



Reveille



Sons of Confederate Veterans
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

* Volume XXXIX * War Memorial Building, Jackson, MS 39201 * November 2010 * Number 11*



November Meeting Historic Restoration — An Architect's View

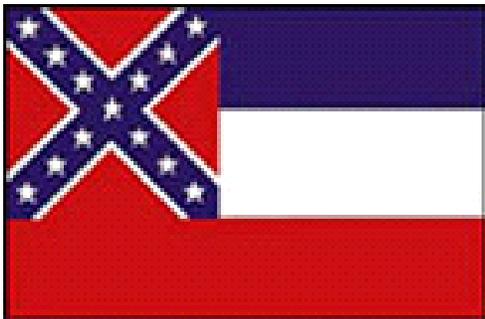
Ron Stowers has arranged for Robert Parker Adams, local architect, to speak on historic site restorations from an architect's point of view. Mr. Adams has worked on the Coker House and Old Capitol restorations.

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

When: November 23, 2010. 5:00 pm.

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

See you there!



O give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Psalm 107:1-7
(KJV)

October Meeting Report

Battle of Franklin "Five Hours in the Valley of Death"

The October program was a showing of the excellent documentary on the Battle of Franklin produced by Wide Awake Films. Much of the reenacted battle footage was shot in a reenactment staged near Franklin in the Springhill, TN area. Past Commander Emmett Eaton was one of a number of local re-actors that took part in this event. Our thanks to Peter Miazza for providing the DVD and projection capability.

Past Comm. Eaton gave a short history "this day in the WBTS" subbing for Compatriot Dan Duggan who was absent.

Murry Stewart, the lone "Hummingbird" present, did a few songs for the camp's enjoyment. He also showed a sample of his "Dixie Homeland Security" t-shirt from his production run. He now has a number of these for sale for \$15 each.

Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

Ward Calhoun is always sending me interesting information and this month's column will be about a person he alerted me to, Bishop Thomas Frank Gailor of Tennessee, who was the head of the University of the South from 1908 to 1935. I suspect his experiences as a child during the War were similar to those endured by many Southern youngsters.

Gailor was born in 1856, and when the War broke out in 1861 the family was living in Memphis. His father joined the Confederate Army, the 7th Tennessee Infantry and of course was off in the service when Memphis fell to the Yankees in 1862. Although such a youngster, the looting, stealing and burning the federals unleashed on Memphis made a real impression on Gailor. Many of the members of two of the most undisciplined regiments were recruited from the Missouri State prison. Gailor goes on to tell how in 1880 while in Illinois he met a man who had been the warden at the Illinois Penitentiary during this time, who boasted of the number of criminals who had been released in order to join the Union army.

Gailor's father was killed at the Battle of Perryville. Shortly after getting this sad news their little sister died. Gailor remembered how a crowd of Yankee soldiers came in the house and pried upon the coffin lid "to see if arms were concealed in it."

In 1863 Gailor accompanied his mother and another woman in a wagon ride from Memphis to Jackson, carrying the body of the other woman's soldier brother. A Confederate spy asked Mrs. Gailor to carry a report to Gen. Forrest and Mrs. Gailor sewed the report in Gailor's jacket, along with letters from women to soldiers.

After the fall of Vicksburg the mother and son went to Chattanooga to try to learn something about Mr. Gailor's death. During the train ride, as they approached a tunnel, a Confederate paymaster gave his mother a satchel full of money destined for the army in Chattanooga, to hold while the train went through the long tunnel. The officer voiced his fear that he would be jumped in the tunnel but felt the money would be safe with a woman. As they went into the dark tunnel Gailor's mother called out to him that someone was trying to steal the satchel, so Gailor grabbed the hand and bit it with all his might. The satchel was saved and safely delivered.

When they returned to Memphis, a woman came to their house with Captain Gailor's sword and spurs tied up under her hoop skirt. Where she came from and how she got the items, Gailor never knew. The sword was hidden under a mattress but some Union soldiers found it and confiscated it as a "weapon." Mrs. Gailor immediately went to the Union commander in Memphis and demanded the sword's return, saying "if you were killed in battle your wife would want your sword." The Union officer immediately

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



Calendar

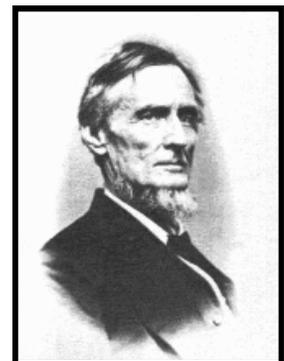
November 23, 2010
 Regular meeting of
 Camp 635 at the
 Municipal Art Gallery

December 14?, 2010
 Regular meeting of
 Camp 635 at the
 Municipal Art Gallery

January 25, 2011
 Regular meeting of
 Camp 635 at the
 Municipal Art Gallery

February 22, 2011
 Regular meeting of
 Camp 635 at the
 Municipal Art Gallery

March 22, 2011
 Regular meeting of
 Camp 635 at the
 Municipal Art Gallery



Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

November marks the traditional beginning of our holiday season. Our temperatures have moderated and we have received refreshing rains. We have gone to the polls in an historic election. We pay tribute to our veterans on the 11th of this month, and we have our annual Thanksgiving observance on the 25th. We have much for which to be thankful. Will your Thanksgiving observance be centered around a sumptuous meal, football or other leisure activities? Will it include a time for giving thanks to the One from whom all blessings flow?

The following hymn, ***For the Beauty of the Earth***, expresses praise to God for his great gifts to us.

For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies:

For the wonder of each hour of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light:

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild:

For thy church that evermore lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore her pure sacrifice of love:

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony Linking sense to sound and sight:

For thyself, best Gift Divine! To our race so freely given;

For that great, great love of thine, peace on earth and joy in heaven
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

(Continued from page 4)

their legacy, their way of life, their values, integrity and character, to stand for what is Right. Compatriots, we come from good stock, and I ask you to convey this to your family and friends during this Thanksgiving season, a time when more people travel back home than any other time of the year.

It is my hope and prayer that all have a good time together, and may God continue to bless each of us as we strive to commemorate and uphold the good name and values of The Fighting Forces of The Confederate States of America. I do not recall who made the statement, but it is true about the South and bears repeating, "never before have so few, done so much, with so little".

I hope to see you at our next meeting, and bring a recruit. New members are the life blood of Camp 635, and the fellowship together is much akin to a family. Come early and enjoy snacks provided by our Quartermasters.

Deo Vindice
Randy Rogers,
Camp Commander

May your Thanksgiving observance truly be a time for thanksgiving.

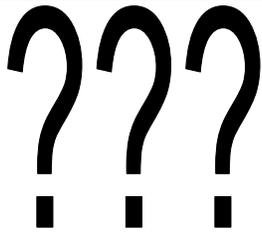
Sincerely,
Hubert W. Miazza
Chaplain

Happy Thanksgiving!

(Continued from page 2)

had it returned to her. As he wrote this story Gailor said the sword was hanging on his wall, along with the spurs.

By the time he was eight Bishop Gailor had experienced more excitement than the vast majority of people experience in their lives. His interesting narrative shows once more how vicious, cruel, wanton, greedy and criminal was the Yankee treatment of the civilian population of the South, and civilian property in the South.



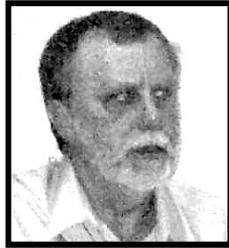
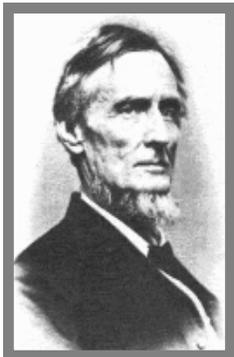
Trivia Question:

This month's question asks:

By what affectionate nickname did Nathan Bedford Forrest, CSA, refer to his cavalry units?

October's question asked: What was the largest city in the Confederacy at the beginning of the war?

The answer:
New Orleans



Commander's Column

TO MY FELLOW COMPATRIOTS:

From all reports our last meeting was a learning experience about the Battle of Franklin. Thanks to Compatriot Mike Rodgers for arranging this informative presentation and to Compatriot Peter Miazza for providing the DVD and equipment to project it.

Another year has almost come and gone and we are at the Thanksgiving season again. This is a rich and meaningful time to all of us in the South, enjoyed with family and friends alike. It is my hope and prayer that each of you have a wonderful time together this year, and as always, value this time spent with family and friends, and try to squeeze in a few lessons about our ancestors that Defended Dixie. We must take it upon ourselves to educate the youngsters about their heritage, or they will not know, and possibly never develop an interest in that for which our forefathers fought and died.

Thanksgiving is a time to give thanks and share not only kindness, but stories of old about our families and friends; what more appropriate place to engage in this but the South.

Recently I did some research on the song, "The Night They Drove Ole Dixie Down". I was amazed at the amount of information on the internet about it, and what it meant to such a myriad of people that had written comments about it. Some good, some bad and some I wanted to strangle for their misinterpretation of events that caused the War of Northern Aggression in the first place. The song tells a story that we can all relate to from our commonality of Ancestors that took a stand back in 1861-1865.

Our Ancestors were proud and brave, and nothing anyone can say or write shall ever change that. So many of the young, and old, citizens of Dixie were involved, not only individually, but the whole of families became connected to the struggle for independence when the Yankees invaded our native homeland. When Dixie fell in 1865, it was indeed a sad day, or night, for all the inhabitants of the South. Though finally defeated on the battlefield, they were yet defiant to move forward against all odds, ever looking to a better day for all dwelling within Dixie.

Even before this unpleasantness, many of our Ancestors struggled. They were the ones that pioneered the way down to Dixie into unknown territory, braving all the trials and tribulations associated therewith. They worked not only individually, but collectively, to build a better way of life and create traditions that exist yet today.

I say all this to remind us all of the struggles our forefathers went through, so we do not forget
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