

THE INDIANA LEGION

ORLANDO A SUMMERS CAMP #1 KOKOMO
CHAMPION HILL CAMP #17 HUNTINGTON
WILLIAM P BENTON CAMP#28CENTERVILLE

DAVID D PORTER CAMP #116 VALPARAISO
JOHN B ANDERSON CAMP #223 COLUMBUS
BEN HARRISON CAMP #356 INDIANAPOLIS

Newsletter of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, Department of Indiana
Michael W. Beck, Commander
Issue 1-14

THE UNION FOREVER!!!!



Come One ! Come All ! To the greatest show this side of the Wild Cat Creek!!!



128th Annual Department of Indiana Encampment
66th Memorial Encampment to the GAR
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War
Registration Form
Indiana University Kokomo, Saturday June 7, 2014
Deadline No Later Than May 19th !

Pre-Registration ___ x \$5.00 _____
Lunch ___ x \$15.00 _____

Total \$ _____

Wives & guest are welcome at the luncheon.
Make checks payable to **SUVCW Dept. of Indiana**
Send checks to Lee Ann Teller, 3003 Lamplighter Lane, Kokomo, IN 46902-8125

Name: _____ Camp # _____

Guest: _____

*Remembering the sacrifices made by the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War who fought to preserve the Union,
we are dedicated to continuing the patriotic work begun by our parent organization,
The Grand Army of the Republic*

*Please don't wait till the last minute.
You'll want a ring side seat for all the spitting, jawing, fighting, and fussing!
A good time is guaranteed everyone!

Directions for Indiana University Kokomo

Kokomo now has a bypass US 31. The way into Kokomo from the north and south is US 931. You must exit US 31 to follow US 931. US 931 is the old route of US 31. Many people continue to complain the signage for this is not clearly marked. So be alert

From any direction take US 931 to Lincoln. (In Kokomo US 31 is now called US 931. South and North of Kokomo be sure to take the US 931 Exit off US 31.) Lincoln is North of IN 26 and South of US 35 & IN 22. Turn West on Lincoln to Washington. Turn North on Washington: just past Cossells Landscaping on right; turn right. You are on IUK property (2300 S. Washington). Stay right at first stop sign. At second stop sign turn left. Park in lot on right. Enter the Kelly Student Center. If you keep turning right within the building you will find us. We will be near the cafeteria.

News from the Department that handles the money. - G. Young – Treasurer



“Brothers!! Unlike some national governments near and dear to us the Department of Indiana is in the black!! (Of course, we don't have to bear the burden of a Congress to run this organization.) As of the printing of this newsletter the Department of Indiana is holding firm at \$6995.00. Please note that \$598.86 is money belonging to the Allied Orders.

On Sale – Still!

Sons of Veterans – Department of Indiana Badges.

These ‘sharp looking’ badges are of bright red bordered with gold. They are like those adopted and issued by the various departments over 100 years ago. The look sharp on hats (slouch or kepi) and look equally dashing on blazers or suit coats. The cost is a miniscule \$6.00 per badge. Send your check (or cash) to Gib Young, 2004 Hunters Ridge Dr. Huntington, Indiana 46750.



Dates for the Calendar

May 30, 2014 – Illumination Ceremony, Slack Park, Huntington about 8:45 pm
June 7th 2014 – Summer Encampment at Kokomo 9 am
June 21, 2014 – Parade and ceremony in Loogootee commemorating the return of the 14th Ind. 10 am
July 4, 2014 – Independence Day
Aug 14-17, 2014 – National Encampment – Marietta Georgia
Nov. 1 or 2 (TBA) – Green Hill, Warren County, Indiana – commemoration of the 15th Indiana and Gen. Geo Wagner

Overheard at the last meeting of Orlando B. Sommers Camp

“I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me.”
“Police were called to the Kokomo Day Care where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.”
“Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He’s all right now.”
“Yell at Teller – he forgot his shoes again.”



The Poet's Corner

Franklin – 1864

“It was the evening of the year and the evening of the Cause....”

The wind blew ill through the Tennessee hills.
It found them on that hard ground.
The truest of men, the strongest of limb,
uniforms of blues, grays, and browns.

Gray legions once more had marched north as before
to challenge the enemy bold.
Legions in blue had marched the night through
to that ground so stark and cold.

No mailed royal knight marched to that fight
nor no nobleman richly horsed.
In that war torn land t’was the common man
who would chart the nation’s course.

Franklin, some say was a deathtrap that day;
others say it was made for that fight.
But it mattered not, for to that spot
fate marched them throughout the night.

AT the edge of town, Illinois held the ground

by Ohio and the cannoneer's guns.
Indiana reliant and Michigan defiant,
stood by the best of Kentucky's sons.

Odin's northern sons, their race not yet run,
had turned to meet the foe.
Across the bare ground, the gray band's bold sound
filled the air and stirred the soul.

Eyes watched to the south as the Rebels poured out
on the plain where death would soon ride.
Banners on high caught every man's eye,
and 'forward' surged the gray tide.

With a strong measured tread came the gray dread;
a host twenty thousand strong.
Over each doomed step the war shadows crept,
whispered duty, "on – go on".

Standing on the crown of that sloping ground
waited patriots of long, long ago.
With a veteran's iron will, they would fight for the hill
against the advancing foe.

The waiting had ceased, the power unleashed
swept over the first Federal line.
With dauntless soul, only matched by the foe
Southrons broke the main Union line.

With deep Northern yells, Yanks rallied in that Hell.
Their volleys tore Southern men.
And the line was restored, Union once more.
T'was not to be broken again.

As dusk turned to black, charge followed attack;
still Rebels answered the bugle's call.
But each Southern attack was fiercely thrown back
shattered by the deadly blue wall.

On into the night they carried the fight,
with their muskets and in 'hand to hand'.
They fought with no gain, by the musket's own flame;
silhouetting each struggling man.

Then it was passed; the storm died at last
that had ragingly struck at the town.
Many brave men wept over hundreds who slept
for the ages in that hallowed ground.

In desperation born came the deadly storm;
now gentle quiet reigns o'er the field.
Honor now stands on each true Southern man
and the north men who would not yield.

The hope was all gone yet the Cause lingered on
in thought, in mind, and in the air.
"By the blood on the sword t'was a nation restored
From the honor of those who had dared.