

NOVEMBER 15TH—DECEMBER 20TH, 2005

Patriotic and Progressive

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERAN DESCENDANTS AND KINDRED TOPICS

THE WEBFOOT

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
SAMUEL R. WATKINS CAMP No 29
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS



GENERAL, JOHN B. GORDON

FEBRUARY 6, 1832—JANUARY 9, 1904

THANK YOU ALL...

Dear Camp,

Since my term as your camp commander comes to an end this January 17th, 2006, I just wanted to thank all the members of the Sam Watkins camp for your support and hard work you have put in. It has been a great honor being your Camp Commander these past two years.

In the past six years, our camp has almost tripled in size and of course it is from all of the Camp's hard work. Thanks to Doc Bain and Billy Jackson for being commanders in the past and getting the ball rolling.

Here are just a few of the things as a camp we can be proud of these past two years:

Work at the Jackson College cemetery.

We renovated the Bigby Grays Monument and replaced all the bushes around said monument.

We helped promote and co-sponsored 2005 SCV Reunion/Convention.

Have had "Confederate History Month" proclaimed by the Mayor of Columbia four years in a row.

The one thousand Tourism/Rack Cards we had printed and distributed to promote the Bigby Gray's Battle Flag housed at the Phosphate Museum and the Bigby Gray's Confederate Monument, which are in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

The great looking benches we donated to Elm Springs and the pride we felt when Past Commander, Billy Jackson designed won best website in the SCV and Tennessee Division. Of course, Past Commander, Dr. Robert Bain marching in the funeral procession for the last C.S.S. Hunley crew which took place in South Carolina.

At the National Convention/Reunion, I was proud to cast your votes for the amendments you wanted. I also want to thank Jack Taylor for all the work he puts in behind the scenes to help our camp, but most of all I want to say I am proud of all of you and proud to be a member of the Sam Watkins camp #29.

Greg Atwell
Camp Commander
2004 - 2006



NOVEMBER 15TH MINUTES

The November 15th Minutes will appear in the December 20th 2005—January 17th, 2006 Webfoot Issue.

SCV "CONFEDERATE VETERAN" MAGAZINE BANNED FROM ALEXANDER COUNTY, NC SCHOOLS BY SCHOOL BOARD
(12/14/05)

The Alexander County, North Carolina School board by a vote of 6-1, has banned the *Confederate Veteran* Magazine from its schools. Committee chairman Dale Clary said the decision came down to the school systems right to ban what is found in "media centers". Clary said, "... We cannot let any group have a captive audience for their information."

A Mr. Jim Lowe was the only opposing vote and only one in favor of the magazine.

The initial request that the magazine be donated to the school was brought up by Larry Church, commander of Rocky Face Rangers Camp 1948 in May of 2005. Church felt that the vote was another attack on the Confederate Battle flag which can be found on many pages of the magazine. Church went on to say, "When we get some new school board members on there, we may try it again..."

2005 Army of Tennessee Christmas Supper

A big thank you goes out to all who attended the 2005 Christmas Supper. As many of you now know, Commander, Greg Atwell was awarded a plaque for his two years of service to the camp. The plaque read as follows:

This plaque is presented to our Commander, Greg D. Atwell, in recognition of his tireless and arduous service to the Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Thinking more of others than himself, he has served the Camp with honor and distinction.

2004-2006

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Operated by **Sam Goodman**



Co. AYTCH. CHAPTER XIV, JONESBORO—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT JOHN WHITTAKER

At this place we built small breastworks, but for what purpose I never knew. The Yankees seemed determined not to fight; no way we could fix it. Every now and then they would send over a "feeler," to see how we were getting along. Sometimes these "feelers" would do some damage.

I remember one morning we were away over a hill, and every now and then here would come one of those lazy-looking "feelers," just bouncing along as if he were in no hurry, called in military "ricochet." They were very easy to dodge, if you could see them in time. Well, one morning as before remarked, Lieutenant John Whittaker, then in command of Company H, and myself were sitting down eating breakfast out of the same tin plate. We were sopping gravy out with some cold corn bread, when Captain W. C. Flournoy, of the Martin Guards, hallooed out, "Look out, Sam; look! look!" I just turned my head, and in turning, the cannon ball knocked my hat off, and striking Lieutenant Whittaker full in the side of the head, carried away the whole of the skull part, leaving only the face. His brains fell in the plate from which we were sopping, and his head fell in my lap, deluging my face and clothes with his blood. Poor fellow, he never knew what hurt him. His spirit went to its God that morning. Green Rieves carried the poor boy off on his shoulder, and, after wrapping him up in a blanket, buried him. His bones are at Jonesboro today. The cannon ball did not go twenty yards after accomplishing its work of death. Captain Flournoy laughed at me, and said, "Sam, that came very near getting you. One-tenth of an inch more would have cooked your goose." I saw another man try to stop one of those balls that was just rolling along on the ground. He put his foot out to stop the ball but the ball did not stop, but, instead, carried the man's leg off with it. He no doubt today walks on a cork-leg, and is tax collector of the county in which he lives. I saw a thoughtless boy trying to catch one in his hands as it bounced along. He caught it, but the next moment his spirit had gone to meet its God. But, poor John, we all loved him. He died for his country. His soul is with his God. He gave his all for the country he loved, and may he rest in peace under the shade of the tree where he is buried, and may the birds sing their sweetest songs, the flowers put forth their most beautiful blooms, while the gentle breezes play about the brave boy's grave. Green Rieves was the only person at the funeral; no tears of a loving mother or gentle sister were there. Green interred his body, and there it will remain till the resurrection. John Whittaker deserves more than a passing notice. He was noble and brave, and when he was killed, Company H was without an officer then commanding. Every single officer had been killed, wounded, or captured. John served as a private soldier the first year of the war, and at the reorganization at Corinth, Mississippi, he, W. J. Whitthorne and myself all ran for orderly sergeant of Company H, and John was elected, and the first vacancy occurring after the death of Captain Webster, he was commissioned brevet second lieutenant. When the war broke out, John was clerking for John L. & T. S. Brandon, in Columbia. He had been in every march, skirmish, and battle that had been fought during the war. Along the dusty road, on the march, in the bivouac and on the battlefield, he was the same noble, generous boy; always, kind, ever gentle, a smile ever lighting up his countenance. He was one of the most even-tempered men I ever knew. I never knew him to speak an unkind word to anyone, or use a profane or vulgar word in my life.

One of those ricochet cannonballs struck my old friend, N. B. Shepard. Shep was one of the bravest and best soldiers who ever shouldered a musket. It is true, he was but a private soldier, but he was the best friend I had during the whole war. In intellect he was far ahead of most of the generals, and would have honored and adorned the name of general in the C. S. A. He was ever brave and true. He followed our cause to the end, yet all the time an invalid. Today he is languishing on a bed of pain and sickness, caused by that ball at Jonesboro. The ball struck him on his knapsack, knocking him twenty feet, and breaking one or two ribs and dislocating his shoulder. He was one of God's noblemen, indeed-- none braver, none more generous. God alone controls our destinies, and surely He who watched over us and took care of us in those dark and bloody days, will not forsake us now. God alone fits and prepares for us the things that are in store for us. There is none so wise as to foresee the future or foretell the end. God sometimes seems afar off, but He will never leave or forsake anyone who puts his trust in Him. The day will come when the good as well as evil will all meet on one broad platform, to be rewarded for the deeds done in the body, when time shall end, with the gates of eternity closed, and the key fastened to the girdle of God forever. Pardon me, reader, I have wandered. But when my mind reverts to those scenes and times, I seem to live in another age and time and I sometime think that "after us comes the end of the universe."

Continued Next Page

CONTINUATION OF CO. AYTCH, CHAPTER XIV, DEATH OF LIEUTENANT JOHN WHITTAKER

I am not trying to moralize, I am only trying to write a few scenes and incidents that came under the observation of a poor old Rebel webfoot private soldier in those stormy days and times. Histories tell the great facts, while I only tell of the minor incidents.

But on this day of which I now write, we can see in plain view more than a thousand Yankee battle-flags waving on top the red earthworks, not more than four hundred yards off. Every private soldier there knew that General Hood's army was scattered all the way from Jones-

boro to Atlanta, a distance of twenty-five miles, without any order, discipline, or spirit to do anything. We could hear General Stewart, away back yonder in Atlanta, still blowing up arsenals, and smashing things generally, while Stephen D. Lee was somewhere between Lovejoy Station and Macon, scattering. And here was but a demoralized remnant of Cheatham's corps facing the whole Yankee army. I have ever thought that Sherman was a poor general, not to have captured Hood and his whole army at that time. But it matters not what I thought, as I am not trying to tell the ifs and ands, but only of what I saw. In a word, we had everything

against us. The soldiers distrusted everything. They were broken down with their long days' hard marching--were almost dead with hunger and fatigue. Every one was taking his own course, and wishing and praying to be captured. Hard and senseless marching, with little sleep, half rations, and lice, had made their lives a misery. Each one prayed that all this foolishness might end one way or the other. It was too much for human endurance. Every private soldier knew that such things as this could not last. They were willing to ring down the curtain, put out the footlights and go home. There was no hope in the future for them.

CALLING ALL MEMBERS OF THE SAM WATKINS CAMP!

Our annual camp elections will be held on January 17th at 7PM.

It is requested that all who are able to attend to please make arrangements to visit and cast your vote for all camp officer seats that will become open.

As all of you know, Commander, Greg Atwell's term is now up

and he cannot run again for Camp Commander. Seats for Lt. Commander, Sergeant at Arms, Adjutant etc. will now be open.

We have all heard the expression, "if you don't vote you can't complain" - how true this is...

Do your best to at least attend long enough to decide on who you want to

run the camp for the next year.

This is an IMPORTANT date for the camp and it will be the deciding factor on what avenues the camp will be taking!

JANUARY 17TH, 2006

MAKE A NOTE OF IT!

**MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

Dear Camp,

I hope you all have a wonderful Christmas this year. I thank you all for being a part of the camp and supporting the Webfoot Newsletter. This is our main means of communication and I find it an honor to be able to edit it and send it out every month to each and every one of you.

We have made some great strides this past year and I hope to see the same in the upcoming year. It's hard to believe that 2006 is upon us and with it many more challenges.

Take care and may God Bless...

Jack Taylor, II
Camp Adjutant





THE WEBFOOT
SAMUEL R. WATKINS CAMP #29
SONS OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS

All dues, notices and correspondence:
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**LET'S ALL WELCOME
ROBERT M. BULLOCK AND
CHARLES L. BATES AS THE
LATEST MEMBERS TO JOIN
THE CAMP!**



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Capt. W. H. McCauley Camp # 260
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Col. George H. Nixon Camp # 214
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