



# TRAVELLER

Award Winning Publication of the General Robert E. Lee  
Camp, #1640

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Germantown, TN

Duty, Honor, Integrity, Chivalry

DEO VINDICE!

**December, 2017**



## **R.E. LEE CAMP CHRISTMAS PARTY!**

**December 11, 2017 7:00 p.m. at the home of**

**Fairy and Bradford Waters  
3283 Duke Circle  
Germantown, TN 38139**

**Don't miss the party!**

### **Camp Christmas Party Notes:**

As in past years, this is a potluck supper so you are invited to bring the dish of your choice. **Please send your RSVP to:**

[watersbradford@yahoo.com](mailto:watersbradford@yahoo.com)

**and write what you and your guest would like to share with the Camp:**

1. Appetizer
2. Salad
3. Meat (in addition to the Christmas ham from the Commissary)
4. Vegetables (prefer corn, okra, sweet potatoes, and black-eyed peas, please avoid Northern beans).
5. Soft drinks of your choice (familarly known as Coke, not "pop" or "soda")
6. Wine (prefer vineyards from south of the Mason-Dixon line)

We hope that you all may attend.

### **ON THIS DAY IN HISTORY - November 30, 1864**

By Alan Doyle

**November 30, 1864** - On this day in history, Gen. John Bell Hood ordered the Confederate Army of Tennessee to attack a strongly fortified position in Franklin, Tenn., containing 27,000 veteran Federal troops under Gen. John Schofield.

Schofield's command had slipped by Hood's army during the night before at Spring Hill and Hood was furious. Gen. Hood's mission was to destroy Schofield before he had the chance to join forces with Gen. George Thomas' Army of the Cumberland at Nashville. Hood blamed the error on Generals Cheatham, Cleburne and Forrest, and Gen. Hood berated them over breakfast the morning of Nov. 30th.

Schofield arrived in Franklin first and strongly reinforced the existing breastworks in that city from a previous campaign, dug in and waited for Hood. The two bridges over the Harpeth River northeast of town were impassable. Schofield had to make a stand while the bridges were being repaired by Federal engineers.

Despite the unanimous advice from his Corps and Division commanders against the frontal assault, Hood was determined to prove himself and the AOT. Gen. Forrest offered to go around the Federal left flank with his entire cavalry corps and a strong division of infantry, and promised to cut off Schofield from crossing the Harpeth River. Hood would not listen and in fact divided Forrest's Cavalry in half. He sent Chalmers' division around to the Confederate left flank and Forrest with Jackson's division around to the Confederate right. When Gen. Forrest crossed the Harpeth River at Hugh's ford to the east, he came up against a strong division of Federal cavalry with repeating rifles under the command of his adversary Gen. James H. Wilson.

Gen. Frank Cheatham's infantry Corps lined up west of the Columbia Pike and Gen. A.P. Stewart's Corps on the east side. Approximately 20,000 men in gray stood in battle formation waiting for the order to advance. All knew this would be a suicide charge across an open field, two miles in distance to the Franklin breastworks containing 27,000 Federals, and up a slight rise all the way.

{I've walked that entire 2 miles from Winstead Hill to the Carter House, side by side with the renowned national historian Ed Bearss, who is retired from the National Park Service. My historical protégé Duncan Ing enjoyed some wonderful conversation with Mr.

Bearss. We participated in the ceremonial march during the 150th anniversary November 30, 2014. }

Gen. Hood had left Gen. Stephen D. Lee's corps and most of the army's artillery train back at the Duck River in order to confuse Yankee Schofield and his spies. Hood intended to fight this battle **without** approximately 10,000 of his veteran troops and little Confederate artillery in support.

At 4:00 p.m. as the sun was going down, the entire Confederate line stepped off, with regimental flags flying and the Confederate bands playing Dixie and Bonnie Blue Flag. The Confederate formations stretched approximately a mile from left to right. Reportedly it was the most magnificent sight of the war by both sides observing that charge.

What a view the Confederate command staff had from the elevated position atop Winstead Hill, serving as Hood's headquarters. As the boys in gray advanced and came within one of mile of the Federal breastworks on farmer Carter's land, they were greeted with artillery fire. The field artillery positioned south of the Carter house, as well as the siege guns from Fort Granger across the Harpeth River, incessantly shelled the Confederate troops.

When the Southern boys were within 500 yards of the Federal breastworks, 25,000 rifled muskets and repeating rifles opened up on the men charging. For "Five Tragic Hours" the battle raged on, even after dark. Our boys made it to the parapets and some even scaled the works. Some Confederates made it through the opening in the Federal works on the Columbia Pike and fought hand-to-hand with the Yankee invaders in the yard of the Carter House.

Southern troops were subjected to a murderous crossfire from the Yankee breastworks. Federal cannon fired canister into the faces of the attacking Rebs. Waves of Southern troops were shot down and the Confederate casualties were horrific. Fighting finally ceased about 9:00 p.m. and the sad duty of the collecting the wounded and identifying the dead began. The Army of Tennessee was all but destroyed at Franklin due to Gen. John Bell Hood's need for glory. Franklin proved to be one of the costliest battles of the War.

Confederate casualties were approximately 6,252 out of the 20,000 participating, with 1,750 killed outright, 3,800 wounded, 702 missing. Six Confederate Generals at the Division and Brigade level were killed, General George W. Gordon was captured amongst the Federal works and six more Generals wounded. 55 Regimental commanders were casualties. Among the Generals killed were Patrick R. Cleburne, States Rights Gist,

Ortho Strahl, Johns Adams, Hiram Granbury and John Carter.

At midnight the Federal army withdrew across the Harpeth River north to Nashville, leaving the small town of Franklin battered and the Confederate Army of Tennessee nearly shattered. The two armies would meet again on December 15,16, 1864 at Nashville.

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## **DID YOU KNOW?**

by Beecher Smith

### **“OLD ABE”**

During this Yuletide season the author of this column is swamped with other duties which interfere with his passion for writing. He is going to let the late, great Webb Garrison entertain you with his story about perhaps the greatest eagle who ever lived, even if it was a Yankee eagle:

Tradition holds that during the summer months of 1860 when Democrats and Republicans were preparing for an all-out contest at the polis, Chief Sky of the Chippewa Indian tribe captured a small bald eagle. Having made a pet of it, the Native American traded it to Daniel McCann for a bushel of corn. When the eagle, known to Indians as Me-kee-zeen-ce, was about two months old it was sold to a farmer.

S. M. Jeffers then bought it for \$2.50 and presented it to the Eau Claire Volunteers as "the Chippewa recruit. " With its new owners, the eagle joined the Eighth Regiment and was consigned to the care of Pvt. James McGinnis.

Unaware that no one dared use the Republican nominee's best-known nickname within his hearing, McGinnis called his pet Old Abe. On September 13, 1861, he and his comrades and Old Abe left for St. Louis. By this time the eagle was so accustomed to living among humans that its master often turned it loose to fly above them as they drilled or marched.

By the time Company C reached Fredericksburg on October 21, Old Abe was the pride of the entire regiment. During the unit's first clash with the enemy, Old Abe probably soared above the battle and to some Confederates became known as "that Yankee eagle." Sometimes the big bird perched on a red, white, and blue shield fashioned for him. Often he strolled proudly about encampments, reputedly receiving a salute whenever he was encountered. When a review was held, Old Abe was likely to be found in the stand with top officers and civilian dignitaries who had come to watch. According to regimental histories, the Eighth

Wisconsin took part in the siege of New Madrid, Missouri, late in the winter of 1862. It was included in the force that besieged and captured Island Number 10 in the Mississippi River, then went to Fort Pillow. After having been briefly based at Hamburg Landing, Tennessee, the outfit took part in the siege of Corinth, Mississippi.



By this time, it was taken for granted that any time he wished to watch the action from aloft, Old Abe would soar above the conflict just out of musket range. As described by J.O. Barrett, the bird who first "saw the elephant" (or experienced combat) weeks earlier observed his personal ritual when bullets began to fly. Wrote Barrett in 1876:

At the sound of the regimental bugle, which he had learned to recognize, he would start suddenly, dart up his head, and then bend it gracefully, anticipating the coming shock.

When conscious of its reality, he would survey the moving squadrons, and as they rushed into line his breast would tremble like the human heart.

*Click* would go a thousand [musket] locks, and he would turn again, curving that majestic neck, scrutinizing the ranks, and dipping his brow forward to await the crash; and when it came, rolling fiery thunder over the plain, he would spring up and spread his opinions, uttering his startling scream, felt and gloried in by the desperate soldiers.

As the smoke enveloped him, he would appear to be bewildered for a moment, but when it opened again, he would look down intently as if inquiring, "How goes the battle? What of that last charge?"

Confederates who spotted the well-known bird flying overhead during the siege of Vicksburg typically cursed it as "that Yankee buzzard."

Barrett, whose biography of the eagle ran to more than 100 printed pages, interviewed Chippewa Indians, Capt. Victor Wolfe, Lt. Demorest, and numerous men of the Eighth, in addition to McGinnis, the member of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment who served as its keeper. Published twelve years after the end of the war, it was widely circulated in the year the United States celebrated the centennial of its birth.

According to Barrett's account, the eagle's favorite food was freshly killed rabbit. Any time a person saw a downy white feather drop to the ground and tried to pick it up, said the Wisconsin news paper reporter, "Abe was ready to protect his property." In such situations, "with flashing eyes and angry look," he would fly at the souvenir hunter "with perfect fury."

Old Abe observed the battle of Iuka, then returned to Corinth for another clash. Analysts who compiled the eagle's combat record concluded that he was present in at least thirty-six engagements before being presented to the governor of Wisconsin in 1864.

When the "Eagle Regiment" was mustered out at Demopolis, Alabama, on September 5, 1865, its command soberly reported that 6 officers and 53 enlisted men died in battle and an additional 221 succumbed to disease. According to him, Old Abe, weighing a little more than ten pounds, had not suffered a scratch and had not been on the sick list a single day.

Yet his semicircular beak, once measuring almost three inches in length, was "somewhat reduced in size" by the time he returned to civilian life.

Back home, the now-famous war mascot was given a special perch in the capitol at Madison after having been acquired by the state of Wisconsin. A succession of ten men, most of them former infantrymen, cared for the feathered Veteran for nearly twenty years. They often took the celebrated bird to reunions of veterans, conventions, and expositions. He was a favorite subject of persons learning the new art of photography, and a Chicago-produced engraving of him was circulated nationally. At least two sculptors executed and mass produced small likenesses of the Wisconsin eagle.

Artists who prepared for Union Brig. Gen. John A. Logan an enormous painting included Old Abe in it, flying over a hotly contested field. Their work of art, in which a Federal mascot is featured, now forms the centerpiece of the world-famous Atlanta Cyclorama.

Twenty years after having gone off to war with his regiment, the now-bedraggled mascot was trapped when the capitol burned. He inhaled so much smoke that he lost consciousness before being put in the arms of his keeper to die on February 27, 1904. Old Abe perished

that day, but countless photographs and statuettes of him still adorn museums and private collections throughout the nation whose feathered emblem is the bald eagle.

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Sources:

Webb Garrison, *Civil War Curiosities* (Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, TN, 1994)

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## CHRISTMAS ON THE HOME FRONT



It can be difficult to relate to the men and women of the Civil War era. Despite the extraordinarily different circumstances in which they found themselves, however, we can connect with our forebears in traditions such as the celebration of Christmas. By the mid-19th century, most of today's familiar Christmas trappings — Christmas carols, gift giving and tree decoration — were already in place. Charles Dickens had published “A Christmas Carol” in 1843 and indeed, the Civil War saw the first introductions to the modern image of a jolly and portly Santa Claus through the drawings of Thomas Nast, a German-speaking immigrant.

Civil War soldiers in camp and their families at home drew comfort from the same sorts of traditions that characterize Christmas today. Alfred Bellard of the 5th New Jersey noted, “In order to make it look much like Christmas as possible, a small tree was stuck up in front of our tent, decked off with hard tack and pork, in lieu of cakes and oranges, etc.” John Haley, of the 17th Maine, wrote in his diary on Christmas Eve that, “It is rumored that there are sundry boxes and mysterious parcels over at Stoneman’s Station directed to us. We retire to sleep with feelings akin to those of children expecting Santa Claus.”

In one amusing anecdote, a Confederate prisoner relates how the realities of war intruded on his Christmas celebrations: “A friend had sent me in a package a bottle of old brandy. On Christmas morning I quietly called

several comrades up to my bunk to taste the precious fluid of...DISAPPOINTMENT! The bottle had been opened outside, the brandy taken and replaced with water...and sent in. I hope the Yankee who played that practical joke lived to repent it and was shot before the war ended.”

For many, the holiday was a reminder of the profound melancholy that had settled over the entire nation. Southern parents warned their children that Santa might not make it through the blockade, and soldiers in bleak winter quarters were reminded, more acutely than ever, of the domestic bliss they had left behind. Robert Gould Shaw, who would later earn glory as the commander of the 54th Massachusetts, recorded in his diary, “It is Christmas morning and I hope a happy and merry one for you all, though it looks so stormy for our poor country, one can hardly be in merry humor.” On the Confederate home front, Sallie Brock Putnam of Richmond echoed Shaw’s sentiment: “Never before had so sad a Christmas dawned upon us...We had neither the heart nor inclination to make the week merry with joyousness when such a sad calamity hovered over us.” For the people of Fredericksburg, Virginia, which had been battered only a matter of days before Christmas, or Savannah, Georgia, which General Sherman had presented to President Lincoln as a gift, the holiday season brought the war to their very doorsteps.

Christmas during the Civil War served both as an escape from and a reminder of the awful conflict rending the country in two. Soldiers looked forward to a day of rest and relative relaxation, but had their moods tempered by the thought of separation from their loved ones. At home, families did their best to celebrate the holiday, but wondered when the vacant chair would again be filled.



*The following is a poem by Confederate soldier William Gordon McCabe, sharing 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 the 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.

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Go to our website:

<http://www.tennessee-scv.org/camp1640/>

Or visit our Facebook pages at:

<https://www.facebook.com/BluffCityGraysMemphis>

<http://www.facebook.com/RELeeCamp1640>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/SCV-Memphis-Brigade-Color-Guard/268457703293353>

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*Join the*

# **Military Order of the Stars and Bars**

A society of male descendants of the  
military and governmental leadership of the  
Confederate States of America.

**Lt. Dabney M. Scales Chapter No. 141  
Military Order of the Stars and Bars  
Memphis, Tennessee**

For more information on the MOSB  
and the Memphis Chapter, contact:

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CITIZENS TO SAVE OUR PARKS  
AND THE  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

# Help Save Our Parks



## Fight City Hall ? We ARE !!!

The Forrest Camp 213 and the CTSOP have filed suit against the Memphis City Council for their illegal attempt to change the names of our three Confederate parks. We have been joined by all area camps & many UDC members. These parks, Forrest Park, Confederate Park, and Jefferson Davis Park, are our history, our Confederate heritage, and a lasting tribute to our Confederate ancestors. They must not be destroyed or taken away by mis-guided politicians.

Help us to save our historic parks: Forrest Park, Confederate Park, and Jefferson Davis Park.

Can you, or your group donate \$100, \$500 or \$1000 to the defense ?

I wish to join CTSOP.      Please sign me up as a member.      No membership fee.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Contribute through PayPal at : [www.citizenstosaveourparks.org](http://www.citizenstosaveourparks.org)

Please donate to our cause:      Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_      check number \_\_\_\_\_

**Parks Defense Fund**

PO Box 241875,      Memphis, TN      38124

**SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS**

# Help Save General Forrest



The Memphis City Council has passed a resolution to remove the Forrest Equestrian Statue from Forrest Park and to dig up the graves of General Forrest and his wife MaryAnn from beneath the statue.

The SCV and the Forrest family descendants must raise money to fight the city in this second attack on General Forrest. We need your help.

## Help us to save the graves and monument of General Forrest

Can you, or your camp or Division donate \$100, \$500 or \$1000 to the defense ?

Please sign me up as a supporter.      No membership fee.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Contribute through PayPal at our ally at : [www.citizenstosaveourparks.org](http://www.citizenstosaveourparks.org)

Please donate to our cause:      Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_      check number \_\_\_\_\_

### Forrest Park Defense Fund

PO Box 241875,    Memphis, TN    38124



COLLECTOR'S

# FORREST COMMEMORATIVE COIN

Solid bronze

**\$ 10 each — All proceeds go to  
Parks Defense Fund**

Contact: Harry Adams, Forrest Camp 215

[harryadamscsa@gmail.com](mailto:harryadamscsa@gmail.com)

\$10 each, plus \$1 each for shipping. Send your check to

Save the Parks

PO Box 241875, Memphis, TN 38124



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The General Robert E. Lee Camp #1640  
Sons of Confederate Veterans  
and

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter,  
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P.O. Box 171251  
Memphis, Tennessee 38187

Steve M. McIntyre, Editor

**Camp Christmas Party\*\* December 11, 2017  
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