



# E-Tombeau

The Official Newsletter of  
Duryee's Zouaves



December 2007



## Viva Las Vegas!

Zouaves Drop Rebs and  
Big Coin on the Strip!



## MOORPARK:

LIKE SHOOTING FISH  
IN A BARREL!!!



ELECTION – ELECTION  
BIG VOTE ON DEC 9!!!



Burying the Dead in the OC



The Harrington  
Party House &  
Holiday Sushi!!!



NEXT EVENT NEWS!!!!  
HOLIDAY PARTY!!!  
DRILL SESSION!!!!

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### E-Tombeau Staff

V. Callier, Senior Editor  
I.M. Bummer, Field Correspondent  
Periodic guest columnists from 5<sup>th</sup> NYDZ  
And WCAR

## The 1861 Holidays

### THEY HAD CHRISTMAS!

They had Chanukah!!  
They did not have  
**kwanza!!!**

By V.E. Callier, Editor

Many of the traditions associated with Christmas celebrations in the United States today are related to the Civil War experience. By re-establishing familiar European traditions and creating some new ones, citizens and soldiers alike found solace from the loneliness, insecurities, and heartbreak of war. This created the illusion of love and peace at a time when very little of that existed in their daily lives.

Christmas, like most social events, was widely celebrated in Europe with eating, drinking, and dancing. The Puritans, however, put an end to this indulgent behavior when they came to America. On their arrival, Christmas became a serious occasion, the purpose of which was to introspectively ponder sin and religious commitment.

It took almost 200 years for the country to move away from this Puritan ethic and enjoy the holidays once more. Louisiana was the first state to make Christmas a holiday in 1830, and many states soon followed. Congress did not make Christmas a federal holiday until 1870. The extensive religious revival of the mid-19th century combined with the hardships of the Civil War to instill the nation with a desire to unite, celebrate, and recognize the joys of the Christmas season.

For the United States, the widespread customs of Christmas cards, carols, special foods, and holding winter dances, all date to about the 1850s. It was a feature story in Godey's Ladies' Book, the Vogue of its day, which initiated the custom of Christmas decorating. The story was about Queen Victoria and

Prince Albert's Christmas preparations, which included a Christmas tree. This originally was a German custom Prince Albert brought to England from his country of birth.

After that, Americans began to cut evergreens and take them into the home as seasonal decorations. The trees were tabletop size and usually were arranged with fruit, candles, other greenery and mistletoe, all supposed to bring good luck to the household. Union soldiers' letters mention decorating their camp Christmas trees with salt-pork and hard tack.

It was the development of the modern Santa Claus that embedded Christmas into the American way of life. In 1862, German immigrant Thomas Nast was working as a writer and artist at Harper's Weekly. When he was tasked to create a drawing to accompany Clement Clark Moore's 1821 poem, 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, he reached back to his Bavarian childhood and the result became our All-American Santa Claus. Nast depicted his Santa as a Union man(!), and also as cherubic and pot-bellied, bringing gifts of Harper's to the soldiers. This made Nast the first to combine imagery (Santa Claus) and commercialism (selling Harper's) into the American marketplace.

The gifts Santa brought children during the Civil War always were home made. In those days, children were happy to receive just small hand-carved toys, cakes, oranges or apples. Many Southern diaries tell the story of Santa running the blockaded ports in Dixie to fill children's stockings with what little the parents could spare to make the day special for them. Even General Sherman's soldiers played Santa to impoverished Southern children by attaching tree-branch antlers to their horses and mules as they delivered food to the starving families in the war-ravaged southern countryside.

The most famous Christmas gift of the Civil War was sent by telegram from William Tecumseh Sherman to Abraham Lincoln on December 22, 1864: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 100 and 50 guns and plenty of ammunition, also about 25,000 bales of cotton." The gift, of course, was not the guns, the ammunition, or the cotton, but the beginning of the end of the Civil War.

"The All-American Christmas--isn't"  
The Smithsonian Associates Civil War E-Mail Newsletter, Volume 7, Number 3  
[http://civilwarstudies.org/articles/Vol\\_7/christmas.htm](http://civilwarstudies.org/articles/Vol_7/christmas.htm)

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## MOORPARK '07

Due to a lack of time and alcohol, this article will be exceedingly short and to the point.

Moorpark did not suck.

Thank you.



## Passover in a Civil War Camp

by Judith Dormann

Religion played an important role in the lives of most Civil War soldiers. And during holidays like Easter and Christmas, they tried to preserve their family traditions as much as they could. This was important also for the Jewish Civil War soldier, of which there were many thousands fighting on both sides.

Passover is the annual Jewish celebration commemorating the Hebrews' escape from slavery under the Egyptian Pharaohs many centuries ago. So, how would it be possible to hold a Passover Seder dinner in the middle of a Civil War, far away from home? It would not be easy to obtain the items needed to celebrate the Jewish Passover, but this is a story of a few who did.

J. A. Joel of the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Regiment was in winter quarters at Fayette, West Virginia. He and about twenty of his fellow Jewish soldiers obtained permission to observe Passover, and so they tried to organize a Seder dinner. The challenge would be to gather all the symbolic items traditionally used to observe the holiday properly. They arranged for the camp sutler to send seven barrels of matzoh (unleavened bread) and prayer books. Then, the soldiers foraged for the remaining necessary items: wine, lamb, chickens, eggs, horseradish and charoses. Obviously, it would be difficult to find all

these things in winter quarters. But "Yankee ingenuity" prevailed. They already had the matzoh. (Unleavened bread is used to symbolize the quick escape from Egypt--unable to wait until the bread rose, they took it and used it unleavened). They found kegs of cider to use in place of wine, the symbol of rejoicing. They found lamb, representing the Paschal sacrifice. Instead of horseradish to represent the bitterness of slavery, they substituted: "horseradish we could not obtain, but in lieu we found a weed whose bitterness, exceeded anything our forefathers 'enjoyed.'" Charoses is a sweet concoction of apples, wine, and nuts and is used to represent brick mortar because the Hebrews were forced to make bricks during their slavery in Egypt. Instead, the men of the 23rd Ohio had an actual brick on the Seder table, which they contemplated during the meal. And, if tested, they believed it would probably be closer to the texture of the sweet charoses than their usual ration of hard tack. This make-shift Passover Seder went according to tradition and the men were satisfied with their efforts--until they discovered the cider was more like wine than they thought. As Joel writes, "the consequence was a skirmish, with nobody hurt."

He continues, "There in the wild woods of West Virginia, away from home and friends, we consecrated and offered our prayers and sacrifice... There is no occasion in my life that gives me more pleasure and satisfaction than when I remember the celebration of Passover of 1862." And it was all possible because of Yankee ingenuity.

The Smithsonian Associates Civil War E-Mail Newsletter, Volume 1, Number 6  
[http://civilwarstudies.org/articles/Vol\\_1/passover.htm](http://civilwarstudies.org/articles/Vol_1/passover.htm)

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## Letters to the Editor

I wanted to comment on what you said in the newsletter regarding the state our hobby...I think you're right that it seems to be hanging by a thread right now. I agree with Scott, that the hobby has gone through peaks and valleys, and will most likely pick up around the time of the 150th. That said, what's happening in our part of the country is at the least worrisome. It certainly can't continue that units keep boycotting events, and as you have written, it looks like it will continue at Moorpark. I think that Scott is

right that one solution may be to form several units into one brigade. The problem is that Ed Mann still runs the biggest events, and you're dealing with a lawyer who would no doubt look at any challenge to him as major test, or in this case a trial...Most lawyers I've met have that mindset in whatever they do. They hate to lose. I'm torn however about our boycotting events. You were right to suggest that at times we've separated ourselves from other units. I've felt that at times, that perhaps we've taken an F.U attitude toward other units, not in a mean spirited way, but because we're so proud of whom we are. That works for us, but maybe not for everyone in the hobby. I do think we need to reach out to other units. Your idea to invite other units to our drill session is a good idea. Just as we can learn, we can teach, and as we all know, when it comes to field command, no one is better than Scott, and our invitation to other units, (even rebel units) would show that we respect them and want the hobby to grow...From my point of view, I'm as frustrated as anyone about the battles and lack of leadership at our events, but to me nothing is more important than the teaching of the history to the public. If I never marched or fired my rifle again, I would still show up in uniform to do living history. I think sometimes we forget what's important. But in the end, it does come down to respect, and the Federal side has been getting precious little of it lately. That's quite a come down from last year when we fielded 20. I can't begin to fathom what's going on in Ed Mann's mind, but imagine what would happen at Moorpark if every federal unit marched into the Confederate camp and demanded of Ed that changes be made. We decide who our commanders are-not him. If he doesn't like it, than he can have an all rebel event. In his neo-confederate way, that may be what he wants...But the hobby can't survive that kind of selfishness. I suspect that sometime next year, Mr. Mann may get taken down a peg or two. By any measure, he's gone too far, and if it means that new events are created, and the old be allowed to die, than so be it...I've got an idea-that's that we have events that showcase the side that actually won?...Just my two cents...best regards, and see you at MP.

Tim Huebner, Private  
5<sup>th</sup> NYDZ, Co. C

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## Signs that you're A Re-enactor

- ❖ People greet you on Monday morning with "So did you kill anyone this weekend?"
- ❖ You suffer from post-battle depression.
- ❖ Bad fighting and/or costuming has ruined an otherwise decent movie for you.
- ❖ You return to work after a weekend event, only to find you left all your money in your haversack.
- ❖ You visit a period building, museum, historical site, etc. and you can spot the mistakes in the tour guide's lecture.
- ❖ You're male and your girlfriend, not you, is the bored one being dragged from antique store to antique store.
- ❖ The lady at the used book store asks your wife if she needs help and she points at you saying, "He's the one looking for something".
- ❖ You hide the really awful costume references in the stacks at the library, so future reenactors won't be led astray. Or, you write criticisms in the margins of said awful costume references.
- ❖ Your immediate family consists of only two rather small, thin people, but you justify your purchase of a full-sized van/pickup truck saying "We'll need the extra space for events!"
- ❖ Your reference section on your field of interest is better than the equivalent section in the local library.
- ❖ Your hobby takes more of your time than your job.
- ❖ You name your pets after historical figures.
- ❖ You name your children after historical figures.

*Submitted by S. Johsz*

## The Red Files

Some modern ACW definitions:

**Farb:** Civil War. An anachronism. Comes from a phrase used by thread counters starting with the phrase "FAR Be it for me to say anything, but..." Also "To FARB," -as in those who, no matter how

often they are told, seem oblivious to major errors in their dress and equipment. For example: percussion cap weapons on an 1812 field; "fur trade" types with a mixture of clothing dating from mid-18th Century to ACW.

**Farberware:** F & I (French & Indian war) The touristy junk trinkets some merchants sell on sutler's row at any given event. Wooden swords, "dream catchers". See also FARB

**Farbie Dolls:** Civil War. Women who wear elaborate ball gowns in the woods where there are no houses and no roads bigger than a footpath. See also FARB

**Dismounted Cavalry Farbs** - (ACW, esp. Confederate) one word, as in damnyankee: Reenactors who free themselves from the bonds of discipline and drill, wear lots of yellow, plumes, and dead animal parts, and carry two or three pistols and a shotgun. No two dressed alike. They've "Jined the cavalry" but not bought a horse.

**Thread Counter:** Civil War. An anal-retentive re-enactor, as in "there are too many threads per inch in the weave of the cloth of that uniform," or "Those buttons were not issued to the Union Army until Jan 13, 1861. -The time is not documented, but it was after Grant moved his bowels on that day..." Despite their great declarations of authenticity, they almost invariably are incapable of properly performing the basic Manual of Arms. (They aren't to be found during drill sessions, but will appear in time for the battle - although lately these people find it hard to be accepted into the line.) Also more recently "Stitch Nazi". See also Authenticity Police and Costume Nazi.

*Submitted by Lynn Johsz*

## MOORPARK—PART II

So, then I said to her, "if you don't have knickers on, nor a hoop, then what is keeping your dress so full?"

And she says – you won't believe this, she says ...

Sorry, back to Moorpark and a PG rating.

The roll for Saturday was Captain Harrington, Sgt Chaffey, Privates Johsz, Thompson, R. Keyes, Fisher, and Huebner (with car).

First, kudos to R. Keyes for arriving early and setting up: BRAVO. We had a small camp, since we decided to pack light. A couple shelter halves, an A tent, flag, cannonball, ice chest. So while Scott was running around with his silly dancing behavior, Johsz and Callier went shopping and perusing the sutlers. Amazing but most of the stuff for sale is just garbage. Really. Garbage. But I did find a gift for the party gift exchange. Yea.

Let's continue with Scott and his dancing behavior, while Steve and Vince had to post guard at the HQ tent. Trust me, I had to use all of my composure when posted as a guard to refrain from Monty Pythoning to Steve "isn't it silly for me to have to guard him when he's a guard?" Here is a sample of the conversations we overheard inside the HQ fly while posted:

"What the hell do you mean we only have 35 troops?"

"Well actually Sir, we have 35 plus three musicians, and two girl scouts that can double as dismounted cav."



"Hi – we are from the 69 NY"

"So."

"We are here for food."

"First Private, you don't start a conversation with officers with "HI" second, food is referred to as rations."

"OK, we want some...Sir"

"Fine – two potatoes, two onions, two carrots and one lime."

"Line?????"

"Lime"

"Line – what is a line?"

"LIME...LIME...LIME, like you use in a Corona!"

"Sir, I am not old enough to drink"

"How old are you?"

"Nine"

"Fine, don't forget your carrots."



"Who the hell decided that we do that Major!"

"I don't know"

"Well who the hell does know?"

"Hey, I am doing my best Colonel, I was given a message to do that and that's what I did."

"I wish I knew who the hell was in charge of this mess."

"I hear ya Colonel – oh, excuse me, I have to take this phone call..."

"WTF\*)&&\$%\$#%&\$E\*T)&\_\*( “

Back to narrator.

It's amazing what you can overhear when you stand as silent and rigid as a stone.

Off to the first battle. It was the battle of Pepperfield-onion-mess-counter-march whatever. Frankly, I don't remember much, so I will do a general montage style recap in corporeting the best of ALL the battles on both days into one long colorful narration.

The weather was beautiful and bit hot on Saturday. It was the typical Moorpark hurry up and wait with no time to eat slug fest. First battle was a re-creation of I don't remember. It was marginal. Nothing memorable. So we get back to camp and it's like "men get water, rounds and be formed up in.....12 minutes." WTF! Yup it was that bad. So, we go everything together, watered down, no time for chow, answer school kids questions, and form up.

Noon battle. This was the battle of furrowed field, too many Rebs, horse-pie and Where's Pickett? So, what's the deal with General Pickett, besides the fact that he works for Ralph (which must REALLY piss him off, RK being a Fed and all), and he walks about with nice hair and a cute goatee, what the hell does he do?

Has anyone ever seen him on the battlefield?

Since he doesn't ever plan on coming out to fight, I will mail him an application to C.O.U.S.I.N.S. (remember, Confed Officers Unconditionally Surrendering IN Style). Geez, as worthless as he is we should make him an honorary Fed Commander.

So the last battle of the day and as usual Johsz and his sidekick decide we have fought enough, let's make like the Dutch and run. So we do. To the Courtyard Inn for a quick shower (separate) and then on to Applebees for dinner with Scott, Ruby, and Stuart. We all had a nice meal and as usual a great time. Johsz and his sidekick continued to toast the Sumerians to a respectable hour before calling it a night. Of note, Fisher and Keyes stayed

for the night battle and shot the hell outta everyone. They totally went commando. Burning powder and outta control. Beautiful. They had a great time.



## SUNDAY

A stalwart return crew of Ralph, Vince, Steve and Bryen set camp and fell in with the 2<sup>d</sup> Vermont. But, the great surprise of the morning was the appearance of a recruit! That's right, here at the end of this shitty-ass recruiting season we land a new man: Mr. Joe Iside. RK had him dressed out and was performing the manual of arms when Steve and I arrived. Joe is from NY and was aware of the 5<sup>th</sup> and was happy to find a Zouave unit. Well, per our usual method, Joe was dressed out, in line and saw the ole elephant all in one day. Huzzah – he performed well and I believe had a great time.

So, out to fight we go. We reenacted the battle of Chancelorville? Second Manassas? Whatever, it was one of those battles when Jackson was in our rear and kicked the crap out of us – take your pick. Well, Busick marches us out to the corn field stubble area near the little shack in the middle of the field and tells us “to reenact making camp.” In other words, take off your traps, coats, and lie about pretending we were in camp. This way the Rebs can surprise us in camp don't ya know. OK, we decided to play along. So, us Zouaves were lying about in the field of corn when someone takes off a fez and sets it on top of a 4' corn stalk. Then someone else does it, then someone else, so the next thing you know we have a line of fezzes sitting ontop a row of corn stalks. We called it Zouaves holding the line. Or, the Zouave scarecrows scare off the rebs. Off course the short stalk was labeled Private Callier.

It was a perfect Field of Fezzes.

The only memorable part of the battle was an injury to a blue belly in the color guard which Pri. Fisher was on right away. Scott saw the guy go down and knew something was wrong so he pointed it to Fisher who rendered aid to the soldier. It turns out that the guy had a cap go off in his ear. He had no ear protection on. Thus, why we preach safety, wearing safety equipment, and watching your muzzles. It turns out that he was OK. Good work Bryen.

The reenacting year has concluded and 2007 was a weird year. Disappointing, weak, political, frustrating, discouraging, exciting, and usually fun, but most of all it was a year in which the plan did not go as follows. We have to remember that when things go sideways, when the plan fails, or when there is conflict, that is not a time to panic or become discouraged, for it is in these times that OPPORTUNITY presents itself. Napoleon and Rommel both felt that it was in the confusion of battle, when conditions go sideways, that was the time of greatest opportunity. 2007 was such a year, and yet it has presented the 5<sup>th</sup> with opportunity, amidst the chaos of the Federal Brigade, the solidarity and leadership of the 5<sup>th</sup> can save the Union. What will we do in 2008 with this opportunity?



## Editor's Desk

V. E. Callier, Editor

## A Reenactors Christmas Carol

Nowacki was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Johns had signed it. Old Nowacki was as dead as a door nail. Mind, I don't know that there is anything particularly dead about a doornail. I might be inclined to pick a coffin nail as the deadiest piece of



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The official newsletter of Duyree's Zouaves, 5th NYVI, Co. C

I mean that in a good way – and we made lots of money and made fun of everyone.”

“Yes, Kris you were a good man and a good partner.”

“No Johsz, I wasn’t. I let you sell substandard equipment to other reenactors, I let you talk me into the fact that money was more important than history. We made fun of others who were simple and innocent. We were arrogant. We were bad.”

“Kris – I don’t know what you mean, we were good. We were always good to go, having a good time, were doing all right.”

“Johsz, tonight you will be visited by three spirits –

“Good – I could use a drink!” said the always thirsty Johsz.

“NO – not spirits, SPIRITS, ghosts, apparitions, shades, poltergeists!”

“Oh”

“Three SPIRITS who will show you the error of your ways and the value of Christmas and reenacting.”

So, Johsz went to bed, a bit unsettled and a tad nervous about the pending visits. He had not planned for this and the plan was everything. At later that night, the clock struck 10 PM and a small, light, fairy looking creature appeared in his bedroom.

“Who the hell are you?” shouted out Johsz.

“I am Ruby, the Ghost of Christmas and reenacting past – touch my robe.” So he did, and off they flew, through the skies of London, through time and space until they landed in Johsz’ past.

“Look – that’s me, as a private; my I looked good, and young.” And Johsz looked upon an ACW camp and saw his old friends: Harrington, Dillow, Richter, Palmer and Roberts. His uniform was bright and clean, not yet faded from the sun and cleaning. His weapon was bright. And look, he was having fun, really, fun. And as he watched his younger self, a feeling of gladness and great happiness washed over him. Then, they were gone and he was back in his bed chamber.

No sooner had his eyes recovered and adjusted to the dark than he heard laughter and music coming from another room. He saw light coming from the drawing room so he went to investigate. He opened the drawing room door and saw a large – very large – bearded man sitting on a throne in the center of the room. All around him were pistachios, pints of beer, jerky, cheese, apples, kegs of root beer, crab legs, fried chicken and carne asada.

“Who the hell are you?” asked the completely speechless Johsz.

“I am the ghost of Christmas and reenacting present” said the large man. “You can call me Wildman.”

“You will come with me and we will experience both Christmas and reenacting today.”

“Very well” said Johsz. And he grabbed a pint and the Large Spirit Wildman’s robe.

“No, I don’t fly” said the Wildman spirit. “We will take my truck.” And they went out to the alley and got into a large silver wagon, and then took off into the night.

They seemed to drive for along time through heavy fog, but suddenly they were at a battlefield. They watched a short row of blue clad soldiers marching towards a longer grey line. A small group of Zouaves brought up the flank, and Johsz saw himself leading the troops. Thus the battle was joined and all grew dark.

“Now they were in a tent with merchandise all around. Johsz was talking to some other people. “So, we can use this Peruvian llama leather which is cheaper than regular leather, and we can punch out twice the number of ammo boxes” said Johsz.

“But Sir, these boxes will fall apart in rain, or probably after one battle” said his concerned staff.

“As if I care – if it falls apart we will sell them another under our sister company’s name – HA HA!” And Johsz laughed much to the dismay of his staff.

And then he was back in his bed chamber. It grew dark and cold and the clock struck midnight. A hand touched his shoulder. Startled he turned around to look at a tall and dark figure, hooded and robed.

“Spirit, I know you and it is your coming that I fear the worst – you are the spirit of Christmas and reenacting to come, are you not.”

The dark figure said nothing, but instead reached out a dirty white cavalry glove, which Johsz took and off they went. Johsz founds himself suddenly standing on a battlefield. There was a line of cannon and a long grey line of reenactors, confederate reenactors, lined up across a meadow. Johsz quickly looked about, but there were only confederates, now on both sides of the field. Suddenly the opposing lines started to march toward one another and battle was commenced. In the center of the battle was a familiar figure. Sword upraised, hat in hand, this Rebel officer strode bravely in the forefront of his men, towards the opposing line of confederates. As the officer came closer Johsz realized to his horror that this man was him! He was a confederate!

“Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Spirit!” And they were gone.

Then they were in a small room. On a table was a dead man. There was a small group of people standing around him, doctors it looked like. They were examining him.

“So, it looks like the cause of death was faulty ACW equipment.” Said Dr. A.

“That’s what it appears to be” said Dr. B.

“Yes, it looks like a spark got into his ammo box because the lid would not close and it exploded his ammo, killing him on the spot” said the first Dr.

“His equipment was faulty – this is the 12 death on an ACW battlefield this year.” And all of it wearing Johsz-Nowacki equipment.

“Spirit this cannot be, I cannot be responsible for the deaths of these men”, said the distraught Johsz.

But the spirit only pointed his cavalry glove toward a door. Johsz hesitated, but walked toward the door.

He opened it and walked through. He found himself again in his bed chambers.

“Spirit, all these things that you showed me, are they going to happen, or perhaps might they be averted?”

The dark figure looked down on him, and then quite suddenly cast off his robbers and stood before Johsz, a Confederate general.

“It is I, HA HA, Ed Mann, and you’re darn tootin that all this will come to pass, and if I work the numbers right, slavery will come back too!”

Horrified, Johsz looked about, and picking up a socket bayonet made in India, he thrust it into Mann’s heart – or where he supposed his heart might be – and the general keeled over dead.

Johsz felt as giddy as a school boy, as light as a feather, and he went out into the street, purchased the largest turkey in town and marched over to his clerks home and had dinner with the Fishers. And was overheard muttering, “Merry Christmas to all and God Bless us – everyone, ahhhh except kids and animals.”

## **A Man of Constant Holiday Cheer!** **V.E. Callier, Editor**



# Increasing Living History Event Participation

By  
Lynn Johsz,  
WCAR

I for one would like to see the 5<sup>th</sup> and WCAR attend more events that don’t involve reenacting. We have enjoyed these events in the past, such as Lincoln Shrine and Temecula Valley Museum, and I would like to see more of the same in 2008.

Reenactments are what some of the men enjoy the most, but I realize some members find them difficult to participate in. The living history events where the men perform the bayonet drill, and talk about the Civil War and the Zouaves are perfect for members with health and age limitations. Those

events often include civilian impressions as well, opening the door for WCAR participation.

Large reenactments like Huntington Beach and Moorpark will always be a part of the schedule, and members have had core events like Oakley to participate in. I feel we will serve the active membership and community better if we join in some smaller, less physical opportunities to share our hobby with others. School children love seeing the men and women in uniform and period attire. These school special events are remembered a life time by the students.

I intend to be at the Drum Barracks Christmas Open House on December 1st in period attire with my Daughters of Union Veterans sisters. The WCAR could be a part of this yearly event. The Sons of Union Veterans have invited us to support commemorative events in the past such as the Anaheim Cemetery dedication, and if we express a desire to join them sometimes, we may even increase our membership due to the increased exposure in the community.

When we meet at the Christmas Party, I would like to see this listed on the agenda as a topic of discussion.



## GOING GRAY?

We salute the following members of the 5<sup>th</sup> and WCAR who are now year closer to veteran's status.

### January

Chris Miller - 22

Brian Dillow - 26

Shelley Chaffey - 26

**HUZZAH!!!**



## RECRUITMENT NEWS!!!

The 5<sup>th</sup> NYDZS is happy and proud to welcome a new man into our illustrious ranks: Private Joe Iside!

**Huzzah!**

Joe is employed, has a car, and real facial hair, which considered together puts him near the top of the unit food chain! Joe saw us at Moorpark on Sunday, and being a native New Yorker was very familiar with the Old Fifth (no stupid, not the fifth the BOTTLE, us,

the Zouaves!). Nevertheless, despite the fact that he met us, he decided to suit up and "see the elephant." Quartmaster Sgt Keyes outfitted Prv Joe and got him in line. After a day of black powder, countermarching, near death experiences, and people pulling on his jacket dragging him this way and that, he decided "hey, this is for me!" He signed his enlistment papers on the spot. Joe, congrats, you were the bright spot on a rather dismal reenacting year. Huzzah and welcome!

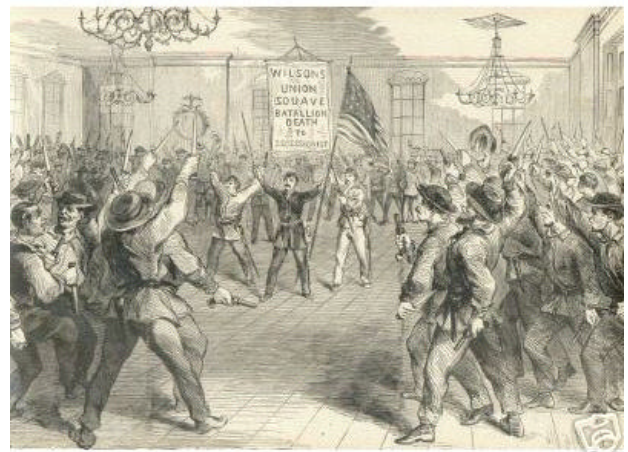


## NEXT EVENT NEWS



## HOLIDAY PARTY

**Sunday, December 9**



**Ramrod:** CAPT. HARRINGTON

**ARRIVAL:** 2 PM - till ?????.

**Preparation:** Full party uniform, festive smile, BYOB!!!! And a crazy hat!

**Directions:** Fort Harrington

**Park:** All over the neighborhood

This is the premiere event of the season. We have had some GREAT Christmas/Chanukah Parties.

This is a time to relax, socialize, watch event video, reminisce about near fatal accidents, and talk trash about confederates!

This event is a pot-luck, so call the Captain regarding your contribution. The Company rule is BYOB (and a little extra!), and you must wear a crazy hat. If you do not, one will be supplied for you. Now this hat can be an interesting or unusual hat, it does not have to be crazy.

**\*\*\*\*MOST IMPORTANT\*\*\*\***

**COMPANY ELECTIONS** are held the night of the party. If you want to run for a rank or office call Tim Huebner to be added to the ballot. The offices are:

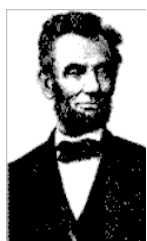
<u>Corporate</u>	<u>Military</u>
President	Captain
Treasurer	Lieutenant
Secretary	First Sergeant
Editor	Second Sergeant (if needed)
	First Corporal
	Second Corporal
	Quartermaster

**GIFT EXCHANGE!!!! Don't forget, bring a wrapped \$10 gift that is appropriate for a man or woman.**

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## News From The Top



You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. You cannot help anyone permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.”

- Abraham Lincoln, 16th U.S. president.

A correspondent, who was with the President on the occasion of his recent visit to Frederick, Md., tells the following incident:

After leaving Gen. Richardson, the party passed a house in which was a large number of confederate wounded. By request of the President, the party

alighted and entered the building. Mr. Lincoln, after looking, remarked to the wounded confederates, that if they had no objection he would be pleased to take them by the hand. He said the solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war, and it followed that many were our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances and he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with sympathy and good feeling. After a short silence the confederates came forward, and each silently but fervently shook the hand of the President. Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan then walked forward by the side of those who were wounded to severely to be able to arise, and bid them to be of good cheer; assuring them that every possible care should be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their condition. It was a moving scene, and there was not a dry eye in the building, either among the nationals or confederates.

pg. 60, Old Abe's Jokes

*Submitted by L. Johsz*

**END**