HISTORYMAN
COMICS
On the Warpath to
Cary's Fort

It is a solemn occasion for Justice Gaston as the graveside funeral adjourns. He has lost three of his sons at the Battle of Hanging Rock where the Patriots surprised and routed multiple British camps at the outpost just north of Camden. General Sumter and his men, heads bowed, give their respects.
This was a hard day.
Those three men were good people. Brave and true. Their brother, Joseph Gaston, was shot in the head, but still lives. He is being cared for in Charlotte.
We may all follow suit at some point. They were good soldiers. The Gastons have literally given everything they have for the right to call this OUR country. Let's make sure they didn't die in vain.

Back in camp General Sumter and his Colonels look over the map of the territory. But shade is futile in the early afternoon sun. They are hot.
All right, boys. We need to understand who will be with us in the coming weeks. Our General Washington has sent General Gates south. He is coming down from Hillsborough with several thousand soldiers. I am not sure what his goal is, but I suspect it is Camden.
Provisions for men and horses will be scarce so we need to consider options. Tell us your plans.
Colonel Davie.
General, begging your leave. My men and I will continue to operate independently. We will work on the east side of the Wateree between Camden and Charlottetown.
We can act as guides and messengers while keeping the Tory militia from rising up.
We thank you for your help! We should know more about our plans once we meet with General Gates and feel him out. Good luck to you, Colonel.
General, it has been an honor helping our cause here. But I fear I need to take my men nearer to home.
We hear that our families are being threatened and this would be a good time to help in that region nearer to Ninety-Six.
Very well, Colonel Williams. Stay in touch, though. Coordination of effort will help immensely in causing the British to rethink their strategies.
Yes, sir. I believe we may be able to link up with our North Carolina friends. We could make a stand in that area while you are helping out here at Camden.

We need to look to re-supply ourselves. Give your men leave as you see fit, but supplies need to be a priority. Whatever comes next, we will need food, ammunition, and good horses.

Sumter wanders off down the hill towards the river bank and leans against a tree. Soldier Tom (a slave and servant companion) is with him. An afternoon thunderstorm cloud approaches in the distance across the river. He remembers the thunderstorm that stopped him from capturing the British outpost at Rocky Mount.

If only I had some cannons.

It certainly would make our time here shorter. The sooner we push these men out of the country, the quicker we get home.

Soldier Tom walks away and General Sumter is left alone with his thoughts. A bald eagle rides a thermal updraft above the river and soars off ahead of the clouds.

General Sumter remains by the river until the rain begins to patter on the water. He then strides toward shelter in the camp.

Men, it's time to seek out General Gates and the Continentals. I would like a handful of you to accompany me to their camp while the rest of you continue to prepare and train the men. I will leave the particulars up to you Colonels.
Be on guard for any dangers as we ride. When we get to their camp, remember to conduct yourself with some dignity.
That might be hard for some of you.
We will head out as soon as Joseph Benenhaley fixes my wagon.
You mean Yusuf Ben Ali?
Isn't that what I said? Joseph Benenhaley.
No. Yusuf Ben Ali.
That's confusing. Can I just call you Joseph from now on?
That's fine by me, General. Thank you for asking.