

IN THE TRENCHES

MARCH 2024

FROM THE COMMANDER

Edward Campbell

Dear Compatriots:

We are already in the Season of Lent, as we prepare for Easter at the end of March. It is already evident that this year is one that will be going fast. Instead of giving something up this year for Lent, I am going to try to add something to my daily routine, that is to memorize scripture Chapters and verses from the book of Psalms. As I get older, I find that memory work is one way to keep my mind sharp. Also, Reading helps. I just finished Sandy Mitcham's new book, "Confederate Patton, Richard Taylor and the Red River Campaign." General Taylor, the son of a President and the brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis, is sadly an underrated general who was never fully appreciated for his remarkable achievements. He kept all of Louisiana north of New Orleans and Baton Rouge out of union hands for the entire war. He was truly a remarkable general who is not given full credit for all that he did. I highly recommend this book for all of you.

Our next monthly meeting is on Tuesday March 5 at 6 PM at the DAV building. Our Speaker will be John Castaldo with the Vicksburg National Military Park. John will be speaking on the topic, "Who Killed Captain George V. Moody" Part 2. He did Part 1 at the November meeting and if you were there I urge you to come back and hear the rest of the story. For those who were not there in November, you are in for a treat, as John is a great speaker and he has done a great deal of research on this topic which is set right here in Vicksburg. Please come and bring a friend to our next meeting on March

5th.

I would like to thank everyone who helped out with the Relic Show over President's Day weekend. My sincere thanks to Bobby Breland and Walker McDonald for helping to set up on Friday, and then to those who helped man the booth on Friday and Saturday. Larry Holman, Bob and Vicki Breland, Joel Bailey, Gregory Bingham and Barry Bingham. We did not sell a lot but we passed out a lot of applications and we showed a very positive face to the Vicksburg community. Again, thank you to all who helped out in any way at all.

Our enemies are not stopping in their efforts to erase our History. Recent news reports from the Legislature show that some leftist Legislators are trying to take away Robert E. Lee's birthday as a state Holiday, which it has been for a lot longer than the MLK Holiday the 3rd Monday in January. There is also proposed legislation to remove a Confederate mural from the top of the Capitol dome, it is up so high that even the news story admitted that the Representative did not know that it was there until the dome was recently renovated. They are also trying to take down our 2 statues from the U.S. Capitol in Statuary Hall, of Jefferson Davis and James Z. George. I urge you to call and email our state Senators and Representatives and let them know how you stand on these issues. I sent those articles to all of you by email and you need to send them out to friends and relatives and urge them to do the same. Some have said to me that they do not have Faith in our elected officials because of the Flag issue. I understand that



*John Clifford Pemberton
Lt. General, CSA.*

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Camp Meeting—Tuesday March 5th, DAV Building, Vicksburg, MS*
- *Confederate Flag Day—March 2nd.*
- *Old Courthouse Flea Market—April 27th*
- *Confederate Memorial Day—April 28th*



but I still urge you to contact them and to urge others to do the same. They are basically politicians who look to see which way the winds are blowing. They need to know that we hold them accountable and that they are our servants. If enough people contact them on this issue, they will think twice. Even someone as Radical as Bennie Thompson surprised many of us back in 2021 by being the only Democratic Congressman to vote with Republicans in killing a bill that would have Nationalized Presidential elections. When asked by the press why he voted against it, he said that he had been overwhelmed with calls and emails urging him to vote against the bill. We can make a difference if all of us work together to try and save our Heritage. If we do nothing, then we may very well lose everything.

Forgive me for getting on my soapbox but our enemies do not stop with their attacks. I like all of us get tired of fighting but when I do, I just pray for more strength to carry on. Don't underestimate the power of Prayer. Every night I pray for our cause to be vindicated and for the truth to come out about the causes of the war and the truth to come out about the Great Dictator, Abraham Lincoln.

Remember our upcoming events in April, Confederate Heritage Month. The last weekend will be busy with our Spring Flea Market on Saturday April 27 and our Confederate Memorial Day service on Sunday the 28th at Soldier's Rest. Please put both of those events on your calendar and we will also need help in setting up for both events. Any help at any time for either one of these events would be greatly appreciated. I look forward to seeing all of you next Tuesday for our March meeting.

God Bless you all and God Bless the South.

Deo Vindice,

Edward Campbell
Commander

Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton Camp, 1354
Vicksburg, MS

WHY THE NORTH WANTED TO PRESERVE THE UNION

Philip Leigh

One of the reasons for forming the United States in 1789 was to permit the thirteen states to trade among themselves with minimal interference. One example of interference occurred two years earlier when New York state unilaterally increased customs fees and assessed heavy clearance fees

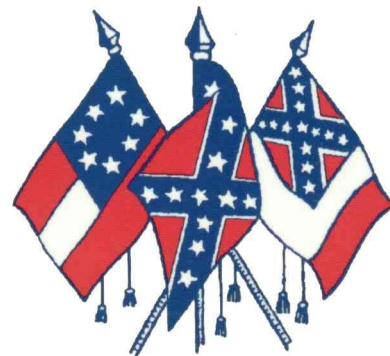
on vessels arriving from—or bound to—New Jersey and Connecticut. Similar disputes affected others among the 13 colonies. That's why our Constitution gave Congress the power to regulate interstate and foreign commerce.

The above provision was more valuable to Northerners than Southerners because the North was more dependent upon the domestic economy than was the South. In 1860 Southern exports totaled \$214 million as compared to only \$47 million from the North. Moreover, the nation's largest manufacturing industry, cotton textiles, was concentrated in New England and dependent upon the American South for its raw material.

Such dependency particularly applied to manufacturing industries concentrated in the North that exported little and pushed deterrence tariffs through Congress to create near monopolies for their products domestically. The North needed the South for its prosperity and commerce; the South did not need the North—it could buy the manufactured goods it needed from Europe.

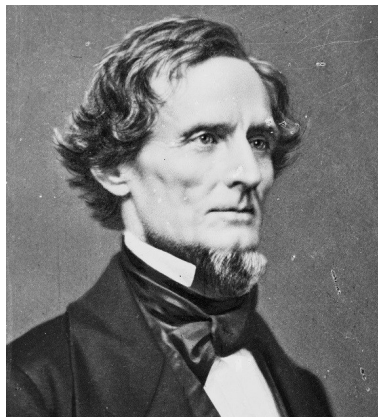
The effects of disunion on New York and Wall Street would be especially bad because they would also lose income from ancillary cotton-trade services such as coastwise shipping, warehousing, and insurance. Until mid-March 1861, New York City had favored compromise on slavery issues. But after it became clear that the Confederacy would lower tariffs, New Yorkers eagerly joined the "preserve the Union" chorus. Toward the end of March numerous business leaders in Boston and New York met with customs officials to say they would not pay tariff schedules unless the Treasury was collecting the same amounts in Southern ports.

A couple of weeks later, the Civil War started at Fort Sumter. Lincoln had resolved to hold the fort to enforce tariff collections in Charleston.



REMEMBERING AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT

Varina Davis
"Jefferson Davis: A Memoir"



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 gener-

ous 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 today. 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 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 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 por-

trayal 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.



*Beauvoir - Post-war home of Jefferson Davis.
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.

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 company. 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



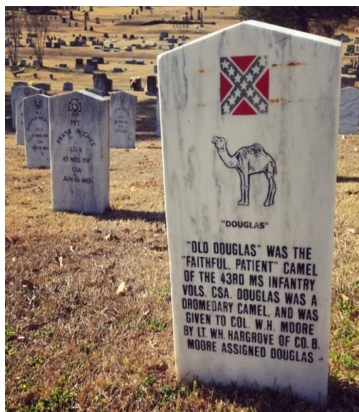
*A soldier of stone stands guard over the resting place of
Confederate Heroes.*

Soldiers Rest - Vicksburg, Mississippi

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.



"Old Douglas"

*Near Soldiers Rest in Cedar Hill
Cemetery
Vicksburg, Mississippi*

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 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 mil-

itary 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 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>

SOUTHERNERS BUILT PANAMA

Casey Chalk

Colonel William Crawford Gorgas, son of Confederate general

Josiah Gorgas, Jefferson Davis' chief of ordnance, was already a world renowned doctor before he ever set foot in Panama. In the final days of the Spanish-American War, Gorgas was Chief Sanitary Officer in Havana, where he eradicated yellow fever and malaria by identifying its transmitter: the Aedes mosquito. (Previously, people had speculated the noxious, humid air of tropical and subtropical climates to be the culprit.) By attacking mosquito breeding ponds and quarantining yellow fever patients in screened service rooms, cases in Havana plunged from 784 to zero within a year.

According to classmates at Bellevue Medical College in New York, which he attended after receiving a bachelor of arts at the University of the South at Sewanee, "Billy" Gorgas was remembered as a devout Christian but careless speller, impoverished but extremely likable, and "imperturbable." He believed the particulars of his life personally directed by God — not necessarily an unsubstantiated opinion, given that he met his wife in 1882 at Fort Brown, Texas when the two were convalescing from an outbreak of yellow-fever. Because of his immunity to the disease, Gorgas was regularly summoned for service whenever the disease broke out.

In 1904, Gorgas arrived in Panama, where the U.S. government had the year before helped engineer a revolution from the Colombian government in order to facilitate the construction of the Panama Canal. A quick survey of the Isthmus confirmed that the entire region was a "mosquito paradise," which explained why thousands of Frenchmen had died of malaria during their disastrous attempt to build a canal there more than twenty years prior. Gorgas estimated that unless severe measures were taken to destroy the Aedes mosquito, the annual death toll in Panama during construction of the canal would be as many as three or four thousand people.

After much effort, Gorgas eventually persuaded his superiors to pursue the most costly, concentrated health campaign in the history of the world. More than four thousand men funded by a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars (millions in today's money) labored to defeat malaria and yellow fever. Panama City and Colon, on opposite ends of canal construction, were fumigated house by house, sometimes more than once. New yellow-fever cases were tracked down and closely monitored, while all major population centers were provided with running water instead of water containers, where mosquitoes had bred.

Eradication efforts in Panama — which also included draining of ponds and swamps and the use of mosquito netting — took a year and a half. But once Gorgas' anti-mosquito program began, yellow fever incidence rates fell off dramatically. Within several months, the epidemic was over, and within a few more, the disease had disappeared from the Isthmus.

Without Gorgas, who later served as president of the American Medical Association and then Surgeon General of the Army, the Panama Canal — through which 40 percent of U.S. container traffic moves annually — would very likely not exist.

Gorgas was not the only southerner at work in Panama. David du Bose Gaillard of Fulton Crossroads, South Carolina, was a U.S. Army engineer who was given responsibility for construction of the central portion of the canal, crossing the continental divide. In particular, Gaillard managed the notorious Culebra Cut, which required the removal of earth amounting to 96,000,00 cubic yards. At the bottom of the Culebra Cut, temperatures were usually well over 100 degrees. “Hell’s Gorge” is what one steam-shovel man called it. “He who did not see the Culebra Cut during the mighty work of excavation,” explained one contemporary author, “missed one of the greatest spectacles of the ages.”

Those who worked for Gaillard claimed he worked twelve hours per day. He is said to have checked up expenses on everything, reportedly saving the federal government \$17,000,000 (how’s that for southern frugality!). Sadly, Gaillard did not live to see the opening of the Panama Canal in 1914, returning to the United States because of nervous exhaustion from overwork. He died of a brain tumor in 1913, and is buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Another southerner, Lieutenant Colonel William L. Sibert, who later co-authored a book about the canal, was an ambitious, headstrong, high-spirited farm boy from Alabama who chewed on unlit cigars and wore ill-fitting clothes. Before arriving in Panama, the West Point graduate worked on the Soon Canal in the Great Lakes and managed a railroad in the Philippines.

From 1907 to 1914, Sibert served as a member of the Panama Canal Commission, managing the construction of several critical components of the canal, including the Gatun Locks and Dam, the West Breakwater in Colon, and the channel from Gatun Lake to the Pacific Ocean. These were all impressive engineer marvels in their own right, as David McCullough documents in his majestic *The Path Between the Seas*. When the United States entered World War I in April 1917, Sibert, by then a brigadier general, was breveted to major general and deployed with the American Expeditionary Forces to Europe, a position Sibert, a career engineer, adamantly admitted he was unqualified to hold. Sibert too is buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

The Canal Zone — which after completion of the canal was administered by the United States until the 1990s — retained, at least in the impression of many, a Southern character. It was “a small southern town transplanted into the middle of Central America,” Michael Donoghue cites one visitor noting in *Borderland on the Isthmus: Race, Culture, and the Struggle*

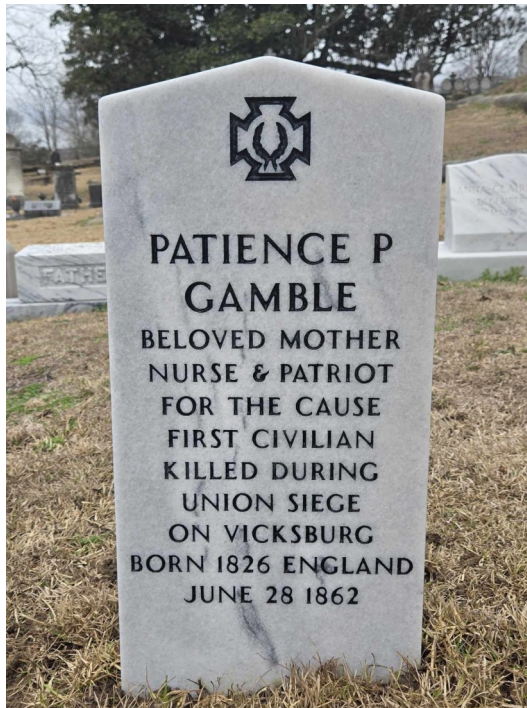
for the Canal Zone. Many observers presumed that most canal inhabitants were from Dixie because the home port of the canal company was New Orleans, though a 1961 survey found that most Zonians, as they were called, were from the northeast and mid-Atlantic. (As the Panamanians began assuming control of the former zone, most Zonians emigrated to Florida and Texas.)

The perception of the Canal Zone as Southern is an odd one, given, as Herbert and Mary Knap explain in *Red, White and Blue Paradise: The American Canal Zone in Panama*, the canal community was the brainchild of some of the most progressive thinkers in America, and “full of union liberals.” Since everyone in the zone either worked for the canal company or served in the military, there was no unemployment, and residents all possessed the same standard issue... well, everything, down to the staplers. It was, in a sense, a socialist utopia.

Nevertheless, the Canal Zone was a curiously conservative place. Participation in voluntary associations, as well as church attendance rates were high, probably much higher than in the United States. Adultery, homosexuality, theft, public drunkenness, “anything that might interfere with the tranquility of the community,” was reason enough to ship someone home. It was, everyone agreed, a “great place to raise kids.”

The color line ran deep in the Canal Zone, something some observers speculated was the fault of the many southerners among the skilled workers and among the military officers. Others, including southerners themselves, attributed racial divisions to the influence of deeply color-conscious upper-class Panamanians. (I’d wager it was likely both.) Yet shortly after World War II, Zone administrators began to eliminate public segregation, and by the 1970s, racism had considerably diminished, according to the account of the progressive Knapps.

As a current resident of the former Canal Zone, I can attest to the peculiar character of the place, which in some respects reflects the vestiges of a charming Southern community. Zonians, who still live here in large numbers in former Zone communities such as Clayton, Albrook, and Diablo, all seem to know and take care of each other. All the Zonians I’ve met are religious, and call various parts of the South their other home. They are tremendously proud of what their ancestors accomplished in the tropical jungle of Central America, creating one of the greatest engineering feats in human history. Southerners, it is strange but true to say, built Panama.



PATIENCE GAMBLE MEMORIAL STONE

After 162 years, Mrs. Patience Gamble has a stone set in her honor. A memorial service is planned in April.

DIXIE NATIONAL PARADE

Compatriots Bryan Skipworth, Bob Breland, and OCR member Vicky Breland were in the Dixie National Rodeo Parade.

2024

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VICKSBURG RELIC SHOW

Several camp members represented us at the annual relic show, organized by Charles Pendleton. Mr. Pendleton is the owner of several businesses in Vicksburg, and is the curator of The Vicksburg Civil War Museum on Washington Street.



2024

Confederate Memorial Day



Soldiers Rest Confederate Cemetery
Vicksburg, MS
April 28, 2024 @ 2pm

Hosted By;
Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton
Camp #1354
Sons of Confederate Veterans



JOHN C. PEMBERTON
CAMP 1354

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Vicksburg, MS 39180

<http://www.scv-camp-1354.com>

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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 March 5th —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.