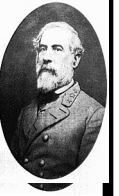


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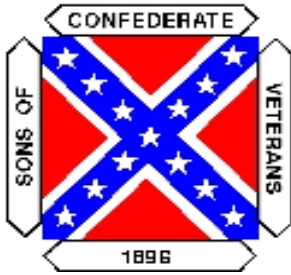
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Sons of Confederate Veterans

Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

* Volume LII * * PO Box 2722, Ridgeland, MS 39158 * * December 2023 * * Number 12*



December Meeting Christmas Social

As in the past, the December meeting will be a Christmas social and not a regular meeting. Note the earlier meeting date of Monday, December the 11th to avoid conflict with Christmas.

Spouses are welcome, and everyone is encouraged to bring a favorite holiday dish to celebrate. Hopefully, the Dixie Hummingbirds and perhaps other musicians will be available to brighten the holiday festivities.

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

When: December 11, 2023, 6:00 pm.
Where: Masonic Lodge, 7454 Old Canton Road, Madison, MS



And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

*Luke 2:15-19
(KJV)*

November Report

The Flags of Mississippi

The program was presented by Nan Prince with the Mississippi Department of Archives and History.

FRANCIS KEY HOWARD

"Oh, say can you see....?"

In 1862 parts of Maryland were under Union enforced martial law, one of its political prisoners in Baltimore was the grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Photo: Francis Key Howard

DTH



Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

On December 22, 1862, General John Hunt Morgan started on what many say was one of his most brilliant exploits: his "Christmas Raid" into Kentucky. From Alexandria, TN he marched north, getting as far north as Shephardsville, KY before beginning his retreat. He fought the Yankees almost every day and destroyed the L&N Railroad, a main Union supply line for a long distance. He captured almost 2,000 Yankees, killed and wounded a significant number, and destroyed almost two million bucks in Yankee property. His own loss was two killed and twenty four wounded. He came back to Tennessee in early January and received a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress for his efforts.

But one little incident on the "Christmas Raid" caught my attention, and I relate it to you. Captain George Eastin and Captain Alexander Tribble of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry were on the raid. The command was leaving Kentucky on December 30, "rather precipitately," as Captain Eastin put it, when the two got permission from Morgan to make a slight detour to see if boots could be procured for some of the men who were without. Riding ahead of the column, the two men went into a small town but were not successful in finding boots at the only store in the town.

The store owner however told them that Yankee cavalry had been passing through the town all day and they needed to head to safety. Taking this advice, the two men shortly came upon two Confederates riding in the wrong direction. Turning these two stragglers around, the four men headed back toward Morgan's column.

The two officers then decided that as they had failed to procure boots the least they could do was get two fresh horses. They were in the process of exchanging their horses for some fresh ones (the views of the horses' owners on this swap were not revealed) when three Confederates came tearing by them. The three men said the whole Yankee army was after them, but when Eastin looked he could only see three Yankees in sight. His efforts to calm the three fugitives were in vain and off they took, taking one of the men the two officers had met with them.

This left three Yankees chasing three Confederates, but the three Yankees were armed with pistols and carbines, while the Confederates only had pistols. The officers agreed a retreat was in order and down the road they went. As the good guys passed over a hill, out of sight of the Yanks, they turned off the road and prepared an ambush. The first Yankee came over the hill and rode right into Tribble, who shot and missed, as did the Yankee. Tribble's pistol then misfired so Tribble jerked the Yankee off his horse and jumped on the ground on the Yank. This Yankee promptly surrendered.

The next Yankee was Colonel Dennis J. Halisey. He fired at Eastin and Eastin
(Continued on page 3)

Visit the camp web site at:
<http://www.scvcamp635.org>

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

DISCLAIMER: The views and opinions expressed by contributors to this newsletter are not necessarily the views or opinions of this editor, the Jefferson Davis Camp 635, or any member thereof.



January 22, 2024

Plans to be determined

February 26, 2024

Plans to be determined

March 25, 2024

Plans to be determined

May 27, 2024

Plans to be determined

July 22, 2024

Plans to be determined

August 26, 2024

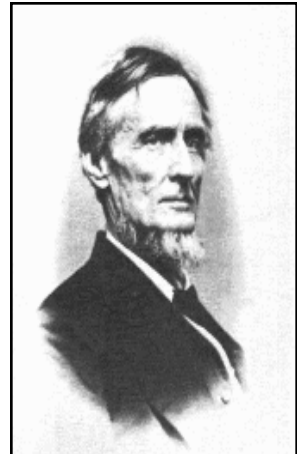
Plans to be determined

September 23, 2024

Plans to be determined

October 28, 2024

Plans to be determined



Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR JESUS

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of ALL flesh. Is there anything too hard for me?" Jeremiah 32:27 NKJV!

"Jesus come to us in the BROKENNESS of our heath in the SHIPWRECK of our family lives, in the LOSS of ALL possible peace of mind, even in the very thick of our sins!" - Robert Capon

Sincerely,

Rev. Glenn D. Shows
Chaplain

(Continued from page 2)

did the same, and both missed. Halisey was ten feet from Eastin when Eastin leveled his pistol at the Yankee, who promptly surrendered, saying "I am your prisoner, sir." Eastin put out his hand and demanded Halisey's pistols, but instead of handing his arms over, Halisey reached out, grabbed Eastin's collar, and shot at Eastin twice. The pistol was so close that the flash blinded Eastin for a minute but instinctively Eastin threw his pistol up and fired. The shot hit Halisey in the temple and killed him instantly.

No sooner had this event occurred when the third Yankee dashed up. Taking in the situation this fellow instantly surrendered. Eastin and Tribble took their two captives back to Morgan's column, without boots but with a tale worth relating.

Merry Christmas fellows. I enjoy the fellowship of being with the men of the Jefferson Davis Camp more than I can express, and thank you for the many kindnesses Melissa and I receive from all of you.



A QUOTE FROM ONE OF MORGAN'S MEN

"That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake." Basil L. Geldersleeve, "The Creed of the South," January 1892.

Photo: Morgan's Raiders, Alexandria, Tennessee, December 21, 1862, by Mort Kunstler
DTH

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

It was Christmas Eve 1942. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas.

We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Daddy wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible. After supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Daddy to get down the old Bible.

I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Daddy didn't get the Bible instead he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

Soon he came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now he was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew he was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my coat. Mommy gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what..

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Daddy was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Daddy pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed.

"I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high side boards on.

Then Daddy went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all Fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. I asked, "what are you doing?" You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. Mrs. Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what?

Yeah," I said, "Why?"

"I rode by just today," he said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, he called a halt to our loading then we went to the smoke house and

(Continued on page 5)



(Continued from page 4)

he took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

"What's in the little sack?" I asked. Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Mrs. Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Daddy was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was he buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?" "Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?"

Mrs. Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Mrs. Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Daddy said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then he handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children - sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at my Daddy like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," he said. Then turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up." I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people.

I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Daddy handed them each a piece of candy and Mrs. Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of my Daddy in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Daddy had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Mommy and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Daddy insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. My Daddy took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Daddy and I was glad that I still had mine.

(Continued on page 6)

At the door he turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away.

Mrs. Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, May the Lord bless you, I know for certain that He will."

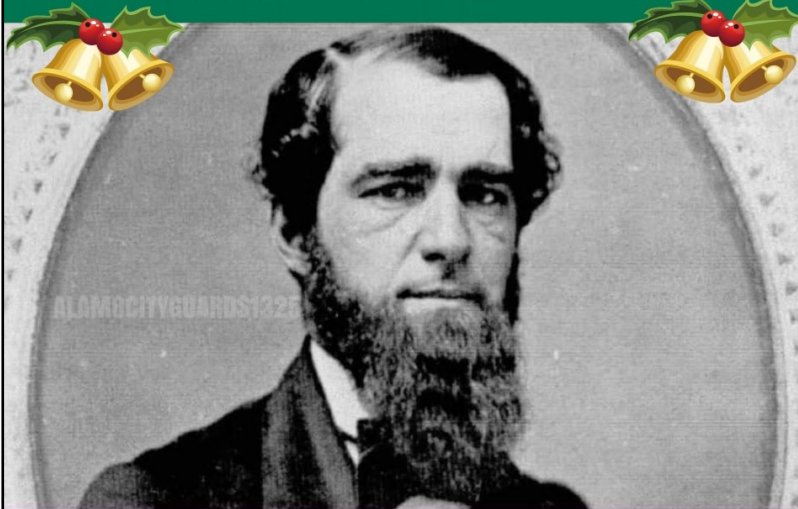
Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Daddy turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your Mother and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough.

Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your Mom and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Daddy had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. He had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Mrs. Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children. For the rest of my life, Whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside of my Daddy that night. He had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

Editor's note: This was taken from a post on Facebook that was originally published by Harvey Patterson in 2019. It has subsequently been shared by many. I may have published this previously; frankly, I don't remember. It's a good story for any time of year but especially for the Christmas season.

LITTLE KNOWN FACT: THE AUTHOR OF "JINGLE BELLS"



WAS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER OF THE 5TH GEORGIA CAVALRY NAMED JAMES LORD PIERPONT. HE ALSO WROTE OTHER SOUTHERN SONGS SUCH AS, "OUR BATTLE FLAG, STRIKE FOR THE SOUTH & WE CONQUER OR DIE"



**“[The North] talks to us of the sin of slavery, when the only difference between us is that our slaves are black and theirs white. They treat their white slaves, the Irish and Dutch, in a cruel manner, giving them during health just enough to purchase coarse clothing, and when they become sick they are turned off to starve, as they do by hundreds every year.”
Bill Arp, 1902.**

DON'T CONFUSE THEM WITH THE FACTS - IGNORANCE IS BLISS...

I believe the majority of Northerners do not care enough about the War Between the States and Reconstruction to dig deeper into first person accounts and come to their own conclusions. There is no burning desire to know the truth. The truth is of little importance to them. What is more important to them is that warm, fuzzy feeling they get from their text books filled with the Yankee myth of history. It is much easier to rest in the comfort of the easy chair called 'self-righteousness' and point their finger South remaining totally oblivious to the truth.

If SLAVERY was the issue; don't you think they would be worried about how it exists in the 21st Century more than the 19th Century?? But that would require action... not just calling someone names while perched on their moral high ground. If they really cared; they would be more concerned about doing something about it, then spewing their hate filled rhetoric.

DTH



Editor's Note: I published this a few years back. It has always been one of my favorite Christmas season stories. The text is a bit long and I felt it needed some breaks for readability so I inserted blank lines after each twelve lines of the poem. If you'd like to hear the original recording, it can be heard on YouTube at URL https://youtu.be/amLVJ2_TBn4 .

The Christmas Guest

It happened one day near December's end
 Two neighbors called on an old time friend
 And they found his shop so meager and mean
 Made gay with a thousand bows of green
 And Conrad was sittin' with face ashined
 When he suddenly stopped as he stiched a twine
 And he said "Oh friends at dawn today
 When the cock was crowin' the night away
 The Lord appeared in a dream to me
 And said 'I'm comin' your guest to be.'
 So I've been busy with feet astir
 And strewin' my shop with branches of fir

The table is spread and the kettle is shined
 And over the rafters the holly is twined
 And Now I'll wait for my Lord to appear
 And listen closely so I will hear His step
 As He nears my humble place
 And I'll open the door and look on His face"
 So his friends went home and left Conrad alone
 For this was the happiest day he'd known
 For long since his family had passed away
 And Conrad had spent many a sad Christmas day
 But he knew with the Lord as his Christmas guest
 This Christmas would be the dearest and best

So he listened with only joy in his heart
 And with every sound he would rise with a start
 And look for the Lord to be at his door
 Like the vision he'd had a few hours before
 So he ran to the window after hearin' a sound
 But all he could see on the snow-covered ground
 Was a shabby begger who's shoes were torn
 And all of his clothes were ragged and worn
 But Conrad was touched and he went to the door
 And he said "your feet must be frozen and sore
 I have some shoes in my shop for you
 And a coat that'll keep you warmer too"

So with grateful heart, the man went away
 But Conrad noticed the time of day
 And he wondered what made the Lord so late
 And how much longer he'd have to wait
 When he heard a knock he ran to the door
 But it was only a stranger once more
 A bent ol' lady with a shawl of black
 With a bundle of kindlin' piled on her back
 She asked for only a place to rest

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

But that was reserved for Conrad's great guest
 But her voice seemed to plead "Don't send me away
 Let me rest for awhile on Christmas day"

So Conrad brewed her a steamin' cup
 And told her to sit at the table and sup
 But after she left he was filled with dismay
 For he saw that the hours were slippin' away
 And the Lord hadn't come as He said He would
 And Conrad felt sure he'd misunderstood
 When out of the stillness he heard a cry
 "Please help me, and tell me where am I!"
 So again he opened his friendly door
 And stood disappointed as twice before
 It was only a child who'd wandered away
 And was lost from her family on Christmas day

Again, Conrad's heart was heavy and sad
 But he knew he should make the little girl glad
 So he called her in and he wiped her tears
 And quieted all her childish fears
 Then he led her back to her home once more
 But as he entered his own darkened door
 He knew that the Lord was not comin' today
 For the hours of Christmas had passed away
 So he went to his room and he knelt down to pray
 And he said "Dear Lord, why did You delay?
 What kept You from comin' to call on me?
 For I wanted so much Your Face to see"

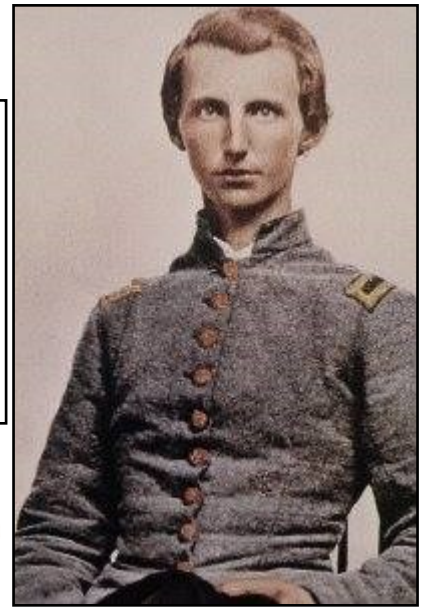
When soft in the silence, a voice he heard
 "Lift up your head, for I kept my word
 Three times my shadow crossed your floor
 And three times I came to your lonely door
 For I was the beggar with bruised, cold feet
 And I was the woman you gave somethin' to eat
 And I was the child on the homeless street.
 Three times I knocked and three times I came in
 And each time I found the warmth of a friend
 Of all the gifts love is the best
 And I was honored to be your Christmas guest."



CAPTAIN TODD CARTER

He was killed at the Battle of Franklin, Tenn., on the family farm, within 100 yards of the house where he was born and where his family sought refuge in the basement. After the battle, with a lantern in hand, his father wandered over the battlefield all night looking for his son. After his body was found, Todd was taken to the house where his mother and sisters cleaned his body and prepared him for burial.

DTH



CAMP MEMBER SALUTES THE "DIXIE HUMMINGBIRDS"

Compatriot John Sullivan has provided a recent picture of the camp's resident musical talent, the "Dixie Hummingbirds" and saluted them, saying: "Every Camp should be so lucky to have Stewart and Tubb find and then memorize period war ballads and songs to entertain its members at the beginning of each SCV meeting."

Seated:
Murry Stewart (left)
Joe Tubb (right)

Standing:
Camp Commander Vince "Sandy"
Jackson





FERNANDO WOOD

January 6th 1861-New York Mayor Fernando Wood proposes that if the Union is dissolved, New York should become a free city, trading with both the North and the South.

Wood proposed support for the Confederate States during the War, suggesting to the New York City Council that New York City secede from the Union and declare itself a free city in order to continue its profitable cotton trade with the Confederacy. Wood's Democratic machine was concerned to maintain the revenues (which depended on Southern cotton) that maintained the patronage. Wood was one of many New York Democrats sympathetic to the Confederacy, called 'Copperheads' by the staunch Unionists.

The New York city council rejected his idea, New York City commercial interests wanted to retain their relations with the South, but within the Union.

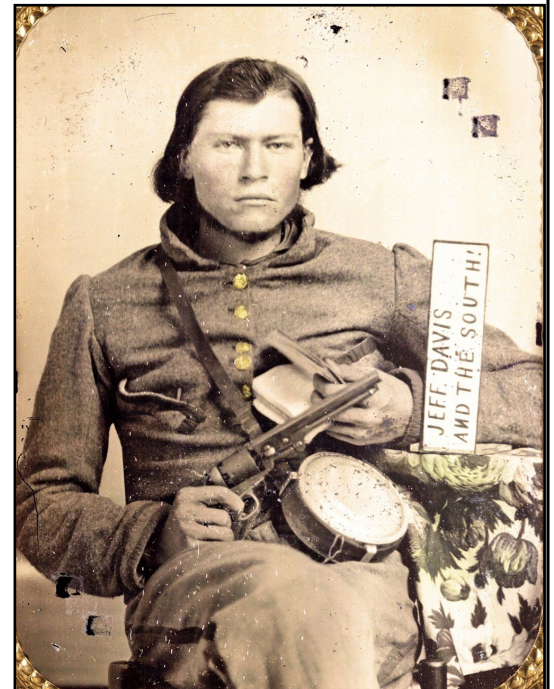
Photo: Cartoon of Mayor Wood depicting his Copperhead leaning.

DTH

THOMAS ISAIAH BOOKER

Thomas Isaiah Booker in Confederate uniform with Colt navy revolver, book, tin drum canteen, and sign reading Jeff Davis and the South! Thomas was a soldier from Louisiana either Co. D, 8th Louisiana Cavalry Regiment; Co. B, 28th Louisiana Infantry Regiment, or Co. B, 29th Louisiana Infantry Regiment. Soldier identified by his great granddaughter Suella Booker Cooper.

DTH



???

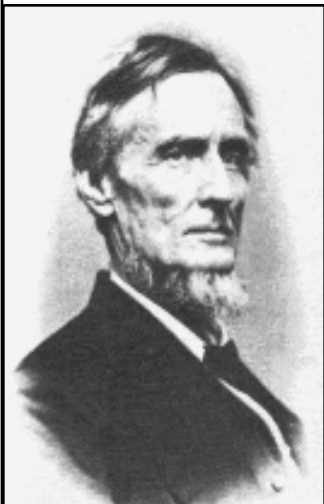
Trivia Question:

December's question asks: What famous person in the war said, "War means fightin' and fightin' means killin'?"

November's question asked:

A Franklin-related question, what was the location where Hood established his battle observation station? The location gave him a view of the entire approach to the Federal earthworks.

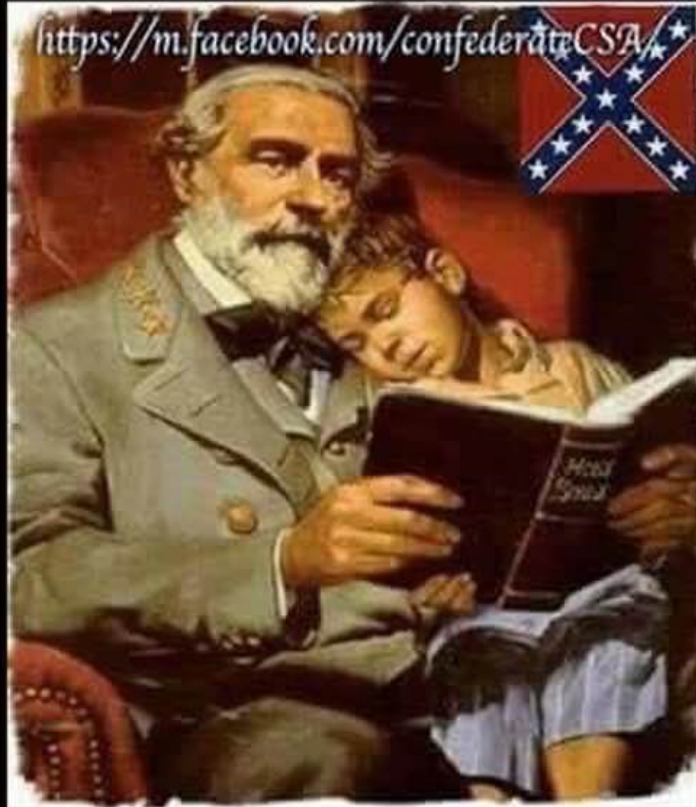
The answer:
Winstead Hill



Commander's Column

Commander Jackson has no column this month

The righteous man walks in his integrity;



His children are blessed after him.

Prov 20.7

**Jefferson Davis Camp #635
Sons of Confederate
Veterans
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Jackson, MS 39236-6945**

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