



E-Tombeau

The Official Newsletter of
Duryee's Zouaves



July 2009
Monthly Columns



California and the ACW

Yup, we were actually in it!

DIRTSLEEPERS AT OAKLEY 09
THOMPSON AND JOHSZ
WEAR THE BLUE



Nothing Funny Bout This Edition



Long Beach Success



CALLIER ON HIATUS



E-TOM SUED BY CONFEDERATE SYMPATHIZERS!



NEXT EVENT NEWS!!!!

←—————→
E-Tombeau Staff
V. Callier, Senior Editor

OAKLEY RE-CAP

April 17-19

Pvt. Ryan Thompson

On Thursday April 16, 2009, I made the journey from Vegas to Fort Johsz. Steve and Lynn were nice enough to let me spend the night at there house. Friday April 17, 2009 Steve woke me up at 5:00 am; little did I know that would be the last night of decent sleep for the rest of the weekend.

We loaded the wagon with our gear and made the 4 ½ hour journey to Gline's Ranch, CA. Along the way we stopped off and ate at a Denney's, we both had the Grand Slam Breakfast, knowing this would be our last full meal for the weekend we ate hardy. Upon our arrival to the ranch we were greeted at the gate by one of the event organizers who made us sign the normal waiver liability form. At last we arrived to the parking lot, Steve and I got dressed in our standard Federal "blue" uniform. Surprisingly these uniforms unlike the Zouave uniform did not take very long to get dressed into! We were also sporting our new Tim Bender civilian hats, which was really nice having a hat that offers shade for once!

We found the Federal Commander and a group federals sitting at nearby tree. As we approached the group of men dressed in Federal uniform, I knew were going to be short on numbers as I counted only 9 Federals. This was different from the numbers that I saw the first time I went to Oakley in 2002. We were then issued our rations for the weekend 1 slab of salt pork and 1 loaf of bread.

We sat around for another hour talked and joked as we waited for people to arrive who were running a little late. We finally got the order to grab our knapsack and musket and fall in. We fell in counted off and marched off in a column of two's. We marched for a few miles. We finally came to

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

our camp spot, a rock and sand creek bed! As this was a campaigner event (Dirt Sleeper's), shelter tents were frowned upon to use, so all we had was our ground cloth and blankets to sleep on. We split up in groups of 2 for "Picket Duty". I had the first picket duty of the evening 2pm to 6pm along with 4 others. We set up our pickets in a tree line approx 200 yards from camp.

Well 1 hour into my picket duty I was able to spot a few "Rebs" advancing on our position. We fired at the Johnnie's that were closest to us. It seem like a few minutes later all the Confederates were advancing on our position we tried to hold our position but with only 5 of us we were unable to stop the confederates who outnumbered us 3 to 1. I took a hit and the pard next to me was hit as well, the rest of the Yanks ran for there lives.

After the Confederates wiped us Yanks out, the "Rebs" marched back to their camp. All was quite until the end of my picket duty at 6 pm. The Sgt. arrived with the new replacement pickets and I was relieved of my duty. Steve Johsz had picket duty from 6pm to 10pm. We all got to eat a few pieces of salt pork that was cooked over the fire and talked a little while mostly about what vendors who make's the best gear in the hobby "who was the most authentic" and then someone started talking about this reenactor back East, "Rob Hodge" how he is the greatest reenactor in the hobby. I must have heard Rob Hodge's name mentioned a thousand times the duration of the weekend like he was some kind of god. On a side note, I later discovered that Rob Hodge lead's preservation marches to save Civil War battle fields, and is a co-founder of Wide Awake Films (Civil War documentary films).

Well at approximately 10 pm as I was fast asleep when the Cpl. of the guard got me up and the 4 other men in my group for picket duty. As we marched a quarter of a mile to the picket line, it was pitch dark outside and you could barely see your hand in front of you. We were stopped by the pickets on duty and we had to give the password. Well as we were on picket duty we split up in pairs of two. Two of us on the front line as two stayed behind to stay warm at a picket fire. I along with my pard Cody who I became friends with this weekend was a member of the "Fighting Boys Mess". Cody and I were well into our first hour before I heard what I thought was a

large coyote moving through the brush. I said Cody "did you hear that?" Cody replied no it was probably just a wild turkey. Just then I heard more noise, I said "Halt who goes there" then all of the sudden from the pitch black we received a volley of musket fire from all directions in which the muzzle flashes lit up the sky. What the \$%*#@!!! We then returned a single volley into the "Rebs". Again we were receiving fire from all directions. The Sgt. of the Guard came running up with the other pickets what's going on? We said the Rebs got close to our picket line and then fired at us. We received reinforcements from Steve's group; unfortunately, Steve and the rest of the men had to get out of bed to provide us reinforcement. We were able to drive the Rebs away. It became quite again, so Steve's group went back to bed. About an hour later we were attacked again, and again Steve's group had to get out of bed to assist in driving the Rebs out of the area.

Well it was 2 AM before I finally got some much needed sleep. I finally arrived to my bedding in which I fell asleep right away, only to be awakened two hours later as someone one was kicking my foot to get me up. As the group I was with got dressed in the pitch dark of the night, we decided to attack the Confederates since they attacked us and kept most of us "Yanks" up during the night. We were going to return the favor to get them out of bed. Well it was 4 AM and we set up large skirmish line. We marched in the pitch darkness, a few miles until we reached the Confederate pickets and we started to fire and drive back them back, and we were able to capture one Reb prisoner and we soon ran into pretty heavy musket fire. We could not advance any further due to our small numbers. We decided it was best to return to our camp with the single Reb prisoner.

Well it was breakfast time so when we arrived back in camp we put our prisoner to work; we had the Johnnie cook our rations. I soon went back on the picket line with only 2 hours of sleep. A few hours into picket duty we were once again attacked and over run again. This went on all day with the Rebs attacking us off and on.

On Saturday night my pard Cody and I decided since we did not get hardly any sleep the night before we would march to their picket lines, just

like what the Rebs had done the previous night. So off we marched in the dark, we just stayed on the dirt trail a few miles which lead us to the Reb picket line. As we approached a Johnnie said halt who goes there we just froze , the Johnnie again said halt so we fired at the Reb we then split up and were moving around firing from different areas. We were able to work our way up close to there picket line. Where I heard a Confederate Officer say “what in the hell is going on out there? Sgt. Tredway what’s going on?” Sgt Tredway then said “I believe its 2 to 3 Union Soldiers, they must be some of the younger ones because they are moving too fast”! I along with Cody finally decided to disperse as we were starting to stir up a hornet’s nest. We marched away from the Confederate lines with out further incident. As we got back into camp no one could believe that we fired our muskets because they could not hear any of the musket fire. That just goes to show how far the camps are separated! On Sunday morning it was time to pack up our knapsacks once more and to make the long march back to the wagons. Along this march we engaged the Confederates and fought them all the way back to the wagons. As we neared the parking lot the Confederates lined up in a single file line and saluted us, while we straggled in one by one. We soon went back to the wagons, changed and then headed to Carl’s Jr. where everybody goes after the event as tradition.

Steve and I had a great time and look forward to going next year. I recommend to anybody that would like to go to start putting together a standard Federal “Blue” impression. Something to look forward to next year’s scenario is going to be a 17 mile march we will portray the 1st California, driving the Confederate sympathizers out of Los Angeles

Best Regards,
Pvt. Ryan Thompson



LONG BEACH STUFF



Taken at the medical museum at Walter Reed. The skull is from a Massachusetts Regiment soldier...Robert Shaw's regiment...the cannon shell went right through the man's head. (LJ)





Editor's Desk

V.E. Callier, Ed.

On Hiatus

V.E. Callier

"A man of constant sorrow"

The Red Files

From the Revised Regulations for the Army of the United States, 1861, Paragraph 586 (Police Guard):

"586. The officer of the day satisfies himself frequently during the night..." And who says Officer of the Day is tough duty! Lt. Johsz

California and the Civil War

by

Lieutenant Colonel Roger McGrath
California Center for Military History

For most Americans, the words California and the Civil War have nothing to do with each other. Yet, California played a surprisingly important role in that epic conflict. Long ignored by most historians and documentary film makers, California's contributions and sacrifices, both in men and materiel, deserve a national audience. While a few Americans might know that shipments of gold from California helped keep the Union solvent during the Civil War, almost no one knew that California had more volunteers per capita in the Union Army than any other state. Nor is it generally known that by war's end California volunteers in the West occupied more territory than did the Union Army in the east.

Nearly 17,000 Californians enlisted to fight. Most of these men were kept busy in the West, but several companies of California volunteers saw action in the East as the California One Hundred or later the California Cavalry Battalion. These volunteers served

with the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry and fought in 31 engagements, many of them in the Shenandoah Valley. Other California volunteers served with distinction in New York and Pennsylvania regiments. Edward Baker is but one example. A noted orator and early California Republican, Baker formed the 1st California Regiment. Baker died while leading the regiment in a charge across an open field in the battle of Ball's Bluff in October 1861 and the regiment was then claimed by Pennsylvania and renamed the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

Californians always seemed to be in the thick of the fighting and suffered a high rate of casualties. This is all the more surprising because California was, in many ways, a border state. Southerners residing in California accounted for a substantial portion of the population. In 1860 California had a population of some 430,000. About 130,000 were voters. Of them 50,000 were Northern born, 30,000 Southern born, and another 50,000 were foreign born, mostly Irish, British, and German. Thus, Southerners, most of whom were Confederate sympathizers, exercise a good deal of influence in the state. Furthermore, California was not a Republican state in 1860; both the California State Senate and the State Assembly was decidedly Democrat. Moreover, the governor, John Downey, was a Democrat. The governor, though, was a staunch Union man and he was able to stop the pro-Southern Democrats from winning control of his party.

With the Democrats split, Lincoln was able to carry California in the November 1860 election, although he won only 3 of every 8 votes. Early in 1861, in response to Lincoln's victory, pro-Southern Democrats issued a call for the secession of California and the creation of an independent Pacific Republic that would include Oregon and Washington, and possibly New Mexico and Utah. Pro-Union Democrats responded with a huge rally in San Francisco. Some 15,000 participated, a figure equal to the number of voters in the city.

With passions enflamed, an ugly rumor spread saying that Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston, commander of the Department of the Pacific, was part of a Southern conspiracy. Although General Johnston, a Texan, would later resign from the U.S. Army and become one of the

Confederacy's leading generals before he was killed at the battle of Shiloh in April 1862, he was no part of a conspiracy. During the spring of 1861, Gen. Johnston remained true to his Oath to the Federal government. He garrisoned Fort Point in San Francisco and strengthened Alcatraz before turning over all government property in good order to Brigadier General Edwin V. Sumner late in April 1861.

It was also late in April 1861 that the Pony Express brought news to California of the surrender of Fort Sumter on 14 April in South Carolina. The war was now on. The fact that it took 10 days, and by a combination of telegraph and Pony Express at that, to get the word to California says something about how far removed the Golden State was from the action. This did not, however, keep Californians from volunteering by the thousands.

Most Californians who joined the army saw service in the West. Altogether, two regiments of cavalry, eight regiments of infantry, and two smaller units were organized in California and performed some kind of duty in the West. Some watched Southern sympathizers. Others fought Indians. Still others fought Confederates. Companies of California volunteers could be found stationed not only in California, but in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Kansas, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming. Two large expeditions, one under the command of General Patrick Edward Connor and the other led by General James H. Carleton, insured that the Central and the Southern Overland Mail routes stayed open.

In 1861, a Confederate force from Texas, under the command of Lt. Col. John R. Baylor, captured Fort Fillmore and Fort Mesilla. Then in 1862, a Texas unit commanded by Gen. Henry Sibley, defeated a Union force under Col. E.R.S. Canby at the Battle of Valverde. Gen. Sibley then captured the towns of Albuquerque and Santa Fe and prepared to assault the Union's last stronghold, Fort Union, which guarded the Santa Fe Trail. To guard against a flanking attack from California, Gen. Sibley sent Captain Robert Hunter westward to capture Tucson, which the Texans did with ease.

In response, cavalry and infantry from the California Volunteers were organized into what became known

as the California Column. Colonel James H. Carleton was given command of the column. Carleton was a 20-year veteran of the Army who had fought in the Mexican War during the 1840s and in engagements with Indian during the 1850s. He attained the rank of major before he retired and settled in California. When the Civil War erupted, Governor Downey appointed Carleton colonel of the 1st Infantry Regiment, California Volunteers.

In April 1862, Colonel Carleton led the California Column across the Colorado River to Fort Yuma and then along the Gila River on the old Gila Trail. Colonel Edward Fitzgerald Beale, famous for leading the U. S. Army's Camel Corps experiment, advised against using the Gila Trail, saying that the great size of the California Column would quickly exhaust the scant supply of water and grass on the route, Colonel Carleton, however, was up to the task. In a brilliant display of logistical planning, he broke his long column into smaller units and maintained enough separation to insure that the limited supply of water and grass was not overtaxed,

Eighty miles up the Gila Trail, Colonel Carleton's men saw their first action. At Grinnell's Ranch, scouts from the California Column ran into some of Capt. Hunter's Texas Confederates. The skirmish was indecisive, but it did constitute the westernmost action of the Civil War, a fact largely unknown even to historians who specialize in the war. Shortly after the skirmish at Grinnell's Ranch, the Confederates trapped and captured some of the California Column's scouts at the Pima and Maricopa Indian villages near the site of today's Phoenix.

Then, in the Battle of Picacho Pass, California volunteers got revenge. They whipped the Texans thoroughly and retook Tucson. The door was now open to New Mexico and the stage set for a decisive battle with the Confederates. However, before the Californians arrived, a unit from Colorado Volunteers defeated the Confederates in the Battle of Glorieta Pass, near Pecos, New Mexico, and the Confederates retreated to Texas. Colonel Carleton pushed the California Column into New Mexico and onto Texas where he captured Forts Bliss, Davis, and Quitman. The Californians engaged in their last battle of the campaign on the return trip.

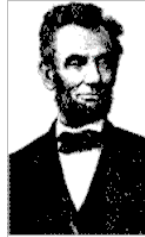
The battle was not against Confederates but against Mangas Coloradas and his Warm Springs band of Apache in southern Arizona.

Part 2 in next edition

~Ed

News From The Top

Private Tim "Ted" Huebner
President
5th NYDZ, Co. C



Greetings and Salutations:

Rise of the Neo-knuckleheads. Like a lot of people these days, I like scanning Youtube for the latest in video tom foolery, whether it's a dancing turtle, the latest news or just some idiot trying to ski down Everest while naked and drunk. It's a veritable cornucopia of the strange and interesting. What's good about it for us Civil war Buffs, is that you can find just about any video on the war and its myriad aspects (not enough about Zouaves unfortunately).

However, what I often find most interesting, and a little disturbing are the comments that people send in to accompany the videos. Whenever a pro-Confederate film is shown, the nuts seem to come out of the woodwork. "The South shall rise again!" is bellowed out frequently, with little explanation of what this means. A few more misspelled tirades against Jews and black people and you get the picture. Just what kind of America are they hoping is reborn along the banks of the Chattahoochee? A few even wish for the return of the hallowed days of slavery, as if they would somehow be the new plantation owners. Well, with most of these captains of industry you get the faint whiff of propane and trailer park. If their ancestors couldn't afford to buy a human being in 1861, cousin Booky wouldn't be any more likely in 2009.

There's a mindset among the moonlight and Magnolia crowd, that the South lost the Civil War only because the North wore it down with greater resources. But what's lost in that argument is that maybe, just maybe

the Union won because it was supposed to. As Lincoln famously said, "Right makes right." By the end of the war it wasn't just physical territory that the North held, but the moral high ground as well. Add to that is the fact that the Union had the better leader in Lincoln. At Confederate heritage conventions, pennies and \$5 bills are not accepted as legal tender because they contain honest Abe's portrait. Ah, okay...what's never acknowledged even in whispers in these temples of high culture is that Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, etc, survived after the war only because Lincoln refused to hang them. A less magnanimous President would have put all the Confederate leaders on trial for treason. Lincoln is still reviled today in many parts of the south, but thanks to him, the hero's of the South didn't wind up swinging from six turns of Union hemp. Eat that Cousin Booky!

Until next time,

For Liberty and Union, Pvt. Tim



NEXT EDITION
October 2009!!!

END