



# TRAVELLER

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Germantown, TN

Duty, Honor, Integrity, Chivalry

DEO VINDICE!

June, 2015



## CAMP MEETING

June 8, 2015

**Speakers: Marc Thompson**

**Topic: "Changing Opinion - Overcoming the  
Cannon Fort of the Mind"**

**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**

#### **ESCAPE OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER FROM PRISON**

**Capt. Samuel Boyer Davis, Aide to Maj. Gen.  
Isaac Trimble, CSA**

At the Battle of Gettysburg I was Aide to Major Genl. Trimble, of Maryland. In the third day's fight, while with one of the divisions, supporting Pickett in his memorable charge, I was shot through the lung and taken prisoner by the United States forces, who advanced after the Confederates had fallen back. Two Portugese Soldiers were the first persons I saw after the skirmish line had passed over me, and I asked them for a little water to drink ; they carried me up the hill and laid me down behind the stone wall I had so much wished to reach only a short time before, but under different circumstances.

A very diminutive surgeon of Teutonic persuasion came my way, and to satisfy myself I was not going to die, I asked him to examine my wound. He was kind, and said in his broken-English, ' ' Yes, I look at dat vound," and he did so. I pressed him to tell me what he thought of it, but I could only draw from his doleful countenance and the ominous shaking of his head the most discouraging conclusions as to my chances of recovery. Determined to settle the matter, if possible, in order that I might let it be known to my friends that I had been killed, I pressed him still

further, but without avail; all I could get him to say was: "It is very dangerous." Worried at my failure to get at his conviction, I tried once more, assuring him he could not do me any injury by telling me the truth, as I was not afraid to die; while any encouragement he could and would give me, might go far towards helping me to live, which I was very anxious to do. In this way I got him to unbend a little, and after again examining the wound, this is what he said: "I tell you vat I dink, 'I dink the possibility is you get veil, "I dink the probability is you die, "I dink by God you die anyhow."

I accepted the possibilities, and let the probabilities pass on. He gave me some morphine, put me on a stretcher, and I saw him no more. On the way to the field hospital, one of the men carrying me was shot, and I was dropped out of the stretcher, but I reached the field hospital, an old barn, with no further mishap.

Next day I was removed to another hospital , and in a day or two was sent to Baltimore, thence to Chester Pennsylvania. The Hospital at Chester being an old college on the site where afterwards stood the Pennsylvania Military Academy. I soon commenced to recover, and by the 10th of August began to cast about me for a chance to escape. I was very familiar with the whole surrounding country, and was sure if I could only get outside the line of sentinels, I would soon be back within the Confederate lines. I was afraid, however, to approach anyone on the subject, as I was assured by older heads than mine among the officers confined with me, that if I tried to escape I would most assuredly be caught, and be subjected to close confinement and short rations. I could not, however, divest myself of the idea that I could get out, and at last I found among my fellow prisoners Capt. Slay, 16th Mississippi Regiment, who told me that he had had an offer made to him by one of the sentinels ; that the sentinel sympathized with us, and would let any one or two of us escape, if he (Slay) wanted to get out. The only thing he asked was five dollars with which to escape himself if necessary.

After much advice from some of the other officers confined there against our making the attempt, Capt. Slay and myself concluded that upon the old theory "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" and that if we remained there we would soon be sent from hospital to prison, with the uncertainty of exchange ahead of us, so we made up our minds to brave all danger and try to escape. I had already obtained a suit of gray clothes, not cut like a uniform, and of a lighter color than that usually worn by the Confederates; I traded my cap for a slouch hat, and I was equipped. Accordingly, after several interviews with our friend, the Sentinel, it was arranged that at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock, on the night of the 16th of August, 1863, Capt. Slay and myself were to present ourselves at the post of the "friendly sentry," and he was to give us the countersign, and let us pass out of the lines. This night had been selected, because on the morning following it was reported that three hundred privates were to be sent to City Point for exchange, and we wished to leave the impression that we had managed to secret ourselves among them.

Of course we were much excited at the prospect ahead of us, and for several days before the 16th arrived, we thought over our route and weighed fully the pros and cons of the expedition. At last the sixteenth came. As night came on the sky clouded up, and from 9 till 11 o'clock it rained in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. By twelve the storm had ceased, and as it was cloudy and dark, we hoped to get off safe. I was now apparently quite well, although only six weeks had passed since I had been shot. I had taken what exercise I could, and concluded I was able to go. Capt. Slay had been shot through the left fore-arm the same day I was shot, but his arm had gotten so he could use it, and we two crippled Confederates started for a tramp back to Richmond.

Two of our friends accompanied us down stairs, partially clad, in order not to excite suspicion, and then gave us the garments they had brought, which clothed us fully. We managed to get out of the building without attracting any one's attention, and approached the spot where we knew the sentinel we wanted would be posted, at a concerted signal we heard the click, click of the musket. I must admit I was very uneasy unless we should have made some mistake and fallen on the wrong man; however, we soon heard "Advance and give the countersign." We advanced — "Farewell, God bless you." He sang out "the countersign is right; pass on," and we were free. We did not lose any time, I assure you, in putting as much ground as we could between the

hospital and ourselves, and daylight found us walking into Wilmington, Delaware. It was no easy work for two badly wounded men to walk fifteen miles so soon after being shot, and although we were much fatigued, we felt to the fullest extent the importance of still further effort on our part to continue our tramp. We knew, however, that the roll was never called at Chester until after 9 o'clock a. m., and being very hungry we determined to have some breakfast. Accordingly, we went to the United States Hotel, and had the pleasure (?) of enjoying our breakfast at the table with Brig. Gen. Tyler, U. S. A. He was accompanied by his staff, all in uniform, and I leave you to imagine the feelings of two escaped "Johnnie Rebs" at breakfast with such company. The meal over, we hastened to get out of town as soon as possible.

Deeming it prudent to get away from the more frequented thoroughfares, and feeling sure that as soon as we were missed the authorities would wire to Baltimore, where I was known to have relatives and friends. I determined to strike down the Delaware Peninsula, and accordingly on leaving Wilmington behind us, we took the road to New Castle. When we had reached a point half way between Wilmington and New Castle, tired nature began to assert herself, and worn out by excitement and our long tramp, we were forced to seek rest in a piece of woods by the roadside. Up to this time (had we known as much then as I found out afterwards) we had not been reported as missing; and I may as well say here how I gained this information. At Chester there was in charge of the ward, where Slay and myself were placed, a hospital steward, whose name, if memory serves me well, was Riker, or something similar. A year after our escape, and when I was at Andersonville, this same man recognized me while I was riding through the stockade; although he could not overtake me, he followed me to the gate and asked the officer on duty there to send him to headquarters that he might see me. His request was granted, and I at once knew him and paroled him to duty in the office of which I had charge. He told me that Capt. Slay and myself were not missed for twenty-four hours after our departure, and that then Baltimore and Philadelphia were the only points where the authorities were notified to lookout for us; in the meantime we were tramping through Delaware. Riker also told me a piece of news I was very sorry to hear, and that was that our friend, the Sentinel, had unwisely let fall a clew by which he was accused and convicted of having let us out. I have never heard what became of either Riker or the Sentinel.

After several hours of needed rest, we again started on our journey, arrived at New Castle, we were obliged to wait two hours for a train to Dover. It being my intention to go from Dover over the line into Maryland, cross the Chesapeake Bay, and get to the Potomac river as soon as possible. Finally the train at 6 p. M. rolled up to the station, but much to our chagrin, on our entrance into a car we saw Col. Willis, of New Jersey, who had been until within the last week at Chester, and with whom both of us had frequently conversed. In addition to this there was also a corporal and three soldiers in the car. Frightened as we were, we still had presence of mind enough to separate at once. I took a whole seat to myself, and curling up on the cushion in a manner to as fully as possible hide my face, feigned sleep. Slay fixed himself as best he could, and threw a handkerchief over his face, and tried by heavy breathing to convince every one that he, too, was napping. As I lay there trembling with the fear of being apprehended, all the advice of those I had left behind rushed through my brain. Visions of these soldiers in the car coming after me crowded upon me in every conceivable shape ; every time I heard some restless passenger or one of the train men walk through the car, I could almost feel the hand touch me and hear the irons close around my wrists. After several stations had been passed, I ventured to peep out, and I was to some extent relieved to find the colonel had left the train.

In a little while more the train stopped at Smyrna, and to our joy and unspeakable relief the soldiers departed and again we felt assured. While we remained at Chester in the hospital, Capt. Slay had met among the visitors who came there, one or two ladies from Dover. These ladies had told him if he could escape and come to Dover they would do all they could to pass him on to Dixie. Accordingly on our arrival at Dover, he, against my judgment, insisted on calling on these ladies. I had two reasons for not wanting him to do so: first, I feared that he might meet some one there before whom he would be forced to, or would explain himself, and get us into trouble ; second, I knew that the sentiment in Delaware was to some extent divided, and his going to see these ladies would, if found out, cause them much annoyance if not very serious trouble ; so I declined to go with him. He went, however, alone, and after an hour I was delighted to see him return without having had any mishap.

Having made arrangements for a very early start next morning, we laid down and slept soundly. A carriage was in waiting for us as soon as breakfast was over in

the morning, and we started on a drive of 30 or 40 miles to Easton, Maryland. We had now gotten on to country' roads, away from railroads, etc., and began to feel for the time safe. The weather was fair, and while we could not converse on the subject uppermost in our minds (less the driver find us out), we managed to pass the day in a fairly comfortable manner. At a place called Greenville, I think it is near the dividing line between Delaware and Maryland, we stopped for dinner and to feed and refresh our horses. I recall now how astonished both Capt. Slay and myself were at the time at the very moderate price charged us for three dinners, and horse feed, but we had been accustomed to paying Confederate prices for whatever we had, and the country prices of the Delaware peninsula were new to us. We reached Easton just at dusk, and after a hasty supper retired early as we considered it best to keep for the present, as much out of sight as possible.

The next morning we dismissed our Dover equipage, and started for a tramp of .11 miles to a part of the country where I knew we would find friends. That night we slept at the house of a gentleman who has since held a place of some prominence under the State government. The next day after a drive of nine miles we took the good steamer "Kent " from Miles River Ferry, and again started for Dixie. In boarding the steamer we were obliged to pass between United States soldiers on guard at the gangway. I did not at first understand this, but soon learned that there was a company of negro recruits on the steamer, and the guard was placed to prevent any desertions from their ranks. The proximity of United States troops very naturally threw a feeling of unrest over us, but they paid no attention to us, and we did not, I assure you, in any way disturb them.

In those days it was the custom for certain persons, patrons of the steamboat company, to row out from their farms and board the steamer in the stream. Shortly after leaving Miles River Ferry, the steamer stopped and there came on board from his farm Mr. Williams, of Baltimore. I had known him before I went south, but I had not seen him for several years, and I felt sure he would not recognize me. I took no pains, therefore, to keep clear of him, but stood boldly up by the side of the Provost in charge of the troops, looking on, as Mr. Williams came out in his boat. He came on board and walked right up to me and said, extending his hand, " Why, how are you, Davis ; I thought you were in the Southern Army'." All around us heard him ; all eyes centered on me. Slay picked up the steamer's Bible and began to read, and I — well I was simply paralyzed with fright. I

looked him full in the face, however, and said, "You are mistaken, sir ; my name is Dawson." He apologized, saying I looked very much like his friend Davis, but that he felt sure he was down South.

He passed on; I made some remark to the Provost and took a seat by Slay, much relieved. Years afterwards, on one occasion, I met Mr. Williams at a dinner in Baltimore, and he told me then he was sure he was right, and that he had spoken to the right man, but if he had been a detective on watch for me and known I was in that neighborhood, the coolness with which I answered him would have deceived him.

West River Landing was soon reached, and we started full tilt for the Potomac. It was about 60 miles to the river, and both of us were feeling nearly played out. More than once we had thought that we had started from Chester in too enfeebled a condition, but there was no help now, and we must go ahead. Our course lay through a country where I knew we would be kindly received by most of the people, but I feared to go to a house lest there might be some who would not be glad to see us, so we trudged on without looking to right or left, until late into the night, when we laid down in the woods to rest. We were both so tired that when we waked the sun was shining brightly, and we hurried on. After a little while we met in the road an old gentleman on horseback, who seemed anxious to talk. At first we were shy of him, but before long we found he was in sympathy with the South and we told him who we were, and asked him to tell us where to get something to eat. He took us home, and after plenty to eat and drink we shook hands with our old friend and departed on our way rejoicing.

The next morning brought us to a place called Allen's Fresh, Charles County, Md. After spending a day and two nights here, trying to get a boat to cross the Potomac in, and having at last succeeded, we went to Chapel Point, on Port Tobacco bay. It is here that the old Catholic Church, "St. Thomas," is situated, and it is one of the oldest churches in this country. Having bought the boat, it was decided to wait till the person from whom we obtained it, should be able to tell us that the river was clear of gunboats, and transports ; this detained us for two nights longer. On the third night at 9 o'clock, we started to row across the river, which, including the bay, was about five miles ; but we were doomed to disappointment. We lost our way, and after pulling about for several hours, we returned to where we started from, much to our disgust, and to the chagrin of the boatman. The next night we had better luck and about 12 o'clock we reached the Virginia shore, at Mathias Point; scrambling up the

river bank, we set off for Port Conway, 12 miles distant, on the Rappahannock river. After a tramp of 10 miles and when we began to hope all was safe, a noise attracted our attention, and looking up we saw a soldier, gun and all, ahead of us, and the worst of it was he saw us. Too late to retreat, we had to approach him, and we did so with varied feelings of hope and fear. The fellow had on a pair of blue United States trousers, but a soft felt hat, and it was a question whether we had fallen on a Yankee, or a Johnnie. We soon found, however, that that "Yank" belonged to an Alabama regiment, and we were safe. The next day we took train for Richmond, and on the following morning this is what the papers said:

"One by one our prisoners in the North continue to make their escape from the torture and thralldom of the Yankee prisons. Among those, who have recently escaped and made their way to the South, are Captains Davis and Slay, who arrived safely here last evening. They were both wounded and taken prisoners at the Battle of Gettysburg ; they were first taken to Baltimore, thence to Chester, Pennsylvania, where they remained up to two weeks ago ; making their escape and wending their way through the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, they succeeded in landing safely on the Virginia shore. On the way they met with many friends who kindly assisted them to all they wanted. They were 13 days on the way, braving hunger, fatigue and exposure. Both gentlemen belong to Major-Gen. Trimbal's Division; Capt. Davis being one of his aids, and was shot through the right lung ; Capt. Slay belongs to one of the Mississippi regiments, and was shot in the left arm. They left behind them at Chester 1,500 Confederates."

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

- Beecher Smith

One of the worst commanders of the Union Army and one of the most vehement haters of the Southern cause was General John Pope. A political animal like Benjamin Butler, Pope was an avid hater of all things Southern. Using all his influence to get appointed commander of the Union forces, Pope got his comeuppance at the Second Battle of Bull Run, experiencing a disastrous defeat. U.S. Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles was discouraged at the prospect of Pope's being elevated to the rank of Major General and placed at the head of the Union Army of Virginia. Of Pope, he said, "He sits and smokes and swears and scratches his arms." Union Brigadier General Samuel D. Sturgis was even more

emphatic in his criticism of Pope: “I don’t care for Pope even one pinch of owl dung!”

Realizing the mistake he had made in appointing Pope after the disastrous defeat Pope suffered at Second Bull Run, noting how Pope was seldom seen except on horseback, Lincoln commented, “Pope has his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be.”



Source:  
Garrison, Web. Civil War Curiosities, Chapter 24:  
“War Makers As Appraised by Their Contemporaries.” Nashville: Rutledge Hill Press, 1994.

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***Saving the Union***  
Mark Buchanan

With a little investigation, one can uncover some interesting facts about the money machine behind Lincoln’s push to invade the south. J.D. Rockefeller was a well known shipping magnate, oil man, philanthropist, and multi-millionaire. As a well known “abolitionist”, rather than back his beliefs up with a bayonet, he chose to stay home. He cited the fact that if he left his shipping business, his firm would fail, leaving his family destitute. He did well for his little family by making \$17,000 in profit in 1862. That is \$395,420.00 in 2015 dollars! When faced with the draft when Lincoln’s war machine was running out of recruits, he had to cut a check for \$100 to hire a substitute. He parleyed his profits into the oil business and the rest as they say, is history. What a guy huh? He later partnered with Salmon Chase. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, millionaire, namesake of a couple of large Wall Street brokerages, once stated that he felt like the former slaves could help with the war effort and nothing more. He was against “confiscation”, that is freeing the slaves and allowing them to move north, preferred them to stay in the south and stay away from him. But that didn’t prevent him from

becoming the proponent of the “Captured and Abandoned property Act” This allowed the government to claim everything from the people of the south. All it took for property to be defined as “Abandoned” was to merely exist and reside south of the Mason-Dixon line! Of course, it was originally meant to steal all the cotton they could lay their hands on, but it soon degenerated into the theft of livestock, food, spoons, dishes, candlesticks, clothing, beans, money, artwork, furniture, and houses (not burned) Always thrifty, Chase wrote Lincoln that if relieving Fort Sumter meant raising an army and spending millions he would advise against it! So much for dedication to the theory of Union and Abolition.

Chase was mentor and supporter of a fellow named George Opdyke. He was a tailor, who made a small fortune making shabby clothing for slaves. He later moved to New York and ran for mayor. He was mayor during the draft riots in 1863. His garment and textile firm reaped huge profits from the manufacture of uniforms, knapsacks, boots, caps, and hats. They fell apart upon the onset of inclement weather or regular use. Speaking of the draft riots in New York, one of the casualties of the riot was the warehouse complex of one Elisha Brooks. He and his brothers turned out uniforms in a matter of weeks, missing buttons, button holes and most importantly, cloth. The fabric was made of sawdust, scraps and threads glued and ironed together. It disintegrated in the first rain. They did make a fine suit though. Lincoln wore a Brooks Brothers suit when he was assassinated.

Then there was Jay Cooke. A financier from Ohio who moved to Pennsylvania at the start of the war and immediately loaned the state \$300,000,000 for it’s war effort. If \$17,000 in 1862 is worth \$350,000 today, what would \$300M be worth? Cooke’s huge profits were the subject of much speculation, as well as a proposed congressional investigation. The investigation never materialized. He was also happened to be a good friend of the Secretary of the Treasury. The intrigue is thick enough to cut with a knife.

In order to finance the war effort, the government issued bonds. Lincoln of course purchased a few,. Why should he miss out on all the fun? To pay for these bonds, with a shortage of specie, the Federal Government issued “Greenbacks”. To keep track of all the printed money, bonds, and war profits, this led to the creation of the Internal Revenue Act of 1862. This it turning into quite a web isn’t it?

In 1863 Lincoln requested Thurlow Weed, New York

journalist and politician, to raise \$15,000. He solicited the money from such financiers as Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. Aspinwall, Alexander Stewart, Charles Knapp, Russell Sturgis, P. Forbes, and Isaac Bell. The funds were used to defeat peace candidates in Connecticut and New Hampshire. Weed was also a friend of Erastis Corning. Corning made a fortune manufacturing iron for railroads, owning rail lines and selling the metal used to manufacture ironclads for the government. Lincoln's war to "save the union" was quite a windfall for Northern bankers, industrialists, shippers, and financiers. These fellows obviously believed in Rahm Emanuel's "never let a serious crisis go to waste". The unbridled greed and avarice displayed by these men set the stage for reconstruction, followed by President Grant's corrupt administration.

Mark Buchanan

2nd Lt Commander Robert E. Lee Camp SCV

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



June 1, 1862 - Gen. Robert E. Lee appointed Commander of Army in VA

June 1, 1864 - Battle of Cold Harbor

June 3, 1808 - Jefferson Davis, President, Confederate States of America, born

June 5, 1863 - Stuart holds Grand Review of his Cavalry, Culpeper, VA

June 6, 1862 - Surrender of Memphis - largest inland Naval battle in US History

June 8, 1861 - Tennessee secedes

June 9, 1863 - Battle of Brandy Station

June 12, 1862 - Stuart begins ride around McClellan

June 15, 1864 - Petersburg Campaign begins

June 23, 1865 - Last formal Confederate surrender

June 25, 1862 - Seven Days Campaign begins

June 27, 1864 - Battle of Kennesaw Mountain

June 30, 1864 - Gen. Jubal Early, CSA, marches toward Washington DC

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

Sunday, June 7 - Confederate Memorial Day Service, Soldiers' Rest, Elmwood Cemetery, 2:00 PM

Saturday, June 20 - Forrest Homecoming, Forrest Boyhood Home, Chapel Hill, TN

Sunday, July 12 - Forrest Birthday Celebration, FORREST PARK,



2:00 PM (MAXIMUM EFFORT)

### **HERITAGE ATTACK OF THE MONTH**

This has to be Texas again. Aside from the usual diatribes by the same writers making the same claims, demonstrating willful ignorance in the ready availability of documents to the contrary - there will always be plenty of those, but the UT/Jefferson Davis Statue issue seems to be gaining some traction, unfortunately. The Texas Division has their hands full, please be in prayer for them. Most recently, however, Fox News reported on several planned Memorial Day Confederate Flag burnings planned across all 13 former Confederate States. See [http://www.foxnews.com/us/2015/05/23/confederate-flag-burning-events-spark-outrage/?intcmp=ob\\_article\\_footer\\_text&intcmp=ob\\_nsite](http://www.foxnews.com/us/2015/05/23/confederate-flag-burning-events-spark-outrage/?intcmp=ob_article_footer_text&intcmp=ob_nsite) for the story.

A conceptual-art project that includes plans to burn and bury Confederate flags in 13 mostly Southern states on Memorial Day has drawn the ire of groups such as the Sons of Confederate Veterans that consider the events disrespectful and divisive.

The planned flag burnings and burials also raised concern that such a public and symbolic act would fall short of the artist's stated goal to simply retire the flag as a "symbol of terror" and would instead serve to aggravate tensions.

The controversy is the latest in a long string of flare-ups over the flag and highlights how fraught a symbol it remains 150 years after the Civil War ended. While some denounce the flag as an emblem of racism and oppression, others revere it as a representation of the South's cultural heritage.

John Sims, a 47-year-old conceptual artist in Sarasota, Fla., who is organizing the Memorial Day events, said he hoped to prod people "to reflect upon and critique the complex nature of the Confederate flag as a lasting symbol of terror." He said he planned to stage funerals for the flag in the 11 states that formed the Confederacy, along with Kentucky and Missouri.

The events, in cities including Nashville, New Orleans and Clarkston, Ga., will involve poetry readings and musical performances as well.

Police department spokespersons in Orlando and Nashville said they weren't aware of any security concerns tied to the events.

Some groups that cherish the Confederate flag reacted angrily to news of Mr. Sims's project. "This is not only terribly offensive, but astonishingly

idiotic,” said Ben Jones, a former Democratic congressman from Georgia and spokesman for the Sons of Confederate Veterans. “This sort of thing merely inflames old divisions.” Mr. Jones said he had a message for Mr. Sims: “For every flag he burns and buries, we will put 10 more up.”

Clashes over the Confederate flag are less intense now than they were in the 1980s and 1990s, said Lesley Gordon, a history professor at the University of Akron and editor of the journal “Civil War History.” While she understands Mr. Sims’s desire to combat what he considers a symbol of racism, “burning a flag has powerful symbolism,” she said. “I don’t see that in any way bringing people together and creating opportunities to learn.” Come to think of it, yes it will bring people together all right, but...

I haven't heard any follow up or heard of any fallout or incidents arising from this, but if anybody does, please let me know.

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### **HERITAGE COUNTERATTACK OF THE MONTH**

We have a couple this month - I guess they don't get much better than taking a ruling against Southern Heritage to Appeals Court as we did this month. The report from the Commercial Appeal is available at <https://www.facebook.com/RELeeCamp1640/posts/886062001448880> should you care to view that fine piece of work, our own CA demonstrating their usual journalistic excellence and integrity. Or you can read Mark Buchanan's report of the proceedings below. Or both. Preferably both. Be informed, compatriots.

We have entered a new phase in the Battle of Memphis. On May 12th, the Citizens to Save Our Parks entered the West Tennessee Court of Appeals to plead our case for standing. Only by proving this may we continue to take the City and the Council to task over the illegal and unwarranted act of changing the names of Bedford Forrest, Confederate, and Jefferson Davis Park. Our attorneys presented the facts in plain spoken terms. Doug Jones disputed the city’s assertion that we just appeared when they tried to change the names of the parks. Doug stated, “We just didn’t show up yesterday”. Then proceeded to expound on the history of the parks and the relationship between the city and the magnanimous generosity of the Citizens to Save Our Parks, the Sons of Confederate Veterans and caring residents of the area. Over 100 years the citizens have been donating time, money, and the sweat of their brow to beautify the city in cooperative efforts at the parks. Working with the city at every turn with no request for compensation or expectation other than to be treated with respect. The judges had obviously read the brief and asked very pointed questions. One judge actually

asked the city attorney “Since you have worked with this group for so many years, doesn’t that give them a status above that of the general public?” The city attorney avoided the question and moved on to other points. Another judge sensing this, asked “So the city can do anything it wants?” The city attorney said “Yes”. All three judges brows raised and they took note. The judge asked our attorney what we were asking in order to satisfy our complaint. “Return the names of the parks, if it pleases the court” was his reply. The court also asked if the city had a right to rename the parks. He replied that they did, (through the mayor’s office as stated in the brief). This also brought to light, in court, why the city was renaming the parks. The state was preparing to pass the Tennessee Heritage Protection Act. The attempt to rename by resolution was not in response to any hue and cry from the general public. It was in response to the Tennessee State legislature’s proceedings.

In all, the Citizens To Save Our Parks, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the plaintiffs appeared to the court; good citizens, with the best interest of history and the city at heart. The city, not so much. As a result, I have never felt better about our position or our case. All in attendance on the side of justice, felt we stated our case clearly, we were fairly heard by an unbiased triumvirate at the West Tennessee Court of Appeals. That is all we can ask. We can expect a decision in the next three to four months. If it is in our favor, we go back to Chancery Court in Memphis, where the judges could decide to grant our request for a summary judgment. We would be done with this nonsense and go back to helping the city beautify the parks and preserve and protect the history of our fair city.

No matter what, we still have a huge financial burden resulting from this epic struggle. The results will be far reaching and consequential. The destiny of other cases across our country may hinge on what happens here in Memphis. We can’t let our ancestors down, and we owe it to our children and grandchildren and theirs, to preserve our American History.

Donate what you can and tell everyone about the fight. Tell everyone! Talk it up at church, work, at the store, at ballgames, while you are fishing or watching the game or NASCAR. Let them know via e-mail, Facebook, twitter, postcard, letter, smoke signals and Pony Express that we need their help. Let the people of America know that we are here and we will not tolerate the erasure of American history!

God Bless you and thank you all for your support,

Mark Buchanan  
President-Citizens To Save Our Parks

## BLUFF CITY GRAYS UPDATE

The other is more in the form of an observation, and potentially cause for celebration, but let's not put on our shiny cardboard party hats just yet. Dan Jones, Chancellor of Ole Miss, that hater of all things Southern and the man responsible for destroying all traditions that made Ole Miss great is stepping down from his ivory tower, stating that he "doesn't have the support of the board", which is an interesting statement. Hopefully it's a telling one as well. I don't know, I just hope to hear "From Dixie with Love" again, see Battle Flags in the stands again, and if the Yankee liberal teachers and students attending don't like it let's run them all out and chase them back up North. Then we have Phillip Ruscio, Chancellor, President, or High Exalted Potentate of Washington and Lee, the man responsible for caving in to nine rabble rousers (that lovable "committee", remember them?) who threatened the school with "civil disobedience" if the school didn't comply with their "demands". Yes, he is also stepping down, as he should for allowing that to happen on his watch. He lacked leadership and spine and tried to spin his way out of it. We don't know where the Board stands on either situation or where they fall on Southern Heritage issues, but it would be wonderful if they hired replacements that had a grasp of history and understood how not to let the inmates run the asylum - expelling troublemakers and being an example to other schools as to how to handle that problem should it arise again.

Coincidence that they're both leaving after their individual detestable and deplorable actions against Southern Heritage and History? I think not.

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We once again paid a visit to the small town of Linden, TN to resupply and recharge. Having been there just a short time, we heard rumor of Yankee troops inbound from the North. We found this both disconcerting and annoying, as the townspeople had been very kind to us, giving us all they had to fill our wagons and our bellies. We sent out a scouting party to verify, and soon enough heard the sound of rifle fire just on the outside of town. Being largely outnumbered (we had to be), this was very concerning until a large contingency from the Cedar Bush Mess marched in from our East just as we were posting a line of battle to take on the incoming Yankee scum. As we fell into a single line of battle, we saw our skirmishers return at the scramble, then the Blue Bellied horde turn the corner and load. Having already loaded, we fired a murderous volley into them, but soon found during the noise of the battle a second line of Federals in the rear of us. The Cedar Bush wheeled neatly and took them on while we held off the Blue Scourge to our front. Unfortunately, the casualties caused us to be overwhelmed by the attacking Yankee force, and they entered the Courthouse and burned it. In all, many prisoners were taken by the Federals, and the injured were relocated to area hospitals where they awaited care behind the Federal injuries. Those taken prisoner were paroled a couple of days later, as the Federals didn't have the available men nor the supplies to be able to handle the additional men, who were resisting every step of the way.

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The United Confederate Veterans (UCV) National Reunion parade in Little Rock, Arkansas one of the largest gatherings of Confederate veterans in the United States in the twentieth century; May 1911



## BANKHEAD'S BATTERY UPDATE



Battle of Sacramento, KY  
May 15-17

We started our guns to the north to meet Forrest on the morning of the 15th by about 5 o'clock. We arrived throughout the day in Sacramento establishing our camp on a low knoll where our guns would be in quick reach when called upon but affording us protection from the run-off should the heavens open upon us.. With camp established and our tents pitched as the troops arrived, we positioned our wagons out of sight. Weather beginning a bit humid and warm, it quickly changed to rain just before dark running us all under our cover for what seemed an eternity. Our fires were turned into watering troughs with no hope of ever lighting them again. The entire camp turned in by 9:30 that evening which made for a grumpy crew at best but well rested crew at the least.

The following morning of the 16th proved no better with a brief lull turning into a "Heavy Irish Mist" as the Sgt. Major described it, this did not stop the enemy as they came in the afternoon as expected. With weather as their cover, the cavalry quickly moved in to test our strength. When the guns opened with the wind in our face, the smoke followed. With every volley from our line the smoke hung the ground and in our front cloaking the field ahead of us from view. We trusted our artillery chief to keep us from firing upon our troops while placing our rounds with accuracy and poured them on. We could hear the sound of musketry to our front reporting that the lines of infantry were engaging. We took great relief that it sounded as with each other and not advancing upon our flank. I am sure there were some cavalry dismounted ( removed from their saddles ) to our

front during the ruckus for they were running to and fro amongst us but we could not see..... we were just following orders. The battle ended this day with neither side giving ground but protecting it's established position. The pickets would be on guard tonight.

The evening turned clear, with stars, a light breeze, and many attempting to dry wood for their campfires. The local townspeople took great care to feed us that evening to show their appreciation, all the while taking note of our wet and miserable condition.

After dinner, some again tried their hand at regaining a blaze for our camp. There was so much smoke and no fire except for the occasional blaze from the straw. This straw was foraged from the quartermaster with quick wit from our troops. When a wagon came into camp with an announcement of "straw for Buckner's Battery", our Ordinance Sgt. announced "hear we are and thank you". There was much discussion afterwards as to how we could explain if questioned that Bankheads and Buckners does sound alike when called out in the night. We would only have to extend our apologies while the straw held out, for when the evidence was gone, our apologies would turn into denials.

The next morning held promise of storms but the rain had ceased allowing us to dry our every stitch. We were in preparation to withdraw if the enemy attacked again or to chase him down if he ran. Our pickets reported them holding fast just out of our sight in mass. I made a decision since the upper brass could not to use a gravel road tour east near camp to stage our wagons on. With that we began to dismantle our camps after it was decided that the battalion wagons could not be brought up. Our battery wagons were in fact brought up but not into camp as we were cautioned not to. We carried our camp to the road and loaded there and nothing could be said because we abided by our orders of " no wagons in camp".

The enemy again engaged us near noon and we were called to the guns for another fight for the second day. This day being clearer, we could see our enemy and poured it into them heavily. We were on our game with no worries of losing the camp, ours being loaded and staged early for a quick retreat if necessary. Bankheads guns being separated on the field, we lost sight of each other for an instant but as the day developed our plans paid a premium. While Sgt. Beasley made off in good time with his gun and crew, we quickly had ours limbered behind a house on the field out of sight. We slipped away without

notice as the enemy pressed our infantry back into the line and it appeared to be a circus round camp as we left. Though separated by some distance, contact was made between us assuring all were accounted for in good measure. Our battery retired back to post without incident.

I would like to make special mention of a new member to our battery, Private Henry Noble who lives in Greenville, MS. Private Noble travels that distance to our events to serve on Tarry Beasley's original Confederate gun as a matter of honor. You see the original gun was made November of 1861 in

Rome, Georgia by the Noble's Foundry. And yes, we now have the great, great, grandson of the man responsible of manufacturing our gun which served the Confederacy in their original fight.

Respectfully,

Capt. H. Cohea  
Bankheads Battery Co. 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

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# 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 ?

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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.

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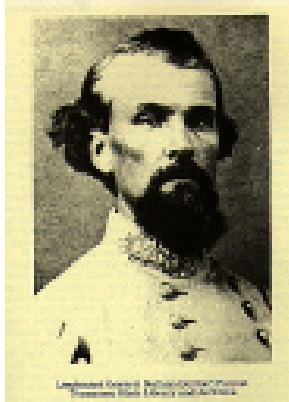
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Citizens to Save Our Parks

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

PO Box 241875

Memphis, TN 38124



111th Annual

# Gen'l N.B. Forrest Birthday Celebration

194th Anniversary

**Sunday, July 12th, 2015**

**2:00 p.m.**

**Forrest Park, Memphis**

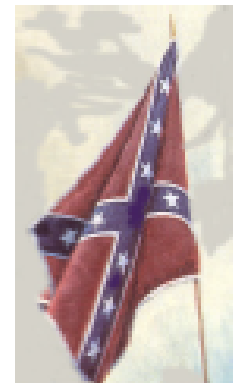
(Yes, it's FORREST Park, Union Ave. @ Manassas St.)

The Public is invited.  
(Bring your own lawn chairs)

**Guest Speaker**

Flag Parade  
Opening Ceremonies  
Proclamations  
music  
Guest Speaker  
21-gun Musket Salute  
Wreath-laying

Attend and show Memphis that you care about Gen. Forrest



Sponsored by the General N.B. Forrest Camp 215  
Sons of Confederate Veterans, Memphis

For more information, contact: Alan Doyle, Forrest Camp Commander, 901-454-7139

Co-sponsored by the Gen. N. B. Forrest Historical Society

## COMMANDER'S CORNER

I cannot believe we're already into June of this year, it's going by very quickly. We've had a very busy May for sure, and plenty more right around the corner. Between reenactment events involving both Bankhead's and the Bluff City Grays, multiple memorials, Memorial Day, Confederate Memorial Day right around the corner, and staring Forrest's Birthday right in the eye. It's an exciting time, there's lots going on, and it's a great time to be on the right side of history.

On Tuesday, May 12, a handful of us drove over to Jackson to the Supreme Court building there to watch the Appellate Court in action, specifically with regard to our case against the City of Memphis with regard to their stealing our marker and then taking it upon themselves to go one step further and attempt to illegally rename the Parks. This was interesting to watch as each side only got a few minutes to make their case - it's not like LA Law or Law and Order or any of that at all. I won't repeat the story again after Mark's update above, but the oral arguments have been made, and the briefs have been submitted. Regardless as to what was said in court, it's what's in the brief that apparently matters, and we've put together an extremely compelling case as to why we DO have standing. That said, it's in the hands of 3 judges. We need the votes of two. So keep those judges in your prayers, because once we have standing, they have no case and we win. Have to, it's too clear cut not to.



The 25th, Memorial Day, was a soaker for sure. I had spent a relaxing weekend in Hot Springs, which was great but on Monday it was time to get back to work as we had our annual Memorial Service at the large burial trench at Shiloh. I had issued an order for no rain from 11 -2 and that request (yeah it really was more of a request) was honored, and we had a beautiful service with about 150 in attendance. The Commander in Chief of the SCV was there and gave a great speech. The rain seems to have scared away a large number of people. It was a little ugly as I went to plant flags at the two Confederate burials in the Federal cemetery, and then again when I started setting

up the flags at the trench. But then, about an hour before we started, the skies cleared, the rain stopped, and the cicadas began their mating call - a very eerie sound in the silent woods, but at the same time somehow appropriate. So they had to move the Federal service into the auditorium while we were rain free during our service, proving that even God says we're on the right side of history!!



Speaking of Hot Springs, as I came out of the restaurant where I had breakfast, I looked across the street to where there is a small square in the downtown tourist area, and there was a First National fluttering in the early morning breeze. Nobody whining or complaining about it at all. I know we and some other states like to joke about Arkansas but they get it right in a whole lot of areas where others would do well to follow. Anyway, following that was our Memorial service at Pleasant Hill Cemetery. Ramsey Abbott went out the day before and cleaned up the area around the Confederate graves to make that area look top notch. Again, the weather was calling for a 70% chance of rain, and we got a little bit early but not much. Again, an order was issued (more like a request was made) for no rain between 9 and 11. We got in, set up, flags on the graves, large Honor Guard consisting of about 12 rifles and a bagpiper, and about 20 spectators and had a great ceremony that started and finished on time with no rain again till 11:15 as we were leaving, proving once again God is on our side! For photos and video See:

<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.892606844127729.1073741852.535931113128639&type=1>.

Gentlemen, I must say at this time that we MUST start turning out more people for these events. Not just the Lee Camp, but all SCV members. Our stated purpose in life is to honor our Confederate ancestors. That said, there is no better way to do that than to turn out for a Memorial service honoring the Confederate dead. Doesn't matter whether it's Pleasant Hill, Mt. Pleasant, Elmwood, Forrest Park, Shiloh, Helena, etc - if it's close enough, we should be turning out in force. Not because we want big crowds (although that looks better), but because that is our mission, along with passing on of the message to protect our ancestors' good name. I understand work schedules,

family commitments, etc. and I understand that some things come up without notice, but we should try to make these more often and in greater numbers, because as an organization, that is what we do.

Confederate Memorial Day when you get this, will be right around the corner and I hope you will celebrate accordingly. I watched the news on Memorial Day, when the national and local media told us all that Gen. John Logan of the Federal Army started the Memorial Day tradition, which is true, but he started it AFTER watching Confederate women honor their brave men who paid the ultimate price for the freedom and independence of a new nation and against the invading Army of the country they had just recently separated from. We should follow the example of those and honor our ancestors and our heroes in similar fashion. So I hope to see as many of you as possible at both Elmwood on Confederate Memorial Day and at FORREST PARK on Gen. Forrest's Birthday. We all know we are on the right side of history, so let's go out and be proud of that as Southerners who understand what it is to be a Southerner.

Sent with my Compliments,

Mike Daugherty, Commander  
Robert E. Lee Camp 1640, SCV

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

Or visit our Facebook pages at:

<http://www.facebook.com/RELeeCamp1640>

<https://www.facebook.com/BluffCityGraysMemphis>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/SCV-Memphis-Brigade-Color-Guard/268457703293353>

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James Anthony Davis	Hubert Dellinger Jr., MD
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**Traveller** is the monthly newsletter of:

The General Robert E. Lee Camp #1640  
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 \*\* June 8, 2015**  
**Germantown Regional History and Genealogy Center, 7779 Old Poplar Pike, Germantown, TN**