

GEN. JOE'S DISPATCH



Camp Officers:

Commander: Tommy Cook

1st. Lt. Cmdr@joewheeler863scv.org

2nd. Lt. Cmdr: Joe Underwood

2nd Lt. Cmdr@joewheeler863scv.org

Camp Adjutant: Steve Camp

Adjutant@joewheeler863scv.org

Coming Events

Feb. 8, 2011 - **29th Annual Lee-Jackson Dinner** - Philologia Lodge, Conyers, Georgia

July 14 - 16, 2011 - **2011 SCV Reunion**, Montgomery, Alabama

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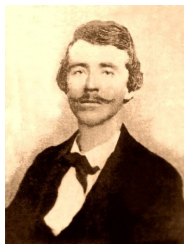


Second Annual Memorial Service Captain William Clarke Quantrill, CSA

By: Scott C. Morris, Camp Cmdr., Quantrill's Raiders Camp #2087, SCV



DOVER, OH., July 28 2007
Former United States Marine, historian and lifelong resident of Missouri Paul Peterson had this to say about William Quantrill in his book titled, "Quantrill of Missouri, the making of a guerilla warrior",



"William Clarke Quantrill was a product of his times. He was a man made up by the personalities, passions, and

politics that surrounded him. Without the issue of slavery that ignited the nation and the turbulent individuals like John Brown and James Henry Lane that inflamed the border of Kansas and Missouri, history would never have recorded his name." "Studying the frame of mind of the early settlers and the political and cultural feelings of those who made up the border area is the only way to understand the personality of that era."

We have not come here today to romanticize or defend William Clarke Quantrill, but to perhaps better understand him and the times in which he lived.

Our understanding of the Civil War is a history seen, felt and written through the bias eyes of the victor. The Southern perspective is generally ignored or discredited. We tell our children that every argument has two sides. We learn as we mature that every dispute involves truth and fact, as well as misunder-

standings and falsehoods.

Let's take a moment and look at some facts and falsehoods and stories in between.

President Harry Truman, who as a young man living in Quantrill country of Missouri attended several reunions of Quantrill's men. In his autobiographical book he relates the story of Federal Brigadier General Jim Lane, who with his men burned his grandmother's home to the ground, killing 400 of her hogs, cutting out the hams and leaving the rest to rot. Truman wrote, "On top of that he forced her to make biscuits for the men until her fingers were blistered. Old Jim was on his way to plunder Osceola, Mo., at that time. That caused Quantrill to go to Lawrence for reprisals." Brigadier General Jim Lane, who later became an Indiana Congressman and Kansas Senator attacked, pillaged, looted and burned the town of Osceola, killing at least nine civilians. His aggressive actions instigated many of the border clashes between Kansas and Missouri.

There is other less known, but equally important history that missed our school history books and episodes on the History Channel. Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural address given on March 4, 1861 told the nation, "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." A few sentences later he continued, "we denounce the lawless invasion by armed

force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes." Thirty-nine (39) days later on April 12 he ordered federal forces to invade the south initiating the bloodiest war this nation has ever seen. More men were killed in the so-called "preservation of the union" than in all other wars this nation has ever fought in - combined!

One fact that often gets overlooked is both sides, Federal and Confederate used irregular forces. Irregular forces, often called guerrillas, partisan rangers, raiders and gangs had a primary mission which was to harass the enemy. Quantrill and his small group of some 450 irregular cavalry kept some 60,000 Federals tied up and away from the battlefields. When we think of the Civil War soldier we think of the men at places like Gettysburg, Antietam, Chickamauga, Bull Run and Vicksburg. We don't think of the small bands of men who rode fast and hard; who slept in their saddle and caves, eating only a few times a week in order to keep the enemy off balance. History retells only the stories of great battles, forgetting the rest.

Traditional American history today holds in high acclaim men such as Abraham Lincoln, William Tecumseh Sherman, Philip Sheridan, Benjamin Butler and David Hunter. We hear again and again of General Sherman's well known "March to the Sea", and of Butler and Sheridan and Hunter's similar Valley cam-



Our Commander Elect's Comments



By: Commander Elect J. H. Underwood



Although I have not yet been installed as your Commander, because of the postponing of the Lee-Jackson dinner last month due to weather, I thought I would take it upon myself to write the Commander's Comments for this month and give Tommy a break.

It is my desire at this time to give thanks to whom it is due and that is to Commander Cook for his service to our Camp and community. Tommy stepped up when Past Commander David Anderson announced he was moving back to Virginia to take on a new job.

Tommy organized meetings, set agendas, recruited members to present programs as well as getting outsiders to present pro-

grams and in general kept the camp moving forward.

When Debbie Autry sent him an e-mail requesting our help to save the Middlebrooks cemetery, Tommy once again stepped up, organized the Camp, solicited help from Newton County, which he got, and after three or four work parties got the cemetery to a respectable state.

Again, Thank You Tommy and the rest of my compatriots that worked on this project.

I am happy to announce that all our efforts still show and the cemetery is as we left it. It still needs some work in the south west end where there is a



tree that the power company cut down and left. This March, before all the new growth starts, would be a good time to remove it and the vines left in that end along the wall. Look for this to be on our agenda for March.

This project has been special to me because four of my eight great, great grandfathers raised families on farms within five or six miles of this cemetery and three of them were Confederate Soldiers. They were neighbors of the Middlebrooks and had to know each other.

I look forward to becoming your commander and enjoying the same support that you have given Tommy. With that kind of support I know this job will be a pleasure.

Don't forget the Lee-Jackson dinner will be on Tuesday, February 8th at 7:00 pm. Call Adjutant Steve Camp at 7710-760-8200 for reservations or regrets.

J. H. Underwood, Commander Elect.



Second Annual Memorial Service Captain William Clarke Quantrill, CSA



By: Scott C. Morris, (Continued from page 1)

paings. We are told these were good and just, because they brought a rapid end to the war and saved the Union! What is not being told is the incalculable destruction these Union officers and their armies brought upon hundreds and thousands of innocent women and children of the South.

A few years ago I learned something that absolutely startled me. Something of such magnitude that I still remain puzzled how this is kept as one of America's best kept secrets. President Lincoln imprisoned more than 10,000 men who told him he couldn't legally wage war on the South. He imprisoned without charges senators, congressmen, newspaper men, and businessmen. Many died as a result in federal prisons. Lincoln actually ordered the arrest of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Roger Taney because the Chief Justice had the nerve to inform the president his war was illegal. Why isn't this in history books?

William Quantrill has been called a murderer, a devil and other equally demeaning names because of how he and his men conducted partisan ranger warfare in Missouri and Kansas. Were Quantrill and his Raiders

the only soldiers to use this type of guerrilla, black flag, take no prisoners warfare in the war? No, of course not. There is no argument Quantrill and his men led a raid on Lawrence Kansas on August 21, 1863, in which some 150 civilians were killed. What motivated them to conduct this horrible raid? One of the reasons given for why Quantrill and his men attacked Lawrence, the stronghold of Federal forces in Kansas was in retaliation for the death and injury of several Missouri women held by federal soldiers just eight days earlier in Missouri. Several of the dead and injured women were relatives of Quantrill's men. Retaliation and retribution for injury inflicted on one side or the other was a significant part of the war. John Brown, the abolition hero was a violent man, who in 1856 killed five men outside Lawrence, Kansas at Potawatomie Creek. Later at Harpers Ferry he killed seven men, including a free black in his attempt to arm slaves to create an armed rebellion in the south. Yet, he is considered a hero. What makes a man a hero or a villain? The number of dead he is responsible for, the cause in which he killed them or something as simple as to who is telling the story?

Most of the Civil War was fought in the Shen-

andoah Valley, in Virginia. The devastation perpetrated there was incredible. Union General David Hunter conducted "scorched earth" tactics in the Valley, leaving thousands of civilians without food or shelter. Months later the same black flag, scorched earth tactic was later used by Union General William Tecumseh Sherman following the decision he and President Lincoln made to wage "total war" on innocent civilians, not soldiers. This went against Lincoln's General Orders #100 not to inflict undue hardship on innocent civilians.

History records Sherman's "March to the Sea" campaign of 1864 as brilliant! Sherman was said to have presented a burned and ravaged Savannah, Georgia to President Lincoln as a "Christmas gift"! Unbelievable. I think if we were to ask the thousands of women and children who were left homeless and starving and those who had to bury loved ones in the wake of his federal army that they would have a much different story to tell.

I will close with a couple observations and thoughts that I hope will pique your interest enough for you to do your own study of the



“The General’s Mount”



From: historynet.com



THE BLOOD from deep inside began to color flecks of foam about the bit and pink the moisture in his heavy breath. And yet the pain, sharp and searing hot, appeared to make no difference in his stride. For this great chestnut gelding, dark with sweat, was all a war horse; in his pace and in his sinew, bone and blood . . . and in his heart. The towering General, light-reined horseman – light in the saddle, too– felt the shot that hit the horse beneath him. There is Some indescrib-

able communion between a man and horse who've shared the roughest roads, the longest hours, The hardest battles; a singleness of spirit, faith unflagging. The General felt the pain As though the gelding's wound was in himself; It tightened muscles in his jaws and throat. And then the second shot struck hard the chestnut's side. and then the third. Stunning. Staggering, His powerful and easy stride became a labored lunge, steadied only by the General's balanced weight and sure band. The war horse gathered- With every ounce of courage in his heart– to carry on, to fight the mission through. calmly, . The General reined him in. And stepping down He loosed the girth And lightly slipped the saddle to the ground. THE GENERALS young lieutenant, Aide de camp- His son– reined up, dismounted; Took the General's horse and gave his own. Scarcely a word was passed, no orders given– none bad to be– as the General, with one backward glance, rode on. And Willie led the wounded war horse from the field and to the rear. Away from powder smoke and battle strain. Into the chill of early March, Into the quieter countryside In Tennessee. To the horse holders beyond the second hill. And in the cut-

ting chill the war horse ached. Ached under his drying sweat and drying blood. A once alert, clearheaded "General's mount," stunned and trembling from the shock and pain. Jaded. Limping to the holders In the rear. No bugles and no drumbeats here, only fading sounds across the field. The holders slipped the bridle from his lowered head, wiped the sweat marks from his cheeks and neck. Bathed the blood-red foam From mouth and nostrils, sponged his wounds, applied a stinging ointment. They washed his knees and hocks and pasterns. "It's Roderick! The General's mount! Bring the water bucket to him." Roderick, The General's mount trained in his master's ways. Trained to jump A fence or wall or gulley, to back and wheel, to follow where the General went, to follow closely, ready for an instant need. And he followed him from training, but he followed, too, from love. The stinging ointment touched a spark of feeling. The water gave refreshment to his spirit. He raised his head a little, cocked an ear, and listened . . . In the distance there was shooting and it echoed in the hills. The General always rode to the shooting. He turned to face the sound. His ears

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Second Annual Memorial Service Captain William Clarke Quantrill, CSA



By: *Scott C. Morris*, (Continued from page 2)

war in which Quantrill became a household name. In the two short years our Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp has been chartered, our camp has been amazed by the popularity of this Ohio born man. Google alone registers over 292,000 hits for Quantrill. Other than a handful of well-known writers who seem to be fixated on demonizing a young man, who was well educated, highly respected, energetic and a brilliant military strategist and tactician, Quantrill seems to have captured the imagination of thousand of people around the world.

We have seen how biased the telling of history can be. It can also be incomplete. A living

distant relative of William Quantrill living in England wrote me saying he knows of three black men who rode with Quantrill, and two of them attended the reunions in the years following the war.

One last thought about the inconsistencies of the Civil War. Sometimes we don't stop to think about what we know. We take what we hear at face value and do not think much beyond. How would you answer if I were to ask you, "Where did runaway slaves, fleeing the South go as they traveled the Underground Railroad through the North?" (Canada) Ask yourselves this,

"Why did they have to travel through the Northern states to Canada, who we are told fought and gave their lives for black Americans?" The answer rests in the 140 some years following the war and in the Black Codes, of which Ohio had, and later in the Jim Crow laws. Why do more black Americans live in the South than in the North even today?



**MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER CAMP #863,
CONYERS, GA.**

805 Commerce Drive
Conyers, GA. 30094

E-mail: commander@joewheeler863scv.org



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“The General’s Mount”



From: historynet.com

were up and pointing. His head was clearing now. He moved a little, toward the sound, the holders started to him. Shouting "whoa" He moved a little faster, stiff and aching, toward the shooting. "WHOA" they shouted, "Head 'im!" He broke into a trot. To a painful, labored gallop To the General. THE GALLOP warmed his blood Loosened stiff and aching muscles. Ahead, a fence, He cleared it with a mighty surge of effort. He was warm and he was running, a painful, awkward stride, But running hard to the General. The next fence— up and over- He almost lost his footing; But he could smell the powder now. The General smelled of powder. Now he could see the men and horses, nervous horses, ready for the charge. Now he could see the General. One last fence before him and the field. He cleared it as the bugles blasted "CHARGE!" HE was racing with the shouting horsemen now.



He was straining hard to reach the General's side, Five good strides ahead.

Bleeding. straining hard. Three good strides . . . When the killing bullet hit him in the chest. THE keen ear of the General caught a sound; Inaudible, almost, against the din. Half a plaintive nicker, half a choking scream; Like the scream of horses "bad hit" on the field. Amid the shouting and the shrieking and the fire The General heard it. He stiffened, half turning in his saddle. And there behind him In the charge, stumbling, plunging, dying, His war horse —on his feet, but dying In the charge. The feared And fearless, battle-hardened General spurred ahead; To fight more awesome battles for his cause. but the man-the horseman- Underneath his honored uniform -Bedford Forrest- Died a little there On the field near Spring Hill, March the fifth, 1863.