



Sons of Confederate Veterans

Lt. John T. Bullock
Camp No. 2205

Christmas Issue
2012

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Camp News

Commander
Joseph Dickerson

Lt. Commander
Chris Powell

Adjutant
George Kearney

Historian
Frank Keller

We hope everybody had a great Thanksgiving this year. As you all know, we didn't have our monthly meeting for the month of November because our normal meeting day would have fallen on Election Day. The members of Camp 2205 felt that our duty to vote outweighed the importance of a single meeting. In the month of December, we will have a family gathering to celebrate Christmas.

THERE WILL BE NO MEETING FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

But, the conference room at Bob's BBQ in Creedmoor has been reserved for us on December 8th, starting at 6pm for our family get together. Please attend if you can, bring your family, and anyone else that you would like to have there also.

**We hope to see
you there!**

Dedication of the Immortal Six Hundred

On October 27, 2012 the dedication of the monument to the Immortal Six Hundred was held at Ft. Pulaski on Tybee Island near Savannah, GA. Camp Historian Frank Keller, his daughter Alexis, and fellow Camp 2205 member Brandon Yarboro were fortunate enough to be present to witness this important moment in history.

Mr. Keller took several photographs of the event, and he has been kind enough to share them with us. I hope you enjoy the images on the following pages, and please be sure to thank Frank for his contribution to the newsletter.













Message from the Commander

During the holiday season, it is appropriate to reflect on the year that has passed. 2012 has been an excellent year for our camp, filled with challenges and a great number of successes. Because of our hard work and dedication, we should be extremely proud of what we've achieved this year. We did something we can always be proud of, that can never be taken away from us by chartering a new camp. Although it is a work in progress, we've planted a seed or awakened a sleeping spirit. Space doesn't permit to address each of you individually, but I will continue to commend you in person! It is you that have brought us this far and you will carry us forward with the Cause, and our Camp will increase! Camp #2205 is moving forward! We are only three members away from achieving our one year membership goal of twenty members with three months remaining. I thank each of you for your support over the past year and I cherish your friendship and support in the years to

come. I am 100% committed to our organization and I am looking forward to the growth of our camp in upcoming years. We are currently planning many projects for the new year, and spreading our love for our confederate heritage. To all of our new Compatriots, I welcome you into our ranks! We are glad you have joined us in preserving the history, heritage and legacy of the Confederate soldier. Our forefathers had time-honored traditions and values that were fought for, and there have been attempts to reconstruct those traditions for over 150 years. It is now up to us to defend 'The Charge' and do what we can within our power to uphold their values, in which we believe. This is why as southerners, we are members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. In closing, I hope that each of you will enjoy the holidays and I ask that you pause to remember Our Confederate Veterans and what they and their families endured years ago. We can all be truly thankful for the rich heritage bestowed upon us.

Message from our Camp Historian

In recent weeks I have found myself musing not only about the fate of the nation that we call home, but of the fate of it's history. We all know that the events of history do not change. Once deeds are done we can not go back to change them. What has changed however, is the way that the facts of history are being presented. We as Confederate compatriots know full well that since the final surrender of the Confederate military the Yankee government has made every effort to vilify our ancestors, and the cause that they so nobly stood for. With the passing of each generation we are separated farther from the truth of the events that took place between 1860 and 1865.

The textbook used to educate our young ones is the primary weapon of those who would see our Confederate ancestry unceremoniously tossed onto the ash heap of history. These books are debated and negotiated by committees who decide which "facts" of history are important enough to include, and which facts shall be neglected. Far too often our children are taught that their ancestors were racists, who not only owned slaves, but beat them unmercifully on a daily basis. They are never told that only a wealthy few possessed the means to obtain even one slave. Let alone many. They are never told that the common rebel

soldier fought for the safety of his family, the sovereignty of his homeland, and the rights granted to him by his maker. They are never taught that their Confederate ancestors sacrificed their livelihood, their fortunes, and all too often their very lives, so that future generations of southern children would know a life where the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness would be rightfully preserved, and they would be free of an all powerful federal government.

My fellow compatriots, It has been left to us to insure that these truths are never washed away from our history. We have an obligation to our ancestors, as well as a duty to our children to teach our youth what really happened in the events that led to a mass secession of the states from the union. We must convey to them the harshness of the sacrifices the southern people faced by standing for their principles, and instill in them the righteousness of the Confederate cause so that they may come to understand the honor of their heritage. We can not afford to rely on schools to give our children an unbiased course of study. Education starts at home, not in the classroom. It may take some time. But with the vigilance we can turn the tide of lies perpetuated by a government bent on erasing a hallmark of the past that could only serve to bring it shame.

Christmas Night of '62

The following is a poem by Confederate soldier William Gordon McCabe giving his thoughts on Christmas Night 1862.

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
the snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
and distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home

My saber swinging overhead,
gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
while fiercely drives the blinding snow,
and memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home again,
the old hall wreathed in mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years
comes borne the laughter faint and low,
the voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother kiss,
I see again the glad surprise
That lighted up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy -
Her face all radiant with they joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My saber swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
while fiercely drives the blinding snow
aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces are all gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
where lies the snow in drifting waves, -
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here tonight
but knows that loved ones far away
on bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
for me no yearning prayers arise
the lips are mute and closed the eyes -
My home is in the bivouac.

Santa Clause

First appearing in 1867 as part of Mrs. Louise Clack's Christmas Gift to Her Little Southern Friends, this wartime exchange between General Robert E. Lee and three young girls has become a bit of Yuletide warmth shared among Southerners.

Dear General Lee:

We think you are the goodest man that ever lived, and our auntie says you will go right straight to heaven when you die; so we want to ask you a question, for we want to know the truth about it, and we know that you always speak the truth.

Please tell us whether Santa Claus loves the little rebel children, for we think he don't; because he did not come to see us for four Christmas Eves. Auntie thinks you would not let him cross the lines, and we don't know how to find out unless we write and ask you. We all love you dearly, and we want to send you something; but we have not anything nice enough; we lost all our toys in the war. Birdie wants to send you one of our white kittens--the one with black ears; but Auntie thinks

maybe you don't like kittens. We say little prayers for you every night, dear General Lee, and ask God to make you ever so happy. Please let us know about Santa Claus as soon as you can; we want to know for something very, very, very particular; but we can't tell even you why until Christmas time, so please to excuse us.

Your little friends,

Lutie, Birdie, and Minnie

The above letter was sent the following day, and in about a week the answer was received:

My dear little friends:

I was very glad to receive your kind letter, and to know by it that I have the good wishes and prayers of three innocent little girls, named Lutie, Birdie, and Minnie.

I am very glad that you wrote about Santa Claus for I am able to tell you all about him. I can assure you he is one of the best

Santa Clause

friends that the little Southern girls have. You will understand this when I explain to you the reason of his not coming to see you for four years.

The first Christmas Eve of the war I was walking up and down in the camp ground, when I thought I heard a singular noise above my head; and on looking to find out from whence it came, I saw the queerest, funniest-looking little old fellow riding along in a sleigh through the air. On closer inspection, he proved to be Santa Claus.

Halt! Halt! I said; but at this the funny fellow laughed, and did not seem inclined to obey, so again I cried Halt! And he drove down to my side with a sleigh full of toys. I was very sorry for him when I saw the disappointed expression of his face when I told him he could go no further South; and when he exclaimed, Oh, what will my little Southern children do! I felt more sorry, for I love little children to be happy, and especially at Christmas. But of one thing I was certain--I knew my little friends would prefer me to do my duty, rather than have all the toys in the world; so I said: Santa Claus, take

every one of the toys you have back as far as Baltimore, sell them, and with the money you get buy medicines, bandages, ointments, and delicacies for our sick and wounded men; do it and do it quickly--it will be all right with the children.

Then Santa Claus sprang into his sleigh, and putting his hand to his hat in true military style, said: I obey orders, General, and away he went. Long before morning he came sweeping down into camp again, with not only everything I had ordered, but with many other things that our poor soldiers needed. And every Christmas he took the toy money and did the same thing; and the soldiers and I blessed him, for he clothed and fed many a poor soul who otherwise would have been cold and hungry. Now, do you not consider him a good friend? I hold him in high respect, and trust you will always do the same.

I should be pleased to hear from you again, my dear little girls, and I want you ever to consider me,

Your true friend,

General Robert E. Lee

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

by Davis, Mrs. Jefferson (Varina)

NOTE: From ragged copy; missing or fragmentary words are indicated as “[missing].”

Upon her writing (1896):

“While looking over the advertisements of the toys and everything else intended to make the children joyful in the columns of the city papers, I have been impressed with the contrast between the present time and the con-[missing] of the Southern country thirty-one years ago, but not withstanding the great facilities of the present time, have been unable to decide whether for the young it was not as gay then as now.”

Upon her reflections of a Christmas 31 years earlier (1864):

“For as Christmas season was ushered in under the darkest clouds, everyone felt the cataclysm which [missing] 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. How to

satisfy the children when nothing better could be done than the little makeshift attainable in the Confederacy was the problem of the older members of each household. There were no currants, raisins or other ingredients to fill the old Virginia recipe for mince pie. [Missing] the children considered that at least a slice of that much-coveted dainty was their right and the price of indigestion paid for it was a debt of honor [missing] from them to the season’s exactions. Apple trees grew and bore in spite of war’s alarms, so the foundation of the mixture was assured. The many excited housekeepers in Richmond had preserved all the fruits attainable, and these were substituted for the time-honored raisins and currants. The brandy [missing] for seasoning at one hundred dollars a bottle. [Missing] was forthcoming, the cider was obtained. Suet at a dollar a pound was ordered -- and the [missing] seemed a blessed certainty -- but the eggnog -- [missing] were the eggs and liquors to be procured -- without which Christmas would be a failure to the [missing].

Rice, flour, molasses and tiny pieces of meat, most of them sent to the

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

President's wife anonymously to be distributed to the poor, had all been weighed and issued, and the playtime of the family began, but like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans at the Episcopalian home had been promised a Christmas tree and the toys, candy and cakes must be provided, as well as one pretty prize for the most orderly girl among the orphans. 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 orphans' 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.

MAKESHIFT TOYS FOR THE ORPHANS

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.

But the tug of war was how to get something with which to decorate the orphans' tree. Our man servant, Robert Brown, was much interested and offered to make the prize toy. He contemplated a "sure enough house, with four rooms." His part in the domestic service was delegated to another and he gave himself over in silence and solitude to the labors of the architect.

My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which their blazed a roaring fire, which was pronounced marvelously realistic. We all

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

made furniture of twigs and pasteboard, and my mother made pillows, mattresses, sheets and pillow cases for the two little bedrooms.

Christmas Eve a number of young people were invited to come and string apples and popcorn for the trees; a neighbor very deft in domestic arts had tiny candle moulds made and furnished all the candles for the tree. However the puzzle and triumph of all was the construction of a large number of cornucopias. At last someone suggested a conical block of wood, about which the drawing paper could be wound and pasted. In a little book shop a number of small, highly colored pictures cut out and ready to apply were unearthed, and our old confectioner friend, Mr. Piazzi, consented, with a broad smile, to give “all the love verses the young people wanted to roll with the candy.”

A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY

About twenty young men and girls gathered around small tables in one of the drawing rooms of the mansion and the cornucopias were begun. The men

wrapped the squares of candy, first reading the “sentiments” printed upon them, such as “Roses are red, violets blue, sugar’s sweet and so are you,” “If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two.” The fresh young faces, wreathed in smiles, nodded attention to the reading, while with their small deft hands they gined [?] the cornucopias and pasted on the pictures. Where were the silk tops to come from? Trunks of old things were turned out and snippings of silk and even woolen of bright colors were found to close the tops, and some of the young people twisted sewing silk into cords with which to draw the bags up. The beauty of those home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite “custom-made,” but when the “sure enough house” was revealed to our longing gaze the young people clapped their approbation, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of successful artist and bowed his thanks for our approval. Then the coveted eggnog was passed around in tiny glass cups and pronounced good. Crisp home-made ginger snaps and snowy lady cake completed the refreshments of Christmas

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their way as an indulgence took a sip of eggnog out of my cup, and the eldest boy confided to his father: "Now I just know this is Christmas." In most of the houses in Richmond these same scenes were enacted, certainly in every one of the homes of the managers of the Episcopalian Orphanage. A bowl of eggnog was sent to the servants, and a part of everything they coveted of the dainties.

At last quiet settled on the household and the older members of the family began to stuff stockings with molasses candy, red apples, an orange, small whips plaited by the family with high-colored crackers, worsted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn bottoms and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woolen gloves for each, either cut of cloth and embroidered on the back or knitted by some deft hand out of home-spun wool. For the President there were a pair of chamois-skin riding gauntlets exquisitely embroidered on the back with his monogram in red and white silk, made, as the giver wrote,

under the guns of Fortress Monroe late at night for fear of discovery. There was a hemstitched linen handkerchief, with a little sketch in indelible ink in one corner; the children had written him little letters, their grandmother having held their hands, the burthen of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the home, who was greatly loved but whose irritable temper was his prominent failing, there was a pretty cravat, the ends of which were embroidered, as was the fashion of the day. The pattern chosen was simple and on it was pinned a card with the word "amiable" to complete the sentence. One of the [missing] received a present of an illuminated copy of Solomon's proverbs found in the same old store from which the pictures came. He studied it for some time and announced: "I have changed my opinion of Solomon, he uttered such unnecessary platitudes -- now why should he have said 'The foolishness of a fool is his folly'?"

On Christmas morning the children awoke early and came in to see their toys. They were followed by the negro women, who one after another "caught" us by wishing

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

us a merry Christmas before we could say it to them, which gave them a right to a gift. Of course, there was a present for every one, small though it might be, and one who had been born and brought up at our plantation was vocal in her admiration of a gay handkerchief. As she left the room she ejaculated: "Lord knows mistress knows our insides; she jest got the very thing I wanted."

MRS. DAVIS' STRANGE PRESENTS

For me there were six cakes of delicious soap, made from the grease of ham boiled for a family at Farmville, a skein of exquisitely fine gray linen thread spun at home, a pincushion of some plain brown cotton material made by some poor woman and stuffed with wool from her pet sheep, and a little baby hat plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pain who sewed the straw together. They pushed each other silently to speak, and at last mutely offered the hat, and considered the kiss they gave the sleeping little one ample reward for the industry and far above the fruit with which they were laden. Another present was a

fine, delicate little baby frock without an inch of lace or embroidery upon it, but the delicate fabric was set with fairy stitches by the dear invalid neighbor who made it, and it was very precious in my eyes. There were also a few of Swinburne's best songs bound in wall-paper and a chamois needlebook left for me by young Mr. P., now succeeded to his title in England. In it was a Brobdinagian thimble "for my own finger, you know," said the handsome, cheerful young fellow.

After breakfast, at which all the family, great and small, were present, came the walk to St. Paul's Church. We did not use our carriage on Christmas or, if possible to avoid it, on Sunday. The saintly Dr. Minnegerode preached a sermon on Christian love, the introit was sung by a beautiful young society woman and the angels might have joyfully listened. Our chef did wonders with the turkey and roast beef, and drove the children quite out of their propriety by a spun sugar hen, life-size, on a nest full of blanc mange eggs. The mince pie and plum pudding made them feel, as one of the gentlemen laughingly remarked, "like their jackets were buttoned," a strong description of

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

repletion which I have never forgotten. They waited with great impatience and evident dyspeptic symptoms for the crowning amusement of the day, “the children’s tree.” My eldest boy, a chubby little fellow of seven, came to me several times to whisper: “Do you think I ought to give the orphans my I.D. studs?” When told no, he beamed with the delight of an approving conscience. All throughout the afternoon first one little head and then another popped in at the door to ask: “Isn’t it 8 o’clock yet?,” burning with impatience to see the “children’s tree.”

DAVIS HELPED SANTA CLAUS

When at last we reached the basement of St. Paul’s Church the tree burst upon their view like the realization of Aladdin’s subterranean orchard, and they were awed by its grandeur.

The orphans sat mute with astonishment until the opening hymn and prayer and the last amen had been said, and then they at a signal warily and slowly gathered around the tree to receive from a lovely young girl their allotted present. The different gradations from joy to ecstasy

which illuminated their faces was “worth two years of peaceful life” to see. The President became so enthusiastic that he undertook to help in the distribution, but worked such wild confusion giving everything asked for into their outstretched hands, that we called a halt, so he contented himself with unwinding one or two tots from a network of strung popcorn in which they had become entangled and taking off all apples he could when unobserved, and presenting them to the smaller children. When at last the house was given to the “honor girl” she moved her lips without emitting a sound, but held it close to her breast and went off in a corner to look and be glad without witnesses.

“When the lights were fled, the garlands dead, and all but we departed” we also went home to find that Gen. Lee had called in our absence, and many other people. Gen. Lee had left word that he had received a barrel of sweet potatoes for us, which had been sent to him by mistake. He did not discover the mistake until he had taken his share (a dishful) and given the rest to the soldiers! We wished it had been much more for them and him.

Christmas (1864) in the Confederate White House

OFFICERS IN A STARVATION DANCE

The night closed with a “starvation” party, where there were no refreshments, at a neighboring house. The rooms lighted as well as practicable, some one willing to play dance music on the piano and plenty of young men and girls comprised the entertainment. Sam Weller’s soiry[sic], consisting of boiled mutton and capers, would have been a royal feast in the Confederacy. The officers, who rode into town with their long cavalry boots pulled well up over their knees, but splashed up their waists, put up their horses and rushed to the places where their dress uniform suits had been left for safekeeping. They very soon emerged, however, in full toggery and entered into the pleasures of their dance with the bright-eyed girls, who many of them were fragile as fairies, but worked like peasants for their home and country. These young people are gray-haired now, but the lessons of self-denial, industry and frugality in which they became past mistresses then, have made of them the most dignified, self-reliant and tender women I have ever known -- all honor to them.

So, in the interchange of the courtesies and charities of life, to which we could not add its comforts and pleasures, passed the last Christmas in the Confederate mansion.”

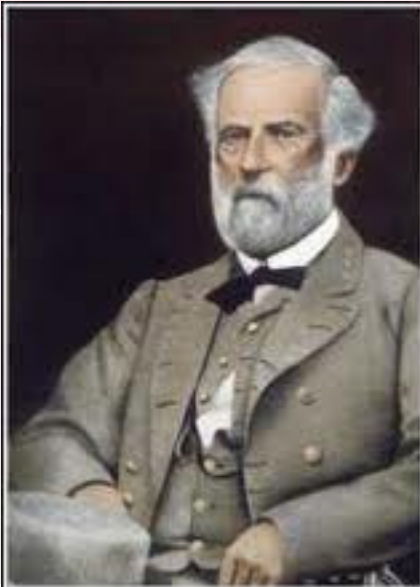
Varina Jefferson Davis



Why We Fought the “Civil War”

“Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their Safety and Happiness.”

Declaration of Independence



General Robert E. Lee, CSA

“All that the South has ever desired was the Union as established by our forefathers should be preserved and that the government as originally organized should be administered in purity and truth.”

“Governor, if I had foreseen the use these people desired to make of their victory, there would have been no surrender at Appomattox, no, sir, not by me. Had I seen these results of subjugation, I would have preferred to die at Appomattox with my brave men, my sword in this right hand.”

as told to Texas ex-governor F. W. Stockdale

“I desire my children to be educated south of the Mason Dixon line and always to retain right of domicile in the Confederate States.”



General J.E.B. Stuart, CSA

I am a Southerner

Author Unknown

I am a Southerner . . .
I won't apologize
I won't be reconstructed.
I will not surrender
My identity, my heritage.
I believe in the Constitution,
In States' Rights,
That the government should be the
Servant, not the Master of the people.
I believe in the right to bear arms,
The right to be left alone.

I am a Southerner . . .
The spirit of my Confederate ancestor
Boils in my blood.
He fought
Not for what he thought was right,
But for what was right.
Not for slavery,
But to resist tyranny, Machiavellian laws,
Oppressive taxation, invasion of his land,
For the right to be left alone.

I am a Southerner
A rebel,
Seldom politically correct,
At times belligerent.
I don't like Lincoln, Grant, Sherman,

Or modern neocon politicians like them.
I like hunting and fishing, Charlie Daniels,
The Bonnie Blue and "Dixie."
I still believe in chivalry and civility.

I am a face in the Southern collage of
Gentlemen and scholars, belles and writers,
Soldiers and sharecroppers, Cajuns and Creoles,
Tejanos and Isleños, Celts and Germans,
Gullah and Geechi, freedmen and slaves.
We are all the South.

The South . . . My home, my beautiful
home,
My culture, my destiny, my heart.
I am a Southerner.

DEO VINDICE!

