



Captain A. T. Harlee's Dispatch

Camp 2010 Dillon, S. C.

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Captain Andrew T. Harlee

[A letter written to his brother John W. Harlee, then teaching at Little Rock, S. C.]

(This letter will give a feeling of ATH's character)

Dear Brother:

I received your last and was glad to learn that you gave satisfaction to your employers and hope that you will continue to do so as long as they see fit to entrust their offspring to your keeping. By continuing to be diligent and careful, you will soon establish for yourself a reputation which you might well be proud of. Be independent but courteous and respectful to all; be diligent & careful; let your habits and actions be such as to merit the esteem and confidence of your patrons, and worthy of imitation by youths whom you instruct; make no enemys if it can possibly be avoided; but on the other hand make friends even of the humblest citizen. Practice, at home, the manners, in which you wish to appear abroad. An elegant and refined gentleman of affable address and firmness of purpose, makes a deep and lasting impression on a community, no matter how limited his means. You should consider and ponder well all those very essential qualities—practice them I say at home and everywhere... There is another point which, if you will excuse me I wish to say a few words upon. In the discharge of your domestic duties, it may often be the case that you may let fall some word, perhaps in the presence of your Mother or Sisters which in your cool moments you would much regret. A young man—above all things else—in the presence of his Mother should respect and reverence her feelings especially should he make use of no word that he knew would grate harshly upon her ears. Swearing is a habit—a wicked and foolish habit—which most young men fall into. But above all things in the world they should not practice in the presence of females and especially of Mothers or Sisters. You never see it amongst refined and cultivated society. I hope you will not think the least hard of me for these expressions of my views, not that I think you would do such a thing yourself, none of us never have and I do truly hope never will. I have written much longer than I intended and consequently cannot touch on other subjects that I desire writing upon. My health is very good now. The weather has been exceedingly warm at times but now and

then cold enough almost for an overcoat—a beautiful climate—The political news is about the same, it would take a volume to give it to you. I therefore refer you to the "Marion Star" & perhaps you will see something there from me. Let me know if Bettie got the letter I wrote her. I sent her some pictures this week by mail also Aggy—Give my love to all the family. Write me what the prospect is for a good crop. Yours etc. A.T. HARLEE.

(Captain Andrew T. Harlee is the namesake of our Camp. He deserves to be respected and honored—so honor and respect him, we will.)

There will be more about Captain Harlee in the next newsletter.

April Meeting

Our meeting in April will be on Thursday, the 20th. The meeting place is at the American Legion building on Hwy 9. As usual, supper will be served around 6:30 and the meeting will begin at 7:00. Please make every effort to attend this meeting. You are needed to make our local SCV Camp complete. Bring a friend; just maybe, you and the friend will be glad you did.

Quotes

"Really, Mr. Lincoln, I have had enough of this show business." –Ulysses S. Grant [as he declined to attend a White House party in his honor, so that he may return to the front]

"Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we had him we wouldn't be caught in this trap." –Captured Union soldier describing Stonewall Jackson

Where is the Outrage?

[Editor]

As a boy I never was one for listening when I should, or probably doing things when I should. As a matter of fact, I was so bad at these things that my Dad declared me to be 'hard-headed'. (Imagine that!) A few of the things I can recall without a problem is being criticized and looked down

upon by a bunch of self-proclaimed know-it-alls called Yankees. All through the early years of boyhood, it was made clear that we from the South just didn't measure up to the intelligent youth born in the upper states. It was amazing that by virtue of being born north of the Mason-Dixon, you were automatically smart! By the same token, if you were born below that line, you were just dumb as dirt. By the time I was old enough for Uncle Sam to send a greeting to my mailbox, I had smartened up enough to realize that the Yankees weren't as smart as they wanted us to believe. Now I'll have to hand it to them that they were 'street smart', where we weren't, but that was 'cause they had to be in order to survive amongst other Yankees. As Uncle Sam insisted that those Yankee boys and us Southern boys had to mingle and live together, it became a little easier to see through that veil of bull they loved to hide behind. They had this complex that compelled them to feel superior to that slow talking bunch. In reality, most of them were jealous as heck of our laid-back ways, our upbringing and manners, although they would never openly admit it. The Yankee boys had more confidence and trust in the Southern boys than they did their own Yankee buddies. But this public display of a superior attitude still continued because it was a need they seemed to have in order to feel good about themselves. It was as if you believe it enough, or if you tell it enough; then it is. A part of this feeling superior over the Southern people has always been directed at the Yankee's warped view of how Southerners have always treated and subjugated the Black race. Let's get one thing in the open right now, yes; there were many slaves in the South. There were millions of them. There is absolutely no denial of those facts. From a personal view, I don't know anyone who has tried to deny those facts—from the South. However, there are many of those above us (geographically) who have spent much time demonizing the people of the South for their part in enslaving the Black race, while developing selective amnesia concerning the part played by our Northern accusers. How hypocritical of them. Some months back we brought to your attention the slave cemetery discovered beneath the city of Lower Manhattan. Yep, Lower Manhattan NEW YORK! One of the amazing things about that discovery is the fact that this cemetery was discovered 15 years ago, and very little has ever been said about it. At Oyster Bay, New York there is a slave cemetery containing 60 slaves belonging to the Underhill family. Well, guess what! Dadgum if another one ain't been discovered—way up North! This one is located in the port city of Portsmouth, NEW HAMPSHIRE! I first saw this on CBS News a short while back and for some reason, it was presented in a different light than anything similar that may have been discovered down South. It seems that these Northern places can get away with its ownership and treatment of slaves a little better than those slaveholders of the South. Why? Now that everyone has had to accept the facts of Northern slavery, where is the outrage that should be directed toward our Northern slave holding brothers? This is a perfect example of discrimination. When one section, the North in this example, is for the most part, exempt from total contempt that is shown the South for enslaving Black people, it makes one consider that the problem is not what happened, but rather where it happened. To those who are slow to accept the fact that the South is treated differently than other parts of this

country, I would appreciate a real heartfelt explanation for this difference in reactions from those who scream bloody murder against those Southern folks who took part in the enslaving of other humans. These Yankees built streets over the graves of the more than 200 slaves in this cemetery in Portsmouth and then just forgot them. Where is the outrage? One of the city's founders, William Whipple, who was a Revolutionary War commander owned slaves. Heck, he had a street and a school named after him. Where is the outrage? Portsmouth, N. H. should be no less criticized than Charleston, S. C. should someone want to go on a finger pointing expedition. Maybe one difference in South Carolina and New Hampshire is the fact that only 2.1% of Portsmouth is black and it is the largest black population in the entire state! What about New York? In the early part of the 1800's, the only city in the country with more slaves was Charleston, S. C. Where is the outrage against New York? Other states who lead in pointing the hypocritical finger at the South who also was guilty of the great sin of slavery was Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. (There are others-but these are the greatest hypocrites) In Portsmouth, streets were paved over the graves of its black citizens because they were a forgotten part of the history of the city. However, today, the citizens of that community are planning a proper burial for the eight former slaves' (200 still lay beneath streets and homes) remains that were excavated and build a memorial. For many, this memorial is matter of pride. One citizen stated that although the blacks were ignored and brushed aside in the past, that they were going to try and correct this and give the former black citizens a proper place in Portsmouth history. "We want quite honestly to make amends for the way it had been done then. We are trying to do justice," said John Hynes, a city councilor. Some other remarks made concerning the slavery awakening in the north are; "It was kind of a social amnesia." "By the time of the Civil War slavery was not an issue in the North, the issue was in the South and so it was very easy to continue to demonize the South after the Civil War." "Portsmouth, 60 miles north of Boston, considers itself harmonious and industrious. Slavery has never fit easily into that picture." "People here are still stunned." "When they (blacks) died, they were buried separately from whites. The Negro Burying Ground was on Prison Lane, as it was called in 18-century records." "Those people (slaves in Oyster Bay, N.Y.) have been erased from history. It is as if they never existed." "Many people are surprised when you talk about slavery's existence in New York, they're surprised because it's taught as something that happened in the South." Historian Valerie Cunningham stated that, "It is easy for generations to vilify the South and ignore their own history. The first thing that is hard for people to grasp is that it existed in New Hampshire." This may be a time to take the Chaplain's place for just a moment and quote a scripture. Matthew 6: 1-5 says; "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote

out of thy brothers eye."—It is hard to add anything else to that.

History in April

April 9, 1865—Robert E. Lee surrenders over 26,000 veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox.

April 12, 1861—At 4:30 AM, the Confederate bombardment of Ft. Sumter, South Carolina begins.

April 14, 1865—John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D. C., shoots President Abraham Lincoln.

April 26, 1865—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrenders the Army of Tennessee near Durham Station, N. C.

Point Lookout POW Speaks

Pvt. George W. Noble states that he had experienced his first train ride on the way to Camp Chase POW Camp in June of 1863, along with his brother Alexander who died at Camp Chase. Four months later George experienced his first ride on a ship, on the way to Point Lookout prison. Three hundred POW's spent three days and nights with nothing to eat down in the hull of the ship. George said that the ship's hull was so full of prisoners that they could hardly all lie down at once. He stated that crackers and hot raw meat was then thrown down through the doors to the prisoners. They were so hungry that they just grabbed and pulled like hogs until they ate it all up. Then they began drinking and vomiting all over the floor. Then came another two days and nights, this time with nothing to eat. Pvt. Noble stated that when he arrived at Pt. Lookout, there were 9,000 of the sorriest looking men in the world and it averaged nine deaths a day. The nineteen-year-old private said the next morning when he awakened; he looked down and saw at least 100 body lice crawling on his pants. He declared that at that point he felt worse than he had ever felt in his life. He told of how tidal waves would roll up from the sea and the water would stand 2 ft. in their tent in the night and the prisoners would have to stand on their feet until midnight with their blankets on their shoulders. When the water went back down they had to lie down on the wet ground to sleep. Private Noble said that there was a great sand beach 100 yards wide between the prison and the water. The prisoners got to going out late in the evening and burying themselves in the sand and after dark would swim around the guard and escape. The guards finally stretched a wire out into the water and tied a bell to it. When the prisoners swam against the wire the bell would ring and the guard would run out and shoot the prisoner. The guards would go out in the evening and stab their bayonets in the sand as they checked for hidden prisoners. Private Noble said that the whole time he was at Pt. Lookout that he had never washed his clothes because he had neither soap nor vessels. He said, "We just had to go out on warm days and pick the lice off our shirts and pants. I got without a shirt at last. I had worn it out." Pvt. Nobel was released from Pt. Lookout in April of 1864. He was put aboard a boat with 300 others, including "several women." They were released at the Soldiers Home in Baltimore. Some of the Yankees tried to get the POW's to join the Union Army. Although a draftee offered him \$1000.00 to take his place, Pvt. Noble did not swallow the 'yellow dog.'

Private George Washington Noble served with the 5th/10th Ky. Mtd. Inf.

Our Ancestor's President

Jefferson Davis
With love, almost idolatry,
I honor and revere
That grand old Southern patriot
Who stands without a peer
The grandest chieftain of the age,
Tho' clouded by defeat,
The one true heart that never quailed
Nor bowed at victor's feet

I love him for his constancy,
And glory in his fame;
Compared with all his enemies,
He puts their best to shame.
He was the grandest, noblest type
Of all our chivalry,
And for himself or Winnie's sake
"I'd lay me down and die."
Dr. Orion T. Dozier—A Confederate soldier

The Chaplain's Corner No Grater Love

My fellow compatriots, by the time you get this newsletter we will be in the week of Easter. But for Christmas season, there is no greater time in the Christian calendar than Easter Sunday. I hope you will take time to recognize this special moment and the life changing experience it represents. Had Jesus Christ, our Lord, not died on the cross at Calvary, we would have been doomed to eternity in hell for our sins. Our heavenly Father loved us so much that he sacrificed his only child, that we might have the opportunity to share in His kingdom if we accept Jesus as our Lord and Savior. At any moment Jesus or His Father could have stopped the crucifixion. Indeed Jesus as a man asked his Father to "let this cup pass from me." He was not just crucified; he was tortured, beaten and humiliated beyond what any man before or since could have endured. I am humbled by my Savior, that he loved me so. Jesus loves you, too. If you have not prayed the sinner's prayer, please don't wait, do it now for tomorrow may be too late. I pray that God will bless you and your family.

In Jesus name, I am

Donald R. Hayes,

Chaplain

Deo Vindice