



E-Tombeau

The Official Newsletter of
Duryee's Zouaves



October 2008



Monthly Columns

Halloween Edition!!!



HB – Battlefield Heroics
Reb Complaints

FEDERAL LEADERSHIP VOID!!!



WCAR Recap!!!



New Editor Sought
Sign up!!!

All Are Eligible!!!



EDITOR CALLIER TO TAKE
CHARGE OF CITY
ORPHANAGE

NEXT EVENT NEWS!!!!
MOORPARK!!!!

Be There! or else be
somewhere else!!!



E-Tombeau Staff

V. Callier, Senior Editor

I.M. Bummer, Field Correspondent

Periodic guest columnists from 5th NYDZ
And WCAR

Huntington Beach 2008:

Low Numbers,

Low Enthusiasm,

BIG FUN!!!

The 5th and the 69 NY tear
things up!!!

V.E. Callier, Editor

The annual Great Huntington Beach “Where the Hell is Everybody” American Civil War Reenactment was held August 30-31, 2008, and as has become a trend the last few years, it was an opportunity to NOT see old friends, NOT stand in awe of the long lines of troops, and NOT be impressed with Federal Commanders. Nevertheless, it was an opportunity to do what the 5th does best: 1) Doin’ alright, 2) Havin a good time 3) Good to go!

So, it all starts with Friday – the setup. This was the first time I have been able to come down on Friday afternoon to assist in setup in years, but because I was there and chances are YOU weren’t, I am gonna talk smack like I been doing it for years! Props to Scott Harrington, Steve Johsz, Ralph Keyes, Bryen Fisher, Marianne Koenig, Lynn Johsz and Ruby Harrington for helping to set up the camp. It was all done rather quickly, with no arguing, no confusion and no alcohol – which of course tends to adds to the confusion (sobriety that is!). So, with everything set up and Scott having scared the US surgeon to watch our stuff overnight, we took off for dinner.

The dinner crowd was Scott and Ruby, Steve and Lynn, and the E-Tombeau correspondent. We went to a sushi restaurant of course. I don’t mind eating things that are dead, in fact I prefer to eat dead things, but I usually require that they are both dead and COOKED! So, Scott and Ruby are already

there eating when we arrive, and I quickly order up some liquid courage. Steve orders us a Super-hand-rolled-spicy-tuna-yucky-hitachi-dimsom-seaweed-ginko-nissan-roll. Whatever. I ordered beef teriyaki (note both dead and COOKED).

“Is 32 oz the tallest beer you serve?”

“Ah, yes, but you can order two and pretend it one big one.”

“OK, give me the two-for-one-Asahi closeout beer sale.”

That said, the evening kept getting weirder and weirder. I threw a penalty flag when they served Steve a sushi-something-rice-covered thang with the hook still in the fish's mouth. While that was occurring, Ruby “Chopstick-Nunchuck” Harrington was eating everything in sight. That girl can put it away! And look good doing it!

So, after a pleasant evening of good food – really, it was pretty good – particularly the jalapeño poppers, we were off to Steve's brothers house. Now, Steve's Bro George – not BOY GEORGE, but his BRO George – is the men's club grand poobah at the local Catholic Church, Our Lady of Ever full Ice Machine. That's right, George has a key to the kitchen and the ice machine, so off we go to fill up two ice chests for the reenactment. Mission accomplished. Unbeknownst to them, I grabbed a vile full of holy water which I froze and later added to the ice chests to give us that extra special guarantee of cold refreshing beverages at the event! Heathens beware!

Don't tell my wife about the holy water thing, because although as a Catholic I am covered in making Catholic jokes (like African Americans are covered in calling each other....well you know) my wife is like a Shiite Catholic and she would have me strung up for heresy. So shhhhhhhhh.

On to the Main Event.

The MAIN EVENT

It is always interesting to watch guys show up in the morning and say “hey, look at that, the camp is set up.” No shit Sherlock! The fricking Civil War Camp Elves showed up last night and took care of it – thank God!

But in all seriousness, we had a good turnout Saturday morning. Roll call was Scott, Steve, Vince, Ralph, Joe, Jim, Bryen, Tim, Ryan, Kris and Ed. The NASCAR (WCAR) was set up next to us with Marianne and Lynn standing tall. They had added to their impression by setting up Aid Station for the first time; more about that later.

The morning went well, with everyone pitching in and getting the setup finished, camp details done, and policing their own water and rounds. There was no panic or sense of urgency and everything just clicked along. First Sergeant Chaffey was absent for the morning, so we simply did our best to warm up, drill, march a bit and review.

Captain Harrington was busy during officer's call, so I hustled to attend in his stead. The story of Federal Officers Call deserves a beer and an hour, so I really can't do the cluster justice here. I will recap the highlights:

Federal Commander: ...so that's the scenario, just kinda do what you want....no there will be no specifics.....I don't know.....I really don't know....It will be hot....I don't want to constrain my commanders during the scenario from free-lancing....it will be hot....I don't know....

My report to Captain Harrington was as follows: do what you want since they are screwed up and don't look for help from the Second Battalion.

Wow Vince! Haven't you taken enough shots at the Fed Commanders (this is the voice of my inner editor)?

No, I can take a few more.

At any rate, the first battle goes off and we have a pretty good time. Scott maneuvers us about a bit and we manage good sound volleys. Most important, we were safe and no one got hurt. We were assigned as the Third Company in the First Battalion, under the command of Major Shane Padden of the 69th New York, C. Company. The 10th NY was the second company but we won't talk about that.

Major Padden from the 69th did a very good job with the battalion for an officer who is relatively

new to battalion command. He cuts a fine image and works well with Captain Harrington, taking suggestions as required and using the 5th to his advantage. Those who are used to reading the E-Tombeau know that I don't generally review battles in a blow by blow manner, and I won't start now! But, in general our battalion performed well the entire weekend. We maneuvered quite a bit, companies were allowed to detach when appropriate and an advantage was clear, and had a good time.

However, after the final battle on Sunday the Confederate command made some allegation against the 5th that were very serious in nature. We were accused of 1) a scenario violation and 2) a safety violation. First of all a "scenario violation" from the Rebs? Isn't that like callin a kettle...? They are the masters of scenario violations. Well, Capt Harrington and Busick dealt with that nonsense, and now onto the safety violation. Confederate Command had the gall to accuse us of firing at cannons within the safety zone of the caissons. This was completely false (as if Scott would ever order us into a position or action which compromised safety?). Scott ordered Paul to count off our distance from the cannons and we were too close, so he ordered me to go pick a rally spot out on the field away from the cannon, which I did, on the left flank of the 69th. We rallied there and then went on to win the battle the Rebs were supposed to win. Bottom line: sour grapes. They screwed up, they had numbers and position and we were all detached and entering the battle piecemeal but they never pressed the advantage. They stopped. We (the 5th) took a position that held up 1/3 of their troops from entering the battlefield, and instead of pressing into us, they stood by and allowed 10 Zouaves determine the fate of the battle. Then they have the gall to call foul! Anyway, Scott wasn't having it, neither was Busick or Major Padden.

I would be remiss if I failed to mention the WCAR Aid Station. Well, I promised Ms. Marianne that I would "receive aid" from them at some time during the event. Sunday afternoon between battles, it was hot and it was time. So, I lay down on the comfy cot they had, and Ms. Marianne lay a nice cool towel on my forehead, and I drank iced lemon-cucumber water, I thought "holy smoke why didn't I do this earlier!" To be totally period, all I needed was a young female contraband...did I just say that!?!

A good time. An efficient time. Thanks to all who stayed to break camp and special love-props to the WCAR.

Due to exhaustion, lack of time, cost, and general disgust, the Johsz' did not host an after event party this year. So below is a picture from last year's party and we will pretend it's current.



If you missed the party shame on you! It was great. Props to Lynn for her John Sugar-McCAIN ribs, the democratic fruit salad, and the Sarah Baked-Alaska Palin. A great feast indeed.

WCAR REPORT

We had fun despite the humidity and heat. We had some new members join up with the veterans in the WCAR camp which made our impression all the better.

Brooke and daughters, and Julie all looked lovely in their new dresses on Saturday and brought healthy and yummy contributions to the picnic. The Zouaves and WCAR appreciate everything!

Joanne came on Sunday and also looked lovely in her navy blue ...perfect for the nurse impression! She is considering the Apothecary impression that Shelly Chaffey once had in our group that has a lot of potential to grow into an added feature of the WCAR. She did an excellent job of talking with the public too...Huzzah Joanne!

Lynn also looked lovely both days, and was awesome helping the set up, bringing delicious picnic contributions and handling the public inquiries both days. She is a TROOPER!! The impression would not work without her there... the public loves her!

Stuart's Sanitary Commission Inspector impression always is classy.

Everyone did a great job. We received compliments from the General and the general public. We missed lovely Kris, but she was there in spirit!

Hard work goes into our WCAR impression. Through our research, presentations to the public and presence, the WCAR is becoming a very familiar face at all the CW events.

Marianne Koenig
WCAR



Editor's Desk

V. E. Callier, Editor

Remember, in Co. C, the "C" stands for Congenial

Life as the "friendly Federal Unit" has its ups and downs, but mostly ups, and the good time at HB this year is an example of that. We have a good time with everyone and will perform well regardless of what commander we are placed under. This year we broke with tradition and went "campaign style" in uniform attire only – we maintained a comfortable camp, but not a ridiculous one. Steve and Kris wore blue pants, and Zouave sashes and jackets, and the other guys wore straw hats and no vests and other variations of the traditional uniform. So, with Steve and Kris as cross-dressing Zouaves we set about having a good time.



Saturday night we were visited by parads from the First Texas, Co. A, Ty Gladden, Tom Duncan and Dan Foster. These are the guys that Steve and Kris refer to as the "Shirelings." When Steve and Kris went Confederate

to Oakley, they fell in with the 1st Texas. Now, Rebels in camp is nothing new to the 5th, as members of the old 7th Virginia used to come by on a regular basis (I think mainly to munch on our victuals). Still, our camp is open to all, and for those of us who are vets in the hobby, this is unusual in itself: have you ever tried to drop in for a casual visit with another Federal Unit? Or a Reb unit we don't have a relationship with? Hmmm – exactly! Remember the "C" in Company C stands for congenial!

So, Ty, Tom, and Dan came by and offered us a swig of a homemade drink that had "Southern Comfort and a beer of some sort." First of all, I don't eat or drink anything that has "of some sort" listed as an ingredient. But, we did offer some pistachios and beer, and passed Steve's bottle of course. So, after a few pleasantries and Scott retiring for bed with a classic "I can't believe that I am sitting here talking to Confederates" look, we decided to accept their offer and visit their camp, known as of course "The Shire."

So, off we go in the dark, past the dance, through the Confederate camp and out into the deep woods near the field where the space monkeys live. Apparently the Shirlings are known for creating creative shelters known as Shires. The word is that these hovels usually consist of scraps of wood, leaves, tarp, ponchos, logs, trash and the premier building material of all dirtsleepers: Dirt. The Shire must be built on dirt, dug into the dirt, and have dirt on all the building materials. I must admit that I was VERY impressed with their Shire! How they managed to construct this shelter out of those materials is a wonder. Luckily I had my non-period cell phone with me and snapped the below picture.



The car was not theirs but belonged to an artillery unit next to them. *You stay classy Texas!*

Well, in addition to the architectural lessons, Tom gave us some home made beer. It was very good. It helped us to ignore the ugly looks the other Confederates were giving us: "Oh my Lord – is that a Zouave in camp, somebody, get a newspaper quick...or a stickor a big rock!"

Ignoring all, we invited the boys to join us at the 69 NY's bar and Irish Drinking Festival. They accepted, so off we went. On the way over, Tom pointed out the large shrine set up by the Daughters of the Confederacy honoring Confederate Generals and other notables. It was quite a sight – very large and very well done. As I read off some of the names in the flickering candle light, I was happy to see that they really paid homage to their Southern heritage as alongside Bedford Forrest and Quantrill were Ronnie Van Zant (from Lynyrd Skynyrd) and Dale Earnhardt.



Ride on #3!

So, we stagger into the 69th NY camp and bar and man did the Irish deliver! They had two very comely ladies singing songs, benches, torchlight, and of course the bar! And let me tell you, the place was packed with Feds, Rebs, ladies, gents, and David Grace.

Let me tell you, much zouaving was done that night! So as we pounded the fruit of the barley into submission, that would be Ryan, Kris, Steve, Ty, Tom (and me), I took note of a few interesting scenes. First, I was amazed to see the overall Union Commander there, but I was more amazed to see that the blank, vacant, look on his face and his general inability to function, was not restricted to the battlefield and his sobriety. That it was the same when he was apparently inebriated!

Second, not only do women in period corsets get better looking as you drink more, but the impact of flickering candle light cannot be understated! It's like whiskey to the 10th power.

Third, ugly girls dressed as soldiers continue to look like ugly gals regardless of amount of alcohol or impact of candle light.

Fourth, our arrival had a decided positive impact on the affair. Zouaves are like the amphetamines of the reenacting world.

Last, NEVER leave your buddies drinking without saying goodnight. Simply disappearing like Prez Bush's popularity is not acceptable.

So, that brings us to...

THE SAGA OF STEVE

So, I turn to Kris and say "where is weenie-boy (Steve) and Kris says – I don't know. I think he split. What! He split, like night-night! Without telling us, no goodnight, no I'm leaving so don't look around in the dark for me, like I'm not passed out in a ditch, but in fact, I ditched you.

So, we formulated a plan.

THE PLAN

We would sneak into the camp of the 5th NY. We knew that they would have no pickets out since we were the only ones staying over. We would find Steve, and we would group hump him in his shelter half – that's right, Rebs and all!

So, we sneaks into camp and lo and behold, there he is sleeping in his shelter half. Well, it wasn't pretty, as 5 or 6 men dove into a small tent and dog piled the Little Prussian. Whatever, he had it coming.

ZOUAVE SHOUT OUTS!!!!

Props to Major Shane Padden and the 69th for fighten good, playing nice, and sponsoring the bar! HuzzaH!



Props and a shout out to Captain Terry Handy, and the First Texas, Co A! We had a good time, they do a great impression, and they do battle scenarios right! Also, ck out their website! Thanks Ty, Tom and congrats to Dan who just got married!



V.E. Callier
"A man of constant sorrow"

The Red Files



So this would be my first submission in about 8 to 9 years, and it's not much. Just wanted to let you guys know I still think about you and miss the good times we had together and to remind me of them I have this image.

Brian Dillow

GOING GRAY?

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

October

Josh Keyes - 4
Steve Sturdevant - 5
Zeke Harrington - 20

November

Kris Wildman - 7
Stuart Kalbrofsky - 8
Paul Chaffey - 20
Matt Clauss - 29

HUZZAH!!!



NEXT EVENT NEWS

Moorpark

November 8 & 9

This has become the second premier "Battle event" for the unit during the reenacting year. It has grown into a big event, with lots of reenactors and a fair amount of public. The ground is good and last year they featured pyrotechnics, including aerial bursts. Last year included a twilight battle. It was very cool, and possible was the highlight to a great event. The weather gets VERY chilly so bring and extra blanket.

Ramrod: CAPT. HARRINGTON
ARRIVAL: SAT MORNING.

Preparation: Full Zouave uniform, blacken brogans, shine brass, clean weapon, bring snacks.

Directions:

FROM CENTRAL L. A. AREA Take the 101 Freeway to Thousand Oaks. Go north on 23 Freeway to Moorpark (perhaps 5 miles) to the Tierra Rejada exit. At the end of the ramp, turn left (west). About three hundred yards, turn left (south) onto Moorpark Road and proceed approximately 1/2 mile to the site, which will be on the left, Tierra Rejada Ranch, 3370 Moorpark Road.

FROM VALENCIA AND NORTHERN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Take the 118 Freeway to Simi Valley. At the west end of Simi Valley, the 118 Freeway will turn into the 23 Freeway as it passes through Moorpark toward Thousand Oaks. Exit at the Tierra Rejada exit. At the end of the

ramp, turn right. About four hundred yards, turn left onto Moorpark Road and proceed approximately 3/4 mile to the site, Tierra Rejada Ranch, 3370 Moorpark Road.

Park: Provided - Follow the signs to reenactors parking.

Refer: <http://www.forttejon.org/moorpark/>

Recruitment News

NONE!

This year has been terrible!

News From The Top



Greeting and Salutations...

It's been said that every kid needs a hero. Growing up I wasn't any different. I was a great admirer of Johnny Unitis, and it was one of the great thrills of my childhood meeting Roger Staubach. But if we're talking about people that we put on pedestals, no one stood taller for me than Abraham Lincoln. My older brothers, who existed I believe only to torment me, knew my soft spot; the rail-splitter. "Lincoln was a horse thief!" They would bellow in triple unison, which upset me, but not as much as their ultimate putdown- "Lincoln was a Communist!" a bitter cold war jab that would usually cause me to protest, "Mom, Dan said that Lincoln was a Communist!" As I grew and learned more about my idol, I came to realize that if the term existed in Lincoln's time, Communist would have been the most charitable of things that were said about him, for in his time, no President suffered more acrimony at the hands of his fellow countrymen than Abraham Lincoln.

He was at various times called a tyrant, an uncultured country bumpkin, and in one venomous death threat called, "a gall durned black nigger." It's hard today to picture the Joint chiefs of staff spewing invective at the President, but in Lincoln's time, George McClellan, commander of the army after meeting with the President, called him "The original gorilla, about as intelligent as ever," a singular act of disrespect that would have gotten most Generals

sacked. But Lincoln, always looking at the bigger picture, ignored the criticisms', and even turned them on himself. Once accused of being two faced, Lincoln responded, "If I were two faced, do you think I would wear this one?" Lincoln proved again and again, that he was bigger than anything that was said about him.

The day that he died, Lincoln went from mortal man to secular saint; From Old Abe the rail splitter, to Father Abraham, savior of the nation, a title that Lincoln himself probably would have called a "flub dub," his term used to describe Mary Lincoln's extravagant spending on White house items. Today, more has been written about Lincoln than any person in history, save Jesus. And although the revisionists have been quite busy in recent years, seeking to tear Lincoln down (look at any Neo-Confederate web site and you get the point) It's a safe bet that his legacy is secure. But look at the bright side- at least we know he wasn't a Communist...

Until next time, for Liberty and Union,

Pvt. Tim

The Five Beer Halloween Story

By Ed. V. Callier

I was on sabbatical, studying the origins of the Turkish influence in Europe in the Balkans when I chanced upon a man of letters who I was always inclined to meet: Professor Ralph Keyes. Professor Keyes invited me to stay with him in a chalet in Carpathia, near modern Transylvania. I accepted, seeing this as a means of furthering my own education in the subject matter at hand, as well as furthering my own connections in the scientific community. It was a trip in which I was later to regret, and one in which all my dreams would become nightmares.

We arrived in Transylvania and rode by carriage to the chalet of a local nobleman who was kind enough to allow Pr. Keyes occupation of the home while he studied the area. The long, wet, drive through the hills on the narrow, winding roads made the trip seem unending, yet we eventually arrived. The staff took my bags into the pleasant

three stored structure. This had all the tell-tale sign of Tyrolean extravagance. Inside, we were met by a roaring fire, hot food, and some comfort. It was there that I met his assistant, Ruby. A fair young woman who's obvious intelligence and quick mind told me why Keyes had engaged her as his assistant. The rest of the house staff was not as lovely or as inviting. Keyes' lab assistant, Huebner, was a nervous man, with sharp darting eyes and a peculiar way about him. His face belied a man who was full of secrets, but had forgotten what they were. The house butler, Harrington was a robust, if not self-important man who seemed to dictate to Pr. Keyes what he should be doing and enjoying and what times he should be doing it. For example, the Professor asked Harrington to bring us a light snack, but Harrington instead brought out heavy venison spread with goat cheese and bread, and pig's head stew. He told the Professor, "You will enjoy this now Sir." And Keyes acquiesced and went on and on about how much he enjoyed it. The scullery maids, Koenig and Joshz were pleasant and efficient. Just what one would want in a servant.

It was later in the evening, as we discussed our archeological finds and the culture of the area, that a knock at the door sounded – a knock that would change my life forever. Harrington returned to the study and announced that Count Von Nowacki was here. It turned out that Von Nowacki was the land holder of the local area and was the owner of this chalet. Keyes got up quickly and urged Harrington to show the Count in, he then bade me to stand. In walked a tall, sallow man, with short dark hair, a thin build and very odd attire. He wore a great coat and cape, but beneath it he wore the red pantaloons, sash, and jacket of a Zouave.

"Dr. Iside, I want to introduce you to Count Von Nowacki."

I removed my glove, and offered my hand. He grasped my hand in a firm, cold grip, and a chill shot up my arm into my very soul. As I grasped his hand, I looked into the blackest eyes I have ever seen. Not that black eyes are common, but not even the ebony eyes of a doll were as lifeless as those of Von Nowacki.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance – Doctor." That was all he said, as he took a seat and accepted a glass of port from Harrington.

"So, how long are you to stay with us...Doctor?"

I was nervous, and for some unknown reason I was loath to give up any personal information.

"A short time only Count Von Nowacki, as I am wanted in London at the Royal Academy of Science next month."

"Ah, the woyal academy, most impressive Dr."

I nodded and drank my port.

"I am most interested in your dress, Count, tell me, why do you dress as a Zouave?"

He paused and looked at me very oddly. Carefully put his glass down and said "I am not dressed as a Zouave, these are the traditional costume of my family, which was stolen in appearance by the French and later used by the Zouaves."

I gulped and smiled.

"I am surprised that even a man as educated as your Dr knows of the Zouaves...they played such an insignificant roll in history."

I explained to him that I enjoyed Van Gogh. He apparently didn't get it.

The evening continued until the Count left, and then we all retire for the evening. The room I was given was comfortable but strange. The walls were covered in paintings of Zouaves – I mean family members. But they were all killing domestic farm animals, with an almost gleeful expression. Strange.

I was awoken by the slamming of the shutters and the breeze had kicked up and my open window had let in the cold. I walked to the window to try and close it when I noticed young Ms. Ruby walking down the front path, and Von Nowacki was walking in front of her, beckoning her onward. I called, out to her, for it seemed that she would catch her death being out in the cold with only her dressing gown. I ran downstairs but was stopped from leaving by Huebner, who armed with candle and knife forbade me from leaving.

"The master doesn't want you to go out..."

"Who?"

"The master, that's who"

"Prof. Keyes?"

"No, THE master"

"What, adding "the" in all caps really doesn't change the meaning or add any new information to this conversation. So again, who doesn't want me to go out?"

Huebner seemed to be stuck on my previous assertion, so with him trying to figure out an

appropriate response, I grabbed his torch and ran outside.

I was shortly joined by another – the Professor.

“You cannot go out like this” he said.

“I know, I need my shoes.”

“No stupid, you need a mirror, a cross and a wooden stake.”

“What?” My confusion was total. I needed a steak, but not the wooden kind. It was then that Keyes told me Von Nowacki’s secret, the secret of the undead, the secret of those who live on the lifeblood of others, the secret of the vampire. And it seemed that he has young Ruby under his spell and that this very night she would join him as a creature of the night if we failed to stop them.

“What do we have to do” I asked.

So, Keyes, I, and figuring in the 70% rule, Huebner were all that could make it. Chaffey could only come ½ day, Callier was working, Reaser said that Transylvania was too humid, Johsz had a cult matter, and Wildman was lost in the woods.

Keyes said that we had to find them before Von Nowacki could bite Ruby –yuck! So, armed with some clothing, dressed like confederates, a scroll, mirror, stake, we walked through Von Nowacki’s castle. The rest is too horrible to recount. I will summarize in saying that we found, Von Nowacki, and in time too! He was in a tower and was about to bite Ruby when forced him into a coffin by using the mirror, a cross, and some pistachios. Then we took off his clothes and dressed him in blue wool, placed a notice of “scenario violation” on his chest, and drove a wooden bayonet through his heart. This was in spite of the fact that as we were about to triumph, Harrington crashed through the wall and tried to save Ruby, but only ended up mucking up our rescue. We had to start all over.

That night, we sat by the fire, Harrington trying to serve us sardines rolled in rice, as we tried to absorb the horrors of the evening. We failed.

Ed note. Dr. Iside never recovered from his experience, later going mad and becoming a democrat. He was confined to a socialist asylum for the remainder of his life.

END