

THE

OCTOBER, 2019

# LEGIONARY

A Publication of the Sons of Confederate Veterans

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton Camp No. 273

Columbia, South Carolina ♦ [www.wadehamptoncamp.org](http://www.wadehamptoncamp.org)

Charles Bray, Acting Editor

## A FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN MEN

### COMMANDERS CORNER

BILLY PITTMAN

Compatriots, our camp meeting this month is a bit later than normal due to the timing of the SC State Fair. We will meet on Thursday, October 24<sup>th</sup> at Seawell's at the usual time of 6:00PM. Dr. Kirk Wood will be our speaker and his topic will be "**The Past is Prologue**". I believe this will be an excellent presentation as Dr. Wood will address the current state of ignorance of our history and the constitution. Also, please keep in mind that Veteran's Day is around the corner and the WHC normally participates so more details to come at the meeting. I don't have the details as of this writing so I will avoid assuming anything on the fly, but we will discuss the specifics at the meeting. This is a great opportunity to remember and honor the veterans of our great state that stood when called upon during Lincoln's war to prevent southern independence.

This October meeting will be the last meeting that I am with y'all in 2019. I will be in Saskatchewan, Canada in November sitting in those cold, northern woods in the hopes of seeing a big buck so I will miss the November meeting. That said, we are nearing the time for camp elections so I will address the camp members and my personal plans for 2020 at the October meeting. There is a strong possibility that I will be moving out of Columbia in 2020 (as far out as I can go and still manage to work here). So, that fact, among a few other things weighing on me, is something I will have to take into consideration as I move into a new year. I hope everyone is enjoying the cooler fall weather and I look forward to seeing y'all on the 24<sup>th</sup>. In the meantime, prayers for each of you for a healthy and safe October.

### The CHARGE

To you, **SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS**, we submit the VINDICATION of the cause for which we fought; to your strength will be given the DEFENSE of the Confederate soldier's good name, the GUARDIANSHIP of his history, the EMULATION of his virtues, the PERPETUATION of those principles he loved and which made him glorious and which you also cherish. **Remember**, it is your duty to see that the TRUE HISTORY of the South is PRESENTED to FUTURE GENERATIONS.



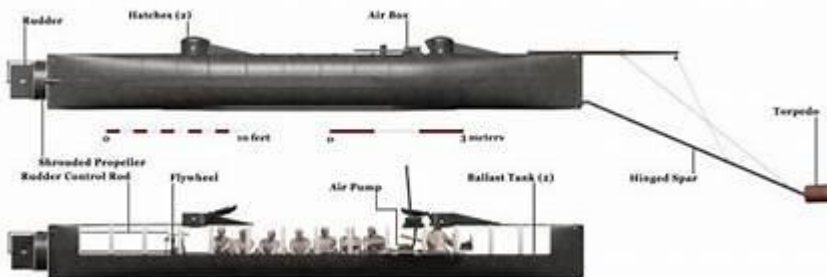
Lt. Gen. Stephen Dill Lee, Commander General  
United Confederate Veterans,  
New Orleans, Louisiana, 1906



## ~ Events of September ~



**Park and Lyon Machine Shop – Mobile, AL  
Design and Construction of the H. L. Hunley**



This Month, October 1863, the H.L. Hunley, the world's first successful combat submarine, sinks for the second time during a test run, killing its inventor and seven crew members.

Horace Lawson Hunley developed the 40-foot submarine in Mobile Alabama. It was operated by a crew of eight, one person steered while the other seven turned a crank

that drove the ship's propeller. The Hunley could dive to approach its enemy unseen. It was tested successfully in Alabama's Mobile Bay in the summer of 1863, and Confederate commander General Pierre G.T. Beauregard recognized that the vessel might be useful against Union ships and break the blockade of Charleston Harbor. The Hunley was placed on a railcar and shipped to South Carolina.

The submarine experienced problems upon its arrival. During a test run, the craft was accidentally swamped and submerged with its hatch open; only two men survived the accident. The ship was raised and repaired, after recruiting another crew that was willing to assume the risk of operating the submarine. Its inventor and namesake took command of his creation. On October 15, he took the submarine into Charleston Harbor for another test. In front of a crowd of spectators along the battery, the Hunley slipped below the surface and did not reappear. Horace Hunley and his entire crew perished.

Another willing crew volunteered and the Hunley went back into service. On February 17, 1864, the ship headed out of Charleston Harbor and approached the U.S.S. Housatonic. The Hunley struck a torpedo into the Union ship and then backed away before the explosion. The Housatonic sank in shallow water, and the Hunley became the first submarine to sink a ship in battle. However, its first successful mission was also its last, the Hunley never returned, presumed lost, taking yet another crew to their final fate.

## ***"I WILL STUDY THE WAY THAT IS BLAMELESS"***

*When we were children, we would study the ways of our parents. It wasn't always a deep thought process, but our minds recorded the way they entered a room, the way they struck up a conversation with strangers in the grocery line. We were learning from them not just how they acted but how we, too, should act.*

*Even though we are now adults, this process of studying others never stopped. At work we learn how good leaders manage meetings. At home we learn how good friends care for others. And as Christians we are called to study and imitate the greatest role model of all, Jesus. We read in our bible how Jesus led the disciples, built relationships with others, stood up for what was right, and so much more. But our learning from Jesus does not stop from just observing ancient stories. We are to imitate what we learn. We need to take some time today to study our role model, Jesus. Jesus' way is a clear and blameless path for us to follow.*

***WE PRAY FOR THOSE WHO HAVE RECENTLY LOST LOVED ONES, THE SICK, POOR AND NEEDY, KNOWING THAT GOD WILL LOOK OVER US ALL.***

***"GREAT ROLE MODEL, HELP US TO OBSERVE AND IMITATE YOU." AMEN***



***Chaplains Prayer List:*** Please remember our camp compatriots and their family members who are having health problems or have lost a loved one in your prayers.



**Bill Calliham**



## CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

2019

Event	Date	Contact / Web Site
Hampton Redshirts	Nov. 5, 2019	Meets 6:30 PM – 7:30 PM <b>1st Tuesday of the Month</b> – Cayce Museum – 1800 12 <sup>th</sup> Street, Cayce, SC
John M. Kinard Camp 35	Nov. 6, 2019	Meets 7:00 PM <b>1st Wednesday of the Month</b> – Hawg Heaven – Hwy. 76, Prosperity, SC
Palmetto Camp 22	Nov. 7, 2019	Meets 6:30 PM <b>1st Thursday of the Month</b> – Cayce Museum, 1800 12 <sup>th</sup> Street, Cayce, SC

SC 17 <sup>th</sup> Regiment Camp 2069	Nov. 18, 2019	Meets 7:00PM <b>Third Monday of the Month</b> – 6822 Barnwell Rd. Hilda, SC
15 <sup>th</sup> Regt. S.C. Volunteers Camp 51	Oct. 29, 2019	Meets 6:30 PM <b>last Tuesday of the Month</b> – Lizards Thicket – 4616 Augusta Rd. Lexington, SC
Gen. Paul Quattlebaum Camp 412	Oct. 29, 2019	Meets 7:00 PM <b>Last Tuesday of the Month</b> – Shealy's BBQ – 340 East Columbia Ave., Batesburg-Leesville, SC

## ADJUTANT'S DESK

CHARLIE BRAY

Compatriots part of my morning ritual is checking Google News to see what is happening in the world. Recently a listing caught my eye titled **“Imagining the foul stench of the Confederate States of America.”** I suspect anyone of you would have read the article had you seen it. The article appeared in an online website known as the Last Call in Baltimore, MD on 30-Sept-2019. I suppose the only thing that can be said about the letter is the woman who wrote it does not fit the description of what we think of as the “Southern Lady” or for that matter a lady. To me she represents the shallowness of those individuals who want to remove our monuments and history. I suspect she is typical of the person who would vandalize a cemetery, ANY monument and participate in gang violence to obtain their goals.

An example is the recent vandalism of the Wright Brothers monument at Kill Devil Hills which is owned by the National Park Service. The following is a copy of the article which appeared in the Outer Banks Voice.

The National Park Service is asking for the public's help in connection with vandalism and theft at the Wright Brothers Monument in Kill Devil Hills.

The copper reproduction bust of Orville Wright, located at the foot of the monument, was stolen, and the heavy granite base that the bust was mounted to was toppled over and damaged either on the night of Oct. 12 or early in the morning on Oct. 13.

National Park Service Rangers and local law enforcement officials are investigating this crime. If you have information that could help solve this case, please contact the [Dare County Community CrimeLine](#) or the National Park Service's Investigative Services Branch (ISB).

You can Call or text the ISB Tip Line at 888-653-0009. Or go online at <http://www.nps.gov/isb> and click “Submit a Tip”

After you have read the following letter and the newspaper article about the vandalism of the Wright Brothers monument, I want to implore each of you to go to your calendars and on **Wednesday, February 12, 2020** enter **“Legislative Day Rally”** South Carolina State House. Gentlemen we need a **“LARGE”** turnout of nicely dressed men and women to be at the State House in support of the two bills we are trying to get passed which will improve the existing “Heritage Act” and the “Cemetery” laws. As the rally date gets closer I will be providing more details regarding time and gathering place. I have attached copies of the two bills and hopefully each of you will read them and use this information to inform and educate your family, friends and strangers and gain additional support for what we are trying to do.

As in previous Legionaries we still have some outstanding renewals. I encourage those of you who have not renewed your memberships to do so as soon as possible. If you have any questions regarding your renewal, please contact me via e-mail or phone.

### Contact Info:

Charlie Bray  
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Cell TN: 803-414-6808  
Email: [cdbiii@bellouth.net](mailto:cdbiii@bellouth.net)



## Last Call: Imagining the foul stench of the Confederate States of America (Allison Robicelli - Yesterday 9/30/19 4:14pm)



A few months ago, I drove to Gettysburg to get some hot dogs—explicitly for the fact that they call their regional style “hot wieners”—and caught a bit of the Civil War history bug while I was there. I’m by no means an expert on the subject and don’t intend to become one, but I’ve been enjoying Ken Burns’ authoritative documentary on the war almost every night as I fall asleep. As I write this, I’ve now made it through almost 48 minutes while in a conscious state and have also had quite an alarming number of terrifying dreams.

This past weekend was 80th anniversary of The Senator Theater, a independently owned art deco movie house in beautiful, sunny Baltimore, Maryland. To celebrate the occasion, they were screening a movie that is also marking it’s 80th anniversary, a movie quite relevant to my newfound interests that I somehow had never seen: *Gone With the Wind*. I’m not very good at scheduling “me time,” but tickets were only twenty-five cents and man oh man do I just love a bargain. After digging some spare nickels out of the couch, I was off to finally see the fields of Tara the way they were meant to be experienced: projected up on the big screen in all its Technicolor glory.

A sophisticated viewer might have left the theater wanting to discuss *Gone With the Wind*’s impact on the last 80 years of cinema, or perhaps examine the issues of race in fictional depictions of the antebellum south. I, however, a woman whose brain compartmentalizes all Civil War content with steaming hot wieners and my subconscious erotic adventures of General William Tecumseh Sherman, could only think about confederate underpants.

Personally, I am ready to get butt naked the instant that summertime humidity breaches 90%, and I’ve never even ventured as far down as Georgia. If your society has chosen to establish itself in a land where the weather is perpetually hot and gross, why are the men wearing multiple layers of clothing? How are the women walking with full length bloomers and corsets under their hoop skirts? Why isn’t everyone passing out or complaining loudly? How can anyone romanticize the Old South when all of society smelled like a sack of decapitated butts? None of this makes any sense to me. Are any of you kind folks out there Civil War buffs who could have some insight? Or perhaps we can just talk about my General Sherman sex dreams, which are just as gross as you’re imagining.

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## Quote: Robert E. Lee

“Everyone should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity. History is not the relation of campaigns and battles and generals or other individuals, but that which shows the principles for which the South contended, and which justified her struggle for those principles.”

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## Kate Cumming: Confederate immigrant nurse and the Shiloh disaster



Kate Cumming was born in Scotland but came to Alabama as a girl and was passionately devoted to the South; when Virginia seceded, she records, she was "delirious with joy." At the outbreak of the war she offered her services as a nurse and nursed faithfully from Cornith to the end. Her journal tells us how much nursing was a social affair rather than a medical, how much it depended on the help and generosity of the women of the South.

September 27 [1863]. A Methodist minister, Dr. Heustis, made a speech at the depot calling upon the people to send up food and nurses to Chickamauga, as General Bragg has gone after the enemy, and expects to recapture Chattanooga. All who could, went immediately to work to cook food to send off.

September 28.-This morning a meeting was held on the same subject, and Mrs. Johnston and I attended. Dr. Heustis' description of the sufferings of the men would have touched the heart of the most hardened. He said he could only tell us about our own men, and if they were suffering so much, we could guess what the prisoners were enduring. He said the principal thing needed was something to eat, and that if a basketful of biscuit were to be placed in one place where he saw some wounded men, that they would send up a shout of joy that would rend the air. He urged all who could possibly go with supplies, to do so immediately, but said there was no place there for ladies. The enemy had destroyed part of the railroad, and the wounded were taken to a place called the "Burnt Shed," some twenty miles from the battlefield, there to await transportation on the cars. Money was collected on the spot, and many promised provisions.

I made up my mind to go, though many begged me not to do so. Having friends in Ringgold, I knew I could not be very bad off; so collecting all the provisions and old linen I could, I started that afternoon....

The torn-up track to Ringgold had been re-laid, so we went on to that place and arrived about dark. I found what had been the Bragg hospital filled with wounded men awaiting transportation. Oh, how sad and dreary all appeared! There was not a single light in the whole building, except that which came from a fire outside, around which stood several slightly wounded soldiers shivering from cold. The balconies were filled with wounded men, wrapped in their blankets, lying on the floors. I found one room full, where all were suffering for want of water. These men were waiting to be transported to the cars.

Early the next morning I hurried back to the hospital, where I was kept busy nearly all-day rolling bandages. I was assisted by a young man, Mr. Dearing, from Kentucky, who was disabled by a wound in the arm. It was as much as we could do to supply the demands of the doctors. Rev. Mr. Green and my Negro servant were kept busy dressing wounds. We were seated on an upper gallery, where we could see the ambulances come in from the battlefield. I saw as many as fifty come in at one time, and a dismal sight they presented. There had been no rain for some time, and the dust was so fearful that when the men were taken out of the wagons you could scarcely tell what color they were. Rolling bandages was a necessity, but it was a great trial for us, for we would so much rather have been waiting upon the wounded. At last we were told we had rolled enough for that day, and we gladly went downstairs to see what we could do.

Dr. Devine had wine and other delicacies sent to him for the soldiers from Mississippi, and he gave me an ample supply as I was leaving Newnan. I got a bucket, and nearly filling it with the wine, put in water and sugar, making a delicious drink. This, with eatables in a basket, Mr. Dearing and I carried around, and it was highly appreciated by the men. The Mississippians were more than pleased on telling them where the wine came from. By this time the soldiers had been supplied with plenty of food, so were not suffering from hunger. We also visited the cars, which were standing on the tracks filled with wounded.

The next morning, the 30th, I arose bright and early, and hurriedly partaking of my breakfast, went to the hospital.... I had always wished to go on a battlefield-not from any idle curiosity, but from a desire to know the worst, and see if I could be of any use. While thinking over the matter, I met a Mrs. Weir, of Griffin, Ga., whose son had lost a leg in the battle, and was in a private house near the battlefield. She had come to nurse him and said she would go with me to the battlefield if I would go out with her to see her son. Hundreds of wagons were coming in, but none returning that day. After a while, a nice looking, covered private wagon came along, and after depositing its load of humanity, Mr. Dearing asked the owner to take us, but this, he stoutly refused to do, saying his horses were completely worn out. Mr. D. then said that one of the ladies had nursed, at least, one thousand Confederates. On hearing this, he immediately drew up and invited us all in.

We traveled over the roughest roads imaginable, and the thought occurred to me that if the wounded were brought this way they must indeed suffer. The surmise proved to be correct, for we met hundreds of wagons loaded with sufferers and wounded on foot wending their way to Ringgold.

We left Mrs. Weir at Mr. Strickland's, where her son was, and Mr. Tedford begged me to go on further, to Mr. Hunt's, where were the wounded of Hindman's division. He informed me that an excellent young lady, Mr. Hunt's daughter, was doing much for the wounded, and would be glad of my assistance. The temptation was a great one, as I had never seen a field hospital; neither had I heard anything certain about my brother, and as he was in the same brigade, I felt assured I would hear something of him. On our way I met Dr. Ray going to see a brother, whom he had just heard was badly wounded. He and several other surgeons had been wandering about for two days looking for the hospitals. They had had nothing to eat except a pig, which they had "pressed." I think he said they had been at General Cleburn's division hospital, and the first day they were there they dressed the wounds of twelve hundred men. This seems almost incredible, but we have had many more wounded than killed, and all of the wounded of the enemy were left in our hands. He also informed me that at first, they had no food for the men nor rags with which to dress their wounds. I promised to send them some rags and also to visit the hospital.

I found Mr. Hunt's home a very pretty cottage in the midst of a garden, which before the battle had been filled with fine shrubbery and flowers, but was now covered with tents, flies and sheds filled with wounded. Every corner of the house was filled with wounded, many of them lying upon bunks made out of the branches of trees, a hard bed at any time, but much more so for these poor wounded veterans.

As we rode out of the yard, I tried to look neither to the right nor the left, for I knew that many eyes were sadly gazing at us from their comfortless sheds and tents. I gazed in the direction of the battlefield and thought of the nameless dead who were there. A nation weeps for them; and on that day nature, like Rachel, was shedding tears for her children because they were not. The awful conflict which had so recently raged between brother and brother was vividly pictured to my mind. Oh! what a field of fratricide was there. It wrings from one the cry of the brave Falkland of old: "Peace! peace! when will it come?"





## Important Dates in Lincoln's War to Prevent Southern Independence

- Oct. 1, 1861 **Pamlico Sound, N.C.** – On this date a Confederate force captured the Union supply steamer, USS Fanny, at Pamlico Sound. With the capture of the Fanny, the Confederates also captured 31 prisoners and a large number of much needed military supplies.
- Oct. 26, 1861 The CSS Sumter was sailing in the Atlantic Ocean when it spotted the Union schooner, USS Trowbridge. The Sumter captured the Trowbridge, took its crew prisoner, and then burned the ship.
- Oct. 10, 1862 **Fairview Heights, MD**– On this date, a small group of Confederates, commanded by Maj. Gen. JEB Stuart, captured a Union signal station on Fairview Heights.
- Oct. 20, 1862 **Bardstown, KY** – On this date Col. John H. Morgan and his Confederate raiders were travelling on the Louisville Road near Bardstown when they discovered a large Union force moving in their direction. Morgan ordered his troops to dodge the Federals, which they managed to do. The Confederates then found a 150-wagon supply train, captured it, and burned all of the wagons.
- Oct. 3, 1863 **McMinnville, TN** – On this date, Col. John A. Wharton and his Confederate force reached McMinnville. The town and its 400-man Union garrison quickly fell to the Confederates. Afterwards, Wharton ordered his men to begin destroying all of the supplies in town, which they did.
- Oct. 4, 1864 **Acworth, GA** – On this date, a Confederate corps entered the towns of Acworth and Big Shanty. In both towns, they quickly captured the Union garrison and tore up a total of 15 miles of railroad tracks.
- Oct. 13, 1864 **Kearneysville, WV** – On this date, Col. John S. Mosby led his Confederate Rangers into West Virginia. When they were near Kearneysville, west of Harper's Ferry, they took up a section of railroad tracks. They then wrecked a passenger train, and seized \$173,000, largely from two army paymasters. After this, Mosby ordered his troops to set fire to the train, burning it up.

**THURSDAY,  
OCTOBER 24  
6:00 P.M.**



**SEAWELL'S  
1125 Rosewood Drive  
Columbia, SC**

**Speaker**

**Dr. Kirk Wood  
("The Past is Prologue")**

WWW.WADEHAMPTONCAMP.ORG



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C/O Adjutant Charles D. Bray III

A Non-Profit Organization

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The Official Publication of

**The Legionary**

