

Joshes and Chubs

The Newsletter of the 1st Arkansas Infantry Company D, C.S.A. April Supplement 2007

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“So, as you go into battle, remember your ancestors and remember your descendants”

Shiloh 2007

After Action Report

To: Col. Richard Wagner, Commanding

This is going to seem three weeks late from the actual goin's on. However, it also seems fitting that it is completed and being mailed, by attachment, on the eve of the exact date of the first day of battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing on 6 April 1862.

Stragglers of the 3rd Confederate Co. E found their way in Tennessee, for the 145th Anniversary reenactment of the Battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing. Those few were Todd Holmes, George Burrell, Greg Farley, Mike Carlton, Richard Kline, Tim Desmond.

In a dispatch from General Jack King, in February, he told the other members of the Army of Trans-Mississippi, that “Shiloh is like magic for us.” He was referring to the turnout for the event. He was hearing numbers like 14,000 would converge in the woods south of Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River.

On 15 March, Todd Holmes having driven all muskets, ammunition, bedrolls and leather gear, and had arrived and fell in with 1st Arkansas Infantry and set up a camp spot with them. It was in the woods of winter bare deciduous trees where the Spring growth had not come out yet. The camp was made on six inches of leaves. There were a few small pines and cedar trees and hundreds of saplings. George, Greg, Mike, Richard and I, made a dinner stop west of Corinth, at a sandwich place at Walnut. We might have gotten on the road sooner had we not bothered to ask the waitress how to pronounce Corinth. She replied that, “you can say Corinth, or you can say Corinth,” and she was very kind. But later we realized that we thought both of her versions sounded the same, to us, and in the end we all said Corinth different from one another.

As it was we did not arrive until after dark, and Todd met us to lead us they way. We followed Todd through the growth in the dark and finally reached the camp. There by the fire we met the 1st Arkansas boys: Captain [Major brevet.] Mark Kalkbrenner, 1st Sgt. [private] Robert Hutcheson, other privates, Edgar, Mike, and Rex Norris and his two boys. They made us feel right at home. They were curious how the 3rd boys did things. We were amazed with the impression of Rex Norris. He was spitting image of our Charlie “Stonewall” Henry, and sounded like him too.

That night it was cold but we didn't care. The next morning all the 1st Arkansas boys went to biscuit and gravy breakfast at the concession camp. The 3rd Confed. messed by the fire, then we lit out for the Shiloh National Military Park. We spent the better part of seven hours there. Even with the bare trees, one could see that it is a beautiful place. There are two Union Cemeteries of soldiers identified and buried. There are huge memorials for the generals of both sides there. There are other huge memorials for certain units that were the principles in the battle. We found the four locations where the 3rd Confederate was located with Shaver's [1st] Brigade [under Hardee's Corps] at certain times of the action on those two days. Three of those locations were at the “hornet's nest” where they had assaulted the Union along the “sunken road.” The Visitors Center and Bookstore are located only 75 yards from the Pittsburg Landing. We went down to the edge of the northward flowing Tennessee River at the exact spot of the Landing area. It is not large and the bluff rises on both sides. One can see that it was a problem off loading thousands of Union troops there.

We had brought sandwiches to picnic there for lunch, then went to other locations we had not seen yet. These were two of the five common burial trenches for the Confederate dead shown on the National Park maps. (Continued on page 4)

A Study of the First Arkansas at Shiloh

By Ron Kelly

Less than seven months after taking shot and shell at the Battle of First Manassas in July 1861, the 1st Arkansas Infantry CSA, relieved by the infamous 3rd Arkansas Reg't, made their way to Memphis, TN on March 15, 1862. From Memphis, enjoying a very short stay, the 1st Arkansas found themselves en route to Corinth, MS. Here, the 1st Arkansas was reorganized: Gibson's First Brigade, Ruggle's First Division, Bragg's Second Corps in the Army of Mississippi under command of Albert Sidney Johnson.

Their stay in Corinth lasted about two weeks, when, on April 4, 1862, the 1st Arkansas marched north into history in the direction of Pittsburg Landing.

Pittsburg Landing is situated along the banks of the Tennessee River in the area of Shiloh Church. Like so many Southern towns, communities, and other locales in Dixie, places took on often-exotic names derived from Native Americans. Such as Obion, Tennessee was named after a Native American term that meant "Land of Many Creeks", thus Shiloh was derived from a Native American term describing "A Place of Peace". Peace would not last in the Shiloh area as the dust clouds on the Corinth Road turned to mud as thousands of troops converged near the old Shiloh Church.

The 1st Arkansas arrived in the vicinity of Shiloh on April 5th just in time for many of them to witness their last dusk, as the troops would not enjoy a night of good, gentle, and long-lasting sleep. The Regiment was on their feet, in line, and marching in columns toward an unseen and unsuspecting enemy as early as 4:00am on the morning of April 6, 1862. (Figure 1) The troops were equipped with three days of food rations and 40 rounds of ammunition accompanied by full battle accoutrements.

Before long, the 1st Arkansas would find themselves bulldozing into unsuspecting Yankee camps that sent the Blue bellies running for their lives, leaving campfires and bullet-riddled tents and supplies in their wake.

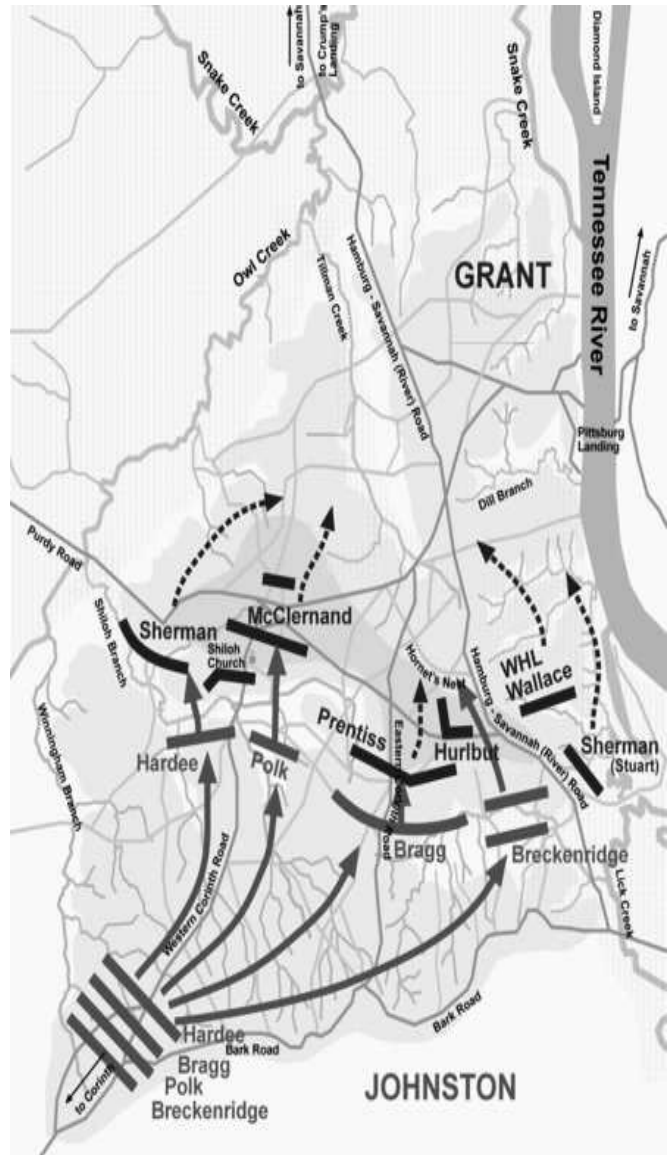
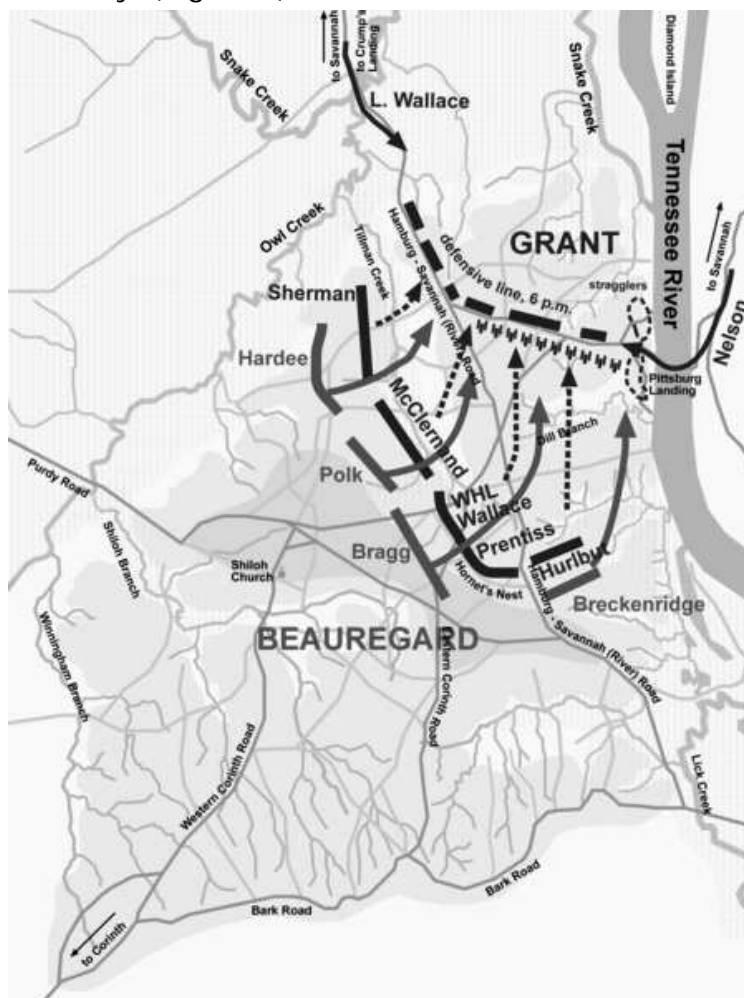


Figure 1

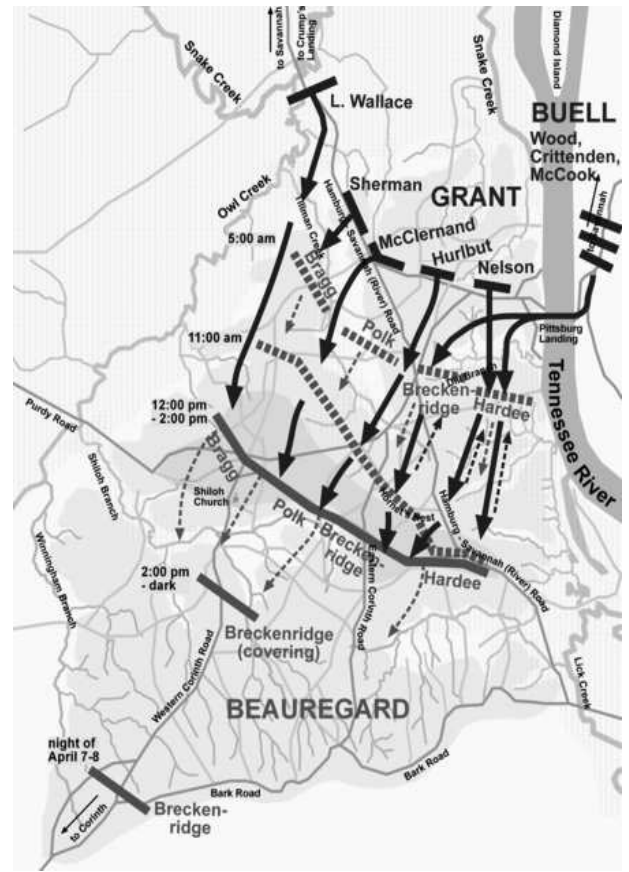
The 1st Arkansas plowed on nearly another mile before encountering any enemy resistance. The following imminent battle would be the most intense action that the Arkansans had seen yet in this unjust War. In fact, the following hours would be the deadliest in the history of the land previously known as the United States: The Battle of Shiloh had begun.

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As Confederate forces followed a retreating enemy of blue, the 1st Arkansas met their foe at the sunken road. They marched ever-valiant through a wheat field into a thicket of dense undergrowth. From here, they made their way into a ravine and up onto a hill beyond. As the 1st Arkansas made their final adjustments, they stormed into a hellish firestorm of buzzing minie balls. As the Arkansas dubbed it "The Butcher's Pen", the Yankee "Hornets Nest" was under a full-scale attack by Dixie Sons of the 1st Arkansas Infantry. (Figure 2)



The fighting at the Hornet's Nest was furious and costly. The men of the 1st Ark charged into the storm of bullets and artillery three times losing 364 men as either killed or wounded, consisting of over one-third of the entire regiment. After a successful attack on the Yankee positions at Shiloh, the Confederates bivouacked in the Union camp captured early that morning.



During the night, the Union Army was being supplied with more troops and ammunition via Pittsburg Landing. While being resupplied, the Union Navy shelled Confederate areas constantly throughout the night. Between the barrages of Yankee shelling and the thunderstorms, the Confederates did not enjoy the privilege of a well-rested soldier. (Figure 3)

At 7:00am the morning of April 7, the 1st Arkansas fell back into formation and were immediately dispatched back into the Battle. After the Union reinforcements the night before, coupled with the heavy Confederate losses the day prior, the 1st Arkansas, along with the entire Confederate Army engaged in the action at Shiloh made their way wearily back to Corinth, MS where they were reorganized for a second time in a very short time period. They were then placed in Col. J.C. Moore's Fourth Brigade. The 1st Arkansas remained in Corinth until June.

There are seven other trenches not shown by any map there. At one trench there is the tall flag pole flying the 1st National Confederate flag. Richard played taps there while other Confederate Eastern Tennessee reenactors also joined us in a salute while Richard blew his horn. They quietly thanked us for inviting them to be a part of our humble memorial to these long ago fallen soldiers. We continued by going to General Johnston's memorial site where he was mortally wounded and the location where he died. Then it was the "peach orchard" and the "bloody pond," which was a tranquil if not haunting place. The water there cooled us, though we did not drink it.

Prior to this, though, we did visit the rebuilt Shiloh Church itself. Across a parking lot area from the Shiloh log cabin type church is a modern but small United Methodist Church, and across the road a modern cemetery that on both sides of the road is in use to this day. Next to the road in front of Shiloh Church is a single oval shaped steel memorial plaque. This is a plaque honoring the 3rd Confederate Infantry Regiment, as the site where the 3rd held off the Union forces and covered the retreat of the Confederates' Army of Mississippi, as they moved south toward Corinth, Mississippi. This was a particular proud moment for the six of us representing the 3rd's Company E.

After this day it was time to get back to camp with the 1st Arkansas boys. We had plans to cook up this brisket of beef on a fire. The camp was somewhat empty. Many were out on the all night tactical. There was a small abandoned fire pit, where we built a fire. We had a small folding grill of expanded sheet metal, and set that up. Chef Mike Carlton proceeded to throw the 20 inch long brisket on the grill. After a spell we cut off done pieces and made hot sandwiches with large fresh bread rolls.

The brisket left over was shared with others in the 1st Ark, still in camp and then some was sliced up for another meal. After campfire talk, Richard Kline played "Tattoo" on his trumpet. The night was getting cold.

The nights had been cold. This was no different. The 1st Ark. Guys said they were "spooning." In our bedrolls the temperature was not a major problem. The hard ground under the leaf bed was more of a problem. Later, around the campfire on the 2nd night, were some southern jokes told. The words of 1st Arkansas' 1st Sgt. Bob Hutcheson echoed in my mind as I tried to get back to sleep. "I could go on. If you don't *lack* it, you better get used to it. You're in the South." We loved this guy, Bob, not only because of his humor, but other reasons told later.

Around 2:00 Am I heard musket firing and yells in the woods over the hill to the east of us. It seemed a long way off. I went back to sleep. About 3:00 AM we heard rain on the canvas. As Richard turned, he realized it wasn't rain. It was a whole company of Confederates quietly marching down the road next to our camp. We went back to sleep. Soon, we were awakened again. There was a distant sound of musket firing. With the volleys were the cries and crescendo of a wild chorus of yells. I could pick the faint lone sound of the officer yell his command above the noise he was in, "load." More chorus of yells continued, then a faint yell, "Fire." Then another ragged volley with a boom and then a crack, then more chorus of entire companies of yells. The sounded drifted to us through the woods from over a hill. A mile away? The sound moved, though, to the right, east or south of where it started. The yells were there, though fainter. There were ragged volleys and then a single crack and another boom. Were some of those guys shooting double loads? There were more ragged volleys. We drifted back to sleep as the night or dawn battle drifted further away.

Saturday morning was cold, but we were up by the fire getting coffee from the company pot. It was good. Bob Hutcheson was up. Edgar was there and George. Bob had been out there earlier in the night on the tactical. He was changing his socks by the morning fire.

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He said they had been marched through three creeks and he stepped into a hole, in one creek, and had “sank” to his waist. Finally they had been ordered to set up a camp in the woods. There they had a fire going and were starting to dry out, get a little warmer. Then, after fifteen minutes, they received the order pack up and move out. Bob had had it then. He said, “I “lit” out as a deserter. I could see no need to move out after being told to set up a camp.” Bob really wasn’t disgusted with the colonel’s order, as he complained, but he had some back pain going on also. He kept putting on the fresh, dry socks. We listened and nodded and sipped hot coffee. Soon he and 1st Arkansas Major [brevetted] Mark went for breakfast biscuits and gravy. We went soon after for the same deal, a church sponsored “eatin’ tent.”

Around 8:30 AM, we heard that we were supposed to fall in at 9:00 AM or 9:30. We had no other knowledge of other duties or times that morning. It was rather relaxed. It was a good thing we were getting “accoutered up,” ammo call for our 3rd, and muskets out of socks. A young fellow in sack coat and no leathers, named Rusty, came and told us to get ready to follow him out to the battalion. Mike had lit off somewhere and therefore absent, but 1st Ark. Mardy was with us and she tied her dog to a tree in camp and we followed Rusty. We were led down the road in the woods that lead down and around to the right and came out to a clearing, which was where Confederate artillery was camped. Rusty made a straight line, then, southeast through a large green clearing. We followed this way for a half a mile. When we reached a tree line, through which you could see the clearing beyond, and Rusty led us through a short trail into this clearing. Rusty angled more to the east now, and this clearing had a rise to it and we were walking on cotton field stubble. The cotton bowls were split open but the shells were still intact on the ground, but were very small, only an inch long. After a quarter mile, we came to another tree line, which stopped, with a further clearing on the right.

There was a thicket in front of this and, as we were spread out now in a line, Rusty hollered back for us to stay in a single file line as we were going through this growth of briars. We followed each other this way, the briars snagged our trousers anyway, and then approached the right point of this tree line.

Rusty then said, “Hurry and keep low. The Federals are in the woods across the clearing on the right. They can probably see us right now.”

Through the point of trees on the left we could see horses tethered and Confederate Cavalry. As we walked just beyond this point, east, Rusty turned left, just as “by files left,” and as such we were heading due north. This was now a corn field stubble and was a narrower clearing which extended half a mile to an opening in another tree line.

As we walked this way we could see more horses in the trees to our left. Between the clumps of horses were clumps of Confederates around various small campfires in the woods. The trees were bare except the occasional pine and cedar tree, but the Rebs were there, hidden, watching us infantry guys. They were strung out in those trees for this half a mile. When we went through the opening in front of us, we could see two wagons, each with two mules as teams, parked across another clearing, about a quarter mile away.

We were told which company to line up with when we arrived by the wagons. Soon we recognized some of the 1st Arkansas guys from before. There were three or four full companies there. They had a camp in the woods at the edge of the clearing. We formed battalion right there, facing the clearing, with the woods to our back. We were marched out in front of the wagons and drilled in the clearing there. It wasn’t an extensive drill; some forward into line, some on the right by companies into line, some battalion wheels.

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They ordered us to fix bayonets, really, and we did and charged several times in a walk fixed. Next it was back to the edge, stack rifles, then rest. There was loading the wagons of the Colonel's camp. There was the filling of all canteens from the wagon's water tanks followed by "from battalion" and the photo op. The Sgt. Major kindly took as many photographs as possible, usually two frames, from anyone's camera given to him by men in the line.

The road march was next and we were marched south, as far as I could tell, back through the opening, then hugged the tree line on the left or east side. We came to a dirt road and then a gate and fence and were halted there for awhile, in formation, doubled up in fours. Soon we heard a yell from our rear. "Hey 3rd Confederate," someone yelled. We turned around and it was Mike Carlton. He had caught up with us somehow. Then we were ordered forward, on through the gate and where the gravel road lead down a ravine. It was oak growth with scattered pine and cedar mixed in and a thousand oak saplings and briar vines. When I mentioned down, the road went "down." A guy next to me said this was bad because it means we are going to have to climb back up out of there. We were marched across a small stream. Several men leaped across the creek, and some slipped on the wet rocks and gravel. It wasn't much water, so I decided to step through the shallow area and not risk a fall on unsure footing. What I thought was shallow was deeper. My feet sunk down to solid gravel but the water sloshed over the tops and soaked through the broken stitches of my brogans.

I sloshed to the right as we were led now along this same creek and through brush, logs, briars and saplings. We could hear firing now ahead of us, and commands being yelled. And we marched a little further until we were halted all along this stream. They faced us to the right, after the halt. In front of us was this hill going straight up, with the same kind of growth we had just come through.

For the moment we viewed dismounted cavalry firing from the top of this hill. We knew we were going to be in it at any moment. Then the command came to go forward. Rusty, my file leader in front of me, was out of the gate fast. We all jumped the creek then and scrambled up this hill as best as we could. Rusty was halfway up as I was trying to get a footing on the six inches of leaf beds, and kept slipping back on every step. I was grabbing saplings when I realized I should be stepping on them for a footing.

The man in front of me let go of branches that struck me. Briars cuts us up also as we managed to approach the top. At the top a Union single cannon got off one shot. With orders being yelled, above our yells, we were still winded and trying to catch our breath and others still getting to the top, we took to the right at the edge of a fence. We fired over the fence into the Yankee's in the road and woods behind the cannon. This went on for fifteen minutes. Nobody took a hit here; it didn't matter. Soon we were ordered forward again and we surrounded the cannon as we were halted briefly.

George said later if ever there was a Civil War moment, that was it, going up that hill, the problems, and being winded, ordered into line to fire all at once. Next we went forward in files, 2's or 4's I don't remember, were turned to the right down another road hidden by growth left and right. We were rested in place here and I bummed a smoke from guy named Jack in 19th Louisiana. We thought another skirmish would occur here in that terrain, but it did not happen. Next we were moved forward and to the left and into a 300-acre clearing, the old cornfield. Our entire battalion was stretched out in a line and we faced Union infantry in the distance west of us in this order. This straight, forward, battle went on a half hour. The only maneuvers were forward, to close the distance with the Federals. A cease fire was called and we saw the Federals stacked arms right there about a hundred yards away from us.

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Our commander ordered us to right face, and marched us to the rear, and up a hill, the highest ground in the field. We grounded arms there and rested. The two wagons returned and canteens were filled again. This was a stop in the battle around noon, so many ate from their haversacks, or smoked. Some companies issued ammunition from their boxes on the wagon. We took some of this ammo also. There were ten rounds in the pack but were almost like double loads and had no caps in the packs. As we were sweating pretty well when rested, an afternoon wind came up. It was near freezing then on that partly cloudy day. After a half our, I guess as I had no time piece with me, we formed battalion and were march down to a tree line and a ditch. This was toward the sutler camp and one could see the crowd beyond the other clearings. We were ordered across the ditch, through the briars, again, and trees into a line facing the next clearing. Union lines formed on the opposite tree line and there was a huge number of Union cavalry as well as hundreds if not a thousand Union infantry. Nobody told us, but, I think what we were portraying was the flanking of the Union on the first day at Shiloh. Union lines approached us and we did a standing battle right there. We did not move. They approached us and we fired in good order. Some Confederates took hits here, as now, there was an audience. Some snowflakes filtered down, as it was getting colder, with a gray overcast now. But, it didn't do much; just got cold. Somewhere along here, the Union guys just quit firing and we were ordered to fix bayonets and charge. We did so, really fixed bayonets, as that is what the commanders wanted, but we knew there was not going to be a staged hand-to-hand scenario. We marched forward fixed and after about ten feet, we were halted and brought back to our original place. We did that two more times. "Fix bayonets, charge, halt. Backward march." Then, "Charge, halt. Backward march." I figured someone was filming us and we had to do "takes" until we got it right. Then it was over. We formed battalion, of this 2nd Division, and were paraded past the crowd and back to camp.

As we marched by the crowd, a few more flakes of snow came down. Soon, by the sutler tents, there was a public address system with loud announcements and explanations, just like at Moorpark's event. There was a circus-like atmosphere in that area. Just think. There were 5500 reenactors, and the crowd there was smaller than our Kearney Park spectators. We looked forward to Saturday night. As we were all tired now, we cleaned rifles, but no one wanted to cook. It looked like we were going to follow the 1st Arkansas guys up to the "Church Eatin tent" and we did. It was a fine Mexican dinner too. We even had flowers on our table in the huge meetin' tent where we ate.

After that there was suttlery to do, and whatever might please oneself in the woods. There was a dance in the huge meetin' tent, and some of the boys went to it. The fire after dinner at the camp was a welcome place. We traded more stories and talk with the 1st Arkansas men. I mentioned that if survived another cold night, I would go to church call in thankfulness, the next morning. In fact that night, I had found an unclaimed bale of hay and added one more duty for myself by placing more straw under my bedroll. The night was interrupted by a night artillery demonstration. We could see the sparks and muzzle blast through the trees behind us. Even if you didn't look that way, the muzzle flash had an instant bluish flash that lit the bare trees like lightening. It was a spectacular show. Eventually, Richard brought out his trumpet to play "Tattoo" again as he did the night before. However, before Richard could play, the bugler from the Confederate Cavalry camp, and across the road, began playing it and did a beautiful job. Next Richard played a short ditty of a song on his trumpet. The bugler followed with a military call of some sort. Then Richard did another popular tune. They both played alternately, a dozen tunes, Richard a known song, the bugler a different military call.

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Next Richard played Tequila, and when he got to the end phrase, no fewer than 300 soldiers yelled “tequila” from across the camps and up the other hillside. Absolutely amazing. The bugler, not to be outdone, played one more different military call. Then I followed Richard as we went to the bugler’s camp to praise his good work on the bugle. After that the two of them went to the road between the camps together. These nights had been black, with no moon. But the clouds had cleared and there were clear bright stars shining between the bare trees. In this starlight, the cav bugler played taps while Richard echoed taps right along with him. It was the perfect moment for so many reasons, that Saturday night. We still sat at the fire later and Bob Hutcheson quoted the Masonic verses about what “music” meant to a Mason. If you had never heard this, [I had not before] it is used in one or more of the Masonic rites, it is absolutely beautiful language and sentiment. When all others had turned in, I was still up at the fire with George. George built up the fire in a contained way as to have a good bed of coals in the morning. There was only one battle planned for Sunday, in the early afternoon. Sometime before the battle we formed the company on the road. Saturday we had been called 19th Louisiana, and lead by their officers. Sunday we were called the 1st Arkansas and were lead by their officers. Bob Hutcheson was in my file directly behind me. He stayed with me during the battle ahead.

This was the day also that the Confederates were supposed to lose. They drilled us, on the road, in skirmish intervals and deployment. They drilled us deploying forward, yet still in groups of four comrades in arms. They expected us to be over-run and lose, but they told us to hold the line and fight, and make the Federals work for the win.

Then we were marched out in front of the spectators in a grand parade, to the tree line on the far right of the crowd, across a small clearing. This is where we ended up yesterday’s battle. Then we were ordered to build a breastwork out of loose debris, brush, and shrubs.

Never mind that the Confederates never did this at Shiloh, we built this flimsy breastwork affair. Then, the Yankee line appeared in the 300-acre field. It was a long, straight dark blue line. They looked magnificent, and it made us nervous. They kept coming and soon halted to fire. We commenced a firing also by company, and kept it as hot as we could. But the Federals kept coming and only halted to fire and kept coming. Now, we expect to take casualties and to fall back in skirmish order. We were never deployed forward in skirmish order, by our officers, so we of the 3rd Confederate Co E, agreed to fall back in a retreating fire in skirmish intervals. Soon, the entire Union line seemed to be within the safety distance. What few 1st Arkansas firing was firing high. Then, this is no exaggeration, the entire Confederate line all went down as taking hits. “What happened to making it difficult for the Federals?” So George hollered out to us in the 3rd, to fall back. We loaded as we spaced ourselves, only 5 or 6 of us anyway, and then fired at the Union line, loaded as we fell back, yelled ready to our guys in the front. They fired and moved back. At some point Todd Holmes and Greg Farley went down behind me, George looked to his left and we were flanked by fifteen mounted cavalry, who appeared to enjoy watching this foolishness. George yelled, “We’re done fellas, we’re flanked.” Then he added, “I’m going down after this last shot. Richard was behind me, but I yelled at George, “All right, me too.” I was loaded and still capped and aimed at a group of mounted infantry officers who gunned George down. I aimed at these guys too, and they shot me, several at once, I think. I fired in the air as I went down. Richard said the last thing he saw of me in the confusion, was my cuffs sticking up as he went down also. I was proud that we fell back in skirmish intervals firing as we did so. We had kept up the chatter between us, even above the noise of the battle. I had hoped it looked like we were putting up the fight, because all those other Rebs were lying at the so called works – tree or shrub line. But that we of the 3rd tried to cover the retreat, and therefore mimic the actions of the real 3rd as they covered the retreat at Shiloh on the 2nd day, is probably something that only had meaning for us.

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When battalion was formed afterward, and paraded once more past the spectators, which were leaving already, there commenced a huge artillery salute, of about 80 pieces of full sized guns, facing each other in 150 yard square, firing by file, all around the square. The announcer was drowned out by the sound of the guns. I had to laugh later because Bob Hutcheson said to me, "Did you see that I lit out from that last battle?" I said, "No, I didn't notice that, but I wondered what happened to you in the line."

Bob Hutcheson was the only 1st Arkansas man that came to get all our email addresses from us before we left. Packing and the goodbyes seemed to go by fast. We only looked forward to the hot shower and sleeping on Arkansas soil across the Mississippi River.

I could go on. You better get used to it. You're in the South. Tim Desmond, Capt.

Co. E 3rd Confederate Infantry Regiment

Shaver's [1st] Brigade Hardee's Corps

Shiloh, Tennessee

6 April

Editor's Note

This Supplement has been sent out because of a couple of things that were given to me that I thought everyone would be interested in reading.

I had to edit the last newsletter because of it's size which left an interesting article on the cutting room floor from Ron Kelly. Also, I have been forwarded a report from our new found friends in California that makes for good reading.

While reading this I hope two things came to your attention. First, you never know who you are making an impression on and what kind of impression is being made. I heard a sermon once titled "Who is watching you?" When I first read this I was absolutely floored that someone had been paying that much attention to me, and that I had made such an impression on them. I do hope that it was a good impression.

We should always be cognizant of those around us, whether young or old, male or female. I know I am the last person that you would hear saying this. I know I have been a bad example in the past but things like this cause me to realize that I need to straighten up. So, Tim, thank you for your observations and bringing this to my attention.

Secondly, we in the South take our Battlefields for granted. I remember George and Tim talking about how much they wanted to go to the Shiloh Battlefield. They came all the way from California to see this site. I know that when there are Battlefields just an hour or two's drive from your front door you tend to take them for granted. We have an obligation as Southerners to preserve these sites. Let's not ever take them for granted. Let's continue to be the stewards over these sites and do what is necessary to see them protected, preserved and remembered.

I also want to apologize for leaving out several of their names in the last issue. I am sure many of you have seen the TLC commercial that says "Merlot and e-mail don't mix" well, I can assure you that Vicodin and newsletters don't mix either. I am on some pretty strong pain killers and they just don't make for a good newsletter when you are trying to do both.

So, to Richard Kline, George Burrell, Mike Carlton, Todd Holmes, Tim Desmond and Gregg Farley, I most humbly apologize and offer these words of advice from my grand pappy, "*Yer in the South now, so git used to it*".

Joshes and Chubs
C/O 13100 Dollarway Road
White Hall, AR. 71602