



South Carolina Rose



"I employed every capacity with which God has endowed me, and the result was far more successful than my hopes could have flattered me to expect."

-Rose O'Neal Greenhow

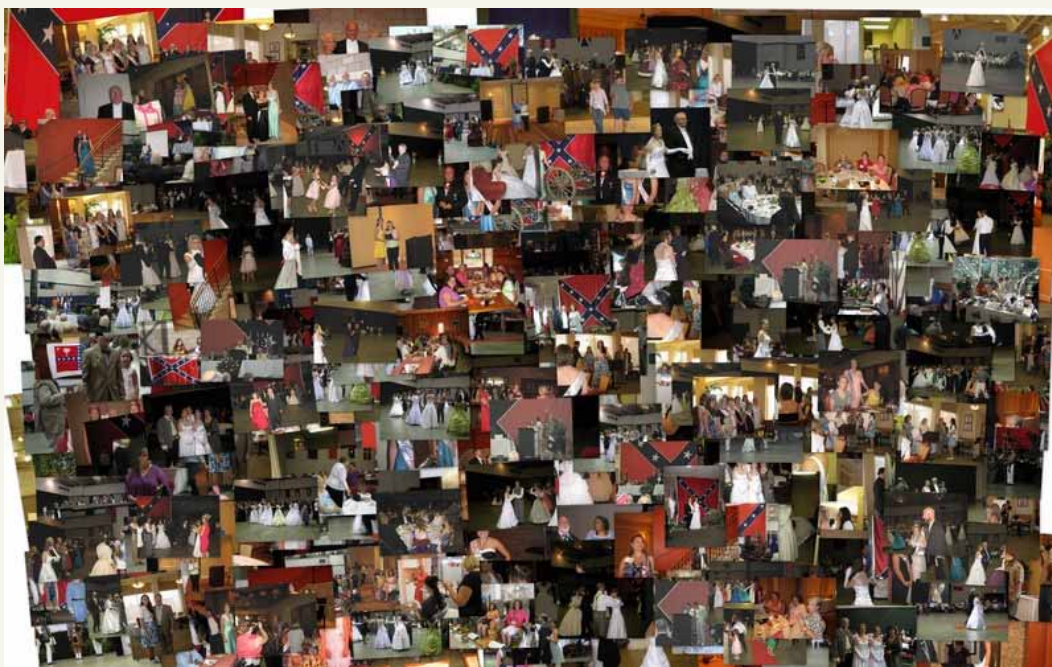
<http://www.onealwebsite.com/rose3.htm>

S O U T H C A R O L I N A S O C I E T Y - O R D E R O F
C O N F E D E R A T E R O S E

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

SCOCR Medal Order Form	2
From the Society President	3
Annie Early Wheeler	4
From the Society Chaplain	5
From the Black Rose Chair	5
Black Rose Pin Order Form	6
From the Heritage Chair	7
Society News	9
Convention Photos	14
Peach Festival Photos	20
Sesquicentennial Ball	21
2009-2010 SC OCR Officers	30

2010 OCR Confederation of State Societies Reunion Anderson, South Carolina



Thank you to all who submitted photographs from the 2010 OCR Reunion of State Societies meeting and the 2010 Sons of Confederate Veterans Annual Convention.

Over 350 photographs were submitted for publication. A sampling of them can be found in this issue. All of the photographs submitted have been published on our website in the form of a slide show. We invite you to visit the website and view all of the photographs.





Society News



order form for the

South Carolina State Society Order of Confederate Rose Medal

Cost of medals is \$20.00 each

**Checks should be made payable to:
SC OCR**



Please send me _____ South Carolina SC OCR State Society Medal(s)
at \$20 each; plus \$5 S&H and appropriate postal insurance (noted below)

Medal(s)		\$ _____
S&H		\$ 5.00
Up to \$50 purchased	(\$1.75)	\$ _____
\$50.01 to \$100 purchased	(\$2.25)	\$ _____
\$100.01 to \$200 purchased	(\$2.75)	\$ _____

Enclosed is my payment for: \$ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Mail your order to:
SC OCR State Society Medal
2161 Greenpond Road
Fountain Inn, SC 29644



From the Society President



My Fellow Members,

I first want to thank everyone for their assistance and hard work in making the 2010 OCR Confederation of States Reunion one of the best ever. Mosie Marlar, SC State Society Vice-president/Treasurer and Julia Barnes, Emmala Reed Chapter OCR were liaisons for the hotel and tour at Woodburn Plantation, and all I have heard were praises on their behalf. Mosie was seen “in passing as she whisked by” continuously. JoAnn Watts, SC State Society Secretary/Acting Chaplain and Laura Stallard (NCOCR Society President) handled the reception and pre-registration without any flaws to ensure things went smoothly. Thank you both, JoAnn for ensuring pre-registration was taken care of; and especially to Laura for assisting South Carolina at this time in ensuring the States President Meeting ran efficiently and smoothly, as she always does and also our Saturday Meeting. I also must thank Jennifer Sawyer and Lonett Petrovich of the Captain William Farley Chapter OCR, Cheryl Bunting of the Queenie Rose Chapter OCR for presenting a beautiful, memorable Black Rose Service. Theresa McKnight of the Queenie Rose Chapter assisted in preparations prior to the event and coordinated with Jennifer long-distance to offer assistance and provided the flowers, memorial cards, and memorial service items. With their efforts, coordination and hard work; all I have heard is “*that is the most beautiful and memorable Memorial Service I have ever attended*” from those in attendance. I also thank Theresa for preparing gifts for the States Presidents/Representatives for their meeting on Friday and also the centerpiece goodies at the Saturday meeting. All of the door prizes donated were greatly appreciated. Krissy Dunn-Johnson presented an outstanding Saturday presentation on her book, “No Holier Spot of Ground” as always. All I heard were good things on this presentation. To Barbara Blair and Sherry Welzen, Proprietresses of Queen’s Closet of Illinois, thank you for gracious donation of the Heirloom quality reproduction of an 1859 Christening Gown with proceeds going to the Restoration of Beauvoir. I, again, thank each and every one of you in attendance, and those who were unable to attend, but also offered assistance; for making this a wonderful event and one that I know, WE, in South Carolina can be proud of!

My congratulations to JoAnn Watts for her receipt of the *SCOCR First Lady of the Confederacy Award*. JoAnn has definitely shown outstanding leadership, faithfulness and discipline above and beyond the expectations of a Society OCR member! To Kristine Stonehill, a young lady I have grown to admire and love for all she strives to do and has done. Kristine received the *Julia Jackson, OCR Youth of the Year (10 t 17 years)* as a Rosebud who has gone beyond expectation to be a model citizen, maintained conduct above reproach of a young lady, strives to promote Confederate history, and has proven to be a good student. And, congratulations to the members of the Mary A. Hunt Chapter OCR for the hardwork they put into an exceptional scrapbook each year on the receipt of the Mary Boykin Chesnut Scrapbook of the Year award. These ladies maintain a scrapbook in outstanding format, of current events and activities, photos and/or news clips of activities held by the Chapter in the local area and throughout the state.

AND, to Kristine, congratulations on the outstanding presentation you provided to the men of the SCV and others in attendance on the Sam Davis Youth Camp! I have had the honor of hearing and seeing Kristine’s presentation and it is educational and truly a tool that will ensure our young people’s future. With her spirited, knowledgeable, and heart-moving; Kristine was able to raise \$2,500 for the 2011 Sam Davis Youth Camp! Way to go, Kristine!!

All of our SC Debutantes were so beautiful and gracious! I know they had a wonderful time and I am so very proud of them and how they represent themselves.

Thank you again everyone for doing ‘just what you do’ to make the OCR proud and honorable! I appreciate all the thoughts and prayers I received from everyone. I was saddened that I could not be in attendance in Anderson because I wanted to see everyone, however you may trust I was there in spirit and look forward to a future Confederation of State Societies Reunion! I wish everyone a wonderful Labor Day weekend and hope you can enjoy yourselves with those you love.

We will be setting up a meeting in the near future—details to come from JoAnn. Remember next year is our election year, so we certainly have a full schedule! Best to you all...

Yours in history

Andrea, President, SC Society OCR

President@scocr.org

Annie Early Wheeler

Annie Early Wheeler, second of General Wheeler's children, was born on July 31, 1868. Her love of beauty and nature, coupled with a compassion for suffering people, were her trademarks throughout her life.

The Wheelers spent almost 20 winters in Washington when the General was in Congress, and Annie was a popular member of the social set there. But even in her teens she felt the call to minister to sick and lonely children, and spent many hours reading or playing games with them.

Her call to nursing took a more serious turn in 1898 when the Spanish-American War began, and Annie followed her father and brother to Cuba. Eventually, Clara Barton put Annie in charge of a newly organized hospital, where work with sick and wounded soldiers earned her the title of "Angel of Santiago."

Miss Annie Wheeler in her volunteer's uniform around the time of the Spanish-American War (right).



A year later she went with her father to the Philippines during the insurrection, and again nursed in a military hospital. Then, when World War I began, she joined the Red Cross and served in England and in France.

After her father died in 1906, she returned to Wheeler to live, and she spent the rest of her life helping others. She established schools on the plantation, paying salaries herself for several years. She introduced the study of cooking and sewing into the schools, leading the way for Alabama to offer courses in home economics. Perhaps her greatest joy was working with crippled and sick children and ministering to the poor and needy.

Miss Annie lived at Wheeler until her death in 1955. She is buried in the family cemetery at the rear of the house.

The Spanish-American War: Miss Annie's Story, Part I

[Editor: Wheeler Plantation curator, Melissa Beasley, recently discovered a number of hand written pages within Miss Annie's small desk. They tell the story of her involvement in the Spanish-American War. With 1998 being the 100 year anniversary of the conflict, it was felt that the reprinting of these pages would be appropriate. The manuscript has been reproduced without editing; cross-outs (removed for this publication), underlines, and original spellings are preserved.]

In the early winter of 1898 Father with his four daughters was staying at Arlington Hotel in Washington. One cold dark night, after coming home late from a reception, I was awakened by hearing cries of "Extra." I turned over sleepily wondering what it might be.

The next morning when I went down with Father to and early breakfast, we found the papers full of the explosion of the "Maine." He hurried through his breakfast like a school boy & rushed over to the White House & was the first man in the U.S. to offer his Services to President McKinley in case of War with Spain.

Followed months of excitement then declaration of War & Father's appointment as Major General & leaving for Tampa.

Came a day when the thought of spending the summer at some Hotel, dressing & going to parties & listening to music every night at dinner & reading the newspapers while Father & my brother were confronting untold dangers & suffering, was simply unbearable to me.

(Continued on page 22)



From the Society Chaplain



Prayer from Acting State Chaplain

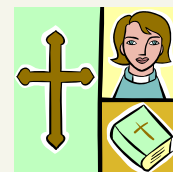
Lord, God in Heaven, we have all had sickness, deaths, trials and tribulations in recent months that only You have been able to see us through. We thank you and praise your name for this. We ask that you grant each of us strength to continue with our daily lives in happiness and health. When times of trials and tribulations return, grant us the courage to endeavor and move forward.

Thank you Father, for what you have given to each of us.

In Your name we pray.

Amen.

JoAnn Watts
Acting State Chaplain



From the Black Rose Chair



The membership in the Black Rose has hit another growth spurt and I would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new members. The Black Rose is a very reverent organization and the presence of our South Carolina widows at memorials and other functions locally as well as away is very awe inspiring.

Let us always remember who we are portraying and in doing so show those men, women and children the respect that they deserve.

As always, remember that the loss of life during the War of Northern Aggression is something that we as widows represent. Listen to the voices of those who have died and show them that we have not forgotten them. I know that they feel our presence and our respect and rejoice that we as a sisterhood of widows remember and share.

Heidi B Jackson
SC Chair, Keeper of the Rite





From the Black Rose Chair



South Carolina Order of Confederate Rose
Black Rose Society Membership Pin
Order Form



Above is a sample of the new pin available for Members of the SC Society Order of the Black Rose. The pins are hard enamel, gold plated, cloisonné type pins. They attach by a 2 pin with spur and military type clutch back (the same as the Society pins). They measure 1^{1/16}" by 7/8", and are made by the same company that made the current SCOCR membership pins. The cost of the pins is \$10.⁰⁰ each, which includes shipping. To order your pins fill out this order form and send it, along with your payment, to the address below.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: (____) ____ - ____ Email: _____

Chapter # _____ Chapter Name: _____

Quantity Ordered _____ X \$10.⁰⁰ each = \$ _____ total remitted

Make checks payable to: Heidi Jackson
Mail Order Form and check to:
Heidi Jackson - Keeper of the Rite
1512 E Jackson Street
Dillon, SC 29536

For any questions, please contact Heidi at:
egyptian41@aol.com



From the Heritage Chair



September 1

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Wednesday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 for individual lectures or \$50 for the entire 8 part series. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Sharon McDonald, former professor of history at Illinois State University. She was instrumental in getting a Congressional Medal application approved for Andrew Jackson Smith, an African American soldier who fought during the Civil War. Currently, she is working on a biography of this veteran. Her presentation "The Confederate's Best Friend" examines Union Generals verses Charleston.

September 4-6

Battle of Atlanta (Georgia) Campaign reenactment

September 9

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Thursday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 for individual lectures or \$50 for the entire 8 part series. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Tom Elmore, whose book *A Carnival of Destruction* will be published in 2011 by Joggling Board Press. He has been studying the Union invasion and destruction of South Carolina for over 15 years. His presentation "The Burning of Columbia" highlights the people and places involved in the winter 1864-1865 military campaign across the state.

September 9-12

Philip and Jane Whiteman will exhibit some of their private collection of 1850-1865 civilian clothing and images at Belmont Mansion in Nashville, Tennessee. Items on display will include original women's, men's and children's clothing, shoes, head ware and accessories along with other civilian artifacts like jewelry, ladies' fans, Northern and Southern currency and political items from all four candidates in the 1860 presidential election. The Belmont Mansion is on the

campus of Belmont University at 1900 Belmont Boulevard, Nashville, TN 37212. The mansion can be reached at 615-460-5459 or contact Mark Brown at mark.brown@belmont.edu. The Whitemans are developing a website to showcase the collection. Visit pnjwcollections.com to see some of the relics they are preserving for the future.

September 15

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Wednesday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 per lecture. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Dr. W. Eric Emerson, Executive Director of the South Carolina Department of Archives and History. Among his publications are *Sons of Privilege-The Charleston Light Dragoons in the Civil War* and the up-coming *Faith, Valor, and Devotion-The Civil War Letters of William Porcher DuBose*. His presentation "Secession, 1860" promises to be an insightful study of the decisive and divisive decision of South Carolina lawmakers.

September 22

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Wednesday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 per lecture. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Rick Hatcher, Historian at Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie National Park sites and author of the book *Wilson's Creek: The Second Battle of the Civil War and the Men Who Fought It*. His presentation "The History of Fort Sumter" draws on his life experiences and his scholarly research.

September 24-25

2010 Civil War Symposium and South Carolina Archives and History Foundation Annual Meeting will be held at the S.C. Archives and History Center in Columbia, South Carolina. Registration begins Friday evening at 5:30 pm.

(Continued on page 8)



From the Heritage Chair



(Continued from page 7)

Hors d'oeuvres will be served as guests mingle with symposium speakers during the Welcome Reception 6-8 pm. The original Ordinance of Secession will be on display!

Saturday's full schedule begins at 8 am with Registration and a Continental Breakfast sponsored by the University of South Carolina Press. 9:00 am John Long presents Mustering In: The South Carolina Militia Prepares for War

9:45 am Dr. W. Eric Emerson presents Soldier and Chaplain: War Through the Eyes of William Porcher Dubose

11:00 am Dr. Charles Lesser presents Relic of the Lost Cause: The Ordinance of Secession

11:45 am Dr. Karl Rohr presents The Lord has Taken this Way to Chastise Me: The Journal of Rev. J.P. Smeltzer and the Coming of the American Civil War

1:30 pm Rich Hatcher presents Fort Sumter: April 1861

2:15 pm Dr. Faye L. Jensen presents The Worst Conceivable Place:

Charleston and the 1860 Democratic Convention

3:15 pm Enjoy a self-guided tour of the State House Grounds and local historical landmarks or a behind-the-scenes tour of the South Carolina Archives and History Center's Stacks

5:30 pm Annual meeting and reception for members of the South Carolina Archives and History Center Foundation 7:00 pm Sesquicentennial Soiree Speaker Dr. William W.

Freehling presents Why South Carolina Crucially Mattered at this Historic Moment

The 2010 Civil War Symposium partners and sponsors include The South Caroliniana Society, The South Carolina Archives and History Foundation, The South Carolina Department of Archives and History, The South Carolina Confederate Relic Room and Military Museum, and The Historic Columbia Foundation.

Full Registration for all events \$75 (student \$40), Saturday daytime events \$60, Saturday evening reception \$30. Mail checks to the South Carolina Civil War Symposium at the Archives and History Center, 8301 Parklane Road, Columbia, SC 29223. For questions, contact Patrick McCawley at 803-896-6203 or patrick@scdah.state.sc.us or civilwarsymposium.palmettohistory.org or palmettohistorysc.org

September 24-26

Simply Southern Jubilee Living History and Skirmish at Nash Farm Battlefield (outside of Atlanta) at 4361 Jonesboro Road, Hampton, Georgia. Visit <http://henrycountybattlefield.com/index.html> for more details or contact A.J. Lamb at zouave_sergeant@yahoo.com.

September 29

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Wednesday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 per lecture. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Dr. Stephen Wise, Director of the Parris Island Marine Corps Museum. He is the author of Gate of Hell: Campaign for Charleston Harbor, 1863 and Lifeline of the Confederacy- Blockade Running During the Civil War. Forthcoming is a companion book to the documentary film American Iliad: The Siege of Charleston. His presentation "Gate of Hell- the Campaign Against Morris Island" draws from extensive knowledge and research.

October 6

Friends of the Old Exchange Building's Civil War Speaker's Series to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States continues this Wednesday at 6 pm. Each Wednesday or Thursday evening through October 13, speakers will offer roughly hour-long presentations about the Palmetto State's contributions to the War. Each topic will be shared in the Great Hall of the upper floor of the Old Exchange Building on East Bay Street in Charleston, South Carolina. Tickets are \$10 per lecture. Proceeds benefit the non-profit Friends of the Old Exchange Building Organization. This week's speaker is Michael Coker of the Old Exchange Building and formerly the Visual Materials Curator of the South Carolina Historical Society. Among his publications are South Carolina-An Illustrated History, The Battle of Port Royal, and Charleston Curiosities -Stories of the Tragic, Heroic, and Bizarre. His presentation "The Battle of Port Royal" highlights his research for the recent book.

October 8-9

19th Annual Confederate Ghost Walk at Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston, South Carolina, sponsored by the Confederate Heritage Trust, will take you on tours with all new scenarios in honor of the sesquicentennial of the War Between the States. Enjoy performances by over 200 re-enactors illuminated by candlelight throughout the beautiful, historic cemetery. Tickets must be purchased in advance for only \$15 each. Please, teens and adults only, not recommended for children under 12. Tours begin at 7 pm, rain or moonshine. No cameras or video equipment allowed. Contact Magnolia Cemetery for tickets at 843-722-8638.



Society News—Salt Ketchers Chapter #6



Second Annual Broxton Bridge Plantation Poker Run

10 Stops / 7 Cards
Extra Card \$5

5 Stops / 5 Cards
Extra Card \$5

Door
Prizes

Raffle
Prizes



Saturday, September 18, 2010

Start at *Broxton Bridge Plantation RV Park*

Hwy 601- 7 miles south of Ehrhardt

BAND

- 1st prize.....\$200
- 2nd prize.....\$100
- 3rd prize.....\$50

BBQ



**All proceeds benefit Salt-Ketchers Chapter #6, Order of the Confederate Rose



Entry Fee: \$25 per person--\$15 per rider

First out: 9:00 a.m. --- all in: 5:00 p.m.

Non-rider admission \$10 includes band and refreshments

BBQ& Sides, Band and Refreshments ALL Included

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Carolina Music Awards Winner - David Cooler

FMI: Rick Carter 803-824-9262 or 803-267-8725

Philip Grooms 803-383-0947



Society News—Louisa McCord Chapter #12



In the weeks leading up to the National Convention, my mind raced with lots of thoughts. As I reflect on it now I was just overwhelmed by the fellowship of it all. New friendships being made and talking like we know each other all our lives. We visited the Woodburne Plantation, and lunched at the 1826 as sisters in history. Maybe that is the tie that binds us "sisters in history". Needless to say I enjoyed myself thoroughly getting to meet some of the other members from around the country. As a new member I must say attending my first convention made a wonderful first impression. My whole experience was capped off with the grand ball, and sharing a wonderful evening with my husband and those who treasure and are preserving the southern history. I am looking forward to the next convention and the next time I can gather with my "sisters in history."

Cindy Lampley
Louisa McCord Chapter #12



Society News—Debutante Ball



July 24th, 2010 was the big day for eleven young ladies known as our Debutantes. Their weekend began with a lot of fun. On Thursday, we had a trip to the Clinique counter at the Belk Department Store. The "Deb's" got treated with makeovers and a gift bag from Clinique.

The next day was even grander. Friday night's reception was held and hosted by Cynthia Hayes, SCV Debutante Director. The Debutantes received their SCV Sashes along with a Crown, and were presented with a beautiful Pear Gift. At least 75 people attended this event. The guest speaker was SC SCV State Division Commander Mark Simpson.

Saturday was the big day! This day began with a beautiful Brunch presented by the SCV for the Debutantes and their mothers, grandmothers, sisters, and other family members. Our guest speaker was Master of Ceremony, Mr. Kirk D. Lyons, Jr. The young ladies received instruction on etiquette and manners, along with a waltz practice session with their fathers. The best part was the Spa tote gifts they received. Mrs. Belinda McMichael and Commander-in Chief Charles McMichael donated other gifts as well. The event was very well received by all.

The ball was a huge success and the Debutantes were presented into Society with pomp and circumstance! It truly was a wonderful time, and my experience was overwhelming. I was truly honored and humbled to have been asked to be the 2010 Debutante Director.

Sincerely,
Cynthia Hayes
2010 Debutante Director



Society News—Mary A. Hunt Chapter #13



HIGHLIGHTS OF NATIONAL CONFEDERATION MEETING HELD IN ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA JULY 22-24, 2010

My family and I arrived in Anderson, South Carolina on Wednesday, July 21st to attend the festivities of the Order of Confederate Rose National Confederation Reunion and the Son's of Confederate Veterans National Convention.

A very busy week began early on Thursday morning with the SCV Convention Opening Ceremony. As always the ceremony is exciting to watch with the different camp flags being brought in along with the State flag and the United States of America flag. There were numerous welcomes by different city and state officials.

After the Opening Ceremony, we were off to register our three debutantes. Our debutantes were Kristine Stonehill, Brittany Michelle Porter, and Ashton Mae Nichole Porter all from Mary A. Hunt Chapter 13 from Columbia, South Carolina. Their day was spent with makeovers at Belk's and lessons on table manners and etiquette. There was a total of eleven debutantes presented at the Debutante Ball on Saturday evening.

Thursday evening a reception was enjoyed by all OCR members and their families or friends. It was a good time to chat with old friends and make new ones.

On Friday, the ladies of the OCR went to lunch and a tour of a home entitled 1823. Reports after lunch and the tour were exciting and interesting. The debutantes were busy with a reception in the afternoon.

Saturday morning brought the National Confederation meeting for all OCR members while the debutantes were off having brunch and dance lessons in preparation for the ball.

The National Confederation Reunion was chaired by Laura Stallard, North Carolina State Society President, and Moselena Marlal, South Carolina State Society Vice-president & Treasurer. There were approximately 58 OCR members present, including one member from Alabama. At the meeting, a decision was made on the proposed OCR grave marker. Barbara Blair, Illinois OCR, held a silent auction on an 1850's christening gown. The winning bid was \$300. All proceeds will go to the restoration of Beauvoir. Door prizes were given out throughout the meeting. Each lady present received a beautiful canvas bag with the outline of the emblem of the state of South Carolina and gifts from other OCR chapters.

Kristine Stonehill was presented with the *Julia Jackson—SC OCR Youth of the Year Award* for ages 10-17. Kristine spoke to the SCV meeting before our meeting regarding the Sam Davis Youth Camp. Kristine raised \$2,500 from this meeting for the Camp for next year. Mary A. Hunt #13 had a quilt and three baskets that were raffled raising another \$300 for Sam Davis Youth Camp.

JoAnn Watts, Mary A. Hunt #13, was awarded the *SC OCR First Lady of the Confederacy Award*. This award was very much appreciated by JoAnn.

On Saturday evening, the Debutante Ball was held. All debutantes were beautiful and gracious. Each deserved to be debutantes for not only their beauty but for their intelligence. Each one has or is exceeding well in school and have bright futures and promising careers ahead in their futures.

In my opinion, this was without a doubt the best National Confederation Meeting we have had in recent years. There were a few minor problems but nothing that could not be handled in short order. The only complaint heard was concerning the quality of the food at the hotel and the service at the Ball. The food at the hotel was the same at every event. No variation. The service at the Ball was extremely

(Continued on page 12)



Society News—Mary A. Hunt Chapter #13



(Continued from page 11)

slow. Some people did not get their food for more than an hour after others and one SCV commander from Charleston was given plastic ware to eat his meal.

I am looking forward to next year's meeting in Montgomery, Alabama, at Embassy Suites.

Respectfully submitted,

JoAnn B. Watts
Secretary, State OCR
Secretary, Mary A. Hunt #13

Recently, I had the opportunity to attend this year's Sam Davis Youth Camp (SDYC) on a Scholarship provided by the SCOCR. The SDYC was held at Camp Kinard in Batesburg-Leesville, SC. At SDYC, campers have the chance to learn and embrace our true Southern heritage. Each day is filled with lectures on the War Between the States, activities like sewing, archery, candle making, and ballroom dancing, as well as much more.

This year, the National Reunion was held in Anderson, South Carolina. I was one of the eleven Debutantes presented at the Saturday night ball which was absolutely gorgeous. My experience was so exciting. The Debutante directors, Cynthia Hayes, Stephanie Mayfield, and Kirk Lyons took all of us girls under their wing and made that weekend more than we could have ever dreamed of. There were so many brunches, lunches, dinners, and activities that we were never bored.

On Friday morning, I also had the opportunity to speak in front of the entire men's meeting on the subject of the Sam Davis Youth Camp and how much it means to the campers, and how we need help from everyone to keep it going. When a hat was passed around, everyone seemed to step up to the plate and help us with the expenses of camp. My experience at this year's Sam Davis Youth Camp, as well as the 2010 National SCV Convention and OCR Confederation of States Reunion was a very exciting and pleasant time.

Kristine Stonehill
Mary A Hunt Chapter 13
Rosebud

"The OCR Reunion and reception was so nice, meeting new people is always fun! We had a very large spread, the hotel did a great job! There were great door prizes, and our speaker Krissy Johnson was outstanding. The ball was nice - it was my first attendance because our camp had 3 debutantes, one was my granddaughter. The music was very nice, the meal was not good at all. Miss Kristine Stonehill presented a Powerpoint for the entire SCV. It was great! They passed a hat and got \$2,500 for the Sam Davis camp. That was outstanding!"Jackie McGovern, Mary A. Hunt Chapter #13

"After everyone left Thursday night I realized that each and every member was in attendance at our monthly meeting including the Rosebud President. I can't tell all of you how much that means to me that all of you are interested in helping with Palmetto Camp 22 and Mary A. Hunt Chapter 13. I don't believe there is another chapter that is as dedicated but able to have the amount of fun as our chapter."

Nancy White, President
Mary A. Hunt Chapter #13



Society News—Captain William Farley Chapter #15



— Black Rose Memorial Service Report —

OCR Confederation of States Reunion
held in Anderson, SC
July 22-24, 2010

The National OCR Confederation of States Reunion was held in our own state of SC with the city of Anderson hosting this year. Much work went into the convention with state VP/Treasurer Mosie Marler at the helm in preparation for the big event. Ladies were treated to a reception on Thursday night, July 22nd, and a tour of antebellum homes with a luncheon on Friday, July 23rd. The annual meeting convened on Saturday morning at the Hilton Garden Inn. Mosie Marler represented the state in the absence of SC President Andrea Wolfe who had just had surgery. Everyone was sorry that Andrea missed such a wonderful event, but all wished and continue to wish her full recovery.

During the meeting, ladies were able to hear state reports which included the work of many chapters across the country. It is amazing the work that some of these chapters are doing - in addition to regular meetings, many hold memorial services, have historical speakers at their meetings, clean graves, and host huge events. OCR membership in states ranges from 7 to over 400.

A brief Black Rose Memorial Service was held by Captain William Farley Chapter Secretary/Treasurer Jennifer Sawyer, Farley Chapter Vice-president Lonett Petrovich, and Cheryl Bunting, Treasurer of the Queenie Rose Chapter. Ladies from across the Confederation submitted names in advance for printing in the program. These names were read, a bell was rung for each, and a flower was placed in a vase for each. In addition, prayers were offered and poems were read for the Memorial Service.

There were wonderful door prizes given away. Vendors were selling their wares and a wonderful lunch was served to complete the meeting. All ladies seemed to enjoy the fellowship of those who are of like minds and love the Cause of the War for Southern Independence.

Jennifer Sawyer
Secretary/Treasurer
Captain William Farley Chapter #15





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos





Society News—Convention Photos



Society News—Peach Festival Photos Chapter #13





Society News



Com patriots of the South Carolina Division,

Please receive the attached invitation from The SC Sesquicentennial Commission for a ball being planned to observe the anniversary of the initial Secession Convention in Columbia. Although this is not a SC Division function, the proceeds are going to preserve the flags of our ancestors! Please forward to interested individuals in your camps.
For the men who wore the gray,

J. Howard Chalmers III, SC Division Adjutant

The South Carolina Sesquicentennial Commission

Is pleased to announce the beginning
of the Sesquicentennial Celebration
of the South's Independence
with the

South Carolina Secession Sesquicentennial Benefit Ball

In Commemoration of South Carolina declaring its Independence from the Union
A formal Antebellum Ball will be held on

Saturday, the 18th of December, 2010
6 O'clock in the evening

at the
Historic Springdale House and Gardens
in
Springdale, South Carolina

All proceeds to be Given to the

**South Carolina Confederate Relic Room
and Military Museum**

for restoration of remaining Confederate Flags

Music By the Emmy Award Winning

"Un-Reconstructed"

The original
Ordinance of Secession
will be on display in the mansion,
along with previously conserved Confederate battle flags.

Tickets

\$25 Individuals
\$40 Couples

Black Tie, pre-war dress militia, period civilian
attire only

Individual and Corporate Sponsorships
are available and are tax deductible.

Make checks or Money Order payable to - SC Sesquicentennial Commission

Mail checks to -
Sesquicentennial Benefit Ball
1902 Wellington Rd.
Cayce, SC 29033

For ticket and sponsorship information visit us at
<http://scsocommission.com/home>
or on [Facebook](#)
or by phone • 803-760-2018

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(Continued from page 4)

A flood of realization swept over me of how Much it would mean to see my adored Father & to hear his voice & touch his hand & one more assurance of his precious love before he sailed for Cuba. I simply had to go to Tampa. Then I heard the troops were leaving at once. Went to War Dep. To ask Gen Alger if I would have time to get to Tampa before the troops sailed & he told me I would buy advised me not to go. Walking down the Corridor of War Department, passing an open door I saw Fathers old friend Gen Scofield. Went in Seeking comfort & told him how I felt hoping for en couragment. He was most emphatic in his hard opposition - said in absence of Father he would command me not to go-. That when a man went to war the only right & proper & dignified thing for the women of his family to do was to stand on the door step & bid him fare well & be standing there to welcome him, if he comes back. - I rejected mentioning the subject to him, but nothing could alter my determination to go. I wrote to Father asking if I could come & fearing he might Say "no," after a sleepless night I arose at dawn & took a train at six oclock. It was a wearisome journey, filled with many misgivings for I did not want to do anything that would disturb or worry Father.

Reached Tampa at close of a hot day & went up to Tamp Bay Hotel. (I know Father was living in Camp, but inquired if he was at Hotel and was told he was there Calling on Gen Shafter.) I came out into the Corridor & will never forget my feelings of intense relief when I saw my dear Father coming toward me (I had never seen him in uniform before) with a happy welcoming smile. That he was glad to see me & did not think I had done wrong in coming was an inexpressible joy to me.

The following winter was filled with military formation of all kind. Parades, reviews, drilling. The Hotel was filled with charming & interesting & distinguished men & women of our own & many foreign countries. The bright uniforms of different Nations, & charming ladies toilets were a very brilliant sight.

Fathers & I had many sweet peaceful talks at the end of the day sitting in front of his tent watching the sun go down behind the Pines & on Sundays either walking to the impressive services of the Chaplin's held in the pine groves with the soldiers sitting down in the ground, or riding horse back in the early mornig to the more distant firs [?].

Finally one night in the crowded Hotel an intangible something - a change came over the great assemblage & somehow we knew without being told, that the orders had come to - embark.

Then a night of bustle & confusion. I got some older ladies to go with me to Fathers tent, but had little opportunity of seeing any thing of him or my brother, who was a Lt. On his staff - so busy were they having every thing moved with the greatest expedition. I could not help but smile at the extreme activitiss of Henry - a white by who had hidden under the seats of the soldier train & come all the way from St Louis - so determined was he to "go to war."

After being convinced that my Father never had any personal servant in War times, he had finally prevailed on my brother, Joe, Jr. To hire him. & so desperately afraid was he of being left behind, he was darting that night back and forth going on a dead run to do any bidding.

When next I saw the troops on the transports at Tampa Bay, there was Henry, happy as a king feeling that he was safely on board ship & all the kings horses & all the kings men could not get him off.

A day of mad confusion & the transports were off & then we heard Spanish gun boats had been here & transports returned & enlined the little slip of water in front of Port Tamp Hotel & there for a week came seventeen big Transports nose to nose with twenty thousand men. Every evening Father, Gen Shafter, Col Miles, John Jacob Astor & I dined to gether. We were frequently joined by other officers, & war Correspondents Richard Hardy Dais, Casper Whiting et als.

Again they started out. I was much exhausted & spent the night at Fort Tampa with friends. Early next morning some Kindly soul Knocked at our door, saying a boat was just leaving to take water & mail to the Transports anchored twenty miles down the Bay & if we hurried we might go on it. I sprang into my clothes & without a thought of breakfast ran down the dock and got aboard.

Our boat went up to one after another of the Transports anchored in a group. As we approached each some officer would appear at the rail of the big ship & some women from among the group of wives - Mother, daughters, sweethearts - on our boat would exclaim & rush to the rail of the small boat. Fathers Transport was the last one we reached but I found him & my brother standing by the Rail anxiously watching for me.

(Continued on page 23)

(Continued from page 22)

When all the round had been made I saw the flagship raise the flag "Fleet attention" - then majestically sail forth, each ship in turn falling in behind, so close that the parting made by the ships extended from one to another - following "a straight and narrow path." Every transport was liberally covered with flags flying gaily in the breeze & men all through the rigging & up in the Crow's nest & every available spot to climb, large enough to hold a man - all waving their hats & cheering & bands playing & the sun light shining on the gleaming waters & the with birds flying against blue sky & blue water made a scene never to be forgotten.

As we turned our faces back toward Port Tampa I said, "Verily, will Cuba be free," but "how my heart will sob with bitter pain before those brave ships anchor there again."

Then as the ships grew smaller & dimmer to our - already - dimming eyes, our boat, filled with "the girls they left behind them" turned about & returned to Port Tampa.

The bottom had dropped out of the world. The scenes which had been so recently filled with soldiers every where, with life, with animation, were empty & silent. No sound save the moaning of the wind in the pine trees.

I had no time to repine. I could not lose a minute from making every possible humane effort to carry out the Keen desire that had been bubbling & seething in my heart ever since war had been declared - to go to Cuba & do the little that I could for the soldiers suffering in the Hospital. I had never had Any training & had a very humble opinion of my own ability, but inferred there would be a number of trained nurses there in well established Hospitals, & I thought I might be able to render service doing little things that did not require skill, and my heart was so deeply in it.

I did not dare mention it to Father because if he said no, that would be an end of it & I could do nothing more.

In Wash. I had applied to the D.A.R & other organizations of which I was a member & was refused by all because I was not trained. In Tampa I had spoken to a few - very guardedly - about my great desire, & all held up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of such a thing.

In fear & trembling I approached one of Father's staff Officers - Col Parker West. He was crushing in his disapproval, said he was astonished at my Father's daughter suggesting such a thing, that surely I must be joking, that it would be highly improper, that Father would be incensed & it was absolutely impossible. This did not alter my determination in the least degree, but I did not mention it in his presence again. Later I approached Col Mais [?] senior Surgeon on Gen Miles staff & he was equally discouraging, saying he was in a position to know & could emphatically tell me that Most positively I would not be allowed in a single Hospital that summer [?]. If I should land in Cuba I would be sent back to the States at once, by both my Father & by the Gov Authorities.

So I kept reaching out in every direction until finally I found an opportunity.

[Editor: Miss Annie did not describe within these papers how she won the opportunity, as she immediately begins a description of her voyage to Cuba. There is, however, the following letter that clearly describes her victory with respect to this battle of wills.]

THE FLORIDA
EAST COAST HOTEL SYSTEM,
C.B. KNOTT, Gen'l Supt.
HOTEL KEY WEST.
G.BUTLER SMITH, Manager.

KEY WEST, FLA., JUNE 20 1898

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23)

Dear Miss Wheeler Conforming to your request and wishes I called on Miss Clara Barton this morning with the result which her enclosed letter Explains I would suggest that you request Col Michler adjd Genl on Genl Miles Staff at Tampa Bay Hotel to request for your transportation (or order it) from any Captain of Any transport going to Cuba Taking these letters with you Miss Barton told me she could be found (her ship the Texas) in the vicinity of the Troops however they land should you have any trouble in getting transportation please let me Know and Ill apply directly to Genl Miles who I know well take pleasure in forwarding the daughter of Genl Wheeler to Miss Barton expressig the hope that you will have aspeedy and very [?] safe journey and that you will be very happy in your work and I know you will be with such a charming and excellent woman as Miss Barton believe me dear Miss Wheeler your very sinceir and humble servant.

WST Daly
Major, Chief Surgeon U.S. Vol
servig on Genl Miles Staff

I may be here for Several days and should be pleased to hear from you that you have recd the Enclosed & that Col Michler he [?] Give you transportation I would Suggest that you get on to the first transport goig Either for Tamp or Jacksonville or Elsewhere better communicate with Miss Phipps at (D) St Lukes Hospl New York for whom I also obtained permission to go to Miss Barton She will accompany you a bout [?] estimable Mil[?] from Pittsburgh E frist [?] family [in margin of first page]

If you have trouble getting transportatin Send Miss Bartons letter back to me mark it to be forwarded.to me from here and Ill See Genl Miles personally soon as posible D
[top of first page]

I omitted to say the Texas sailed just after my visit to Miss Barton, this aen after the transports [conveyed] troops to Cuba

So I kept reaching out in every direction until finally I found an opportunity to go on a ship having a number of nurses aboard.

After many delays came the day we embarked. As the ship began to move an old admirer of Fathers cam ran down the dock Carrying an unusually fine hammock as a parting present for me. He was calling & gesticulating wildly & a seaman threw out a coil of rope which fell at his feet to which he tied the hammock & it was drawn on deck through the water & spread out to dry, amidst much laughter & amusement.

So we sailed & sailed through sunny days & star lit nights, with no light at all, save occasionally a search light would dart out from our [?] convoy - which was commanded by Captain John Hood - of the Navy - whose family were our neighbors & great friends - playing for some small fishing boat. When the harmlessness of craft was established the light would go out & we would proceed on our course, wondering what lay ahead -what was happening on shore during those days which seemed so peaceful & uneventful on sea?-

Finally, after what seemed a long while, we sighted the lovely green of the Island of Cuba. A wonderful vision to our waiting, aching eyes - the blue water, white sand on the beach, green gentle slopes dotted here & there with white tents - which we new covered our soldiers - and a back ground of mountains & then the blue sky matching the Waters.

We sailed through the narrow channel by the wonderful old world looking - most picturesque Morro Castle - made significant to our land as the prison of Capt Hobson. The channel turns in such a manner - back inside the beautiful placid bay has the appearance of a lovely in lake. The only suggestion of war in this peaceful scene was the Rieve mercedet [?] half sunk in the water, turned on her side.

When we steamed up near the city - which looks beautiful with palm lined streets running up & down hill - the most beautiful sight was our flag foating from the Palace - which I learned afterward was my Fathers own flag which he had brought from his head quarters & my brother had been one of those to raise it over the Palace.

Of course my excitement & desire to land at once & learn of the safety of my Father & brother & report for duty where I might help some body.

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24)

We could not approach the dock, but anchored some distance off shore & the Commanding Officer went ashore on a small boat. I tried to be patient, thinking it was only a question of a very little while when I could go too. I stood on the deck, my eager eyes traveling over the dancing, sun kissed, glistening waves, past the old mellowed yellow roads & red tiled roofs straggling up the hill side between the waving palms, to white tents in the distance, wondering into which one my eager feet would soon rush to clasp my dear Father in my arms once more. Would I find my Father & brother well, or what would I find - After - what seemed an incieditolry [?] long time the little boat left the docks with the ships commanding officer & came back over the sun lit water. The Col came over the ships side & after a few hurried orders the ship to my utter consternation began to move. I was informed that there was so much yellow fever in Santiago & in all the Camps of American soldiers, that ships had only come into the harbor by mistake & was ordered to proceed at once to Porto Rica!!-

I was beside myself!- It was unthinkable! Here was I wanting with all my soul to render service where it was most greatly needed & my Father and Brother & all my Fathers staff were in no telling what extremity, what suffering & what need of small services I could render & there I was going further & further away.

I would gladly have jumped overboard if there had been the least possibility of swimming to shore - the ship kept moving & the white tents in the distance grew smaller & smaller until we passed through the channel & the hills shut them from View. My misery knew no bounds. We anchored in Guantanamo Bay, joining a fleet of ships. The expedition to Porto Rica under command of Gen Miles- Among the ships I saw one with four smoke stacks which I recognized as "Columbia" on which was my young brother Tom - first year at Annapolis. He had written frantically to Father at Tamp "Please Father get me into the War some way. Just think there may not be another war in my life time." Sec Long told me the wechuter [?] when we were touring through the South with Pres McKinley & Party that the Lad had rushed up to Wash & so besought him to get him into the War he had given him an assignment on the Columbia to go to Porto Rica. He was afterward drowned at Montauk Pt. Trying to save the life of a comrad. He spent a day with me on board ship which cheered & helped what would otherwise have been unbearable. When it was "toward evening & the day was far spent" & he had returned to his ship, I saw a boat put out from Gen Miles Flag ship & come over to ours. I was delighted to find Capt Whitney of Gen Miles staff among the Officers - he had lived with my brother at Washington Barracks the previous year. I rushed to him & told him of my agonizing situation. How dreadful I heard things were in Santiago & how intensely I wanted to be allowed to land there & Serve where the conditions were so much worse & the need so much greater than in Porto Rica.

He returned to Flag ship & laid the matter before Gen Miles who sent me permission to land in Santiago. The previous order was any those who were immune from yellow fever could enter. It seemed to me that all the gold & diamonds & pearls in the world were nothing compared to being an "immune", and my joy knew no bounds when the permit came for me to join these glorified beings & go back to Santiago. About six of us were transferred to another transport & after two or three days of such discomfort & privation, again we sailed by the beautiful old World Morro Castle & this time sailed up the the dock & walked ashore on Cuban soil. We were met by Miss Barton - that wonderful Major General of charity, who had made the Red Cross famous in many lands, & inspired in thousands of hearts a desire to be of use & to do some good.

A stranger would never have recognized a world renowned character in the simple but little old woman in queer, old timey attire, who came up to us wringing her hands (a chronic habit)

I thought my troubles were over, my journey ended, the goal of usefulness at last reached & with eagerly beating heart I rushed to meet her. Imagine my utter consternation when she said "Well young ladies I regret to tell you there is no work here for you to do. I know you came down with a desire to minister soldiers, but there is no organized Hospital. There are many many soldiers sick - but they are scattered in different camps many miles from the City & no place to stay & much yellow fever. There is a transport in the Harbor returning to N.Y. I advise you all to take it."

The solid earth upon which I was standing seemed to give way beneath my feet.

All the women were offended & immediately got into a small boat & went out to the homeward bound transport except two other & my self.

I was minded of a story I heard long ago of a small boy who bought a pr of skates & gleefully put them on & went out on the icy only to get one hard bump after another till his body was filled with bruises. still with tears coursing down his cheeks he tried again and again working renewed efforts after each painful fall. A kind hearted gentleman looking on said "Son if I were you I would give it up." The little lad raised his tear stained face covered with bumps & bruises & said "I didn't get

(Continued on page 26)

(Continued from page 25)

those skates to give up with."

So have ever come many apparently insurmountable difficulties, & after many & long efforts & heartaches to have reached shore simply to get on a ship & go away within the hour with out doing any thing - without seeing my Father or even knowing how it was with him - was the one impossible thing for me to do. Miss Barton assured me there was no place for me-to stay - there was nothing for me to do but go. I finally convinced her that there was & I had come to stay. I slept that night on a very hard & short & narrow horse hair sofa in the formal little drawing room of Casa Douglas on a high hill, occupied by Miss Barton & her sinite. Was up long before light under taking in a perfectly strange foreign country to find horses & guides to go to my Fathers head quarters 8 miles in the Country. Finally went to Gen Shafter who detailed two orderlies, telling them to take me to my Fathers tent & report personally to him on their return.

I had to ride a mans saddle sitting side wise & so we started forth none of us knew the way. Riding over hot sand & scrubby bush & through soapy mud & down deep ravines where the gorses four feet would slide down long distances like toboggans & then plunge & mire & plunge again through muddy streams & up the other side advancing & falling back like the frog getting out of the well, until we finally made the top. We finally were up to some small tents on a hill side & I saw Father standing in the door of a tent - a Doctor had told him that my brother, who was ill with yellow fever, could not live twenty four hours. I will never forget what it meant to me for my Father to be glad to see me & to be thankful for me to be there. Father & the Dr & I worked over my brother all day long & as the shades of evening fell he turned over & said "you have made me feel so much more comfortable." That one remark would have been worth all I had endured to get there if I had gone back home the next day.

There was no place for me to stay there at night as there was no extra tent & Fathers staff officers would not allow him to give up his tent & he would not allow any of them as it would have nessitated their sleeping on the ground in the dew. So back I had to ride to Santiago every night & return at day light each morning bringing such comforts as I saw was necessary on my lap or the pouch of the saddle. Going down those steep ravines & floundering around in the water & mud, holding the reins over a high pile of pajamas, towels, sheets, pillow cases, soap, basin, mosquito net, etc. This was continued about 5 days until the Doctors pronounced my brother out of danger & my Father besought me not to continue running the risk of coming out there.

During the morning of the first day I was there Father told me to go out & speak to Henry - the little serving boy. I found him lying on the ground in a hot fever. I asked how he liked war, & he said "Ah. War is fine, but I thought I was going into battle with the General, & they made me stay back & take care of the luggage. Oh it was awful."

One day in searching for a better road I passed near the Rough Riders Camp & [Col Roosevelt](#) rushed out calling to me. He was wearing a blue shirt with no insignia of rank & the polka dotted hand-kerchief tied on each side of his hat hanging down to protect his neck flying out in the breeze as he ran up to my horse giving me a paper, saying "Miss Wheeler - I make you my envoy extraordinary, & Minister plentipotentionary [sic] to your father - be sure to see that he signs this." I said " I will take it to him with pleasure Col, but cannot tell any thing about whether he will sign it or not."

Miss Barton had been all sympathy when I came back the first night telling her my brother was sick, & indefatigable in her efforts to obtain any thing I could suggest for his comfort.

When he was better & had promised Father I would not come out again in the fever laden Cuban sun. I went to Miss Barton & thanked her for her kindness & said my brother was better & I reported to her for duty. Next morning I joined her staff in sourting out clothing for the recoucentrados [?]. There was a whole block of ware houses, the front side all open & exposed to the deadly sun, piled to the top with large goods boxes filled with clothing of every imaginable description sent by the Red Cross or individuals from every part of the U.S. The duty of the workers was to unpack each box & make a list of contents & repack it with list out side - so Miss Barton could know just what supplies she had on hand. This sounds very simple to hear about, but when you take into consideration the intolerably hot sun & the large boxes so many of them so deep when many the bottom in order to reach the articles one had to hang over edge of box with feet up off the ground making the blood rush to the head alarmingly & counting this work of packing, - unpacking & listing all day it was inexpressibly fatiguing. I felt many times a day that I would surely die - that I could not stand the heat & fatigue - but I had come to do what I was told & would stick it out to the last ditch.

In a few days Miss Barton said for me & for the other two who had not come on same ship with me & had not gone to

(Continued on page 27)

(Continued from page 26)

N.Y. & said, wringing her hands - "Well, young ladies, I know you came down here expecting to nurse the sick soldiers, & the only thing you could find to do has been the worst manual & trying sort of labor, extremely wearing & disagreeable, & you have kept at it faithfully working no complaint - now the English boat house, built out in the Bay has been taken for a Hospital & the soldiers are being brought there from different Camps & I have proffered your services to Gen Shafter which he has accepted & I want you to go down there & do the best you can for the suffering soldiers. I put Miss Wheeler in charge not that she can do any better than the rest of you perhaps, but we must have some one at the head, so I place her in command." So we went down & found about sixty very sick soldiers lying on the floor in the uniforms they had worn for a month in sun & mud, getting wet & the sun baking them till the color of blue was about eliminated giving place to the color of mud. There was absolutely no Hospital supplies whatever. I went immediately to the Captain of the Head quarters & got wagons & to Miss Barton & got load after load of cots & sheets, blankets, mosquito netting, pajamas & rushed every thing necessary for the comfort of a Hospital - delivered at once.

All these things being rapidly placed in order, the Hospital Corps men got the delirious patients out of the muddy worn out uniforms & bathed & into the nice pajamas & between fresh cool sheets on the lovely cots & many of them said they thought it was Heaven, & many steps were gained in the battle toward recovery.

This dancing pavilion of an English Boat Club, was admirably adopted for the needs of a Hospital.

Built far out over the water - connected with the shore by a wooden bridge - it consisted of a large dancing hall - entirely surrounded by a Veranda. The walls of the room were made of Shutters, each one of which could be lifted from the p bottom & hooked to edge of roof, making all or any part entirely open according to the needs of sun or rain.

The days that followed shall always be shrined in my heart as a blessed benediction. We only had such help as could be procured locally & no trained nurse, so during the time I was there.

We had the blessing of so many terribly ill soldiers being brought in & seeing them get well & go home. It was heart breaking when any Lad gave up the fight and died in a strange land.

The stiff muddy clothes were taken off when they entered & thrown over board, & they were given pajamas. When they left I would go down to Miss Barton & get complete out fits to send them back to their regiments where they had new uniforms issued.

Miss Barton would often come to the Hospital & say "Well you dear old woman who lived in a shoe, how are you getting along."

We were very hard at work from the time we hurried down from the houst on the hill with the first peep of dawn until night.

We had a good Doctor & the most devoted & picturesque old steward & tho what we did was crude, there was always plenty to do.

I was fairly glorified when Father could come & with his face alight with tenderness would tell me of the most kindly encomiums & words of praise from Col Vallery Harvard - the Chief Surgeon in the Islands.

I heard one day there were some sick soldiers in an old abandoned Theater. I got some Carriages & went there & found a number of desperately ill men lying on the dam ground in the dark, moldy old abandoned Theater We transferred them all to the Hospital & their immediate improvement was Marvelous.
So the days wore on filled to the brim & over flowing.

Came a day when I saw a Transport sail away carrying my Father and brother & Col Roosevelts Rough Riders & the little by Henry standing beside Father smiling & happy.

As the summer wore on Col Harvard assigned Miss Johnson & me to duty on the Hospital ship Alivette bound for Moutank.

(Continued on page 28)

(Continued from page 27)

That was a fearful experience - so many desperately sick & dying & so few to care for them.

Sometimes three times in one day I would stand by the Rail & read the burial service over some poor boy who had been so eager to reach home.

Landing at [Montauk Pt. Long Island](#), I expected to take a good rest, but found my Father in command there & that there was need of nurses, so I went immediately to work there, and continued until my [brother](#) was drowned. Afterward the authorities at St Lukes Hospital N.Y. kindly gave me a special course on training there in the surgical Wards until Father & I went with [President](#) & Mrs McKinley & Cabinet & Gen Shafter & Gen & Mrs Lawton - on a tour to Many Army Corps in the South - at Macon Ga & Savannah & Montgomery & Atlanta.

Of course the Special train for the President was very palatial & each stop meant parades & flowers & honors of every kind for all the party.

Following spring I was visiting Miss Helen Gould at her beautiful country home at Lexington [?], when I had a telegram that Father was going to the Phillipines. I threw my things into my trunk wildly & rushed to Washington. I had known for some time this was imminent & also knowing when Gen Otis said he did not want any more women in Phillipines. I could never get Father to make any request for me to go, and had already gotten my permit from War Department to go through friends in N.Y.

So on reaching Wash I went to War Department & had my papers all made out before Father knew I intended to go - and he was glad.

After hurried preparations we had a pleasant trip across the continent & were much entertained in San Francisco & found our rooms on board the ship a solid bower of flowers in addition to being showered with more flowers than we could carry.

We had 30 days of lovely sailing over the blue waters watching the white birds & with clouds out lined against blue sky. following the Following the glittering pathway made by the sun during the day & the soft silver pathway made by the moon at night - sitting on deck surrounded by a coterie of pleasant Officers.

Stopping at Honolulu where we were met by bands of music & sweeps covered with "lais" or wreaths of flowers & entertained beautifully at different lovely houses on the shore at Wai Ki-Ki.

We stopped out in the [Bay in Manila](#) - a large white bird flew and lighted on my shoulder.

We went ashore by being swung over the side down into small boats.

We went to the old Oriental Hotel & then Father went up to the front & I went on duty at the 2nd Reserve Hospital - or Hospital Malate on the Sunetd [?]. It had been a girls convent & was an enormous building, the large grounds surrounded by a twelve foot thick brick wall the top covered by broken glass.

I lived in a regular Hipa hut - (Nipa resembles our fodder from corn stalks) about a mile away & went back & forth in the little native Keelis - or public carriage driven by a small native boy - drawn by a small native pony.

The only variance in the regular routine of daily Hospital work for six months was an occasional church service or a funeral.

The funeral of Gen Lawton was very impressive & elaborate - Mrs Lawton & Mrs Siscure [?] (whose husband was killed in China) lived in a wonderfully picturesque old palace. One side opening on large & beautiful grounds & the other presenting old softened grey stone walls to the river [?] - with old moss grown steps leading down to a boat landing & beautiful picturesque vines climbing up the wall.

The day finally came when Father came down from the front & I bade farewell to the Hospital & we set sail for home,

(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 28)

This time being on board forty two days - Pres McKinley having cabled Father to go by & make an inspection of Guam, which we found to be a tiny island lying in the blue sunlit sea. It was a Naval Sta. Government House - residence of commanding Officer was quite imposing. Most of Houses little Nipa huts. Quantities of small brown naked cubans every where - playing in the white sand under the palm trees beside the blue sea.

Some parts of the Island was such a Morass & dense thicket of brambles & tangled vines - in order to make a thorough canvass & be familiar with the whole Island Father had to ride a Caraboa, except along a beaten road where horses could be used.

We were there for four or five days & then proceeded to San Francisco & on to Washington.

Soon afterward I went to visit Miss Gould in N.Y. & joined some friends going abroad to the Paris Exposition, where I was joined by my school girl sister in London where we were both presented at Queen Victoria's Court - & after ward attended the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, where an unusual number of the Royalty of Europe were gathered to gether- At both functions I closed my eyes & had visions of long rows of cots & Hospital wards in a far land - filled with suffering soldiers of our Country

Then again back to my dear plantation house - where my sister & I have been alone for many years.

Big house - a hundred acres of grove of giant oaks in front - Large beautiful spring at edge of grove & the little P.O. in one corner (of grove not of spring) A mile & a half of flowers.

[note accompanying manuscript]

My darling Annie,
I have called upon you
many times & I found you
not.
Home is not home with out
yo thee
It dearest tokens only
make me mourn

With all my love.
Your devoted father.

Joseph Wheeler.
Sept. 26
1905



http://www.wheelerplantation.org/annie_wheeler.htm



The OCR is an independent support group to the Sons of Confederate Veterans - organization and local camps thereof, governed by its own bylaws and standing rules. We are non-profit, non-racial, non-political and non-sectarian.

OCR chapters in South Carolina and members-at-large support the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and help preserve Confederate Heritage and symbols, educational, benevolent and social functions.

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