



# 15th Regimental Report

Camp #51 Lexington County, S.C.  
Sons of Confederate Veterans



Volume XII, Issue II

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## James Ewell Brown Stuart



Major-General James Ewell Brown Stuart, chief of cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia, was born in Patrick county, Va., February 6, 1833. His ancestry in America began with Archibald Stuart, who sought refuge from religious persecution in western Pennsylvania in 1726, and subsequently removed with his family to Augusta county, Va., about 1738. The next generation distinguished by the services of Maj. Alexander Stuart, who fell dangerously wounded while commanding his regiment

at Guilford Court House, John Alexander, son of the latter, spent part of his life in the West, serving as Federal judge in Illinois and Missouri, and as speaker of the house in the latter State. His son, Archibald K Stuart, lawyer, soldier of 1812, representative in Virginia legislatures and conventions, married a descendant of the distinguished Letcher family, and their son became the brilliant Virginia cavalry leader. General Stuart pursued his youthful studies at Emory and Henry college, and then entering the National military academy, was graduated in 1854, and was commissioned second lieutenant in October of that year. He served in Texas against the Apaches with the mounted riflemen until transferred to the new First cavalry in May, 1855, with which he served at Fort Leavenworth. November 14, 1855, he was married at Fort Riley to the daughter of Col. Philip St. George Cooke, and in the following month he was promoted first lieutenant. He remained on the frontier and in Kansas, and was wounded at the

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**February Speaker**  
**SC SCV**  
**Commander**  
**Robert Roper**

**Captain**  
**William Farley**

*Send all camp correspondence to:*

**15th Regiment SC**  
**Vols**  
**P.O. Box 84381**  
**Lexington, SC**  
**29073**

**Winner of the S. A. Cunningham Newsletter Award,  
Camps with over 50 members.  
2002 SCV National Convention - Memphis Tennessee  
2003 SCV National Convention - Asheville, North Carolina**

**Winner of the Ambrose Gonzales Newsletter Award,  
Palmetto Level  
First Place 2002 S. C. SCV State Convention - Aiken  
Second Place 2003 S. C. SCV State Convention - Mount Pleasant**

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**Member - at- Large**

E. M. Clark, Jr.



Ask about how you can become a  
South Carolina  
Guardian

# Volunteers Needed For The Battle of Aiken February 21<sup>st</sup> – 22<sup>nd</sup>

Camp 51 needs volunteers to man our tent at the Battle of Aiken this year. We will be present in order to both recruit new members and to raise money for  
The Lake Murray Monument.  
Call Allen Frye at 803-356-5554 and tell him that you would like to volunteer.

Your Camp needs your help in completing this project.

Volunteer today

## Monday May 10th Confederate Memorial Day Observance

Camp 51 needs members to stand in honor of our  
Confederate Dead.  
Sign-up sheet will be at the February meeting.

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Indian battle of Solomon's River in 1857. At Washington, in 1859, he carried secret instructions to Col. R. E. Lee, and accompanied that officer as aide, against the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, where he read the summons to surrender to the leader, theretofore known as "Smith," but whom he recognized at once as "Ossawatimic" Brown of Kansas. Lieutenant Stuart received a commission as captain from Washington in April, 1861, but he had decided to go with Virginia, and tendered her his services as soon as his resignation was accepted, May 7th. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of Virginia infantry, May 10, 1861, with orders to report to Jackson at Harper's Ferry, and was promoted colonel July 16th. With about 350 cavalrymen he at once assumed the duties which distinguished his service throughout the war. He became the eye of the army under Jackson and Johnston, so effectually that Johnston afterward wrote him from the West: "How can I eat, sleep or rest in peace without you upon the outpost." He screened Johnston's movement to Manassas, and in the fighting of July 21st made an effective charge, of which Early wrote: "Stuart did as much toward saving the battle of First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it." He pursued the Federals twelve miles and subsequently held the heights in sight of Washington, with headquarters on Munson's hill. September 24, 1861, he was promoted brigadier-general in the Confederate army. He encountered the enemy before Munson's hill and at Dranesville, and being transferred to the Peninsula early in 1862, covered the retreat from Yorktown, opening the fighting at Williamsburg; and after the Federals had approached Richmond he won the admiring attention of both nations by his brilliant ride around McClellan's army. On July 25, 1862, he was promoted major-general. There followed his raid to the rear of Pope's army, capturing a part of the staff of the Federal general and his headquarters at Catlett's station; the raid in conjunction with General Trimble, in which the Federal depot at Manassas junction was destroyed. Subsequently he was in command before Washington, screening the movement into Maryland, his gallant troopers being engaged in frequent skirmishes and fighting most gallantly in the battles at the South Mountain passes. At Sharpsburg he covered the left flank, and with his famous horse artillery repulsed the advance of Sumner's corps. In October occurred his daring raid to Chambersburg, Pa., returning between McClellan's army and Washington, evading numerous Federal expeditions against him, and losing but one man wounded. His success demoralized the Federal cavalry, and did much to render halting and impotent the subsequent movements against Lee, in opposition to which his command was almost constantly engaged. About midnight of May 2d, after Jackson and Hill had fallen, Stuart took command of the First corps of the army, at Chancellorsville, and on the 3d, with splendid personal courage and brilliant generalship, continued to drive the Federals by an audacious attack of 20,000 against 80,000, until he had gained Chancellor's house and a safe position. He remained in command of the corps until Hooker had retreated across the river. After several brilliant encounters with the enemy's cavalry during the subsequent maneuvers, he set out again between the Federal army and Washington, with orders to meet Early at York, Pa. After eight days and nights of steady marching, and the last three in almost constant fighting, he reached Gettysburg with a large train of Federal supplies, and on the third day of the battle made a fierce attack upon the enemy's right. His cavalry saved the Confederate trains at Williamsport, on the retreat. In the spring of 1864 he conducted the advance of A. P. Hill's corps against Grant on May 5th, and giving Lee notice of the movement to Spottsylvania, hastened to throw his cavalry before the enemy's advance. Then being called southward by Sheridan's raid, he interposed his cavalry between the Federals and the Confederate capital at Yellow Tavern, where, on May 11th, he received a wound from which he died at Richmond on the following day. The death of Stuart produced a gloom in the South, second only to that which followed the loss of Jackson. His characteristics were such as to make him a popular hero. Personally he was the embodiment of reckless courage, splendid manhood, and unconquerable gayety. He could wear, without exciting a suspicion of unfitness, all the warlike adornments of an old-time cavalier. His black plume, and hat caught up with a golden star, seemed the proper frame for a knightly face. A laugh was always at his lips, and a song behind it. He would lead a march with his banjo-player thrumming at his side. As he

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## Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments  
February 2004

Dear Compatriots:

Allow me to start by saying how impressive it was to see a packed house at the January meeting. With the bad weather that we had been experiencing and the flu type bug that many had come down with, we were only expecting a portion to the members who came. This month we will have more seating available for you. A special thank you to all of the guests and potential members who were present. It has been awhile since we have had a large number of guests at one meeting and January was a good start. Keep up with the good work of bringing in more of our ancestor's kin. It would be a complement to everyone if we were placed in the situation where we are able to out-grow our location and had to find a larger meeting place.



Our OCR ladies were absent due to the illnesses going around last month. Betty Platt had just lost her mother and Melanie Frye was home taking care to her and Allen's daughter who had surgery earlier in the day. The good news is that they should be able to be with us this month and that they will be actively looking for new Order of Confederate Rose members. We can expect a report on their projects for the betterment of the Camp at this month's meeting. Let me encourage you to invite your lady to be with you at this and all future meetings.

On Monday May 10<sup>th</sup> we will stand in honor of our Confederate Dead at the Confederate Monument (Lexington County Courthouse). The Camp has observed this with honor and dignity in years past and we will once again perform this task in such a manner. Only members of Camp 51 and invited guests are allowed to participate. It is requested that we wear a dress shirt and tie (coat is optional due to hot weather) and the re-enactors are asked to come in uniform. Again in consideration of the heat we will stand in one-hour rotations, but will relieve those earlier if the heat becomes unbearable. We will provide to the members standing at the monument, cold drinks and snacks. If you have not yet done so, please sign up for your turn to honor the dead. It is truly an honor.

Coming up this fall there is a planned Camp trip to Charleston. What makes this so special? Historian Rick Hatcher will provide us with a private tour of Fort Sumter and the Charleston area defenses. If you have not had the opportunity to go on one of Rick's tours, I guarantee you that this is a must event that you will not forget. The tour will begin around 8 AM and will conclude sometime in the late afternoon. I will have more on this later.

We have an impressive line of speakers and programs for you this first half of the year. This month we have the outgoing State Commander, Robert Roper speaking on the life and final wishes of South Carolinian, Captain William Farley. Most of you should remember that it was just a short time ago that we brought his remains back home and buried him with his family. In the upcoming months you will be pre-

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## Chaplin's Corner

Several Months ago, a close friend of mine sent me a book for Christmas and as I read some of the outstanding events during the life of Mary Chesnut, it was amazing how she kept a diary during the war between the states. I pulled several excerpts from the story concerning the war as it started and how she followed the happenings and recorded the way she stood for what she believed in. I trust that the story touches you as much as it did me.



### *Mary Chesnut: Witness to War 1861*

I do not pretend to go to sleep. How can I? If Anderson does not accept terms at four o'clock, the orders are he shall be fired upon. I count four by St. Michael's chimes, and I began to hope.

At half past four, the heavy booming of a cannon! I sprang out of bed and on my knees, prostrate, I prayed as I have never prayed before.

There was a sound of stir all over the house, a pattering of feet in the corridor. All seemed to be hurrying one way. I put on my double-gown and a shawl and went to the top of the house. The shells were bursting! I knew my husband was rowing about in a boat somewhere in the dark bay, and that the shells were roofing it over, bursting toward the Fort. If Anderson were obstinate, Mr. Chesnut was to order the Forts on our side to open fire. Certainly fire had begun. The regular roar of the cannon, there it was! And who could tell what each volley accomplished of death and destruction.

The women were wild, there on the housetop. Prayers from the women and imprecations from the men, and then a shell would light up the scene.

It was April 12, 1861. Mary Boykin Chesnut was staying at the Planter's Hotel in Charleston, having accompanied her husband, James Chesnut Jr. to the City by the Sea, the hotbed of the sectional crisis. James was a member of Confederate General Pierre G.T. Beauregard's staff involved in the negotiations with Union commander Maj. Robert Anderson, occupying Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. Mary was an eyewitness to the unfolding drama, simultaneously feeling fear and excitement, as she well understood the ramifications of this terrible violence.

We watched up there and everybody wondered why Fort Sumter didn't fire a shot, Mary added, but the Confederate bombardment continued until the following afternoon when Anderson surrendered the fort, now engulfed in flames. Miraculously, no lives were lost, and the south was jubilant in its expedient victory. All believed the war would soon end.

Of course, the divisive conflict did not end soon, nor would it take place without tremendous loss of life on

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both sides. Mary Boykin Miller Chesnut continued to record her observations, thoughts, and experiences throughout the days of the Southern Confederacy. Mary's life was both typical and, at the same time, atypical for a member of the antebellum Southern aristocracy. She was the daughter of South Carolina Governor Stephen Decatur Miller and Mary Boykin Miller, who raised her with all advantages of wealth and social position. She received a thorough education both in Camden near the family plantation and at an exclusive boarding school in Charleston. In addition to acquiring the social graces benefiting the elite planter class, she was taught to speak fluent French and German and received intensive instruction in the classics, history, and religion. She married into another prominent family, the Chesnuts of Mulberry Plantation, located just a few miles south of Camden, where she led a pampered life largely made possible by the work of plantation slaves.

Mary was not so typical, however, regarding her viewpoints on slavery, which she vehemently opposed. And she felt just as strongly about marriage, which she considers virtually the same as slavery for women. She read voraciously, devouring literature and history, as well as current events in the newspapers and periodicals of the day. Her education, keen wit, intelligence, grace, and strength prepared her for a role she would embrace and ambitiously pursue during the war. As the wife of a Confederate general serving as advisor to President Jefferson Davis, she would follow firsthand the rise, short life and demise of the Confederacy from the first shots at Fort Sumter, the formation of a government in Montgomery, Alabama and the workings of the capital in Richmond, Virginia, to a bitter end back in her home state of South Carolina. It was a way I had, always to stumble on the real show.

Mary Boykin Chesnut found herself in an extraordinary position, often surrounded by the leadership of the South at important occasions where she held her own impressing generals, and politicians with her knowledge of military and governmental matters. Denied any position of authority as a woman, she sought advancement for her husband, fostering his career and accompanying him to live in the places that took center stage at the drama of the Confederate nation. Plantation life was too remote and dull to suit her, and her love of social occasions thrived even in the settings of these final days of the Old South. At times her active social life created tension between Mary and James, who was more reserved and somber, but her eagerness for stimulating conversation, knowledge, and people usually won out. Fortunately, she also directed this fervor into compiling her journals, insightfully describing the major players who shaped the events of this turbulent time.

Perhaps her writings at the end of the war convey the desperation, pessimism and depression felt by many Southerners. Upon the death of his mother, James returned with Mary to the Chesnut home near Camden where James was made responsible for organizing and commanding the South Carolina reserves.

At this stage of the war, the outlook was grim for the South, and the Yankees launched another double offense to bring final defeat to the Rebels. Union Generals Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman took on Confederate leaders like General Robert E. Lee and General Joseph Johnson in Virginia and Georgia in May 1864. The armies experienced heavy casualties on both sides in the engagements, but after four years of war, the South was running out of reinforcements, munitions, and supplies at a much faster pace. By the end of the summer, Atlanta fell to the federals and an inevitable fatalism gripped the Southern people. Fully comprehending the gravity of the situation, Mary expressed her gloom as flocks of buzzards swirling round-swooping down-flapping their wings-crowding in a black cloud to pick the carcass of the dead Confederacy.

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## Speech of General Fitz. Lee, at A.N.V. Banquet, October 28th, 1875.

*After speaking in general terms to the sentiment of the toast to the cavalry, General Lee delivered the following beautiful tribute to his old commander, General J.E.B. Stuart:*

'Brother Confederates -- I hope I may receive your pardon if I occupy a brief portion of your time in talking to you of the Chief of Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, for my thoughts just now go out, in the language of General Johnston, to the 'Indefatigable Stuart.' Today, comrades, I visited his grave. He sleeps his last sleep upon a little hillside in Hollywood, in so quiet, secluded a spot that I felt indeed that no sound 'could awake him to glory again.' A simple wooden slab marks the spot, upon which is inscribed -- 'General Stuart, wounded May 11th, 1864; died May 12th 1864.' And there rests poor J.E.B. Stuart.' It was in 1852 I first knew him, the date of my entry as a cadet in the United States Military Academy twenty three years ago. Having entered West Point two years before, he was a second class man at the time -- classmate of Custis Lee's, Pegram's and Pender's. 'Beauty Stuart' he was then universally called, for however manly and soldierly in appearance he afterwards grew, in those days his comrades bestowed that appellation upon him to express their idea of his personal comeliness in inverse ratio to the term employed. In that year I recollect, he was orderly sergeant of his company, and in his first class year its cadet captain. I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were a strict attention to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved, and a clear, metallic, ringing voice.

I can well remember, when a cadet there and in the next company to his in the line at parade, always listening with eagerness, to hear him bring his company to 'order arms, parade rest -- there was so much music in his voice; and even as I speak here fancy I can almost hear it once more, sounding like the silver trumpet of the Archangel.

Little, gentlemen, did I imagine then that I would hear that same voice so often above the roar of battle and trampling of steeds upon so many hard fought fields -- still delightfully musical, calm and clear as of old -- only perhaps a little more powerful.

After his graduation, I never saw him again until the commencement of the late war. He was assigned to the First United States Cavalry, whose Colonel was Sumner and whose Lieutenant Colonel was Joseph E. Johnston. Two years later, when I graduated, I was put in the Second Cavalry, serving in Texas. My Colonel was Albert Sidney Johnson; the Lieutenant Colonel was R.E. Lee; the Majors were Hardee and George H. Thomas, and the two senior Captains Van Dorn and Kirby Smith.

Stuart served with much distinction as a United States officer; had plenty of roving, riding, and fighting Indians.

When John Brown's troops were marching on and took possession of the engine house at Harper's Ferry, Stuart was in or near Washington on leave of absence, but he immediately volunteered for the occasion, and accompanied the then Colonel R.E. Lee as his aid to that place. It was Stuart who, at great personal risk, carried the summons to surrender to Brown, and afterwards united in the charge the marines under

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# New Camp items available for purchase at this month's meeting



NEW Camp hats with the scroll from the Regimental Flag

\$10.00

NEW Camp Car Tags  
An exclusive creation for our Camp  
1/8th inch aluminum  
\$20.00



Boykin Mill Stone Ground Grits

Yellow & White

\$4.00 per lb



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Green made there when battering down the door, and largely contributed to end forever the career of the 'messenger and prophet,' as some at the North delighted to call him.

J.E.B. Stuart's duties began in the late war in the Valley of Virginia, as a Lieutenant Colonel of cavalry under General Johnston when he was confronting Patterson, and after that his person, his prowess, his daring, his dash, his gay humor, his great services areas familiar as 'house hold words' to all of us. Many within the sound of my voice recall him then. His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eye, the drooping hat and black feather, the 'fighting jacket,' as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, the high health and exuberant vitality, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war, which cannot easily be forgotten.

It was after the first battle of Manassas that my personal intercourse with him began. I in turn, as he was promoted, commanded his old regiment, his old brigade, and his old division -- being one step behind him and feel that, perhaps, I have a right to speak of him. Can I or any one else do justice to his many exploits as commander of the cavalry of the historic 'Army of Northern Virginia?'

Is it necessary to tell you that his ride around McClellan's army on the Richmond lines, was not undertaken to gain eclat by the popular applause it might bring him, but it was made to locate the flanks of the Federal army -- to blaze the way for the great Stonewall Jackson, whose memory has been so vividly recalled to us, and whom General Lee was planning to bring down upon the right and rear of McClellan, and wanted to know where it was located. I commanded a regiment upon that expedition, and know that after Stuart found himself in rear of the Federal right, his own grand genius taught him to make the circuit -- the entire circuit of the Federal army -- as the easiest way to avoid the dispositions that were being made to cut him off, should he return the way he marched.

Must I tell you of his trip to Catlett's, in Pope's rear, or of his second ride around the same McClellan, and of his ride from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to Leesburg, Virginia, a distance of ninety miles, in thirty six hours -- a march that has no equal in point of rapidity in the records of the war? Of his behavior upon the right of Jackson at Fredericksburg? Of Chancellorsville, where an eye witness asserts that he could not get rid of the idea that 'Harry of Navarre' was present, except that Stuart's plume was black; for everywhere, like 'Navarre,' he was in front, and the men 'followed the feather'? And where, riding at the head of and in command of Jackson's veterans, his ringing voice could be heard high, high above the thunder of artillery and the ceaseless roar of musketry, singing, 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out the wilderness'? Of the 9th of June, at Beverly's Ford; of Brandy Station; of Gettysburg; of his action during the memorable early days of May, 1864; of his last official dispatch, dated May 11, 1864, 6.30 A.M., where he was fighting against the immense odds of Sheridan, preventing them from occupying this city, and where he said, 'My men and horses are tired, hungry and jaded, but all right!' Of 'Yellow Tavern,' fought six miles from here, where his mortal wound was received, given when he was so close to the line of the enemy that he was firing his pistol at them? His voice -- I can even now hear -- after the fatal shot was fired, as he called out to me as I rode up to him, 'Go ahead, Fitz, old fellow, I know you will do what is right,' and constitutes my most precious legacy.

Shall I tell you when he was on the Rappahannock, and they telegraphed him his child was dying -- his darling little Flora -- that he replied that 'I shall have to leave my child in the hands of God; my duty to my country requires me here.'

Comrades, here in the city of Richmond, and for whose defence he fell, his pure spirit winged its way to

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heaven. Faith, which overcomes all things, was in his heart. Right here he, who on the battlefield was more fiery than even 'Rupert of the bloody sword,' quietly lay awaiting the summons of the angel of death. The bright blue eye, that always beamed with laughter, now looked into the very face of death without a quiver of the lid. About noon of the day of his death, President Davis visited his bedside, and in reply to his question as to how he felt, the dying hero answered, 'Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty,' showing that beneath the gay manners of the cavalier there was a deep, divine and religious sentiment that shone forth, illuminating the hero's character and giving dignity to the last moments of his life.

'Sing,' said he to the Reverend Dr. Peterkin, the very worthy pastor of St. James church in this city, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee,' and the fast sinking soldier joined in with all the strength his failing power permitted. He then prayed with the friends around, and with the words 'I am going fast now, I am resigned, God's will be done,' the great, grand cavalry leader furled his battle flag forever. Gentlemen, my object in all this is to bring you to the simple grave upon the hillside in beautiful Hollywood that I saw today, and to ask you if the Pantheon of Virginia's heart can be complete until it contains the image of this, one of her most gracious cavaliers?

The city of Richmond, saved by the fight at 'Yellow Tavern' from capture, pledged itself to erect a monument to this hero, and I hope the day is not far distant when she will be able to redeem so sacred an obligation.

Soldiers! from the depths of my heart I rejoice to have witnessed the splendid tribute that has reached us from across the ocean to the memory of the immortal Jackson. I feel a natural pride in the knowledge that the day is close at hand when the capital of the State can boast of an equestrian statue to the great Confederate Commander in Chief; and after that, may I not express the fond hope that the memory of his trusted and chosen commander of cavalry will also be transmitted to posterity in a statue that will not only be an ornament to the city, but around which we all can unite in paying a true tribute to the virtues of the hero to whose name and fame it will forever stand in lofty and lasting attestation?

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sented with Retired Colonel Barton Campbell of the Museum of the Confederacy, Dr. Jon Leader, and North Carolina UDC member and teacher Elizabeth Roberson. Barton will be discussing the Museum of the Confederacy, Jon will give a presentation on the first dig at Johnson-Hagood Stadium, and Elizabeth will be talking about her book, Weep Not For Me Dear Mother.

We are planning a garage sale for late spring. When your family starts the annual spring-cleaning, please set aside those items, which you are getting rid of and are available to be sold. If you just cannot find anywhere to store them until the sale, please contact either Allen Frye or Bill Harrell and they will see if we can locate someone with the room to store them.

Yours in the preservation of history,

**Steve Wolfe**

Commander

*(Continued from page 4)*

rode down the lines at Chancellorsville, the commander of an army, and the successor of Stonewall Jackson, whose fall had torn the hearts of his soldiers, he sang in a rollicking way: "Old Joe Hooker, come out of the Wilderness." As a soldier he was a born leader. He demonstrated his ability to direct an army after the wounding of Jackson, and Jackson, who knew before the trial, sent word to him: "Tell General Stuart to act on his own judgment and do what he thinks best. I have implicit confidence in him." On other fields he had shown the brilliancy of a Napoleon in the management of artillery. Thus in all arms of the service he had won the highest honors. In emergency he was calm, quiet, and perfect master of all his resources. A boy in camp, and a lover of fun, he was a daring sabreur in the fight, and always fully awake to the demands of duty. He had the instinctive knowledge of the situation that belongs to the soldierly genius, and the constant readiness to act on the instant that wins battles against inertia and slothfulness. But he was never known fully while he lived. He was careless of how lightheartedness and gayety may be misjudged, and it was left to his friends after his death to tell that he indulged in none of the vices supposed to be habitual with soldiers, was never profane, and even abstained from card-playing. He was a faithful husband and father, and altogether one of the purest of men, as well as the bravest. One of these true friends, John Esten Cooke, in describing his last moments, has written: "As his life had been one of earnest devotion to the cause in which he believed, so his last hours were tranquil, his confidence in the mercy of heaven unshaken. When he was asked how he felt, he said, Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have done my duty.' His last words were: 'I am going fast now; I am resigned. God's will be done.' As he uttered these words he expired.

*Confederate Military History, Vol. III, pp. 668-670*

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By November general Sherman had embarked on his March to the Sea, burning, plundering, pilfering, stealing, raping, his way through Georgia. With the beginning of the new year, Sherman and his scavengers left Savannah, turning north with the goal of inflicting even greater destruction on the people of the Palmetto State, the so-called instigators of secession and armed rebellion, for what the South knew was right. (1)

Your thoughts drift back to another conqueror, Napoleon who had literally conquered the world, killing innocent people, men women and children and died a sot drunk at the age of thirty-three. What a disgraceful historical memory that lingers centuries later, in our World history books. (1)

Once again Mary happened to be on the scene of great drama. Residing in Columbia, while James struggled to muster his evaporating South Carolina reserve units, she learned of Sherman's advance on the city. James wrote her to return to Mulberry, 40 miles away, but she feared for her safety anywhere within the boundaries of her native state, the target of northern retribution. Along with thousands of other women, Mary Chesnut became a refugee from the invading federal troops. She decided to head north through Chester, SC., crossing into North Carolina and on to Charlotte and Lincolnton. Her words revealed her plight, I am broken-hearted, an exile. Enduring difficult and erratic train travel amidst the chaos, lack of food, and decent accommodations, she decided her state, Shame, disgrace, beggary, all at once. They are hard to bear. And after learning of the burning, pilfering, stealing, killing even live stock they couldn't eat or carry with them, this was what the north called freedom, just more despair. (1) What is the good of being here at all? Our world has gone to destruction. Following the surrender, she was reunited with her husband and re-

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# From the Camp 51 Photo File



OCR members sewing armbands for the Hunley funeral in April



Allen Frye turning a sewn armband



January swearing in of new members:  
Eric Todd Hickman  
Marion Lynn Hickman  
Marion Dale Gantt  
Robert Lee Frye, Jr



January swearing in of new members:  
Adjutant Allen Frye pins his father  
Robert Lee Frye, Jr

*Louisa McCord*



*Chapter # 12*

The **Louisa McCord OCR Chapter 12** is looking for new members. Have your lady inquire about membership at this month's meeting, or she can contact them at:

[OCR@15thregtscvols.org](mailto:OCR@15thregtscvols.org)

# Back to Johnson-Hagood Stadium

On February 5th I rode down to Charleston with Dr. Leader to survey more of the Johnson Hagood Stadium for bodies and to try out a new piece of ground penetrating radar called Future 2005. We encountered some difficulties with the new unit due to it being new technology to us, but we were able to locate more graves and Jon discussed the return this spring to recover the remaining Confederates.



Graveyard inside the stadium fence and underneath the new high school under construction.



Patched asphalt where Hunley crew were found.



Hunley crew were found beneath this wall.



Jon pointing to where bodies were found under the Varsity Club wall.



Jon and I were able to locate more suspected graves under this asphalt.



Running the GPR off of the truck, Jon and Bill Baker look over reading from a pass which was just made.



The GPR shows to the skilled eyes of Dr. Leader, multiple grave shaft possibilities.



New PC based ground penetrating radar equipment.



Jon and Bill Baker strapping on the new hardware to Jon.



With PC strapped on and control box in hand, Jon is ready to tryout the new wand and see just how good the unit really is.



Bill Baker is the man who bought land on Wadmalaw Island, only to find that even the house had been build on top of graves.

## Alexander Cheves Haskell Papers, 1804-1943

The life of Confederate colonel, University of South Carolina law professor, Democrat party official, railroad company president, banker and businessman A.C. Haskell (1839-1910) of Abbeville and Columbia is chronicled in this collection of one hundred twenty-six manuscripts and one manuscript volume.

Haskell graduated from South Carolina College on the eve of the Civil War, second in his class, and immediately volunteered in the First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. Able and well-connected, Haskell quickly advanced through the ranks and ended the war as colonel of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry. The war years, however, were especially tragic for him. His wife, Rebecca "Decca" Coles Singleton, whom he married in September 1861 in Charlottesville, Va., died in Columbia, 26 October 1862, six days after the birth of a daughter. Haskell also lost two brothers, an uncle, and several close friends during the course of the war. Haskell was wounded four times during the conflict: in the shoulder at Fredericksburg on 13 December 1862; in the left ankle at Chancellorsville on 2 May 1863; in the abdomen on 29 May 1864 near Cold Harbor; and most seriously on the Darbytown Road just outside



**The Alexander Cheves Haskell Family of Columbia, South Carolina ca.1900**

L - R Front: Alexander Cheves b. 1871, Alice b. 1848, Alexander Cheves Haskell b. 1839, Louisa b. 1872  
 Middle Row: Suzanne b. 1886, Alice b. 1884, Frederika b. 1880, Marion b. 1876, Mary b. 1873  
 Back: Anthony Porter b. 1875, Charles Thomson b. 1878, Adam b. 1882

*(Continued from page 16)*

Richmond on 7 October 1864. He and a squad of his troopers encountered a squadron of Union cavalry. Haskell ordered his men to charge the Federals, personally shot two officers from the front rank, but was himself shot in the head and left for dead on the road. After an amazing and rapid recovery, Haskell, minus his left eye, was able to rejoin his unit in time for Robert E. Lee's last campaign of the war. He surrendered at Appomattox, received his parole, and made his way back to Abbeville, the home of his parents.

Much of the collection focuses on the war years. A series of nineteen letters written from Columbia and Virginia to his parents, Charles Thomson Haskell and Sophia Cheves Haskell, in 1864 and 1865 provides an overview of Haskell's military activities, the news of the army and friends, and often reflective and revealing insights into Haskell's inner struggles with the tragedy of war. Writing from Columbia, 31 January 1864, he informed his father-"I will go on direct to the Army, but write before I leave Columbia. I hear of letters from the Army, one from Major Venable which offers hope of peace with the spring. I trust he may be a prophet as true as he is welcome." From Orange Court House, Va., on 9 February 1864, Haskell wrote his father-"I am safe in Camp after a very successful journey, and find the Brigade in the very best condition. Rations somewhat scant, but with the home supplies, there is a sufficiency of food. And in the matter of health, high spirits, and hopeful courage, it would do your heart good to see them." To his mother on 14 February 1864 he wrote from the same place and related the following story-"An Alabama soldier was seen the other day by a friend of mine sitting on a log in front of his hut, barefooted & ragged, munching a piece of dry corn bread & drinking a cup of water. This was his dinner-the same had constituted his fare for two days past-and he excused himself for hurrying through his dinner, saying he must hurry up to the meeting and 'reenlist for the war.' Such is the spirit which will sustain our army through all the difficulties which lie before us." A few days later, in a letter to his father dated 17 February 1864, Haskell remarked that "I saw Genl. Lee at church last Sunday, looking strong and well. I trust he is prepared for great events in the next campaign." Once more in a letter to his mother, dated 19 March 1864, Haskell wrote with optimism about the success of the Confederacy-"There seems to be a general confidence that this summer will end the war in our favour. The general voice of a thinking and suffering people is not often wrong." He was also anxious to assume a field command in time for the summer campaign. "I am getting on very pleasantly, but still trust to chance to throw me into some command in the line before the summer comes," he concluded. In that hope he was not disappointed. On 27 May 1864, Col. M.W. Gary issued an order placing Lieutenant Colonel Haskell in command of several units that were reconstituted as the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry.

On 27 July 1864 Haskell was back in Columbia, recovering from his third wound of the war, visiting with friends and his young child. He also took care of another pressing matter, as he wrote his father-"The remainder [of a sum of money] went to help in paying my bill to Dr. Patrick for nine plugs which he put in my mouth. I went to him just in time to save myself great pain & much injury." While convalescing in Columbia from his head wound and the loss of his eye, he wrote his mother on 24 November 1864-"I am still doing well though my wound is getting slow....I think it doubtful whether I can ride or drive home the same evening, as I am unable to go any distance without great fatigue." Again, from Columbia on 20 December 1864 he wrote his father-"There is no news in Columbia-the people are preparing in mind and body to suffer under the invasion of Sherman." "I am still in Columbia, kept here by the destruction of bridges & trestle works which renders transportation impossible between Charlotte & Greensboro and between Greensboro & Danville," he wrote his father on 16 January 1865.

Back in Virginia by 11 February and in command of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, Haskell informed his father that "I hear rumours this evening of our defeat in So. Ca. and that Sherman is rushing upon Columbia. I will delay my grief until I receive certain information. I would be happy even in the misery of a bloody fight if it were against this hateful Sherman." Haskell remained convinced of the eventual success of the Confederate cause and as late as 27 February 1865 wrote-"I am making a desperate effort to remount my Regt. and could I be heard would make a speech to my whole State which might induce our friends and patriots to help us, and in helping a good Regiment contribute largely to the success of our good cause. I suppose too I have personal ambition. I always desired to command the best Regiment in service, but am now very desirous to win on the field what I do not win in

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the Cabinet. My rivals Logan and Bonham have so conducted their affairs as to secure (the first one a proper case-the second one questionable) the only two Cavalry Brigades to one of which I had some reason to suppose I would be given. I hope to make my Regiment so good that it will be as serviceable as other peoples Brigades. If this can be done my Triumph will be sincere and honourable." In the last letter from Virginia, 10 March 1865, Haskell informed his mother that "our Armies are being well managed. The spirit of the soldiers is rising, and the desertion which has disgraced our Army (but not my Regiment) is diminishing. Concentration under the great old General Lee begins already to assume character as a form of salvation. This will repay us for the bloody passage across our state."

Included in the collection is the manuscript of Haskell's "Recollections," the story of his life from birth through the end of the Civil War, which he wrote as a series of thirteen letters at the urging of his daughter, Mary Haskell, during the winter of 1908-1909. Mary (1873-1964) left the South to attend Wellesley College and stayed in New England where she ran a girls school in Boston. Perhaps she realized that her father's story was worth preserving when father and daughter toured Europe together during the summer of 1908. In his first letter of "Recollections," Haskell reminded Mary-"You place importance on 'beginning'-that is easy, I begin 'now.'" She preserved the lengthy manuscript, totaling one hundred ninety-one pages, perhaps with the intention of publishing it herself, but later turned it over to her sister, Louise Haskell Daly. Louisa (1872-1947), or Louise, as she later spelled her name, attended Radcliffe College where she studied English and history. While still a student, she presented a paper at the December 1896 meeting of the American Historical Association in New York on "Langdon Cheves and the United States Bank." Cheves was her great grandfather, and the paper was drawn from "...a mass of family correspondence [which] has been preserved..." The paper was published in the annual report for 1897 and Louise, "the only lady upon the programme," was praised for her "excellent paper" and "good reading." Louise began her teaching career in 1897, even before she was awarded an A.B. degree by Radcliffe in 1902. She taught history and literature at the school her sister headed until her marriage in 1903 to Reginald Aldworth Daly, a geologist with a Ph.D. from Harvard. It was not until much later in life that Louise Daly published *Alexander Cheves Haskell: The Portrait of a Man*. Privately printed in 1934 in a very small edition, probably about one hundred twenty-five copies, the book was intended for members of the extended Haskell family. Mrs. Daly did send copies to the Library of Congress and the British Museum and to Douglas Southall Freeman who had published his monumental *R.E. Lee* in 1934. Included in the Haskell papers is Freeman's two-page letter of acknowledgment, dated Richmond, Va., 13 June 1939, in which he praised Haskell and the book. "Of course I knew of your gallant father, whom I mentioned in the fourth volume of my 'R.E. Lee' and I had measurable familiarity with most of his connections; but I have now to say, in warmest admiration, that your beautifully-printed book, written in perfect taste, is the most stimulating of all the personal narratives of the war between the States." Freeman, then preparing for the publication of his book *The South to Posterity* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1939), asked Mrs. Daly's permission to include one of Haskell's letters. "Dangerous as superlatives always are, I believe that his letter to his mother from Camp Gregg, April 2, 1863 (p. 95ff.) is the noblest single letter of the war that ever I have seen," Freeman wrote. Mrs. Daly noted on the envelope of Freeman's letter-"leave given to use the letter." Freeman reprinted the entire letter, calling it "...one of the most beautiful born of war" and lamented that the "...memoir and letters, which are among the dozen most charming books of Confederate history, should not have been published for general circulation."

The Haskell papers are noteworthy not only for the Civil War material, but also for family letters written before and after the war. The earliest letters present were written by the grandparents of Haskell's second wife. Alice Van Yeveren Alexander (1848-1902) married Haskell 23 November 1870. She was the youngest of the ten children of Adam Leopold Alexander (1803-1882) and Sarah Hillhouse Gilbert (1805-1855) of Washington, Ga. A love letter written in New York by Felix H. Gilbert to Sarah Hillhouse, dated 5 August 1804, is the earliest item in the collection. Felix and Sarah were married by the date of the second letter, 15 February 1805, and on 23 October of that year their daughter Sarah was born. A third letter, this one from Sarah Gilbert to her husband, dated 17 November 1807, and written from Fairfield, the Gilbert home in Washington, Ga., related the latest plantation news-"Willis with his Negroes has come out. I have had my feelings a good deal interested for several of them. They were lo[a]th to go farther than Fairfield for masters particularly one woman who says Willis told her she was for us. She appears an excellent house servant but we have already...[too] many for me to think of her."

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Slavery is also a major topic in a letter written by Sarah Gilbert's daughter, Sarah Hillhouse Gilbert Alexander, to her son William Felix Alexander while he was a student at Yale College. Dated 23 January 1849 and written from Washington, Ga., this letter provides news of the family and speculates about William's future-"I have thought a good deal lately, of your future course of life, and what turn yr. mind wd. take, in relation to it. If you determine upon being a planter, with slave labor, I hope you will realize fully beforehand, how great are the responsibilities which rest upon such a pursuit, in the sight of God, if not in that of man. I wd. not have you take them as so much mere brute force, to be turned to the best account for profit, but as rational, human beings-God's creatures, for whose physical & spiritual necessities you are bound to provide."

Other family letters, related to the four in this collection, were published as *The Alexander Letters, 1787-1900* (Savannah: privately printed, 1910) in an edition of one hundred thirty-one copies.

After 1865 there are no letters from Aleck Haskell until 8 February 1872 when he wrote a love letter to his wife, then visiting her sister in Savannah. A letter of P.Y. Hudson dated Atlanta, 5 February 1872, acknowledged the receipt of \$100 in payment for a portrait of Judge Cheves that had been painted by Edward Mooney in Savannah in 1852. Alice Haskell wrote her cousin on 30 October 1876, just before the November election, and commented on her husband's efforts on behalf of Hampton-"Aleck is Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, an office with much honour & no pay, & I tell you if I never was proud of him before I am now." She continued-"He is looked up to like a demigod....Aleck has declined all office, so I'll have the pleasure of his company once more after the Election."

Haskell addressed a birthday letter to his daughter Louisa on 25 July 1883 while she was away on vacation with her mother and siblings at White Sulphur Spring, near Waynesville, N.C.-"My very dear eleven-year-old Daughter: I write to wish you many happy returns of your birthday & to tell you how glad I am to have a daughter who is loving and dutiful to a high degree and is steadily trying with advanced age to improve and strengthen herself in the path of right."

Alice Haskell, in a letter of 7 February [1893] written to her children, described the fire that consumed the family home, the Gov. John Taylor house on Arsenal Hill, on the afternoon of 4 February. Haskell had purchased the large house in 1882 to accommodate his growing family, then numbering seven children, but soon to be eight. Mrs. Haskell explained how the fire started and described the efforts to save the house and its furnishings-"There must have been 800 men rushing to & fro, pulling & hauling such heavy furniture, throwing things about, it seemed to me like the terrors of the judgment day," she remembered. "The work that was done there from 2 to 5 is almost incredible, & when you think of the house having only one, narrow stair case, what was saved was wonderful." In a continuation of the letter dated Friday the 17th, Mrs. Haskell wrote of the kindness of friends and their effort to find a suitable home. "We went yesterday to look at Dr. Dunn's place (Mrs. Singleton's old place on Senate & Pickens Sts) which is beautifully fixed up & in apple pie order...." This house, at 116 Senate Street, was purchased in 1893 and remained the family's residence until it was sold in 1909. It had been owned by Mrs. Mary Singleton during the Civil War, and it was there that Haskell's first wife, Decca Singleton Haskell, died in 1862.

The remainder of the collection consists primarily of letters written by Alice Haskell to her children, beginning in 1893. In that year both Louisa and Mary began their college careers in New England institutions. Occasional letters from the children are present in the collection as well. Louise wrote a long letter dated 6 January 1901 to her mother about a trip she had taken to Chicago and Detroit; another dated Venice, Italy, 20 July 1902, described her delight with that country. Adam Leopold Haskell, in a letter of 3 August 1904 written to his father from Lynn, Mass., described the work he was doing for the General Electric Company-"At the River Works they make the castings, etc., and all the heavy machines, and all the steam turbines, and test the larger size turbine machines which are non-condensing; and I am on the job." He also mentioned the receipt of his Harvard diploma, awarded in 1903.

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In the summer of 1908 Haskell toured the British Isles and France with his daughter Mary. In the collection is a traditional travel diary in which Haskell recorded his impressions of the sites he and Mary visited and the people they met. Covering the period 14 June-3 September and numbering one hundred forty-seven pages, the diary was written primarily by Haskell, except for the period spent in Paris, 30 July-5 August, when, as Haskell later recorded, "I was deaf & dumb there, & eyes had more than they could comprehend. Even if I had two, instead of one, & that having rusty wires for its brain communication & a dilapidated receiver as well as transmitter." This diary served as the basis for a chapter devoted to the European trip in Louise Daly's biography of her father.

A black-bordered card from The National Loan & Exchange Bank of Columbia informed the public of Haskell's death-"With profound sorrow the Officers and Directors of this Bank announce the death of its Vice-President Alexander Cheves Haskell which occurred in Columbia, S.C. Wednesday, April thirteenth Nineteen hundred and ten."

<http://www.sc.edu/library/socar/uscs/2001/haskell.html>

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turned to Mulberry, where the reality of starting over in a broken unfamiliar set in. It is a wearisome thought; that late in life we are to begin anew, with laborious, difficult days ahead.

In the midst of coping with rebuilding their lives after the war, Mary managed to carve out time to revise and rework her journals in the hopes of their eventual publications. She did not live to see them in print, but her words live on in several edited versions of her forty-eight copybooks, which contain more than 2500 pages. The first is titled *A Diary From Dixie*, published in 1905, nineteen years after her death.

For all of us, South Carolinian Mary Chestnut's diaries vividly bring to life the whirlwind from the first shots witnessed on the rooftop to the collapse of the Antebellum South. Her vibrant, witty, outspoken, and human voice beseeches us to contemplate the passion and tragedy of her extraordinary times.

Remember during the wars that are fought, lives given in battle for a just cause, it's the praying mothers, wives and families that keep the faith alive in every soldier's heart. There has been many a soldier who would have been killed, if not for the little soldier's Bible in his pocket that deflected the piercing bullet. In our daily lives this life isn't a picnic, it's a battlefield, and there is only one Commander in Chief, Our Lord Jesus Christ who gave His life that we might have life and have it more abundantly. During the present crisis each of us are facing, let our minds always be anchored in God's Word which is infallible. May God richly bless each of you. (1)

**Rev. Larry D. Sharpe, Sr. (1)**

We wish to thank the writers J. Michael McLaughlin and Lee Davis Todman for their great research and contributions which attributed to the new release of *It Happened in SC*.

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**SIXTEENTH REGIMENT,  
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, CAMP 36**  
Sons of Confederate Veterans  
15 Boyce Avenue • Greenville, South Carolina 29601

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Compatriots:

The South Carolina Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans will convene in the beautiful city of Greenville for its annual meeting 20 March 2004. I hope that each of you will be able to attend.

Nestled amongst the rolling hills of the Carolina piedmont, Greenville is the home to the South Carolina Division's oldest active Camp and this year's convention hosts: the SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS Camp #36.

As our guests, each delegate and registered visitor is invited to a special reception Friday night at the Confederate Museum in downtown Greenville.

The Museum is located in a remodeled home on Boyce Avenue in the Pettigru Historic District, just two blocks from East North Street (I-385 as it comes into town). Owned and operated by the 16TH REGIMENT Camp, the Museum is managed and supported entirely by volunteers and will provide a beautiful setting for our reception.

By arrangement with the South Carolina Confederate Relic Room, we will have a special display of the 16TH's *original* Battleflag, in addition to the remarkable collection of period armaments.

The convention events will be held at the Hilton Hotel on West Orchard Park Drive. The Hilton is a very nice facility and has just remodeled their rooms for those of you wishing to stay overnight. A special SCV room rate of \$89 (plus regrettably applicable taxes) is available as long as the reservation is made before 4 March 2004.

The Hilton is ten minutes from the Museum and downtown. There is plenty to see and do in Greenville. In addition to historic Springwood Cemetery on Main Street, the Greenville County Museum of Art has an outstanding collection of Southern art including "Halt of the Stonewall Brigade," "Marion Crossing the Pee Dee," and a portrait of John C. Calhoun among many other fine pieces. Also, the new Greenville History Museum will open soon as well as a new site for Bob Jones University's world-renowned collection of religious art.

For those of you who may be bringing your wife along, in addition to downtown, the Hilton is just a few minutes from Haywood Mall.

Our business meetings will be held in the ballroom of the hotel, and we will have a delicious buffet lunch of fried chicken, roast beef, vegetables, salad and dessert.

The reception will begin Friday night at 6:30. Saturday events will begin at 8:00 am with a Memorial Service followed by Opening Ceremonies at 9:00.

Please complete the attached registration form and return it right away.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact me.

Regards,



Christopher M. Sullivan, *Convention Chairman*  
(*C.M.Sullivan@att.net* or 864-271-6810)

P.S. Advertising in the convention program and vendor tables in the display area are available. Please contact me for rates and information.



# Convention Registration

South Carolina Division • Sons of Confederate Veterans

## Annual Convention

19 - 20 March 2004

Hilton Hotel • 45 West Park Drive • Greenville, South Carolina

### Contact Information

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/ST/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

Camp Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Camp No.: \_\_\_\_\_ Office held (if any): \_\_\_\_\_

### Registration

*Registration is \$35 per person for both delegates and visitors, and includes commemorative program, Friday night reception and Saturday luncheon buffet, as well as admission to the business meetings for credentialed delegates.*

Registration (\$35 per person) ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Yes, I plan to attend the Friday night reception.

Late registration, after 7 March (\$45 per person) ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Ancestor Memorials (\$5 ea.) ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Vendor tables (\$50 ea.) ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Total due** ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

*Make check to Camp 36 SCV, and mail to Convention Registration, 15 Boyce Ave., Greenville, SC 29601. Rooms are available at the Hilton at a special rate of \$89 per night. Call 864-232-4747 for reservations or online at [www.Hilton.com](http://www.Hilton.com).*

### Directions

The Friday night reception will be at the **Confederate Museum**, which is located at 15 Boyce Ave. Heading towards downtown, I-385 N will become E. North St. Boyce is the first possible left turn as you come into town (look for brown signs for the Confederate Museum).

The Saturday events (Memorial Service, Business Meetings, and Luncheon) will be at the **Hilton Hotel**, which is located just off of Haywood Road, (Exit #39 of I-385).

### Ancestor Memorials

*Ancestor memorials are available to be published in the 2004 commemorative convention program. The cost is \$5 per ancestor. Please provide the following information:*

#### First Ancestor

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Unit: \_\_\_\_\_

#### Second Ancestor

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Unit: \_\_\_\_\_

*Use additional sheets as necessary*



Support the Lake Murray Monument Project by buying a brick for a veteran in your family. These bricks honor veterans from all the wars that America has fought.

## Calendar of Upcoming Events

February	11th	Executive Council Meeting
February	21st - 22nd	Battle of Aiken
February	26th	Camp Meeting Gilligan's - Lexington
March	20th	State Convention
March	25th	Camp Meeting

**2004 Monthly Meetings will be held at Gilligan's**



# Re-enactors 2004 Event Schedule

Date	Event
Jan 24-26	Hagood's March - Charleston, SC
Jan 31 - Feb 2	Rivers Bridge - Allendale, SC - Affiliated
Feb 21-23	Battle Of Aiken - Aiken, SC - Affiliated
Mar 7-9	The Columns - Florence, SC - Affiliated
Mar 7-9	Broxton's Bridge - Allendale, SC
Mar 26-28	Battle For Anderson - Anderson, SC - Other
Apr 2-4	Battle Of Cheraw - Cheraw, SC - Affiliated
17-Apr	Hunley Funeral - Charleston, SC - Other
Apr 23 - 25	Battle Of Selma - Selma, AL - Other (For info call 334-875-7241)
Apr 30 - May 2	Battle For Columbia & Confederate Memorial Day - Columbia, SC - Affiliated
8-May	Confederate Memorial Day - Charleston, SC - Other
May 14-16	Battle Of Resaca - Resaca, GA - Other



## 15TH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS

Newsletter Editor  
 15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers  
 130 Upper Loop Way  
 Columbia, South Carolina 29212

**Next Camp Meeting**  
**Thursday February 26th, 6:30 PM**  
 Gilligan's Seafood & Raw Bar  
 Hwy 6 & US 378  
 Lexington, SC

**“To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier’s good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles he loved and which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.”**

*Stephen D. Lee*

The 15th Regimental Report is a monthly publication of the Lexington, South Carolina Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 51.