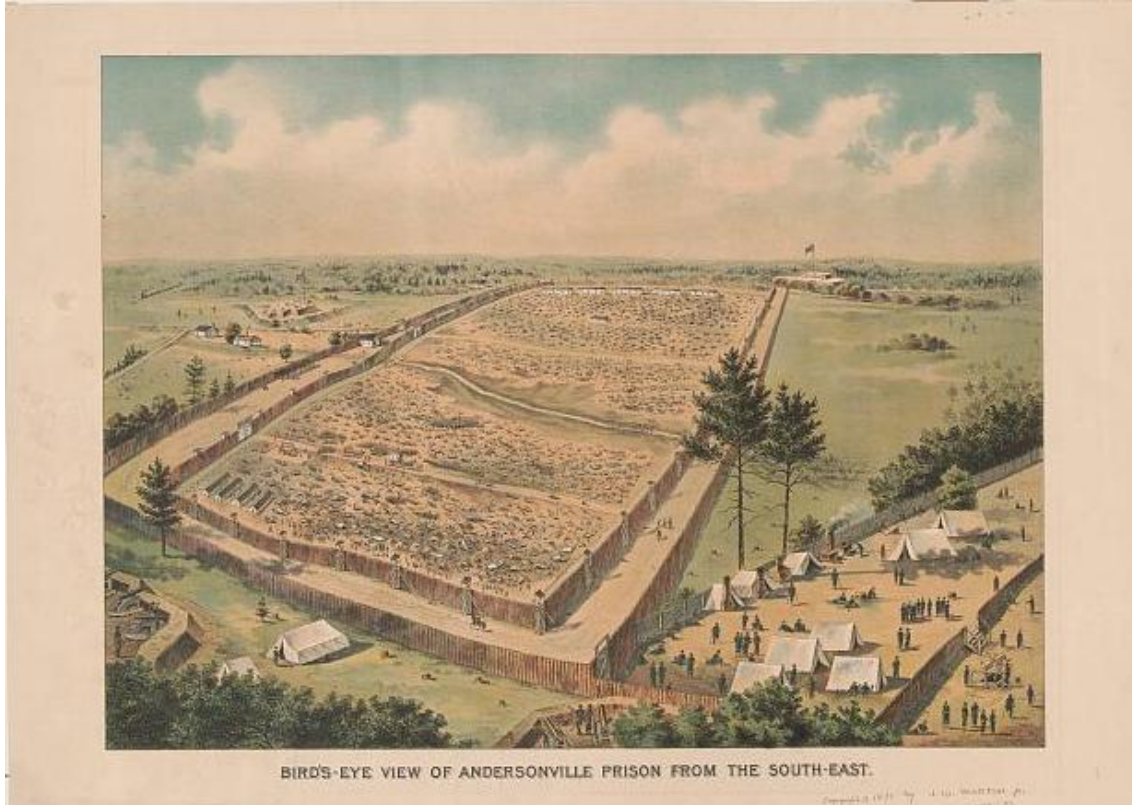


THE UNION INFORMER

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Source: Library of Congress

July Camp Meeting

Our camp meeting this month will again be in the Oak Room at the Hardesty Regional Library at 8316 E. 93rd Street in Tulsa. One good aspect of this meeting room is that it accommodates our tall flagstuffs—a feature that our Color Bearer, Mike Gates appreciates. We need to give Mike a word of thanks, because he lugs the flags and their bases to the meeting each month. Also, we need to be sure to give him a hand at assembling the setup and sheathing the flags after the meeting. Give him a hand at carrying the equipment to his car too. Being the Color Bearer means that he comes to every meeting, and special events.

Information about our camp meeting program is unavailable at this time.

June Camp Meeting

We were pleasantly surprised to have a visitor attend our May camp meeting. He was Michael Okey, who wanted to join the camp. Michael is a teacher in Tulsa Public Schools. This was a last-minute development, because we had just learned of his interest a few hours before the meeting. Michael joined in the program discussion and in doing so proved that he knows his nation's history. We're always delighted to have a teacher as a new member, because of their knowledge and skills.



Our speaker at the camp meeting was Mike Gates who had some very interesting stories to tell about his meeting famous astronauts and other NASA dignitaries. You had to know these folks and be familiar with their achievements to fully appreciate his stories and understand the thrill he and his family must have experienced in personally meeting such historical figures.



Painting of *USS Monitor* and the *CSS Virginia* in the Battle of Hampton

SVC Mike Gates gives his presentation on the Digital Imaging of the *USS Monitor*.

Roads. Photo: Courtesy Library of Congress

Mike's primary talk was about the digital imaging of the *USS Monitor*. Portions of the 173 ft. ironclad had been recovered. The digital imaging included high-tech aids including high-resolution micro-synthetic aperture sonar (μ SAS) and 3D

photogrammetry. These technologies allow the researchers to explore the vessel without disturbing it. They also allow the researchers to see through the murky waters of Cape Hatteras where one of the nation's most historic shipwrecks lies 240 feet below the surface offshore North Carolina. Its location is now a historical landmark



Cdr. Preston watches Mike's slide presentation.

After the *USS Monitor* and the *CSA Virginia* battled to a draw in their iconic battle, the *Monitor* later foundered in a storm when her crew's heroic efforts to save her were in vain.

The site is now called the Monitor National Marine Sanctuary. It functions as both a cultural resource and a thriving artificial reef. Its website best tells of the story of the vessel's loss at sea: "Following the seizure of Norfolk by the Union forces, the strength and power of the Monitor and her now famous Ericsson turret was needed further south. On December 29, 1862, she left Hampton Roads, along with the aid of a tug, the side-wheeler frigate USS Rhode Island. All was well until New Year's Eve when they were off the coast of Cape Hatteras, N.C. The waves grew and the wind howled. With each pitch and roll, shock waves ravaged the crew and the hull of the little ship. Leaks developed, flooding the engines and reducing steam pressure needed for propulsion. The crew tried using pumps and even bailing with buckets, but the distress was too great. The "Monitor Boys" raised the signal of distress, a red lantern, and the Rhode Island deployed their lifeboats in an effort to rescue the crew. The turret was the only escape hatch from below and as the

men attempted dashing across the deck many of them were swept into the unknown by the treacherous waves. In the end, 16 of the brave men onboard the Monitor never met the year of 1863.”

Stranded on the Turnpike

By Carl Fallen

I hesitate to tell this story, which accounts for my delay in putting into print, but perhaps you may find it a bit humorous. It's an account of my return from May's Dept. Encampment in Edmond. As you may know, Mike Rusk and I were planning to return at noon, so we left before the Encampment business was completed. Mike was riding with me.

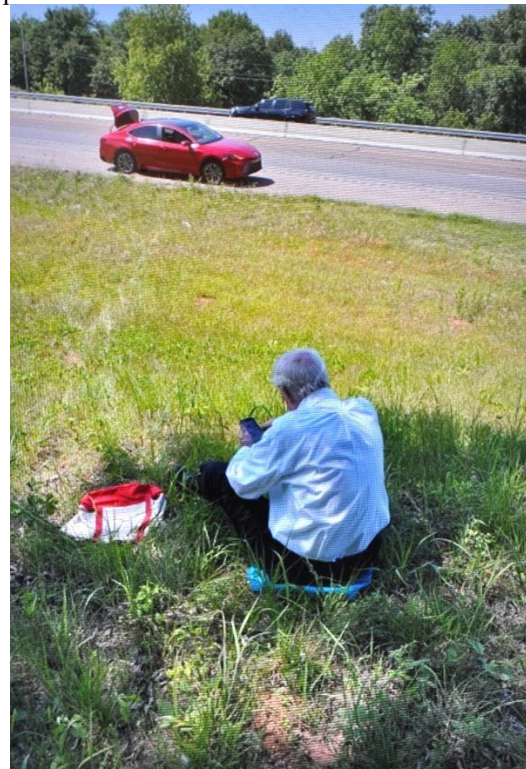
We got on the expressway headed for Tulsa. I had the cruise control set for 70 mph and was chugging along in good form until several miles down the road in heavy traffic, I noticed we were slowing down. Then, the engine slowly revved up in its effort to maintain the 70 mph speed. As I tried to determine what was going on, the ride became bumpy, which alerted me to a tire problem. In the old days, a deflated tire would pull the vehicle in that direction, but evidently the power steering compensated for that force. Perhaps I was getting messages of some sort on the dash display, but I was unaccustomed to looking for that. These symptoms developed in short order. I slowed down and looked for a shoulder wide enough to get off the road, which, fortunately, was just ahead where a guardrail began.

By the time I got there, things were going haywire. As I braked to a stop, a puff of blue smoke wafted before us. I knew it was coming from a flat tire, and wondered if the tire was on fire. We quickly bailed out and saw that there was no fire, but the left front tire was thoroughly chewed up. The car was less than a year old, so we had a new spare (donut?) in the trunk.

Leaving the emergency blinkers on, and the trunk lid up, the first thing we did was deploy an orange flag to warn other motorists of the emergency. Out came the jack and lug wrench to change the wheel. But as I suspected, the lug nuts had been tightened with an air impact wrench, and neither Mike or I could exert enough pressure on the wrench to get any of them loose...even after numerous tries. I had this experience years ago, and succeeded in breaking off a bolt as a result.

We concluded that the best option was to call for roadside assistance. Mike offered to have his Tripple A service handle it. (Nobody had told me that I had that service for two years on a new car.) Anyway, Mike made the call, and we waited. And waited. Inquires suggested that they seemed to be having trouble locating us.

“To get out of the hot sun and the danger of the passing traffic, we retreated to the shade trees farther up the roadside slope. More waiting. In all this time, not one motorist made a move to offer assistance. At one point, a heavy-duty pickup pulled up behind the car and stopped. We descended from our high perch among the trees, thinking this was our assistance, but by the time we got to him, he pulled away and joined the steady stream of traffic. He was just making a phone call.



Mike snapped this photo of me fingering my cell phone while waiting for roadside assistance.

Finally, they located our car, and promised they were on the way. But from where? St. Louis? We waited some more. Then, the driver said he saw our car, but he was on the opposite side of the divided highway, and would have to go on to find an exit to reverse his direction. After some three hours, help had arrived. The driver, a young, strong fellow, unloaded a heavy hydraulic jack to

replace our screw-driven one, and had the strength to loosen the lug nuts and replace the wheel.

Thanks to Mike's call, within a few minutes, we were on our way again, but proceeding at a little slower rate, owing to our slower rated spare tire. That's my story, and I'm stickin' to it.



Individuals attending events hosted by the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, by virtue of their attendance, agree to the usage of their likeness in the Banner, any Camp or Department Newsletter, any SUVCW website and/or on any SUVCW Social Media outlet, promotional brochures, or any other SUVCW material.



Cdr. Scott Preston conducts the June Camp meeting at Hardesty Regional Library.

Camp Social Functions

At camp meetings, discussions have touched on possible social functions that could, or could not, involve our family members. These activities could take several forms such as a restaurant meal, a park gathering with or without food involved.

Your ideas would be helpful in making plans for such events. Please give it some thought and make your ideas known to the Camp Commander..

Commander Comments

I grew up in Liberty, Missouri, always aware that my hometown had deep roots in the Civil War era. Local stories often mentioned both Confederate and Union graves scattered around William Jewell College and nearby cemeteries. Liberty's history was always present, from the Mormon presence in the 1830s to Jesse James and his gang carrying out the first daylight bank robbery right on the town square. Later, when I dug more intentionally into Liberty's Civil War connections, I discovered a historical marker just a few miles from my childhood home that revealed an even earlier link to the war than I expected.

Only a week after the attack on Fort Sumter in April 1861, Missouri secessionists targeted the small Union arsenal in Liberty. At that time, the arsenal held around a thousand muskets and other supplies. Local pro-Southern forces seized the weapons, which were quickly funneled into the growing Missouri State Guard. This early raid not only armed secessionist troops but also signaled how swiftly the national conflict took root in Missouri. It was a striking reminder that the Civil War touched Liberty right from the very beginning. Cdr. Scott Preston



Camp Calendar

- July 23 Indian Nations Camp Meeting
Hardesty Regional Library
- July 30 – Aug. 2 National Encampment
Gettysburg, PA
- Aug 27 Indian Nations Camp Meeting
Hardesty Regional Library
- Sept 24 Indian Nations Camp Meeting
To be announced

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<http://indiannationscamp3-suvchw.weebly.com>

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