

THE HOWLING DAWG

June 2018

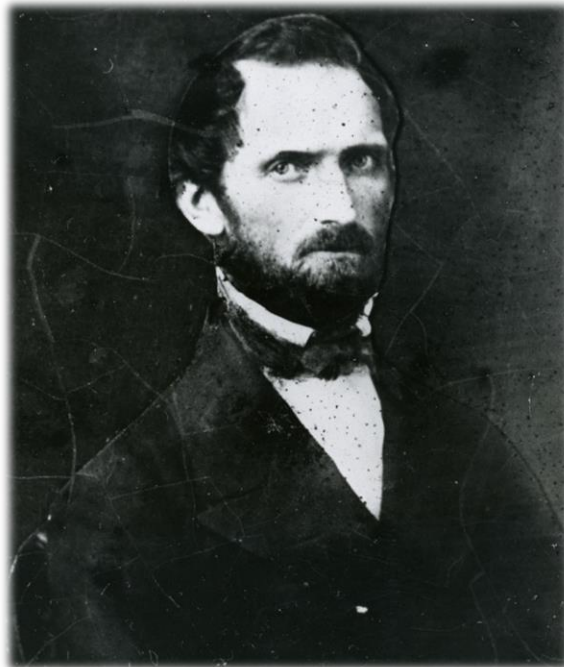


Maxine at Clinton War Days 2018

16th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company G
"The Jackson Rifles"

Live Simply, Love Deeply, Fight Hard, Die Well

Another look at "Stonewall" Jackson - the man ...



Mrs. Julia Preston, granddaughter of "Stonewall" Jackson owned this ambrotype. It is one of three varied sittings made in New Orleans, about July 20, 1848, on way back from Mexico. - *West Virginia & Regional History Center*

It is written, of The Lord Jesus Christ, that if all HE did *"should be written ... even the world itself could not contain the books that should be."* (John 21:25) Certainly that *could not* be said of General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, but there is no doubt that more has been penned about him than many of the men of this world. Yet, there are pockets of fascinating information contained here and there have been less considered in our study of the life of one of the great military intellects of all time. If he were here to speak for himself, among us today, he would likely offer, like General Robert E. Lee that

"... I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation."

TOM JACKSON - GARDENER

From the 1895 Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson by Mary Anna Jackson:

His garden was a source of great pleasure to him: he worked in it a great deal with his own hands, and cultivated it in quite a scientific way. He studied Buist's Kitchen Garden (a book given to him by an enthusiastic brother-officer in the Army), and had an elaborate calendar for planting. So successful was he as a gardener that he raised more vegetables than our family could consume. His early training upon his uncle's farm had instilled into him a love for rural pursuits and it was not long until he gratified his desire to possess a little farm of his own, which embraced twenty acres near town. There, he grew wheat, corn and other produce, frequently joining his servants in manual labor. He would sell the farm during the War and invest the proceeds in Confederate bonds to assist the government.



(left: Jackson's garden, today)

During the spring of 1859, I was not well and journeyed to New York for several weeks of treatment. On April 27th Thomas wrote to me "all your fruit trees are yielding fruit this year ... we had lettuce for dinner today from your hot bed." On May 7th another letter detailed "I send you a flower from your garden, and could have sent you one in full bloom, but I thought this one, which is just opening would be in a better state of preservation" upon arrival. He had previously written about a very promising peach crop but "I was mistaken about your garden fruit being peaches; they turned out to be apricots ... you must come home before they get ripe ... our potatoes are coming up ... we have had uncommonly dry weather for nearly a fortnight (2 weeks), and your garden had been thirsting for rain until last evening, when the weather commenced changing, and today we have had some rain. How I wish you were here now to share with me the pleasures of home and our garden."

I returned home only to leave again in September for more treatment, but this time at a closer hospital. Thomas again wrote to me that he watered my "flowers this morning, hoed another row of turnips, and expected to hill some celery in the evening". Before I could return home, the news came of John Brown's attack on Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, on October 16, 1859. At the request of the Governor, the Virginia Military Institute sent two companies of cadets to Charles Town to help maintain order at Brown's execution, and Thomas Jackson was one of the officers present. From there, the lead-up to War took its course, and "Stonewall" Jackson would become a household name for his role in it ... but there was no more gardening ...

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MASTER

"The first slave Tom Jackson ever owned was a man named Albert, who came to him and begged that he would buy him on the condition that he might be permitted to emancipate himself by a return of the purchase money, as he would be able to pay it in annual installments. "Major" Jackson granted his request, although he had to wait several years before the debt could be paid, and my impression is that it was not fully paid when War broke out. This man, Albert, hired himself out as a hotel-waiter, and was never an inmate of our family, except on one occasion, when he had a long spell of illness, and Tom Jackson took him to his home to care for him as Albert had no family of his own.

22222The next servant that came into his possession was an old woman, Amy, who was about to be sold for debt, and who sought from him a deliverance from her troubles. This was some time before our marriage, when he had no use for her services: but his kind heart was moved by her situation, and he yielded to her entreaties, and gave her a home in a good Christian family, until he had one of his own.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MASTER (CONTINUED)

"She proved her gratitude by serving him faithfully. She was one of the best cooks, and was a real treasure to me in my new experience as a housekeeper. After our home as broken up by the War, old Aunt Amy languished and died in the house of a ... woman in Lexington, with Jackson paying all her expenses of board, medical attendance, and comforts. She was not suffered to want for anything, a kind friend looking after her, at his request, and providing for her suitable burial.

Hardly had this poor old servant breathed her last when the friend who had been engaged to care for her wrote to General Jackson and though he was then in the field, with other things to think of, he said the reading of it "*moved him to tears.*" In it the friend writes: *'I would have wished that your letter had come a few hours earlier that poor Aunt Amy's heart might have been refreshed by the evidences of your Christian remembrance and kindness. Before it reached me, she had passed beyond the need of earthly aid or sympathy, and I do trust was an adoring, wondering spirit before the Throne. She died last night at midnight without any fear, and as I believe, with a simple reliance on Jesus for salvation. It was only the death of a poor slave - a most insignificant thing in men's eyes - and yet may we not hope that there was joy in heaven over another ransomed soul - one in whom the Savior saw the result of 'his travail' and was 'satisfied.'* ... I called to see her a few minutes last Friday – found her sitting up, though suffering much. She told me that she wanted to thank you for that money, and to let you know about her. She expressed entire resignation to God's will, and trust in Christ alone ... I knew that it would be your wish that she should have a well-ordered burial, so Dr. White attended, and my servants tell me that it is many a day since so large a ... funeral has been seen in Lexington. It may seem very needless to write so minutely about a poor old servant, but I am sure your true Christian feeling will appreciate all that I have told you of the humble faith of this saved soul, gathered from your own household. The cup of cold water you have ministered to this poor disciple may avail more in the Master's eye than all the brilliant deeds with which you may glorify your country's battlefields. So differently do man and his Maker judge!'"



"Hetty, our chambermaid and laundress, was an importation from North Carolina. She had been my nurse in infancy, and from this fact there had always existed between us a bond of mutual interest and attachment. As she wished to live with me, my father transferred to me the ownership of herself and her two boys. Hetty was sent as a nurse to our first child, from her plantation-home in North Carolina to Lexington, and made the journey all alone, which was quite a feat for one so inexperienced as a "corn-field hand," in which capacity she had served for years. After traveling by stage-coach and railroad as far as Richmond (although she did not go down into South Carolina, around *Robin Hood's Barn*, and back again into North Carolina, as my sister Eugenia and I had done), she had to change cars, and being sorely bewildered in finding her train, she was asked where she was going, and her discouraged reply was: "*Why, I'm going to Virginia, but the Lord knows whether I will ever get there or not!*" She did, however, turn up all right at the end of her destination, and was so rejoiced at finding her young mistress at last that her demonstrations' were quite touching, as she laughed and cried by turns.

That she was fully equal to taking care of herself is instanced by the following: On her return to North Carolina during the War, she was gain traveling alone, and while changing trains she saw a man pick up her little, old hair trunk – her own personal property, containing all her valuables – and suspecting his honesty, with a determination to stand up for her rights, she called out to him peremptorily: "*Put down that trunk; that's General Jackson's trunk!*"

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MASTER (CONCLUDED)

"Hetty was an energetic, impulsive, quick-tempered woman, with some fine traits, but inclined to self assertion, particularly as she felt her importance in being so much the senior of her new master and mistress. But she soon realized, from the spirit which "commanded his household after him," that her only course must be that of implicit obedience. After learning this lesson she toned down into a well-mannered, useful domestic, and indeed she became a factotum in the household, rendering valuable service in the house, garden and upon the farm. The farm was her favorite field of labor, for the freedom of the country was as sweet to her as the birds of the air. She became devoted to her master, was the nurse to his infant child at the time of his death, and was a sincere mourner for him, her tears flowing freely; and she said she *'had lost her best friend'*.

Hetty's two boys, Cyrus (called Cy) and George, between the ages of twelve and sixteen ... and Major Jackson used to say that if these boys were left to themselves they would be sure to go back to barbarism; and yet he was un-wearying in his efforts to elevate them. At his request I taught them to read, and he required them to attend regularly family worship, Sunday-school, and church. He was a very strict but kind master, giving to his servants "that which is just and equal," but exacting of them prompt obedience. He thought the best rule for both parents and masters was, after making prohibitory laws and knowing they were understood, never to threaten, but punish, for first offenses, and make such an impression that the offence would not be repeated.

There was one other little servant in the family, named Emma, whom the master took under his sheltering roof at the solicitation of an aged lady in town, to whom the child became a care after having been left an orphan. The arrangement was made during my absence from home, and without my knowledge, my husband thinking that, although Emma was of the tender age of only four years, she would make a nice little maid for me in the future. On my return he took great pleasure in surprising me with this new present, which, by the way, proved rather a troublesome one at first, but with the lapse of time she became useful, though never a treasure. She was not bright, but he persevered in drilling her into memorizing a child's catechism, and it was a most amusing picture to see her standing before him with fixed attention, as if she were straining every nerve, and reciting her answers with the drop of a courtesy at each word. She had not been taught to do this, but it was such an effort for her to learn that she assumed this motion involuntarily."

"MAJOR" JACKSON - SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

By Margaret Junkin Preston (1820-1897)

Some three or four years before the opening of the War, two persons were conversing together as to what could be done for the better religious instruction of the of the Negroes around them. They lived in



General Jackson' Family Bible

the heart of Virginia, where there was no carrying out of stringent laws against any instruction of the slaves which their white owners were willing to give them. Portions of all the churches, in the town of which I speak, were set apart for their use, and large numbers of them belonged to the different denominations. Still it was apparent that the Sunday services, intended for the whites, were largely above the comprehension of the ordinary Negro. Sunday schools had been gotten up for them at various times,

but they had not been a success in region of which I speak. "*Major*," said the young lady to her friend - (September 13, 1847: Brevet Major, United States Army (appointed March 1849) who had left the army under the influence of the Christian principle, and was now a professor - *I have a great notion to announce among the servants*

“MAJOR” JACKSON - SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT (CONTINUED)

of our neighbors that I will have a Bible class for them in my father's study every Sunday afternoon. I think I have somewhat of a gift for simplifying Bible teaching, and believe can interest these people enough to bring as many together as I could teach. What do you think of my plan?"

He mused a little while before returning any answer. "Since you propose the thing," he said, "I think I can hit upon a better plan; which is that, instead of collecting merely the servants of your neighbors in your father's study, we should get up, in our church lecture room, a regular Sunday school, for the servants at large."

"But that has been tried," was the rejoinder. "You know our friends T--- and R--- gave such a school their best endeavors, and it dwindled away."

"But it shall succeed if I undertake it, because I make it a point to weigh all circumstances before I act; and if the thing is feasible, and I am right, then I make it succeed, if that is possible. Now, this is the plan I would adopt: So that no fault could be found with my action, I will go around to the principle householders in the town, and ask their permission to gather their servants into an afternoon Sunday school. Then, after I have so gathered them, for two or three Sundays, I will undertake them myself.

"And not let me give you any help?" Interposed the young lady.

"Yes, I shall be glad of your help in due time, especially as the first suggestion has come from you; but let me try my own powers of organization first, and let me test the manageability of the Negroes. If I find that they are docile, and willing to receive instruction, then I'll open the lecture-room doors to you, and to as many other teachers as are willing to assist."

Accordingly, during the ensuing week the Major went round to the principle owners of servants in the place, and stated his plan. There being four or five churches of as many different denominations in the town, of course these slaveholders belonged to all these different denominations. There was not a single objection made to the plan proposed. Indeed, masters and mistresses universally hailed it with pleasure. The Major then addressed himself to some of the most influential men and women among the slave population whom he knew, and found them willing to send their children or come themselves to the school.

The first Sunday they were collected together, and he was surprised at the goodly number that presented themselves. He had simple prayer and singing, he himself conducting the music. For he knew well that a Negro meeting of any sort without singing was not to be thought of, singing constituting so large a part of their worship. He then explained to them, in a very familiar style, the need we all have of being taught the way of salvation; and he asked them if they did not think a colored Sunday school would be a good thing to help them find that way.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" a half hundred voices called out. "That is right, "Major"! Give us a Sunday school."

"Well," he went on to say, "I've been to see your masters and mistresses, and they are all glad to have something done in this way for you; but they are not going to make you come to the school. They want you to come, but they can't make Christians of you unless you are willing to be taught yourselves. Now I won't undertake to start a school unless you all promise me that you will try and come regularly to it. If you come one Sunday, and stay away the next, that won't do; you must be willing of your own accord to come regularly, and be regular members of a class. If you promise me this, there are plenty of young white men and young white women who would be glad to teach, and who will come every Sunday to do it. Whoever wishes to become a regular member of the school let him come forward and give me his name. There was a forward movement at once at once among the audience; men and women, gray-headed, some of them, half-grown girls and boys, and toddling children, began to proclaim their names.

"Put down my name, "Major", and "I'm comin'," "I'm comin'," "Me too." "Me too," was heard on all sides; and before the three-quarters of an hour, to which the Major had limited the service, was over, he

"MAJOR" JACKSON - SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT (CONTINUED)

had fifty names on his roll. The next Sunday, the aspect of the school was very encouraging; the number was augmented, and there was an evident interest taken in the exercises.

This continued for two or three Sundays, when, according to the Major's plan; he invited various young ladies and gentlemen of the town to his assistance, and divided off the school into regular classes.

The young superintendent's interest grew with his work; the organization became systematic, even to a rigid degree, but the attendance only increased. The instruction was almost wholly oral, as only a few of the older servants had been taught to read. Brown's Child's Catechism, which most of the Sunday school teachers of thirty years ago will remember, was taught and in a surprisingly short period many of the larger pupils learned it by heart. The mistresses at home often taught the lesson to their servants, and thus they would come prepared to answer the questions.

Amusing things sometimes occurred. It was first impossible to persuade any of them to use the word "*Devil*" in answer to a question; when asked "Who tempted Adam?" their reply would be "*Saatan*" (pronounced as we pronounced the word "satin") or "*De Old Boy.*" Not for some years after the school had been in operation were they willing to call the Prince of Evil by any other name. As one of the teachers, I was very much diverted (and this was many years after the school had been in operation) by the answer of an old woman to the question, "Did God make all things?" She put her hand to her mouth as if she feared that his satanic majesty might overhear her: "*Lord, miss, is that so? I've heard as how satan makes all the snakes!*"

There was no end of the trouble the Major took with his school. It began to be the very apple of his eye. If any of the regular pupils were absent, he would invariably visit the master or mistress to make inquiries as to the reason of their non-attendance. More than this; he had slips printed with the name of every pupil, on which he made out monthly reports, carrying them himself, every fourth Saturday, to the owners of the pupils, that they might know the truth in regard to their attendance. He cultivated the acquaintance of every scholar in the school, from the old "gran-dad" down to the little pickaninny. Often, as I have been walking down the streets with him, I have been touched by the courtesy of their politeness to "Mars' Major." None of them did he ever pass without lifting his cap to them; and not a child passed him without giving a pull at his frizzy forelock, or curtsying till her apron touched the ground. Thus the school continued to grow and flourish, and its fine effect was everywhere apparent among the Negro population. They were more orderly, they kept the Sabbath day better, and from the Sunday school many of them passed into church membership. This continued up to the opening of the War, when the demand came for officers and men to form the Confederate Army. The "Major" was summoned from his post, at first to become a drill-master for the raw recruits that were ordered by the Governor to collect at Harper's Ferry. There was nothing except his home that the "Major" tore himself away with keen regret and reluctance as from his beloved colored Sunday school; and his pupils parted with him we cannot say with how many tears. Little did they or we imagine how wide a sphere of action this young superintendent was to have, as compared with his duties in the Military College, or his unremitting labors in the colored Sunday school; for this young "Major" of whom we speak became afterward one of the most renowned leaders of armies, - the "*Stonewall Jackson*" of the War.

But the school did not stop operations for one single Sunday, notwithstanding the absence of the superintendent. A fellow-professor in the Military College (afterwards one of Stonewall Jackson's staff) took up the work the Major dropped into his hands, and conducted the school with the same orderly system. Even during the absence of this second superintendent, in the camp or on the battlefield, pains were always taken to have his place supplied by someone willing to take up the work. And when the "Major" became a general, sweeping back and forth through his native Virginia at the head of

“MAJOR” JACKSON - SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT (CONTINUED)

his army, he rarely wrote a letter home in which something was not said about his well-beloved Sunday school. Success or defeat, anxiety or suffering, glory or grief, nothing made him forget it, or cease to be interested in its welfare I believe it is a matter of fact that never during the four years of War were the services of the school interrupted, unless on some Sunday when the town was in possession of Federal troops, or some terrible battle had occurred that spread consternation over the entire community. And when the dead General was brought back to his home, wrapped in the flag for which he had died, there were not many more sincere mourners at his grave than these very people, whom he had done so much to teach the way of life.

After the close of the War, it was a question with the second superintendent, into whose hands the charge of the school fell, whether the Negroes, now so suddenly freed, would be willing to attend the school, as such attendance was entirely optional, and not only so, but as there was probability that the old slaves would separate themselves, as far as religious teaching was concerned, from the whites. But the result was otherwise. There was no diminution in the attendance upon the school; indeed, it became larger, until it attained to three times its original number. Every effort was made to teach the children to read. Sunday school papers were introduced for distribution, an organ was got for the school, and one of the most brilliant musicians in town conducted the music every Sunday. The system of lessons was widened; series on the life of our Lord, on the parables, on the miracles, on Old Testament history, on the Commandments, on the Lord's Prayer, on the Creed, were regularly taken up, and no pains were spared to make the teaching as thorough as the mind of the pupils could take it. And well were the superintendent and teachers rewarded for their labors. When the sessions of the school came to final close, it would not have been easy to find anywhere a white Sunday school to which the pupils gave greater evidence of comprehensive Biblical knowledge. The music of the school was particularly fine, and many a visitor had been thrilled by it, and has listened in wonder to answer which displayed the clearest understanding of what might be called systematic theology.

"There is scarcely any height to which you cannot conduct your pupils, if you will only make the steps short enough," was the favorite axiom of the second superintendent. (It must be remembered, that the school, which was in operation over thirty years, never had but two superintendents.) He made the step short, and it will not be possible for these pupils ever to forget the system of Gospel truth so taught.

Three Negro churches were formed in the town, and multitudes of the pupils became members of these churches. In many instances, young men went abroad from the school for further instruction, and became preachers to their own people.

Thus, the state of things has continued up to the present year, the superintendent remaining the same, and many of the teachers in the school being those who first took up the work. No white school in the town was ever taught with more assiduity or unfailing interest; and the result of these labors, from beginning to end, has been of the most gratifying kind.

The most harmonious feeling has existed between the other colored Sunday schools and this one, although these others were wholly taught by colored people. But with the last year or two, it has been thought well to let these colored schools absorb the Negro children, because it seemed too much to expect them to attend two schools every Sunday. So, a few months ago, it was concluded that the labors of the white school might well now come to a close. It had been in operation over thirty years; it had done an inestimable work in its day; the necessity for its existence was no longer such as it had been. And so, within the year that is passing, the labors of the Major's schools were brought to a close.

"That day for which all other days were made" can only reveal a grander work, in the eyes of God, in leading his little battalion of colored people into the paths of peace, than when, at the head of his enthusiastic army, he was making a name which has since echoed over the world.

An Eyewitness Account of Stonewall Jackson's Wounding

Head Quarters 2nd Army Corps

May 1863

Col. C. J. Faulkner, A.A. Gen.

Sir, At your request I will endeavor to give you a correct account of the manner in which Gen. Jackson was wounded. Gen. J. attacked the enemy in the rear near the Wilderness Church on the evening of the 2nd of May and drove the enemy before him till about 9 o'clock p.m. when the firing ceased. The road on which we were advancing ran nearly due east & west & our line extended across this road & at right angles to it, our front being towards Chancellorsville or facing east. The gallant [Brig. Gen. Robert E.] Rodes with his veterans drove the enemy at the rate of nearly two miles per hour, and cheer after cheer rent the air as our victorious columns drove the enemy from his chosen position. I have never seen Gen. J. seem so well pleased with his success as that evening—he was in unusually fine sprits and every time he heard the cheering of our men which is ever the signal of victory—he raised his right hand a few seconds as if in acknowledgement of the blessing and to return thanks to God for the victory. About 9 o'clock the firing ceased and all seemed quiet and Gen. J. ordered Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill to the front to relieve Gen. Rodes whose command had been engaged all the evening and who was consequently ordered back to the rear to rest his troops. Gen. J. now rode to the front and meeting Gen. R. said to him "Gen. I congratulate you and your command for your gallant conduct and I shall take pleasure in giving you a good name in my report," and rode on to the front passing Gen. Hill, who was in front getting his command in position & fortifying his line—Gen. J. ordered Capt. [James K.] Boswell, his Chief Engineer to report to Gen. Hill for orders and sent Capt. [James P.] Smith, his aide-de-camp off with orders. Maj. [Alexander S.] Pendleton, A. A. Gen. had previously been sent off with orders. I had just returned from carrying an order and had just reported that his order had been delivered, when he replied as is his custom "very good." So there was no one left with Gen. J at this time, but myself and Messrs. Wm. E. Cunliffe & W. T. Wynn of the Signal Corps, and Capt. [William F.] Randolph in charge of the few couriers present. Gen. J with this escort was now at about fifty or sixty yards more or less distance in advance of Gen. Hill who was in advance of his troops. Gen. [James H.] Lane's Brigade extended across the road just in the rear of Gen. Hill, and commenced firing at us from the right for some cause I suppose taking us for the enemy and the firing extended unexpectedly along his whole line. When the firing commenced all our horses had been frightened and started off—some moving into the enemy's lines. At the first fire some of the horses were shot from under their riders and several persons killed or wounded. Mr. Cunliffe of the Signal Corps fell in a few feet of Gen. J., mortally wounded. Gen. J.'s horse dashed off in the opposite direction, that is to the left, at the first firing, as did all of the escort who escaped this fire & who could control their horses. I was at Gen. J.'s left side & kept there. When we had gotten about fifteen or twenty paces to the left of the road, we came up in a few yards of the troops of this same Brigade on the left of the road and received their fire, as the fire had by that time extended to the extreme left of the Brigade and it was by this last fire that Gen. J. was struck in three places, viz, in the left arm half way between the elbow & shoulder, in the left wrist, and in the palm of the right hand. The troops who fired at us did not appear to be more than thirty yards off, as I could see them though it was after 9 o'clock P.M. He held his reins in his left hand which immediately dropped by his side and his horse perfectly frantic dashed back into the road, passing under the limb of a tree which took off his cap, and ran down the road towards the enemy. I followed, losing my cap at the same bush—but before I could catch his horse & when about fifty yards from where he was wounded, he succeeded in getting his reins in his right hand—also disabled—and turned his head towards our lines and he then ran up the road. We were

now so far in advance of our troops as to be out of their range. Just as his horse got within twenty paces of where we were first fired at—Mr. Wynn & myself succeeded in catching his horse and stopping him. The firing had now ceased and no one was in sight—save we three—Gen. J. looked up the road towards our troops apparently much surprised at being fired at from that direction, but said nothing. Just then Mr. Wynn saw a man on horseback nearby and told him to "ride back & see what troops those are," pointing in the direction of our troops and he rode off at once—I then remarked, "those certainly must be our troops" and looked at Gen. J. to see what he would say, but he said nothing, though seemed to nodded assent to my remark. He continued looking up the road, standing perfectly still and uttered not a word till Mr. Wynn asked him if he was hurt much, when he replied "severely." I saw something must be done at once, and as I did not know whether he could ride back into our lines, I asked, "Gen. are you hurt very badly," he replied, "I fear my arm is broken." I then asked, "where are you struck," said he, "about half way between the elbow and shoulder." I asked, "Gen. are you hurt anywhere else," he replied, "yes, a slight wound in the right hand." I did not think from his looks that he could ride back into our lines for I saw he was growing very weak from loss of blood, nor did I know but what that same Brigade would fire at us again if we approached their line from that directions as we were then directly between our friends and the enemy, and if any difference nearest the enemy, and I was fearful the enemy might come up and demand our surrender as there was nothing to prevent it. I could not tolerate for one moment the idea of his falling into the enemy's hands. I then asked the question, "Gen. what should I do for you" when he said, "I wish you would see if my arm is bleeding much." I immediately dismounted, remarking, "try to work your fingers, if you can move your fingers at all the arm is not broken," when he tried & commented, "yes it is broken, I can't work my fingers." I then caught hold of his wrist and could feel the blood on his sleeve and gauntlet, and saw he was growing weak rapidly. I said, "Gen. I will have to rip your sleeve to get at your wound"—he had on an India rubber overcoat—and he replied "well you had better take me down too," at the same time leaning his body towards me—and I caught hold of him—he then said "take me off on the other side." I was then on the side of the broken arm & Mr. Wynn on the other. I replied and started to straighten on his horse to take him off on the other side, when he said "no, go ahead" and fell into my arms prostrated. Mr. Wynn took the right foot out of his stirrup & came around to my side to assist in extricating the left foot while I held him in my arms and we carried him a little ways out of the road to prevent our troops or anyone who might come along the road from seeing him, as I considered it necessary to conceal the fact of his being wounded from our own troops, if possible. We laid him down on his back under a little tree with his head resting on my right leg for a pillow, and proceeded to cut open his sleeve with my knife. I sent Mr. Wynn at once for Dr. [Hunter] McGuire & an ambulance as soon as I ripped up the India rubber, I said to him that I would have to cut off most of his sleeve, when he said "that is right, cut away everything." I then took off his opera glass & haversack which were in my way—remarking, "that it was most remarkable that any of us had escaped alive" & he said "yes it is providential." I was then under the impression that all the rest of the party accompanying him had been killed or wounded, which was not far from the truth. Gen. J. then said to me "Capt. I wish you would get me a skilful surgeon." I said "I have sent for Dr. McGuire and also an ambulance, as I am anxious to get you away as soon as possible, but as Dr. McGuire may be some distance off, I will get the nearest Surgeon to be found, in case you should need immediate attention," and seeing Gen. Hill approaching the spot where we were, I continued "there comes Gen. Hill, I will see if he can't furnish a Surgeon," and as Gen. H rode up, I said "Gen. H have you a surgeon with you, Gen. J. is wounded"—said Gen. H. "I can get you one" and turned to Capt. B[enjamin] W. Leigh who was acting aid de camp to him and told him to go to Gen. [Dorsey] Pender & bring his surgeon. Gen. H. dismounted and came to where Gen. J. was and said "Gen. I hope you are not badly hurt."

Gen. J. "my arm is broken." Gen. H. "Do you suffer much." Gen. J. "it is very painful." Gen. Hill pulled off his gloves which were full of blood, and supported his elbow and hand, while I tied a handkerchief around the wound. The ball passed through the arm, which was very much swollen, but did not seem to be bleeding at all then, so I said, "Gen. it seems to have ceased bleeding, I will first tie a handkerchief tight around the arm" to which he said, "very good." I then said, "I will make a sling to support your arm," to which he replied, "if you please." About this time the Surgeon of Pender's Brigade, Dr. [Richard R.] Barr came up and Gen. Hill announced his presence to Gen. J. & Gen. H. offered a tourniquet to fold around the arm but as it was not bleeding at the time and seemed to be doing very well, it was not put on. The Surgeon went off a few minutes for something & Gen. J. then asked in a whisper "is that man a skillful surgeon." Gen. H. said, "he stands high in his Brigade, but he does not propose doing anything—he is only here in case you should require immediate aid of a surgeon or till Dr. McGuire reaches you" Gen. J. "very good." At this time Capt. [Richard H. T.] Adams, signal officer offered Gen. Hill whiskey for Gen. J.—which Gen. H. asked him to drink. He hesitated and I also asked him to drink it, adding that it would help him very much. Gen. J. "had you not better put some water with it"—which was the cause of his hesitation. Gen. H. and I both insisted on his drinking it so and taking water after it, which he did. I then said "Gen. let me pour this water over your wound," to which he said "yes, if you please, pour it so as to wet the cloth," which I did & asked "what can I do for your right hand" Gen. J. "don't mind that it is not a matter of minor consequence—I can use my fingers & it is not very painful." About this time Lts. Smith & [Joseph G.] Morrison came up and Lt. Smith unbuckled his sword & took it off. About this time Capt. Adams halted two Yankee skirmishers in a few yards of where Gen. J. lay and demanded their surrender. They remarked, "we were not aware that we were in your lines." Gen. Hill seeing this immediately hurried off to take command, saying to Gen. Jackson that he would conceal the fact of his being wounded. Gen. J. said, "yes, if you please." Lt. Morrison then reported that the enemy were in a hundred yards and advancing & said, "let us take the Gen. away as soon as possible." Someone then proposed that we take him in our arms, which Gen. J. said, "no, if you will help me up, I can walk." He was immediately raised and started off on foot with Capt. Leigh on his right side and some one, I am not sure who was on the left side to support him. When he walked a few paces he was placed on a litter borne by Capt. Leigh, Jno J. Johnson and two others whose names I am not certain of. Jno. J. Johnson of Co. "H" 22 Va. Battalion was wounded while performing this duty and his arm afterwards amputated at the socket. I could take no part in bearing the litter as I had not sufficient strength in my right arm to assist, in consequence of a wound received in a previous engagement, so I got on my horse and rode between Gen. J. and the troops who were moving down the road, to prevent if possible them seeing him and was leading a horse belonging to one of the litter bearers, which I also endeavored to keep between him & the troops in order to screen him more effectively. These troops seemed very anxious to see who it was that was wounded, they kept trying to see and asking me who it was, and seemed to think it was some Yankee officer as he was being brought from the front of our lines. To all of these questions I simply answered, "it is only a friend of mine." Gen. J. said "Capt. when asked just say it is a Confederate officer." One man was so determined to see who it was that he walked around me in spite of all I could do to prevent it & exclaimed in the most pitiful tone, "Great God that is old Gen. Jackson," when I said to him, "you mistake it is only a Confederate officer—a friend of mine." He looked at me in doubt & wanted to believe but passed on without saying any more. As soon as Gen. J. was place in the litter the enemy opened a terrific fire of musketry, shell, grape & C. which continued for about half an hour—to all of which Gen. J. was exposed. One of the litter bearers had his arm broken but did not let the litter fall—then another man just after this, fell with the litter, in consequence of getting his foot tangled in a vine. It was entirely accidental & he expressed great regret at it. Gen. J. rolled

out & fell on his broken arm, causing it to commence bleeding again and very much bruising his side. He gave several most pitiful groans—but previous to this he made no complaint and gave no evidence of suffering much. After this he asked several times for sprints, which it was very difficult to get. He was much in need of a stimulant at this time as he was losing blood very fast. I went to a Yankee hospital nearby and tried to get some sprints for him from their surgeons, but they had none. At this time Dr. McGuire & Maj. Pendleton got up & Dr. McGuire found him in an ambulance very much exhausted from loss of blood & he gave him some sprints—which seemed to revive him somewhat. He was then carried in the ambulance a mile or two to the rear. Just here Maj. P said to me "Capt W., Gen. Hill is slightly wounded in the leg and Gen. Rodes is in command & requests me to send for Gen. Lee & ask him to come here. I wish you would go to Gen. [Robert E.] Lee with this intelligence and send for Gen. [J. E. B.] Stuart. There are a plenty here to take care of Gen. J & you have done all you could do." I asked Capt. Randolph of the couriers to go for Gen. Stuart and he started for Gen. Stuart. I reached Gen. Lee about an hour before day and found him laying on the ground [a]sleep but as soon as I spoke to Maj. [Walter H.] Taylor, he asked who it was & when told, he told me to come & take a seat by him & give him all the news. After telling of the fight & victory, I told him Gen. J. was wounded—describing the wound—then he said, "thank God it is no worse, God be praised that he is yet alive." He then asked me some questions about the fight & said "Capt. any victory is dearly bought that deprives us of the services of Jackson even temporarily." When I returned to Gen J. his arm had been amputated & he was doing well. Respectfully, R. E. Wilbourn
 Capt. & Chief Signal Officer 2nd Army Corps

IN SYMPATHY



Bobby M. Waldrop, 83, cherished member of The Camp of the Unknown Soldier, Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp #2218 of Old Clinton, Jones County, Georgia, entered his eternal home Saturday, June 16, 2018. The family will greet friends from 6:00pm-8:00pm, Tuesday, at Bridges Funeral Home in Gray, Georgia. A celebration of his life was held 2:00pm, Wednesday, June 20, 2018, at Bradley Baptist Church with Rev. Steve Johnson and Rev. Randall Pitts officiating. Interment followed at Cedar Ridge Cemetery in Gray, GA. Compatriot Waldrop was born May 30, 1935, in Tifton and had lived on Lake Sinclair for the past eighteen years. He was the son of the late Henry Washington "Rodge" Waldrop and Ruthie Denham Waldrop. Mr. Waldrop was a member of Bradley Baptist Church. He honorably served his country with the United States Army and after returning to civilian life, established himself in the bridge construction industry spending twenty years with Rozier Construction. Mr. Waldrop also enjoyed a twenty-two year career as General Superintendent of Bibb County Public Works as well as three years as Director of Jones County Public Works.

Blessed with a large family, he was preceded in death by four siblings: Willie Cooper, Margie Torrence, Jimmy Waldrop and Mary "Bo" Goode. Mr. Waldrop is survived by his wife of twenty years: Pamela Bryant Waldrop; sons and daughters-in-law: Mervin Waldrop, **Clay Waldrop** (also an SCV member of Camp 2218), Lisa Waldrop and Jason and Dina Waldrop, daughters and sons-in-law: Trina and Hal Coley and Tiffany and Ben Lawrence; grandchildren: Andy Waldrop, Nick Waldrop, Ka-Lyn Waldrop, Collin Waldrop, Courtney Lawrence, Mary Katherine Lawrence and Noah Coley; great-grandchildren: Cruise Waldrop and Matt Waldrop; siblings: Faye Ferrell, Billie Hall, Betty Sue Evans and Jerry Waldrop and by many nieces and nephews.

WORTH REMEMBERING

"Puritanism: the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." - H.L. Mencken

"Always be ready To preach, pray or die at a moment's notice." — Rev. J. Emory Bowker

"Some re-enactors know more about tents & motor homes than sleeping on the ground." – Duke

"Disregard public opinion when it interferes with your duty." - "Stonewall" Jackson

Our good friend Laura Elliott in Alabama sends the following and we certainly appreciate it:
"Thanks for sending along the Howling Dawg. I always enjoy reading it and look forward to receiving it. I noticed that you had a poem in this issue, and thought you might like to include this one in a future issue. It was published on page 6 in The Union Recorder (Milledgeville, GA.) June 24, 1890. It's interesting to note that "The Empty Sleeve" was still a poignant reminder even 25 years after the war."

THE EMPTY SLEEVE

You may talk about the pathos
In the hardships of the war,
You may talk about the glory
Of the cause that you fought for;
But there's nothing so pathetic
As the lesson we receive
From the quiet, idle flapping
Of the useless empty sleeve.

You may talk about the marches,
The scant rations and hard tack;
Of the last drop in the canteen,
And the empty haversack,
There's nothing so convincing
In the impressions that you leave
As the mute and speechless record
Of the useless empty sleeve.

You may speak of southern prisons,
But their horrors could not last;
Of the roar and din of battle,
And, thank God, that too has passed.
But we see the grim reminder,
Every morn and noon and eve,
In the living, speaking presence
Of the useless empty sleeve.

Soldiers deck the graves of comrades
With the laurel that they won,
Poets sing of gallant heroes,
And of deeds of great renown;
But there's naught in poets' anthems
Or the chaplets that they weave
That can beat the touching story
Of the useless empty sleeve.

150 Years Ago - by Larry Upthegrove

June 8, 1868: In Atlanta, The “Daily Southern Opinion”, this week, carries a personal ad that I found interesting enough to share: “Information Wanted—The undersigned most respectfully solicits information concerning the members of Jas. Oudly and family—a wife and two daughters. I married the youngest daughter, Miss Ellen Oudly, near Marietta, Ga., 28’t of December, 1863. By an order of Gen. Sherman in August following, the family was sent North. (James Oudly was a member of Jackson’s corps of the Virginia army.) Since which time, we have heard nothing from the family. Any information concerning this absent party will be properly appreciated by an anxious daughter, as well as byJas. Taylor, Water Valley, Miss.”

June 19, 1868: In Atlanta, GA, the fledgling “Constitution” carries an important announcement: “Gen. Gordon.—It will be observed by referring to a letter addressed to the editor of this journal, and which appears in its columns this morning, that our distinguished fellow-citizen, General John B. Gordon, declines to enter the contest for the United States Senate....” In Sandersville, GA, the “Central Georgian” has this article about the very unpopular idea of moving the State Capitol to Atlanta: “Removal of the State Capitol.—A petition numerously signed, has been forwarded to Congress, urging the impolicy of the Removal of the Capitol from Milledgeville to Atlanta at this time. The impoverished condition of the people of Georgia does not warrant the expense which the State would incur in the Removal, especially as the present State House, has undergone all necessary repairs, and has received such additions, as will comfortably accommodate the members of the Legislature. The House and grounds as well as the Governor’s Mansion have been beautified at an expense of nearly forty thousand dollars and present a handsome appearance. Besides, Milledgeville is more centrally located than Atlanta....The petition has been referred to the Judiciary Committee, and we hope Congress, will set upon it favorable to the interests of Georgia.”

June 24, 1868: Last week’s “Rome Weekly Courier” carried this story of a humane gesture in Maryland: “The Confederate dead at Antietam.—At the recent meeting of the Trustees of the Antietam National Cemetery, the following resolution was adapted;—Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to take such steps as may be deemed necessary for the purchase and inclosing of additional ground adjoining the present Cemetery for the purpose of interring the Confederate dead therein, in accordance with the letter of the law of Maryland, incorporating the Antietam National cemetery, and the Southern States are hereby invited to make the necessary appropriations in aid of the proposed object, with the view that all Confederate dead buried upon the soil of Maryland may be removed to said ground for interment. The foregoing is offered and has been adopted in the spirit of comity of States.”The soldiers are currently in battlefield graves, hastily prepared and washing away. Their removal to a National site is welcome indeed, coming a year before Atlanta can treat its own in the same way. Over 2,800 Confederates will end up at Antietam, more in various prepared cemeteries across Maryland.

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Rev. Joey Young – Honorary Member - 678-978-7213

Captain Wm. “Rebel” Bradberry, Commanding – 404-242-7213

1st Lt. Noah Sprague – 706-491-9755

2nd Lt. Charles Whitehead – 478-986-8943

Color Sgt. Kevin Sark - 478-731-8796

Adjutant: 5th Corp. “Duke” Dobson 478-731-5531

Treasurer: 6th Corp. Earl Colvin – 478-214-0687

1st Sgt. (Ret.) James “Barefoot” Boyd - 770-219-8302 or 706-344-7588

1st Sgt. Alan “Cookie” Richards - 478-308-9739

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1st Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151

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Musician – Chance Sprague – 706-491-9755

Musician - Aaron Bradford – 302-668-8029

Musician - Oliver Lummus – 302-668-8029

Musician - Al McGalliard - 478-318-7266

ON FACEBOOK: “JACKSON RIFLES”. And @ scv2218.com, thanks to Al McGalliard



SCHEDULE OF 2018 EVENTS

JULY 5-8 – 155th BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

JULY 19 – SCV CAMP 2218 – REGULAR MEETING –

AUGUST 16 – SCV CAMP 2218 – REGULAR MEETING – CRYSTAL JUMP, UDC 25 PRESIDENT

SEPTEMBER – 8-9 – BATTLE OF TUNNEL HILL

SEPTEMBER 15-16 BATTLE OF HURRICANE SHOALS

SEPTEMBER 20 – SCV CAMP 2218 – REGULAR MEETING – KIM BECK

OCTOBER 18 – SCV CAMP 2218 – REGULAR MEETING –

NOVEMBER 2-4 – IRWINVILLE, GA

NOVEMBER 17 – GRISWOLDVILLE (NO SCV CAMP 2218 REGULAR MEETING)

DECEMBER – CHRISTMAS (NO SCV CAMP 2218 REGULAR MEETING) NASH FARM EVENT

“The Nash Farm event will be held April 12-14, 2019. It will be the 155th Anniversary of the battles of Nash Farm and Jonesboro, Georgia. It will be hosted by the 30th Georgia Infantry regiment and the Georgia Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.” Tim Knight 30th Georgia June 23, 2018

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Ivis Bradford whose business card appears (above) in this newsletter writes: "I finally updated my Etsy store with new sleeping caps. A few other things are in the works to be added in the near future. Perhaps there are some in need of a cap for the upcoming cooler events, or I would appreciate everyone's assistance in spreading the word about my business. The best kind of advertising is through people you know and trust!!! I would be indebted to you and the other members for any help with advertisement. I continue to welcome custom sewing projects at this time. Here is the link to the store:" <https://www.etsy.com/shop/BarnLucky>

ALL PRAYER REQUESTS ARE URGENT

You may not recognize many of the names on this page, but does that really



matter? They represent real people - genuine needs. Just because you do not know them personally nor the nature of their circumstance does not mean that you cannot bow your heart and head for a moment - just a moment - and ask God to meet these needs according to His will ...

Reba Aultman, Ty Burnsed, James Boyd, Steve Smith, J.C. Nobles, Evie Stancil

The Family of Bobby Waldrop (SCV 2218)

Rev. Joey Young and family Ed & Val Elliott

**Steve Galegor Ben (Cooter) Jones Roy and Dana Myers Alan Farley Gale Red
Gary Banks Bill Cameron Mrs. & Mrs. Burns Richard Durham Mike Cook & family**

Kasey Wright Larson Lisa Duckworth Harold Buchanan James Morgan

**C.S.A., U.S.A., Israel, Law Enforcement, Paramedics & Firefighters, Judges
Political Leaders, Missionaries, Our Compatriots, Ministers, Travelers, The lonely,
bereaved families, Our enemies ... Me & You, that we may boldly witness, risking
awkwardness and seeming to be foolish. And, please, do let me know of others.**

(For privacy, in some cases, I do not publish the details but will share if you contact me.)

THE CAMP OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER #2218

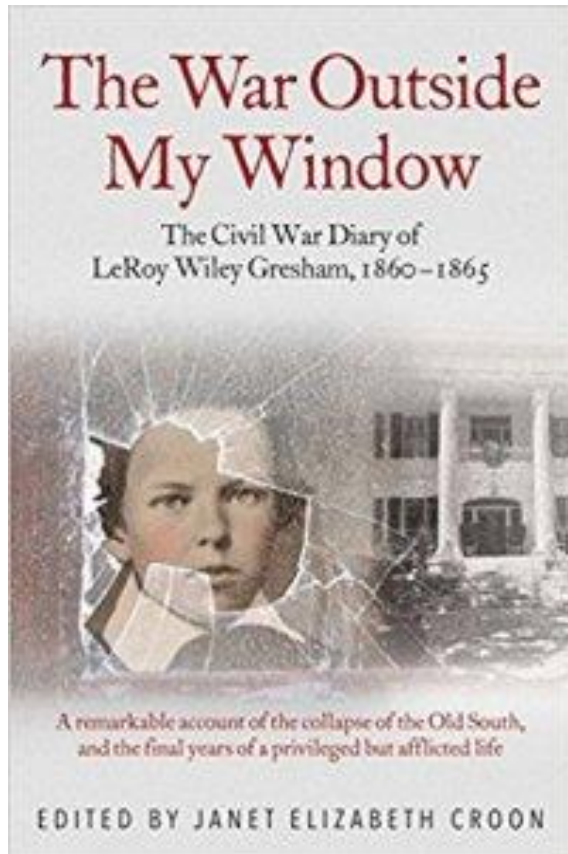


Our June meeting featured the return of popular guest speaker Sherrie' Raleigh who brought a fascinating program about the "LA Mounted Rifles", a California Confederate unit, that included such famous names as Albert Sidney Johnston and Lewis Armistead. Our July speaker is yet to be confirmed but in August we look forward to getting better acquainted with Crystal Jump, the new President of The Sidney Lanier Chapter (#25) United Daughters of the Confederacy of Macon, GA and in September our 4th Brigade Commander Kim Beck pays us a visit. Please apply to Adjutant Dobson if interested in a speaking engagement.

"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

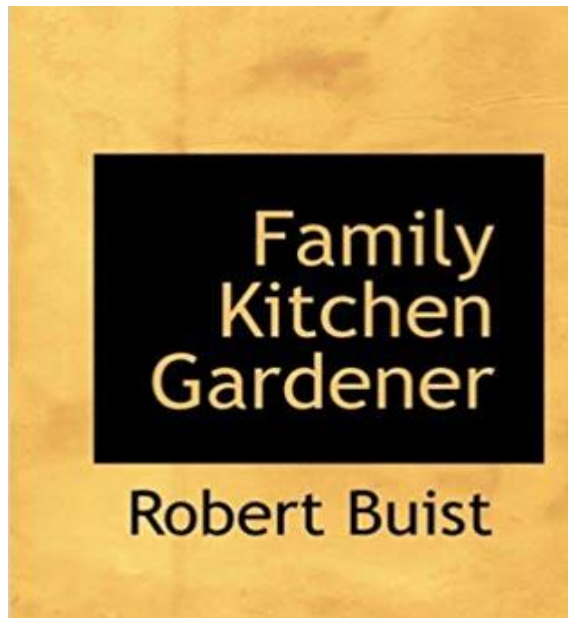
perpetuation of those principles he loved and which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations."

Books To Consider



"The War Outside My Window: The Civil War Diary of LeRoy Wiley Gresham, 1860-1865"

LeRoy Wiley Gresham was born in 1847 to an affluent family in Macon, Georgia. After a horrific leg injury left him an invalid, the educated, inquisitive, perceptive, and exceptionally witty 12-year-old began keeping a diary in 1860 - just as secession and the War began tearing the Country and his world apart. He continued to write even as his health deteriorated until both the War and his life ended in 1865. His unique manuscript of the demise of the Old South—lauded by the Library of Congress as one of its premier holdings—is published here for the first time. *The War Outside My Window* was edited and annotated by Janet Croon with helpful footnotes and a detailed family biographical chart.



The Family Kitchen Gardener

by Robert Buist

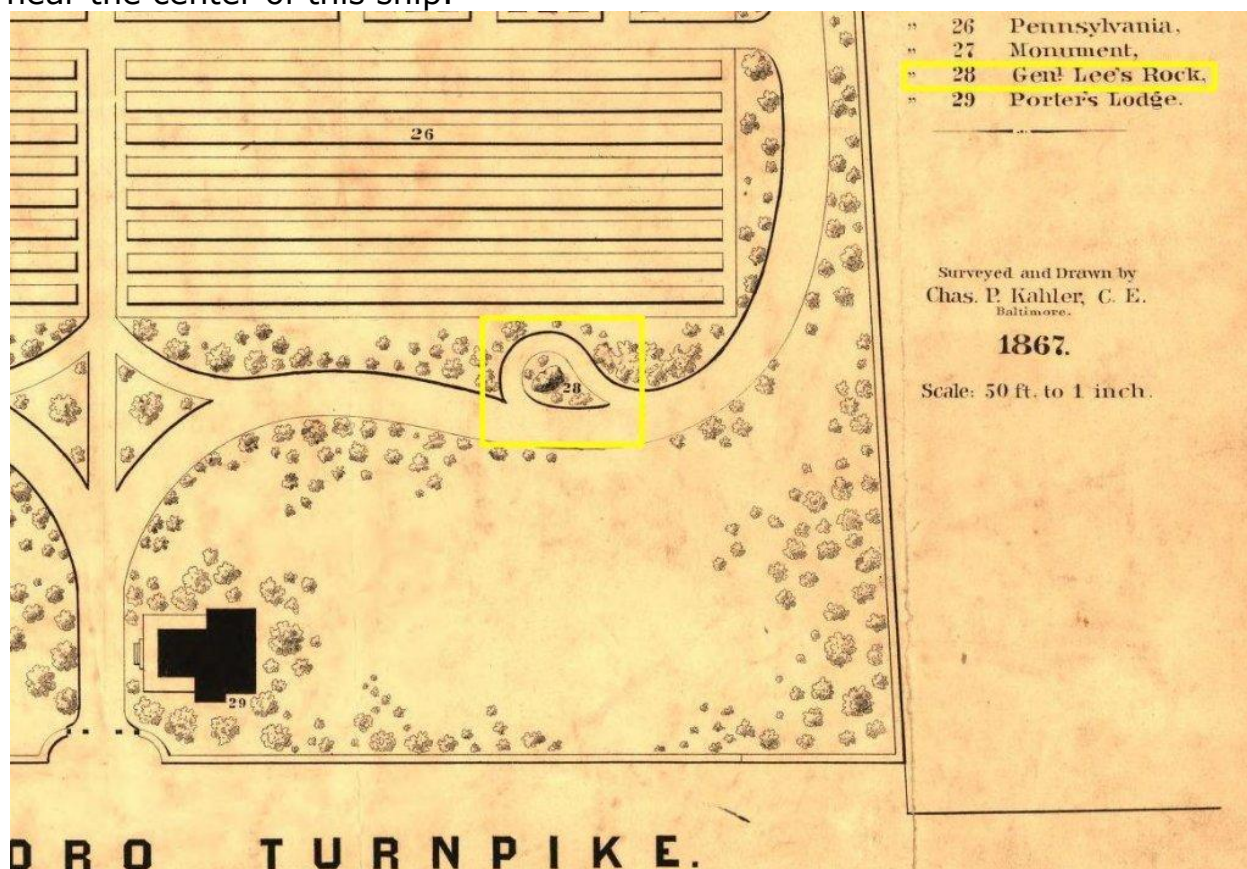
This is the garden book used by "Stonewall" Jackson containing plain and accurate descriptions of species and varieties of culinary vegetables as well as descriptions and characteristics of select fruits, their management, propagation, etc. This edition is a replication of the one originally published before 1861. It has been restored to a form as close to the original as possible.

DOWNRIGHT SILLY, HATEFUL YANKEES

Courtesy of Larry Upthegrove

On June 17, 1868: Near Sharpsburg, Maryland, in September of 1862, at the battlefield along Antietam Creek, did General Lee climb onto a rock to better see the relative positions of his troops? Probably not, but local legend has it that he did, and the rock has become a part of local lore and an interesting feature in the National Cemetery there. So much so that a special pathway is created so the interested guests can see and climb on the rock. For two years there has been much debate on whether to remove the rock, a symbol of Southern **"pollution"** within the Union soldiers' cemetery, or to keep it as a "Feature of historic interest" - *It has to go.* - Today, a measure is passed by the Board of Trustees of the Cemetery to, *"remove all fixed rocks from the cemetery grounds which project above the surface at least one foot"*.

According to Confederate Generals who have visited the battlefield, General Lee never came within eyeshot of that rock, and even if he had, it wouldn't be much of an honor to Southerners. The real tribute to Southern courage and tenacity is the rows of dead Yankees beautifying the grounds. In the drawing (below) of the Cemetery in 1867, the rock location is shown, near the center of this snip.



PARKING IN NEW YORK

His name was Bubba, from Mississippi and WHEN he needed a loan, he walked into a bank in New York City and asked for the loan Officer. He told the loan officer that he was going to Paris for an International Redneck festival for two weeks and needed to borrow \$5,000 and that he was not a depositor of the bank.

The bank officer told him that the bank would need some form of security for the loan, so the Bubba handed over the keys to his new Ferrari. When title was produced and everything checked out, the car was parked on the street in front of the bank. The loan officer agreed to hold the car as collateral for the loan and apologized for having to charge 12% interest. Later, the bank's president and its officers all enjoyed a good laugh about the redneck from the South using a \$250,000 Ferrari as collateral for a \$5,000 loan. An employee of the bank then drove the Ferrari into the bank's private underground garage and parked it.

Two weeks later, the Bubba returned, repaid the \$5,000 and the interest of \$23.07. The loan officer said, "Sir, we are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked you out on Dunn & Bradstreet and found that you are a Distinguished Alumni from Ole Miss University, a highly sophisticated investor and multi-millionaire with real estate and financial interests all over the world. Your investments include a large number of wind turbines around Sweetwater, Texas. What puzzles us is, why would you bother to borrow \$5,000?" The good 'ole boy from Mississippi replied, "Where else in New York City can I park my car for 2 weeks for only \$23.07 and expect it to be there when I return?"

Keep an eye on those Southern boys!

Sent our way by: Sherrie' Raleigh



Sent our way by: Ed Cheney

A Mathematical Analysis of Instances of Facial Hair with Respect to the Civil War Fighting Soldier in the Field

Or

To Beard Or Not To Beard??

By Pvt. Daniel Morgan

A year ago my friend and I were talking about beards during the Civil War. At that time he decided to shave off his beard and leave a mustache. I asked him why he shaved it off since I thought it suited him well. He replied "For personal reasons, and besides most soldiers did not have facial hair." I thought for a moment and replied, "Are you sure?"

Well, I went home and while paging through a copy of *Time Life Civil War* I came across a photograph of a group of musicians. There were at least 30 individuals in the image, and I began sorting the number of men wearing facial hair from the clean-shaven men. I came up with a number of 52% clean-shaven and 48% having some facial hair. I presented these figures to my friend and implored him to grow back his beard. He successfully dodged the request by replying, "Ah, that's the thing, they are all musicians and not fighting soldiers." I agreed with him and left it at that.

A year passed and between stripping the paint off of my World War I pick mattock and aging a baseball and bat for our 1840's ball game for a Ft. Scott event, I found I had extra time on my hands. I pulled out my books on the Civil War and went to work sorting out the pictures of fighting men.

When I started I broke up the soldiers into two major classes: Soldiers in the eastern theater and soldiers in the western theater. When I was through I found no appreciable difference between the two and decided to lump the two together. I did not break down the soldiers into groups of Confederates and Federals as the proportions were also equal. I then broke the major classes down into two subclasses: those who were fighting enlisted soldiers whose image was taken during the war and saw action, and those who

were officers whose image was taken during the war and saw action. I decided to use images of soldiers who saw action as soldiers. Soldiers who garrison do not experience the rigors of a campaign and are not necessarily affected by the harsh environment. Men who appeared under the age of 18 were excluded for obvious reasons.

The sub-classes were broken down even further into sub-sub classes: Clean-shaven, Mustache, Partial Beard, and Full Beard. Clean-shaven was designated as having no facial hair and not having sideburns extending past the cheek bone. Mustache was designated as having facial hair on the upper lip. It may lengthen to the lower jaw so long as it does not extend under the lower lip. I classified a partial beard as one in which the hair extends past the cheek bone or resides on the lower jaw. I classified goatees, and mutton chops as a partial beard. I classified a full beard having facial hair that extends past the cheek bone and continues to the lower lip and chin with a mustache.

A sample of 451 images was taken. Here is the breakdown:

Breakdown Of Enlisted Men

Clean-shaven	45%
Mustache	10%
Partial Beard	10%
Full Beard	35%

Breakdown Of Officers

Clean-shaven	13%
Mustache	23%
Partial Beard	26%
Full Beard	38%

For enlisted men the numbers between men who are clean-shaven (45%) and those with facial hair (55%) is almost even, with a 3.5:1 preference for full beards. The officers case is different. The numbers between officers who are clean shaven (13%) and

those with facial hair (87%) is a ratio of 6.7: 1 with the full beard having a slight lead over a mustache and partial beard. I wondered what might have accounted this marked difference between the enlisted men and officers.

An officer's fare was better than that of the average soldier and the upkeep of a full face of hair would have been easier. While viewing the images of the officers, I found that the officers who were clean-shaven often had a boyish look about them. Officers might have grown a beard in order to look older and more distinguished; to help gain the respect of the men, although this is just the opinion of the author.

It is worthy to note that Zouaves seemed to be fond of wearing goatees, while negro troops and seamen almost always seemed to have a preference for being clean-shaven, with a few exceptions.

To sum up in short: if you are an enlisted man, wear facial hair if you are inclined to do so. Look at the men in your group. Are they bearded? If not, by all means grow one. In a group of 100 enlisted men, on the average 55 would have had some sort of facial hair. If you are an officer, chances are you would have had some sort of beard or mustache. In a group of 100 officers, on the average 87 would have had some sort of facial hair. Good luck growing the beard. I know I'm still trying.

Behind the byline: Daniel Morgan is a fully trained horologist and specializes in the art of restoration and conservation of antique timepieces. He has been collecting watches since the age of six. He is currently working on a book about pocket watches of the Civil War, specifically written for Reenactors. Daniel reenacts the periods between 1812 - 1865 and is a private in the Texas Rifles and 7th U.S. Infantry.

H.K. in Macon



On Friday, June 8, 2018, I would arrive in Macon, Georgia for the joint Georgia Sons of Confederate Veterans and their official auxiliary, the Georgia Division of the Order of the Confederate Rose Annual Reunion/Convention.

I had been asked to deliver the keynote address for the Rose on Saturday, June 9, 2018. From the minute that I arrived on Friday, it was clear that this event for me was more of a reunion and a love fest for

myself. So many of the individuals present had made their way across the State with my brothers and I on the Historic March Across Dixie, which would see us marching some twenty miles a day, six days a week to the State Capitol in Austin, Texas. The irony for me is that in this Georgia town, I had come to talk to these ladies (and their "Thorns") about the herculean efforts of the brave Southern women to memorialize our fallen dead; and was now forced, by circumstance, to talk about the attacks now being perpetrated against her efforts by a nefarious few, meant to disgrace and weaponize not only the Cenotaphs but also the heroic ladies that erected them. (Photo above: HK entering meeting room in Macon, GA)

CATHY'S CLOWN *The Humor of Kenny Stancil*

An important and very well publicized murder trial was soon to begin. In preparation for the trial, the tiresome jury selection process took place, each side hotly contesting and dismissing potential jurors. One prospective juror, Dan O'Keefe, was called for his question session. He was asked, "Property holder?" Dan replied, "Yes, I am, Your Honor." Then he was asked, "Married or single?" Dan responded, "Married for twenty years, Your Honor." Then the judge asked, "Formed or expressed an opinion?" Dan stated with certainty, "Not in twenty years, Your Honor."



99% of women say they don't like men who wear leather pants.
Which works out perfectly, since 100% of men who wear leather pants don't like women.

Where did the General put his armies?... In his sleeves.



SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS !

.. To: Yonah Johnson (3rd Wisconsin/39th GA) who received his Eagle Scout Award/Badge at a Court of Honor on Saturday September 23, 2019
We are sure proud of you!

The Fearful Christian



" ... the fearful, and unbelieving ... shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." - Revelation 21:8

The scriptures say that if GOD be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8:31) That means, of course, that no one or nothing in Heaven nor Earth can cause us harm unless GOD allows it. We say we believe that verse – we honestly do – but then, again, we have fears. We've all experienced them at one time or another. We're not talking about the good kind of fear that alerts your spirit to an approaching enemy, or that moves you into action to protect the ones you love, or that promotes a healthy respect for GOD. Those fears are beneficial and not all fears are irrational. Some fears move in and out quickly without disrupting our lives. But what about the other kind of fear that lurks in those dark moments of life, picks the Christian as a victim and whispers irrational thoughts...

GOD's WORD is a light (Psalm 119:105), it speaks peace and unfolds the truth (John 17:17). Where does irrational fear come from and how do we keep such fears from taking permanent residence in our life? Some may fear the passing of a loved one even many years before it happens. Others may live with the fear of divorce, financial problems, rejection, dying, not being a good parent or grandparent, of not standing strong in time of persecution, issues with their children, being alone, a fear of falling or health problems ... you name it; there are plenty of fears to go around. Sometimes these fears come true in the lives of

GOD's people; sometimes they just do not and we waste a lot of the precious days by worrying about them. GOD knows how weak (Psalm 103:14) and wicked we are (Jeremiah 17:9), so it is with good reason that the scripture teaches us to *"take... no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."* (Matthew 6:34)

Is there a way to stop the mind-crippling, spine-tingling, heart-stopping fear that takes hold of our hearts and lives? Surely GOD does not want us to live that way. The Bible is not a tool we use to convince others of our beliefs. Through the assurances of the Bible, GOD's SPIRIT is well able to impart life-changing truths to the seeking heart. HIS WORD is the key that will set us free from fear. Crying out earnestly to GOD in prayer can bring sure and certain relief when we are reminded that the LORD is the strong tower of our lives (Proverbs 18:10). It is in HIM that *"we live and move and have our being"* (Acts 17:28). Moreover, *the eyes of the Lord are on the righteous, and HE hears* (Psalm 34:15) *and answers "fear not for I am with thee" (Isaiah 41:10) Cast your cares on the Lord (Psalm 55:22) and with the Psalmist we can say "I sought the Lord, and he answered me; he delivered me from all my fears* (Psalm 34:4).

Perhaps it would be helpful to write out a list of things that make our knees shake and our heart to race. Present them to GOD, one by one. When the list is complete, give all those fears to GOD, then rip up the sheet. Or, do some research on your own. Find a promise in GOD's WORD that deals with each fear you feel. Place the scripture verse beside it on your list to remind you that God will take care of that fear – and you. Remember who GOD is, and who you are – HIS child. HE is worthy to be trusted. No matter what we've experienced in our Christian lives so far or how little we know about GOD, one thing is certain – GOD is faithful. He has never broken a promise. HE never will. Can we say that about anyone else? GOD's presence is with us – and that makes all the difference in the world. HE wants us to live in freedom, not in the bondage of fear.

It is often said that fear has no place in the Christian's life because, *"there is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear."* (1 John 4:18). People have had different attitudes toward fear over the years and it was often considered a sign of cowardice. Certainly, true courage is going ahead into whatever lies ahead, even with fear. In August of 1990 our Country was involved in what we call the 1st Gulf War. A 19-year-old paratrooper was in a transport plane above the desert of northern Bagdad, preparing to jump into the unknown darkness below. A Sergeant addressed his men saying – *"you are afraid, and that is good. Your fear shows that you are aware and thinking..."* That may seem like an odd attitude for a military man but it was an honest, practical way of dealing with fears that were going to be there anyway. Fear might as well be used for good.

The perfecting of love drives out fear. Fear is cast out by the SPIRIT of GOD with the same prevailing of love that lead CHRIST to lay down HIS life at Calvary (John 10:18). I am convinced that *"perfect love that casts out all fear"* (1 John 4:18) and that is what makes soldiers brave in combat. They love their GOD, Country and family so much that fear just takes a back seat and they go ahead and do their duty.

Jwd

6/24/18

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." – Psalm 56:3

Johnny Has Gone For A Soldier



Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill
Who can blame me, cryin' my fill
And ev'ry tear would turn a mill
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Shule, shule, shule agra
Me, oh my, I loved him so
And only time will heal my woe
Johnny has gone for a soldier

I'll sell my flax and I'll sell my wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
So it in battle he might wield
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Shule, shule, shule agra
Me, oh my, I loved him so
And only time will heal my woe
Johnny has gone for a soldier

I'll dye my petticoats, dye them red,
And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
Till he come back and we are wed
Johnny has gone for a soldier.