



The Summer Confederate

LEGIONNAIRE

The Newsletter of the General William B. Bate Camp No. 34

Sons of Confederate Veterans



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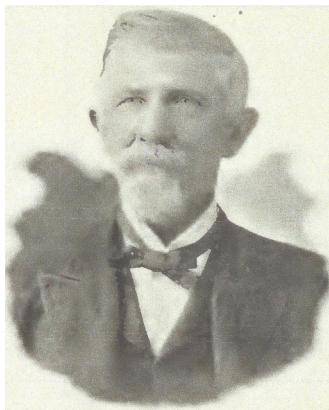
October 2015

AFTERMATH OF HARTSVILLE

AFTERMATH OF HARTSVILLE

DR. JOHN O. SCOTT, SHERMAN, TEXAS

Mrs. Halliburton was the patriotic lady who in the excitement of battle, with unhesitating zeal, bestowed her entire bed linen to serve as bandages for John Morgan's wounded who occupied every room in her spacious and elegant mansion. Her home was located about one mile from the shady banks of the Cumberland, and near three hundred yards from the eminence where Federal troops were encamped.



DR. JOHN O. SCOTT

The battleground was about a mile from the village of Hartsville. Morgan's troopers, seated on their swift Kentucky thoroughbreds, with the velocity of the winds,

made a rapid detour to the left of the enemy, captured their garrison, attacked the Federals in flank and front, joining the Ninth and Second Kentucky Infantry in line of battle opposite the eminence where the Federals were encamped. This battle, which resulted in the capture of several thousand Federal prisoners, was of short duration, perhaps as long as three hours.

After this victory, which decked his brow with unfading laurel. Gen. Morgan, with his usual celerity. crossed the steep banks of the Cumberland and with all his trophies safe in Dixie bade defiance to the United States forces, who, having heard the cannonading, hurried to the rescue of their beleaguered comrades.

Perhaps some minor details of this



OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING WILL BE HELD ON OCTOBER 8, 2015 AT 7:00 P.M. AT THE NEW LOCATION OF BELIEVERS FELLOWSHIP, STILL ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE BUT NOW AT 126 NORTH WATER AVENUE. PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND.

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Now is the time to stand up and be counted to defend our Confederate symbols and the honor of our ancestors.
Will you shirk your duty?

(Continued from page 1)

battle might be of interest. It was my fate to be the only Confederate surgeon left on the battlefield with the wounded, and the circumstances of this battle were different from any I have ever known. The victorious heroes, with their rich booty of prisoners, arms, provisions, and clothing, had left the dead and wounded on the field of carnage, and for an hour or more there reigned a silence as gloomy and profound as a graveyard during the weird hours of midnight. Nothing was to be seen save here and there wounded soldiers and abandoned worthless muskets. A wagon belonging to some negroes was pressed into service and a majority of the wounded conveyed to the mansion of the kind lady above mentioned.

Never will we forget the glaring explosion of a caisson of Cobb's Battery in the very commencement of the battle, scattering men and horses with a frightful noise which hushed the din of battle. Near this gruesome spot we found the mangled body of young Watts from Paducah. He was so shockingly disfigured from the explosion that we would not have recognized him but for the gay tinselled artillery cap we saw him so merrily smile under a few moments before as, thoughtless of any mishap, he rode on that caisson into the raging battle.

Close by lay Lieut. Ethridge, from Greenville, Miss., a noble specimen of the American soldier. Little did he think of his sad fate when, on the march, he jocosely requested us, should misfortune befall him, to write his lady love on the "flowery banks of the majestic Mississippi." Near the crest of the hill where the enemy were entrenched we

recognized Lieut. Thomas, wounded in tin left breast. At each gasping breath of the dying hero the blood spurted and besmeared his richly gilded sword belt. Near by, leaning against a large oak tree, sat his chivalric messmate, Lieut. Rogers, of Phil Lee's company, lie appeared almost lifelike, so much so that we called to him. No answer being given, we were assured that his brave spirit had found a home among the angels.

Near this hornet's nest of the battle, we found the body of Capt. Crockett. It must have been a hand-to-hand fight, for he was so blackened with powder that we could scarcely recognize him. Here was the spot where in the charge up the hill under a galling fire of musketry there was some confusion. Then it was that McDowell, Lee, Joyce, Moss, Higgins, and others, with swords in hand, rushed forward and by command and cheer renewed the charge until victory was smiling on the star-flowering banners of a band of heroes as brave as ever heard bugle call on embattled plain.

While at the hospital attending to the wounded the surgeons and nurses were ordered by a United States Cavalry officer to report to the commanding general, who had just arrived on the battleground. As we approached the hill where their forces were drawn up "in line belligerent," we expected to see some Butler or Burbridge who would send us manacled to the dismal cells of Fort Hamilton. I had no idea who was that red-headed, sandy-whiskered, military-looking commanding general, until one of our nurses who in antebellum days was one of John Harlan's political protégés, hailed the star-decked man with "How are you, John?" As soon as that social bomb shell was exploded,



recognitions were mutual, and there was a general shaking of hands and greeting of friends, relations, neighbors, and schoolmates, and many were the earnest inquiries of the fate of brothers and cousins.

Col. Hunt wished to know of his brother. Col. McKay, Whartorf, Capt. Noe, Davenport, and others, beset us with inquiries for friends. When we pointed to Mrs. Halliburton's house, containing the wounded, with the yellow flag floating over it, men and officers hastened there and vied with each other in cheering words and kind acts. It was a grand sight to see the man in blue assisting his brother of the gray in all kindness and affection.

Harlan entered into the enthusiasm of his generous, noble-hearted Kentuckians. Without solicitation on our part he proffered sugar, coffee, medicines, medical assistance, and whatever the wounded needed. By the aid of his ambulances the wounded were conveyed to Hartsville, where the patriotic ladies vied with each other in nursing the wounded of their 'adored deliverer.' Mrs. Lee kindly had young Craven Peyton, Morgan's orderly, conveyed to her home and nursed him as tenderly as her own child.

He was wounded by a pistol ball while charging a Battery. He died of blood poison. We can never forget a soldier by the name of Edwards who was shot through the right lung. During the first night after the battle, believing he was dying, he requested one of the nurses to pray for him. The nurse, not being a saint or having inherited the gown of the order of Melchisedek, rushed for the chaplain, Mr. Pickett. It was a touching scene in the solemn hour of night, surrounded by

the wounded, to see the eloquent divine on bended knees by the side of the dying hero and hear him utter a prayer to the Eternal King of heaven so earnest and fervent that the most hardened and wicked wept like children. The day after the battle Mr. Hart and other kind citizens saw the dead buried decently, with headboards marked so plainly that in after years the resting places of these heroes could be located by friends.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. John Orlando Scott was born at Locust Hill, near Frankfort, Ky., in 1837. He graduated from Center College, Danville, Ky., in 1856. Received the degree of M.D. from the University of Louisville, Ky., February, 1862; was an assistant surgeon to the Second and Third Kentucky Regiments; Assistant Surgeon to Byrnes' Battery, and Surgeon of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment; was in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Hartsville, and other engagements.

The Confederate Veteran, 1902.



Six Brothers Confederate Survivors

A comrade sends a photograph of six brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army, and who are yet living and in fair health, with notes by H. A. Killen, of Green Hill, Ala.

Dunkin, Dan, and I volunteered October 6, 1861, in Company E, Twenty-Seventh Alabama Regiment. Our services began at Fort Henry. We were next at Corinth, and after that went through the campaign in Kentucky under Gen. Bragg. We were afterwards at Port Hudson. We were there the night of that terrific bombardment in which

the "Mississippi," a noted Federal gunboat, was destroyed by our hotshot battery on the river bank. We were in the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., and escaped capture by passing out at night through a swamp. We were also in the siege of Jackson, Miss., after which we were sent to North Alabama to recruit. While in that service we crossed the Tennessee River and captured a company of the Ninth Ohio Regiment. Going next to Georgia, we joined the Army of Tennessee at Resaca. We were in the beginning of that battle, and afterwards participated in many of the engagements of that "hundred days fighting."



SIX BROTHERS KILLEN
WHO WERE CONFEDERATES

1. Andrew Jackson; 2. Thomas Benton; 3. Henry Alexander; 4. Dr. Duncan; 5. Daniel McDougale 6. Robert Taylor.

We next went to Nashville in Hood's army. On the retreat my two brothers were left on picket duty at Duck River. The pontoon was taken up, and "Dunk" lay under the bluff three days, and the only food he had was an ear of corn. He finally escaped by wading a creek at night. I was the only member of my company in the battle of Bentonville, and there were but seven of the regiment in the surrender there. Tom and Jackson were in Forrest's Cavalry; I do not know the regiment. They were in several engagements.

Robert was just old enough to enlist in the latter part of the war, but was not in any of the battles. I was promoted from a private to lieutenant, and commanded the company much of the time, as my captain was on detached service. None of the six were wounded or in hospital. Tom was captured and imprisoned at Rock Island.

W. M. Webster writes from Bartlett, Tex.: As I don't often see anything about my old regiment, Fifty-First Alabama Cavalry, I write briefly on some of its experiences. I know it was often said by the infantry that

the cavalry had an easy time, but many a long day and dark night did we shiver with cold while on picket duty in front of Nashville and Murfreesboro, while the infantry were back a few miles taking their ease with nothing to molest them, unless by some accident we gave a false alarm, which would cause them to lose a few hours sleep. On that memorable Christmas Eve of 1862 we gave an alarm that was not false; it was the beginning of the battle of Murfreesboro, which was one of the most destructive battles that I experienced during the entire war. On June 27, 1863, at the Shelbyville fight I was captured, together with twenty-one of my company, and one hundred and twenty-one of our regiment. We were carried to Fort Delaware, where I was until June, 1865. It was said during the war that the infantry had a standing offer of a reward for a dead man with spurs on. I saw them often. When we were preparing for battle, if I could see that Gen. Wheeler was on hand I was not uneasy. When a small boy and it began to thunder and the approaching clouds indicated that we were in its path, if I could see the faces of my father and mother I thought everything would go right. It was the same way when a battle began; if I could see that Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Morgan were present I felt sure that everything would go adrift on our side, and it nearly always did. At Shelbyville, however, on the 27th of June, when the bluecoats got me, my good horse was killed, the horse that had always taken me out at the right time. I was deprived of many hardships by being captured and placed in prison, only to undergo worse privations. Now don't think it was the intention of the United States Government to treat us cruelly, nevertheless we were by the foreigners who guarded us. Before closing I must say a few words in praise of the Veteran. I am always anxious to

receive it and like to read letters from those who wore the gray. Would not take for Dr. Larimore's sermon what the Veteran costs me for one year. Would like to hear from any of my old regiment.

The Confederate Veteran, 1902.

Craven Peyton

This tribute is by Dr. J. O. Scott, of Sherman, Tex. :

Craven Peyton, son of Dr. Bailey Peyton, of Hartford, Ky., and a nephew of a distinguished Tennessean by that name, was at the battle of Hartsville, Tenn., wounded by a pistol ball near the knee. Basil Duke, in his history, truly says, "he fretted himself to death!" His system became saturated with blood poison, and the joint was involved, and he died from exhaustion.

Boy soldier of the exalted chieftain, John Hunt Morgan, after a score or more years have rolled by we rejoice to proclaim a panegyric. Craven Peyton! heroic youth, we are writing these lines with the pen dipped in thy crimson blood as we saw it gush from thy death wound. When we behold thy dead and bleeding comrades lying around thee, we have no honeyed words or maudlin sentimentality for thy foes, no rankling hatred or blood-thirsty revenge, but Christian forgiveness and forbearance for those who caused all the ills, "that lowered upon our house."

Craven Peyton! golden-haired, blue-eyed orderly, we will never forget thy noble

(Continued on page 8)



Compatriots, we had a great meeting this month and I cannot say enough about our speaker, Jaime Gillum. A retired Marine Gunnery Sergeant, Gunny Gillum has done an extraordinary job researching ever facet of the Battle of Spring Hill as well as the wartime service of the 16th Tennessee Infantry. He is an accomplished author with the three volume set on the 16th Tennessee and *Twenty-five Hours to Tragedy*, his book on Spring Hill. He spoke to us about Spring Hill and its series of errors leading to the debacle that was Franklin, in which John Bell Hood sacrificed the flower of the Army of Tennessee against the Union entrenchments in Franklin.

We are processing dues currently and urge all of you to pay your dues as soon as possible. We are still processing a number of new membership applications and hope to have these new members added to our ranks soon.

The Division Executive Committee met on September 19th and we received



Jaime Gillum talking to us about Spring Hill

updates on the Division's efforts in dealing with the continuing heritage threats here in Tennessee. To that end, we talked about the Forrest Bust in the Capitol, the ongoing Memphis issues as well as other issues which continue to confront us. The Division has been working behind the scenes in the General Assembly in dealing with the Forrest Bust and the SCV License plates. One of the things we've been doing is compiling the contributions we make to the state from funds derived from plate sales. We have given the Tennessee State Museum a total of \$90,000 which through matching grants the Tennessee State Museum has leveraged this money to a total of \$200,000 which has gone



GET A TAG ~ SAVE A FLAG

HELP US PRESERVE
 TENNESSEE'S HISTORIC FLAGS
 ~CONFEDERATE HISTORY IS AMERICAN HISTORY~

GET YOUR TAG AT
 YOUR LOCAL
 COUNTY CLERK'S
 OFFICE



NO
 MEMBERSHIP
 REQUIRED
 TNSCV.ORG

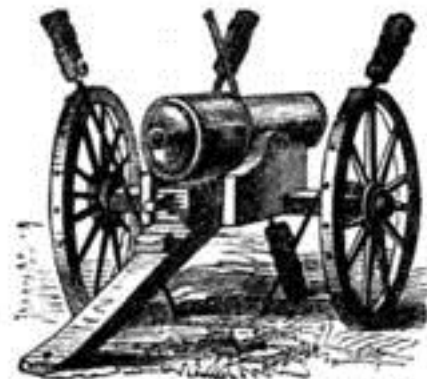
1800MYSOUTH

(Continued from page 6)

to the restoration and preservation of Confederate relics especially things like original Confederate regimental flags and General Cleburne's kepi. These figures are only for the Division and does not reflect individual camp contributions or special projects affiliated with the SCV like Ronnie Mangrum's Ronaroo. These are the sorts of contributions that we will be asking our members to highlight to our individual Representatives and Senators just before the session begins after the New Year.

Either Ken or I, will be contacting you when we get the word from Division to email politely to your Representatives and Senators seeking their support for defending out

Confederate heritage.



(Continued from page 5)

image, as we saw thee pale and ghastly, lying on the battlefield, wrapped in thy warrior blanket. We will ever remember the heartfelt joy that lit your face when your pistol was unobserved in its hiding place when search was made by the unfeeling foe. Through the dim vista of the past we yet see the smile of delight that beamed on your countenance and the merry twinkling of your eye, as you drew the pistol from under the pillow declaring it was a sacred gift from your chieftain.

Daring, fearless boy! Comrade of the heroes of Gettysburg, Stone River, Shiloh, and Chickamauga, when the bright sun of a May morning shall gild the earth with golden tinted rays, the maidens of the Southland will deck thy grave with gorgeous garlands of flowers of most charming hue. Each flower as it falls gently and lovingly on the sod will cry to heaven for thy eternal bliss. Each dewdrop on thy grave as it glistens in the morning sun will proclaim thy valor. The stars of the morning as they revolve sublimely in their orbits will sing thy glories and the pale moon, like a widowed mother, will mourn thy presence from the earth.

Brave spirits of departed heroes! Liberty still sleeps in our mountain dells, and the winds of the Alleghanies whisper to the Southern breezes that a day is in the future when a new Southland Phoenix-like will rise from the ashes of Sherman's march.

Craven Peyton! peerless youth who fell charging a battery: "On to death and glory dashing!" thy name is emblazoned with a halo of "living light" on the milky baldric skies.

In the far off' Cerulean blue above, there is a resting place for the martyred

heroes of liberty. There, matchless soldier, will thou rest with thy captain, Morgan, Sell, Kosciusko, Hampden, Brutus, Wallace.

There the morning reveille proclaims thy acts of gallantry to the tune of Dixie and My Maryland. At the evening tattoo the stars and bars float jauntily to the gentle breezes over thy lone tent "whose green curtains never turn."

Private soldier Craven Peyton! prototype of Albert Sidney Johnston. Stonewall Jackson. Pat Cleburne, and a host of others, like Leonidas at Thermopole, Montgomery on the Quebec Heights, Moultrie at Savannah, posterity will ever cherish thy heroic acts in memory more enduring than Parian marble.

The Confederate Veteran, 1902.



The 1616

The Confederate Veteran published the list of those who died at Camp Morton

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Confederate Veteran.

CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN INDIANA.

(Continued from page 29 of the January number.)

- Horton, Lewis A., Co. C, 39th North Carolina.
 House, Thomas H., Co. I, 25th Arkansas.
 Howard, Marshall, Co. B, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
 Howard, P. L., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
 Howsley, H. P., Co. C, 2d Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
 Hubbard, H. C., Sergt., Co. A, 10th (Diamond's) Ky. Cav.
 Huddleston, B. D., Co. K, 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
 Hudson, J. H., Co. E, 11th Alabama Cavalry.
 Huffaker, R. W., Co. L, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Hughes, Green J., Co. I, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
 Hughes, J. R., Co. H, 9th Texas Cavalry.
 Hughes, T. S., Co. B, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
 Hughes, W. H., Co. A, 20th Mississippi.
 Hughey, B. A., Co. A, 8th Arkansas.
 Huie, W. H., Co. F, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
 Hull, D. F., Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
 Hull, Robert, Co. G, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
 Hulse, William R., Co. E, 60th Tennessee.
 Humble, John, Corp., Co. I, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
 Hummet, J., Co. B, 51st Tennessee.
 Humphries, Jack, Co. K, 18th South Carolina.
 Hunt, D. B., Co. I, 2d Missouri Cavalry.
 Hunt, W. A., Co. B, 27th Alabama.
 Hunt, W. C., Corp., Co. B, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
 Hunter, Robert, Co. —, Landis's Missouri Battery.
 Hurt, Aaron R., Co. C, 36th Virginia.
 Hurt, W. H., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
 Hutchinson, George W., Co. H, 36th Virginia.
 Hutto, Joseph J., Co. F, 53d Alabama.
 Hutzel, Ezra F., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
- Ijams, B. G., Co. M, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
 Irwin, S. P., Co. —, Greer's Texas Battalion.
 Irwin, W., Co. B, 26th Louisiana.
- Jackson, Ethan, Co. D, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
 James, William H., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
 Jeater, W. D., Co. D, 3d Louisiana.
 Johnson, A. B., Co. A, 14th Kentucky.
 Johnson, Emmett, Co. G, 45th Virginia.
 Johnson, J. A., Co. C, 4th Alabama.
 Johnson, James M., Sergt., Co. B, 13th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Johnson, James R., Corp., Co. I, 2d Kentucky Mounted Inf.
 Johnson, James S., Co. B, 61st and 81st Tennessee.
 Johnson, John G., Co. K, 57th Alabama.
 Johnson, Samuel M., Co. H, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
 Johnson, W. T., Co. E, 3d Confederate Cavalry.
 Johnston, Joseph W., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.
 Jones, C., Co. —, Signal Corps.
 Jones, David, Co. —, 37th Mississippi.
 Jones, G. W., Co. G, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
 Jones, George, Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
 Jones, Henry, Co. B, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
 Jones, Henry H., Corp., Co. B, 29th Georgia.
 Jones, J. W., Co. B, Walter's North Carolina Battalion.
 Jones, James, Co. E, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
 Jones, James G., Co. C, 62d North Carolina.
 Jones, Jesse, Co. —, Forrest's 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
 Jones, Lucius, Co. D, 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
 Jones, Stephen F., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
 Jones, T. A., Co. B, Newton's Arkansas Cavalry.
- Jones, Theodore, Co. E, 60th North Carolina.
 Jones, W. H., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
- Keating, John, Co. G, 13th Louisiana.
 Keecker, E., Co. H, 45th Virginia.
 Keith, D. T., Sergt., Co. F, 8th Georgia Battalion.
 Keller, Conrad, Co. D, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
 Keller, J., Co. G, 8th Kentucky.
 Kelley, Allen K., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Kelly, L. D., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.
 Kelly, Parker, Co. B, 31st Tennessee.
 Keltner, Elisha F., Sergt., Co. K, 53d Tennessee.
 Kemp, L. G., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
 Kennedy, G. W., Co. F, 3d Mississippi.
 Key, G. W., Co. D, 5th Alabama Cavalry.
 Key, J. W., Co. E, 15th Tennessee.
 Kiger, Henry, Co. B, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
 Kilchrist, Hickerstan, Co. H, 54th Georgia.
 Killingsworth, Calvin, Co. A, 3d Confederate Cavalry.
 Kimball, William J., Co. D, 2d Missouri Cavalry.
 Kincaid, J. K., Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
 Kincaid, T. J., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Kincaide, George W., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
 King, E. H., Sergt., Co. C, 22d Alabama.
 King, H. J., Co. F, 26th Tennessee.
 King, James H., Sergt., Co. A, Allison's Tennessee Cavalry.
 King, John W., Co. H, 60th Tennessee.
 King, R. H., Co. I, 41st Tennessee.
 King, Robert, Co. K, 29th North Carolina.
 King, S., Co. G, 45th Virginia.
 King, Thomas J., Co. K, 32d Tennessee.
 King, William, Co. L, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
 Kinningham, J. S., Co. G, 16th Georgia.
 Kirven, W. H., Co. E, 4th Texas.
 Knolle, F., Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
 Knox, George J., Co. F, 5th South Carolina.
 Koonce, Daniel M., Co. A, 30th Mississippi.
 Kugle, James M., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
 Kyle, E., Co. K, 50th Tennessee.
- Lack, W. G., Co. F, Faulkner's Kentucky Cavalry.
 Ladd, J. H., Co. B, 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
 Lafleur, Octave, Corp., Co. K, 16th Louisiana.
 Laird, J. P., Co. —, Moreland's Alabama Cavalry.
 Lakeman, F. M., Co. G, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery.
 Lambert, Edward, Co. A, 8th Battalion La. Horse Art.
 Lambert, Joseph G., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
 Lambright, John M., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
 Lancaster, J. W., Co. A, 60th Tennessee.
 Land, E. V., Co. B, 37th Mississippi.
 Land, Enoch, Co. G, 2d Arkansas Mounted Rifles.
 Landers, John, Co. A, 60th Virginia.
 Landreth, Andrew J., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
 Landry, Pierre, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
 Lane, Thomas, Co. G, 17th Tennessee.
 Langley, Reuben, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
 Larkis, W., Co. C, 23d Louisiana.
 Lasaigne, Joseph, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
 Lash, J. W., Sergt., Co. K, 10th Confederate Cavalry.
 Lashbrook, S. D., Co. A, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
 Latapie, Pierre, Co. D, 30th Louisiana.
 Lathan, Elias, Co. —, 41st Alabama.
 Lauderdale, G. W., Co. F, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
 Lauderdale, J. G., Co. A, 53d Tennessee.

WE WILL BE PUBLISHING THE NAMES OF THE 1616 OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS
 TO REMIND ALL OF US OF THEIR SACRIFICE

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1 Lt. Commander - Eddie Felts
2 Lt. Commander - John de Leusomme
Adjutant - Kenneth A. Corum
Quartermaster - Richard Hamblen
Treasurer - Kenneth A. Corum
Chaplain - Johnny Keele
Surgeon - Vacant
Historian - G. Franklin Heathman
Color Sergeant - Michael Bassette
Judge Advocate - William Bryan Roehrig, III
Editor - Randy P. Lucas

Carmack's Pledge to the South

The South is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories.

To that land every drop of my blood, every fiber of my being, every pulsation of my heart, is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb; I was nurtured at her breast; and when my last hour shall come, I pray God that I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked to sleep within her tender and encircling arms.

