

IN THE TRENCHES

JUNE 2024

FROM THE COMMANDER

Edward Campbell

Dear Compatriots:

Happy Memorial Day to all of you. As I write this column on National Memorial Day, I remember that it was started by ladies of the South and was first known as Decoration Day. Many places across the South and the North claim to have had the first Decoration Day but I claim my hometown of Columbus, Mississippi where one year after the war, ladies of the town decorated the graves of both Confederate and Union soldiers in a show of Reconciliation. What makes Columbus different from the other places is that they placed flowers on both sides. This was at a time where there was a lot of bitterness and animosity on both sides. I think that it is good that we celebrate National Memorial Day because many of us have friends or relatives who served in or were killed in other wars while they were fighting for our Freedoms. On this day, I remember my Uncle, Sargent Edward Fondren Johnson, my mother's brother, who was killed in a plane crash over Cambridge, England on March 31, 1945 while serving in the what was then called the U.S. Army Air Force. Ironically, he was killed just six weeks before Victory in Europe was proclaimed on May 8, 1945. It is good that we remember those from other wars who fought and died for our Freedoms but let us also be proud that the origins of Memorial Day came from our beloved Southland at a time when the South was wounded and down.

Our next meeting will be on Tuesday June 4 at the DAV building at 6 PM. I would like

to Thank Bryan Skipworth for sending someone to look at the AC and Thankfully it was not the Compressor so it is now fixed. Thank you Bryan for taking care of that. Also, a Thank you to Bob Breland for fixing the water leak at the building. It is good that we have those who are good with their hands and can fix things. We will not have a Speaker for this meeting but we will be going over Amendments that will be discussed at the Division Reunion which begins just 3 days after our monthly meeting. We should have copies of the Amendments for everyone. Please come and bring a friend. If you find out that you are able to attend the State Meeting in Pearl, even at the last minute, please let me know as I will need to add you to the Credentials form so that you can vote on these amendments. Keep in mind also, the National Convention in July in North Charleston, South Carolina. If you are able to attend you would need to let me know also.

All of you should have received your dues notice in the mail recently. If you have not received it, let me know. If you wish to pay in person, please be prepared to pay Larry Holman at our June meeting. This is important because we normally do not meet in July. You can also mail your payment in if you so desire. Dues are \$52 but there are places on the form where you can make a donation to the National Museum, Beauvoir, the Stephen D. Lee Home, or other donations. If you do so, please mark for what you are donating. Dues need to be in by July 31. Please make sure that you take care of this important matter as soon as you can.



*John Clifford Pemberton
Lt. General, CSA.*

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Camp Meeting—Tuesday
June 4th DAV Building,
Vicksburg, MS*
- *Division Reunion — June
7-9th—Flowood, MS.*
- *National Reunion—July
17-20th—North
Charleston, SC.*



I am happy to report that things appear to be turning in our favor as far as Heritage issues go. I reported to everyone that a school district in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia recently returned their schools to their former Confederate names that were removed in 2020. The head of the school board reported that the names were changed illegally without a vote from the school board and that a recent poll showed that a majority of people in the district preferred the Confederate names. This is a great victory that we should be proud of but we should also Pray for those people who will obviously get some backlash from the Press and the from the Left.

Also, recently Governor Glenn Youngkin of Virginia also vetoed a bill that would have removed the tax-exempt status of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which are located in Richmond. Pray that his veto will not be overridden and that the UDC can continue to do its work in the state of Virginia and in other places. These are two great victories that we have had and I hope that there are others to come. We have public opinion on our side and we need to continue the fight to preserve our Heritage at any cost. I hope to see you all on June 4.

Edward Campbell
Commander
Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton Camp, 1354
Vicksburg, MS

REMEMBERING AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT

*From Varina Davis, "Jefferson Davis:
A Memoir" (1890)*

Mr. Davis's apparent feebleness had been accompanied by enough increase in weight to encourage my hopes of his health improving. He never stooped, but retained his fine soldierly carriage, and always walked with a light, firm step, and with apparent ease; his voice was sweet and sonorous as ever. A slight deafness was the only evidence of age. His eyes became so strong he frequently read without glasses. His mind was wonderfully alert, and he read and enjoyed newspapers, reviews, poetry, and fiction, and remembered what he read to a wonderful degree. He talked about the topics of the day with the fresh sympathy of a young man, and made many witty and wise comments upon them. He had an immense correspondence, the answers to which he

dictated to me, and seemed, except on a few occasions, not to feel the labor.

He was always ready to hear any jest or story that was told him, or to offer sympathy to those who needed it. His neighbors loved him, and he enjoyed greatly their visits. One of them especially, Major William H. Morgan, used to come and talk over the war and the news of the day, and Mr. Davis never tired of his society.

One anxiety, however, preyed upon him dreadfully, and this was his first debt. He had never owed one he could not pay on demand, and was sixty-five years old before he had a law-suit. He was a strict economist in his own person, though lavish to his family – never refusing us anything for which he thought he could pay.

Two successive overflows of our plantation on the Mississippi had plunged him deeply in debt to his commission merchant, Mr. J. U. Payne, a man inestimably dear to my husband, and one whose nobility of soul had prevented him from distressing his friend either to give him security or payment. This generous consideration for Mr. Davis only enhanced his desire to pay the debt. Our good son-in-law's health did not permit him to remain in a malarial country without imminent risk, so that we could not avail ourselves of his willingness to serve us, or of his powerful aid to extricate the estate from debt, and God had taken to himself all our sons and all my brothers; so that Mr. Davis, though too feeble for the effort, went at intervals to Brierfield, which was inaccessible, and always reached at night by the steamboats, our only means of visiting the island.

He had been for a long time very weak and unable to bear exercise, but felt it his duty to attend to his affairs. Some members of his family were visiting us, and he preferred, as his stay would be short, that I should remain with them.

He arrived at the landing at night, but had been attached on the boat with something which now appears to have been grippe, and was too ill to get off the boat, but went on to Vicksburg and returned the next day. He arrived again at night, and drove several miles home through the malarial atmosphere.

I received a telegram from a kind young man in Mr. Davis's employment, dated November 11th, saying my husband would not have a doctor, and was in bed, and I proceeded at once to take a boat for Brierfield. We met upon the river. Captain Leathers, whom we had known, as a boy, felt an intense interest in him, and had his father's boat hailed, and found out Mr. Davis was on board. He was asleep when I met him, but waked very soon and seemed better for meeting me. Two physicians whom we consulted at Bayou Sara declared that he had acute bronchitis complicated with grave malarial trouble.

When we reached New Orleans, before which he had suffered intensely, a cold rain was falling. Our friend, Mr. Payne, with his son-in-law, Justice C. E. Fenner, met us, with Mr. Davis's physician and friend, Dr. Chaille, and our nephew and niece by marriage, Mr. Edgar H. Farrar and Mrs. Stamps.

It was evident we could not carry him to Beauvoir where he longed to be, and we accepted Judge and Mrs. Fenner's kind invitation to go to them. An ambulance was sent from the Charity Hospital, containing a soft bed, spread by the hands of tender Mother Agnes, who said it was her privilege, and accompanied by four young medical students, whose fathers had all fought in our cause, and who were full of reverence and sympathy for our patient sufferer, he was borne to Judge Fenner's house, apparently uninjured by the transfer.

In alternating hope and discouragement, surrounded by attentions lavished upon us by the whole family, such as could not have been exceeded by our own children, attended by our dear friends, Dr. Chaille and Dr. C. J. Bickham, he made a brave struggle to overcome the unseen forces to which he at last suddenly succumbed. His fortitude and patience were almost divine; he tried not to give trouble to his nurses, and offered thanks for everything. Once, when Mrs. Fenner gave him some nourishment and left the room, he remarked: "She would be charming even without her strict integrity and grace; but I am giving her trouble. When can we relieve her and go to our dear home?"

Neither of his two dutiful and devoted daughters, who, he often said, had never disobeyed or given him pain, were with their father, whose life they rendered happy by their love. Our eldest daughter, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, was with her family in Colorado, and the other had been ordered by our physician and urged by her father to take a sea voyage for her health, and was in Paris; I entreated Mr. Davis to let me telegraph for them, but he answered: "Let our darlings be happy while they can; I may get well." Margaret came, against our advice, rendered uneasy by the press reports; but the poor child, owing to an accident on the train, reached us too late to see her father alive; at the risk of his life her husband, a much-beloved son to us, came from his sick-bed, with like result; and our daughter Varina, buoyed up by encouraging reports of her father's improvement was kept in ignorance of his condition until his death. At his request she was forbidden to return, as she was then pronounced by her physician too feeble for the journey.

I hoped, when this memoir was begun, to portray my husband's life even unto his peaceful bed of death, and to show how is people hung about him, eager to hear his state, and treasure every word from his lips; how gladly they seized

upon the slightest hope held out by his skilful and tender physicians; and how patiently he suffered acute pain, how thankfully he received every attention offered, and how bravely he tried to live through the long weeks of physical anguish, and how, when greatly discouraged, he gently said: "I have much to do, but if it is God's will, I must submit." My strength was miscalculated, and this meagre account must suffice.

Buoyed up by his wonderful constitution, which had never been impaired by excesses, he rallied several times, and on December 6th was considered convalescent. Waking from sleep at daylight on that morning, he said to me: "I want to tell you I am not afraid to die." I begged him not to speak of so dreadful a contingency, and he smiled and dropped asleep.

In the afternoon he awoke from a sound, quite sleep, with a congestive chill. A moment before he lost consciousness he gently declined the medicine that, urged by hope, I pressed upon him, in these courteous words which were his last: "Pray excuse me, I cannot take it." In three hours his brave, true heart ceased to beat.

Floral offerings came from all quarters of our country. The orphan asylums, the colleges, the societies, drew upon their little stores to deck his quite resting-place. Many thousands passed weeping by the bier where he lay in state, in his suit of Confederate gray, guarded by the men who had fought for the cause he loved, and who revered his honest, self-denying, devoted life. His old comrades in arms came by thousands to mingle their tears with ours. The Governors of nine States came to bear him to his rest. The clergy of all denominations came to pray that his rest might be peaceful, and to testify their respect for and faith in him. Fifty thousand people lined the streets as the catafalque passed. Few, if any, dry eyes looked their last upon him who had given them his life's service. The noble army of the West and that of Northern Virginia escorted him for the last time, and the Washington Artillery, now gray-haired men, were the guard of honor to his bier. The eloquent Bishops of Louisiana and Mississippi, and the clergy of all denominations, delivered short eulogies upon him to weeping thousands, and the strains of "Rock of Ages" once more bore up a great spirit in its flight to Him who gave, sustained, and took it again to Himself.

A few of the Grand Army of the North followed him, with respectful sympathy for his people's sorrow. Our old slaves sent the following loving letter:

BRIERFIELD, MISS., January 12, 1890.

*TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Beauvoir, Miss.*

We, the old servants and tenants of our beloved master, Honorable Jefferson Davis, have cause to mingle our tears over his death, who was always so kind and thoughtful of our peace and happiness. We extend to you our humble sympathy. Respectfully, your old tenants and servants,

NED GATOR, TOM MCKINNEY,
GRANT MCKINNEY, MARY PENDLETON,
MARY ARCHER, ELIJA MARTIN,
WILLIAM NERVIS, ISABEL KITCHENS,
TEDDY EVERSON, HENRY GARLAND,
LAURA NICK, WILLIAM GREEN,
GUS WILLIAMS, and others.

Thornton Montgomery, now a man of means, the successful son of Joseph E. Davis's old servant, Ben Montgomery, sent the following affectionate note of sympathy:

CHRISTINE, NORTH DAKOTA, December 7, 1889.

MISS VARINA: I have watched with deep interest and solicitude the illness of Mr. Davis of Brierfield, his trip down on the steamer Leathers, and your meeting and returning with him to the residence of Mr. Payne, in New Orleans; and I had hoped that with good nursing and superior medical skill, together with his great will-power to sustain him, he would recover. But, alas! for human endeavor, an over-ruling providence has willed it otherwise. I appreciate your great loss, and my heart goes out to you in this hour of your deepest affliction.

Would that I could help you bear the burden that is yours to-day. Since I am powerless to do so, I beg that you accept my tenderest sympathy and condolence.

Your very obedient servant,

THORNTON.

TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS, Beauvoir, Miss.

Could there have been a surer testimony to Mr. Davis's generous, just, and Christian spirit than that these negroes have given; certainly none afforded me more comfort.

The New York World, published by an Union soldier, uttered a noble eulogium upon him. The New York Sun paid an eloquent tribute to him, and ended with these words: "A great soul has passed."

Mr. James Redpath, a life-long political opponent, thus eloquently expressed his admiration of him after having been for months domesticated with him:

"Before I had been with Mr. Davis three days, every preconceived idea of him utterly and forever disappeared. Nobody doubted Mr. Davis's intellectual capacity, but it was not his mental power that most impressed me. It was his goodness, first of all, and then his intellectual integrity. I never saw an old man whose face bore more emphatic evidences of a gentle, refined, and benignant character. He seemed to

me the ideal embodiment of 'sweetness and light.' His conversation showed that he had 'charity for all and malice toward none.' I never heard him utter an unkind word of any man, and he spoke of nearly all his more famous opponents. His manner could best be described as gracious, so exquisitely refined, so courtly yet heart-warm. The dignity of most of our public men often reminds one of the hod-carrier's 'store suit' — it is so evidently put on and ill-fitting. Mr. Davis's dignity was as natural and as charming as the perfume of a rose — the fitting expression of a serene, benign, and comely moral nature. However handsome he may have been when exited in battle or debate — and at such times, I was told, he seemed an incarnation of the most poetic conceptions of a valiant knight — it surely was in his own home, with his family and friends around him, that he was seen at his best; and that best was the highest point of grace and refinement that the Southern character has reached.

Lest any foreigner should read this article, let me say for his benefit that there are two Jefferson Davises in American history — one is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the 'Fiend of Andersonville' — he is a myth evolved from the hell-smoke of cruel war — as purely imaginary a personage as Mephistopheles or the Hebrew Devil; the other was a statesman with clean hands and pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability — he was a man of whom all his countrymen who knew him personally, without distinction of creed political, are proud, and proud that he was their countryman."

His own people poured out their sorrow in loving and eloquent words, and held meetings in his honor in every little hamlet in our Confederate country, and the great orator of the South, Senator [John Warwick] Daniel, of Virginia, said of him, in an oration not inferior to any that ever was delivered:

"He swayed Senates and led the soldiers of the Union, stood accused of treasons in a court of justice. . . .

He ruled millions and was put in chains. He created a nation, he followed its bier, and he died a disenfranchised citizen.

Though great in many things, he was greatest in that fortitude which, lifting him first to the loftiest height and casting him thence to the depth of disappointment, found him everywhere the erect and constant friend of truth. He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but he bent to none but God. No public man was ever subjected to sterner ordeals of character and a closer scrutiny of conduct. He was in the public gaze for nearly half a century, and in the fate which at last overwhelmed the Southern Confederacy at its end, official records and private papers fell into the hands of his enemies. Wary eyes searched to see if he had overstepped the bounds which the laws of war have set to action, and could such evidence have been found, wrathful hearts would have cried for vengeance. But though every hiding-place was

overhauled and a reward was ready for any who would betray the secrets of the captive chief whose armies were scattered, and whose hands were chained, though the sea gave up its dead in the convulsion of his country, there could be no guilty fact, and accusing tongues were silenced. Whatever record leaped to light, his home could not be shamed.

The people of the South knew Jefferson Davis. He mingled his daily life with those who had bound up with him all that life can cherish. To his hands they consigned their destinies. Ruin, wounds, and death became their portion. And yet they declare that Davis was an unselfish patriot and a noble gentleman; that as a trustee of the highest trust that man can place in man, he was clear and faithful; and that in his office he exhibited those grand, heroic attributes which were worthy of its dignity and their struggles for independence.

"Thus it was that when the news came that he was no more, there was no Southern home that did not pass under the shadow of affliction. Thus it was that the governors of commonwealths bore his body to the tomb, and that multitudes gathered from afar to bow in reverence. Thus it was that throughout the South scarred soldiers, widowed wives, the kindred of those who had died in battle, met to give utterance to their respect and sorrow. Thus it is that that the general assembly of Virginia is now convened to pay this tribute. Completer testimony to human worth was never given, and thus it will be that the South will build a monument to record their verdict, that he was true to his people, his conscience, and his God, and no stone that covers the dead will be worthier of the Roman legend, 'Clarus et vir fortis-simus.'"

THE HISTORY OF OUR SOUTHERN PEOPLE

Clyde Wilson

The history of the Southern people, in its broad and significant dimensions, is still to be written. A lot of good history (and a lot of bad history) has been written about the South, but the over-arching theme of most of this writing has been to treat the South as a peculiarity. The North is normal, the South is to be studied as a deviation from the natural and true America, not for its own sake. It is the almost universal assumption that such deviation needs to be explained as a manifestation of defect or evil.

But the history of the Southern people is a world historical subject significant in itself, extending long before and after its zenith in the immense events of 1861—1865. It is also a suppressed truth that before the war "American" had been defined

and represented primarily by the South and that the South is much older than what is now called the United States.

The best attempt at a broad and true understanding is *The History of the South* by Francis B. Simkins and Charles P. Roland. It is scholarly and objective and is written with the understanding that the South, if not a nation, is "the next thing to it."

The master historian who will cast the story of the Southern people in its world historical dimension has not appeared. He or she probably never will, given the ongoing collapse of Western fact and reason into barbaric superstitions claiming to represent the story of the human race.

In 2020 the Charleston city government took down and pulverized a grand monument to John C. Calhoun, even though the statue was erected by private contributions and on private property. Supposedly because Calhoun was a white supremacist and a proponent of slavery. But everybody was a white supremacist then as well as long before and after and millions felt that African American slavery was the best solution at that time, although not necessarily a permanent solution, for a difficult situation for which there was no ready remedy.

What an ignorant and malicious view of history that ignores that Calhoun was a figure of international standing and by far the most important person ever produced by South Carolina. Not to mention ignorance of the fact that Charleston receives the attention of the world precisely because it represents a former and most interesting regime.

We might also mention the removal the statue of Stonewall Jackson, a world class historical figure, from Virginia Military Institute with which he was the most famous person ever associated.

History, properly understood, is not some rigorous scheme of reductive classifications like "class" or oppressors and victims. History is the story of our humankind. Since humankind has many different experiences, history is many stories and all true history is somebody's story. We cannot recreate the past but we can to some extent, with an open mind, come to know it, like visiting a foreign country.

Among all histories, that of the Southern people is noble and admirable.

THE NATIONAL CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AT ELM SPRINGS



The truth about the South's struggle to form a new nation is under attack as never before. The National Battlefield Parks have been taken over by the "it's all about slavery" provocateurs. Museums have changed their collections and interpretations to present what they call the cultural history of the War for Southern Independence. In reality this new perspective is nothing more than South bashing. The forces of political correctness have gone into high gear. They attempt to ban any and all things Confederate through their ideological fascism.

There needs to be at least one place where the people of the South and others can go to learn an accurate account of why so many struggled so long in their attempt to reassert government by the consent of the governed in America!

The General Executive Council of the Sons of Confederate Veterans made the commitment in October of 2008 to start the process to erect a new building that will have two purposes. One of the uses of this new building will be to give us office space and return Elm Springs to its original grandeur. However the main function is to house The Confederate Museum. We are planning a museum that will tell the truth about what motivated the Southern people to struggle for many years to form a new nation. At the SCV Reunion in July of 2009 the GEC set up a building fund for this purpose. One of the goals is to provide an accurate portrayal of the common Confederate soldier, something that is currently absent in most museums and in the media.

These plans have now become a reality. The ground breaking has taken place and the museum is now open.

Take this journey with us and support the museum as a donor

or join the Friends of the Museum today!

Send Donations to:

Sons of Confederate Veterans

Attn: National Confederate Museum

P.O. Box 59

Columbia, TN 38402

Or you can call 1-800-MY-DIXIE to pay by credit card.

www.theconfederatemuseum.com

BEAUVIOR

Beauvoir, the historic post-war home of President Jefferson Davis, is owned and operated by the Mississippi Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. There are several ways that you can participate in the continued preservation of this beloved landmark located in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Friends of Beauvoir

For as little as \$25 annually, you can become a member of the Friends of Beauvoir. Membership includes tour admission and a 10% discount at the Beauvoir gift shop.



*Beauvoir - Post-war home of Jefferson Davis.
Biloxi, Mississippi*

Bricks for Beauvoir

Honor your Confederate ancestors while supporting Beauvoir. Each brick that you purchase will be engraved with your ancestors rank, name, unit, and com-

pany. The memorial bricks will be laid creating a sidewalk from the UDC Arch to the Tomb of the Unknown Confederate soldier.

For more information on these opportunities, please visit www.visitbeauvoir.org or contact Beauvoir directly at (228) 388-4400

SOLDIERS REST

The city of Vicksburg served as a major hospital center in the early years of the Civil War. A section in the Cedar Hill Cemetery was set aside to provide a fitting burial place for Confederate soldiers who died of sickness or wounds. Known as "Soldiers' Rest," the plot in Cedar Hill Cemetery is the final resting place for an estimated 5,000 Confederate soldiers.

A local undertaker, Mr. J.Q. Arnold, was hired by the Confederate government to bury Southern soldiers, and carried out those duties throughout the siege of Vicksburg. Mr. Arnold meticulously maintained records of the soldiers he buried, assigning each one a grave number. Regrettably, his list and map of the cemetery disappeared after the siege, although a portion of his list was re-discovered in the early 1960s, giving the name, rank, company, unit, and date of death for 1,600 soldiers. Approximately 3,500 names are unknown. The document is now part of the archival records at the Old Courthouse Museum in Vicksburg, MS.

Due to the disappearance of Mr. Arnold's records, only a few private headstones marked the plot until 1893. On April 26 of that year, the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association dedicated a beautiful stone monument featuring the standing



*A soldier of stone stands guard over the resting place of Confederate Heroes.
Soldiers Rest - Vicksburg, Mississippi*

figure of a Confederate Soldier. It was not until the early 1980s, following the discovery of the partial list, that the headstones were erected through the combined effort of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Veterans' Administration. The stones were arranged with military precision and placed in state groupings. In 1998, an additional 72 headstones were erected by the Sons of Confederate Veterans to honor soldiers whose identities were established on a second list which surfaced in the collection of the Old Courthouse Museum.

Soldiers Rest also contains memorial markers for those who died at Cooper's Wells in Hinds County, as well as the sailors who perished on the CSS Arkansas. Unfortunately, stones could not be placed at the actual resting places for the



The "Old Douglas" memorial at Cedar Hill Cemetery near Soldiers Rest.

soldiers in both of these groups, so a decision was made to honor their memory by placing memorials for them in Soldier's Rest.

Discoveries continue to be made about the history of Soldier's Rest. As recently as August 2018, a new list of more than 150 previously unknown soldier and widow burials was discovered and is in the process of being added to the records. Ms. Anna Fuller, in cooperation with several other volunteers, researches and maintains the information about those Confederate heroes who are interred there.

More information about Soldiers Rest, as well as information about events and new memorials can be found at their website: <http://Soldiersrestvicksburg.com/> or on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SoldiersRestCSA>



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FIND US ON FACEBOOK AT
WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/SCVCAMP1354

DEFENDING HISTORY SINCE 1896
WWW.SCV.ORG

The Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) is a hereditary organization for male descendants of Confederate veterans. It was formed in 1896 as the direct heir of the United Confederate Veterans and serves to preserve the history and legacy of the Confederate soldier. There are ongoing programs at the local, state and national levels in the form of preservation work, marking Confederate soldiers' graves, historical re-enactments, scholarly publications, and regular meetings to discuss the military and political history of the War Between the States and the colorful and heroic men who fought it.

Membership is open to all male descendants of any veteran who served honorably in the Confederate armed forces, and can be obtained through direct or collateral family lines which must be documented genealogically.

For more information, please visit www.scv.org

Edward Campbell

Commander

Larry Holman

Adjutant / Membership

UPCOMING MEETINGS

Tuesday June 4th—Camp Meeting at DAV Building—Vicksburg, MS

If you are interested in presenting at future meetings,
please contact Commander Edward Campbell : ewccrystalsprings@yahoo.com

To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we submit 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 he loved and which made him glorious and which you also cherish.

From the stirring speech delivered by Lt. Gen. Stephen Dill Lee, Commander General of the United Confederate Veterans at the New Orleans, Louisiana UCV Convention of 1906.