

-Dallas News Staff Photo by Joe Laird.

Bull Runner George Garrett is disciplined by Colonel Lamkin at Six Flags Over Texas.

## 'Rebel Deserter' Gets It Because Yankees Winced

By KENT BIFFLE

A banner waving overhead said, "To Arms! To Arms! De-fend Your Homes and Fire-sides!"

With the temperature near 90, it was a poor day for defend-ing firesides. Maybe that's why George Garrett deserted the Confederate Army at Six Flags Over Texas. "I've been running since Bull Run or some place," admitted Garrett, a 20-year-old history

major at Arlington State College, as they tied him to a post, and put a blindfold on him.

Terry's Rangers of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, C.S.A., was re-hearsing a big scene at Six Flags Sunday. The Rangers for-

merly caught a Yankee spy and

executed him. Some visiting Yankees winced at seeing one of their own get it, however. So, the outfit is get-ting a new script. It calls for the liquidation of a Rebel deserter.

Mark Lamkin, 22, called nis Mark Lamkin, 22, called his troopers together. They were dressed in something close to Confederate uniforms — but they've switched their former gray wool for tropical worsted.

One of the Confederates is a Negro, Mickey Carson, 18, a pre-law student at ASC. Everybody does a double-take when he marches by, "I'm a true-blooded Negro but

I say if you can't beat join 'em," he grinned.

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Mickey and the others are
members of ASC's ROTC
marching unit, the Jody Drill Team. History majors in the outfit insist that there were actually some Negro soldiers in the Confederate Army,

Colonel Lamkin has risen fast in the Six Flags ranks. "I started out three years ago as just a rifleman,' he said as grandly as any self-made man. Now, at times, he assumes a beard

and the role of a Confederate general.

As a general, he makes a recruiting talk to the crowd. He tells them, "Protect wives, women, girls, children, horses, cattle, hogs, dogs, sheep, pigs, cats, homes, fire-sides and stills." Even if it sounds like an in-

Even if it sounds like an in-surance commercial, it works. Little kids flock up to enlist. The general signs the boys into the Confederate Army and the girls into the Nurse Corps. Then he shows them how to do right face and left see.

Garrett was still a little vague

about which battle he deserted as the firing squad assembled. The script hasn't been completed. As a soldier ripped open his tunic, the firing squad shouldered their Sharps rifles.

"Ready! ... Aim! ..." shouted the colonel. The crowd was pressing up. Everybody was still.

You could hear a firing pin drop.

Balocey! Smoke blew, riflemen flinched, little kids put their fingers in their ears and Terry's Rangers marched off with a hole in their