



# Rebelle



**Sons of Confederate Veterans**  
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

\* Volume XLI \* \* PO Box 16945, Jackson, MS 39236 \* \* March 2012 \* \* Number 3\*



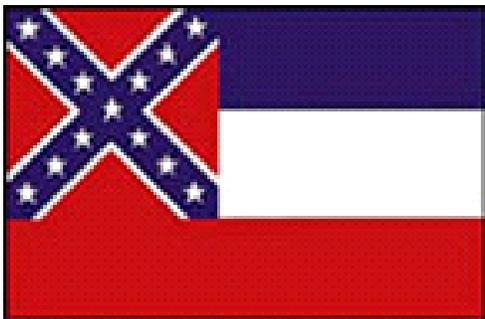
## **March Meeting Todd Sanders, MDAH**

The program for the March meeting will be presented by Todd Sanders from the MS Dept. of Archives and History. Tentatively, his subject will be Corinth in 1860 based on a sketchbook of architecture from that year.

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

**When:** March 27, 2012. 5:00pm.  
**Where:** Municipal Art Gallery, State St., Jackson.

*See you there!*



**T**hen cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

**B**ut John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

**A**nd Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

**A**nd Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

**A**nd lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Matthew 3:13-17  
(KJV)

## *February Meeting Report*

### **Show and Tell**

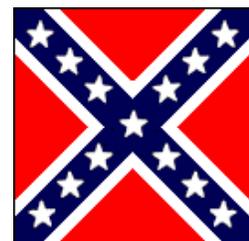
The February meeting was an informal presentation by a variety of compatriots who brought various WBTS related items to show to the group. So many compatriots participated that we exhausted the time and had to postpone some presentations to a later meeting.

Compatriot Dan Duggan presented his "this day in the WBTS" for February 28.

Wayne Anderson provided a couple of songs.

*"Abuse of words has been the great instrument of sophistry and chicanery, of party, faction, and division of society."*

- John Adams



## Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

By now most of you will have heard that Bert Hayes-Davis, the direct descendant of Jefferson Davis, is going to become the new Executive Director down at Beauvoir. I view this as a very good, positive development for Beauvoir and hopefully a step that will open a bright new future for Beauvoir. More importantly, maybe this will be a new beginning in putting Beauvoir on a sound financial footing that will ensure this landmark's future for all time.

Face it fellows, given today's hostile environment for anything and everything Confederate, historical landmarks and battlefields are the best chance we have to get our ancestor's story out in anything like an objective, honest, version. Did anybody see that blurb in the paper the other day about NASCAR nixing the old Dukes of Hazard vehicle, the "General Lee" from running a lap at Daytona? Seems that the powers that be were shocked to find--gasp, horrors--that the "General Lee" had a Confederate flag painted on the top of the car. Worried the sensitive bunch that attends stock car races might be offended, the car was given the chop.

At my old hunting club we had two different levels of fines, one for common stupidity and a heavier levy for extraordinary stupidity. You can imagine which category I put the NASCAR people in. But this type of mentality makes it all the more important that institutions like Beauvoir, the Confederate Museum in Richmond, and Memorial Hall in New Orleans remain viable.

But speaking of Bert Hayes-Davis makes me think of Davis Island, below Vicksburg, or Palmyra Island as we called it. I have written before of how my father and grandfather hunted on the place and their many visits to the "Briarfield" house. In the early part of the Depression the Davis heirs must have expressed some interest in selling the property and my grandfather, accompanied by my father, took a boat trip down to inspect the property at length. My father told me on the way back he asked his father what he was going to do about buying the land. The reply was "I don't know, son, you know they are asking a dollar an acre for it." A lot of money in those days and times.

*(Continued on page 3)*

Send address corrections to:  
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**Jefferson Davis Camp #635, SCV**  
**1737 Bridgers Drive**  
**Raymond, MS 39154**

Visit the camp web site at: <http://www.scvcamp635.org>  
**A new web design program has been obtained that will run on newer computers so the web site has recently been updated for the first time in about a year.**



## Calendar

### March 27, 2012

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### April 24, 2012

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### April 29?, 2012

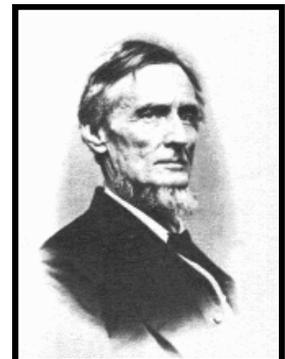
Confederate Memorial Day observance at Greenwood Cemetery

### May 28, 2012

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### June 26, 2012

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery



# Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

William W. Bennett, D.D., a Chaplain in the Confederate Army, published a narrative in 1876 entitled "The Great Revival in the Confederate Armies." One chapter told of the ministry of various chaplains who distributed religious tracts to the soldiers. One particularly poignant story follows.

"Richard Knill was preparing himself for the work of a missionary when he heard that a military company of about a thousand men was about to be disbanded and sent to their homes. He resolved to distribute among them the choicest religious tracts, with the hope that they would benefit not only the soldiers themselves, but the families and the homes to which they were about to return. 'I proceeded,' he tells us, 'to the grenadiers, who were all pleased, until I came to one merry-andrew kind of a fellow. He took the tract and held it up, swore at it, and asked, 'Are you going to convert me?'

"I said, 'Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt the tract, but swearing will injure your soul.'

"Who are you?' he exclaimed. 'Form a circle round him,' said he to his comrades, 'and I will swear at him.'

"They did so; he swore fearfully, and I wept. The tears moved the feelings of the other men, and they said, 'Let him go; he means to do us good.'

"So I distributed my thousand tracts, and left them in the care of Him who said, 'My word shall not return unto me void.'

"Many years after I had taken leave of these soldiers I returned from India to my native country and visited Ilfracombe. There I was invited to preach in the open air, a few miles distant. Preparations were made for my visit, and during the time that I was preaching, I saw a tall, gray-headed man in the crowd, weeping, and a tall young man, who looked like his son, standing by his side, and weeping also. At the conclusion of the service they both came up to me, and the father said: 'Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstable, some years ago?'

"Yes."

"Do you recollect anything particular of that distribution?"

"Yes, I recollect one of the grenadiers swore at me 'til he made me weep."

"Stop, said he, 'Oh sir, I am the man! I never forgave myself for that wicked act. But I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now, let me ask, will you forgive me?'"

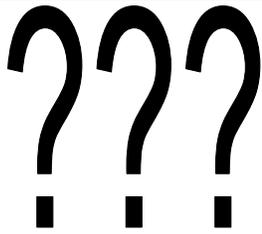
"It quite overcame me for the moment, and we parted with a prayer that we might meet in heaven. Is not this encouragement? May we not well say, one tract may save a soul."

"Rain and snow fall from the sky, but they don't return without watering the earth that produces seeds to plant and grain to eat. That's how it is with my words. They don't return to me without doing everything I send them to do." (Isaiah 55:10-11)

Sincerely,  
Hubert W. Miazza  
Chaplain

*(Continued from page 2)*

But fast forward 50 years to my own trip to Davis Island to turkey hunt in 1977. A flood had just subsided and the camp we were using was covered with a fine layer of mud. The generator was on strike so there was no power or lights, other than the lanterns we brought. I was the youngest in the party by some twenty years and inherited the lion's share of "muscle work," so I was one worn out hunter by the first bedtime. I fell asleep instantly only to be jolted by a blood curdling yell any Apache would have been proud of. It seems a mouse had run across another hunter's face. By the time all had calmed back down and I was dead to the world once more another uproar broke out that made me jump five feet and sent my heart into my throat for good. A raccoon had sauntered into the cabin and begun to help himself to the food supply, waking another fellow up. When that man began to stir the coon remembered an important engagement he had elsewhere and in his haste to leave knocked half the cabin over. I never will forget Davis Island.



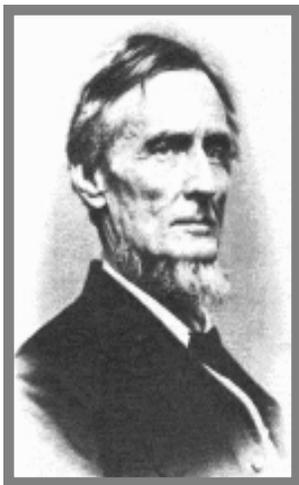
**Trivia Question:**

This month's question asks:

Who was Lieutenant Harry Buford C.S.A.?

January's question asked: When a soldier mentioned his "housewife" in camp, to what did he refer?

The answer:  
A sewing kit.



# Commander's Column

Compatriots,

I have a confession to make! Yes, I admit that I have a girlfriend, and it's really an extra special relationship. What would you think if I were to say that, outside of my marriage, this is the most special relationship I've ever had. My wife, bless her soul, has even acknowledged and encouraged my extramarital friendship with this little lady.

Now the good part! The things that really enticed me to enter this relationship are the greetings and the extra show of love that seem to overflow every time we get together. Another highlight that captivates me so much is the affectionate manner in which she conducts herself every time we get together. Needless to say, she is always ready to accompany me whenever and wherever I want to go.

Now for the bottom line and the parting shot with which I want to leave you and cause you to consider:

*Dear Lord, please help me to be the person my dog thinks I am!*

This is dedicated to my faithful dog and girlfriend, **Miss Molly!**

Deo Vindice,

Mike Rodgers, Commander  
Forward the Colors

Remember: There are only two things that do not lie---math and truth.

Jefferson Davis Camp #635  
Sons of Confederate Veterans  
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