

THE TARGETEER



ISSUE #7 — February, 2014

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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

Pledges

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 North Carolina Flag

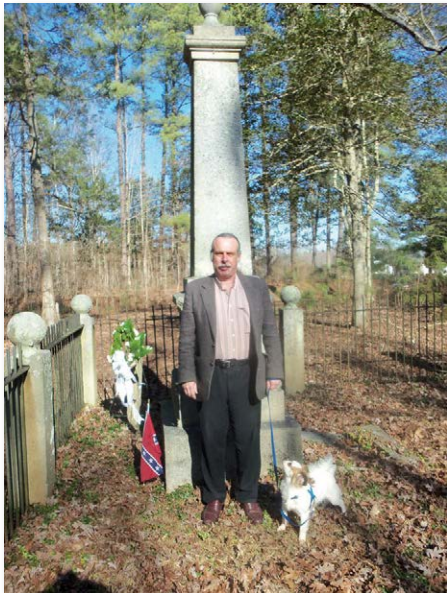
*I salute the North Carolina Flag and
pledge to the Old North State Love,
Loyalty and Faith.*

Camp News

Camp 2205 members Mark Pace and Bobby Jackson were in attendance at the Robert E. Lee birthday celebration last month.



At the request of those who presented the ceremony, Mark Pace and Betty King placed the wreath from the service on Annie Lee's marker.



Next Meeting

5:30PM on Tuesday February 4, 2014 at Bob's Barbecue in Creedmoor, NC. Our speaker will be Ms Teresa Rhoane formerly from the Museum of The Confederacy. She will be speaking to us about colored men and their roles in supporting the Confederate cause.

1st Lt. Commander's Comments

Compatriots,

A new year has crept upon us. That's right, our shiny new calendars should all say 2014.

Though the date on the calendar has changed, many things remain the same. Our southern heritage, and the honored memory of our courageous ancestors is still under attack by those who would have them branded as "Simple Minded", "Traitors", and "Racists". There are still powers that seek to destroy the truth, and historical facts that surround the events they have labeled "The American Civil War". They continue to push for the furling of our Confederate flags. They continue to advocate the removal of statues and monuments honoring the solemn sacrifice of the Confederate Soldier. They continue to ridicule and mock those of us who carry Confederate blood, and proudly show pride in our southern roots as "Ignorant", "Narrow Minded", "Redneck", and "Racists". They continue to use their authority to teach our children that the evil South was hellbent on holding Africans in bondage, and was willing to pay with their very lives to maintain the social order of whites above all others. That the almighty North marched troops into the southland on a moral crusade

to free these slaves, and that we should all be grateful to Mr. Lincoln for freeing the slaves and showing the hate filled South the error of its ways. They pledge to continue until the memory of Dixieland, the honored tradition of the southern gentleman, the plight and sacrifice of the Confederate Soldier is erased from all memory forever!

Consequently, we too must remain the same. We must remain steadfast in our resolve to protect the monuments dedicated to preserving the memory of our brave Confederate Soldiers. We must remain vigilant in our efforts to educate others about the truth of the southern cause. We must tell others about Lincoln's savage invasion of a sovereign nation, The Confederate States of America. We must show, not just with our words, but through our deeds that it is not we who are Narrow Minded and Racist, but those who would vilify our ancestors for standing on their moral principles of limited government and the belief that the rights of man were derived from God and not the whims of the government, who are the true Bigots. We must rededicate ourselves to the charge of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The guardianship of history, the emulation of virtues, the perpetuation of principles. This is our creed. This is our mandate. They are the binding principles for which the Sons of Confederate Veterans exists. We must stand strong in the face of adversity as our forefathers did before us. We must repel the attacks against the good name or our noble ancestors. And we must keep the truth of history within the grasp of our youth. "Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations."

We have started this year with a new calendar. Let us also start this year by renewing our commitment to the cause, reaffirming our resolve to preserve our shared history, and rededicating ourselves to one another in the common struggle for the vindication of our ancestors good name.

Frank Keller
1st Lt. Commander
SCV Camp #2205

2nd Lt. Commander's Comments

Men of Camp 2205,

It is with great pleasure that I am able to write to you about some of the upcoming events in our Division and Camp. As you are all aware that the Robert E Lee Birthday celebration was held on January 18th in Raleigh. It was a great success and time of fellowship as we honored the great General and Hero of the Southland, Robert Edward Lee on the 207th Anniversary of his birth. Also, February 1st was the Division Executive Council. I want to applaud the members of our camp that made an effort to attend and see what the DEC is all about. At the DEC, the Division's Logo Contest was completed and we will be announcing a winner at the Division Reunion in April. This is an exciting time for the Division as we embark on a path of making the NC Division bigger, better and stronger. Camp 2205 is an integral part of this process, without members making the significant strides that you all have made this Division would not and will not sustain its self. In the near future the Division will stop mailing out newsletters, instead they will be emailed out to everyone. In order for this to happen, at the next meeting I will pass along a sheet with your name, phone number and

email address on it. This will allow us to update the contact information we have on all of our members. This will also allow me to have a list so that our camp will be entered in as soon as it goes live. If anyone needs help setting up an email address please let me know and we can help you get this accomplished. In May the Confederate Flag Day will be held at the Capitol in Raleigh all members are encouraged to attend this event, this is one of the few times that the NC Capitol flies they Stars and Bars atop of the very building where the secession ordinance was signed. Please keep up the good work and continue in the proud path of honoring our Confederate Ancestors.

***Thank you,
Craig Pippen
2nd Lt Commander
SCV Camp #2205***

***The following material is taken from
Confederate Veteran Magazine,
VOLUME XXIII, 1915***

**GENERAL WHEELER'S LAST RAID.
BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TN**



While I was only seven years of age when Gen. Joseph Wheeler, returning from his raid through East Tennessee in 1864, passed through DeKalb County, Tenn., I distinctly recall a number of incidents connected with that raid. I resided at Liberty, which was the home of Gen. W. B. Stokes, of the 5th Tennessee Regiment of Federal Cavalry, and Col. Joseph H. Blackburn, of the 4th Regiment of Federal Mounted Infantry. It will be remembered that at the close of the war, when General Wheeler was visiting or on business in Nashville, he was attacked and clubbed by a former Federal soldier. His assailant was Colonel Blackburn, backed by three or four other ex-Federals from his county, who gave as an excuse that Wheeler's men in passing through Liberty and vicinity had taken from their relatives all the stock that could be carried away. At the time of the raid Liberty was occupied by a few of Stokes's men and Company G, of Garrett's 1st Federal Regiment of Mounted Infantry; that company also was made up of DeKalb Countians. All told, the Federals at Wheeler's approach numbered only seventy-five or a hundred. As that section has not received much notice in the histories of the big war outside of those by Gen. Basil Duke and Lieut. B. L. Ridley and my history of DeKalb County, I have thought that a letter just received from a friend now living in Anthony, Kans., Mr. James H. Fite, who was in Garrett's Regiment, may be received as an interesting contribution to history, notwithstanding the fact that the writer hereof was a sixteen-year-old boy in the Union army. Mr. Fite writes :

"Our regiment was mustered into service at Carthage, Tenn., in the early part of 1864. About May the different companies were sent to various places in the State

for garrison duty and scouting after Champe Ferguson and other guerrilla organizations. A good part of Company G was made up of Liberty men under Capt. A. J. Garrison. Captain Garrison and Lieuts. L. N. Woodside and E. J. Bratten had formerly belonged to Stokes's Regiment. We were first sent to Granville, up the river from Carthage, to build a stockade. We finished it about August 1 and were then sent to Liberty to erect another. The latter was fairly started when early in September, late in the afternoon, General Wheeler's cavalry took the garrison by surprise, scattering the men in every direction. A good deal of firing was done; and while a dozen Federals were captured, no one was killed.

"The surprise came about this way: Gen. H. P. VanCleve, who was stationed at Murfreesboro from December, 1863, to August, 1865, sent word to our officers at Liberty that General Wheeler was reported to be coming through the Sequatchie Valley and suggested that a scouting party should be sent to learn if the report was correct. Instead of going eastward, a score of our men were sent through Lebanon, Cedar Glade, and Gainsville for some purpose. It was about two hours after our return to Liberty that Wheeler appeared and brought about the stampede.

"As it happened, I was not in the skirmish. On the expedition to Lebanon my horse had broken down, and I rode an animal belonging to one of Stokes's troops until I reached my home, a mile west of Liberty, on the Lebanon and Sparta Turnpike. Mother gave me a splendid supper. I recall particularly a peach cobbler. When I got up from the table, a comrade, Thomas G. Bratten, rode up to the gate with the information, 'They are fighting at

Liberty,' and suggested that I mount my horse, and we would go and take part in it. When informed that I was then an infantryman, he rode on toward the village. Presently he came galloping back, pausing just long enough to tell me that the Confederates were approaching. I kept a lookout for the advance guard. Directly four of the enemy came in sight. Though very young, I refrained from firing on them, believing they might burn our home if I shot from the house. (I was under the impression that the raiders were Champe Ferguson's men.) So I retreated in fairly good order to a dense plum thicket in the rear.

"The four men rode inside the yard, bade my brother hold their horses, and finished what was left on the table, which had been set on the front porch. One who finished eating first walked to the back door from which I had just made my exit. Mother afterwards said she expected every moment I would shoot him ; but I told her it had never been in my heart to shoot a man from the bushes, and I am glad to this day that I made no effort to kill him, believing that he too had a mother somewhere waiting for him.

"About sunset quite a bunch of Confederates stopped at our gate. Their officer proved to be a relative. He asked mother for a pillow for a wounded soldier. They had him in a buggy taken from one of our neighbors. She carried the pillow to the gate and asked who was in command. She was told that General Wheeler was, that the force numbered ten thousand men and would be a week in passing. When this news came to me, I was greatly relieved. With Wheeler I would be safe if captured ; but I was certain that Ferguson would put me out of existence if I fell into his hands.

"The day following the skirmish at Liberty I decided to hide in a thicket on the creek that flowed back of our field. I didn't know where any of my scattered comrades were. For all my hiding, I had a narrow escape. Some Confederates came distressingly close to my retreat to go in bathing. In addition, just across the creek from me the enemy were as thick as blackbirds in the cornfield of a neighbor, Eli Vick. I remained lying down all day, scarcely moving. The enemy were also at the house, mother preparing food for them. In the afternoon a soldier went up to my home and told his comrades that they had killed a Federal soldier back of the field. I never knew the reason for this fib, but suppose somebody in the neighborhood told him to make that impression on my mother, and she would break down and thus give me away. But she didn't. My little brother, Robert, seeing her alone, whispered that he would go and see for himself.

"When the boy was within thirty feet of me, a Confederate asked where he was going. The boy replied that he was hunting a hole in the fence where hogs had broken in, when the inquirer went on to our 'ole swimmin' hole.' Robert presently found me and carried word back to mother that I was safe.

"The mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of both armies deserve as much credit as the soldiers in the field.

"After the last Confederate stragglers left, Champe Ferguson bringing up the rear, our boys got together and finished the stockade. We still occupied this fort when the battle of Nashville was fought. We were expecting Forrest to attack us. Need I say that we were glad he didn't?"

Reverie of a Confederate Soldier

[Awakened by the sound of martial music on the streets of St. Louis December 5, 1914, when the monument in memory of Confederate soldiers and sailors erected in Forest Park by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was unveiled.]

What sound is that? The bugle pealing
That stirs my heart with martial feeling?
The drum! Calls it again to battle?
To cannon's roar and rifles' rattle?

Where am I? Where the threatening foe
'Gainst whom our strength
we're called to throw ?
Hark! Hear the bugle loudly calling!
Come, let us into ranks be falling !

A dream! A vision quickly fleeting!
And yet it must bedrums are beating,
And those who've borne the battles' brunt
Again are marching to the front.

Ah, yes ! I see I have been dreaming.
That marching host before me streaming
Is not the gray-clad sons of Mars,
Led by the fluttering Stars and Bars.

But is not that a wondrous sight
That greets the evening's waning light?
An army by some strange caprice
Marching beneath the flag of peace !

What mean those peaceful
marching bands
Bearing no rifles in their hands,
A host of mothers, daughters, wives,
Whetting no swords for human lives?
Ah ! can it be that I have slumbered
While time full fifty years has numbered
Since blue and gray as bitter foes
Each other faced with ringing blows?

So long since, numbered with the slain.
On Shiloh's grim, ensanguined plain

Our Johnston fell, to rise no more,
His requiem the cannon's roar.

So long since Stonewall Jackson prayed
Before he drew his flashing blade?
Or Forrest's troopers laughed with glee
In dashing raids through Tennessee?

So long since daring death and hell,
Uttering their dreaded Rebel yell,
Pickett's Brigade 'gainst
Round Top hurled.
Stirred the deep pulses of the world?

So long since nations turned to see
The Southern hero R. E. Lee,
Or marked where smoke
and wreckage trailed
The track the Alabama sailed?

So long since Johnston's Fabian way
In bloody combat day by day
Withstood the shock of Sherman's corps
From Lookout to Atlanta's doors?

Yes, it is true ! I see at last
That half a century has passed
Since Appomattox's fatal held
Saw Southern grit to numbers yield.

And now on this December day
Another army takes its way,
Confederate daughters,
gray-haired mothers,
To honor fathers, sons, and brothers.

Behold that shaft its form uprearing,
While blue and gray are loudly cheering !
Those flags that waved in strife infernal
Now joined in fellowship fraternal.

Though true the mills of God grind slowly,
No cause is lost, however lowly ;
And they who fell in gloom defeated
Shall not of their fair name be cheated

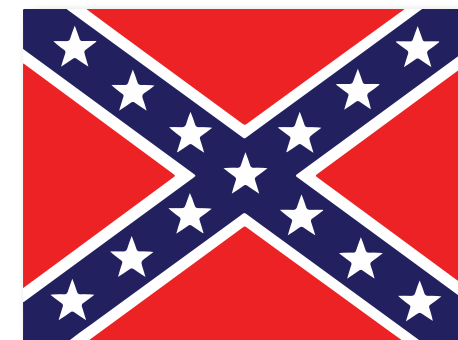
Hail to the shaft by Daughters given,
Rearing its solid spin' to heaven!
This theme for ages 'till to cherish,
They die who live, they live who perish.

R. F. Chew, Kirkwood, Mo.

In The South

The dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand.
It conies between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render,
And gathers the cares of the land.
Above it the soft sky blushes
And pales like an April rose;
Within it the south wind hushes,
And the jessamine's heart outgushes,
And the earth like an emerald glows.

John P. Sjolander.



A Look at Last Meeting

