

NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 19, 2006 ISSUE

Patriotic & Progressive™

THE WEBFOOT



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

Official Organ Of The
Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29
Sons of Confederate Veterans



Wednesday, December 20, 2006
Headquarters of the Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29
COLUMBIA, TENN.

Sam Watkins Camp and to all concerned:

What a great night we had at our 5th annual 'Army of Tennessee Christmas Supper"! The food was wonderful, as usual. A great big thanks to Jack Taylor for cooking the main course of smoked pork and sweet potatoes and a big thanks to everyone else who helped put on the event. Our live entertainment this year was professional musician, Ross Moore or Ross Moore Entertainment. Those of you who missed the supper or passed it up, really missed a treat. Moore's performance was very entertaining. He has great talent playing numerous instruments and to top that off, he can sing too. Everyone needs to make plans next year to attend this wonderful get together.

I would like to thank all of our members that attended the march at Franklin on November 30th. It is estimated that we had about 10 members that were able to participate somewhere in the march. Most importantly, our Camp colors flew in the march and was carried by our new member Andy Hall the entire way. Thank you Andy for your patriotism!

At the November 21st meeting, we took up donations to help take care of the cost of running our SCV recruitment commercials on Charter Cable television. We ran 50 plus commercials on charters network during the week of the Franklin March on the History Channel and the TV Guide Channel. There has been some positive response to the commercials...

Please make plans to attend our next meeting on January 16th, 2007. This next meeting will be election night and one of our more important nights of the year.

May you all have a wonder Christmas and Happy New year!

Yours Truly,
Kenneth Lovett
Camp Commander

On The Cover:

The image on the front cover is that of Colonel John S. Green of the 6th Virginia Cavalry. The image is a restored and colorized reproduction of the original and available only from the Sam Watkins Camp #29, S.C.V.

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. The Webfoot is our main means of communication outside of our monthly meetings 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 2007 is upon us and with it many challenges.

Please take note that on January 16th, we will be having our yearly elections. 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.

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

Take care, have a wonderful New Year and may God bless you all...

Jack Taylor, II
Editor, Camp Adjutant



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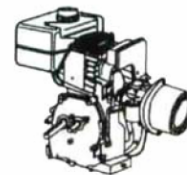
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**"Letter from a Returned Columbia Refugee"
Correspondence of the Nashville Dispatch
Columbia, Tenn. December 24, 1864**

I left Nashville on the morning of the 20th inst., and arrived at Franklin about sundown. After getting supper, I visited Bate's Rebel hospital, where I made the acquaintance of Dr. Hill, of the 10th Tennessee cavalry, with whom I conversed some two hours. He informed me that there were between 1200 and 1500 wounded and sick Rebels in Franklin; that Hood's army was perfectly demoralized; that his whole army was down on him; that they wanted Joe Johnston, and that unless a change was made the entire army; would desert him. I also conversed with a number of citizens, all of whom represented Hood's army as a fleeing mob. They did little or no damage in returning through Franklin, having pillaged stores and private houses, and laid waste and devastated everything on the onward march to Nashville. They conscripted every man between eighteen and forty five in Franklin, but succeeded in getting only one man to go with them, the balance remaining. A large number of Williamson county men deserted from Hood's army. The next morning [21st] after breakfast I set out on foot for Columbia. When I reached the place where the battle of Franklin was fought I stopped and surveyed, and as far as I could see on both sides of the road, it looked like a vast burying ground. Getting within three miles of Columbia, and learning that General Forrest and his cavalry occupied the place, and feeling quite sore from my tramp, I concluded to stop for the night with the fond hopes of reaching home and loved ones the next morning. When morning came [22nd] I was informed that on the evening before, the Rebels had sent in a flag of truce, requesting that the Fedrals [sic] would not fire on them, as they had no desire for an engagement of any kind, stating that they were none left in the town, but old men, women, children and sick and wounded soldiers, which was granted and strictly complied with, until Gen. Thomas got ready to lay his pontoon bridge, which was early the next morning. The pontoon across Rutherford creek was completed late on Wednesday evening, and his forces crossed over it during the night. So on Thursday [22nd] morning a skirmish was commenced for the possession of the south bank of Duck river, which was attained in a few minutes, with the loss of one Federal and two Rebels killed. I did not hear of any wounded on either side. About eleven o'clock I learned that the Rebels had evacuated Columbia, when I came to the river, but did not succeed in getting across until late in the afternoon. The pontoon bridge was completed during the night. I scarcely know where to commence in speaking of the acts of the Rebels during the time they held Columbia. With only a few exceptions, every storehouse in the place was broken open and robbed of its contents. Many private residences were also robbed, their carpets being torn up from the floors, and but very few families were left any thing in the way of eatables. They took from my wife and children the very last mouthful I had to eat, besides every dollar's worth of my stock. Every book, paper and memorandum belonging to the corporation of the city was destroyed. The dockets of every magistrate in my district were also destroyed. They entered the Masonic Hall and robbed it of all its contents, leaving not the smallest thing as a memorial that they "had been there since we had gone." They also took the hall of the Odd Fellows for a hospital. The conscripted every man between eighteen and forty-five, and herded them in a livery stable. They succeeded in getting some fifteen or twenty away with them, the greater portion of whom have returned since the occupation of the town by the Federals. Not more than five or six are now out. There are but two or three who volunteered, while hundreds of Maury county men have deserted them. Nearly all the refugees who returned with Hood's army, have remained at home, including A. O. P. Nicholson. To sum the whole up in a nut-shell, they have created a perfect revolution. No one, not even the most radical secessionist, desires the return of the Rebel army. Such was the feeling of the people of this county [i.e., Maury] upon my return. Hood had done more for the Union cause than the Federal army could possibly have done, and had the Federal commanders seized upon it in a proper manner, they could easily have made Maury county an unconditional Union county. But, alas! discipline was wanted with the 4th army corps. The men of this corps were suffered to come into town, and what the Rebels left they seized, to a great extent. Last night several storehouses which had not yet been molested, were broken open and robbed by stragglers of this corps. Many private houses were also entered and property, such as spoons, knives and forks, cups and saucers, etc. was taken off. About three o'clock today the 24th Indians [sic] (belonging to the 23d corps) under command of Col. Orr, entered the town to do patrol duty: and for the sake of protecting innocent women and children, he guaranteed to everyone who applied, regardless of political sentiments, a guard for their residences. He also put out a strong provost guard, with strict orders to arrest and place in the guard house, all stragglers and depredators. Things soon began to have a much more favorable aspect, and the citizens will long remember Col. Orr, Capt. Connor, Lt. Walker, and the soldiers of the 124th Indiana. Wild Jack

—Nashville Dispatch, December 27, 1864.

November 21st Minutes

Call to order

On November 21st, 2006 at 7PM, Commander, Kenneth Lovett called to order the regular stated meeting of the Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29, SCV. Said date marked the eleventh (11th) meeting of the year. Attendance was noted as moderate.

Prayer / Pledge / Salute

Meeting began with prayer. After prayer the pledge of allegiance to the U.S. flag was said and the salute to the Confederate flag was given.

7:06PM—Camp Adjutant, Jack Taylor read the minutes from the last meeting; minutes were approved as read. Reports on finances were read and a balance of Nine Hundred Ninety-nine dollars and Sixty-Six cent (\$999.66) was given. Taylor stated that the majority of future and current subtractions would be for dues to headquarters, postage costs and costs associated with the upcoming Christmas Supper.

Taylor stated that as of Nov. 21, the camp lost 13% of its membership. Taylor went on to say that at least 8% of the 13% had contacted the Camp in regard to their dues being delinquent. Taylor said that the Camp would gain the majority of the late dues paying-members back and probably reach one hundred members for the 2007 fiscal year if the current rate of inquiry continued.

Communications:

7:18PM—Taylor reminded the camp the latest notice from the Division Commander Calling all who were able to march in the upcoming 'Flags of our Fathers' march on Franklin. Taylor also went over with the camp regarding the SCV recruitment commercials the camp agreed upon. Taylor stated that he wanted to clarify how much the camp should spend on them and if anyone would be willing to donate to their airplay. Camp Sergeant at Arms, Ronald Shelton recommended one -hundred twenty dollars (\$120.00). Camp agrees on said amount.

Donations are taken up and a grand total of seventy-one dollars (\$71.00) is raised.

7:25PM—The 5th annual Christmas supper was brought up by Lovett and a show of hands was given for those attending. The vast majority of those in attendance said they would be attending.

New Member:

7:30PM— New member, Andy Hall is initiated into the fraternal bonds of friendship and is inducted into the camp. Hall joined under his ancestor, John T. Hall of Moreland's Regiment, Alabama Cavalry

Annual Elections and Nominations:

Lovett goes over with the camp regarding the upcoming annual camp elections to take place on January 16, 2007.

Nominations for camp officers were as follows:

Camp Commander—Kenneth Lovett

Lt. Commander—Johnny Eskew and Joseph Shannon

Adjutant—Jack Taylor and Jason Boshers

Motion was made by Lovett to strike the position of 2nd Lt. Commander from the by-laws since the position was of little or no use—motion was carried with all 1 in favor.

Quartermaster—David Walker

Judge Advocate—Lawrence Kenyon

All other positions in the camp were noted as being appointed positions and that they would be installed by the newly elected Camp Commander.

Adjournment

Motion made to adjourn at 7:58PM; meeting adjourned.

Minutes submitted by: Adjutant J. Taylor

Co Aytch; Chapter VI—Murfreesboro

By Samuel R. Watkins

***BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO***

The next day, the Yankees were found out to be advancing. Soon they came in sight of our picket. We kept falling back and firing all day, and were relieved by another regiment about dark. We rejoined our regiment. Line of battle was formed on the north bank of Stone's River--on the Yankee side. Bad generalship, I thought.

It was Christmas. John Barleycorn was general-in-chief. Our generals, and colonels, and captains, had kissed John a little too often. They couldn't see straight. It was said to be buckeye whisky. They couldn't tell our own men from Yankees. The private could, but he was no general, you see. But here they were--the Yankees--a battle had to be fought. We were ordered forward. I was on the skirmish line. We marched plumb into the Yankee lines, with their flags flying.

I called Lieutenant-Colonel Frierson's attention to the Yankees, and he remarked, "Well, I don't know whether they are Yankees or not, but if they are, they will come out of there mighty quick."

The Yankees marched over the hill out of sight.

We were ordered forward to the attack. We were right upon the Yankee line on the Wilkerson turnpike. The Yankees were shooting our men down by scores. A universal cry was raised, "You are firing on your own men." "Cease firing, cease firing," I hallooed; in fact, the whole skirmish line hallooed, and kept on telling them that they were Yankees, and to shoot; but the order was to cease firing, you are firing on your own men.

Captain James, of Cheatham's staff, was sent forward and killed in his own yard. We were not twenty yards off from the Yankees, and they were pouring the hot shot and shells right into our ranks; and every man was yelling at the top of his voice, "Cease firing, you are firing on your own men; cease firing, you are firing on your own men."

Oakley, color-bearer of the Fourth Tennessee Regiment, ran right up in the midst of the Yankee line with his colors, begging his men to follow. I hallooed till I was hoarse, "They are Yankees, they are Yankees; shoot, they are Yankees."

The crest occupied by the Yankees was belching loud with fire and smoke, and the Rebels were falling like leaves of autumn in a hurricane. The leaden hail storm swept them off the field. They fell back and re-formed. General Cheatham came up and advanced. I did not fall back, but continued to load and shoot, until a fragment of a shell struck me on the arm, and then a minnie ball passed through the same paralyzing my arm, and wounded and disabled me. General Cheatham, all the time, was calling on the men to go forward, saying, "Come on, boys, and follow me."

The impression that General Frank Cheatham made upon my mind, leading the charge on the Wilkerson turnpike, I will never forget. I saw either victory or death written on his face. When I saw him leading our brigade, although I was wounded at the time, I felt sorry for him, he seemed so earnest and concerned, and as he was passing me I said, "Well, General, if you are determined to die, I'll die with you." We were at that time at least a hundred yards in advance of the brigade, Cheatham all the time calling upon the men to come on. He was leading the charge in person. Then it was that I saw the power of one man, born to command, over a multitude of men then almost routed and demoralized. I saw and felt that he was not fighting for glory, but that he was fighting for his country because he loved that country, and he was willing to give his life for his country and the success of our cause. He deserves a wreath of immortality, and a warm place in every Southron's heart, for his brave and glorious example on that bloody battlefield of Murfreesboro. Yes, his history will ever shine in beauty and grandeur as a name among the brightest in all the galaxy of leaders in the history of our cause.

Now, another fact I will state, and that is, when the private soldier was ordered to charge and capture the twelve pieces of artillery, heavily supported by infantry, Maney's brigade raised a whoop and yell, and swooped down on those Yankees like a whirl-gust of woodpeckers in a hail storm, paying the blue coated rascals back with compound interest; for when they did come, every man's gun was loaded, and they marched upon the blazing crest in solid file, and when they did fire, there was a sudden lull in the storm of battle, because the Yankees were nearly all killed. I cannot remember now of ever seeing more dead men and horses and captured cannon, all jumbled together, than that scene of blood and carnage and battle on the Wilkerson turnpike. The ground was literally covered with blue coats dead; and, if I remember correctly, there were eighty dead horses.

By this time our command had re-formed, and charged the blazing crest.

Continued Next Page:

Continuation:

Co Aytch; Chapter VI—Murfreesboro, Battle of Murfreesboro

The spectacle was grand. With cheers and shouts they charged up the hill, shooting down and bayoneting the flying cannoneers, General Cheatham, Colonel Field and Joe Lee cutting and slashing with their swords. The victory was complete. The whole left wing of the Federal army was driven back five miles from their original position. Their dead and wounded were in our lines, and we had captured many pieces of artillery, small arms, and prisoners.

When I was wounded, the shell and shot that struck me, knocked me winding. I said, "O, O, I'm wounded," and at the same time I grabbed my arm. I thought it had been torn from my shoulder. The brigade had fallen back about two hundred yards, when General Cheatham's presence reassured them, and they soon were in line and ready to follow so brave and gallant a leader, and had that order of "cease firing, you are firing on your own men," not been given, Maney's brigade would have had the honor of capturing eighteen pieces of artillery, and ten thousand prisoners. This I do know to be a fact.

As I went back to the field hospital, I overtook another man walking along. I do not know to what regiment he belonged, but I remember of first noticing that his left arm was entirely gone. His face was as white as a sheet. The breast and sleeve of his coat had been torn away, and I could see the frazzled end of his shirt sleeve, which appeared to be sucked into the wound. I looked at it pretty close, and I said "Great God!" for I could see his heart throb, and the respiration of his lungs. I was filled with wonder and horror at the sight. He was walking along, when all at once he dropped down and died without a struggle or a groan. I could tell of hundreds of such incidents of the battlefield, but tell only this one, because I remember it so distinctly.

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WE'RE ON THE WEB!

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NEXT MEETING
JANUARY 16, 2007 AT 7PM...



Camp 29 member, Everette Doyle, portrays "Santa Claus"... or is it the other way around?

December 2006



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