

THE HOWLING DAWG

OCTOBER 2016



"arise and howl"

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



Battleline at Perryville

It has been fortunate this year, and especially recently, that our unit is as large as it is. It seems as we have worked in shifts. By that I mean that some could make it to one event but not another and so on as it commonly is. However, we were still able to field a good rifle company everywhere we went. The October portion of the Fall Campaign - Andersonville, Perryville and Jarrell Plantation went very well and a lot of exciting exploits yet await us as we close out 2016....

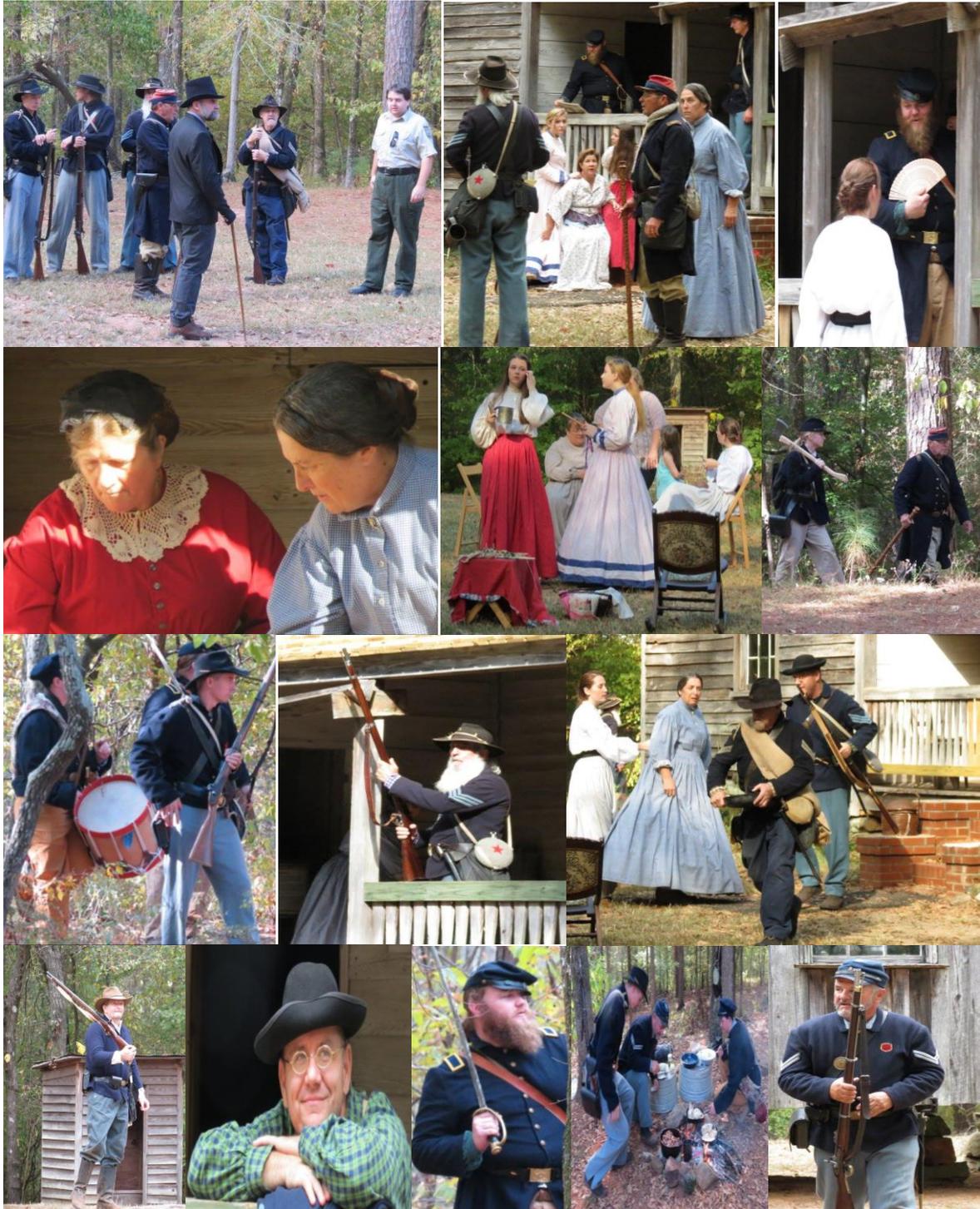
ANDERSONVILLE, GA
OCTOBER 1-2

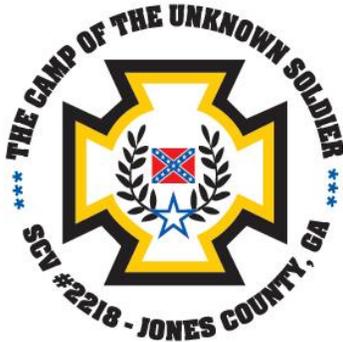


BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY
OCTOBER 7-9



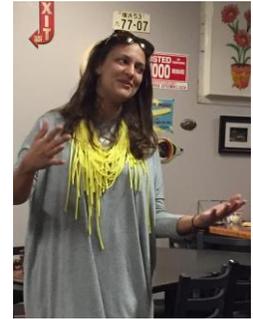
RAID ON THE JARRELL PLANTATION, GA
OCTOBER 15





THE CAMP OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(2218) of Old Clinton, Jones County, GA held our final regular meeting of 2016 on Thursday, October 20th as we gathered at our usual meeting place of Chevy's Pizza on the Gray Hwy. to eat and fellowship at 6pm. (By the way, we deeply appreciate those folks for allowing us there. The food and service is great) Near 7pm, Molly Wilkins, the new Executive Director of The Cannonball House in Macon, GA addressed



our present membership visiting with us for a get-to-know-each-other session. Some Camp members are veteran volunteers at that historical site. **Molly Wilkins** Compatriot Earl Colvin is a past Executive Director and serves on that Board.

Lt. Col. Steve Walczak, of the Georgia Volunteer Battalion, will deliver the address at the annual Griswoldville Battlefield Commemoration on November 19 and the Camp will meet briefly concluding that ceremony. Remember to get your dues paid as soon as you can.

As is our custom, we will not meet in December. We are both pleased and proud to announce that Past SCV Camp 1399 Commander, former Georgia Volunteer Battalion Commander and legendary 16th Georgia commander, and cherished brother, Steve Smith of



Byron, Georgia will be our keynote speaker at our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet on Thursday, January 19th, 2017. Georgia Division Adjutant Tim Pilgrim plans to be with us in February of 2017. March 2017 brings us a long-time friend from the Putnam County Camp, Hank Segars who will speak on the topic of "The Civil War in Popular Culture". Our guest speaker openings for Camp 2218 meeting programs are nearly booked through mid 2017. To schedule meeting programs contact Adjutant Wayne Dobson to apply. In closing, at our October 20th meeting, we were honored to induct Mr. Bobby Waldrop (2nd from right) into our Camp.

The Cannonball House on the Road



On Friday, October 21, Brenda Dobson took the Cannonball House Educational Services "on the road" when she visited Turner Woods Elementary in Jones County, GA. She is shown with the first grade class of Mrs. Amy Thompson, who is a member of the 16th GA and beloved friend. Brenda read "Brer Rabitt" stories to the eager class and they made crafts relative to the stories.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

NOVEMBER 4 – APPARITIONS AT THE CANNONBALL HOUSE-Res.@478-745-5982
NOVEMBER 4-6 – IRWINVILLE (Lee Murdock @ 478-986-5290)
NOVEMBER 8 – MONROE CO. SCHOOL PROGRAM @ GRISWOLDVILLE (Duke)
NOVEMBER 11-13 – NASH FARM – HAMPTON, GA (Lt.Whitehead@478-986-8943)
NOVEMBER 13 – CAPT. HENRY WIRZ MEMORIAL – Andersonville @ 3 PM.
NOVEMBER 19 – GRISWOLDVILLE COMMEMORATION (2218 MONTHLY MEETING)
DECEMBER 4 – PARADE IN COCHRAN, GA (Alan Richards @ 478-308-9739)
DECEMBER 4-5 – RICHLAND CHURCH (Frank Hendrix @ 478-955-8814)
DECEMBER 10– CHRISTMAS AT THE CANNOBALL HOUSE - 7-9PM 478-745-5982
DECEMBER – NO SCV CAMP 2218 MONTHLY MEETING - **MERRY CHRISTMAS**



ANNUAL GRISWOLDVILLE BATTLEFIELD LIVING HISTORY PROGRAM & COMMEMORATION SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 2016

On behalf of the Georgia Department of Natural Resources, Jarrell Plantation Historic Site, 16th Georgia Regiment Company G and The Camp of the Unknown Soldier #2218. We invite you to attend attend this Annual Memorial Service of the Battle of Griswoldville.

9:30-11:30 AM

Living History Program

10:30 AM

Battlefield Tour

12 Noon

Memorial Service

(NOTE: THIS EVENT IS NOT HELD AT THE JARRELL PLANTATION BUT ON THE ACTUAL BATTLEFIELD)

THE 16TH GEORGIA, CO. G – “The Jackson Rifles”

Brig. Gen. Herbert Burns - 478-668-3598

Honorary Colonel J. C. Nobles - 478-718-3201

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

Capt. William “Rebel” Bradberry, Cmding.– 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. John Wayne “Duke” Dobson 478-731-5531

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

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

2nd Sgt. Nathan Sprague – 478-320-8748

1st Corp. Dan Williams - 478-230-7189

2nd Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151

3rd Corp. Avery Allen - 478-662-3732

Lead Chaplain – Joel Whitehead, Jr. - 478-986-8798

Honorary Chaplain Ronnie “Skin” Neal – 478-808-8848

Assistant Chaplain – Charles Hill – 770-845-6878

Musician – Drew Edge – 478-365--1897

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.

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CONFEDERATE PRISONERS TAKEN AT GRISWOLDVILLE



Confederate Prisoners at White House Landing, Va. on June 9, 1864 (not from Griswoldville)

For years we have had very strong sense that a good number of Confederate soldiers were taken prisoner at the November 22, 1864 Battle of Griswoldville. However, little verification could be found – at least by me. I once located a reference of a Henry Johnson of the 7th Georgia Militia who was captured there (Weekly Telegraph, February 8, 1894, page 6) but that trail soon went cold. I did know that General Joe Wheeler took 50 Yankee prisoners in fighting around Griswoldville before the larger battle (GA Weekly Telegraph, Journal & Messenger Nov. 27, 1874, page 5). There must be more to the story; for example, it is widely reported that 50 Confederates were killed outright during the battle and nearly 500 were wounded. Research of the subsequent fate of those which wounded in action raised the death toll (according to our research) to well over 120 that died as a result of that conflict. What about prisoners?

Recently, however, I was most gratefully elated over the following email from Commander Roy H. Mixon of The Old Capitol Camp #688 in Milledgeville, GA. It reads:

"In my research on putting Wilkinson County soldiers on Graves Registry I have some POW's of Griswoldville: 1. Smith, Joel A. Co D 8th Ga Militia Held POW by Gen. Wilson April 1865 Macon, Ga Wounded on left side and captured. Enlisted 6-1-1864. Born June 16, 1848 Death, March 26, 1928 Buried at Green Cemetery Wilkinson County 2. Wood, Joel Henry Co I 8th Ga Militia. POW @ Point Lookout, MD. Captured November 22, 1864. Born, June 28, 1814. Death, March 22, 1899. Buried Asbury Church Cemetery. Henry Wood was a private and my GGGrandfather. He has a CSA Marker and I have pictures of him and his wife."

Wishing much happiness to:

Mr. & Mrs. Mark Sifford
Married: October 8, 2016



150 Years Ago

By Larry Upthegrove

October 8, 1866: From Washington City, District of Columbia, this proclamation from President Johnson: *"I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend that Thursday, the 29th day of November next, be set apart and be observed everywhere in the several States and Territories of the United States by the people thereof as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, with due remembrance that "in His temple doth every man speak of His honor."*

October 14, 1866: "...a bricklayer employed on a house building on the corner of Freemason and Church Streets, in Norfolk, on Monday afternoon, lost his balance, and falling a height of three stories, was caught in the arms of another workman, who happened to look up and saw him coming. What is most remarkable, neither were injured, though the falling man was of heavy frame and his 'stopper' a light, small man. The latter should be elected an honorary member of some baseball club, he having proved himself such and excellent catcher and long stop."

In Nazareth, Pennsylvania, to first generation German immigrants, is born today, Frank Henry Martin. Concentrating on high-quality guitars, he, along with other imported artisans gained a reputation in this country based on quality of workmanship as well as innovations that mostly evolved what is known as the "American guitar".

October 16, 1866: In Louisiana and Texas, military rule is directed by U.S. General Phillip Sheridan who is making no friends by issuing arbitrary orders intended to demean the population (by disallowing all remembrances of Southern dead). *"We all remember Sheridan, that , brown, chunky little chap, with a long body, short legs, not enough neck to hang him, and such long arms that if his ankles itch he can scratch them without stooping; who can no more restrain the tide of public sympathy, which comes ebbing and flowing from the Southern heart for their dead, than he can repress the waves of the ocean."* (Photo, right)



October 21, 1866: The Atlanta "Daily Intelligencer" has this for today: *"A man was lately invited to a dinner, and a dish of ice cream was placed before him. It was a new dish to him. He tasted it, then beckoned the waiter, and said, audibly, "That is very good pudding, but do you know it is froze?"*

October 22, 1866: Santa Anna has been exiled from Mexico and has been living in Cuba. Lately, he has been spending a lot of time in New York and spoke at Staten Island, yesterday.

October 25, 1866: In the Middle of May, two years ago, Confederate General Johnston set up his 55,000 Rebel soldiers in defensive positions at the hamlet of Resaca, Georgia. For two days, General Sherman used about 70,000 of his Union soldiers to try to dislodge Johnston and his boys. Finally, Sherman was able to flank the Confederates, forcing them to pull back southward, leaving wounded and dead strewn the fields of fight. The Federals gave their men proper battlefield burial, but the Confederates, in retreat, had to leave theirs unattended. When the Green family, owners of the plantation where most of the fighting occurred, returned, they began to bury soldiers in the family garden until all were collected in neat rows. Two of Col. John F. Green's daughters, Mary Jane and Martha Pyatt began to write letters to newspapers soliciting donations to create a proper cemetery for these fallen 400 men, and they were successful in raising \$2,000. Their father gave them 2.5 acres, with a beautiful stream running through, to use for their effort, and work began, concluding today with a dedication of one of the oldest Confederate cemeteries in the South. Of this day, Mary Jane Green will write: *"The day selected for the dedication was bright and beautiful, one of those charming days of our Indian summers where no sound was heard save the fluttering of falling leaves - a suitable accompaniment to our sad thoughts, as we stood in the 'bivouac of the dead.'"*

October 26, 1866: In Rome, GA, the "Commercial" says: *"From 50 to 100 wagons pass through this city weekly, transporting to the far West families from upper Georgia, North and South Carolina."*

We have been living in this city about eight years and we think the exodus to the West this year is greater than any two previous years..."

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"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING"

(1 Thess. 5:17)

Rev. Joey Young and family

Ethan and Crystal Bloodworth

Tommy and Elaine Wallace

J.C. Nobles and family

Tim Fowler

Roy and Dana Myers

Mrs. & Mrs. Herbert Burns

Barbara Garnto and family

Perry Harrelson and family

Ben Jones

Chris and Shelby Faulkner

Richard Durham

Paul Jerram

U.S.A. & Israel

Law Enforcement Officers

Paramedics & Firefighters

Our political leaders, judges & voters, missionaries, ministers of the Gospel. Even our enemies and, if you will, for Me & You, that we may boldly witness. And, please, do let me know of others.

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

FIND FRIENDS
WHO AREN'T TOO
PROUD TO PRAY
FOR YOU. TO CRY
FOR YOU. TO HOPE
FOR YOU. TO ASK
GOD TO BE ONE
WITH YOU. THAT'S
WHAT'S REAL.



JULIE KAREN ROGERS
1954-2008

SO BELOVED IN OUR MEMORY

As far as we know this is the last photo of Jukie, taken at her field Post Office, set up at The Griswoldville Battlefield Memorial Servic on a Saturday. She would go to be with the Lord, the following Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving.

PHOTO SOURCES: As always, so many took great pictures and I used them. At the risk of leaving someone out, I thank, Beth Colvin, Amy Thompson, Brenda Dobson, Alana Allen, Joel Whitehead, Keny Stancil, Cathy Stancil, Laura Elliott Kellie Banks & Heid Edge. I am truly sorry if I missed giving you credit.



Congratulations to: The United Daughters of the Confederacy, Georgia Division Sidney Lanier Chapter, No. 25, Macon, GA

"Sidney Lanier had a good year at Division Convention in Augusta. We won a total of 22 awards. These are the awards we won this year:

1. The chapter sending in the best historical material to the Georgia Division Historian (1st Place)
2. The chapter historian sending the best historical materials to the Division Historian, awarded to Anita Jones (1st Place)
3. The chapter doing the best historical work along all lines (1st Place)
4. Most informative and interesting chapter newsletter, following the newsletter rules (3rd Place)
5. The chapter sending the most interesting unpublished Confederate diary (1st Place - the diary of William T. Balkcom of Twiggs County, GA)
6. The largest number of military crosses awarded on the same Confederate ancestor (2nd Place)
7. The most Korean War crosses awarded (2nd Place)
8. The most Global War on Terror crosses awarded (1st Place)
9. The most Military Certificates of Appreciation (1st Place)
10. Best Correct Use of the Confederate Flag Report (3rd Place)
11. Best Overall Randolph Relief Recipients Report
12. The chapter, irrespective of size, contributing the largest number of books on Southern history, biography, and poetry to schools and libraries (2nd Place)
13. The chapter whose members read the most books on Southern/Confederate literature (1st Place)
14. The chapter with the best Southern Literature & Arts report (1st Place)
15. Best Report for Records of Preservation of Historic Sites (2nd Place)
16. Best Georgia Day & Flags in Schools Report (2nd Place)
17. The Monument Defense Committee Award for the chapter adopting the most orphaned Confederate monuments (4) and sending excellent reports on each.
18. The Best Southern Songs Essay written by a UDC member, awarded to Nancy Claxton (1st Place)
19. The largest contribution to the DeWitt Taylor Gift Scholarship on a percentage basis (1st Place)
20. Vice President's Special Award to chapters purchasing over \$1000 but less than \$2000 in insignia
21. Vice President's Special Award to the chapter over 80 members purchasing the most No. 1 Badge Sets (2nd Place)
22. Vice President's Award for Superior Chapter

Several chapter presidents mentioned during Presidents' Evening that they worked closely with local SCV groups for Confederate Memorial Day observances and other programs."

Sherrie' Raleigh

IN DEEPEST SYMPATHY



SUNSET
Memorial Park
Funeral Home and Crematory, LLC

Robert, Toni and Andrew Byrd
1700 Barrington Road
Midland City, AL 36350
(334) 983-6604
www.SunsetMemorialPark.com

Evangelist R.E. Mays



September 15, 1964
September 14, 2016

And how shall they preach, except they be sent?
as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them
that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad
tiding of good things.

Romans 10:15 KJV

Evangelist R.E. Mays, 51, a resident of Dothan passed away Wednesday, September 14, 2016 at a local hospital.

Funeral services will be held 5:00 p.m. on Saturday, September 17, 2016 at the Sunset Funeral Home Chapel with Pastor Richie Nobles, Dr. Tim Hill and Pastor Oral Lyons officiating. The family will receive friends from 3:30-5:00 p.m. prior to the service at the funeral home. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations be made to the Congregational Holiness World Missions Department or the Church of God World Missions Department. A memorial service will be held in Georgia at a later date.

Born in 1964 a life-long resident of Jackson, GA who greatly spent the last 2 1/2 years in Dothan, Ala. Preceded in death by his parents Bobby J. and M. Elizabeth Nobles Mays, sister, Peggy Marie Mays, also his grandmother Delma Wright Nobles Hudson who was the strength of his faith and believed he was normal and could do or be anything he chose.

Survived by the love of his life, soul mate and QUEEN Teresa Roper Mays, his precious 4-legged daughter Sassy, and his son, Joseph S. Mays; numerous Aunts, Uncles, and Cousins. He also had several friends that were very special.

He spent over 30 years of his life traveling around the world preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He and his wife, Teresa were presidents and co-founders of Fresh Fire Revivals. Bro. Mays served the Church of God and the Congregational Holiness. He had the honor of serving the Congregational Holiness Church in several district positions and also the international brotherhood director for 10 years. He travelled to 19 foreign countries and was very instrumental in establishing the City of Refuge Orphanage in the country of Honduras. His passion was to see the fire of God touch every life he came in contact with. "Let the Fire Fall"

~ Things Robert loved ~



Preaching the Gospel
Georgia Tech Football
Men's Warehouse
Hot Sauce

Looking good (bling)
"White Chocolate"
Love offerings
Gospel music
Cooking



His Queen & Sassy
His Moma
Family



Christian Premier
Wrestling &
Mountains



Courtesy of: J.C. Nobles

Larry Shippman, father / father-in-law of Kyle & Faith Shippman (16th GA) was born on September 6, 1957 and passed away on Saturday, October 8, 2016. He was a resident of Cochran, Georgia married to Sherri. The family greeted friends after the service at Mathis Funeral Home on October 13, 2016. Burial was at Cottondale Baptist Cemetery in Eastman.

The Old Hatred – Sherman's "soldiers" spared little from looting and destruction

in North Carolina as they had done in Georgia and South Carolina. After the conflict, wartime Governor Zebulon Vance wrote: *"When a general organizes a corps of thieves and plunderers as a part of his invading army, and licenses beforehand their outrages, he and all who countenance, aid or abet, invite the execration of mankind. This peculiar arm of the military service, it is charged and believed, was instituted by General Sherman in his invasion of the Southern States. Certain it is that the operations of his "Bummer Corps" were as regular and un-rebuked, if not as much commended for their efficiency, as any other division of his army, and their atrocities were often justified or excused on the ground that "such is war." In a related account:*

"Long before you ever came into North Carolina, your name was a terror to us; news of your march through Georgia and South Carolina had preceded you. "Massa Harold" (my great-grandfather) had expected you to have horns and hoofs; he must have been surprised when you appeared on a neighboring plantation as an ordinary man of forty-five with a head of unruly red hair and a shaggy beard.

But your soldiers were hungry, and they scouted the country-side for food. That is why they came to our house. (No, it was not one of those story-book mansions with white columns; it was only a two-room log cabin. There had been better days for the family, but that is another story.)

On that morning in March of 1865 when your "bummers" rode up to our gate, "Ole Mammy" (my great-grandmother, then a woman of forty-seven) was standing in the yard. Beside her stood a young woman of eighteen (Aunt Fed), a boy of nine (Uncle Richard), and a little girl of six (Aunt Queen), and a Negro slave ("Aunt Bessie") . . . and Frank (my grandfather, then aged thirteen) were down in the swamp with an old horse and a cow. (Three older sons had been taken prisoners at the fall of Fort Fisher just the month before.)

Your men found the cow; she would not be quiet and so ended in your pot. (She was dry anyhow.) Frank came up to the house and found your men digging in a ditch for a keg of gold which "Aunt Bessie" had told them was buried there. (People still come and dig for that treasure, but 'ther aint nare been one.") Thanks for cleaning out the ditch.

And we got the feathers picked up and the bed ticks sewed back together. Thus far, we were about even; you got the cow, and we kept the horse; you cleaned out the ditch and made us clean up the house. But the thing that made us mad was that pot of chicken stew.

Frank remembered it well. It was the last chicken they had. "Old Mammy" had saved it for an emergency. When she heard that you were over on the Faison Plantation, she knew that the emergency had come. She had hoped her family would have it eaten before you came, but it was still in the pot when she heard that dreaded cry, "Yankees, Yankees; the Yankees are coming."

And everyone had to hurry to his place. At first your soldiers were nice enough, but after all that digging they were short on manners. They ransacked the house, and not finding the gold, they spied the small pot on the hearth. Now, if your men had drawn up a chair and had said grace like Christians ought to do and had eaten the stew, it might have passed without being recorded. But no, your men were mad and poured out stew on the floor and then stepped on the pieces of chicken. This was too much for that hungry thirteen year old boy; he darted up from his stool with fire in his eyes. "_____ you dirty rascals."

(A Southerner's Apology to General Sherman, A Reticule by Dr. James H. Blackmore, Flashes of Duplin's History and Government, Faison and Pearl McGowen, Edwards & Broughton, 1971, pp. 243-244)

Bernhard Thuersam, www.Circa1865.com The Great American Political Divide bernhard1848@gmail.com



IN THE NEWS AND ACROSS DUKE'S DESK

October 28, 2016 - In Gettysburg, news comes of the Civil War Trust's purchase (\$6



million) of 4 acres of the battlefield to restore a house located there that had been Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee's headquarters during the historic battle. This deal was a particularly expensive one for the trust because a 42-room hotel with pool and fitness center was operating on the property. It was demolished soon after settlement. The trust expects to transfer the property to the Gettysburg National Military Park Service when it is able to accept it. Visitors may tour the small stone house with its restored interior and exterior as well as walk the surrounding grounds,

where an apple orchard was recently planted. The trust was particularly fortunate to have a photo (above) of Lee's headquarters taken by Mathew Brady shortly after the battle ended on July 3, 1863. The image became the guide for the trust as it restored the 1,200-square-foot duplex where widow Mary Thompson lived. The photograph also yielded some information about Thompson's lifestyle. She liked flowers, because a large arbor is close by the house and loaded with blooms; and presumably she had a pet dog, because a traditional rectangular doghouse (circled) can be seen in the yard. Skilled craftsmen built replicas of the arbor and the doghouse.

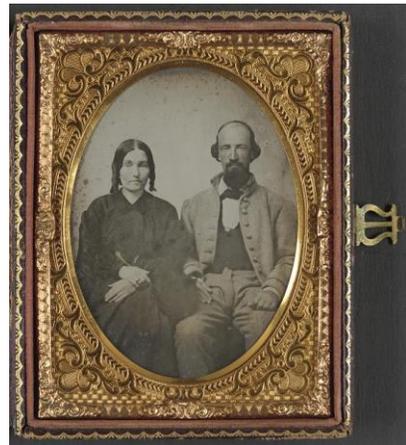
Corporal James Adril Wisenbaker of Co. I, 12th Georgia Infantry Regiment in uniform and his wife, Sarah A. Dasher Wisenbaker. He was from the Valdosta, GA area and the image was recently identified by our friend Laura Elliott of Rainbow City, AL who sent us the image. **"PROVE ALL THINGS"** (1 Thess. 5:21) *"Governor, if I had foreseen the use those people designed to make of their victory, there would have been no surrender at Appomattox Courthouse; no sir, not by me. Had I foreseen these results of subjugation, I would have preferred to die at Appomattox with my brave men, my sword in this right hand."*

- General Robert E. Lee, August 1870 to Governor Stockdale of Texas

Note: Erroneous websites say the quote is mostly hearsay but it came from an account given by Stockdale and related to R. L. Dabney by Rev. J. S. Lyons of Louisville, KY. It was printed in *The Life and Letters of R.L. Dabney* by Thomas Johnson. Page 499.



"The Battle of Franklin: A Tale of a House Divided" - In 1864, a Franklin family, their slaves and neighbors retreated into their basement to escape the bloody Nov. 30, 1864 battle. The story is still told today at the Carter House, one of several sites located in Franklin. Now, it is **"re-imagined"** in Studio Tenn's first original play since their debut in 2009.



Fear Thou Not

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." - Isaiah 41:10



In God We Trust and we pray that GOD WILL BLESS AMERICA!

In this season of a Presidential Election (and Halloween) it seems that the prevailing thought and emotion is **FEAR**. Fear of what lies in the dark is one thing but the fear of the future and the events thereof, is quite another consideration.

However, such thoughts and emotions should not bother a Christian one bit. We know the ONE who holds tomorrow and He is the ONE who conquered death hell and the grave. We who believe in Christ Jesus "*are more than conquerors through him that loved us.*" (Romans 8:37). Do not fear the world, the powers, or principalities for they are already vanquished.

This election clearly represents a rising principality. It is an important occasion for the life and soul of this Nation. It determines the outlook for this land and our presence in the world. If you will vote (and tragically many believers do not), first pray and seek God's guidance and then cast your ballot.

Our freedoms are not enjoyed everywhere. To ensure the Liberty to vote we, must vote. Please...vote so these freedoms can't be taken away. Remember that God is in control and always with us (Hebrews 13:5). Do you have the courage to have no fear (2 Timothy 2:7) and follow Jesus today? Pray with me:

Heavenly Father,

Please give us a president that loves this country and everything it stands for.

Please give us a president who respects you as the one true God.

Please give us a president who will, with your help, restore this Nation to its former Glory, the way you created her.

Please help us to respect all you have given us and not take anything for granted.

Father, weaken the evil and strengthen the good, both within and without.

May our eyes be opened. **Not our will but YOUR will be done.** In Jesus' name, Amen.

Chaplain Joel B. Whitehead, Jr.

Bits -n- Pieces of Information



2nd Corp. Nathan Sprague (16th GA) recently photographed this Confederate grave while camping at Indian Springs (GA) State Park. Private Francis M. Britton, Co. I, 45th GA Infantry; July 17, 1825 – February 22, 1908.

On the evening of October 21, we had the pleasant occasion to talk with **Private Ethan Bloodworth** (16th GA) who is also the Judge Advocate of SCV Camp #2218. Ethan recently moved to Burnsville, NC where they were expecting snow that same evening. Here is a photo he sent of him preparing his wonderful service dog, "Hawk" (mascot of Camp 2218) for a walk in the weather. "Hawk" seems a little skeptical about the sweater and boots he is wearing. (PS – Ethan hopes to see us in 2017 at Broxton's Bridge and Old Clinton War Days).



Laura Elliott sends us information regarding a member of the 8th Georgia Infantry Co K "Oglethorpe Rifles." From Special Orders No. 193; Paragraph XXVIII, dated August 19, 1862. "XXVIII. *Hospital Steward J. H. Brightwell will*

proceed without delay to Savannah Georgia, and report to Medical Purveyor Prioleau, for the purpose of collecting and preserving indigenous plants."

<https://catalog.archives.gov/id/7403399> - image 33. Its a pretty interesting story.

Jasper Harirson Brightwell was a medical doctor who graduated from the Medical College of Augusta in 1860, but he enlisted as a Private. It is not known why he was not made Surgeon or Asst. Surgeon. Evidently his previous association with Dr. Lindsey Durham of Athens, GA. had gained him some notoriety in botany. He was serving as a hospital steward when he was summoned to Savannah to help with medicinal plants. The CSA was trying all manner of methods to provide much needed medical supplies and enlisted the help of several botanists to gather and preserve medicinal plants. Dr. William Huston Prioleau was one of these men. He was appointed Medical Purveyor Aug 4, 1862 and built a Laboratory at **Macon** for the preparation of indigenous remedies. For the whole story....<http://civilwartalk.com/threads/dr-jasper-h-brightwell-pvt-co-k-8th-georgia-infantry.128272/> By the way, Jasper Harrison Brightwell's grave is likely unmarked. Family genealogy notes say he is buried in the William B. Brightwell Cemetery aka Brightwell Family Cemetery in Oglethorpe. County GA.

Laura has one more for us – a spy: John Randolph Hill Co C 8th Georgia Infantry. ROSTER OF Company C 8th Georgia Infantry"Hill, John Randolph - enlisted as a private April 15, 1861. Discharged, Special Order #210, A. G. O., September 8, 1862. Appointed 1st Lieutenant and Drillmaster. Resigned March 12, 1864. Born at Talbotton, Ga. February 11, 1836. Died in Warren County, Ga. May 10, 1878." Adj't & Inspr Gen'l's Office Dated Richmond, Va. Sept. 1, 1862 Special Orders #204; par X. "Private J. R. Hill of Company C, 8th Georgia Volunteers, (Note: 8th GA, Co. was from **Macon** - Company C - ("**Macon Guards**") Bibb County) is relieved from further duty in the Army Intelligence Office, and will forthwith join his Regiment." <https://catalog.archives.gov/id/7403399> - Image 61. He must've done a pretty good job too, because it looks like after his business in the CSA Army Intelligence Office was concluded, he was discharged and then received a promotion to 1st Lt. and drillmaster. Adj't & Inspr Gen'l's Office Dated Richmond, Va Sept. 8, 1862 Special Orders #210; par VII "*Private Jno. R Hill of Company C 8th Regt Georgia Vols, is discharged the service of the Confederate States.*"<https://catalog.archives.gov/id/7403399> Image 75.



White Slaves Prior to Black Slaves



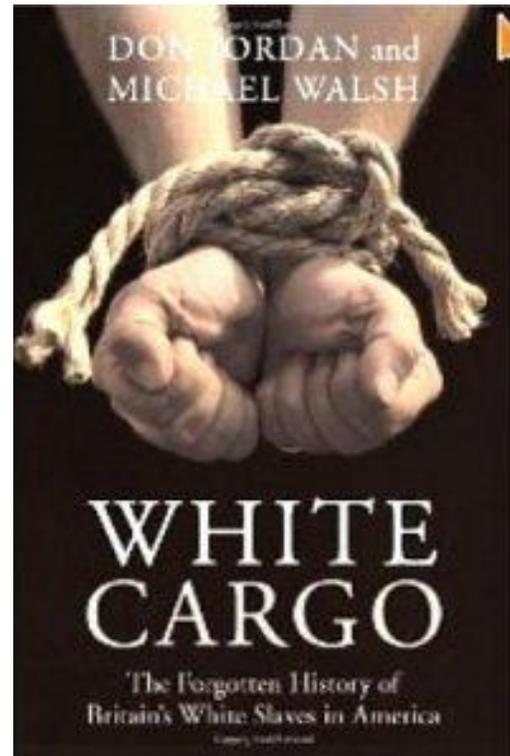
No race or ethnicity has an exclusive claim to being enslaved by others in the past or present, and the peopling of North America clearly shows white indentured servants preceding the arrival of Africans purchased from the tribes that had enslaved them. More than half of all persons who came to the colonies south of New England were [white indentured] servants. The Puritan communities, scanty in their agriculture, chary of favors, hostile to newcomers as they were, received few. Farther south, on the contrary, they were hailed with delight by planters and farmers who wanted cheap labor . . . They formed the principal labor supply of earlier settlements. Not until the eighteenth century were they superseded in this respect by Negroes, and not until the nineteenth century did an influx on free white workers wholly remove the need for indentured labor. Seldom did the supply of good white servants equal the demand. Labor was one of the few European importations which even the earliest colonists would sacrifice much to procure, and the system of indentured servitude was the most convenient system next to slavery by which labor became a commodity to be bought and sold. It was profitable for English merchants trading to the colonies to load their outgoing ships with a cargo of servants, for the labor of these servants could be transferred to colonial planters at a price well above the cost of transporting them. The English government was well content that the handling of emigration should be in the hands of private business men. It liked to see the establishment and peopling of colonies go slowly forward without requiring from the state either financial commitments or moral responsibility. Few planters could journey to England and select their own servants. Hence they were practically always indentured to a merchant, an emigrant agent, a ship captain, or even to one of the seamen, and then exported like any other cargo of commodities. Upon arrival in the colonies they were displayed on deck, the planters came on board to inspect them, and they were "set-over" to the highest bidder. If the servant had a document of indenture, a note of the sale and of the date of arrival was often made on [his or her] back, and the transaction was then complete. During all the seventeenth century indentured servitude was the only method by which a poor person could get to the colonies or by which white labor could be supplied to planters."

(Colonists in Bondage, White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607-1776, Abbott Emerson Smith, Norton Press, 1971 (original 1947), pp. 5-20) Bernhard Thuersam, www.Circa1865.com The Great American Political Divide From: bernhard1848@gmail.com

Editor's Note: I have seen indications that the "Black Lives Matter" movement contends that there were no white slaves, period. They say that this portion of history just did not happen and that all such teaching is bogus. The photo is unidentified but comes from a collection of white slave images.

BOOKS

White Cargo by Don Jordan and Michael Walsh is the forgotten story of the thousands of Britons who lived and died in bondage in Britain's American colonies. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, more than 300,000 white people were shipped to America as slaves. Urchins were swept up from London's streets to labor in the tobacco fields, where life expectancy was no more than two years. Hopeful migrants were duped into signing as indentured servants, unaware they would become personal property who could be bought, sold, and even gambled away. The trade ended with American independence, but the British still tried to sell convicts in their former colonies, which prompted one of the most audacious plots in Anglo-American history.



Robert E. Lee's Orderly

by Al Arnold - A descendant of Nathan Bedford Forrest's slaves,

Al Arnold, tells his journey of embracing his Confederate heritage. His ancestor, Turner Hall, Jr., a Black Confederate, served as a body servant for two Confederate soldiers and an orderly for Gen. Robert E. Lee. Turner Hall, Jr. was celebrated by Blacks and Whites in his community. Hall attended the last Civil War reunion at Gettysburg in 1938. He was interviewed by the national talk radio show, "We, The People". This is a personal journey of faith, heritage, race and family wrapped around the grace of God through the eyes and honest thoughts of a modern Black man. Arnold argues for African Americans to embrace Confederate heritage to capture the enriched Black history of the Civil War era. He bestows dignity and honor on his Confederate ancestor and challenges the traditional thoughts of modern African Americans. Arnold rests in his faith as the uniting force

that reconciles our colorful past to our bright future.

NOTE: Some of you may have met Al Arnold in person at the recent Andersonville event.

COME TO LIFE AT HIS WAKE.

A Supposed Corpse Revived After Lying on the Ice Three Days.
N. Y. Herald, November 17.]

A most remarkable instance of a supposed corpse having been found to possess signs of animation, and really being restored to life after lying on ice for three days, has just transpired at Yonkers, Westchester county. It appears that a seven-year old child of a machinist named Miller, living on Riverdale avenue, in the city above mentioned, having been in delicate health almost from the time of its birth, was attacked by an unusually severe fit of illness last Thursday morning. A physician was called in, and he, after apparently satisfying himself as to the course of treatment to be adopted, prescribed for the little one, and on leaving intimated that he would call again in the afternoon. It is understood that the medicine prescribed was a powerful opiate; but, whether this was the case or not, it is asserted that when the medical man called in the afternoon, a glance at his patient induced him to pronounce the child dead. The services of an undertaker were, of course, at once procured, and by him the supposed corpse was tenderly prepared for the last rites, and then placed in an ice coffin until the usual time for interment should have elapsed. A wake was accordingly held, and mourning relatives and friends "sat up" with the body day and night until Sunday afternoon, the time announced for the funeral. Friends of the family had gathered in considerable numbers to assist in paying their tribute of respect to the sorrowing parents, and, almost everything being in readiness for the committal of "dust to dust" the undertaker and his assistant, on transferring the body from the ice coffin to the casket in which it was about to be interred, were struck with astonishment at the peculiar appearance of the remains. It was noticed that there was a marked absence of *rigor mortis*, or that stiffness which is an inseparable concomitant of departed life. This discovery produced an indescribably painful state of anxiety to the parents, while the half-frightened guests crowded around the ambiguous corpse, suggesting various means of testing whether the child was really alive or dead. Three or four physicians were sent for and they at once commenced a thorough search for any lingering evidence of vitality that might remain in the subject, resorting, among other means, to that of tying a cord tightly on the fingers, whereby it was seen that the nails changed color, plainly indicating that the heart had not ceased to perform its all-important functions. When it became apparent that there was life in the child the most approved manner of administering restoratives was resorted to, and accordingly a more palpable degree of vitality was produced, although it is doubtful if the little one, who was so providentially rescued from a living tomb, can long survive the protracted freezing ordeal through which it has passed. The child was still alive last evening.

Are We Too Accustomed to Defeat?



Mort Kunstler

Appomattox - April 9, 1865

"...we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." - Romans 8:37

Southern novelist William Faulkner, summed up the memory of the Confederate Lost Cause as one of heroism against great odds, despite its defeat. He wrote: *"For every Southern boy... there is the instant when it's still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863...it hasn't happened yet, but we have come too far with too much at stake..."* As a Southerner, I grew up with an implant of a defeat that never could be erased. As I aged and began to vote, it seemed as if my candidate never won, my favorite sports teams always lost, prayer was taken out of schools and like bricks crumbling from a dilapidated wall, every principal of life that I held dear fell, one by one. Marriages failed, loved ones I prayed for still died, investments seldom panned out, God's money was squandered on foolishness and there is no feeling in the world quite like being fired from a job. Even though I held on to the hope that things would be better next year, or right around the corner or in the sweet bye and bye, I came to realize that I had actually learned to accept, even expect, defeat to be the "norm". I had become so accustomed to it that I was readily surprised at any other result. Joyce Meyer says she has *"developed a life attitude"* that makes her more than a conqueror in Christ Jesus: Like the Apostle Paul, she *"intends to finish her course (2 Timothy 4:7), enjoy the journey, fulfill her destiny and have everything Jesus died for her to have!"* Before she learned to live with this attitude, she struggled with things the devil often threw her way: doubt, fear and unbelief. Indeed, these are big problems for Christians. They are negative and discouraging. They cause us to make poor choices, which makes life increasingly difficult. They cause us to dwell on things like, *"I wish I could make more money,"* or *"I wish I could get a new job, house and car,"* or even to look back with regrets... *"I wish I had stayed in school."* We need to stop feeling so defeated all the time and make up our minds that God **can and will** supply our every need by helping us have wisdom, make good choices, and overcome our trials and tribulations; if we will put our faith in Him. I have seen Him do great things for folks in spite of their blatant lack of faith. I have also often suspected that God would not help me now because of things I did in the past – it haunts me at times. I won't admit it openly, but I sometimes feel He is willing to help other people but not me. However, God doesn't expect perfection from us but He does require faith. Joyce Meyer adds, *"He wants us to trust Him, believe in Him, have faith in Him, and have a hopeful, positive attitude. He wants us to expect Him to do good things in our lives."* That is hard for me – real hard. Too often I have the attitude that God **CAN** do anything, but I wonder **WILL** He? I don't like to depend on anyone, I always have a plan "B", if I can, and the things in life that I cannot supply with my two hands just frustrate the

fire out of me. It is always hard for me believe that something good is going to happen to me on any given day. The devil does his best to flood our minds with doubt, fear and those nagging memories of past defeats. We get to the point that we are so afraid of failing that we won't even try again. Fear absolutely paralyzes us. Yet, I feel sure that God wouldn't tell us to believe in Him if it wasn't possible for us to do it. The daily news is full of Muslims, ISIS, crooked politicians and plenty of fear. Forces of this world seem so combined that our defeat, as Christians seems assured. No one wants to wind up as a festering heap from a nuclear war but worrying about all the world threatens will do no good anyway. Again, fear absolutely paralyzes us but God has it all under control and what He ordains will happen. Our time might be better spent on studying that which will help us live a clean and useful life before God in the here and now, which will also prepare us greatly for the hereafter.

While we are on Earth, matters take care of themselves. We can defeat doubt, fear and unbelief if we know how. His Word is the answer and solution for everything. Romans 10:17 tells us: "*Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.*" When we remember this remedy we grab our Bible and frantically search for familiar passages that will help. We read, and pray and sometimes still feel bad, defeated and hopeless. When we're hungry, we'll usually do what anything we need to get food. Certainly, we can feed our faith with God's Word just as easy as we can feed our soul with the lies and discouragement the devil serves up. Moreover, God's Word is medicine for our soul as well as the food we need to



keep our spirit strong and it has the power to change our lives when it is mixed with faith. As you study and speak the Word and talk about the good things God has done, not the problems – I preach to me most of all – I need it. Decide to doubt your doubts! Remember, always remember, all He has brought you through, already. Jesus used the Word as a weapon to overcome the lies of the enemy (Luke 4) and you can do the same thing. Be determined to build your faith. Never give up. Instead, let doubt, fear and unbelief be the defeated foe, not you.

For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power: - Colossians 2:9-10 Jwd



Fort Pulaski after Hurricane Matthew

AN H. K. HALLOWEEN ?

"On October 25, 2016, as I stood with the Southern Cross posted on the highway across from the entrance to Fairview School, just outside the City limits of Sylva, North Carolina, and just a few miles from Western Carolina College, an elderly man would literally sneak up behind me. Touching me on my shoulder to get my attention. He pointed to a picture of the NAACP State President, Rev. Barber that appeared on the front cover of the Asheville Citizen Times Newspaper that he held in his hand:

'Moral Monday sir was an event concocted by Barber, White folk guilt folks, the Democratic Party and some other unsavory organizations whose aim was to get Black people to vote for Hillary Clinton and the Democratic Party that mean the African people no good.'

He went on to say, *'it is no fluke that you fight so hard for the South and its people. You were chosen by a higher power than you think. The organization that you call the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is under the influence of the Anti Christ. It was ushered into the South to attack the second most sacred symbol of the Southern people (the St. Andrews Cross); with the Cross of Jesus and the teachings in the Christian Bible clearly targeted as well.*



There are many Angels of the Anti Christ who disguise themselves as men of the cloth; they are nothing more than pawns. And, if you are brave enough to repeat what I tell you today; then there is hope to stop this trend. However, if not, then your work is done, and the end is near.' I heard someone shout out HK very loudly from behind me. I turned to see who it was. When I turned back to face this quiet spoken man; he was gone. The hair on the back of my head felt like it was standing up. I believe for the first time ever, carrying my flag, that I was not afraid, but shaken. Suddenly a car with about five young Black men pulled up to where I stood, and threatened to remove me and my flag off the road. I told them to listen to the sound of the car horns blowing, the Rebel Yell, and the name of HK being shouted. And, if they attempted to harm me in way; I would find myself praying that no harm would fall upon them. Before they could pull off, a Police car pulled up, and admonished them over his speaker to move on because the red light had changed twice. And asked, *'are you alright HK?'* Yes, Officer would be my reply. He hit the horn that has a special sound (wonk, wonk). I saluted him, and my salute he would return. I decided that it was time to go, so I made my way back towards Sylva, stopping and posting the Southern Cross at the entrance of Wal Marts for another two hours. Not even the sounds of the car horns blowing, the people waving, or the visitation of the Commander of the Jackson Rangers Sons of Confederate Veterans, and other members of the Camp who stopped to greet me could shake the erie feeling cause by that old man. My thoughts would turn to Douglassville, Georgia, Mississippi, and the Great State of Florida which I analogize as the Alamo of the Southern Cause. God bless you, and the people of my homeland; the Southland of America. Please tell Father Alister Anderson to pray for us all."

Your brother, H.K. Edgerton

www.southernheritage411.com

REMEMBERING ...JUST REMEMBERING -I was just before closing out this issue and preparing to send it when I got yet another fine article courtesy of Larry Upthegrove. Readers, please forgive me for the personal journey down memory lane I will now begin:

October 27, 1866: In Cincinnati, Ohio, the amateur baseball team "Red Stockings" that was created to play against the Cincinnati Buckeyes, concluded its first season today at Live Oaks Baseball Grounds. Next season, they play at Union Grounds where they'll be for four seasons, turn all-pro and have 89 successive wins, until June 14 1870, when the Brooklyn Athletics will beat them in 11 innings by a score of 8-7. When team president A.P.C. Bonte to announced there would be no 1871 season due to expenses, core members of the team form the Boston Red Stockings. In 1876, they will change the name to Boston Red Caps, in 1883 to the Boston Beaneaters, in 1907 to the Boston Doves and after three years to the Boston Rustlers. In 1912, are the Boston Braves and win the 1914 World Series. In 1936, they will be the Boston Bees, then revert to the Boston Braves until 1952 when they will move and become the Milwaukee Braves, winning the 1957 Series. In 1966 they are the Atlanta Braves and win the 1995 Series.

On the October night the Braves won the World Series I was camped on a hill overlooking Rippavilla Plantation in Spring Hill, Tennessee (the War-time HQ of Gen. Hood). In my company were such dear friends as Ray Oaks, Steve Smith, Julie Rogers, Avery Allen, Hunter Poythress, Kevin Sark, Jerry Hamilton, William

Bradberry and a host of others that memory just does not bring back at the moment. We were there to fight the battles of Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville - if I recall correctly, as we sure did. This was probably one of the top three events of my career.

No one loved baseball more than my Daddy and especially his Braves. He had suffered with them through countless losing seasons since they came to Georgia. Now, they finally had won the World Series! But if Daddy caught those games it was from a box seat in Heaven. He had gone on to be with his Lord on the Sunday morning of May 21, 1995. Ricky Smith, Steve Smith and Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Burns would recall that morning that the news arrived. The photo (above) is of me, my youngest son, John William and Daddy (6/19/94) in Rockmark, GA when we installed a marker on the grave of my great grandfather, William L. Dobson, an Andersonville guard. That was almost 11 months to the day before Daddy would be gone from us.

I don't know why I wanted to share this memory, but thank you for letting me. *Duke*

