

THE HOWLING DAWG

NOVEMBER 2015



Our friend from 150th Shiloh

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

GRISWOLDVILLE 2015

"The Ground Looks So Ordinary Until You Know The Story..."



Photo By: Luke Usry

"Until about a month ago, I had never heard of Griswoldville nor the battle that took place there over three frigid November days in the twilight of the American Civil War. Outside the context of history, the site itself is quite unimposing...easy to miss save for a handful of

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historical plaques. But, thanks to a group of dedicated re-enactors, the battlefield comes life



every year on the anniversary of the fateful day that represented one of the Confederate Army's last stands. I was fascinated as I learned more about the reenactment culture as well as a chapter of history written in my backyard. Thanks so much to all the re-enactors and volunteers that made this event possible." *Luke Usry*
(Note: Thank you, Luke, for ther great pictures. *jwd*)

**The 151st Anniversary Commemoration of The Battle of Griswoldville
November 21, 2015
By Luke Usry**



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**The 151st Anniversary Commemoration of The
Battle of Griswoldville
November 21, 2015
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GRISWOLDVILLE
 By Sgt. Benjamin R. Gormley, 1999

The Reenactor
 For the time that I last, I shall live in the past
 And remember the world's fading glories...
 The battles and heroes, and songs that were sung,
 And the nearly forgotten old stories.
 Though I've earned not a cent

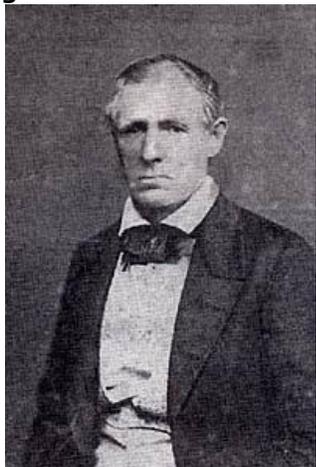
**How bitter the year of '64 when the Yankees,
The heart of Georgia tore.
Atlanta fell and mothers cried
For the twenty-five thousand sons that died.
Sherman began his march to the sea,
General Hood marched off to Tennessee,
Leaving only young boys, old men and the ill ...
Then The War came home - to Griswoldville.
Youth and gray beard side by side,
For Georgia's soil, they bravely died,
Seven assaults up that deadly hill ...
At the battlefield of Griswoldville.
The Yankees stilled their shot and shell,
And wept at how the children fell.
"Go back! Go back! Stay back!" they cried ...
But once again, they charged and died.
An unmarked grave in the Georgia clay
For men and boys who fell that day;
Wives, sisters, mothers weeping still ...
For the men are gone from Griswoldville.
In every home, a vacant chair,
An empty bench on the courthouse square;
Their blood has paid the butcher's bill ...
And death has come to Griswoldville.
There's no one left to reap and till
The Lonely fields in the Georgia hills,
The dogs of War have supped their fill ...
And death has come to Griswoldville.**

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Samuel Griswold of Griswoldville, Georgia

by Janet Michie Mann

What prompted a young New Englander to pack up his family in 1820 and move hundreds of miles south to rural Georgia? Perhaps it was the same desire for a better life and more opportunities that caused his ancestor, Edward Griswold, to leave England and settle in Connecticut almost 200 years before! Samuel Griswold, 9th child of Jeremiah, may have felt that Burlington, Connecticut didn't offer enough scope for his abilities or his dreams. The move to Georgia certainly turned out to be a good one. Samuel became a leading citizen of Jones County, founded a town (Griswoldville), and was an arms supplier to the Confederate States of America. His family flourished in their new home, and apparently adopted the South whole-heartedly - transplanted Yankees who became good Confederates in one generation! Samuel Griswold at 22 years of age married Louisa Forbes, age 21, in



Burlington, Connecticut in 1813. In the next five years, they had three children, Roger (1814), Lucia (1816), and Elisha Case (1818). Now 27, Samuel may have worried about providing for his growing family. We may never know why he chose Georgia, but sometime in 1819 or 1820, Samuel moved his family to the town of Clinton in Jones County, Georgia. Family lore held that Samuel and Louisa moved south with their last surviving child (Lucia), after losing two others to harsh northern winters. However, the genealogical record does not agree, since it shows all three children living at the time of the move. Samuel began work as a clerk in a store, and the family continued to grow, with Giles born in Georgia in 1821, followed by Mary (1823), Annie (1825), Elizabeth (1828), and finally Ellen (1830). Louisa was now 39 years old, Samuel 40, and they had 8 living children until 1831, when their oldest child, Roger, died at age 17. During these years, Samuel was probably deciding on the type of business he would start, and gathering working capital. About 1828, he opened a

factory in Clinton manufacturing cotton gins. His partner in this operation appears to have been Daniel Pratt, from New Hampshire. Daniel eventually moved on to Alabama, where he founded the town of Prattville and later designed the State Capitol building in Montgomery. However, the relationship is remembered in 1853, when Samuel's grandson is named Daniel Pratt Griswold. The cotton gin business was a success, and after the Central Georgia Railroad surveyed the area in 1835, Samuel decided to relocate on the rail lines. Since his gins were shipped to Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi, good transportation would certainly be important. Samuel bought about 4,000 acres of land on the Central Georgia Railroad Line about 9 miles east of Macon, and there he founded Griswoldville. The community was well established by 1850. In addition to the cotton gin factory, it included an iron foundry, a sawmill, a gristmill, a post office, a church, a store and homes for himself and several of his children. Additionally, there were cottages for the workers, many of whom were slaves. The Census of 1850 gives us a snapshot in time of this Griswold family. Samuel and Louisa's household included their youngest daughter, Ellen, 20 and not yet married, their third daughter, Annie Stubbs, a 25-year-old widow with a 5-year-old son, and their fourth daughter Elizabeth, age 22, with her husband Henry W. Dorsey, age 40, and their 6-year-old son. Henry Dorsey gives his occupation as "Assistant Manufacturer," so one assumes he worked with Samuel in the cotton gin factory. Also included in the household was a 28-year-old overseer named Thomas Stallworth. Samuel listed his occupation as "Manufacturer," with a property value of \$70,000. Nearby lived eldest daughter Lucia, aged 34, with her husband Francis S. Johnson, aged 41, a merchant born in South Carolina. Their household included their seven children, born between 1836 and 1849. Perhaps Francis ran the store there in Griswoldville! His property value is given as \$2,500. Not too far away lived Samuel's youngest son, Giles H. Griswold, aged 29, a farmer. His household included his wife Penina, aged 28, three children born between 1844 and 1848, an 8-year-old girl named Sophronia Gibson, and 25-year-old overseer William A. Marshall. Giles' property is valued at \$8,400. More distant but still in Jones County lived second daughter Mary, age 26 with her husband Daniel Newman Smith, a 36 year old

farmer, and their three children, born between 1843 and 1849. Their property value is stated as \$6,000. Others appear in the 1850 Census whose paths will eventually cross those of Samuel's family. Robert Barron, who will marry Giles' daughter Louisa Griswold (not yet born), was a 16 year old living with his family. His father, Horatio Barron, is a well to do Physician/farmer from South Carolina, with property in Jones County valued at \$26,000. William D. Ethridge, a 17-year-old clerk rooming in a hotel, will marry Lucia's oldest



daughter, Louisa Johnson. Richard W. Bonner, who will marry Samuel's daughter Ellen soon, is a 27-year-old merchant living in the household of a farmer named Parish. And Robert V. Cox, who will marry Giles' daughter Mary, born in 1848, is an 8 year old on his parents' farm. By 1855, a man named Gunnison is employed in the cotton gin factory in "a position of responsibility." Samuel is now 64 years old, and probably ready to retire. His son Elisha, age 39, dies in 1857, and daughter Mary, age 36, in 1859. Also in 1859, Lucia dies at age 43. She does not live to see her son Samuel Griswold Johnson die in 1864 after having a leg amputated after Chancellorsville. But now fate steps in to call Samuel Griswold back to work, as the War Between the States changes life in the South. In 1862 the Governor of Georgia appealed to the manufacturers of his State to make weapons called Georgia pikes, an iron pike on a 6-foot staff, for the price of \$5 each. Sam Griswold realized that there would not be a market for cotton gins for the duration of the conflict, and converted his factory to pike manufacture. From April 3 until June 2, 1862, the factory at Griswoldville made over 800 pikes, several of which have survived, and bear the Griswold name on the blade. Although pikes continued to be bought by the Confederate Army throughout 1862, no more came from Griswoldville. After June, Samuel turned his attention to a much more valuable addition to the Confederate arsenal - the copy of the Colt 1851 Revolver that became known as the Griswold & Gunnison. In May of 1862, Griswold & Gunnison had a contract to supply as many revolvers as possible at \$40 each. The first specimen was delivered for testing in July. At that time, the factory had another 100 in the works. The factory consisted of 22 machines operated by 24 workers, 22 of whom were slaves! There were some problems at first with this new manufacturing process, but in October the first 18 revolvers were accepted by the Army, and from then on both quantity and quality improved. The major challenge faced by Griswold & Gunnison was obtaining the necessary metal supplies. Iron and brass were increasingly hard to get. In spite of difficulties, however, the factory managed to produce over 100 revolvers a month during the time it was in operation, from October 1862 to November 1864. In all, a total of 3,606 Griswold &

Gunnison revolvers were supplied to the Army of the Confederacy, about as many as all other revolver manufacturers combined. On November 11, 1864, General Sherman began his march to the sea from Atlanta. Samuel Griswold found himself on that route. On November 22, 1864, the factory was destroyed during the Battle of Griswoldville, and no more pistols were made. In addition, almost every house in town was burned down. Samuel and Louisa survived the war, having seen six of their eight children die before them. Giles died in 1862 at age 41, and Ellen in the same year, only 32. Samuel died in 1867, at age 77, and Louisa followed him in 1870, at age 79. Only Annie Stubbs and Elizabeth Dorsey Grier outlived their parents. Many members of the family served in the Confederate Army. Company "B" of the 12th Georgia Infantry was also known as the "Jones Volunteers." It included Harry Dorsey, Elizabeth's son, killed in 1864 in Winchester, Virginia, and Isaac Hardeman, who after the war married Lucia Griswold, Giles' daughter. The 45th Georgia Infantry included Samuel H. Griswold, Elisha's oldest son, discharged with disability after Winchester, William A. Griswold, possibly Giles's oldest son, who enlisted in July 1864, when he would have been 18, and Charles Augustus Conn, first husband of Lucia Griswold, who was killed in 1865 at Petersburg, Virginia. Like a scene from "Gone With The Wind," I can imagine Lucia, just 18 years old in 1862, waving farewell to her young husband as he rides off to enlist. Three years later she is a 21-year-old widow. Richard W. Bonner was in the 45th for a few months in 1862, resigning due to disability in August. His wife Ellen Griswold Bonner died in 1862, leaving five small children including an infant. Did he resign to return home to care for his young family? Lucia's second son, Francis S. Johnson, Jr. also served in the 45th, enlisting as a Sergeant in 1862 and furloughed due to illness in 1865, with the rank of Captain. He died in 1911 in Gray, Georgia.



Equally fascinating as the War records is the 1880 Census where a number of family members are still in the Jones County area. Peyton Griswold, Elisha's grandson and Samuel's great-grandson, was a 6-year-old living with his maternal grandparents. His uncle Samuel H. Griswold is 35, married, lives in Clinton and lists his occupation as "Agent in Factory." Clinton is also home to Richard Johnson (son of Lucia Griswold Johnson), 33 year old Attorney at Law, married to Annie Griswold (daughter of Giles), his first cousin. Included in the household are Annie's two younger sisters, Lizzie and Ellie Griswold.

Nearby in Clinton lives Robert Hardeman, Sr., Attorney at Law, whose wife is Ellen Griswold Smith, Mary's daughter. Their six children, ages 13 years to 2 months, are joined by Ellen's aunt, Annie Stubbs. Now 55 and disabled, she never remarried after being widowed at age 25. Also living there is James Stubbs, 9 years old, who must be Annie's grandson. Elisha's third son, Daniel Pratt Griswold, is listed in the Census as Pratt Griswold, a 27-year-old farmer with a wife and a one-year-old son named Elisha. R. Henry Bonner, a 26-year-old farmer married to Fanny, is almost certainly Ellen and Richard Bonner's son Henry R. Bonner, born in 1854. Perhaps the most interesting entries in the 1880 Census are the Griswolds whose race is given as black. How tempting it is to speculate that these may be the former slaves, or children of the slaves, who worked in the Griswoldville factory or on Giles' farm. They include farmers James Griswold, 40 and his wife Lindy, with their eleven children, Richard Griswold, 37, and Augustus Griswold, 38, both with wives and children. Benny Griswold, 30, is a servant. John Griswold, 26, is a laborer, with a 19-year-old wife and 2 sons. A mulatto woman named Allice Griswold is a 25-year-old servant with a young son. This family of transplanted Yankees certainly did their share for the Confederacy during the War Between the States, supplying both men and material in ample quantities. Samuel apparently eagerly turned his factory to manufacturing weapons, and many of the young men enlisted early in 1862, when the local regiments were first formed. Were they accepted by then as Southerners, or possibly still regarded with some suspicion? The girls married men born in the South, and the family clearly owned and used slaves in several capacities. In short, they seem to have fitted comfortably into the way of life that they found when they arrived in Georgia.



We thank you for attending this 11th Annual Memorial Service of the Battle of Griswoldville and welcome you back next year for the 152nd Commemoration which will be held on November 19th, 2016

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT GRISWOLDVILLE



Attending the 2015 Griswoldville Commemoration was, Commander Roy Mixon, of The Old Capitol SCV Camp #688 of Milledgeville, GA. His GGrandfather Henry Wood, Co. I

8th GA Militia, was a POW at Griswoldville on that fateful day of November 22, 1864 Captured at age 50, he sent to Point Lookout, Maryland.

Not a lot of information seems to be available about Confederate prisoners taken at Griswoldville and we would really like to learn more. If you have any such information, please share it with us. (pictured 20th Tennessee)



Sent To Us By: Sherrie' Raleigh

Our Ancestors Probably Didn't Get 8 Hours of Sleep a Night



SPOONING TOGETHER.

A new study gives a glimpse at the sleep habits of pre-industrial humans. "Get seven to eight hours of sleep a night!" — it's health advice we've all heard, and sure enough, lots of studies have shown the benefits of doing so. But turns out, our ancient ancestors may not have even gotten this much sleep a night, new study suggests. For a little more than three years, researchers from UCLA analyzed the sleep habits of 94 people living the pre-industrial hunter-gatherer lifestyle (meaning their day-to-day closely resembles that of our evolutionary ancestors): the Hadza people living near Serengeti National Park in Tanzania, the Tsimane people living along the Andean foothills in Bolivia, and the San people in the South African Kalahari Desert. Participants in the study wore watch-sized devices that measured their sleep and wake times and light exposure; researchers also tracked how long and when these adults slept during the summer and winter, their body temperatures, and the temperature of their environments. Among the findings: They sleep 6.4 hours on average. They do not nap regularly and do not awaken during the night. They sleep an hour more in the winter than they do in the summer. They do not go to sleep when it gets dark—sleep onset is 3.3 hours after sunset, on average. Their health is "excellent" and they have better levels of fitness than typical Americans of the same age. The daily cycle of temperature change, which has largely been eliminated from modern sleep environments, may be a natural regulator of duration and timing of sleep.

via amy capetta - 10/15/15

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OUR SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

DECEMBER 4 – PARADE IN COCRAN, GA – CHECK WITH DAN OR COOKIE

DECEMBER 4-5 – KEEPING CHRISTMAS @ OLD RICHLAND CHURCH

JANUARY 2016 – WINTER DRILL – TO BE ANNOUNCED

FEBRUARY 2016 – OLUSTEE, FL.

APRIL 2016 – CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY

MARCH 2016 – BROXTON'S BRIDGE, SC

APRIL 30 – MAY 1 – OLD CLINTON WAR DAYS

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

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

Capt. Wm. "Rebel" Bradberry, Cmding. - 404-242-7213

1 Lt. Noah Sprague – 706-491-9755

2nd Lt. 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. Chas. "Goodtime" Whitehead - 478-986-8943

2nd Corp. Dan Williams - 478-230-7189

3rd Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151

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

Honorary Chaplain Ronnie "Skin" Neal – 478-808-8848

Assistant Chaplain – Charles Hill – 770-845-6878

Musician – Chance Sprague – 706-491-9755

Musician - Aaron Bradford – 302-668-8029

Musician - Oliver Lummus – 302-668-8029

Musician - Al McGalliard - 478-318-7266

Rev. Joey Young - Honorary Life Member

ON FACEBOOK: "JACKSON RIFLES". All issues (2011-present) of The Howling Dawg are available @ scvcamp1399.org & some @ scv2218.com, thanks to Steve Scroggins and Al McGalliard.



"Jackson Rifles" 2014 Staff



THE CAMP OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
of Old Clinton, Jones County, GA gathered for the final regular meeting of 2015 on the hallowed soil of the Griswoldville Battlefield after the 11th annual Commemoration. Our speaker for the preceding service was Reverend Joey Young. Normal business matters were handled such as approval of the minutes from the previous meeting and the treasure's report.

We had the honor and pleasure of inducting our newest member, Matt Sims, into the fellowship of our Camp and approving the submitted application for John Conkell of San Diego, California. On hand were most all of the officers elect, including:



Commander - Charles Whitehead
1st Lt. Commander - Brick Lee Nelson
2nd Lt. Commander - J.C. Nobles
Color Sgt. - Earl Colvin
Chaplain - Joel B. Whitehead, Jr.
Adjutant - John Wayne Dobson
Treasurer/Quartermaster - Al McGalliard
Judge Advocate - Ethan Bloodworth
Surgeon - Bryant Knight (not able to attend)
Historian - Ethan Bockholt

These Compatriots will be sworn in on Thursday, January 21, 2016 at our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet.

There will be no December meeting. Our January 21, 2016 meeting will be our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet, featuring Mark Pollard of Nash Farm as our featured speaker. More

details are forthcoming. Guest speaker openings for meetings – February-October 2016 are currently available.



THE SIGN RETURNS

Some time back the sign that hung in front of the Cannonball House (Macon, GA) was stolen. Through a bizarre series of events, the thieves were discovered and the sign recovered. It remains to be seen what will be done with the culprits.

... jwd.

PRAYER WALL

nailing our petitions to the cross

Charles and Marie Hill
John and Linda Tucker
John Hoffman
Ron Haskins
James Boyd and family
Rev. Joey and Amanda Young
Tommy and Elaine Wallace
Tom and Ruth Stevens
Roy and Dana Myers
Mrs. & Mrs. Herbert Burns
Ervin and Barbara Garnto
Perry and Mary Harrelson
Col. Bowman's famiy
Diane Beck
Me & You

And let me know of others

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

***Wanted to give you an update on how Linda and I are doing. Linda is going thru intensive Chemo. She will have to remain on it thru the start of 2016. She is doing OK and has an abundance of faith and belief hat our LORD WILL heal her. What a brave and wonderful person. And to think she married me. As for me....I am doing OK. Brain cancer was found and resolved with NO evidence of it being there anymore. I am receiving weekly Chemo and an under radiation treatment for the next two weeks. We are targetting on ONE area in the lungs. But in fact I dont fee that bad. Do get light headed and very tired sometimes but it goes away. I do see improvement and also feel that GOD has a plan for this. I am NOT GOING ANYWHERE. But....I do have a testimony to tell when this is over. Fact is Linda and I both do. God Bless ALL OF you and we miss you so much.
Love always, John and Linda***

A THOUGHT

“Some say we are in the last days – good, I’ve had a plenty of this place.” - jwd

CORRECTION

In the last issue we wrote a story about our friendship with Pennsylvanian Frank Foulke and family. However, I made an error that I now would like to correct. The wedding Frank and Bette attended was that of their son Steve and his bride Helen. We are so sorry for the mistake. *jwd*

Frank also noted: I had forgotten *Lt. Colonel Fremantle* had an appearance in Gettysburg, the movie. He is dressed in a very pretty red tunic. However, in his own words he tells of wearing not his usual uniform but a grey "shooting jacket and pants." He mentions two Prussians observers who always were attired in their country's dress uniform but his spent most of the time in his baggage. Oh well. That's show business!



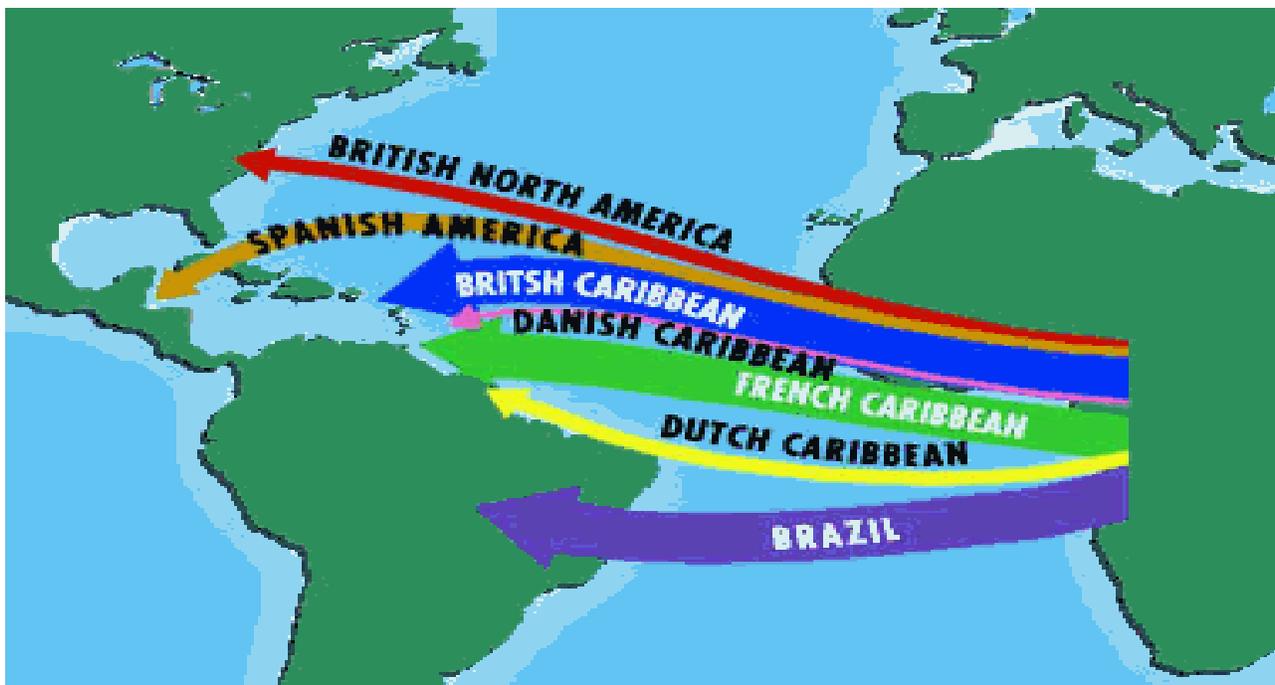


The Old Capitol SCV Camp #688 has greatly honored Simple Heritage by inviting the traditional music ensemble to perform for their "Dinner with Lee and Jackson" on Thursday December 10, 2015 at 7:00pm. Anyone interested in attending should contact Camp Commander Roy Mixon .

The group now has a YOUTUBE Channel and has begun work on a CD that will likely be titled "Southern Irish".

EVERYONE KNOWS ... "There was no slavery in the NORTH!"

The idea that the Northern states were against slavery is a complete falsehood. Period newspapers are filled with ads buying and selling African



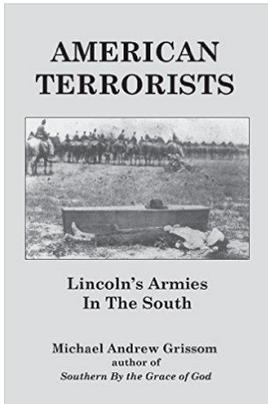
people. The spread of slavery in the South was not because Northern whites loved black people, but because the warmer climate and flatter terrain in the South allowed for more varieties of produce to be grown in a much larger area. Simply put: the farther South one goes, the higher the concentration of black slaves. (the map illustrates slave trade 1701-1810)

The early Massachusetts legislature was the first to officially welcome the African slave trade; in fact, many "proper Bostonians" built their fortunes upon that despicable enterprise. Massachusetts became America's leading slave-ship builder and sent one expedition after another into Africa to rape, pillage, and plunder her black humanity. Gangs of chained Africans were landed on the docks of Boston and Salem by white Massachusetts merchants and auctioned alongside hogs, lumber, and casks of cheese, destined for a life of hopeless bondage.

Slaveholders in the North were exceedingly brutal and in New York "inappropriate and disruptive kindness" was actually against the law. Any master "forgiving, making up, or compromising" with slaves was severely fined in New York. Wall Street (which has now enslaved ALL of America) was notorious in the 1600s for its African and Indian slave auctions.

Source: The Reclamation Project, *The Hidden History of Massachusetts* (2003); *The Hidden History of New York* (1998); NOI, *Jews Selling Blacks*, pp. 46-48 (RI & CT), 58 & 59 (RI), 109-111 (NY), 36-37, 57, 106 & 107 (PA).

BOOKS



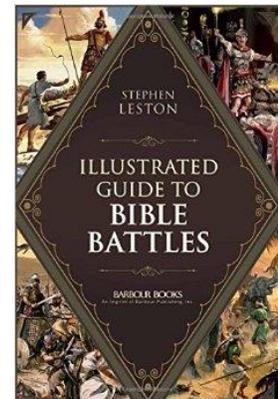
AMERICAN TERRORISTS: Lincoln's Armies in the South by Michael Andrew Grissom

No one ever loved his country more than Southerners who cherished their short-lived Confederacy. The enormities the people of the South suffered for their experiment in liberty would be unbelievable except for the treasure trove of first-hand accounts they left us. From the long buried archives of Southern history, Mr. Grissom has unearthed letters, diaries, newspaper accounts of the 1860s, and personal recollections of those who survived the brutality of Lincoln's armies as they burned, looted, tortured, molested, and murdered their way across Dixie. Here, in their own words, men, women, and children describe the violence. Some of these eyewitness accounts have never before been published, while others have not been in print for almost 140 years. Forty-six photographs from the era, some having never been published until now, illustrate the text of this historical collection of first-hand accounts. The modern reader may be surprised to find that terrorism was not invented by ISIS.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO BIBLE BATTLES

by Stephen Leston

War is a reality of human history even in Bible times. This readable reference shows you how dozens of biblical battles fit into the overall storyline of scripture. From familiar accounts such as Joshua's conquest of Jericho to lesser-known engagements; including some extra-biblical battles that helped shape Bible history. Provides fascinating background and overviews, colorful photos and maps.



LETTERS

During the Thanksgiving and Christmas season, we often have guests to our homes – some from the Northern States of America. One such visitor recently told me that they once thought of me as being a very racist person because I was from the South and had long been involved in heritage organizations. Now, they concluded, I was not. I know liberal propagandists often do an effective job at characterizing conservative views as racist, but are not such arising, pre-conceived notions not a blatant form of the very prejudice they boast of opposing. Why, it almost seems hypocritical, don't you think?

Duke

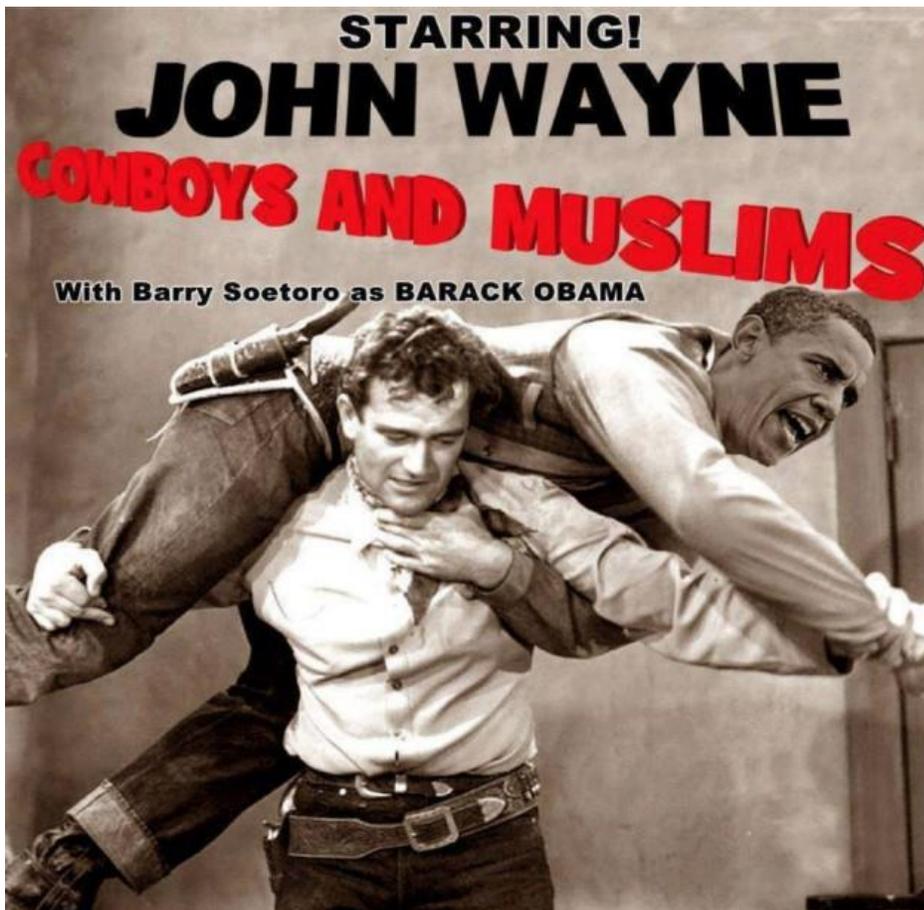


Educational Coordinator Brenda Dobson hosted *Millie's Story Time* at The Cannonball House (Macon, GA) in November and, naturally, the story of the month was "*The First Thanksgiving*." Note: Brenda actually had ancestors on *The Mayflower*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As always I hope you enjoy the November newsletter. If not, it is, of all endeavors, most worthless. Regrettably, it has far fewer pictures than normal. For example, Nash farm is missing. People seem to take plenty of them but they don't always get sent my way and I am typically not going to scrounge around FACEBOOK for them like a beggar poking through trash cans. - Duke



150 yrs ago, November 1, 1865: ... In Atlanta, Ga. Confederate General John B. Gordon has found it impossible to find desirable employment, so he removes himself to Savannah, considering a venture whereby he would cross-saw logs into kindling length and mechanically split the logs into kindling, which he would bundle and send to markets in the North. (thanks to Larry Upthegrove)



A Montana cowboy, a Native American and a Muslim are waiting for their plane in a small Montana airport. The Montana cowboy leans back in his chair, crosses his boots on a magazine table and tips his big sweat-stained hat forward over his face. The wind outside is blowing tumbleweeds around and the old windsock is flapping, but still no plane comes. The American Indian clears his

throat and softly speaks. *"At one time here, my people were many, but sadly, now we are few."* The Muslim student raises an eyebrow and leans forward, *"Once my people were few,"* he sneers, *"and now we are many. Why do you suppose that is?"* The Montana cowboy shifts his toothpick to one side of his mouth, and from the darkness beneath his Stetson says in a drawl :

"That's cause we ain't played Cowboys & Muslims yet, but I do believe it's a-comin".

A SAD FAREWELL



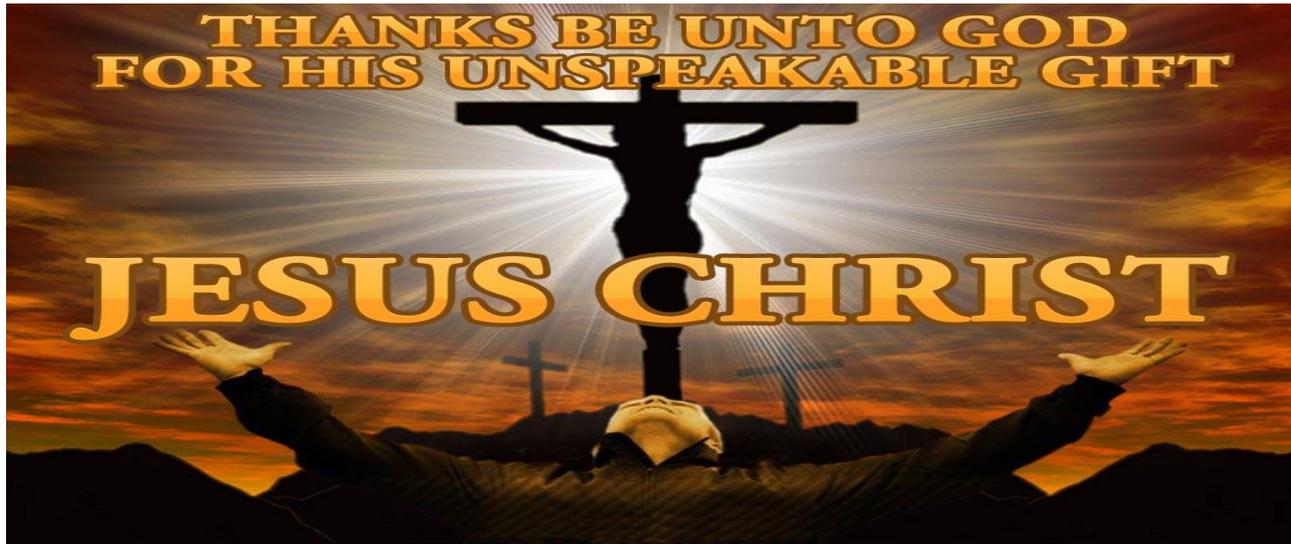
Colonel Donald D. Bowman (3/15/1953 - 11/25/2015)

Our deepest and sincerest condolences to the family of Colonel Don D. Bowman, a true Southern Gentleman. Our hearts also go out to the Florida Battalion. He has *crossed over the river and is resting under the shade of the trees!!!* Please keep the Bowman family in your thoughts and prayers!

"The Colonel" 62, died with honor after a brave fight with merkel cell cancer. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Michele and 2 daughters, Melanie Kelly (David) and Vanessa Bershad (Chris) and 3 grandchildren. He was a graduate of Jesuit High School, class of 1972. Don was a member of IBEW Local 915 and retired recently from Yuengling Brewery after 17 years. History and Civil War reenacting were his passions for over 40 years. Don's family and friends will always be grateful for his life-saving liver transplant 17 years ago. The family will receive friends on Dec 4th from 5:30-7:30 PM at Hodges Family Funeral Home, 36327 SR 54 Zephyrhills. Memorial Mass at St Joseph Catholic Church, 38710 5th Ave, Zephyrhills at 10 AM on Dec 5th. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to LifeLink Legacy Fund at www.lifelinkfoundation.org/legacyfund or University of Washington Merkel Cell Carcinoma Fund at www.giving.uw.edu.

WHO WE ARE THANKFUL TO

" Blessings are upon the head of the just: but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked. " - Proverbs 10:6



During this time of thanksgiving with all of the eating and being with family let us not forget who we are thankful to and why. We are thankful to God the Father, our Protector Provider and Savior. We should remember the blessings that He has freely given us. If you have a hard time remembering your blessings don't be upset or discouraged. Almost everyone holds onto the bad and forgets the good that were received. When you hold on to the bad it darkens the light that points the way to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. When we allow our feelings and emotions to blind us with hate, fear and anger we steal our own blessings and make ourselves vulnerable to the enemy to kick us when we are down. When you feel yourself start to take that path, stop walking and start counting your blessings that God has given to you. When you start to count those precious blessings it will show you that even in the hard times on the path, that Jesus was with you and it makes the hard times bearable if you are his child. You can't be too mad angry or ugly for God not to love you. Will you remember to count your blessings?

- Chaplain Joel B. Whitehead, Jr.