

The Gray Line News



High Bridge



High Bridge Camp #1581

August 2023

Sons of Confederate Veterans

Camp Commander: Whit Morris

1st LT. Commander: Chris Burks

2nd LT Commander: Don Reynolds

3rd LT. Commander: Zach Morris

Treasurer: Shane Newcombe

Adjutant: Russell Easter

Chaplain: Ned May

Judge Advocate: Kenny Barnard

Quartermaster / Historian: Tom Haake

Sargent at Arms: Trey Capps

Surgeon: Gene Kirkman

Camp Sutler: Greg Finn



“DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF OUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE”



COMMANDERS CORNER:

Dear Compatriots,

I can't believe it is August already; I hope you have been able to enjoy the summer! A few weeks ago, I was on a farm tour and as part of that tour we drove all over rural South Carolina and Georgia. While on the tour, I was glad to see quite a few battle flags, along with other flags of the Confederacy, proudly flying.

At one of the stops, a friend of mine from another company came up and whispered in my ear "I'm glad to see they still fly the flag down here." I half-jokingly replied "Me too but why are you whispering?" We were both there as part of our jobs and sadly we both knew it would not be a good career move to publicly support the flag. It is truly depressing how successful those people who been rewriting our history have been. Hopefully if we keep telling our story, supporting organizations like the SCV and keep fighting ignorance, we won't have to keep whispering about our heritage.

Deo Vindice

Whit Morris

"If we oppose force to force, we cannot win, for their resources are greater than ours. We must substitute esprit for numbers."

Gen J.E.B. Stuart

Battles in August 1862

Aug. 5 th	LA	Battle of Baton Rouge	Aug. 21-22 nd	MINN	Battle of Fort Ridgely
Aug. 6 th	MO	Battle of Kirksville	Aug. 22-25 th	VA	Battle of Rappahannoc Station
Aug. 9 th	LA	Battle of Donaldsonville (1 st)	Aug. 25- 27 th	VA	Battle of Manassas Station Ops
Aug. 9 th	VA	Battle of Cedar Mountain	Aug. 28-30 th	VA	Battle of Bull Run (Second)
Aug. 11 th	MO	Battle of Independence	Aug. 28 th	VA	Battle of Thoroughfare Gap
Aug 15-16 th	MO	Battle of Lone Jack	Aug. 30 th	KY	Battle of Richmond, KY

Camp Dues.....

Have you received your notice? If you have..... Have you paid your dues? Please support our camp and get your dues in as soon as possible. Remember, your dues cover your National, State and Camp dues. Actually, the portion the camp receives is the smallest portion of your payment, but it means a lot to the operation of the camp. We understand there were/are a lot of errors in notices this year, and we are working on those we are aware of currently. Thanks, if you have made your payment..... and if you have not yet please do so ASAP.....Thanks!



Pictured above, 1st LT Commander Chris Burks conducts business at our Camp Meeting July 27th. Also shown to the right, is our guest speaker Travis Easter giving an excellent presentation on Holt Collier.

Camp Tee-Shirts

They have been received very well and everyone is pleased! Going forward, we have met the requirements and now should be able to get what we need printed should anyone want more, or decide they want one!

What Was It Called????? by John Dinkins, New Orleans, Louisiana

The Northern people first called it "The War of the Rebellion," later, they called it "The Civil War," and continue to do so. We do not believe it was a civil war, but a "War Between the States." The National Dictionary defines a "civil war" as "pertaining to the relations between the citizens of a State," while the war in the sixties was between all the States in the Union. Mr. Davis said it was "a war between the States," and that is good authority – but now comes a different definition which may settle the matter to the satisfaction of some people anyway.

Some time back a lawsuit was brought in Birmingham to settle ownership of some land. Mr. Wallace, who had occupied the property for many years, had an old family servant summoned (who all in the court knew) to establish the length of time the Wallace family had lived there. It is a well-known fact that when an old-time negro is on the stand and he is asked a question, he will almost invariably repeat the question.

The defense attorney called Uncle Ephraim, and said:
"Do you know Mr. Wallace?"

"Does I know Mr. Wallace? Marse Joe, is you talkin' to me? Of course I knows Mr. Wallace."

"Well, Uncle Ephraim, how long have you known Mr. Wallace?"

“How long is I knowed Mr. Wallace? I knowed Mr. Wallace ‘fore de war.”

“Well, Uncle Ephraim, that is not definite. We have had several wars in this country. What war are you referring to?”

“Eh, I’s talking ’bout de war ‘tween de white folk and de yankees.”

That created a laugh in the courtroom, and Uncle Ephraim said:

“You ne’en’t laugh, that’s dis what it was. I was der myself.”

So, upon the testimony of Uncle Ephraim, Mr. Wallace retained the property, and it would seem that the court having so decided upon Uncle Ephraim’s testimony, that the proper title of that unhappy affair is.....

“De War ‘ Tween de White Folks and de Yankees.”

From: Confederate Veteran Magazine, Volume XXXIV., No. 2., February 1926, Page 77

The Story of a Gourd Head



What caused me to construct a “gourd head” is more than I care to explain unless it was suggested by his Satanic majesty. As to how I utilized it read and see. One day in the winter of 1863 I found, near camps, a long-handle gourd about the size of a man’s head, and out of such material as I could command I covered it, dressed it with hair from beef tails, etc., until, at a short distance, it resembled somewhat a man’s head. Before it was perfected I was detailed to go on out-post duty, and took my masked gourd with me, intending to give it the finishing touches. At this date, the pickets of the two contending armies would at times discover and hail each other, exchange newspapers, swap coffee for tobacco, or visa verse – pass a few not unfriendly words, then each go his way without attempting to take the life of the other.

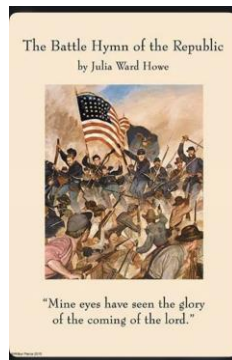
On the day above alluded to I was stationed beside a fallen tree, near the edge of a river swamp. About an hour after I had taken my position I saw a “blue coat” stealthily gliding along through the undergrowth of the swamp, and when within 100 yards of me, I hailed him with “Hello, yank, who are you looking for?” He sprang behind a tree and answered, “Looking for you, Johnny Reb. Have you got any tobacco to trade for coffee?” I replied that I had, but we had not conversed long until I discovered that the yank was somewhat nervous, and I watched him closely, though neither of us had made any hostile demonstrations. Suddenly he raised his gun to his face, and just as suddenly I ducked behind the log. And now I felt that both of us could not get away alive and determined to get my work in first. After a few moments suspense I thought of my masked gourd, and placed my hat upon it raised it above the log high enough to seem to peep over. Bang went yank’s gun, and a Minnie bullet pierced the gourd, and it fell by my side. I remained perfectly quiet, feeling assured that he would soon come to relieve my dead body of my tobacco. In a short time, I heard him coming. The “old scratch” whispered

to me “Now is your time,” but something else whispered, “Don’t kill him, it would be murder; take him prisoner.” I knew that his gun was empty, and that I had every advantage of him, so I raised up and presented to his breast my cocked rifle. I never beheld such a look of surprise. He stood within 10 feet of me, motionless, it seemed breathless.

I ordered him to drop his gun, come round to my side of the log and take a seat on the ground. He obeyed without any hesitation, and when he was seated I pointed at the gourd. He stared at the gourd then at me, and seeing me smile he dryly remarked, “Well I’ll be damned!” After a few moments reflection he again spoke, “You have outyanked me Johnny, but I hope you will not let me be sent to Andersonville.” I inquired of him his name and residence, when he informed me, John Hall, of Columbus, Ohio. I asked him if he had relatives living in Texas, and he replied that his uncle moved from Ohio to Texas about twenty years before, and when last heard from was living near Leesburg. I felt interested and inquired what he knew about his uncle’s family. He mentioned the names of the children, and among them George Hall, about his own age, who was his favorite cousin and playmate when they were boys in Ohio.

I then told him that he had just attempted to murder his cousin George. “I am George Hall!” Pale and trembling, he exclaimed, “O my God, can this be true?” and wept like a child. I then told him that he was free, exchanged “baccar for coffee” with him, but kept his gun and ammunition. He insisted that I should take what greenbacks he had to buy me another hat in place of the one he had spoiled with a bullet from his Enfield. He explained that his reason for firing was that he thought it his only chance to save his own life, thinking I would shoot him the first opportunity. He disappeared in the river swamp, and I saw him no more until after the war, but Cousin John is now my Texas neighbor, votes Democrat ticket, and is the best friend I have on earth. From: *Confederate Veteran Magazine*, Volume I., No. 8., August 1893, Page 239

A Confederate Soldier’s View of the Battle Hymn of the Republic



The songbooks of a number of the Churches of the South have included “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” as a suitable offering in their worship. Needless to say that not one person in a hundred — even a thousand — realizes the origin of the song, nor that the air is that of the old war song, “John Brown’s Body,” and outside of the meaning of the song as connected with war days in the sixties, the song is a mere jingle of words having no special thought to them. There has been much protest against the use of the song in our Churches, and in one instance it has prevented the incorporation of the song in the revision of the hymn book. It is to be hoped that other Church organizations may be made aware of the origin and meaning of the song and that it will be purged from any collection of songs used in religious worship.

The following letter comes from W. L. Jones, of Williamsburg, Va., one of those whose feelings have been outraged by finding this song in the hymn book of his Church. He says: The inmost feelings of the hearts of a people are shown by the songs and hymns that they sing. The poems and ballads of the Scottish people tell us their joys and sorrows in a manner that nothing else does. The fact that they sung Rous’s version of the Psalms tells how they viewed their religion. We best see the soul of the ancient Hebrews in their wonderful psalms, their poetry, and their religious thought. In that great one hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, a psalm of the

captivity at Babylon, the psalmist laments: ‘They that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, “Sing us one of the songs of Zion.” How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?’

Now, the Southern people, apparently through dense ignorance, but certainly not through compulsion, have printed in several of their hymn books as if it were a hymn a song called ‘ Battle Hymn of the Republic,’ which was the product of a fanatical hatred against them and is filled with poisonous thrusts at them. It is a fact, but a mournful fact, that our people in their Churches and Sunday schools disgrace themselves by cheerfully singing this strange song in their own land. It is not a hymn; it is not poetry; it is a mere jingle of fine words, and it would long since have fallen into oblivion, as have the other works of Julia Ward Howe, but for the fact that the Northern people, with their knowledge of how the song originated, see the bitter sting in it for the Southern people. The Northern people must laugh at us for singing their favorite song.

Without an understanding of what prompted Mrs. Howe to write the song, a person would see no meaning in it, no harm, only that God was sharpening his sword for some unknown wicked people. She was a Boston woman of mediocre ability who wrote and spoke a great deal, an antislavery agitator who hoped for war on the South. She preached in Unitarian pulpits, and when, in 1861, she visited Washington and saw the vast military array that Lincoln had set on foot against the South, in her joy she burst out into the curious medley of words called ‘Battle Hymn of the Republic’ and falsely pretended that God had revealed the future to her. She presents the Yankee army as the army of heaven, and God is pictured as a merciless Moloch about to slay the men, women, and children of the South, his garments stained with their gore. There is no mercy, no pity to be found in it. Nothing could be more brutal. It is a shocking misrepresentation of our kind and loving Heavenly Father. It grieves many others as well as myself that our Southern people can be so degenerate as ever to sing this song. I know it will be never sung again when they understand the meaning of it.

I served in Company C, 32nd Virginia Regiment, Corse’s Brigade of Pickett’s Division. I am the only survivor of all the men that enlisted in the Confederate army from this city, and so far as I can learn I am the only survivor of the soldiers from this Peninsula who surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. I was then nineteen years old.”

Robert E. Lee Quote of the Month

As far as I can judge from the papers we are between a state of anarchy & Civil War.....It has been evident for years that the country was doomed to run the full length of democracy. To what a fearful pass it has brought us. I fear mankind for years will not be sufficiently christianized to bear the absence of restraint & force.

— **Robert E. Lee, January 23rd, 1861**, in a Letter to his wife, Mary Custis Lee

Upcoming Meetings and Events:

August 24th 7:00pm @ Charley’s Café: Camp Meeting Presentation by Adam Pantaze on the Mine Explosion and The Battle of The Crater

September 16th Heart of Virginia Festival, Farmville, Va. We will have two booths, one for information and sales, one for our Living History display.....

September 28th 7:00pm @ Charley’s Café: Camp Meeting Pat Schroeder presenting on The Forgotten Friday, The Battles in Cumberland County 4/7/1865.

October 26th 7:00pm @ Charley’s Café: Camp Meeting

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