



Reveille



Sons of Confederate Veterans
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

* Volume XLIV * * PO Box 16945, Jackson, MS 39236 * * December 2015 * * Number 12*



December Meeting Christmas Social

NOTE:
EARLIER MEETING DATE
DECEMBER 15

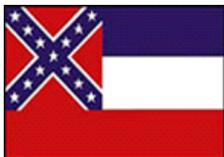
The December meeting will be our annual Christmas social gathering. There will be no formal program. Please bring your favorite holiday food to share with the group. Hopefully the Dixie Hummingbirds will provide a bit of music.

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

When: December 15, 2015. 5:30 pm.

Where: Municipal Art Gallery, State St., Jackson.

See you there!



*N*ow the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

*T*hen Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

*B*ut while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

*A*nd she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.

*N*ow all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

*B*ehold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Matthew 1:18-23
(KJV)

November Meeting Report

Al Arnold on His Black Confederate Ancestor

The program was a presentation by Al Arnold who spoke on his Black Confederate ancestor. Ron Stowers reports that the presentation was well received by the camp.

This editor could not attend the meeting and has no further report.

Notice to Members Regarding Dues

If there are any members who haven't yet renewed their membership, the SCV IHQ has announced a grace period through the end of the year on waiving the late fee. The Mississippi Division is cooperating in this grace period as well.

So if you are in arrears on dues you can still pay up this month for the regular dues amount of \$55. Send it to

Ron Stowers, Adjutant
Jefferson Davis Comp 635 SCV
PO Box 16945
Jackson, MS 39236

Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

Wiser heads than mine will have to catalogue and describe the damage that political correctness has done to this country, but there is no doubt in my mind the harm has been severe. When I read the other day that colleges have established "safe zones" where the eager little students can go to avoid having their feelings hurt I have to wonder where it will all end. The University of California has banned the use of the phrase "melting pot" as it indicates American culture was superior to the culture of other countries.

Political correctness has wreaked havoc in literature, as authors who lived long ago didn't produce literature compatible with today's sensitive readers. Take Mark Twain for instance. His descriptions of life in small town Missouri before the War are hilarious but filled with terms and ideas that are verboten these days. Despite that he is one of my favorite authors and the other day I laughed till I cried over his description of joining the Southern Army in 1861. Seems his best friend in Hannibal was a strong Union supporter, and he abused Twain no end because Twain's father owned a slave. Under this torrent of criticism Twain tried to defend himself by noting that his father had once contemplated freeing the slave. Well a few weeks later Twain's friend had converted to being a Rebel, and when Twain tried to join the Southern army the friend denounced Twain as a member of a family that had once advocated freeing slaves! Well Twain dodged this bullet and the company formed and marched off to war. As a newly elected officer, the first command Twain gave was for one man to mount guard, only to be told "I won't do it; do it yourself."

Twain went on to describe a scene a few weeks later, when one of the men stuck his head in Twain's tent and said "Say, I think I am going on back home to check on things."

Twain replied "How long are you going to be gone?"

"Oh a week or two." Sadly, but truthfully, Twain said he had no doubt similar scenes were taking place all over the country, North and South, as the new soldiers had not yet realized the seriousness of their new occupation.

On another point, at the Battle of Slaughter's Mountain in August, 1862, my friend Charles Blackford described one point in the battle when our men were

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Send changes in e-mail addresses to:
csa4ever@att.net
Include changes to physical (mail) addresses
and telephone numbers as well.

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Calendar

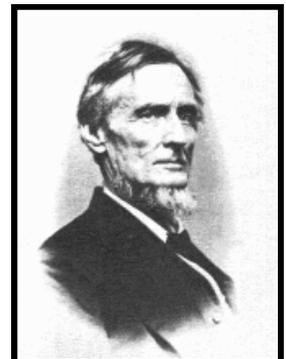
December 15, 2015
 (Probable date) Camp Christmas social, details to be announced.

January 26, 2016
 Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

February 23, 2016
 Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

March 22, 2016
 Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

April 24, 2016
 Confederate Memorial Day Observation, Greenwood Cemetery, Confederate Section



Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

"But Now"

Recently I was thinking about our great grandfathers coming back home after the war. The hardships suffering and hopelessness that they faced. I read in Genesis 43:1-3 where God started off saying, " but now...fear not...(notice) when you, not if you.....for I am with you!" God continues on with "I got something new for you, can you see it", Verse 19!

Sincerely,

Rev. Glenn D. Shows
Chaplain

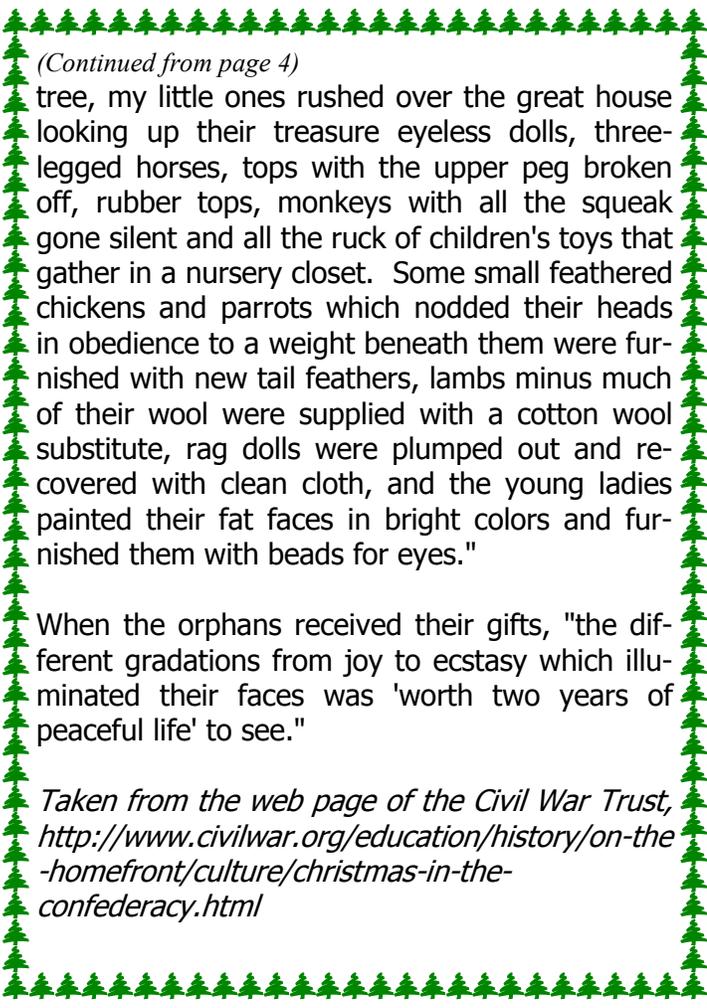
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being driven back. Blackford was sitting on his horse on a road when out of the smoke a melee of men, Rebels and Yankees, burst onto the road mixed together in one mass. Stonewall Jackson immediately grabbed a Confederate flag from a nearby color guard, waved it over his head and cried out in a loud voice "Rally men, forward men, forward." Jackson then dashed toward the front and with a yell all the Confederates followed him, driving the enemy before them.

As Blackford watched this scene a young Federal officer, just captured, tapped his knee and asked with great emotion "What officer is that, Captain?"

Blackford answered the man and, carried away with enthusiasm, the officer shouted "Hurrah for General Jackson! Follow your General, boys!" Touched, Blackford leaned over from his horse and told the man "You are too good a fellow to be a prisoner; take that path to the left and you can escape." The officer saluted Blackford with his sworn and "disappeared in an instant."

Well, thanks to God's grace and generosity, we made it another year fellows. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy getting to be around you fellows and how much our fine camp means to me. Merry Christmas to all you good Confederates!!



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tree, my little ones rushed over the great house looking up their treasure eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off, rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children's toys that gather in a nursery closet. Some small feathered chickens and parrots which nodded their heads in obedience to a weight beneath them were furnished with new tail feathers, lambs minus much of their wool were supplied with a cotton wool substitute, rag dolls were plumped out and recovered with clean cloth, and the young ladies painted their fat faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes."

When the orphans received their gifts, "the different gradations from joy to ecstasy which illuminated their faces was 'worth two years of peaceful life' to see."

Taken from the web page of the Civil War Trust, <http://www.civilwar.org/education/history/on-the-homefront/culture/christmas-in-the-confederacy.html>

President Jefferson Davis, CSA:

"I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came, and now it must go on unless you acknowledge our right to self government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for Independence."



Visit the camp web site at:

<http://www.scvcamp635.org>

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Trivia Question:

This month's question asks:

When artillery used round shot, where did they aim when firing on an attacking force?

November's question asked:

What Union commander's HQ was described as a "bar room and brother"?

The answer: Major General Joseph Hooker.



Commander's Column

Commander Jackson has no column this month

Christmas in the Confederacy

Excerpts below were written by Varina Davis, the wife of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, describing Christmas of 1864 in the Confederate White House in Richmond, Virginia.

"For as Christmas season was ushered in under the darkest clouds, everyone felt the cataclysm which impended but the rosy, expectant faces of our little children were a constant reminder that self-sacrifice must be the personal offering of each member of the family."

Due to the blockades around Confederate states, families could not find certain types of food and merchandise for their holiday celebrations, and available items were outrageously priced. The Southerners had to substitute many of the ingredients in the favorite Christmas recipes, and they had to make most of their gifts and tree decorations.

In Richmond, where Confederate President Jefferson Davis and his family lived, it was discovered that the orphans at the Episcopalian home had been previously promised a Christmas tree, toys, and candy. The excerpt below shows how the people of Richmond creatively worked together to bring Christmas to the orphans in spite of the war's shortages.

"The kind-hearted confectioner was interviewed by our committee of managers, and he promised a certain amount of his simpler kinds of candy, which he sold easily a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, or sugared fruits to hang on the tree, and all the other vestiges of Christmas creations which had lain on his hands for years. The ladies dispersed in anxious squads of toy-hunters, and each one turned over the store of her children's treasures for a contribution to the orphan's

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