



**Official Newsletter of the BG Micah Jenkins
SCV Camp 1569**

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Honoring the Gray

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Honoring the Gray

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Commander's Comments

As we meet next month (August 11th) I hope all are well and in good spirits. I know with the economy as it is now it is hard on everyone, all we can do is pray that things will get better and call your representative and express your opinions.

The person in charge of the Adopt A Highway Program has not called back since I told her we could not participate in the program unless the sign said Sons of Confederate Veterans not S.C.V. Some people would not know who this is. They will allow only 18 spaces for a sign and that will not express what we need to get recognition for our services.

I hope to see each and everyone at the next meeting. Nora Brooks' presentation of Precious, Robert E Lee's youngest daughter at our meeting last month was outstanding!

A good book to read: Rebels from West Point - did you know that there were 306 graduates that fought on the Confederate side?

Jim Floyd, Commander

Each month's *Honoring the Gray* is saved in a pdf format on the Micah Jenkins website (micahjenkins.org). It can be read, printed or saved as desired. Each month the newsletter is mailed out to every camp member using first class mail. Any member who requests can be removed from the mailing list and save the cost of postage for the camp. Any member deciding to be removed from the mailing list can at any time be added back on.

If you would like to be removed from (or added back on) the mailing list, please email me at jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com

Yours in the Cause,

*Jerry Brown,
editor, Honoring the Gray*

Camp Meeting

Tuesday, August 11th 2009

Regularly scheduled meeting at the Mayflower Seafood Restaurant @ 7:00 PM.

Come early join the fellowship and eat.

Our speaker this month will be Mickey Beckham. Mr. Beckham will be talking about his book *A Confederate Soldier's Eloquent War the Complete Diary of Samuel "Catawba" Lowry*.



**Summerfest 2009
Historic Downtown York, South Carolina**

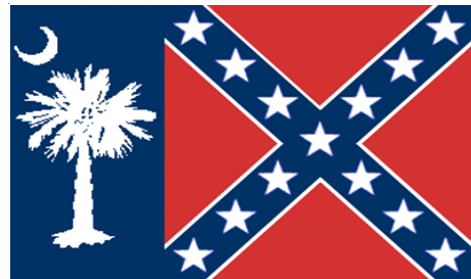
This year's event will be Saturday August 22nd 2009 from 9:00 AM until 5:00 PM. Summerfest gives the BG Micah Jenkins Camp to meet with the public, talk about our Confederate Ancestors and tell the true history of the War Between The States. It is also where we sell items from the camp store & recruit new members. We should be in the same location as last year.

Set up time will be 7:30 AM. Cars will not be allowed onsite after 8:00 AM so please arrive early. Parking will be behind the York Police Department. I would like to be a little better prepared this year so, we will need the following. Several tables & chairs which I will provide, along with 2nd Lt. Commander Timmerman' s tents. Also we will need the flag holders, flags & camp banner. Also a cooler shall be provided with cold drinks (water, pepsi, & coke, etc.....).

We will need folks through out the day to relieve camp members who are running the booth for short durations. This should allow us time to eat lunch, take bathroom breaks and stretch our legs a bit. So any participation from the camp would be greatly appreciated.

*Thanks, Brad Blackmon
1st Lt. Commander*

One of our members, Ron Hill will be returning to the States in September. Ron is a USAF Captain currently stationed in Afghanistan. Ron would like to hear for you. You can email Ron at: RD<southern_gulfcoast@yahoo.com>



**Do you have an article for
Honoring the Gray?**

If so, please send to Jerry Brown at jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com or call Jerry at 803-327-2834. Articles may be funny or serious as long as it reflects the ideals and purpose of the SCV. Please limit the size of articles to one page for mailing purposes.

Please submit articles for September's Honoring the Gray no later than Friday, August 28th to allow time for completing, printing and mailing in time before September's monthly meeting.

Prayer Closet

- Pray for the economy and all those having a difficult time.
- Please continue to pray for our President & government leaders. The SCV, national, division and brigade.
- Pray for our children as they return to school.
- Pray for our service men and women protecting our freedom.
- Pray for the families of our troops.

Excerpts From Second Lt. S. C. Lowry's Diary **Co. F 17th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry "Carolina Rifles"**

Source:<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~york/17thSCV/LowryDiary.html>

Second Battle of Manassas

On Wednesday evening, August 27th, we arrived in the neighborhood of Manassas. On arriving at the little station of Gainesville we were drawn into line of battle after double quick, but crossing only a short distance farther before we bivouaced for the night. On Thursday, the day following we lay still listening to our pickets stray shots and to the occasional booming of big guns. On Friday we arose considerably refreshed and marched up in reach of the enemy shells that now commenced falling thick and fast. We lay in the woods a short distance from the enemy's line, watching the flying shells as they passed over us, seeing, whistling, literally plowing the air, the loud shriek of the flying shells, the dull whiz of the great ancanisten, with the disappearing cry of wounded mortals, fairly rent the air. Our pickets in front were continually popping away at those of the enemy, firing like a crane brake on fire, and shouting like demons. All day we lay and listened to these discordant sounds, knowing that our time would soon come to mix in with the general medley. As evening approached the firing became still hotter. Brigade after Brigade hurried to engage in the general revelry. A short while before dusk General Evans rode up to our Brigade and ordered us to advance. We formed a line and the general ordered us to double quick, and thus we went through bushes, over hills, &c., for half a mile, when we came upon a farm house all around which was strewn with dead bodies. A short distance from this house Benbons Regiment, the 23rd S.C. Vol. being on the left of the brigade was charged upon by a regiment of Yankee Cavalry. Our fellows stopped steady, poured a destructive fire into the charging cavalry, emptying nearly every saddle, and throwing them into the utmost confusion. Those that left immediately wheeled and fled, followed by the exultant shouts of our victorious boys. While advancing a stray ball struck W. A. Parker of our company inflicting a wound that proved mortal in a short time. We kept steadily on, waded a deep creek, until we came in view of General Law's Brigade of Alabamians where we halted in a corn field and remained there half the night, wringing wet and shivering with cold. About midnight a rumor

reached us that the enemy were trying to get into our rear and General Evans ordered us back to the farm house where we spent the remainder of the night. All night long the pickets kept up a constant firing, indicating that the enemy still confronted us. We all knew that the following day would be an eventful one for some of us, ay, a fatal one. The 30th of August dawned and ushered in a glorious day for our young Confederacy, - one that will ever be remembered in the annals of history, and one whose fame shall never pass into oblivion. As the day dawned, cannon after cannon boomed forth their iron hail, and the increased firing showed plainly the fierceness of the battle. Regiment after Regiment advanced to the contest. We lay for over half the day listening and watching the contest, and still no orders for us to advance, But at length, the order came. General Evans ordered us to advance, and the whole Brigade started forward in as pretty a line as they had ever formed on dress-parade. We advanced first across a little open space, or small strip of old field, and on entering the woods on the other side the shells came flying over us in close proximity. General Evans ordered us to lie down until the shells passed over us. As I lay down a shell came whizzing over me, about a foot over my head and fell right at my heels, but fortunately it did not explode. We got up then and charged forward in a good line, through the woods, over the dead and wounded men, shouting like demons. After passing through the woods we entered on a thicket of cedars and here the enemy sent their great shots in perfect hurricanes, crushing and maiming man after man.

On entering a little clump of black-jacks, grape, canister, shrapnel, fairly rattled amid the trees. Here we lost very heavily, the man by my side was killed dead on the spot; our gallant Colonel, Ex-Gov. Means, fell pierced with a ball through the breast while gallantly cheering us on. It seemed strange how a man could escape, still we pressed resolutely on, and, on clearing the woods at Mrs. Chinn's house, we came in full sight of the enemy drawn up in good line, and showing their leaden missels upon us, the red uniforms of Col. Duryeas New York Knaves, shining prominent in the ranks, with a shout that sounded loud above the cannons roar, we

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Excerpts From Second Lt. S. C. Lowry's Diary Co. F 17th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry "Carolina Rifles

continued from previous page

charged forward on the run, firing and loading as fast as possible. The Yankees did not await to lock bayonets with us, but turned and fled precipitantly, still keeping up a desultory fire, While giving our whole attention to the fleeing foe, a regiment of Yankees suddenly drew up in line, in a few yards from us on our left, and poured a destructive fire. And now my turn came, for it was here, while busy loading my rifle, that a ball from the enemy came whizzing through my thigh. My first thought was to look at it, but there was so much blood on my leg that I could not distinguish the wound. The balls continued to fly around me, knocking up the dirt all around me, and I was in eminent danger of getting another one. I got up and found I could walk a little, and hobbled about five steps back and lay down (Hors de Combat). The battle continued with unabated fury, grape shells, shot, and Minnie Balls were plowing the air around me, and at that time I was suffering acute pain from my leg. My leg seemed to be numbed all over. Still, with a dull kind of pain thrilling through it. Several other wounded were lying near me. It was while lying here that someone came and lay down beside me saying, "We are friends now if we have been enemies". I did not understand him, in fact, I did not take any notice of him, but I saw he had on a Yankee uniform, which a great many of our men wore, and I supposed him one of our men. I lay still sometime without speaking to him, examining my leg, but having finished I asked him to what regiment he belonged. He replied, "I belong to the 24th Ohio". You are a Yankee then, says I. "Yes," he replied, "but I am tired of this dumb war, and won't fight anymore." I told him I would not trust a Yankee no further than I could see, and demanded his gun, which he complacently delivered, remarking, "It is loaded". I turned him over to our soldiers on their return. I lay here where I was wounded until the battle ended, which was about half hour after I got wounded. The Yankees were thoroughly whipped. It seemed that the field of Manassas was peculiarly unfortunate for them.

After the Battle, Samuel Cosmo Lowry and the wounded were taken a short distance to Mrs. Chinn's house.

Capt. Avery, my uncle, who was looking on the battle field for me, found me about twelve

o'clock that night in good spirits, and left me promising to have me carried off in the morning, which he did. I considered myself truly fortunate in getting into the cellar, for it not only rained, but a night amid the dead and dying is not very pleasant. I was partially shielded from the discordant sounds of the wounded and dying, but I heard sufficient to appall the ear of the most hard-hearted stoic. Discordant sound rent the air, yells, shrieks, piteous groans and cries of suffering reached the ear on every side. It is truly horrible to witness the mangled bodies of the unfortunate combatants, limbs off, bodies half shot away, features awfully disfigured, &c., all wrapped up in the robe of death. The features were variously marked, some wore the stern aspect of battle, even in death, some presented pictures of despair, some of reckless determination, some of fright and still some of calmness and self satisfaction truly sublime. Some were smiling in death, seeming to realize that old and patriotic, but romantic maxim, " 'Tis sweet to die for one's Country". Peace be to their ashes, a soldier's fate. How wonderfully sudden, how apparently awful.

Samuel Cosmo Lowry lived to fight another day, he was only 16 years old during this battle. He recovered quickly and was back with the 17th S.C. a year later. His last battle was the Battle of the Crater, where 5 hours after the explosion, he led his men into harms way, taking back the lines lost to the Yankees in a Glorious Confederate Victory. However, he died in the process, at only the age of 19 years old. I'm sure that romantic maxim that he heard years earlier would of explained his sacrifice, " 'Tis Sweet to Die for One's Country"

*Hors de Combat, literally meaning "outside the fight," is a French term used in diplomacy and international law to refer to soldiers who are incapable of performing their military function. Examples include a downed fighter pilot, as well as the sick, wounded, detained, or otherwise disabled. Soldiers hors de combat are normally granted special protections according to the laws of war, sometimes including prisoner of war status.

Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson

"Stonewall" Jackson (Jan 21, 1824 - May 10, 1863) was a Confederate general during the American Civil War, and probably the most well-known Confederate commander after General Robert E. Lee. His military career includes the Valley Campaign of 1862 and his service as a corps commander in the Army of Northern Virginia under Robert E. Lee. Military historians consider Jackson to be one of the most gifted tactical commanders in United States history. His Valley Campaign and his envelopment of the Union Army right wing at Chancellorsville are studied worldwide even today as examples of innovative and bold leadership. He excelled as well at the First Battle of Bull Run, Second Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. Jackson was not universally successful as a commander, however, as displayed by his weak and confused efforts during the Seven Days Battles around Richmond in 1862.

Jackson earned his most famous nickname at the First Battle of Bull Run (First Manassas) in July 1861. As the Confederate lines began to crumble under heavy Union assault, Jackson's brigade provided crucial reinforcements on Henry House Hill, demonstrating the discipline he instilled in his men. Brig. Gen. Barnard Elliott Bee, Jr., exhorted his own troops to re-form by shouting, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me." There is some controversy over Bee's statement and intent, which could not be clarified because he was killed almost immediately after speaking and none of his subordinate officers wrote reports of the battle. Major Burnett Rhett, chief of staff to General Joseph E. Johnston, claimed that Bee was angry at Jackson's failure to come immediately to the relief of Bee's and Bartow's brigades while they were under heavy pressure. Those who subscribe to this opinion believe that Bee's statement was meant to be pejorative: "Look at Jackson standing there like a damned stone wall!" Regardless of the controversy and the delay in relieving Bee, Jackson's brigade, which would henceforth be known as the Stonewall Brigade, stopped the Union assault and suffered more casualties than any other Southern brigade that day.

At the Battle of Chancellorsville, Jackson and his entire corps were sent on an aggressive flanking maneuver to the right of the Union lines. While riding with his infantry in a wide berth well south and west of the Federal line of battle, Jackson employed Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry to provide for better reconnaissance in regards to the exact location of the Union right and rear. Lee found the entire right side of the Federal lines in the middle of open field, guarded merely by two guns that faced westward, as well as the supplies and rear encampments. Jackson immediately returned to his corps and arranged his divisions into a line of battle to charge directly into the oblivious Federal right. The Confederates marched silently until they were merely several hundred feet from the Union position, then released a bloodthirsty cry and full charge. Many of the Federals were captured without a shot fired, the rest were driven into a full rout.

As Jackson and his staff were returning to camp on May 2, they were mistaken for a Union cavalry force by a Confederate North Carolina regiment who shouted, "Halt, who goes there?," but fired before evaluating the reply. Jackson was hit by three bullets, two in the left arm and one in the right hand. Several other men in his staff were killed in addition to many horses. Darkness and confusion prevented Jackson from getting immediate care. He was dropped from his stretcher while being evacuated because of incoming artillery rounds. Because of his injuries, Jackson's left arm had to be amputated by Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Lee wrote to Jackson after learning of his injuries, stating "Could I have directed events, I would have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead." Jackson died of complications from pneumonia on May 10, 1863. On his death bed, though he became weaker, he remained spiritually strong. Jackson's words were "It is the Lord's Day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday." Dr. McGuire wrote an account of his final hours and his last words: "Order A.P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks" - then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly, and with an expression, as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

Upon hearing of Jackson's death, Robert E. Lee mourned the loss of both a friend and a trusted commander. The night Lee learned of Jackson's death, he told his cook, "William, I have lost my right arm" (deliberately in contrast to Jackson's left arm) and "I'm bleeding at the heart." As Jackson lay dying, General Robert E. Lee sent a message to Jackson through Chaplain Lacy, saying "Give General Jackson my affectionate regards, and say to him: he has lost his left arm but I my right."

The South mourned his death as he was greatly admired there. A poem penned by one of his soldiers soon became a very popular song, "Stonewall Jackson's Way." Many theorists through the years have postulated that if Jackson had lived, Lee might have prevailed at Gettysburg. Certainly Jackson's discipline and tactical sense were sorely missed, and might well have carried an extremely close-fought battle.



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Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson
January 21, 1824 - May 10, 1863