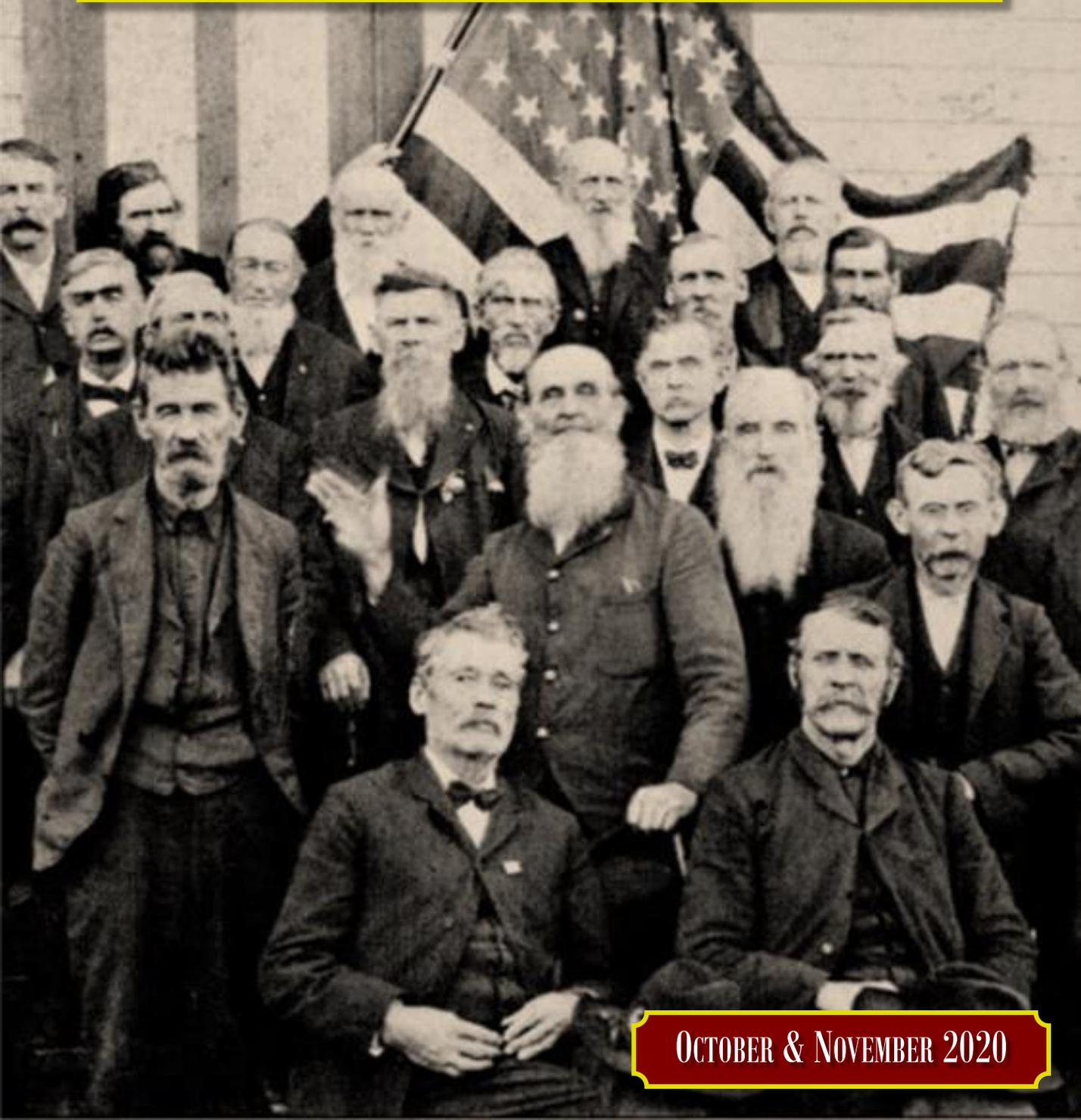


SONS OF UNION VETERANS  
OF THE CIVIL WAR



# THE MARCH

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



OCTOBER & NOVEMBER 2020

# The March

## Department of Georgia & South Carolina

Vol. 9 (2020)

No. 6 (October & November)

**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

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**Secretary / Treasurer:** Mark A. Hale, PDC

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

**Chaplain:** James Hayes

**Patriotic Instructor:** James Bryja

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**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

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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 per General Order No. 37, an abbreviated National Encampment is scheduled for Saturday, October 24 at 12 PM EDT. Department Secretary/Mark Hale has finalized our list of delegates who may attend and we will send out a reminder Email to those delegates soon. From General Order No. 37, the Past Commanders-in-Chief, current Department Commanders, Past Department Commanders, and specific Delegates may attend. Unfortunately, non-voting Brothers will not be able to attend (which I suspect has more to do with Zoom meeting limitations).

As we enjoy the cooler fall weather, I hope your camps can get outside and find a way promote the SUVCW in a safe way as Covid-19 safety precautions must still be observed. For example, Kennesaw Mountain #3 just completed a living history events at Pickett's Mill Battlefield Historic Site to recreate a Union officer's camp on October 10th. The upcoming Veterans Day (November 11th) provides a great opportunity to honor military veterans.

Our next major event will be the Department Encampment which is scheduled for Saturday, March 27th, 2021 in the vicinity of Marietta, GA. Kennesaw Mountain #3 will host the 2021 Department Encampment. Logistics of the meeting (location, time, hotel info, etc.) will be available by early 2021.

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**.

<b>Winter Muster &amp; Candlelight Tour Camden, SC (Camp 10)</b>	<b>December 5th</b>
<b>Devens Camp Meeting Camden, SC (Camp 10)</b>	<b>December 5th</b>
<i>Pearl Harbor Day</i>	December 7th
<i>National Freedom Day</i>	February 1st

<i>Lincoln's Birthday</i>	February 12th
<i>President's Day</i>	February 17th
<i>Washington's Birthday</i>	February 22nd
<b>Department Encampment Marietta, GA</b>	<b>March 27th</b>



## AROUND THE DEPARTMENT

**Elias Moon Camp No. 2 (Georgia).** *No report received.*

**Kennesaw Mountain Camp No. 3 (Georgia).** Commander Michael Reither visited Morganton, GA, to clean the tombstone of Private William Pitman on August 2. Pitman served in Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He was 38 years old when he enlisted in 1863, and was captured in Mississippi and survived Andersonville prison. He died in 1893 and is buried in Morganton Baptist Cemetery. The Sons of Confederate Veterans shared the information about Private Pitman's burial location with the SUVCW and Brother David Beam entered this information in the SUVCW National Graves Registration Database.

Please welcome our newest Brothers— Rik Born initiated in September, and James Thompson & Philip Solido initiated at our October Camp Meeting. We have had a great recruiting year in 2020 and will exceed our goal set in December of last year. Brother Hale will give us our final count after December's Camp meeting. We still have several Associates who have expressed interest in joining and I encourage those potential Brothers to submit their paperwork and "come into the light" during the final meeting of 2020. We have an exciting year already planned for 2021, and with the anticipated lifting of the COVID menace early next year (ok, I'm an optimist) we can return to campaigning at full strength!



**Charles Devens Jr. Camp No. 10 (South Carolina).** With things still in limbo across the nation, we have been somewhat restricted in our activities, however, the camp still presses forward. Brothers have been documenting graves, sending in historical contributions to papers and websites, and taking part in what activities are happening. Among them was the Lexington (SC) Veterans Day parade, where members marched as part of a Military timeline in the parade.

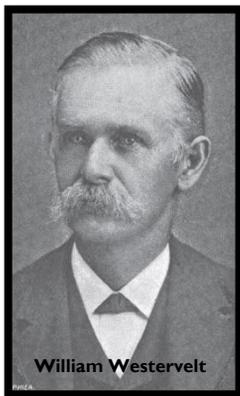


**Edward Wallace Camp No. 21 (South Carolina).** *No report received.*

## A ZOUAVE ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA

*The following is from "Lights & Shadows of Army Life."*

This is the account of First Sergeant William Westervelt of Company K, 17th New York Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment during the regiments march from Atlanta to Savannah, Georgia, in November & December 1865. The regiment served as part of Brigadier General William Vandever's 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th Army Corps, Left Wing, from August 1864 until July 1865.



William Westervelt

On the night of the 15th we reached Atlanta, and found most of the troops had left the city. We camped about a mile from the centre of the city, on an elevation that gave us a fine view. During the night Atlanta was burned, and from our camp it was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. Flames rolled from house to house, and from block to block, like waves of the sea, and lighted our camp so we could easily read the finest print any where about it. The clothing intended for our regiment had been left in the city, and by some mismanagement part of it was in one of the burning buildings, and although Quartermaster Corry made every effort to save it, the bulk of it was destroyed. That was a serious loss just at that time, when we had severed our communications, and knew not where the next would come from, and were sadly in want of refitting.

The next day we left Atlanta and found ourselves fairly started on what proved to be "Sherman's famous march to the sea." Just as we were called in line an order was read to us that had probably been written for the army who had remained at Atlanta since its capture, but we thought it did not fit our case at all, as it told how we had enjoyed a long rest after the arduous summer campaign, and had been rested and clothed, and were now starting to win new honors! We thought this decidedly refreshing, as to the rest and clothes, as we had been on the move most of the time since Atlanta was captured, and were now starting again, and not one in twenty had a change even of underclothing, and many of our men were nearly barefoot, as their shoes were worn and broken.

Yet we were not so badly off as would at first appear, as the troops who started ahead of us had been so well supplied they had overloaded themselves, and the usual result followed. The first day out they began to reduce baggage by throwing away what they could not carry. Our men quietly came after and picked up by the roadside shirts, drawers, shoes, socks and everything requisite for a complete outfit, and in two days' time we had all we wished to carry, without the trouble of a requisition on the quartermaster.

We were now fairly started on Sherman's "March to the Sea." Of course our destination was unknown, but, with an intuitive sense that comes to an old campaigner, we concluded we were starting on a long march, and were to live on the country we were marching through, so we laid our plans accordingly.

After our last engagement at Jonesboro I had been appointed 2d lieutenant, but as my commission failed to arrive I was still 1st Sergeant. Our captain was on other duty, leaving me in command of the company, so I selected four good genial fellows to comprise our mess. One of them was sent out as a forager, knowing he was well adapted to that line of duty, and he filled his part of the work so well that our mess were seldom hungry. The remainder of us divided up our cooking utensils and baggage, with a portion for each to carry, while our work was so arranged that each one had a certain part to perform, all of which we were willing to do, and a little more if necessary. So we always ran our mess without any growling or fault finding, so common in the army. Our noon halt was from forty minutes to an hour, and so systematically was our work performed that in that time we would start a fire, boil coffee, cook meat and potatoes, eat a hearty dinner, wash and pack our mess kit, and often have a few minutes left to wash ourselves, or if any preferred it, enjoy an after

## A ZOUAVE ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA (CONT.)

dinner smoke, before the bugle sounded to "fall in." At night, when ordered to camp, it was the duty of one who carried a small hatchet to cut tentpoles and put up our small shelter tent; another to make fire and cook supper; the third brought water and made coffee, while the fourth would look up a back load of straw for a bed. By this means our mess often had our tent up, a good bed provided, and were sitting around a steaming supper of coffee, fresh pork, and sweet potatoes, before some had even got their tents up.

On Sunday, Nov. 20, after a long day's march, we camped for the night near the village of Eatonton. We soon had our tents up and everything comfortable for the night, when orders came for two companies to go on picket. Co. A and our Co. K were selected, and placed in command of the captain of Co. A, who, in order to give his company an easy tour of duty, remained with them at the reserve, and ordered me to take my company about a half mile in advance, and occupy the outpost. This would give his men a chance to sleep all night, while our company would have to stand guard, and be deprived of sleep, leaving us in poor shape for a long march the day following. But he being captain and I sergeant there was nothing for me to do but obey.

We advanced about a half mile, when, seeing a much better place beyond the village, we advanced to it, where we found a covered bridge over a branch of the Oconee river. This gave us a vantage ground, as the river guarded our flanks, so it was only necessary to post two pickets at the end of the bridge, giving the remainder of the men a chance to sleep. Soon a thunder shower came up, and for two hours the wind blew and the rain seemed to pour down in sheets, but we, with the tight roof of the bridge over our heads, could laugh at the storm, as we were dry and comfortable as in a house, and of course felt very sorry for Co. A, who, though occupying the reserve, were exposed to the full fury of the blast.

The next morning we leisurely cooked our breakfast, then packed up our tents and blankets all dry and in good order, and at eight o'clock a.m. were called back to the reserve, and we found them in a pitiable condition. They had been stationed in a cornfield, and put up their tents congratulating themselves on being on the reserve, with but little to do. But the first blast of the storm had taken down most of the tents, while the rain soon changed the ground to the consistency of a bed of mortar, and in that unenviable condition they had passed the night. Now they were busy wringing the water from their tents and blankets, and with their clothes thoroughly saturated were getting ready to march.

Monday, Nov. 21, - We were quite late in starting, and were then sent to guard our wagon train. This gave us a hard day's march and deprived us of our dinner hour. We did not reach camp until eight p.m., when, with appetites sharpened from a day's fasting, we were in good condition to enjoy our supper.

Tuesday, Nov. 22. - Seeing no signs of a move I managed to secure a horse and went out with a party for a day's foraging. The horse I rode was a captured one, and proved a good mount. He would take any fence or ditch I rode him to, so we took our course right across the country. At noon we had ridden about twenty miles, when we stopped at a plantation for dinner, then loaded an ox cart and two wagons with potatoes and pork, with which we started to return. All went merrily for a few miles, when, on ascending a hill, as we reached the top we met a squadron of rebel cavalry coming up on the opposite side. As our party numbered but six, we saw there was no show of fighting, so concluded it was to be a foot-race, and setting an example to the rest of our party, I wheeled, gave my horse the spur, and started down the hill, leaving our loads of forage for the enemy. Half way to the foot of the hill we turned to the right, leaped the fence, and, with about fifty yelling rebels at our heels, struck for a piece of woods near by. The shots from their carbines flew thick and fast, and how we all escaped was a mystery. Not one of us were hit, not even our horses. We soon reached the wood, and the enemy retired, when we, taking a roundabout course, reached camp soon after dark, having ridden over fifty miles since starting in the morning.

Thursday, Nov. 24. - Today was Thanksgiving in N.Y., and as we saw no signs of moving we commenced cooking

## A ZOUAVE ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA (CONT.)

Thanksgiving dinner. Just as we had it nearly started orders came to move, and as we could not carry a half-cooked dinner we had to throw it away.

At noon we reached Milledgeville, the capital of the State, and halted just outside the city. The fog was so heavy we could see but little of the place. The state house loomed up in the distance, but we could see nothing distinctly. While we halted here some of our officers went into the city, and taking possession of the legislative hall, organized a mock legislature, and proceeded to vote Georgia back into the Union.

We passed through the suburbs and crossed a covered bridge that spans the Oconee river. From here we traveled on slowly until four p.m. when we went into camp. Soon our forager arrived well loaded, and our Thanksgiving dinner, that was thrown away in the morning, was more than made up at night. Instead of enjoying it at 12 o'clock noon, it was 12 o'clock midnight. Nevertheless, with appetites sharpened from long hours of fasting, we did ample justice to a bill of fare of no mean order.

First, there was boiled turkey and roast sweet potatoes; then came baked corn bread, dressed with, sorghum syrup. This, washed down with a quart cup of coffee, made a meal plenty hearty enough to retire immediately after. But nothing seemed to disturb the digestion of a soldier. Dyspepsia was an unknown disease in the army.

The enemy seemed now to have got an idea of what our march meant, and determined, if they could not stop us to annoy us all they could. They gathered together all the cavalry that could be spared from other places, and placing them under command of Gen. Wade Hampton [Joseph Wheeler], hung upon our advance and flanks, ready to pick up any forager who strayed away too far from our line of march. Most of the skirmishing was done by the foragers, who went in advance of our main army. They were composed of a reckless dare-devil sort of rough riders, each one striving to take the advance, and with a dash drive the enemy back, and then be the first to reach a plantation, as the first ones in usually had the best picking, and the foraging was not always for the benefit of the army. Self was not forgotten. If money, watches or jewelry was found it was invariably confiscated. Some of them who never owned even the cheapest kind of a watch, or any jewelry before entering the service, were now sporting expensive gold watches and diamond rings. This had a very demoralizing effect upon the men. Even those who were considered honest before the war soon learned to gather in anything of value that they considered portable. And I believe there are in prisons today, in different parts of the country, men who took their first lessons in thieving while acting as one of Sherman's foragers.

Saturday, Nov. 26. - Reveille at four, and at seven we were on the road. For the first few miles we moved slowly and could hear the foragers skirmishing quite lively. Sometimes the firing would be by volleys almost as heavy as a line of battle. The 20th Corps were moving on a road parallel to the one we were on, and a few miles to our right, and we could hear them popping away about as lively as our own advance. Soon the work became too heavy for the foragers, when our regiment were sent forward to help them. Now a running fight commenced that was kept up until about ten a.m., when we reached Sandersville, a small station on the Savannah & Macon R. R. Here the road traveled by the 20th Corps and the road our corps (the 14th) were on came together. We found the 150th N.Y. regiment, of Dutchess Co., were on one road while our regiment was in advance on the other, so there was not only a running fight with the enemy but a foot race between the two regiments, to see which would first enter the village. I guess "honors were easy" between us, as we came into the place neck and neck, and found some good foraging on our arrival. We saw several of our men, as well as the enemy, dead by the roadside, showing that the skirmishing had not been for nothing. A mile from here we camped and could hear Wade Hampton's cavalry skirmishing with our pickets all night.

Sunday, Nov. 28. - On starting we found the enemy's cavalry still hovering about our advance, trying to annoy us all in their power. They destroyed the road bridges to delay us, while we destroyed the railroad tracks to cripple them, but they neglected one important factor which, had they taken in consideration, would have made Sherman's raid almost if not

## A ZOUAVE ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA (CONT.)

entirely a failure, that is to have destroyed all the forage in advance of us and have driven off all cattle, horses, and mules. As it was, we lived entirely on the country, while our drove of cattle, numbering some three thousand when we started from Atlanta, from which we killed as needed all the way through, numbered more than twice that amount when we arrived in front of Savannah. Worn out mules we left, and took good ones in their places, while our cavalry were never so well mounted. All this was our gain and at the same time impoverished the South, as it left them no animals to work their land.

About noon of the 28th we reached a small branch of the Ohoopce river, and found Hampton's troops had burned the bridge just before our arrival, so we turned aside and rested until near sunset, while our engineers put down a pontoon bridge. These pontoon boats were different from the heavy lumbering concerns that were used in Virginia, requiring five to ten teams to transport them. These were made with light frames covered with canvas. They were easily taken apart and were so light that one team would carry several of them, and yet they possessed sufficient strength and buoyancy to bridge the swiftest running stream. After crossing the stream we passed through the town of Louisville and a few miles from there went into camp.

We remained in camp at Louisville two days, which gave us a chance to close up and get the army in good shape, as the army in front of us were increasing in numbers, rendering it necessary to be always ready for an attack. Here Gen. Sherman showed his superior military genius in deceiving the enemy. He faced the whole army towards Augusta, leading the enemy into the mistake of concentrating their forces at that place, which they commenced to fortify. He then quickly turned towards the seacoast, making Savannah the objection point.

The second day we stopped near Louisville, and the enemy made a dash on our pickets and drove them in. We were hurriedly called in line and moved out to their support at a double quick. On our arrival we looked across some open fields and, about half a mile distant, saw the enemy's line of battle of cavalry over a mile long. We quickly formed our line and advanced. Just before we came within gunshot of them, they wheeled and rode off at an easy walk, while a mounted band struck up "Dixie." We followed them about a mile, they keeping just their distance from us, when we turned about and returned to camp. An hour after we were sent on picket. Being on the reserve we had a very quiet tour of duty.

The next morning we found our mess entirely out of meat. While we were discussing the uncertainties of living on an enemy's country, a nice fat calf came running past our lines, and in less than half an hour a good supply of veal cutlets was frying on our fire.

In the afternoon we continued our march towards Savannah. Rainy weather now set in, and the roads soon became very muddy, obliging us to build considerable corduroy road to get our trains over. On the 9th we passed Springfield, and camped at night in front of a rebel battery that was posted across the road, and fired on our advance as they came up, and at night we went to sleep with the comfortable assurance that we were to charge the battery in the morning. But when we got up we found the enemy had very kindly withdrawn during the night, leaving the road clear for us.

We continued our march, and about four p.m. on the 11th we went on picket about two miles from Savannah, just to the right of the turnpike that runs from that city to Augusta. Our camp was formed just in the rear of our picket lines and here we commenced to fortify. The heaviest guns in the city were those just to the left of us, commanding the turnpike, and it soon became evident that we would be obliged to take this battery before we could gain possession of the city. Some of our troops were employed making facienes, and when enough were completed they were placed in a convenient position in the woods by the side of the turnpike, as that was the most exposed place to put guns in battery.

Finally, on the night of December 20, a detail was called for, of three men from each company, to dig a trench across the road, throw up breastworks, and put our guns in position to open on the enemy's works in front, while the infantry were to advance and carry them by assault. Our detail moved forward carefully, while sheltered in the woods, until they reached the

## A ZOUAVE ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA (CONT.)

proper place, when each man taking a faciene in front for shelter, began to dig. As soon as the enemy saw them they opened fire with three thirty-two pounders, which would throw about a peck of grape shot at every discharge. I need not add that our men worked lively until the trench was sufficiently deep, and the bank high enough to shelter them, but with all their exposure our casualties were less than would have been expected.

The firing was kept up steadily until midnight, and I believe the last gun fired from the city was from this battery, as in the morning, when we were forming in line to charge, it was found that the city was evacuated, and our troops moved forward without opposition and took possession.

Gen. [John W.] Geary's division was the first to enter, and on this it seems his friends have tried to build for him a heavy reputation, as being the first to enter both Atlanta and Savannah. It always seemed like building on a slight foundation, as an inverted pyramid standing on its apex, to base any man's brilliant military record on the mere fact of having been the first to enter and take possession of two cities, whose evacuation had been forced by other troops besides his command. That will do for a brilliant military record during a political campaign, but will not stand the test of time, or the pen of the future historian.

Savannah was now in our possession, and we moved inside the fortifications and camped in a swamp, where we remained until Jan. 20, just one month from the time the city was evacuated. While here we had our usual number of reviews, drills, etc. Once I went to the city to attend church. I was a little late in getting there, and the morning service had commenced when I arrived. The church was comfortably filled, but not crowded, and as I entered, no one offering me a seat, I walked to one of the windows, which was about breast high, and springing up seated myself on the window sill. The audience seemed to divide their attention between the pastor and my zouave uniform, with probably the largest share directed to me, I tried to pay attention to the sermon, which was a sort of a blue brimstone harangue. One could see his sympathies were strongly with the Southern cause, but there were enough officers of our army scattered through the church to make him guarded in his expressions. I don't think the service was of any spiritual benefit to me, as the glances from many of the citizens and their families were not of brotherly love, and I was just human enough to return their gaze of hatred with one of defiance, and as the last words of the benediction were said I dropped from my perch on the window, and sticking my zouave fez on the back of my head, walked out of the church, while the audience gave way on either side, as though fearing contamination by touching my zouave dress, which was a uniform hated above all others by the chivalry of the South.



*An artists rendition of the uniform of the  
17th New York Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment*

## The Role of the Chaplain in the SUVCW

The following is taken from the National Website (<http://www.suvcw.org/cd-jobs/ychap.htm>) regarding the purpose and duties of the Chaplain in the Sons.

**Purpose.** The purpose of the office of Chaplain is to conduct such devotional services as directed by the Camp or Department.

### Activities

**Camp Chaplain .** The activities of the Camp Chaplain should include: (1) Conducting prayer at all meetings; (2) Conducting grave site services for Brothers and important dignitaries; (3) Conducting memorials for grave dedication or rededication ceremonies of veterans - especially Union veterans; (4) Serving as custodian of the Camp Bible unless assigned to another Camp officer; (5) Preparing an annual necrology of Camp Brothers and submitting the list to Department Chaplain; (6) Serving as coordinator for the Camp's Memorial Day ceremony; (7) Becoming familiar with the duties of the office as set forth in the Order's Rituals and Ceremonials.

**Department Chaplain.** In addition to the duties of the Camp Chaplain, the activities of the Department Chaplain should also include: (1) Conducting annual memorial service at Department Encampment for deceased Brothers; (2) Providing each Camp Chaplain with information pertinent to their position; (3) Composing articles for Department newsletters as desired by the Department Commander; (4) Preparing an annual necrology of Department Brothers and submitting the list to National Chaplain; (5) Conducting memorial services for current and past officers of the Department; (6) Becoming familiar with the duties of the office as set forth in the Order's Ritual and Ceremonials.



## THE CAMP JESTER

### Soap

By "T.K.," 90th New York Infantry

Last week a certain place was accidentally left open during the night, and various cases of brandy and gin carried off to the beach and drank. About break of day one of "ours," whom I shall call Mr. Riseitbarry, was seen staggering up the road under the weight of a box. On finding himself discovered, he enjoined suddenly, and invited the crowd to follow him and help him discuss the contents, which he asserted contained the "real stuff." A glance at the label satisfied all of us as to the kind of "stuff" it was, but we kept dark and followed. After about an hours travel Riseitbarry at length arrived at a spot which he thought sufficiently retired, and throwing down the box proceeded to open it. I will not attempt to describe his look of surprise and bewilderment when, instead of nicely packed bottles of Schidam or Hennessey, he started back with horror at sight of symmetrically arranged bars of – Colgate's soap! With a yell he started for his quarters, and since then, if any one wants to be posted in language he has only to whisper "soap" in Riseitbarry's ear. Indeed from his appearance since the event, I doubt whether he has used any saponaceous compound at his ablutions. He was going to kill one of the cooks the other day because when he asked him what was for dinner, he (the cook), by a slip of the tongue, answered: "Soap" instead of "Soup!"



## GRAVE OF THE MONTH

### Joshua Fulton Ensor

Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia, SC



Born on December 12th, 1834, in Baltimore, Maryland, he earned his medical degree from the University of Maryland in 1862. In December 1863 he was appointed as the Assistant Surgeon of the 1st Maryland Cavalry Regiment; and in November 1864 was made the Regimental Surgeon of the 79th U.S. Colored Troops. Serving with his regiment until being mustered out of service on October 1st, 1865.

Following the War he worked as the Medical Purveyor of the Freedman's Bureau in South Carolina, settling in Columbia, South Carolina, he was a charter member of the Charles Devens Post 10, Grand Army of the Republic. In addition to his Medical Practice, he served from 1870 to 1878 as the Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, and Postmaster of Columbia from 1897 to 1907. He passed away on August 9th, 1907.

**THE FLAG WAVER – PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTION****We Honor the U.S. Flag***Submitted by Bro. Elijah Washington, Camp No. 21*

By the time that we entered first grade, we were very familiar with the Lord's Prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance. From our early years up to the present time, both have remained personal and important to each of us. The Lord's Prayer reminds us of our relationship with our creator and the Pledge of Allegiance reminds us of our relationship with the United States of America.

The US Flag represents the United States of America, the country that we are a part of. It is not a perfect union and perhaps we will always have some disagreements. We must, however, always be willing to work together to bring about a better union. We must, therefore, continue to give our undying support to the United States of America as long as we see a willingness to achieve freedom, unity and love.

When we fly "old glory", we are honoring the American Flag. We are paying respect to our country and to the liberties that we enjoy.

Most of Camp #21's members have had military experience and are acutely aware of the many sacrifices that have been made to maintain the liberties that we enjoy. For that reason, the members of Camp #21 proudly fly the American Flag each and every day.

THE American Flag is beautiful and brings out a special feeling of connectivity when observed. The colors of the flag have special meaning as follows:

- Red: Valor and bravery
- White: Purity and innocence
- Blue: Vigilance, preservation, and justice

Camp #21 members stand firmly behind the American Flag. The flag is displayed by members of Camp #21 as follows:



**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](mailto: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.

Delegate Medal – 2020 National Encampment of the Allied Orders of the G.A.R.

Souvenir Medal – 2020 National Encampment of the Allied Orders of the G.A.R.



Own a piece of history! Thanks to the Coronavirus, 2020 marks the first year in the history of the organization that the Allied Orders of the Grand Army of the Republic National Encampment did not take place. The two-sided **delegate medal** made for the Encampment instantly became a collector's item and will make a fantastic addition to your medal collection. Be sure to order a souvenir medal as well. Order your medals today before they are gone forever!

Own a piece of history! Thanks to the Coronavirus, 2020 marks the first year in the history of the organization that the Allied Orders of the Grand Army of the Republic National Encampment did not take place. The two-sided **souvenir medal** made for the Encampment instantly became a collector's item and will make a fantastic addition to your medal collection. Be sure to order a delegate medal as well. Order your medals today before they are gone forever!

Send a check or money order for **\$20** per medal (shipping included) made out to the "Department of GA & SC 2020" to:

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Department of GA & SC 2020  
C/O Mark Hale  
10134 Fox Fire Terrace  
Jonesboro, GA 30238

# of medals ordered x \$20 = \_\_\_\_ enclosed

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