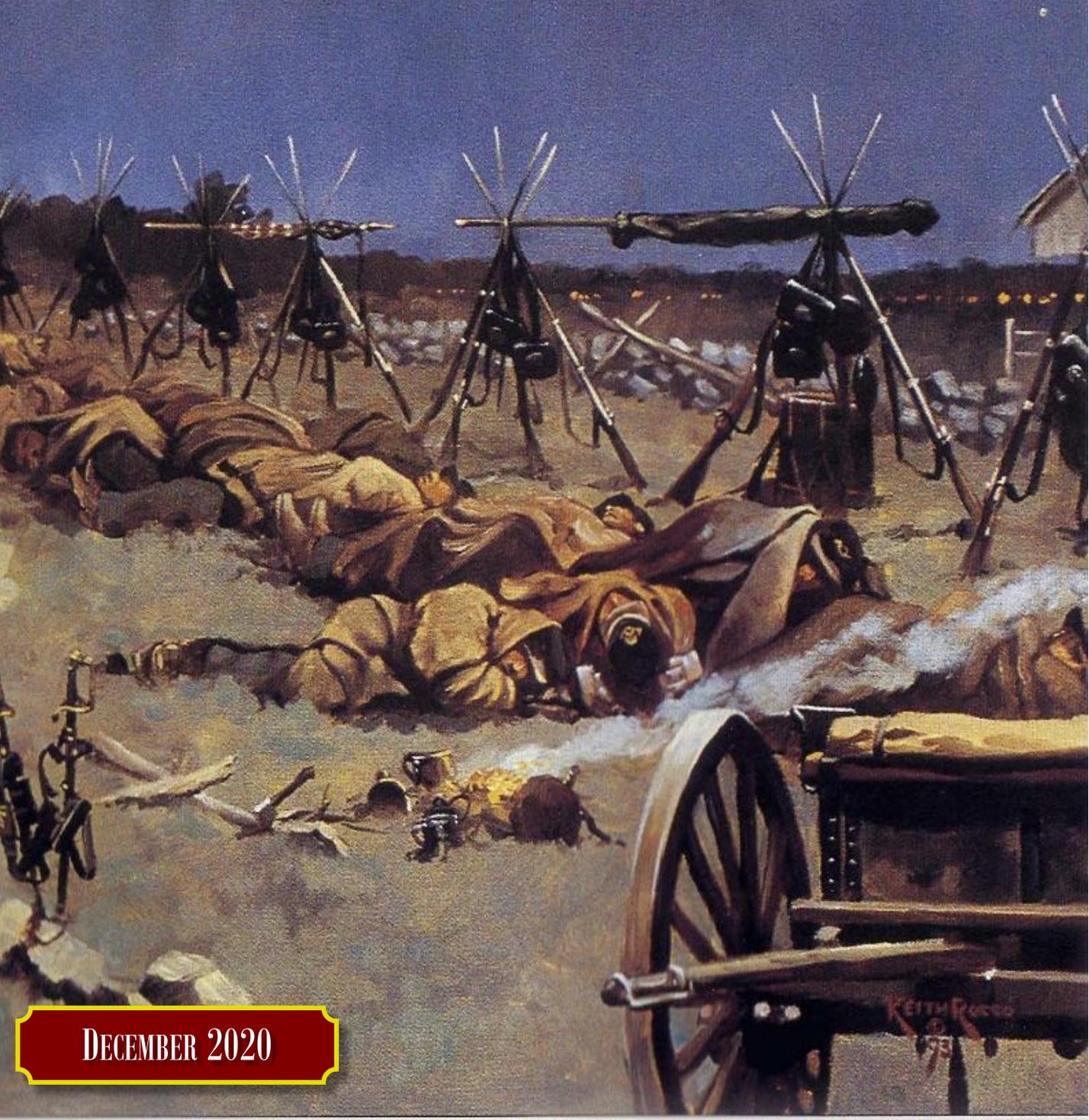


THE MARCH

DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR



DECEMBER 2020

The March

Department of Georgia & South Carolina

Vol. 9 (2020)

No. 7 (December)

Winner of the 2017 & 2018 Marshall Hope Award for best Department newsletter

The March is the official publication of the Department of Georgia & South Carolina, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War. All submissions are welcome and should be sent no later than the last Friday of each of month.

2020 – 2021 Department Officers

Commander: Michael Reither, PCC

mreither84@att.net

Senior Vice Commander: Timothy Klob

tim@kloblawfirm.com

Junior Vice Commander: James Bryja

jbryja@ensyscapital.com

Secretary / Treasurer: Mark A. Hale, PDC

markhale101@msn.com

Department Council:

Bill Miller, PDC, Dr Elijah Washington, & Ray Wozniak, PCC

Chaplain: James Hayes

Patriotic Instructor: James Bryja

Graves Registration Ofcr: Eric Peterson, PDC

Newsletter Editor: Kenneth Robison, PCC

Historian: Bill Miller, PDC

Civil War Memorials Ofcr: Ray Wozniak, PCC

Eagle Scout Coordinator: David Beam, PDC

Counselor: Timothy Klob

Guide: Alan Bright

Color Bearer: Donald McGilvray

Guard: Timothy Klob

Webmaster: Michael Reither, PDC

GAR Records Officer: Bill Miller



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Submissions

Any and all articles, photos, announcements, events, corrections, etc. can be sent to the Editor at:

Kenneth Robison – Johnnyreb6@aol.com

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS MESSAGE



Brothers of the Department,

As you know by now, Brother David Croas passed away on November 5th. I attended his memorial service and met his widow and adult children. They are handling his passing as well as can be expected. His family told me that Brother David always looked forward to his monthly SUVCW meetings and the fellowship of the camp. He will be missed.

As per our Department By-Laws, “the officers of Camps shall be elected and installed at a regular meeting of the Camp to be held between the first meeting in November and the first meeting in the following January.” Please elect and install your officers within this timeframe and submit Form 22 (Certification of Election and Installation of Camp Officers) to Department Secretary Mark Hale.

Preparations for the 2021 Department Encampment in Kennesaw, GA are in progress and the event registration will be shared soon. The business meeting is scheduled for Saturday, March 27, 2021, and Commander-in-Chief Brian Pierson is expected to attend in-person. A Zoom virtual meeting will be available for those Brothers who are not able to travel to the event.

In Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty,
Michael Reither, PCC, Department Commander.

DEPARTMENT CALENDAR

If you know of an event that should be added to this calendar, or if you see a correction that needs to be made, please notify the editor. This includes re-enactments, historical commemorations, etc.

Department and National events are indicated in **Red**, while Camp events are indicated in **Blue**.

Devens Camp 10 Zoom Meeting Online Meeting	January 28th
<i>National Freedom Day</i>	February 1st
Moon Camp No. 2 Zoom Meeting Online Meeting	February 7th
<i>Lincoln's Birthday</i>	February 12th
<i>President's Day</i>	February 17th
<i>Washington's Birthday</i>	February 22nd

Devens Camp Meeting Columbia, SC	March 20th
Department Encampment Marietta, GA	March 27th
160th Firing on Fort Sumter Service Charleston, SC	April TBA
<i>Armed Forces Day</i>	<i>May 16th</i>
<i>Memorial Day</i>	<i>May 25th</i>



AROUND THE DEPARTMENT

Elias Moon Camp No. 2 (Georgia). None Received.

Kennesaw Mountain Camp No. 3 (Georgia). Commander Jim Bryja has been appointed as the 1st Sergeant, 14th Corps Headquarters Guard, commanding the department SVR. He will be issuing a new set of initiatives for 2021 in the coming weeks!

This Veterans Day the camp decorated the graves of thirty (30) veterans buried at a local cemetery near Marietta, GA. In this photo the Brothers are standing behind the grave of Union soldier Corporal Levi Fortner. Left to Right: William Reither, Mark Dungan, Doug Kirk, Jim Bryja, Rick Born, Philip Solida, Fred Purmort, Michael Reither



Charles Devens Jr. Camp No. 10 (South Carolina). On Saturday, December 5th, the members of the camp took part in the 'Christmas Winter Muster' at Louise C. Proctor Hall in Camden, SC. The event went well, with over 100+ visitors coming through during the day. During the afternoon the December camp meeting was held, and new officers for the upcoming year. The camp would like to extend its thanks to outgoing Commander Moss for his service to the camp from 2017.

Edward Wallace Camp No. 21 (South Carolina). Camp #21 participated in the Celebration of Remembrance Day 2020 with the posting on our social media page of the visual reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by Commander Washington.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hollow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." – Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863.



A CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1862



*From "The Story of a Common Soldier of Army Life in the Civil War."
By 1st Sergeant Leander Stillwell, Co. D, 61st Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment*

Jackson, Tennessee,

December 27, 1862.

Mr. J. O. Stillwell,

Otter Creek, Illinois .

I wrote you a short and hasty letter the fore part of this week to let you know that I was all right, and giving you a brief account of our late ups and downs, but I doubt if you have received it. The cars have not been running since we came back to Jackson from our march after Forrest. The talk in camp is that the rebs have utterly destroyed the railroad north of here clean to the Mississippi river, and that they have also broken it in various places and damaged it badly south of here between Bolivar and Grand Junction. I have no idea when this letter will reach you, but will write it anyhow, and trust to luck and Uncle Sam to get it through in course of time.

We are now in camp on a muddy hillside in the outskirts of Jackson. I think, the spot here we are must have been a cavalry camp last summer. Lots of corn cobs are scattered on the ground, old scraps of harness leather, and such other truck as accumulates where horses are kept standing around. When we left Bolivar we were in considerable of a hurry, with no time to primp, or comb our hair, and neither did we bring out tents along, so we are just living out of doors now, and "boarding at Sprawl's." There is plenty of wood, though, to make fires, and we have jay-hawked enough planks and boards to lie on to keep us out of the mud, so we just curl up at night in our blankets with all our clothes on, and manage to get along fairly well. Our worst trouble now is the lack of grub. The destruction of the railroad has cut off our supplies, and there is no telling just exactly how long it may be before it will be fixed up and in running order again, so they have been compelled, I suppose, to cut down our rations. We get half rations of coffee, and quarter rations of hardtack and bacon. What we call small rations, such as Yankee beans, rice, and split peas, are played out; at least we don't get any. The hardtack is so precious now that the orderly sergeant no longer knocks a box open and lets every man help himself, but he stands right over the box and counts the number of tacks he gives to every man. I never thought I'd see the day when army hardtack would be in such demand that they'd have to be counted out to the soldiers as if they were money, but that's what's the matter now. And that ain't all. The boys will stand around until the box is emptied, and then they will pick up the fragments that have fallen to the ground in the divide, and scrape off the mud with their knives, and eat the little pieces, and glad to get them. Now and then to help out the sow-belly, we get quarter rations of fresh beef from the carcass of a Tennessee steer that the quartermaster manages to lay hands on somehow. But its awful poor beef, lean, slimy, skinny and stringy. The boys say that one can throw a piece up against a tree, and it will just stick there and quiver and twitch for all the world like one of those blue-bellied lizards at home will do when you knock him off a fence rail with a stick.

I just wish that old Forrest, who is the cause of about all this trouble, had to go without anything to eat until he was so weak that he would have to be fed with a spoon. Maybe after he had been hungry real good for a while he'd know how it feels himself, and would let our railroads alone.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1862 (CONT.)

But I want to tell you that I had a real bully Christmas dinner, in spite of old Forrest and the whole kapoodle. It was just a piece of the greatest good luck I've had for many a day.

When Christmas morning came I was feeling awful blue. In spite of all I could do, I couldn't help but think about the good dinner you folks at home would have that day, and I pictured it all out in my imagination. Then about every one of the boys had something to say about what he would have for Christmas dinner if he was home, and they'd run over the list of good things till it was almost enough to make one go crazy. To make matters worse, just the day before in an old camp I had found some tattered fragments of a New York illustrated newspaper with a whole lot of pictures about Thanksgiving day in the army of the Potomac. They were shown as sitting around piles of roast turkeys, pumpkin pies, pound cake, and goodness knows what else, and I took it for granted that they would have the same kind of fodder today. You see, the men in that army, by means of their railroads, are only a few hours from home, and old Forrest is not in their neighborhood, so it is an easy thing for them to have good times. And here we were, away down in Tennessee, in the mud and the cold, no tents, on quarter rations, and picking scraps of hardtack out of the mud and eating them - it was enough to make a preacher swear. But along about noon John Richey came to me and proposed that in as much as it was Christmas day we should strike out and forage for a square meal. It didn't take much persuasion, and straight way we sallied forth. I wanted to hunt up the old colored woman who gave me the mess of boiled roasting ears when we were here last summer, but John said he thought he had a better thing than that, and as he is ten years older than I am, I knocked under and let him take the lead.

About half a mile from our camp, in the outskirts of the town, we came to a large, handsome, two-story and a half frame house, with a whole lot of n****r cabins in the rear. John took a survey of the premises and said, "Lee, right here's our meat." We went into the yard at a little side gate between the big house and the n****r quarters, and were steering for one of the cabins, when out steps from the back porch of the big house the lady of the place herself. That spoiled the whole game; John whirled in his tracks and commenced to sidle away. But the lady walked towards us and said in a very kind and friendly manner: "Do you men want anything?" "Oh, no, ma'am," replied John, "we just came here to see if we could get some of the colored women to do some washing for us, but I guess we'll not bother about it today;" - still backing away as he spoke. But the lady was not satisfied. Looking at us very sharply she asked: "Don't you men want something to eat?" My heart gave a great thump at that, but to my inexpressible disgust, John, with his head thrown back and nose pointing skyward, answered, speaking very fast, "Oh, no, ma'am, not at all, ma'am, a thousand times obleeged, ma'am." and continued his sneaking retreat. By this time I had hold of the cape of his overcoat and was plucking it in utter desperation. "John," I said, speaking low, "what in thunder do you mean? This is the best chance we'll ever have." I was looking at the lady meanwhile in the most imploring manner, and she was regarding me with a kind of a pleasant, amused smile on her face. She saw, I guess, a mighty dirty looking boy, whose nose and face were pinched and blue with hunger, cold, loss of sleep, and hard knocks generally, and she brought the business to a head at once. "You men come right in," she said, as if she was the major-general commanding the department. "We have just finished our dinner, but in a few minutes the servants can have something prepared for you, and I think you are hungry." John, with the most aggravating mock modesty that I ever saw in my life, began saying: "We are very much obleeged, ma'am, but we haven't the slightest occasion in the world to eat, ma'am, and I couldn't stand it any longer for fear he would ruin everything after all. "Madam," I said, "please don't pay any attention to what my partner says, for we are most desperately hungry."

The lady laughed right out at that, and said, "I thought so; come in."

She led the way into the basement story of the house, where the dining room was, (all the rich people in the South have their dining rooms in the basement,) and there was a nice warm room, a dining table in the center, with the cloth and dishes set on it, and a big fire place in one end of the room where a crackling wood fire was burning. I tell you, it was

A CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1862 (CONT.)

different from our muddy camp on the bleak hillside where the winds blows the smoke from our fires of green logs in every direction about every minute of the day. I sat down by the fire to warm my hands and feet, which were cold. " A colored girl came in and commenced to arrange the table, passing back and forth from the dining room to the kitchen, and in a short time the lady told us that our dinner was ready, to sit up to the table, and eat heartily. We didn't wait for a second invitation that time. And, o, what a dinner we had! There was a great pile of juicy, fried beefsteak, cooked to perfection and tender as chicken, nice, warm light bread, a big cake of butter, stewed dried, apples, cucumber pickles, two or three kinds of preserves, coffee with sugar and cream, and some of the best molasses I ever tasted, none of this sour, scorched old sorghum stuff, but regular gilt-edge first-class New Orleans golden syrup, almost as sweet as honey. Then, to top off with, there was a nice stewed dried apple pie, and some kind of a custard in little dishes, something different from anything in that line that I had ever seen before, but mighty good. And then, in addition to all that, we were seated on chairs, at a table with a white cloth on it, and eating out of china plates and with knives and forks, a colored girl waiting on us, and the lady of the house siting there and talking to us as pleasantly as if we were Grant and Halleck in person. Under the influence of the good grub, John thawel out considerably, and made a full confession to the lady about his queer actions at the beginning. He told her that we were going to the n****r quarters to try to get something to eat, and that when she came out and gave us such a kind invitation to come in the house, he was too much ashamed of our appearance to accept. That we had come up from Bolivar about a week before riding on top of the box cars where we got all covered with smoke, dust, and cinders, then ordered out to the front that night, then the fight with Forrest the next day, then the march towards the Tennessee river and back of about forty miles , and since then in camp with no shelter, tramping around in the mud, and sleeping on the ground, that on account of all these things we looked so rough and so dirty that he just felt ashamed to go into a nice house where handsome, well-dressed ladies were. Oh, I tell you, old John is no slouch, he patched up matters remarkably well. The lady listened attentively, said she knew we were hungry the moment she was us, that she had heard the soldiers were on short rations in consequence of the destruction of the railroad, and turning towards me she went on to say: "There was such a pitiful, hungry look on this boy's face that it would have haunted me for a long time if I had let you go away without giving you a dinner Many a hungry soldier," she continued, "both of the Northern and Southern army, has had something to eat at this table, and I expect many more will in the future, before this terrible and distressing war shall have come to in end." She didn't say a word, though, by which we could tell whether her sympathies were on the Union side or against us, and of course we didn't try to find out. She was just the sweetest looking woman I have yet seen in the whole Southern Confederacy. If they have any angels anywhere that look kinder, or sweeter, or purer, than she did, I would just like to see them trotted out. I guess she was about thirty-five years old. She was of medium height, a little on the plump order, with blue eyes, brown hair, a clear, ruddy complexion, and the whitest, softest looking little hands I ever saw in my life.

When we had finished our dinner, John and I thanked her ever so many times for her kindness, and then bade her a most respectful good-by. He and I both agreed on our way back to camp to say nothing about the lady and the nice dinner she gave us, because if we blowed about it, the result would probably be more hungry callers than her generosity could well afford.

But these close times I guess are not going to last much longer. The talk in camp this evening is that we are going to have full rations once more in a day or two, that the railroad will soon be in running order again, and then we can just snap our fingers at old Forrest and his whole outfit. Well, I will bring my letter to a close. Don't worry if you fail to get a letter from me now as regularly as before. Things are a trifle unsettled down here yet, and we may not be able to count on the usual regularity of the mails for some time to come. So good-by for this time.

Leander Stillwell.

THE PULPIT

Answering the Call

Religion & Chaplains during the Civil War

From "Faith in the Fight."

In 1776, General George Washington issued an order allowing for chaplains: "*The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger ... and as a chaplain is allowed to each Regiment, see that the men regularly attend divine worship.*" In 1777, Congress confirmed the post of chaplain. In 1818, Congress cut the size of the army and eliminated salaries for several positions, including chaplains. From 1818 to 1836, there was one chaplain on active duty, serving at West Point. When the War with Mexico began in 1846, there were only 13 chaplains located at army posts. These individuals were not deployed with troops in the war zone, remaining at their assigned posts.

When the Civil War broke out in April 1861, both the North and South considered the need for chaplains. Confederate Secretary of War Leroy P. Walker issued a report calling for chaplains on April 27, 1861. On May 3, 1861, Confederate Congressman Francis S. Bartow had reported a bill #102, which passed to create the post of chaplain. No uniforms were ever mandated by the Confederacy nor duties specified. Salaries were set a \$85 a month and then cut two weeks later to \$50 a month.

Chaplains for Union forces were established initially by General Orders 15 and 16 from the U.S. War Department on May 4, 1861. The orders provided for Christian Chaplains to be chosen by a vote of field officers and company commanders. Pay varied from \$60 to \$150 before being set in 1862 at \$100 a month. In November 1861, the U.S. Congress established the chaplain's uniform as a black frock coat with a single row of nine brass buttons, that could be covered with black fabric. In July 1862, the wording of the 1861 orders were changed to allow appointment of chaplains from ordained ministers from "some religious denomination," opening the way for Jewish chaplains to be appointed. In 1862, Congress would authorize the appointment of chaplains to hospitals. Both sides had hospital appointments. In 1863, when the Union allowed black soldiers to serve, their officers were overwhelmingly white. However, there were 17 black chaplains appointed who served. Nearly 3,700 chaplains would be appointed both North and South to regiments, hospitals and prisons during the war.

Chaplains & Denominations. Chaplains were from many denominations. The majority were ordained, but there were significant numbers of lay Methodists and Baptists that were nominated to the post of chaplain by their regiments. Initially, there was resistance by some denominations of ministers serving in the military and being paid by the government. Of all chaplains, North and South, the denominational statistics are:

Methodist – 41%; Presbyterian – 18%; Baptist – 14%; Episcopal – 10%; Congregational – 7%; Unitarian – 3%; Roman Catholic – 3% and Less than 1% were Lutheran, Jewish, Disciple of Christ, Dutch Reformed, German Reformed, etc.

In addition to chaplains, there were hundreds of camp missionaries by both the Presbyterians, Baptists and others.

Length of Service. Chaplain service varied greatly in length, sometimes due to the enlistment period of the troop or regiment they were connection.

One study of Union chaplains' length of service reveals: 46-52 months service (0.7%); 36-46 months service (3%), Three full years (5%), 30-36 months (5%), 24-30 months (5%), Two full years (1.5%), 18-24 months (8%), 12-18 months (16%), 1 full year (5%), 9-12 months (15%), 6-9 months (10%), 3-6 months (20%), 0.5-3 months (6%)



THE CAMP JESTER

Which is the Prisoner?

Private Theodore F. Upson, Co. A, 100th Indiana Infantry

After our little scrap was over Jake Pontions, our Dutchman, took some canteens and started after water. He found a spring and was filling the canteens when he heard some one call, "Hello Yank." He kept on filling canteens. Again he heard the call, "Hello Yank! Say, Yank, hello! Hello!"

The Dutchman looked up, saw a Johnny standing over on the other side of the ravine. Without stopping he called to the Johnny, "What do yer want?"

"I want to come in," said the Johnny.

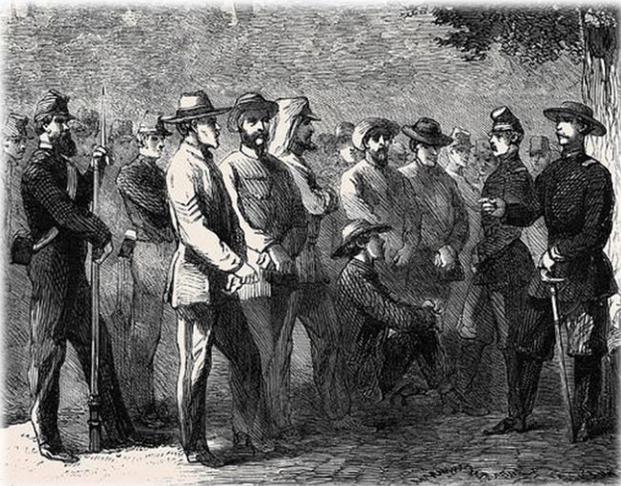
"Well," said the Dutchman, "cant yer come in with (out) makin such a damned fuss about it? Come on!"

The Johnny came over and stood waiting. The Dutchman got on his feet, began to gather up the canteens saying, "If yer want ter go in with me yer got to carry part of these canteens."

The Johnny grinned, picked up his share and came along, still carrying his gun which the Dutchman had not thought to take. They came to the Colonel of the 26th Illinois, the Dutchman made an awkward salute, the Johnny dropped his canteens and brought his gun to a present."

"Colonel Gilmore," said he, "I have brought ye a prisoner."

The Colonel looked for a moment, then said, "For Gods sake, Dutchman, which is the prisoner?"



GRAVE OF THE MONTH

George E. Whitman

Evergreen Cemetery, Fitzgerald, GA

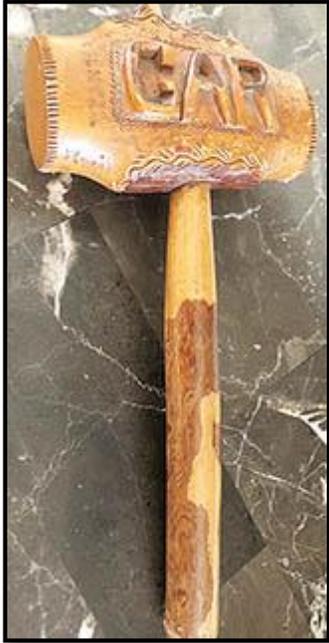


Company B, 72nd Illinois Infantry Regiment

Moving to Fitzgerald, Georgia, after the War, he was a member of Colony Post No. 14, Grand Army of the Republic, and served as the Commander of the Department of Georgia & South Carolina in 1917.

Comrade Whitman passed away on November 25th, 1925.

THE FLAG WAVER – PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTION



The Gavel

From Bro. Jim Floyd – Ben Harrison Camp No. 356, Department of Indiana

A gavel is a small ceremonial mallet commonly made of hardwood, typically fashioned with a handle. It is used almost exclusively in the United States in legislatures and courts of law, but is used worldwide for auctions.

According to tradition, Vice President of the United States of America John Adams used a gavel to call the very first U.S. Senate to order in New York in the spring of 1789. Since then, it has remained customary to tap the gavel against a lectern or desk to indicate the opening (call to order) and the closing (adjournment) of proceedings, giving rise to the phrase gavel-to-gavel to describe the entirety of a meeting or session. It is also used to keep the meeting itself calm and orderly.

The sound of the gavel strike, being abrupt to start and stop, and clearly audible by all present, serves to sharply define an action in time in a manner clearly perceivable by all, and to endow the action with practical as well as symbolic finality.

The unique gavel of the United States Senate has an hourglass shape and no handle. In 1954, the gavel that had been in use since at least 1780 broke when Vice President Richard Nixon used it during a heated debate on nuclear energy, despite silver plates having been added in 1952 to strengthen it. Unable to obtain a piece of ivory large enough to replace the gavel, the Senate appealed to the Indian embassy. Later that year Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, vice president of India, visited the Senate and presented a replica of the original gavel to Nixon. The replica is still in use as of 2018.

In contrast to the Senate's, the gavel of the United States House of Representatives is plain wood with a handle.

Used more often and more forcefully in the House, it has been broken and replaced many times.

In both houses, the gavel is generally sounded, that is, struck, once to mark the opening of the session, the adjournment, and to punctuate announcements of decisions by the body (that is, when the presiding officer announces that a resolution or motion is passed, the gavel is generally tapped once to declare the issue finished and to move on). Rather than shouting for order like in most Westminster style parliaments, the gavel, particularly in the House of Representatives, is often tapped repeatedly by the presiding officer to call the assembly to order or to restore order when cross-conversation has made it too noisy to proceed.



ANNOUNCEMENTS, ORDERS, ETC.

Do you have something you would like to share with the Department? Be sure and send in any and all pictures, write ups on events, interesting historical articles, articles about your ancestors, gravesites, or anything else you think of interest for inclusion in the March to the Newsletter Editor Kenneth Robison at Johnnyreb6@aol.com.

Any and all submissions should be sent in no later than the 25th of each month for inclusion in the next edition. Any submissions received after that date will be held for inclusion in the next edition.



**Office of the Department Commander
Department of Georgia & South Carolina
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War**

3789 Sweat Creek Run, Marietta, GA 30062-1182
770-639-8969

Department Order 2, Series 2020-2021
November 12, 2020

Subject: Passing of Brother David Bruce Croas

It is with profound sadness that I must report the passing of David Bruce Croas on November 5, 2020. I just received word of his passing last night from his wife Nickie. I do not know the official cause of his death but he recently communicated that he was in quarantine because a few immediate family members tested positive for Covid-19.

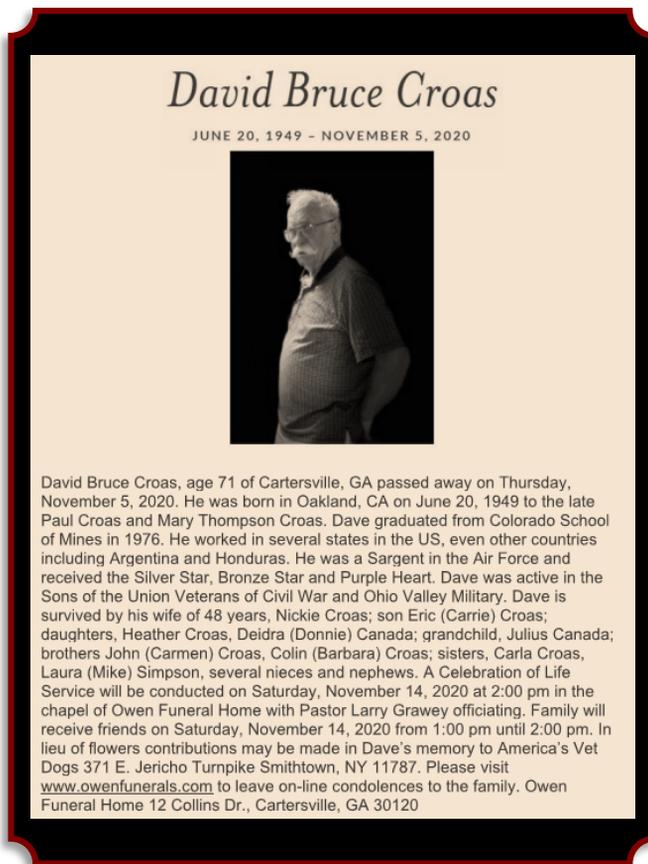
Brother Croas joined Kennesaw Mountain #3 on July 14, 2004, was a Life Member, and currently serving as Guard. He was a dedicated and patriotic Brother of the SUVCW and will be greatly missed. Please pray for his family.

From his obituary below:

- A Celebration of Life Service will be conducted on Saturday, November 14, 2020 at 2:00 pm in the chapel of Owen Funeral Home with Pastor Larry Grawey officiating.
- Family will receive friends on Saturday, November 14, 2020 from 1:00 pm until 2:00 pm.
- In lieu of flowers contributions may be made in Dave's memory to America's Vet Dogs 371 E. Jericho Turnpike Smithtown, NY 11787.
- Please visit www.owenfunerals.com to leave on-line condolences to the family. Owen Funeral Home 12 Collins Dr., Cartersville, GA 30120

All camp charters and membership medals will be draped in black for 30 days from this date.

In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,
Michael Reither
Department Commander



For more Department information and updates, please be sure to visit us at:

Website – <https://suvcdpartmentofgeorgiasouthcarolina.yolasite.com/>

Facebook – <https://www.facebook.com/groups/51023110899/>