



# TRAVELLER

Award Winning Publication of the General Robert E. Lee  
Camp, #1640

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Germantown, TN

Duty, Honor, Integrity, Chivalry

DEO VINDICE!

May, 2015



## CAMP MEETING

May 11, 2015

**Speakers: Don Harrison and Vincent Astor**

**Topic: "A Meeting in Court  
Square: The Bolton-Dickens Feud"**

**7:00 p.m. at the at the Germantown Regional  
History and Genealogy Center**

**Don't miss our next meeting!**

### **BRAVE DEEDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS**

The single purpose which every scout had in view was to collect information for the guidance of his superior officer. He was sometimes accompanied by several comrades, but, as a rule, he preferred to wander about alone, either on foot or on horseback; relying upon no arm but his own; trusting to no weapons but his revolver and his sabre; and leaving it to no mind and no eye to direct his footsteps except those with which nature had endowed him. He always felt indifference to or contempt for danger, since danger was the only atmosphere which he breathed; and his thirst for adventure was unquenchable, although every hour of his life was crowded with reckless exploits and hair-breadth escapes.

The scout was always a man who appeared to have been born for his perilous calling; he took it up, not with the hope of promotion, or even with a desire to fulfill a sense of duty, but rather in the spirit which can find no satisfaction in existence unless it is keyed up to the highest pitch, like the life of the roving knight-at-arms in the Age of Chivalry. He advanced

and retreated; he made his way to this region or to that; he bivouacked or moved on just as his own judgment dictated at the moment. He haunted the woods and the brakes like the sylvan gods of antiquity, who drew a contented breath only in the shade of the trees. His step was as soft and noiseless as the footfall of a faun or a hare; his eye as keen in its glance and as unceasingly watchful as the eye of a furtive lynx that had been able to preserve its life only by sleepless vigilance; his tongue as silent as that of the cunning fox stalking its prey. He never lay down in his blanket under the screen of the densest copse of pine or scrub oak to snatch a short sleep that he did not keep one ear open for the crackling of a twig or the echo of a far-away shot.

There was not a hog-path in the forest, not a deer-walk running down to some shady stream, not a woodchopper's road winding aimlessly about through the dark underbrush, that he did not know by the yard and by the mile. During night and day, he prowled like an invisible ghost around the enemy's camps,

peeping warily out from behind a bush or rock, without ever showing his face or using his voice even in a whispered exclamation to himself, and with his whole being concentrated in his eyes.

All this time, his horse was tethered somewhere deep in the forest, where it patiently waited for the return of his prying

master. Should the enemy come suddenly and unexpectedly

upon him, which rarely happened, and he fell, then his body lay where it dropped, and there were no soldier's hands to gather up his bones from the bleaching wind and sunshine. He died alone as he had lived. He had been a solitary rover, and his fate



remained a mystery like the exploits of his secretive career.

If, on the other hand, he survived the encounters which he could not always avoid, however great his caution and his prudence, then he returned to the headquarters of his commanding officer without looking upon the facts accompanying his escape as of sufficient importance or novelty to be related to his comrades. Was not dangerous adventure the routine of his existence? Why should he talk of that which was so constant and so habitual? He simply took it all for granted, and rarely spoke, even with the most modest words, of the perilous scenes through which he had passed, or of the risks which he had been compelled to run at every hour of his wanderings.

Such was the type to which the flower of Confederate scouts, Frank Stringfellow, belonged. No hero in the pages of Scott, Stevenson, or Dumas ever found himself in more hazardous situations, as imagined by those authors, than this young Virginian did in reality in the course of the Civil War. Two of his adventures, picked out of the great number that might be selected, are of particular interest. The first is written below.

In November, 1863, Meade lay encamped in the neighborhood of Culpeper Court-House. Large bodies of Federal troops were stationed at different points, but so near together that they could be further concentrated for attack, if desired, within a very short time. What were the designs of the Federal General as revealed by his movements? That was a question which General Lee wished to have answered, and as the first step towards obtaining the information wanted, Stringfellow, accompanied by two comrades, was sent out to prowl around the Federal posts and to discover what should appear to be the enemy's immediate intentions.

The three men, mounted on spirited and well-trained horses, made straight for one of the largest of the Federal camps. Some time before they came in sight of it, they leaped from their saddles, tied their horses in a covert, and stole cautiously through the underbrush towards the quarter from which sounds of the presence of troops came. At last a small opening in the trees revealed to them the spectacle of an encampment which appeared to cover many acres with the white canvas tops of its tents. A closer view brought out all the usual features of such a station, — the sentinels pacing their several beats; the soldiers lounging singly or in groups around their separate areas; the officers passing to and fro or engaged in conversation with each other.

Throughout the day, Stringfellow and his

companions, quietly and without being observed, circled about the spot with the purpose of calculating as far as practicable the number of men embraced in the assemblage before them. Towards night, they retired to a place lying some distance back, in the hope that they would be able to encounter here stragglers, who might be captured without alarming their comrades. It was from such stragglers that they were certain to obtain information which would confirm or disprove the correctness of their impressions of what they had already seen. Foragers were always abroad in the vicinity of so large a camp, and it was possible that they might be easily seized and held, as they were often simply the unarmed hangers-on of the sutler's department.

The three scouts had been moving about so energetically for many hours that they decided that they would lie down for a short rest; and they chose, with that view, a spot which was completely encircled by a dense growth of trees. It was now night, and the air had grown so damp and so cold that they determined to light a fire, which they thought would be fully screened from sight without. Their fatigue and the grateful warmth combined made them drowsy at once, and not many minutes had passed before the three were fast asleep wrapped in their blankets. So sound was their slumber that they were not awakened by a rain which set in, and they continued to lie just as they had thrown themselves down on the ground until day had dawned. At that early hour, a squad of six Federal infantrymen set out from camp to scour the country for butter, eggs, and poultry, and on their way, they stumbled upon the hiding place of the three Confederates. Stringfellow was awakened by a hand removing his blanket, which he had drawn over his face.

"How are you, Johnny Reb," exclaimed a derisive voice. "Come get up. These wet quarters are not comfortable enough for you. We can do a great deal better than this for you in the camp."

Stringfellow blinked as if he were still half asleep, but he was taking in, with the rapidity of lightning and the furtiveness of a hunted catamount, the figures before him and weighing the chances of escaping. He had resolved that he would not surrender. His companions had not been aroused, and if he had to act quickly, no reliance was to be placed on their assistance. Closing his eyes and drawing his blanket more closely about his form, he turned over as if to resume his interrupted slumber. "Go away," he muttered drowsily, "I want to sleep."

The Federal soldiers laughed immoderately at this

speech, and before they could recover their gravity, the scout had reached down to his belt and laid his fingers on the hilt of his pistol. As he did so, he drew a long breath and pulled the blanket further up over his head in order to conceal the movement of his free hand. By a second movement, he drew the pistol from its holster and quietly cocked it.

Hardly had this been done when the leader of the Federal squad grasped the blanket and roughly dragged it away. Immediately, a shot rang out, and he fell dead across the body of the prone scout; a fact that saved the latter, for the other Federals, in their astonishment, fired off their revolvers so confusedly that only the corpse of their comrade was struck. As Stringfellow leaped to his feet, he discharged his pistol at one of his assailants bringing him to his knees; and a shot at a second one was equally successful. The remaining men took to their heels. As the camp was very near, the scout was well aware that within a few minutes an entire company of pursuers would be hot on the trail of the three Confederates.



As soon as the Federal soldiers ran off, Stringfellow's two companions, without stopping to wait for him or to bring away their holsters and blankets, fled to the nearest forest, but with so little attention to each other's movements that they rushed off in different directions.

Before lying down to sleep the night before, Stringfellow had taken off his shoes, and he now found himself in his socks, which, however much it might at first quicken his flight, would soon expose his feet to sharp laceration, and thus in the end seriously impede his progress; but he had no time to think of this; and following the example of his companions, he made for the nearest covert as promising the earliest concealment.

In the meanwhile the enraged pursuers had started

from the camp, and they had scattered at once so widely that, unless the scout could make his way towards the mountains, every avenue of escape would be closed; and even this avenue appeared a few minutes later to be shut when he saw a squad of cavalry galloping towards the foothills to cut him off from that asylum. He knew that he was now entirely surrounded and that nothing but the coolness of his own nerve and his skill in woodcraft could save him from capture; which he was fully aware would mean that he would be shot as a guerrilla; for while he still had on his Confederate uniform, a proof that he was not a spy, yet he had been in the immediate vicinity of the largest of the Federal camps, and had shot down a Federal soldier. He made up his mind that he would either get safely away or kill as many of the enemy as he could before he yielded up his own life. It was not the first time that he had been in imminent peril, and now, as formerly, he did not despair of escaping.

He quickly found himself in a large wood, and as he ran forward with bare head and shoeless feet, he could hear the enemy behind him and on either side shouting to each other, as they beat the covert, just as if he were some wild beast that could be forced out of his hiding place and shot as he leaped madly into view. Like a fox followed by a pack of hounds hot upon its scent, he turned, doubled, and circled, in the hope of throwing the pursuers off his track. He was soon driven out of that part of the wood where there was a heavy undergrowth, and unless he could get away from among the open trees, the trunks of which alone afforded him any cover, he would be seen, and either shot from a distance or run down and seized.

The edge of the forest was now only a few hundred feet away, and he descried in the open field which began at the end of this space a small clump of stunted pine; and for this refuge he made with all the speed of which he was capable. Leaping into the copse unobserved, he hid himself in the bushy top of a fallen tree and listened for the sounds of the approaching pursuers. If found, his fate would be hopeless, and in order to make the enemy pay dearly for his life, he reloaded his pistol and carefully inspected its caps; and when he saw that all was in perfect order, he placed himself in such a position that he could fire on the instant.

Hardly had he effected this, when four Federal soldiers left the wood and came straight towards the spot where he was concealed. Seemingly, they all passed by the clump of pines without stopping to make a search. Stringfellow, raising his head to ascertain whether this was so, caught the eye of one

of them who had loitered behind the rest. "Here he is, here he is," shouted the man to his companions, and numerous voices responded from every direction to the triumphant cry.

The scout leaped to his feet, pistol in hand, and for a moment he stood with his eyes fixed directly on the eyes of his nearest adversary; who appeared to be afraid to approach any closer until he could have the support of his comrades. The same feeling evidently governed the other three men when they had run back to the spot. Here was a desperate guerrilla to deal with, and they all silently decided that it would be best to await the arrival of the other soldiers, who were now seen rushing towards them through the wood. Already the scout was surrounded, and in a few minutes, the strength of the cordon would be increased an hundred fold.

"Oh, for a horse," was the thought that was uppermost in his mind as he gazed around at his enemies! His feet had been lacerated by stones and rough ground in the course of his flight, and he felt as if his ability to run further was almost spent. There seemed now at last to be left to him not the smallest avenue of escape.

He looked around with the gaze of sharp despair when he saw in the field not far off a young mule, which had been turned out without bridle or halter to crop the grass. With a jump forward and a loud shout, the scout made for the animal as fast as his legs could carry him. The suddenness of his action and the rapidity of his movements so confused the aim of his enemies that their fusillade of shots failed to strike him.

Mounting to the back of the mule at a bound, the scout dug his feet into its sides, and these blows, coupled with the fright which had been given it by the scout's wild leap, sent it galloping away, with its rider, hatless and shoeless, clinging with one hand to its mane, and with the other, grasping the butt of his pistol. Recovering from its astonishment after it had run for a considerable distance, the mule stopped and began to kick up its heels and to arch its back, in a determined effort to throw the scout; and as the latter had no means of keeping his very difficult seat, he very soon found himself lying flat on the ground; but in a twinkling, he arose to his feet, and followed by the shouts and shots of the enemy, who had again taken up the pursuit, he ran into a large body of woods that sprang up on the other side of the open field.

For some time, he fled through this forest at the top of his speed, but gradually his sense of fatigue grew

overwhelming and he felt faint from his exertions. Now for the first moment too he became conscious of a burning thirst. His run fell off to a walk, and he looked about to find a stream or a spring, to which the character of the ground in sight appeared to be favorable. A few steps further brought him to the bank of a brook, in a narrow, grassy meadow, and he threw himself on his knees to drink of its cool waters.

Hardly had he quenched his thirst, when he heard again the calls and cries of his pursuers pushing straight towards him, and now at no great distance away. He felt that he did not have the strength to continue his flight, and that his capture was inevitable unless he could hide himself in the weeds that fringed the sides of the stream. He had barely taken refuge among them and drawn the stalks together about his prostrate body, when one of the enemy broke through the line of trees and came down the short slope to the margin of the rivulet. He walked backwards and forwards along the bank for a few feet with his eyes bent on the ground, and then suddenly called out to his comrades, who were now in ear-shot:

"Here are the prints of the guerrilla's knees in the sand. He ain't far off." Soon all the members of the party had gathered on the spot and were eagerly studying the knee marks, and when satisfied by their scrutiny, they scattered to search for the fugitive, who, they were confident, was now almost again in their grasp. The little meadow contained several clusters of bushes, which seemed to offer a leafy nook of refuge; and these were in turn cautiously beaten and inspected.

All this time, the scout was lying on his back in the bower of weeds and grasses, with a cocked pistol in his hand and his ears acutely alert to the sounds and cries that accompanied the hunt. He had made up his mind, that, should his place of concealment be broken into, he would not attempt to get away. He was, in fact, now too exhausted to succeed in escaping by running off a second time. But before he should be shot down, he was determined to make the most of every load in his revolver.

All the rest of the meadow having been gone over minutely without success, the men were now slowly returning along the margin of the stream to the spot where they had detected the knee prints; and as they advanced, they were whipping and kicking up the adjacent growth of weeds and grasses and peering among the twigs of every branch.

In a few minutes, they had reached the place where the scout lay in hiding; and he could hear their oaths of disappointment uttered almost directly at his

elbow. He grasped his cocked weapon more firmly, and as he did so, a hand was thrust forward to draw the curtain away; he could see the fingers that were about to expose his body; he gently raised the pistol sufficiently to get it in range to fire, and at once had the heart of his adversary practically at its muzzle; the next instant there would be an explosion, and several men were certain to fall before he himself should be killed. Then, as suddenly as it was advanced, the hand was taken away, and the tops of the weeds and grasses swung back to their natural position.

But was the scout saved? Might he not have been seen? And this withdrawal of the hand, might it not have been a ruse to secure first the cooperation of all the pursuers for the capture or destruction of the pursued? For a few minutes, he was in suspense in spite of the exclamations of chagrin and disgust which he overheard; and then the men began to disperse again in the continuation of their search. Throughout the remainder of the afternoon, Stringfellow caught from his hiding place the distant cries and calls of his enemies. He did not venture to move until night had fallen. Passing the line of Federal pickets under the cover of darkness, he made his way back safely to the Confederate headquarters, which he reached at dawn.

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### ***DID YOU KNOW?***

- Beecher Smith

### **BOOTH SAVED LINCOLN'S LIFE!**



These headlines do not lie. This is not about Union President Abraham Lincoln and his assassin John Wilkes Booth. Rather it is about Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, and Edwin Booth, John Wilkes' older brother and fellow actor.

Shielded from battle because he was the son of the President, college student Robert Todd Lincoln was

in New Jersey at a railroad station waiting to board a train early in 1864. Forced by the massive crush of other passengers, young Lincoln was leaning from the platform against the side of the train when it began to move. The train's motion spun Lincoln off his feet, causing him to slide downward into the open space between the car and the platform. Helplessly suspended, someone's hand caught him at the last moment and lifted him back to safety.

Turning to thank whoever had saved him, Lincoln immediately recognized it was the famous actor Edwin Booth—brother of the man who, unbeknownst to either of them, would take his father's life a few months later.

Later in life Robert Todd Lincoln later became president of the Pullman Company.

Source:

Garrison, Web. Civil War Curiosities, Chapter 21: "Of Life and Death." Nashville: Rutledge Hill Press, 1994.

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### **THIS MONTH IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY**



May 1-2, 1863 - Battle of Chancellorsville

May 5, 1864 - Battle of the Wilderness

May 6, 1861 - Arkansas Secedes

May 6, 1861 - Pres. Davis approves State of War between US and CS

May 8, 1862 - Battle of McDowell, VA

May 10, 1863 - Gen. Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson dies

May 12, 1864 - Battle of "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania Court House

May 15, 1864 - Battle of New Market, VA

May 16, 1863 - Battle of Champion's Hill

May 18, 1863 - Siege of Vicksburg begins

May 20, 1861 - North Carolina secedes

May 23, 1863 - Virginia secedes

May 25, 1862 - First Battle of Winchester

May 28, 1818 - Gen. Pierre G.T. Beauregard born

May 31, 1862 - Battle of Fair Oaks, VA

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## COMMENTARY

I found this writing from W. Tenn Flagger Debbie Sidle on Facebook. Debbie is a constant and dedicated forwarder of the Colors and is always in the middle of the fight, and I felt compelled to include this writing in this month's newsletter. Read on, Compatriots.

The South truly is a magical place. For so many years we have let people, who envy and hate our culture, destroy our identity. Ole Miss, Washington and Lee, Vanderbilt, MS State, these are just the glaring examples. Our way of life has been deemed 'redneck' or 'racist'. This has to stop. Young Southerners, and their parents, don't know the truth about our states or our people. It is past time for us to learn about our history, the real history, and teach our children.

I believe that many younger Southerners accepted the lies about their ancestors. I believe that their parents either didn't know the truth, to share with their children, or just assumed their children would figure it out. It's no wonder that some of our young have no pride in their history. What little they know has been perverted. We have allowed people from outside the South to come in and destroy our heritage. Our universities are controlled by people who wish to see the South become nothing more than a second rate replica of the north. Our, indeed the entire nation's, public schools are not even worth a mention.

If you are one of the Southerners who know our history, please share it. Share it with your children and grandchildren. Share it with your friends and neighbors. Don't let a lie go unchallenged. Be the voice for the Southern people who fought and died to keep the South a free republic and distinctly Southern. We have so much to be proud of, your children deserve to know how exceptional their grandfathers and grandmothers really were. There is a reason that after 150 years of constant reconstruction, the South still stands, still honors our own and still is the most wonderful place on earth. We will never give it up!

## UPCOMING EVENTS



May 25 - 10:00 AM Memorial Day Ceremony, Shiloh, Large Burial Trench at Tour Stop #13

May 30 - 10:00 AM Confederate Memorial Service, Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Bartlett

## HERITAGE ATTACK OF THE MONTH

<http://freenorthcarolina.blogspot.com/2015/05/heritage-assault-continues-in-virginia.html>

### **Sons of Confederate Veterans Losing Lease at Chapel**

Confederate Memorial Chapel, Richmond

Posted: Thursday, April 30, 2015 10:30 pm

By KATHERINE CALOS Richmond Times-Dispatch



The Sons of Confederate Veterans are losing their lease at the Confederate Memorial Chapel.

The Virginia Museum of Fine Arts and Virginia's Department of General Services declined to extend the lease beyond May 31, opting instead to negotiate a use agreement with Lee-Jackson Camp No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans, according to an April 28 letter to the group signed by Richard F. Sliwoski, DGS director, and Alex Nyerges, VMFA director.

"We are perplexed and disappointed," said Robert H. Lamb, judge advocate of the SCV camp, which is a successor to the Confederate veterans group organized in 1883 to create a home for old soldiers. In 1885, the group bought 36 acres and the Robinson House for the Robert E. Lee Camp No. 1 Confederate Soldiers' Home. The Confederate Memorial Chapel was built on the property in 1887.

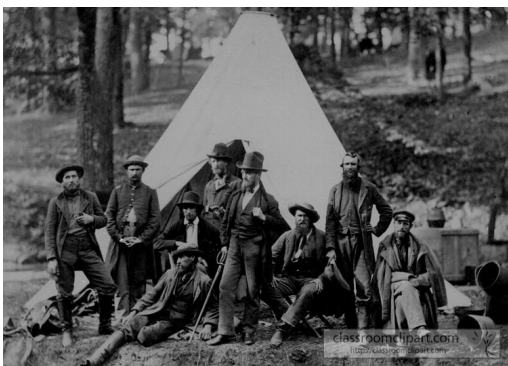
"If we'd been a poor steward, we certainly could understand it, but we've been a good steward," said Lamb, citing \$100,000 that the SCV raised for the chapel during the most recent five-year lease. Beyond that, the very nature of the building argues for

involvement by Confederate groups, according to Lamb. "It's a memorial, not just an artifact sitting there like some of the other things at the museum," he said. "It's a Confederate War memorial. That's why it's particularly fitting that our camp be the lessee."

The SCV camp lost its exclusive claim to the property in 1892 when it agreed to deed it to the state in exchange for operating funds of up to \$30,000 a year. When the last Confederate veteran died in 1941, the state received the title. During the 1980s, the United Daughters of the Confederacy leased the chapel. In 1993, it was leased again to the Lee-Jackson Camp, SCV.

The chapel has been enveloped in controversy over the display of Confederate flags since 2010, when the state wrote into the lease a ban on flying the Confederate flag outside the chapel. A group known as the Virginia Flaggers has protested by parading the Confederate flag outside the museum on many weekends and special days. Museum officials reiterated Thursday that the Confederate flag was not historically flown on the chapel's columns. The SCV began the custom to indicate when the museum was open.

Under the new system of operation, the chapel will be open to the public daily during VMFA's hours of 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., instead of the current hours of 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Saturday, officials said. The VMFA will take on the responsibility of maintaining the property inside and out. Under the previous lease, the SCV had been responsible for interior maintenance. The museum also will develop uniform and professional interpretation of its grounds and historic properties, including the chapel and the Robinson House, which are the only two surviving buildings from the property's original service to Confederate veterans. The Robinson House will reopen next year as a regional visitor center and historic site with exhibits about the property's earlier history.



April 13, 2015

Dear Mr. Rawls,

I am in receipt of your March 27, 2015 missive requesting that I renew my lapsed membership at the American Civil War Museum, (formerly the Museum of the Confederacy).

I cannot in good conscience continue to support an entity which should fly a Confederate National Flag from all its locations. I cannot in good conscience support an entity which capriciously changed its name, thereby walking away from its heritage under the sad specter of political correctness. You should thank your lucky stars that the Southrons who originally donated their war-related, cherished family artifacts, are no longer alive to witness the mockery you have made of their ancestors noble legacy. Given your new found perspectives concerning the war, you should at the very least, have the decency to resign from the SCV.

My family and I will continue to support the Confederate Memorial Hall Museum in New Orleans, and the Danville Museum of Fine Arts & History in Danville, Virginia. Lastly, given your particular aversion to flying Confederate flags, I have decided to make a \$100.00 donation in your name, (cost of sustaining a membership at your museum), to Susan Hathaway's Virginia Flaggers.

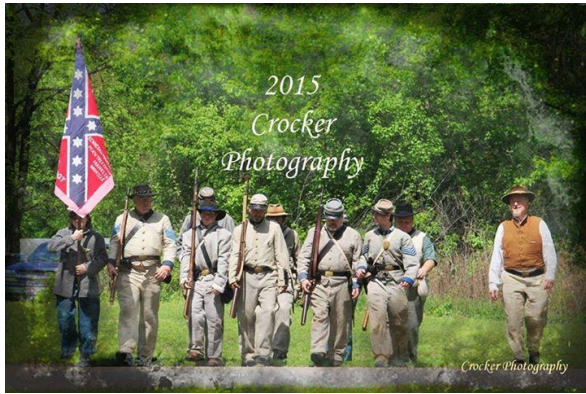
Sincerely,

Lou F.

General I. R. Trimble Camp #1836 (member)  
Sons of Confederate Veterans



## BLUFF CITY GRAYS UPDATE



On April 18, The Bluff City Grays marched on Ft. Pillow where there was said to be a concentration of Yankee soldiers guarding. We sent out a skirmishing detail ahead to probe the area and were fired upon by Yankee soldiers defending. We returned fire and fell back a way while waiting for the rest of the Company to arrive. Our skirmishers held their position and the remainder of the Company fell on to our line, as did that of the Federals. Pretty soon the artillery was up in the form of Bankhead's Battery and we had ourselves a scrap. Our line pushed the Federals back up the hill but they got reinforced and laid down some very heavy fire on us and threatened the artillery line, taking one cannon position. I called our men to double time and we pushed them off our gun, leaving two dead or dying as we pushed them further up the hill. The bluebellies ran to the safety of the Fort and not having the necessary numbers to take it, we had to hold our position and wait for Gen. Forrest's Cavalry to arrive, after which time we did finally take the Fort, inflicting heavy casualties and lots of overly inflated news reporting (which as we all know was found later to be untrue).



## BANKHEAD'S BATTERY UPDATE

### **Bankheads Battery Report of Actions at the 150th Selma, Alabama, April 24 - 26**

We were able to field two guns with crews and a third gun within our battery from our friends at Turner's Battery, members of the General William Barksdale Camp 1220. We were positioned in a redoubt at the far right placing us in constant attack from enemy cavalry and infantry attempting to flank the line. Being overrun both days, the first we repulsed with much cunning. First, Turner's crew opened a path on their left to allow our horse-drawn artillery through a whole that the enemy was not suspecting. This allowed them to fire into their advancing infantry and keep their cavalry in front of our guns which we took full advantage of. It was a beautiful sight seeing the horse-drawn work an move about the field. The infantry made it as far as the top of our works in front of the guns but were all killed or taken prisoner. The first day being in our favor, the Mayor of Selma came out to feed us and made presents of token coins to us.

The second day began with a parade of all available units assembling in the parade ground and marching through the city streets of Selma to Live Oak Cemetery. There we honored many a fallen Confederate hero of notable title and most importantly our comrades who lay there nameless but are all heroes equally in our eyes. It was remarked "the most beautiful cemetery I have ever seen" and I concur.

The afternoon brought a call "back to the wall boys" to meet our enemy again. While the cannon opened and infantry started upon our front, we fired repeatedly as they came closer. Our problem was they had not been in close enough to feel our heat so we let them have it once up close. Being in a redoubt above the field and protected caused us to have to roll



our guns back inside to service them and roll them back into their port to fire. During this time the enemy cannot see the gun being serviced, so when they decided to storm our works thinking they had enough time after we fired, we promptly rolled them back out quickly and gave the order "ready to fire!" which produced a most satisfying effect. Have you ever wanted to see about 60 yankees drop to their yellow bellies and cover their heads at a full run? We did and held them their for quite a while in the hot sun not allowing them to think different. What a good time was had by us all!

The Battle of Selma ended with Forrest moving out

while he could, we were over-run but managed to escape with our guns and all crew with no casualties as they chased the "The Devil". Join us next for our campaign into Kentucky as we have the honor of being with Forrest again in Sacramento on May 15-17.

Respectfully,

Capt. H. Cohea  
Bankheads Battery Company B  
1st Tennessee Light Artillery

COLLECTOR'S **FORREST**  
**COMMEMORATIVE COIN**

Solid bronze

**\$ 10 each — All proceeds go to  
Parks Defense Fund**

Contact: Harry Adams, Forrest Camp 215

[harryadamscsa@gmail.com](mailto:harryadamscsa@gmail.com)

\$10 each, plus \$1 each for shipping. Send your check to

**Save the Parks**

**PO Box 241875, Memphis, TN 38124**



# GET A TAG ... ... SAVE A FLAG



18th Tennessee Infantry Regiment



14th Tennessee Infantry

The Tennessee Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans generously donates a portion of the tag sales to the Tennessee State Museum to be solely used for the museum's flag conservation program. If you do not have a SCV tag, you need to get one to help preserve your history.



This plate is available to any Tennessee resident who is registering a private passenger motor vehicle.

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# CITIZENS TO SAVE OUR PARKS

*Dedicated to the preservation and enhancement of our historic parks.*

## Fight City Hall ?

# We ARE !!!

Help us to save our historic parks: Forrest Park, Confederate Park, and Jefferson Davis Park.

I wish to join CTSOP. Please sign me up as a member. No membership fee.

name: \_\_\_\_\_

address: \_\_\_\_\_

city: \_\_\_\_\_ State: TN Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

email: \_\_\_\_\_

signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Please donate to our cause: Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_ check number \_\_\_\_\_

Citizens to Save Our Parks

[www.citizenstosaveourparks.org](http://www.citizenstosaveourparks.org)

PO Box 241875

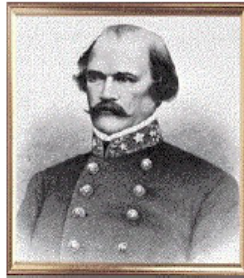
Memphis, TN 38124



*29th Annual*

# Confederate Memorial Service

Honoring the Southerners Who Served During the War Between the States



*General Albert Sidney Johnston, C.S.A.*

## Memorial Day

**Monday, May 25, 2015 12:15 p. m.**

(Immediately following the Shiloh National Cemetery Service)

### Main Confederate Burial Trench

(Shiloh National Military Park, Tour Stop # 13)

#### Guest Speaker:

**Hon. Kelly Barrow, Cmdr-in-Chief, Sons of Conf. Veterans Internat'l**

And State Representative Steve McDaniel

Period music: 52nd Regimental String Band

Musket salute: 51st Tennessee Infantry

SCV Color Guard

UDC Wreath-laying



## COMMANDER'S CORNER

Welcome the the May 2015 of your award winning Camp Newsletter, Traveller. I can't believe we're already halfway through the year. We had a great meeting last month, officially taking on 5 new members (certificates delivered), and 2 more that weren't there. We had a great presentation on the coverage of the war by the German media from one of our newest members, Terry Pickett. We took care of a little business. AND we handed out two Division Awards. The Robert E. Lee Award, for outstanding support of the Camp by a non-SCV member or entity went to the Germantown Regional History and Genealogy Center for providing us with a place to meet, professional AV equipment for presentations, and for genealogical research to quickly qualify new members and prospects. As noted above, the Tod Carter Award, for outstanding Division newsletter went to this one that you are reading right now, and specifically to its editor Steve McIntyre. Very gratifying, considering the recent facelift and Steve's hard work and dedication to getting this out each and every month.

As always, there is so much going on and the attacks are more frequent. The most recent casualty as noted above is the Confederate Chapel at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. It is maddening to see what is happening in Richmond and in overall Virginia currently and the cavalier attitude with which it is being done and the apathy from the communities in which it is happening. It is truly appalling to see what has happened in Richmond, Charlottesville, and Lexington of all places, while at the same time it is gratifying to see people standing up and fighting back in Oxford, Memphis, and now Knoxville. The Texas decision is coming soon as is our own appeal, and these will be used as legal precedents for many fights that are currently being fought in other areas. We've fought as good and as classy a fight here as we can I believe, and many thanks to Mark Buchanan for leading that charge in a way that is classy and in keeping with the best tradition of the Confederacy and demonstrative of our membership of Southern Gentlemen.

I had the good fortune of being a part of the 150th anniversary of the Sultana disaster. I can say that because hostilities had in fact ceased when it took place. I want to point this out because even as we are part of the SCV, we still celebrate HISTORY, not only Confederate history. Many of our brothers and sisters were on the boat on Sunday as we went to the scene of the explosion and heard a couple of very good speakers on the subject. The day before, Lee Millar and Jimmy Ogle led the Descendants' Association on the same cruise upriver, where we performed a burial at sea ceremony according to Federal Navy regulations in 1865 in our Blue uniforms - fired a

rifle salute, dropped a replica 1865 Federal flag overboard, and watched as the descendants dropped two wreaths overboard then roses - white if their relative died, red if



they survived. I then got a look at the actual dog tag of our own Bruce Lynch's ancestor that they took off his body when they found him. Very sad stories indeed, interspersed with stories of individual survival instinct and heroism. A great event all the way around.

Our government, State, City and Federal would really love to see us go away. They want to make what our ancestors as Gen. Cleburne said, "objects fit for derision", our Cause unholy and unjust, and they are backing that up with forcing lies in our history books and our museums. When I see this group of kids at Knoxville it does my heart good to see that they are FAILING and we will survive as will the truth of our struggle and the Cause. As Debbie Sidle said above, let no lie go unchallenged. When you hear it, stomp it out. Make them think. They have no fact on which to base their narrative, and a person who knows his history can easily win any argument. My suggestion, if you haven't already done it, is to read "Truths of History" by Mildred Rutherford, former Historian in Chief of the UDC. Written in 1920, she put together a clear and concise argument that cannot be argued which is supported by the words of the people of the time who were involved. It's an easy read and a short read, and if you commit it to memory you will never lose. Historical fact trumps narrative and rhetoric every time.

Confederate Memorial Day is right around the corner. We celebrate that here on the Sunday closest to Jefferson Davis's birthday which looks like May 31 this year. There will be ceremonies and celebrations everywhere including Elmwood and our own at Pleasant Hill Cemetery on the 30th at 10 AM. I'd like to see a big crowd for this one. It's a nice ceremony in a quiet place where we honor 17 unknown CSA soldiers (I bet we find out they were sailors). At Elmwood of course there are hundreds of burials, known and unknown, and it would be good if you at some point stopped by Forrest Park and posted a small flag even though it will probably be stolen. However, I was very surprised on a visit Easter weekend to Shiloh to see that the First National flags that I posted the previous Memorial Day at each trench were still there. So I planted

bigger ones at each trench again and I bet when I go on Memorial Day they are still there. Speaking of Memorial Day, keep in mind that Confederate Veterans are by law Federal Veterans and are due the same courtesies and privileges, so be sure and visit a Confederate grave site on Memorial Day. Like the big trench, tour stop #13 at Shiloh, about 9 or 10 AM and you can witness that ceremony also. We'd like a big turnout and we are going to try to get the Park to help us publicize it so it could be a big crowd. Hopefully you, gentle reader, will be a part of it.

I hope to see you all honor your Confederate Ancestors this month in some way at any of the celebrations in the area. I'll be at as many as possible. Hopefully you will too. Now is not the time to fall back, now is the time to be out and in their face. Politely, of course, as knowledgeable Southern Gentlemen should be. I'll see you out there.

Sent with my Compliments,

Mike Daugherty, Commander  
Robert E. Lee Camp 1640, SCV  
The Finest Camp in the Country

<http://www.tennessee-scv.org/camp1640/>

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#### SCV LIFE MEMBERS ROSTER

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**Traveller** is the monthly newsletter of:

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Sons of Confederate Veterans  
and

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter,  
Order of the Confederate Rose  
P.O. Box 171251  
Memphis, Tennessee 38187

Steve M. McIntyre, Editor

**Next Camp Meeting \*\* May 11, 2015**  
**Germantown Regional History and Genealogy Center, 7779 Old Poplar Pike, Germantown, TN**