., and then died without a struggle. He said about one hour before he died that he had nothing to regret, only that he could not have lived to have seen his parents. He was very thankful for the kindness he had received, and died without a murmur.

Intelligence had been sent of his death to his father in the adjoining county, the following day, he and a friend came to Dr. Gore's residence, making inquiries respecting his treatment; and after learning the particulars, and the kindness his son had met at the hands of strangers and declared enemies, he seemed astounded and unable to express his thankfulness. I sent his body in my wagon on his way home as far as Bardstown. It was placed in a neat, plain coffin and given to his father, who bore the reputation of a firm Union man. His faithful mare was sent to his mother, and a few weeks after I received from her lips many thanks.

About ten days after young Forman's death, a cousin by the name of Benjamin Forman, second sergeant of same company, was captured and brought in badly wounded; his left knee-pan (kneecap) had received a Minnie ball, which lodged immediately in the under side of the leg and knee-pan; the surgeons decided that to save him, amputation of the leg above the knee was necessary, and after seven weeks suffering the operation was scientifically performed by Doctors McCowan and Forman, the latter a cousin of the wounded rebel, and an honest Union man. Thus we foot up the account of the two deluded young Kentuckians; and although we call them properly rebels, no young men of our land have more respectable or better Union parents than they. Benjamin, after he lost his leg, returned to his widowed mother's home in Spencer county, Kentucky, and thus we leave them.

Sgt. Thomas Forman was 22 years old when he was killed. His cousin, Sgt. Benjamin Forman, was 25 years old when wounded, and his leg was amputated by his cousin, Union Dr. George Forman, age 42.

Submitted by: Stephen D. Forman - Commander, Granbury's Texas Brigade SCV Camp #1479 and Past Camp Commander, Edward Lea Camp #2 SUVCW (cousin to the 3 Formans mentioned above)

Boy Soldiers

Many stories of bravery have been written about drummer-boys. The drummer-boy was often the inspiration of many a soldierly deed and ballad both North and South.

A poem popular during the Civil War centered on an incident at Vicksburg. A general assault was made on the town on May 19, 1863. It was repulsed with severe loss. During the battle, a drummer-boy came limping back from the front and stopped before General Sherman. While blood formed a little pool by his injured foot, and unmindful of his own condition, he shouted, "Let our soldiers have some more cartridges, sir – caliber fifty-four." The boy then trudged off to the rear.

Another poem is based on an incident in the first year of the war. A drummer-boy had beaten his 'rat-tat-too' for the soldiers until he had been struck on the ankle by a flying bullet. He would not fall out. Instead, he mounted the shoulders of a grown comrade and continued to beat his drum as the company charged to victory. At the end of the day's fighting, he rode to camp sitting in front on the general's horse, sound asleep.

Bugler-boys were also inspirational to the troops. When the Civil War began, 'Jimmy' Dugan was a bugler-boy in the band at Carlisle barracks, the cavalry depot in Pennsylvania. One who knew him wrote:

"He was about three feet six high, could ride anything on four legs, sound all the calls, and marched behind the band at guard-mounting at the regulation twenty-eight-inch step at the risk of splitting himself in two."

'Jimmy' was heard of later when the serious work of war began. Like many other daring youngsters in the field-music contingent, he did his duty under fire.

Calendar For 2003-2004

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Location</u>
9 Dec 2003	Monthly Meeting	Spaghetti Warehouse – Houston
10 Jan 2004	Battle of Galveston Commemoration & Dedication of Monument. Guest Speakers to include: SUVCW National Cmdr: <u>Kent Armstrong</u> (tentative) Mayor of Galveston: <u>Roger Quiroga</u> Author: <u>Ed Cotham</u>	Trinity Episcopal Cemetery Galveston, Texas
10 Feb 2004	Monthly Meeting	Spaghetti Warehouse - Houston
21 Feb 2004	Civil War Weekend (With Camp approval)	Livingston, Texas
9 Mar 2004	Monthly Meeting	Spaghetti Warehouse - Houston
To be Announced	Weekend at Fort McKavett (With Camp approval)	Near Junction, Texas (see pg 14)

Recent Camp Events

Veterans Day 2003

Veteran's Day 2003 dawned with clear skies and a promise of unseasonably warm temperatures. To the delight of 12 heavily uniformed Brothers of the SUV Edward Lea Camp #2, the SCV Captain Ike Turner Camp #1275, and the 11th Texas Cavalry Re-enacting Unit, a refreshing breeze was also blowing. Two working replica 6 pounder cannons belonging to the SCV Camp arrived at Tranquillity Park by 8:30 a.m. on a customized trailer. The park is directly across the street from City Hall in downtown Houston. The Brothers on hand removed their woolen coats and pitched in to push the heavy cannons from the trailer, up a handful of steps, and into firing position on the grass in the park. SCV Brother Dr. Craig Reeves treated us with expert training on the proper loading, firing, and safety procedures of the big guns. We were then assigned our positions at the cannon and rehearsed a couple firing dry runs. One cannon was manned by the SCV camp and the other by our SUV camp.

Meanwhile, dignitaries and spectators began to assemble on the grounds near the steps of City Hall. At 11:00 a.m., the official ceremonies commenced with the firing of the cannons. Along with applause from the crowd at City Hall, the report of the cannons set off car alarms on the streets around the park. The concussion from the blasts shook the branches of the trees in the line of fire and frightened flocks of birds into flight. We were also told more than one politician unconsciously flinched near the podiums.

While the speeches and memorials were being conducted at City Hall, we SUV and SCV members remained at our posts with the cannons. Our impressive display drew the attention of passing pedestrians and motorists. A television reporter soon arrived among us lugging her television camera and tri-pod. Brief statements were given to the media by Camp Commander Steve Schulze and Past Camp Commander Steve Forman.

At 12:00 noon, the official ceremonies were concluded with another firing of the two cannons. The big guns blasted in unison this time; once again setting off numerous car alarms. We all then pitched in to move the cannons back onto the trailer. Instead of marching on foot in the parade, we opted to ride on the trailer with the big guns. With flags flying, muskets bristling, and cannons awe inspiring, we rode off to the parade staging area.

The vast array of marching bands, military organizations of many stripes, and heritage groups waiting to enter the parade was impressive. We eased into our position and slowly rolled along the parade route. The continuous crowd of spectators along the sidewalks was relatively thin; but enthusiastic. They waved, saluted, clapped, and cheered as we slowly passed by. We must have looked like a scene from a Civil War movie to them. The small children, watching with mouths agape, seemed to be awed by the spectacle. Hopefully, their parents are sufficiently educated to answer their questions about the era, the sacrifice, and the events we represented.

At the end of the parade route, we disbanded temporarily. Dr. Reeves, David Walters, and Wade Nail of the SCV camp and Alton Bandy soon joined us as we reassembled downtown at the Spaghetti Warehouse Restaurant for a fine lunch and our monthly business meeting. A fine time was had by all.

Michael L. Lance



The SCV artillery crew watches in position while, in the background, the SUV crew fires a salvo. The body language displayed here hints of the power of these weapons.



Camp Commander **Steve Schulze** holding some of the many flags which would soon festoon the cannon parade trailer

Recent Camp Events (continued)



Past Camp Commanders **Steve Forman** and **Harrison Moore IV** taking their seats for the parade. **Dr. Craig Reese** provided the horsepower.....
With his GMC 3/4 ton truck



Camp Chaplain **Randy Scallan** in position making sure all warning signs behind the 2 working replica 1841 six pounders are strictly obeyed



Watching for stragglers: SCV Brother **David Walters** is shown representing an early war Confederate artillery unit wearing a butternut shell jacket with red piping & gray wool trousers – assisted by 11th Texas Cavalry Re-enactor **Alton Bandy**

Cast of Event participants:

From SUV Lt. Cmdr. Edward Lea Camp #2

- * **Dean Letzring** – Cmdr. Dept. of the SW
- * **Steve Schulze** – Camp Cmdr.
- * **Harrison Moore IV** – Past Camp Cmdr.
- * **Steve Foreman** – Past Camp Cmdr.
- * **Gary E. White** – Camp Secr/Treas.
- * **Randy Scallan** – Camp Chaplain
- * **Michael L. Lance** - Camp Jr. Vice-Cmdr.
- * **John E. Worm**

From SCV Captain Ike Turner Camp #1275

- * **Dr. Craig Reeves**
- * **Bill Vincent** - from Victoria, Texas
- * **David Walters** – Camp Cmdr.
- * **Wade Nail**

From the 11th Texas Cavalry Re-enacting Unit

- * **Alton Bandy**

Trivia – ‘Tasting the Soup’

One formality that was soon abandoned after the soldiers took the field was that of tasting the soup. This duty usually fell to one of the officers of each company, and its object was to discover whether the soup was sufficiently strong to pass muster with the men. But as the war went on, the men themselves became the only ‘tasters’. The officers had too many other pressing duties to perform, and the handling of the soup, when there was any, became the simple matter of lading it out to men who were only too glad to fill up their cans and devour the contents.

Feature Story – Marshaling the Federal Army (Part 1)
By Charles King - Brigadier-General, United States Volunteers

Union men wore anxious faces early in the spring of 1861. For months the newspapers had been filled with accounts of the seizure of Government forts and arsenals all over the South. State after State had seceded, and the *New York Tribune*, edited by Horace Greeley, had bewildered the North and encouraged the South by declaring that if the latter desired to set up a government of its own it had every moral right to do so. The little garrison of Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, threatened by a superior force and powerless against land attack, had spiked its guns on Christmas night in 1860, and pulled away for Sumter, perched on its islet of rocks a mile from shore, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and there, in spite of pitiful numbers, with a Southern-born soldier at its head, practically defied all South Carolina.

The *Star of the West* had been loaded with soldiers and supplies at New York, and sent to Sumter's relief. Then South Carolina, duly warned, had manned the guns of Morris Island and driven her back to sea. Not content with that, South Carolina, the envy of an applauding sisterhood of Southern States, had planted batteries on every point within range of Sumter. All the North could see that its fate was sealed, and no one, when the 1st of April came, could say just how the North would take it.

The second week settled the question. With one accord, on April 12th, the Southern guns opened on the lone fortress and its puny force. The next day, with the flagstaff shot away and the interior of the fort all ablaze, the casemates thick with blinding smoke, with no hope from friends, the gallant garrison could ask only the mercy of the foes, and it was given willingly – the soldier's privilege of saluting his colors and marching out with the honors of war.

And then the North awoke in earnest. In one day the streets of New York city, all seeming apathy the day before, blazed with a sudden burst of color. The Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze from every staff and halyard; the hues of the Union flamed on every breast. The transformation was a marvel. There was but one topic on every tongue, but one thought in every heart: The flag had been downed in Charleston Harbor, the long-threatened secession had begun, the very Capitol at Washington was endangered, and the President at last had spoken, in a demand for seventy-five thousand men.

It was the first call of many to follow – calls that eventually drew 2,300,000 men into the armies of the Union, but the first was the most thrilling of all, and nowhere was its effect as wonderful as in the city of New York.

Not until aroused by the echo of the guns at Sumter could nor would the people believe the South in deadly earnest. The press and the prophets had not half prepared them. Southern sympathizers had been numerous and aggressive, and when the very heads of the Government at Washington were unresentful of repeated violation of Federal rights and authority, what could be expected of a people reared only in the paths of peace? The military spirit had long been dominant in the South and correspondingly dormant in the North. The South was full of men accustomed to the saddle and the use of arms; the North had but a handful. The South had many soldier schools; the North, outside of West Point, had but one worthy the name. Even as late as the winter of 1860 and 1861, young men in New York, taking counsel of far-seeing elders and assembling for drill, were rebuked by visiting pedagogues who bade them waste no time in "silly vanities." "The days of barbaric battle are dead," said they. "The good sense of the American people will ever stand between us and a resort to arms." The ominous rumbles from Pensacola, Augusta, Baton Rouge, and San Antonio meant nothing to these peace proclaimers; it took the thunderclap of Sumter to hush them. It took the sudden and overwhelming uprising of April 15th to bring the hitherto confident backers of the South face to face with an astounding fact.

Seventy-five thousand men needed at once! – the active militia called instantly to the front! Less than fifteen thousand regulars scattered far and wide – many of them in Texas, but mainly on the Indian frontier – could the Nation muster in gathering toils. Many a Southern-born officer had resigned and joined the forces of his native State, but the rank and file, horse, foot, and gunners stood sturdily to their colors. Still, these tried and disciplined men were few and far between.

Utterly unprepared for war of any kind, the Union leaders found themselves forced to improvise an army to defend their seat of Government – itself on Southern soil, and compassed by hostile cities. The new flag of the seceding States was flaunted at Alexandria, in full view of the unfinished dome of the Capitol. The colors of the South were openly and defiantly worn in the streets of Baltimore, barring the way of the would-be rescuers.

The veteran Virginian, General Winfield Scott, at the head of the United States army, had gathered a few light guns in Washington. His soldierly assistant, Colonel Charles P. Stone, had organized, from department clerks and others, the first armed body of volunteers for the defense of the threatened center, and within a few months the first-named was superseded as too old, the second imprisoned as too Southern – an utterly baseless charge. The one hope to save the capital lay in the swift assembling of the Eastern militia, and by the night of April 15th the long roll was thundering from the walls of every city armory. From Boston Common to the Mississippi, loyal States were wiring assurance of support.

And that night the muster began, Massachusetts promptly rallying her old line-militia in their quaint, high-topped shakos and long gray overcoats – the Sixth and Eighth regiments mustering at once. New York city was alive with eager but untried soldiery. First and foremost stood her famous Seventh, the best blood and most honored names prominent in its ranks. The old armory at the foot of Third Avenue could not contain the crowds that gathered. Close at hand mustered the Seventy-first – the “American Guard” of the ante-bellum days. But a few streets away, with Centre Market as a nucleus, other throngs were cheering about the hall where Michael Corcoran, suspended but the year before because his Irishmen would not parade in honor of the Prince of Wales, was now besieged by fellow countrymen, eager to go with him and his gallant Sixty-ninth. Four blocks further, soon to be led by Cameron, brother to the Pennsylvania Secretary of War, the Highlanders were forming to the skirl of the piper and under the banner of the Seventy-ninth. West of Broadway, Le Gal and DeTrobriand were welcoming the enthusiastic Frenchmen who made up the old “red-legged Fifty-fifth,” while, less noisily, yet in strong numbers, the Eighth, the Twelfth, and in Brooklyn the Fourteenth, were flocking to their armories and listening with bated breath to the latest news and orders from Washington.

Orders came soon enough. First to march from the metropolis for the front was New York’s soldierly Seventh, striding down Broadway through countless multitudes of cheering citizens, their splendid band almost unheard through the volume of applause. Never before had New York seen its great thoroughfare so thronged; never had it shown such emotion as on that soft April afternoon of the 19th. Prompt as had been the response to marching orders, the gray column of the Seventh was not the first to move. The Massachusetts Sixth had taken the lead one day earlier, and was even now battling its way through the streets of Baltimore. Barely had the Corlandt Street Ferry borne the last detachment of the Seventh across the Hudson when the newsboys were shrieking the tidings of the attack on the men of New England by the mob of “blood-tubs” and “plug-uglies” in the Maryland city.

It takes five hours to go from New York to Washington today; it took six days that wild week in 1861. The Seventh, with the Massachusetts Eighth for company, had to patch the railway and trudge wearily, yet manfully, from Annapolis to the junction of the old Baltimore and Washington Railroad, before it could again proceed by rail to its great reception on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Then New York’s second offering started – another wonderful day in Gotham. In less than a week from the original call, the active militia was under arms in full ranks, and most of it en route for the front.

Farther west the Lake cities – Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago – each had mustered a regiment with its own favorite companies – Continentals, Grays or Light Guards as a nucleus. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota each had been called upon for a regiment, and the response was almost instantaneous. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, more populated, had tendered more than the thousands demanded.

By the 1st of June, there was camped or billeted about Washington the cream of the State soldiery of every commonwealth east of the Ohio and north of the Potomac – except Maryland. Maryland held aloof. Pennsylvania, asked for twelve thousand men, had rushed twenty thousand to the mustering officers. Massachusetts, called on for fifteen hundred, sent more than twice that number within two days. Ohio, taxed for just ten thousand, responded with twelve thousand, and Missouri, where Southern sentiment was rife and St. Louis almost a Southern stronghold, tumultuously raised ten thousand men, unarmed, undrilled, yet sorely needed. But for Nathaniel Lyon of the regular army, and the prompt muster of her Union men, Missouri would early have been lost to the Nation. And as for Kentucky, though in grand numbers and gallant services her sons repudiated his action, Governor Magoffin refused a man for the defense of the general Government, or what he called the “coercion” of the Southern States.

But it was a motley concourse, that which gathered at Washington where all eyes were centered. The call for seventy-five thousand militia for three months was quickly followed by the call for five hundred thousand volunteers for three years, and such was the spirit and enthusiasm of the North that, as fast as they could be uniformed, faster than they could be armed, the great regiments of State volunteers came dustily forth from the troop trains and went trudging along the length of Pennsylvania Avenue, out to the waiting camps in the suburbs. Within the month of its arrival, the Seventh New York, led by engineers and backed by comrade militiamen, had crossed the Potomac,

invaded the sacred soil of Virginia, and tossed the red earth into rude fortifications. Then it had been sent home for muster-out as musket men, but, let this ever be remembered, to furnish almost instantly seven hundred officers for the newly organizing regiments, regular and volunteer.

Two little classes of West Point cadets, graduated in May and June respectively, brave boys just out of their bell-buttoned coatees, were set in saddle and hard at work drilling whole battalions of raw lads from the shops and farms, whose elected officers were to the full as untaught as their men. Local fame as a drillmaster of cadets or Zouaves gave many a young fellow command of a company; some few, indeed, like Ellsworth, even of a regiment. Foreign soldiers of fortune, seeing their chance, had hurried to our shores and tendered their swords, many of them who could barely speak English receiving high commissions, and swaggering splendidly about the camps and streets. Many of the regiments came headed by local politicians, some who, but the year gone by, had been fervent supporters of Southern rights and slavery. A favored few came under command of soldierly, skilled young officers from the regular service, and most of them led by grave, thoughtful men in the prime of life who realized their responsibility and studied faithfully to meet the task.

Then wonderful was the variety of uniform! It was marked even before McDowell led forth the raw levies to try their mettle at Bull Run. Among the New Yorkers were Highlanders in plaid "trews" (their kilts and bonnets very properly left at home), the blue jackets of the Seventy-first, the gray jackets of the Eighth, and Varian's gunners – some of whom bethought them at Centreville that their time was up and it would be pleasanter "going home than hell-ward," as a grim red-whiskered colonel, Sherman by name, said they surely would if they didn't quit straggling. There were half-fledged Zouaves, like the Fourteenth New York (Brooklyn), and full-rigged Zouaves, albeit their jackets and "knickers" were gray and only their shirts were red – the First "Fire" of New York, who had lost their martial little colonel – Ellsworth – before Jackson's shotgun in Alexandria. There were Rhode Islanders in pleated blue blouses – Burnside's boys; there were far Westerners from Wisconsin, in fast-fading gray. Michigan and Minnesota each was represented by a strong regiment. Blenker's Germans were there, a reserve division in gray from head to foot. There were a few troops of regular cavalry, their jackets gaudy with yellow braid and brazen shoulder scales. There were the grim regular batteries of Carlisle, Ricketts, and Griffin, their blouses somber, but the cross cannon on their caps gleaming with polish, such being the way of the regular. It was even more marvelous, later, when McClellan had come to organize the vast array into brigades and divisions, and to bring order out of chaos, for chaotic it was after Bull Run.

The States were uniforming their soldiery as best they could in that summer of 1861. New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania usually in blue, the Vermonters in gray, turned up with emerald, as befitted the Green Mountain boys. The one Western brigade in the newly formed Army of the Potomac came clad in gray throughout, not to be changed for the blue until late in September.

But for variety, New York city let the country. A second regiment of Fire Zouaves had been quickly formed, as dashing in appearance as the first. Abram Duryee of the old militia (with a black-eyed, solemn-faced little regular as second in command, soon to become famous as a corps leader) marched forth at the head of a magnificent body of men, the color-guard, nearly all seven-footers, all in the scarlet fez and breeches of the favorite troops of France. Zouave rig was by long odds the most pleasing to the popular eye in the streets of the big city – and, less happily, to Southern marksmen later – for all in a day the improvised wooden barracks were thronging with eager lads seeking enlistment in the Zouave regiments. Baxter's in Philadelphia, Farnsworth's (Second Fire), Duryee's (Fifth New York), Bendix's, Hawkins', and "Billy Wilson's" in New York.

To cater still further to the love for the spectacular and the picturesque, still more distinctive regiments were authorized – the Garibaldi Guard – mainly Italians, under Colonel D'Utassy, in a dress that aped the Bersaglieri. The D'Epineul Zouaves, French and would-be Frenchmen, in the costliest costume yet devised, and destined to be abandoned before they were six month older. Still another French battalion, also in Algerian campaign rig – "*Les Enfants Perdus*." Lost Children, indeed, once they left New York and fell in with the campaigners of Uncle Sam. Then came the Chasseurs, in very natty and attractive dress, worn like the others until worn out in one real campaign, when its wearers, like the other, lost their identity in the universal, most unbecoming, yet eminently serviceable blue-flannel blouse and light-blue kersey trousers, with the utterly ugly forage cap and stout brogans of the Union army.

Fanciful names they took, too, at the start, and bore proudly at home but meekly enough at the front, where speedily the "Ellsworth Avengers" became the Forty-fourth; the "Brooklyn Phalanx," the Sixty-seventh; the "Engineers," the Thirty-eighth; the "Lancers," the Sixth Pennsylvania. Dick Rush's gallant troopers were soon

known as the "Seventh Regulars," and well did they earn the title. So, too, in the West, where the "Guthrie Grays," once Cincinnati's favorite corps, were swallowed up in the Sixth Ohio, and in St. Louis, where the "Fremont Rifles," "Zagonyi Guards," and "Foreign Legions" drew many an alien to the folds of the flag, and later to the dusty blue of the Union soldier.

As for arms, the regiments came to the front with every conceivable kind and some with none at all. The regular infantry, what there was of it, had but recently given up the old smooth-bore musket for the Springfield rifle, caliber 58, with its paper cartridge and conical, counter-sunk bullet; but Harper's Ferry Arsenal had been burned, Springfield could not begin to turn out the numbers needed; Rock Island Arsenal was not yet built, and so in many a regiment, flank companies, only, received the rifle, the other eight using for months the old smooth-bore with its "buck-and-ball" cartridge, good for something within two hundred yards and for nothing beyond.

Even of these there were enough for only the first few regiments. Vast purchases, therefore, were made abroad, England selling us her Enfields, with which the fine Vermont brigade was first armed, and France and Belgium parting with thousands of the huge, brass-bound, ponderous "*carabines a tige*" – the Belgian guns with a spike at the bottom to expand the soft leaden bullet when "rammed home." With this archaic blunderbuss whole regiments were burdened, some foreign-born volunteers receiving it eagerly as "from the old country," and therefore superior to anything of Yankee invention. But their confidence was short lived. One day's march, one short hour's shooting, and all predilections for such a weapon were gone forever.

And then the shoes with which the Federals reached the front! Not one pair out of four would have borne the test of a ten-mile tramp, not one out of ten would have stood the strain of a ten-day' march, and those that first took their places, the make of contractors, were even worse. Not until the "Iron Secretary," Stanton, got fairly into swing did contractors begin to learn that there was a man to dread in the Department of War, but Stanton had not even been suggested in the fall of 1861. Simon Cameron, the venerable Pennsylvania politician, was still in office. McClellan, the young, commanding general was riding diligently from one review to another, a martial sight, accompanied by his staff, orderlies, and escort.

To be continued.....

The American's Creed

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its Flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page

The SUVCW Edward Lea Camp No. 2 still needs volunteers to fill the important positions of: Patriotic Instructor, Camp Guard, Camp Color Bearer, and Camp Guide. If you have an interest in supporting our Camp by serving in any of these open positions, please notify Camp Commander Steve Schulze.

Fort McKavett State Historical Park

Fort McKavett has been relatively untouched by time. Overlooking the headwaters of the San Saba River Valley Bottom, Fort McKavett State Historical Park consists of fifteen restored buildings, including officers' quarters, barracks, hospital, school house, bakery, dead house (mortuary), sink, post headquarters, and the ruins of numerous others. Interpretive exhibits in the 1870 hospital ward trace the history of the Fort McKavett area, emphasizing military history, the post-military community, and historic archeology. Fascinating, too, are the host of fort artifacts found during excavations after the property was acquired by the state in 1968: 1879 dollar, 1853 quarter, .44 caliber Winchester cartridge, musket shot, Mexican belt buckle, smoking pipes, ox yoke, medicine bottles, marbles and 1848 Colt Army dragoon percussion revolver. Historic photographs of the fort's namesake, Captain Henry McKavett, as well as the renowned Buffalo Soldiers, Governor Francis R. Lubbock and other notables who passed along the Upper El Paso-San Antonio Road here before the turn of the century lend a nice touch to the museum's displays.

"When the public shows up here at Fort McKavett to sit on a picnic bench, poke through the ruins and stroll the parade grounds, they're able to feel history," says park manager Buddy Garza, a native of Menard. "You don't see any power lines or tall buildings, pavement or shopping malls. It hasn't changed much out here in 100 years." But not everything at the historic site is static in nature. A very popular event happens one Saturday every March. The fort is host to an all day living history event that features re-enactors who don soldier uniforms complete with rifles. The cavalry charges on mighty steeds, supply wagons are skillfully steered by wagon masters, and mountain men are complete with coon skin hats. Rarely a dull moment passes with the activity of a "living" fort.



Fort McKavett was established by five companies of the 8th Infantry in March, 1852, as a deterrent to Indian raids in the area and to provide protection for travelers on the Upper El Paso Road--an important artery for emigration to the California gold fields. Native limestone, and oak and pecan groves furnished basic building materials, with finished lumber freighted from the supply depot in San Antonio. Built on a hill on the south bank of the San Saba River, the fort had an ample water supply and a healthful climate. Large gardens were cultivated in the rich soil near the river, and an abundance of fish and wild game was able to supplement the routine Army diet of beans and salt pork. The post was named in honor of Captain Henry McKavett, 8th Infantry, who was killed in the Battle of Monterrey during the War with Mexico. In addition to the 8th Infantry, units of the 1st Infantry and 2nd Dragoons served at the fort in the 1850s. The predominant Indians in the area were the highly nomadic Comanches and Lipan Apaches. Fort McKavett was first abandoned in March, 1859, due to a decrease of Indian activity in the area and also due to less frequent use by travelers on the Upper El Paso Road in favor of using the Lower El Paso Road because of its more dependable water supply.

Due to the increase of Indian activity in the area, especially during the Civil War, and more western migration, Fort McKavett was reestablished in March 1868, by units of the 4th Cavalry. In addition to the 4th Cavalry, units stationed in this period included parts of the 1st, 10th, 16th, and 22nd Infantry, along with black troops of the 24th Infantry and 9th and 10th Cavalry. At its peak in the mid-1870's, the post housed over 400 troops, providing escort duties and engaging in "hot pursuit" of marauding Indians. From the late 1860's to the mid-1870's, the fort saw its peak usage, with troops from the fort participating in most of the important campaigns which removed the Indian threat and opened West Texas to settlement. By the end of the 1870's, Fort McKavett's importance waned along with the decline of Indian activity in the area, and the fort was closed on June 30, 1883. Nearby settlers moved into the vacant building and organized the nucleus of the village of Fort McKavett. Constant use and maintenance through the years have kept many of the old post structures in near original condition. Fort McKavett was designated a State Historical site on May 17, 1968, to help preserve its important role in history for the enjoyment of present and future generations.

Directions to the park: From Junction, take I-10 west for approximately 20 miles, then take the State Road 1674/Fort McKavett State Historical Park exit. Turn left onto the service road, and then a sign will direct you to turn right to get on State Road 1674. Fort McKavett is another 24 miles. Deer and other wildlife are plentiful on this road, so drive carefully.

The *Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War* is a patriotic and educational organization, similar to the *Grand Army of the Republic*. It was founded on November 12, 1881 and incorporated by Act of Congress August 20, 1954. The *Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War* is the legal heir to and representative of the *Grand Army of the Republic*.

Sources for Volume 10, number 4

Pg 7: **Boy Soldiers** – *The Photographic History of the Civil War* – Volume 8 – by Francis T. Miller, The Review of Reviews Co., 1911

Pg 10: **Marshaling the Federal Army** - *The Photographic History of the Civil War* – Volume 8 – pages 66-83 - by Francis T. Miller, The Review of Reviews Co., 1911