



The Courier

Newsletter of the Sam Davis Camp No. 1293 SCV

Sons of Confederate Veterans May, 2017*

Be Proud You're a Rebel!

I was born and raised in Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederate States of America (CSA) from April 1861 to April 1865. I grew up in the shadow of the statue of Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee on the city's famous Monument Avenue.

The grand cobblestone street is also adorned with statues of generals J.E.B. Stuart and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, and Confederate president Jefferson Davis. But Richmond isn't a blip in antebellum history or a relic of "Lost Cause" mythology; hers is a rich, complex, and illustrious history from the earliest days. One we should know and study. Not shun or shame.

Under the guidance of Captain Christopher Newport, New World colonialists traveled to Richmond from Jamestown, living and settling among the Powhatan in the 1600s. It was the home of Pocahontas and one of America's earliest successful white-European communities.

It was in Richmond's St. John's Church that Patrick Henry gave his "Give me liberty, or give me death!" speech. It was here, in the heart of the Old Dominion, that Thomas Jefferson passed his Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom. Famous past residents include Chief Justice John Marshall, poet Edgar Allan Poe, and tennis great Arthur Ashe.

Virginia's Capitol was designed by Jefferson, making Richmond home to the oldest legislature continuously operating in the Western

Hemisphere. And it was in this very building that on April 23, 1862, Robert E. Lee stood when he accepted command of the military forces of his beloved Virginia during the "Civil War."

Like so many native Richmonders and Southerners beyond the shores of the mighty James River, we call this bloody conflict that took the lives of an estimated 700,000 people anything but "civil." In fact, the true definition of "civil war" is "a war between citizens of the same country."

Yet, the South had already seceded before war broke out. By doing so, those states set up their own independent confederation – an alliance comprised of 11 strong sovereigns guided by the principles of a newly written Confederate Constitution.

This more-Jeffersonian coalition of subsidiarity also included amicable treaties with the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole Indians. The CSA was about bucking central authority, increasing autonomy, and letting each state chart out its own path.

That's why Dixie chicks like me call the struggle the War for Southern Independence, hearkening back to its similarity of the American colonies' secession from Britain. Some firebrands, of which the South proudly is in no short supply, even refer to it as the War of Northern Aggression.

Interestingly, Mr. Lincoln never recognized the CSA as a legitimate government. Thus, in his eyes, that would have made North and South part of the same country. So why then didn't he get the approval of each of the governors and/or their state

legislatures before sending in the U.S. military to quell "the rebellion"? That would've been the constitutional, legal, and moral thing to do.

Of course, because the war wasn't about saving the Union or freeing the slaves or promoting the will of the people. It was about economics, resources, power, and revenge – always the real causes for all good protectionist wars, don't ya know? It was an invasion of a foreign entity, not a civil war amongst fellow countrymen.

Surprisingly, during my time in Richmond's public schools in the 1970s and 1980s, students were taught the unvarnished history of this pivotal period. Quite amazing considering the 100-plus-year Reconstruction revisionism that had been seeping its way into textbooks and curriculum a la Northern publishers and educrats.

Back then, I was encouraged to study the South, her people and their rightful places in the story of America (and the world) through the lens of history, not modernity and all of its misperceived perfections and moralisms. It's called context, y'all.

In fact, I attended Douglas Southall Freeman High School, an institution named after the Pulitzer-Prize winning author, who won the honor in 1935 for his four-volume biography on Robert E. Lee. Our yearbook was called "The Historian" in Freeman's honor.

Our team mascot was the Rebels, whose symbol was a

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Samuel Davis

Next Camp Meeting: Thursday, May 25th Oglesby Community Center Supper around 6:00, Meeting starts at 7:00

Confederate Calendar

May 25th ~~ Sam Davis Camp meets at 7:00 p.m., Oglesby Community Center. The Center is adjacent to the Woodson Chapel Church of Christ on Edmondson Pike, 1/2 block South of the intersection of Edmondson Pike and Old Hickory Blvd. **This month's program:** John Hunt Morgan...

June 3rd ~~ Confederate Memorial Day Service at the Sam Davis Statue, State Capitol, 10:00 a.m.

June 4th ~~ UDC Confederate Memorial Day Services at Mt. Olivet *and* Carnton Confederate Cemetery, both at 2:00 p.m. Pick one and be there.

June 10th ~~ Clean Up /Work Day at N. B. Forrest Home, 9:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m.

June 10th ~~ Camp Picnic, details of time and place to follow.

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gray-uniformed soldier holding a gun in one hand and a Confederate Battle Flag in the other. The marching band played "Dixie" at football games, as boosters donned Rebel Man pendants and fans waved the Battle Flag.

Today, the school remains DSF and its teams are still the Rebels, but gone are the pre-political-correctness images of a gun-toting Confederate hero. Screw history, even if you're an institution named after a famous historian: all must bow down to the gods of progressivism and sacrifice nuance, objectivity, and truth on the altar of sensitivity to the uninformed, miseducated, and/or malicious. Just pay your penance and move on, say the useful idiots to we backwards-ass crackers.

Please Take Note! Unless your Editor for Life is very mistaken, the camp picnic on the 10th of June will be our meeting for the month, with no meeting on the 4th Thursday as usual. This is the last newsletter prior to the picnic. Watch your email, or call a camp officer for details!

Actually, the Cultural Marxists are smart enough to have initially taken aim on 1861-1865. They are a duplicitous bunch, and started small by challenging school mascots and Boy Scouts troop names. Get the low-hanging fruit before you tear the whole tree out by its roots, Jefferson, Washington, Madison and all. They were just a bunch of rich white slave-owners after all. Nothing to be learned here, people. Move along.

Having knocked down the first dominoes, progressives have become increasingly emboldened in their anti-Southern efforts. It may start with Ole Miss banning "Dixie;" Georgia changing its state flag's 1956-2001 design to be without the Battle flag; the University of Texas removing its Jefferson Davis memorial statue; and South Carolina removing the flag from state grounds. (Have I ever expressed just how much I disdain turncoat Nikki Haley? Ugh.)

Next thing you know, Washington and Lee University has removed its flag display that adorns the Lee monument in Lee Chapel, under which the Confederate general is buried; Charlottesville city council has voted to remove a Lee statue and rename Lee Park; the Southern Baptist Convention has banned the flag (why don't they just get rid of the word "Southern" while they're at it?); the National Cathedral has removed flags from its stained-glass windows; and New Orleans is this very day in the throes of a violent cultural clash over removing four monuments, three of which have actually already come down.

Now, as a libertarian, I don't even believe in public property,

which is where these statues are/were erected, nor do I believe in tax-payer-funded schooling, like these ahistorical institutions of "higher learning." (See, if everything was held in private, this nonsense wouldn't even be an issue. When "everybody" owns a space, nobody really owns it, right? An argument for another day perhaps.) But a Richmond rebel girl's gotta take a stand.

Interesting, too, that one of the rationalizations heard from leftist municipal leaders, anti-Southern zealots, and miseducated tyrants is that the monuments and flags must be moved to a museum, you know, put in their "proper place." You racists can display your "symbols of hate" or whistle "Dixie" at home in private, away from the eyes, ears, and closed minds of totalitarians. Protect the public sphere, they say. It's for the children. It's for unity. Gag.

Man, what a carpet-bagger con. What the Cultural Marxists really desire is fully remaking the South in their own image – a progressive product void of all of its unique Southernness, a valuable resource forced to become a mirror image of their disillusioned puritanical paradise. Don't be fooled by this social-justice scam.

Leftists, of course, possess all the post-modern tools needed to engage in this war of expunging Southern heritage and antiquity: the mainstream-media cabal, the white-guilt-ridden American church, the indoctrination centers of K-12, the university re-education camps, the entertainment biz, and statism – an institution that is always happy to do the bidding of



totalitarians who want to force their ideas on the masses.

Because of the influence and power of these apparatchiks, they come, they see, and they eventually conquer, and then they ratchet it up. This is always the modus operandi of progressivism, so the cultural home-wreckers will never cease in their efforts to knock down the whole domino set ... but that's only if no one gives voice to the voiceless: the Southern tradition.

I, for one, will fight against this ongoing Reconstruction of the South. She is a cause worth fighting for. It's time for all you good Southerners to reject this destruction of her important history and her symbols. Embrace your heritage of stubbornness, anti-authoritarianism, hard-working grit, and self-determination. It's in your blood.

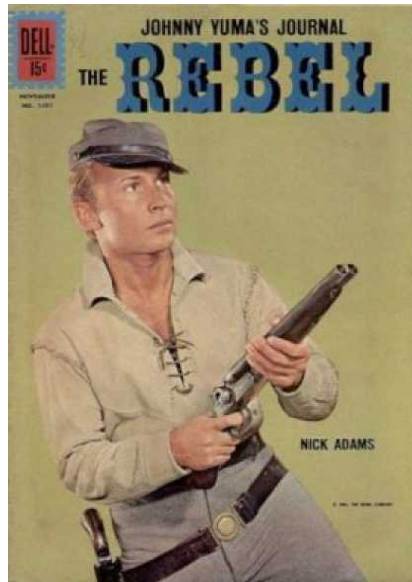
Be that rebel you were born to be. Be the real resistance. Be bully proof. And just as our Confederate ancestors did, defend your home. It's time to push back against this cultural genocide of Dixie.

The South is America's Hope

“Count Herman Keyserling, philosopher and psychologist, world traveler and author, writes in the November Atlantic Monthly that the South is the hope of America, and proceeds, from the philosopher's and ethnologist's standpoint, to prove his assertion.

Count Keyserling sets up the contention that the theory of the North and East is that success comes through dynamics, through working feverishly; that if one only works a little harder, one will be more successful.

The Southerner, upon the other hand, fulfills the dictum that man is essentially the child of the earth, even though he rules it; that the Southerner realizes that there is no lasting happiness for man unless he is in harmony with the rhythm of the earth and that the only state that can endure is one which is comparatively static. That is, the restless, feverish dynamic state is apt to fade from the earth.



Alexander and Napoleon were vanquished; the Huns died out in a short while; the Normans overran Europe and even England, but the Norman culture was absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon culture of England, and the Angles and Saxons predominate to-day in England. It is not, therefore, the feverish and restless people who predominate in the end, but the more static people. “Speed is not an expression of strength and vitality,” it is an expression “merely of neurotic restlessness.”

The Northerner will continue to exist, Count Keyserling grants, but “in days to come he will be recognized as the poorest, the least superior type; he will mean to America at large what the most narrow type of Prussian means within the German nation. The Middle West will in all likelihood continue to represent America's national foundation. But if a culture develops and the stress is laid on culture, then the hegemony will invariably pass over to the South. There alone can there be a question of an enduring culture.” (Macon Telegraph)

In this compliment to the South there is much for sober thought. There is a strong movement to commercialize the South, to create here the same money-seeking atmosphere, to change her distinctiveness into a likeness of other sections, in fact, to destroy those characteristics upon which our “culture” depends. Such effort should be combated and the South

should remain distinctive among the sections. In that is distinction and culture and hope for the future.”

(“The South – America's Hope,” *Confederate Veteran Magazine*, February, 1930.)

Musings on NOLA

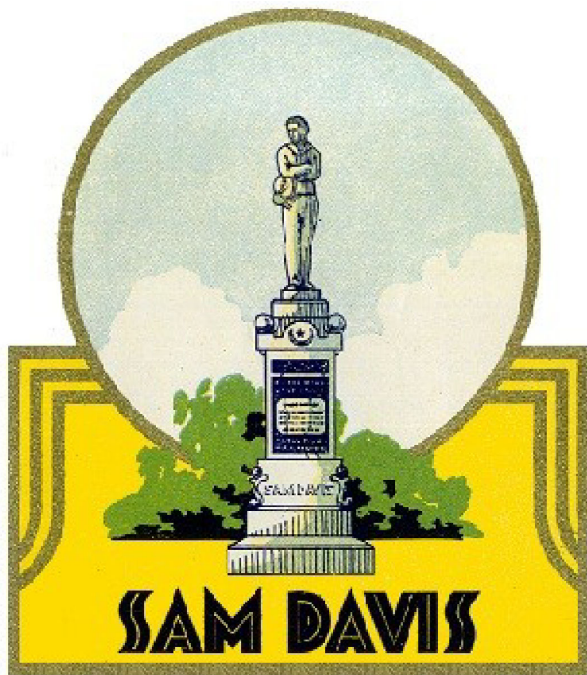
As I've watched this rolling debacle with the historical monuments unfold in New Orleans over the past two years, culminating in the unmitigated disgrace that was last night's takedown of the P.G.T. Beauregard statue – which as Johann Batiste rightly observed this morning amounted to the bowdlerization of a monument to one of the city's earliest civil rights leaders – something has nagged me from the recesses of my brain.

I'm coming about this controversy from the perspective of a lover of history. I majored in it in college, my bookshelves are covered in history books, I had the History Channel as a default on TV until the geniuses running the place decided to remove history from its programming, I try to take in some of the local history whenever I travel somewhere – to me, history is sacred. History is the record of civilization; it's something truly common to us all and it doesn't discriminate.

The story of, for example, Beauregard is a story for all of us. Here was a man of many parts, a product of his time, yes, but a man before his time as well. He was a soldier, an engineer, an entrepreneur, a reformer, a politician, a father, a husband and even a patriot – both for the Confederacy, when events pushed him into it, and for the United States before and after that time. If you're white, these things in his life can be a source of pride in your heritage – but that cultural and historical patrimony isn't limited to white people.

P.G.T. Beauregard spent his post-Civil War life working to better race relations and provide access to the American dream for all the people of Louisiana. He repudiated slavery (he never owned slaves) and





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discrimination. That he fought for the South may have been a negative on his curriculum vitae for some; we all have our crosses to bear. In his time, both black and white in Louisiana saw him as a hero, and for the right reasons.

But this is not a time when we celebrate our history, and we certainly have no appreciation for our heritage. The cultural Marxists and social justice warriors among us, the vast majority of whom have shown themselves to be a collection of frauds and imbeciles unfit to lead so much as silent prayer, have so poisoned the well that American history now bears the taint of “white supremacy,” and it is impossible to judge our ancestors by the standards of their time rather than our own.

Which as an aside, is so completely wrongheaded as to disqualify those who insist on it from any real conversation on the subject. He who sits in an air-conditioned room posting to the internet from a smart phone and who deigns to hold the 19th century to its moral failings has his own intellectual burden to bear, because it isn't his superior intellect or ethics but rather his technological privilege which affords him such scruples. Even as a “poor” college student he lives better than the richest planter aristocrat he decries as evil, and the source of his wealth is far less his own creation than that of the plantation owner he caricatures.

We celebrate Southern history largely because of the cautionary tale it tells us. Yes, Southern society with its slavery was unjust – and accordingly, the South suffered. It lost an entire generation of its young men in the war, it was subjected to the ignominious occupation by the U.S. Army during Reconstruction, its economy was put under the thumb of often-dishonest “carpetbaggers” from the North and it was impoverished for a century after the war until finally shedding the shackles of racism and backward thinking. But there was good in that society as well; we find it in the charm and hospitality the region is known for, the celebration of masculine spirit without which America's military exploits would likely not have been possible from the 20th century to the present, the art and architecture, the food. There is a reason that after a long period of exodus more people are moving into the South than out of it, and the foundations of our culture which were laid by those “awful” people in the 19th century are a large part of that reason.

Intelligent adults can see a Beauregard or a Robert E. Lee or a Jefferson Davis for the complex humans they were, and learn the lessons their lives can teach. Intelligent adults can also mark their contributions to what is good in our society while acknowledging their failings and those of the time in which they lived.

But it's clear we have a shortage of intelligent adults. We particularly have that shortage in New Orleans, and have for some time. ~~ The Hayride