

OCTOBER 17—NOVEMBER 21ST 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



GENERAL JOHN BELL HOOD
1831-1879

Wednesday, November 08, 2006
Headquarters of the Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29
COLUMBIA, TENN.

Sam Watkins Camp and to all concerned:

I took the liberty of addressing you all in regards to some things happening in the camp.

December the 9th at 6PM will be our 5th annual Army of Tennessee Christmas Supper. I'll be sending out post cards as a reminder. Please, RSVP on this! It will be something you don't want to miss.

SCV TELEVISION COMMERCIALS:

Recently I visited Comcast Spotlight here in Columbia and had the commercials from the 'All but their honor' SCV recruitment video converted over for airtime. All we need now is to pay to have them played. If you would be interested in contributing towards these commercials for television airtime, please contact me ASAP. A one hundred dollar (\$100) donation would benefit the Camp greatly on this...

DUES:

Currently our roster is at 83 members and growing. Compatriot Jason Boshers has done a fine job in recruiting new members. Thank you Jason for your help and contributions to the camp.

For the rest of you who have not given your dues, please get them in soon. It is my responsibility to get the dues into the International and Division level. The longer you wait, the longer I have to hold on getting them in. As you all know, the dues deadline was November 1st.

Respectfully Yours,

J. Taylor

Camp Adjutant

GENERAL ORDER # 5

HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

At Columbia, South Carolina
3 November 2006

I. Whereas on 31 October 1861 President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States of America did declare 15 November to be "a day of national humiliation and prayer," which read in part:

Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God, the Sovereign Disposer of events, to protect and defend us hitherto in our conflicts with our enemies as to be unto us a shield.

And whereas, with grateful thanks we recognize His hand and acknowledge that not unto us, but unto Him, belongeth the victory, and in humble dependence upon His almighty strength, and trusting in the justness of our purpose, we appeal to Him that He may set at naught the efforts of our enemies, and humble them to confusion and shame.

II. Now therefore, I, Christopher M. Sullivan, Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans do hereby set apart Wednesday, the 15th day of November, as a day of national humiliation and prayer, and do hereby invite the reverend clergy, the Compatriots of this Confederation and the people of the Southern States to repair on that day to their homes and usual places of public worship, and to implore blessing of Almighty God upon our people, that he may give us victory over our enemies, preserve our homes and altars from pollution, and secure to us the benefits of peace and prosperity.

Christopher M. Sullivan
Commander-in-Chief

Letters Ruled Not Property of the People—10/28/06

Correspondence is free to be auctioned

A federal appeals court ruled on Friday, October 27th that Thomas Wilcox, a descendent of a Confederate officer, not the state of South Carolina, is the rightful owner of 440 original Civil War letters valued at 2.4 million dollars.

The 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed a lower court's favor of Wilcox, and ruled that he is the rightful owner of the letters, which have been in his family over 140 years. The Court ruled the decision on the fact that South Carolina failed to provide evidence of ownership.

In an unanimous opinion by the court, Judge J. Harvie Wilkinson III stated, "...possession is nine-tenths of the law is a truism hardly bearing repetition...statements to that effect have existed almost as long as the common law itself."

Wilkinson also went on to say that there was no evidence that the papers were property of the State under the law in the 1860s.

The story on the letters dates back to the 1865 attack on the South Carolina capital by Union General W.T. Sherman. Confederate General, Evander M. Law gathered the letters and papers during the attack and kept them for himself. Whether he was saving important documents for posterity or for military reasons still isn't clear. Somehow the letters remained in the family's possession all these years.

In 2000, Wilcox found the letters in a bag which had been placed in a closet in his stepmother's home. The majority of the letters are correspondence from Confederate officers to Governors Francis Pickens and Milledge Bonham.

Wilcox was going to auction the letters and the State of South Carolina put a restraining order on the letters to prevent their sale.



ALL MAJOR BRANDS OF PAINTBALL MARKERS AND ACCESSORIES...

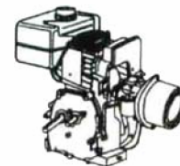
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October 17th Minutes

Call to order

On October 17, 2006 at 7PM, Commander, Kenneth Lovett called to order the regular meeting of the Samuel R. Watkins Camp #29, SCV. Said date marked the tenth (10th) official meeting of the year. Attendance was noted as moderate.

Prayer / Pledge / Salute

Immediate Past Chaplain, Tim Westbrook began the meeting in prayer. After prayer the pledge of allegiance to the U.S. flag was said and the salute to the Confederate flag was said.

Special Induction

7:04PM - After giving a short speech on the purpose of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Lovett officially inducts the following members into the Sam Watkins Camp:

Boshers, Jackie R. Jr., Boshers, Jackie R. Sr., Boshers, Joshua Edward, Boshers, Robert S. Jason and Roberson, William H. The Boshers family joined under their ancestor Jason W. Boshers of the 48th Tennessee and Roberson joined under his ancestor George Washington Slaughter of the 4th Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry.

Approval of minutes from last meeting / Finance Report

7:12PM - Camp Adjutant, Jack Taylor read the minutes from the **last meeting. The minutes were** approved as read. Reports on finances were read and a balance of five hundred thirty-six dollars and seventy cents (\$536.70) for the date of 10/17/06 was given. Taylor stated that the majority of the subtractions were for dues sent to headquarters and division headquarters.

New business

7:28PM - Christmas Supper:

The annual Christmas 'Army of Tennessee Supper' was voted on for the date of December 9th, 2006 starting at 6PM. No objections made.

Franklin, Tennessee Gathering

Taylor went over with the camp the latest decision by the Tennessee Division to assemble together on November 29th at Rippivilla plantation and then the march on Franklin the following day, November 30th. It was mentioned that help would be needed at Rippivilla and encouraged all to attend the parade march on the following day.

Bigby Grays Monument at Mt. Pleasant, TN

Compatriot Jason Boshers brought up the fact that the *Bigby Grays* monument in Mt. Pleasant, TN would be one hundred years old in the autumn of 2007. He stated that a committee of sorts to organize the event to commemorate its anniversary would be in order. Camp guest, Steve Wyatt volunteered to help with the metal work around the monument and its restoration with his welding knowledge. No objections were made on the proposed plan.

Old Business

7:40PM - Taylor spoke to the camp regarding the DVD 'All but their honor'. He gave the report relayed to him by Camp Sergeant at Arms; Michael Bell. Cost of television commercial airtime was discussed. No objections were made on getting the video played on the air but no official dollar amount was set. Lovett instructs Taylor to go ahead with the video conversion of thirty-five dollars (35) and allot \$100 - \$150.00 for the time being with the hopes of more donations or help from Division level and/or Camp membership.

Adjournment

Lovett adjourned the meeting at 7:52PM

Minutes submitted by: Adjutant J. Taylor

Turkey Shoot

General John Hunt Morgan camp #270 will have a turkey shoot every Sat morning in November. It will be located where Hwy 431 crosses Hwy 257 (north or I-24 Springfield Jolton exit). The final details are still yet to be worked out, but Compatriots can get additional info by calling my cell (615)390-6754 or Adjutant, Johnnie Williams' cell (615)337-3301.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN GATHERING

NOVEMBER 29TH / 30 (SEE PAGE 7)

RIPPVILLA PLANTATION

SPRING HILL, TENNESSEE

CALLING ALL WHO WILL ATTEND!

On November 29th, hundreds of re-enactors and concerned citizens of the South will be gathering at Rippivilla Plantation to commemorate the battle of Franklin. The event will be open to the public with food being served.

931-794-0703

On The Cover:

John B. Hood was born in June of 1839 and served as a Confederate General for the CSA. Initially Hood was considered one of the best Division Commanders, but he eventually would go down in history as making one of the worst wartime decisions that would contribute to the collapse of the Army of Tennessee. His poor offensive tactics at Franklin, Tennessee would later be called the 'Gettysburg of the West'.

At the Battle of Gettysburg in July of 1863, Hood was hit by an artillery shell that exploded over his head. The blast severely damaged his left arm to the point he would never be able to use it again. Later at the Battle of Chickamauga, Hood would lose his right leg. During his recuperation time, he was promoted to Full General by President Jeff Davis. Davis was disgruntled with Gen. J.E. Johnston's tactics and replaced him with Hood as Commander of the Army of Tennessee. This would prove to be a disastrous decision that would lead to the decimation of the Army of Tennessee during Hood's Tennessee campaign and namely with the Battles of Franklin and Nashville.

After the war, Hood would move to New Orleans, LA and work as a Cotton salesman and President of the Life Association of America Insurance Company. He married a local native by the name of Anna Marie Hennen, with whom he fathered eleven children.

In the early part of 1879, a Yellow fever epidemic ruined his business sending him into bankruptcy. On August 29th of that year, that same epidemic killed Hood just days after his wife and oldest child. The remaining ten orphans who were all under ten years of age were adopted by seven different families in Louisiana, New York, Mississippi, Georgia and Kentucky.

What was happening at Beauvoir 100 years ago?

Soldiers Home Investigation

Will Undoubtedly Redound to Benefit of Inmates.

Money Placed in Contribution Box Will Be Divided Among Old Vets.

August 20, 1906 – Daily Herald, Biloxi MISS.

Governor Vardaman and four of the members of the board of directors of the Soldier's Home held an investigation today going into the charge made against the management by an inmate, J.E. Robuck, and taking up in some detail present condition at the home. The investigation and finding of the board, while undoubtedly favorable to the management, the superintendent and the matron, notably as shown by a resolution adopted by the board, will yet redound to the benefit of the old soldiers to no small extent. No radical action was taken at any time, but the investigation and the discussion incident thereto brought about a closer understanding among the members of the board, the governor, the superintendent and matron and the inmates, than has prevailed before. In fact the trend that the investigation took and the result of the board's meeting would indicate that closer understanding and sympathy among those having charge of the Home was needed, and now that the investigation has taken place conditions at the Home should be more harmonious than heretofore.

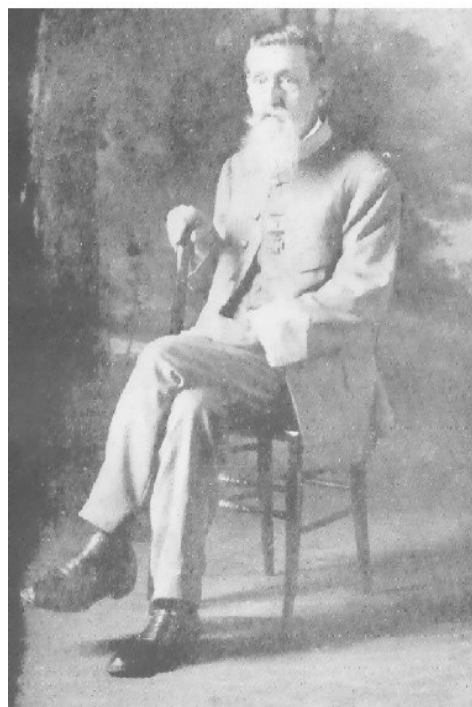
The old soldiers are to have from this time on for their personal use all the money that goes into the contribution box, and the money that was found in the box today and that was on hand which was previously taken from the box, amounting to over \$40, was ordered distributed among the veterans. Provision was made to supply them with postage stamps and stationery, a number of the old men complaining to the board that they were not sufficiently provided for in this respect.

Governor Vardaman was apparently much in the earnest in his desire that the truth should come out and that all the old soldiers should be given an opportunity to make any complaints they wished to treatment. There were some twenty or more gathered about the piazza of the "Davis Office," where the investigation was held and several of them addressed the board and governor on the matter of postage stamps and the division of the contents of the contribution box. Governor Vardaman instructed them to at all time make known their wants to the superintendent and matron, and if they were not filled to write them out and send them sealed to the board and they would be given consideration.

J.E. Robuck, who made the charges against the Home and the matron, and which were published in the Yazoo City Herald, was not present at the meeting, though Secretary Henry stated that he had notified him of the meeting of the board and had agreed to pay all his expenses.

S.O. Freeman, who was suspended on June 30 for disrespectful action toward Mrs. Wallace, and for threatening to strike a comrade in the hospital, was on hand and was heard. It was decided to make the term of his suspension sixty days, which will admit him to the Home again on Aug. 30.

The board came very near to expelling Robuck permanently. After some consideration it was proposed to suspend him for six months and then take some action as to reinstating him or expelling him. This did not suit the governor very well, however, and it was decided to simply sustain Supt. Price in his suspension of Robuck and to take no further action for the present. If Robuck wished to return to the Home and would apologize, or if it was found that he was not at all time morally responsible, then the board might at some time in the future allow him to re-enter the home. Up to 2:30 this afternoon the board was still in session but the principal business of the day had been taken care of.



John E. Robuck

MARCH FOR OUR FATHERS' FLAG**RESPONSE TO THE
FRANKLIN SITUATION**

The following plan of action has been developed by Compatriot Don Berry and the Tod Carter Camp, acting as an Ad Hoc committee appointed by the Division Commander, to develop a response by the S. C. V. to the insult offered to us and our father's flag relative to the commemoration of the Battle of Franklin. The plan is for the S. C. V. to respond over a two day period as follows:

Wednesday, November 29

12:00 Re-enactors may begin to set up camp at RipaVilla Plantation in Spring Hill

5:30 Ross Moore will begin a program of music

6:30 Supper will be served

8:00 Special music

8:15 Speakers: Ed Butler, C-in-C Chris Sullivan, Michael Bradley

9:00 Music resumes

Thursday, November 30

12:30 Assemble on Winstead Hill—transportation will be provided to position some cars at the end of the march so rides can be offered back to Winstead Hill.

1:45 Music

2:00 Speakers—instructions for the march

2:20 Signal for the march to begin

3:15 March reaches the Five Points area in Franklin and moves toward the Square by separate routes. NOTE: Those who are not prepared to make the walk from Winstead Hill may join the march at the Cotton Gin/Carter House area.

3:45 All S. C. V. members will be present on the Square, waiting for the official service to begin.

NOTE: During the service we will comport ourselves as gentlemen. There will be no boos, catcalls, etc. We will show our approval by a Rebel Yell, we will show our disapproval by remaining silent.

When the ceremony is over transportation will be provided by a shuttle of cars and trucks picking people up at or near the Square and taking them back to the car park area at Winstead Hill.

Approved: Michael R. Bradley
Commander, Tennessee Division

Co Aytch; Chapter XVI—Battles In Tennessee

By Samuel R. Watkins

**Franklin**

"The death-angel gathers its last harvest."

Kind reader, right here my pen, and courage, and ability fail me. I shrink from butchery. Would to God I could tear the page from these memoirs and from my own memory. It is the blackest page in the history of the war of the Lost Cause. It was the bloodiest battle of modern times in any war. It was the finishing stroke to the independence of the Southern Confederacy. I was there. I saw it. My flesh trembles, and creeps, and crawls when I think of it today. My heart almost ceases to beat at the horrid recollection. Would to God that I had never witnessed such a scene!

I cannot describe it. It beggars description. I will not attempt to describe it. I could not. The death-angel was there to gather its last harvest. It was the grand coronation of death. Would that I could turn the page. But I feel, though I did so, that page would still be there, teeming with its scenes of horror and blood. I can only tell of what I saw.

Our regiment was resting in the gap of a range of hills in plain view of the city of Franklin. We could see the battle-flags of the enemy waving in the breeze. Our army had been depleted of its strength by a forced march from Spring Hill, and stragglers lined the road. Our artillery had not yet come up, and could not be brought into action. Our cavalry was across Harpeth river, and our army was but in poor condition to make an assault. While resting on this hillside, I saw a courier dash up to our commanding general, B. F. Cheatham, and the word; "Attention!" was given. I knew then that we would soon be in action. Forward, march. We passed over the hill and through a little skirt of woods.



The enemy were fortified right across the Franklin pike, in the suburbs of the town. Right here in these woods a detail of skirmishers was called for. Our regiment was detailed. We deployed as skirmishers, firing as we advanced on the left of the turnpike road. If I had not been a skirmisher on that day, I would not have been writing this today, in the year of our Lord 1882.

It was four o'clock on that dark and dismal December day when the line of battle was formed, and those devoted heroes were ordered forward, to

"Strike for their altars and their fires,
For the green graves of their sires,
For God and their native land."

As they marched on down through an open field toward the rampart of blood and death, the Federal batteries began to open and mow down and gather into the garner of death, as brave, and good, and pure spirits as the world ever saw.

The twilight of evening had begun to gather as a precursor of the coming blackness of midnight darkness that was to envelop a scene so sickening and horrible that it is impossible for me to describe it. "Forward, men," is repeated all along the line. A sheet of fire was poured into our very faces, and for a moment we halted as if in despair, as the terrible avalanche of shot and shell laid low those brave and gallant heroes, whose bleeding wounds attested that the struggle would be desperate. Forward, men! The air loaded with death-dealing missiles. Never on this earth did men fight against such terrible odds.

Continued Next Page

Franklin Continued (Co. Aytech Chapter XVI—Battles in Tennessee):

It seemed that the very elements of heaven and earth were in one mighty uproar. Forward, men! And the blood spurts in a perfect jet from the dead and wounded. The earth is red with blood. It runs in streams, making little rivulets as it flows. Occasionally there was a little lull in the storm of battle, as the men were loading their guns, and for a few moments it seemed as if night tried to cover the scene with her mantle. The death-angel shrieks and laughs and old Father Time is busy with his sickle, as he gathers in the last harvest of death, crying, More, more, more! while his rapacious maw is glutted with the slain.

But the skirmish line being deployed out, extending a little wider than the battle did--passing through a thicket of small locusts, where Brown, orderly sergeant of Company B, was killed--we advanced on toward the breastworks, on and on. I had made up my mind to die--felt glorious.

We pressed forward until I heard the terrific roar of battle open on our right. Cleburne's division was charging their works. I passed on until I got to their works, and got over on their (the Yankees') side. But in fifty yards of where I was the scene was lit up by fires that seemed like hell itself. It appeared to be but one line of streaming fire. Our troops were upon one side of the breastworks, and the Federals on the other. I ran up on the line of works, where our men were engaged. Dead soldiers filled the entrenchments. The firing was kept up until after midnight, and gradually died out. We passed the night where we were. But when the morrow's sun began to light up the eastern sky with its rosy hues, and we looked over the battlefield, O, my God! What did we see! It was a grand holocaust of death. Death had held high carnival there that night. The dead were piled the one on the other all over the ground. I never was so horrified and appalled in my life. Horses, like men, had died game on the gory breastworks. General Adams' horse had his fore feet on one side of the works and his hind feet on the other, dead. The general seems to have been caught so that he was held to the horse's back, sitting almost as if living, riddled, and mangled, and torn with balls. General Cleburne's mare had her fore feet on top of the works, dead in that position. General Cleburne's body was pierced with forty-nine bullets, through and through. General Strahl's horse lay by the roadside and the general by his side, both dead, and all his staff. General Gist, a noble and brave cavalier from South Carolina, was lying with his sword reaching across the breastworks still grasped in his hand. He was lying there dead. All dead! They sleep in the graveyard yonder at Ashwood, almost in sight of my home, where I am writing today. They sleep the sleep of the brave. We love and cherish their memory. They sleep beneath the ivy-mantled walls of St. John's church, where they expressed a wish to be buried. The private soldier sleeps where he fell, piled in one mighty heap. Four thousand five hundred privates! All lying side by side in death! Thirteen generals were killed and wounded. Four thousand five hundred men slain, all piled and heaped together at one place. I cannot tell the number of others killed and wounded. God alone knows that. We'll all find out on the morning of the final resurrection.

Kind friends, I have attempted in my poor and feeble way to tell you of this (I can hardly call it) battle. It should be called by some other name. But, like all other battles, it, too, has gone into history. I leave it with you. I do not know who was to blame. It lives in the memory of the poor old Rebel soldier who went through that trying and terrible ordeal. We shed a tear for the dead. They are buried and forgotten. We meet no more on earth. But up yonder, beyond the sunset and the night, away beyond the clouds and tempest, away beyond the stars that ever twinkle and shine in the blue vault above us, away yonder by the great white throne, and by the river of life, where the Almighty and Eternal God sits, surrounded by the angels and archangels and the redeemed of earth, we will meet again and see those noble and brave spirits who gave up their lives for their country's cause that night at Franklin, Tennessee. A life given for one's country is never lost. It blooms again beyond the grave in a land of beauty and of love. Hanging around the throne of sapphire and gold, a rich garland awaits the coming of him who died for his country, and when the horologe of time has struck its last note upon his dying brow, Justice hands the record of life to Mercy, and Mercy pleads with Jesus, and God, for his sake, receives him in his eternal home beyond the skies at last and forever.

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

All dues, notices and correspondence:
C/o

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Columbia, Tennessee 38401-6001

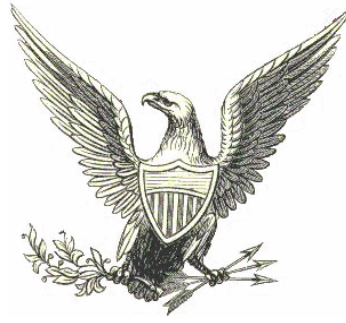
Phone: 931-505-1889

WE'RE ON THE WEB!

WWW.TENNESSEE-SCV.ORG/CAMP29

NEXT MEETING
NOVEMBER 21ST AT 7PM...

LAPEL PINS ARE IN NOW!



November 11th, 1918. Germany signed the armistice officially ending the hostility known as the “Great War”. That day become known officially as Armistice Day.

Later congress changed armistice Day to Veterans Day and every November 11th we honor the Soldiers who fought for our great nation.

The Samuel R. Watkins Camp salutes the brave men of our camp who served our country with distinction along with the 25 million other U.S. Veterans who were ready to defend freedom at all costs...



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