THE The Official Newsletter of the Lt. John T. Bullock Camp, SCV Camp #2205 South Granville Exchange Club Golden and Recipients carharti Pertificate of Appreciation Margie Newcomb Lt John T. Bullock Confederate Veterans Camp No.2205

Issue No. 5 — December 2013

CAMP OFFICERS

Commander

Joey Dickerson

1st Lieutenant Commander

Frank Keller

2nd Lieutenant Commander

Craig Pippen

Adjutant

George Kearney

Chaplain

Randy Green

Color Sergeant

Brandon Yarboro

Surgeon

Stanley Bennett

Historian

Frank Keller

Web Master

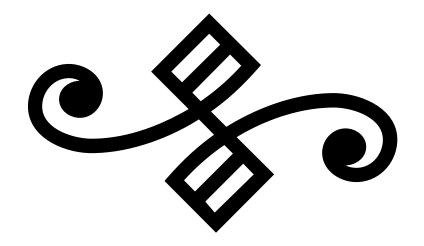
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THE CHARGE

"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Are you also ready to die for your country? Is your life worthy to be remembered along with theirs? Do you choose for yourself this greatness of soul? Not in the clamor of the crowded street. Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng. But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

—Lt General Stephen Dill Lee

Pledge to the Flag of the United States of America

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under GOD, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Salute to the Confederate Flag

I salute the confederate flag with affection, reverence and undying devotion to the cause for which it stands.

Salute to the NC Flag

I salute the North Carolina Flag and pledge to the Old North State Love, Loyalty and Faith.

CAMP NEWS

NEXT MEETING

When

Tuesday, December 3, 2013 at 5:30PM

Where

Bob's Barbecue, Creedmoor, NC

On December 3rd 2013 the Lt John T Bullock Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp will be hosting speakers Darwin Roseman and wife Deborah for their Christmas presentation. Darwin Roseman is the Commander of the Leonidas Polk Camp in Garner NC. They will be talking about how the soldiers in the Confederate Army spent their time during the Holidays and how they coped with being away from home at Christmas. This is sure to be a great presentation to kick off the Christmas season.

The meetings of the camp are open and guests are cordially invited to join with the camp members to hear this presentation, to be given at 6:00 P.M. on Tuesday, December 3, 2013 in the meeting room of Bobs Barbeque Restaurant in Creedmoor.

DATES TO REMEMBER

JANUARY 18, 2014

The 25th Annual Robert E. Lee Birthday Celebration will be held in the historic House Chambers of the NC State Capitol in Raleigh on Saturday, January 18, 2014 beginning at 2:00 PM. The event is hosted by the Capt. James I. Waddell Chapter MOS&B, Raleigh; the 47th Regiment NC State Troops Camp SCV, Wake Forest; and the Capt. Samuel A. Ashe Chapter UDC, Raleigh. The Stars & Bars will fly over the Capitol during the ceremony

FEBRUARY 1, 2014

On February 1st, the NC Division Winter DEC will be hosted by the Graham Camp 813. It will be held in Burlington at 9:30. Please make plans to attend this event and learn what happens at the Division level.

APRIL 26, 2014

April 26th the NC Division Reunion will be held in the Western Part of the State. More details will follow as they become available.

FLAG RE-DEDICATION

On November the 9th 2013, the NC Division held a re-dedication ceremony for 4 flags that have been restored by efforts of the NC Division Sons of Confederate Veterans. The flags of the 24th, 34th, 38th and 39th Regiments were on display after their return from the conservation process. The NC Division has successfully raised funds for 5 flags in the past 6 years and also raised the funds to purchase a 14 flag unit storage bin for the Museum. Currently the Men of the Division are working on the Barringer Flag Project to conserve. Once a flag is preserved it will be good for about 50 years according to the Museum staff. The Event was coordinated by Division Communications Officer Craig Pippen and was attended by people from as far away as Virginia and Tennessee. Michael Hardy delivered the key note address and discussed the history of the flags there were on display.





A LOOK AT LAST MEETING













1ST LIEUTENANT COMMANDER COMMENTS

Giving Thanks

As another year quickly comes to a close we all tend to be reminded that this is a time of reflection. A moment to pause and take stock of the blessings that we have incurred over the previous several months. Of course we are thankful for our family, our friends, and any number of other things which we hold dear to our hearts. Today I wanted to take some time from the busy schedule of this joyous season to give thanks for some other things that are often overlooked.

I am thankful first and foremost that God, has seen fit to grant me time upon this Earth. Through him all things are possible. Without him nothing is possible. It was true in the 1860's. It's still true in 2013.

I am thankful for my fellow members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Especially my brothers in camp #2205. Together with our families, friends, and guests we have done some great things in the last twelve months. Even better things are still to come, and it is truly a blessing to be able to share them with everyone.

I am thankful for the knowledge that I have gained about my ancestors. Though I never met them I have learned that they were principled and strong willed in their beliefs. Their steadfast resolve to stand by their convictions brings me strength today.

I am thankful that I was blessed with intellect. Not just the kind of knowledge one receives while sitting behind a desk in a classroom, but the common sense that I was afforded as well. Both have served me well over the years. One has taught me what my God given rights are. The other has allowed me to see when those rights are being oppressed and violated.

I am thankful Abraham Lincoln, (No, that is not a misprint). Yes, I know that he was a snake in the grass, who grossly overstepped the bounds of his limited powers as President. He instigated the wholesale slaughter and unmerciful suffering of countless people on both sides of his illegal

1ST LIEUTENANT COMMANDER COMMENTS

invasion of a sovereign nation. But even as I detest him for his actions, they, in and of themselves are a blessing because we now know what a wolf in sheep's clothing looks like. We know what to look for and can identify it now in its more contemporary forms.

I am thankful for the Confederate military. These brave individuals recognized the true colors of "Honest Abe". The colors of a tyrannical autocrat, hellbent on dominating the good citizens he was elected to serve. They not only saw him for what he was, but when the wolf growled at the door they stood and fought to stop him. Even in their defeat I am grateful to know that an entire Army, Navy, and Marine Corps was raised from scratch in short order. Officers and men gathered from far and wide banded together by the common cause of defending one's home from oppression. Knowing that rough men stand ready to do violence in the defense of liberty has held many leaders who wish to be, "The next Abraham Lincoln" at bay. That little bit of knowledge always inspires my heart to hope for a real change.

You see, we have so much more to be thankful for than just having a plump turkey on the table, a warm cozy fire, or the sure knowledge that soon there will be presents under a tree. We can be thankful for having a heritage that others do not possess. We come from a bloodline that is known for standing by it's principles without hesitation, even in the face of insurmountable odds. We have been blessed with having truth, (albeit largely untold) on our side. We share a comradery that precious few can boast. We are Sons of Confederate Veterans. That, friends is a blessing to truly be grateful for!

I hope that everyone has a safe, and happy Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years.

Frank Keller 1st Lt. Commander SCV Camp #2205

2nd LIEUTENANT COMMANDER COMMENTS

Often in my duties, I hear the following statements made, "Why do we want to conserve flags?" "Shouldn't the State do that?" "Why us?" We are the Sons of Confederate Veterans and it is OUR DUTY to conserve the memory and legacy of our Confederate ancestry. This includes raising funds to conserve the banners of our ancestors. If we do not do it no one will do it for us. So, what else can we do to help preserve the memory and legacy of our heroes of the South? We can protect and maintain cemeteries. One big way in which we can do this is to make a listing of where they are. The Camp's website has a Final Restings section. This tool can be a valuable part of conserving the memory and locations of where our brave men are resting in piece. If you go and take photo's of any Confederate soldier's grave then please share them with Commander Dickerson so that we can build this database whenever possible Our camp has accomplished a lot in 2013 including being awarded the NC Division's Tazwell Hargrove Award for Distinguished Camp. Give yourselves a pat on the back for we are doing a great job preserving the memory of our brave soldiers here in Granville County. 2014 will be even better as our camp continues to grow larger and stronger. I want to take this time to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year in the upcoming weeks.

> Craig Pippen 2nd Lt. Commander SCV Camp #2205

FREEZING AND FIGHTING

DECEMBER 10, 1863.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETNA. LA.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN VOLUME XXVII, 1919

The above date is not likely to be forgotten by any member of Morgan's Division, Martin's Corps, C. S. Cavalry, who was there and who still lives to recall the events of that terrible fall in East Tennessee. It was after Sherman's advance from Chattanooga had forced Longstreet to abandon the siege of Knoxville and retire up the valley to Rogersville in order to protect his flank, which was thus threatened from Cumberland Gap. His flanks were protected by the cavalry, Martin's Corps, extending to the south fork of the Holston on his left above Morristown, which constituted a sort of no-man's land subject to raids by both sides.

Morgan's Division consisted of Crew's Georgia and Russell's (Morgan's) Alabama Brigades, which were in position to the northwest of the then East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, near the village of Russellville, on the above date camped, if the term is permissible, in the open fields near Cheek's Cross Roads, when it was attacked during a snow storm by a brigade of Federal Cavalry under Colonel La Grange. Much to our discomfort and disgust, he obliged us to satisfy his curiosity regarding our strength and position and learned more than we knew, inasmuch as he reported that he found us "five thousand strong and in a strong position" and that he had lost "three men killed" and several wounded, whem they took back with them.

Of that I can say that I saw only one man dead, directly in front of our regiment, the 6th Georgia. To our right was another of our regiments, but I do not recall which one, while to its right were two skeleton regiments of Russell's Alabamians, possibly twelve hundred men in all, certainly not more. The fact is that, as General Martin reported, the major part of the division was out foraging for horse feed; and any one acquainted with that part of the country at that time and season will realize what the collecting of forage meant for a cavalry division, including transport teams. In our immediate neighborhood there was absolutely nothing of corn, hay, or fodder. Hence the division was scattered over many square miles of the countryside.

Colonel La Grange's attack was of minor importance in itself, as the event proved. He reported it as a simple "reconnaissance" to determine the "enemy's strength and position" and found us "five thousand strong and in a strong position" — four small regiments behind a fence in open fields. At any rate, he did not try to force us from our positions to any degree and soon drew off, much to our satisfaction.

This satisfaction will be more readily understood when weather conditions are considered. The night previous and the following morning we had been soaked to the skin through blankets and clothing by a persistent rain, which in the early forenoon turned into a sleet, freezing solid on the ground; then in the afternoon moderated by developing into a snow storm driven

FREEZING AND FIGHTING

by a forty-mile, more or less, wind. And it was during that snowstorm that the attack came suddenly. One can realize our condition: wet to the skin, chilled to the marrow, "fingers all thumbs," with our clothing frozen stiff on our bodies and cracking with every movement we made; we were not in a mood to fight when all our attention and ambition was to keep alive the little fires by which we endeavored to keep the least bit warm. An unprovoked attack in such weather just simply made us mad, and we soon thawed out and sent our antagonists about their business without the loss of a man ourselves. I heard that one or two of the Alabamians had been slightly wounded.

Some of our men followed the bluecoats at a respectful distance until assured that they had withdrawn, fully satisfied that we were there. Poor fellows! I guess they no more relished the weather than we, and, besides, had farther to go, with a wide river to ford. They must have suffered severely, while we after having advanced our picket line set about drying our clothing and blankets by rousing fence rail fires. Up to that time we had been as sparing of fires as was possible, owing to the scarcity of wood other than rails. But, as Bethmann von Hollweg has so curtly put it, "Necessity knows no law," and it was very cold, and, moreover, frozen clothes and blankets are uncomfortable on cold nights; so the rails suffered a common or, I might say, a usual occurrence.

Shortly before sunset the weather cleared, and we hailed the sun's appearance with shouts of delight, notwithstanding a cutting north wind which made our teeth chatter. But as we had suffered no casualties and had begun to thaw out by standing in front of the blazing rails, turning ourselves around and around as one turns an ox over a fiery trench at a barbecue, our spirits began to revive, and soon the inevitable cut-up and joker of the company set his tongue to wagging, and before the night had advanced an hour we were in our usual good humor. As the joker put it, "Say, boys, I consider that a darned mean trick to rush us in this kind of weather. It was no weather in which to jump a fellow and pick a fight with him. It was a darn shame, so it was, and I'll tell them so the next time I meet them," and a lot more on the same line until we felt dry and warm enough to roll ourselves up in our half-dried blankets, with our feet as near the fire as was prudent. But let no one imagine that we were at all comfortable. The ground was wet and cold, and our blankets were only half dry at best. Taken all in all, those were the most disagreeable twenty-four hours in a full three years' service in the field, and I am confident that we had our full share of all that was offered. Being cavalry and with never a tent or house to sleep in, it was on rare occasions, and then it seemed always during fair or very moderate weather, would one find a roof and dry floor.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now, -- the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks, -- he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him hell,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old "Blue Light's" going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
"Hear us, hear us Almighty God,
Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!

Steady! the whole brigade!

Hill's at the ford cut off; we'll win

His way out, ball and blade!

What matter if our shoes are worn?

What matter if our feet are torn?

"Quick-step! we're with him before morn!"

That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

