



TRAVELLER

The official publication of the General Robert E. Lee Camp #1640

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Germantown, Tennessee

Duty, Honor, Integrity, Chivalry

Deo Vindici

December, 2013



JOIN US FOR THE LEE CAMP CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION!

December 9, 2013

6:30 p.m. at the Germantown Regional
History and Genealogy Center



CHRISTMAS IN THE CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE

Written especially for the Sunday World Magazine
Sunday, December 13, 1896 by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

*NOTE: The left margin of this clipping is ragged
in places. Missing or fragmentary words that could
not be puzzled out are indicated as "[missing]."*

While looking over the advertisements of the toys and everything else intended to make the children joyful in the columns of the city papers, I have been impressed with the contrast between the present time and the con-[missing] of the Southern country thirty-one years ago, but not withstanding the great facilities of the present time, have been unable to decide whether for the young it was not as gay then as now.

For as Christmas season was ushered in under the darkest clouds, everyone felt the cataclysm which [missing] but the rosy, expectant faces of our little children were a constant reminder that self-sacrifice must be the personal offering of each member of the family. How to satisfy the children when nothing better could be done than the little makeshift attainable in the Confederacy was the problem of the older members of each household. There were no currants, raisins or other ingredients to fill the old Virginia recipe for mince pie. [Missing] the children considered that at least a slice of that much-coveted dainty was their right and the price of indigestion paid for it was a debt of honor [missing] from them to the season's exactions. Apple trees grew and bore in spite of war's alarms, so the foundation of the mixture was assured. The many excited housekeepers in Richmond had preserved all the fruits attainable, and these were substituted for the time-honored raisins and currants. The brandy [missing] for seasoning at one hundred dollars a bottle. [Missing] was forthcoming, the cider was obtained. Suet at a dollar a pound was ordered — and the [missing] seemed a

blessed certainty — but the eggnog — [missing] were the eggs and liquors to be procured — without which Christmas would be a failure to the negroes.

EGGNOG FOR THE NEGROES

“If it’s only a little wineglass,” said the [missing], dusty-looking negro rubber in the stables who [missing] in the back log (our substitute for the [missing] eggnog). “I dunno how we gwine git along without no eggnog.” So, after redoubled efforts, the liquors and other ingredients were secured in admirable quantities. The little jackets, pieced together out of such cloth remaining when uniforms were turned out by the tailors, were issued to the children of the soldiers, amid the remonstrances of the mothers that the pattern of them “wasn’t worth a cent.”

Rice, flour, molasses and tiny pieces of meat, most of them sent to the President’s wife anonymously to be distributed to the poor, had all be weighed and issued, and the playtime of the family began, but like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans at the Episcopalian home had been promised a Christmas tree and the toys, candy and cakes must be provided, as well as one pretty prize for the most orderly girl among the orphans. The kind-hearted confectioner was interviewed by our committee of managers, and he promised a certain amount of his simpler kinds of candy, which he sold easily a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, or sugared fruits to hang on the tree, and all the other vestiges of Christmas creations which had lain on his hands for years. The ladies dispersed in anxious squads of toy-hunters, and each one turned over the store of her children’s treasures for a contribution to the orphans’ tree, my little ones rushed over the great house looking up their treasure eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off, rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children’s toys that gather in a nursery closet.

MAKESHIFT TOYS FOR THE ORPHANS

Some small feathered chickens and parrots which nodded their heads in obedience to a weight beneath them were furnished with new tail feathers, lambs minus much of their wool were supplied with a cotton wool substitute, rag dolls were plumped out and recovered with clean cloth, and the young ladies painted their fat faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes.

But the tug of war was how to get something with which to decorate the orphans’ tree. Our man servant, Robert Brown, was much interested and offered to make the prize toy. He contemplated a “sure enough house, with four rooms.” His part in the domestic service was delegated to another and he gave himself over in silence

and solitude to the labors of the architect.

My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which their blazed a roaring fire, which was pronounced marvelously realistic. We all made furniture of twigs and pasteboard, and my mother made pillows, mattresses, sheets and pillow cases for the two little bedrooms.

Christmas Eve a number of young people were invited to come and string apples and popcorn for the trees; a neighbor very deft in domestic arts had tiny candle moulds made and furnished all the candles for the tree. However the puzzle and triumph of all was the construction of a large number of cornucopias. At last someone suggested a conical block of wood, about which the drawing paper could be wound and pasted. In a little book shop a number of small, highly colored pictures cut out and ready to apply were unearthed, and our old confectioner friend, Mr. Piazzi, consented, with a broad smile, to give “all the love verses the young people wanted to roll with the candy.”



A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY

About twenty young men and girls gathered around small tables in one of the drawing rooms of the mansion and the cornucopias were begun. The men wrapped the squares of candy, first reading the “sentiments” printed upon them, such as “Roses are red, violets blue, sugar’s sweet and so are you,” “If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two.” The fresh young faces, wreathed in smiles, nodded attention to the reading, while with their small deft hands they ginned the cornucopias and pasted on the pictures. Where were the silk tops to come from? Trunks of old things were turned out and snippings of silk and even woolen of bright colors were found to close the tops, and some of the young people twisted sewing silk into cords with which to draw the bags up. The beauty of those home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite

“custom-made,” but when the “sure enough house” was revealed to our longing gaze the young people clapped their approbation, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of successful artist and bowed his thanks for our approval. Then the coveted eggnog was passed around in tiny glass cups and pronounced good. Crisp home-made ginger snaps and snowy lady cake completed the refreshments of Christmas Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their way as an indulgence took a sip of eggnog out of my cup, and the eldest boy confided to his father: “Now I just know this is Christmas.” In most of the houses in Richmond these same scenes were enacted, certainly in every one of the homes of the managers of the Episcopalian Orphanage. A bowl of eggnog was sent to the servants, and a part of everything they coveted of the dainties.



At last quiet settled on the household and the older members of the family began to stuff stockings with molasses candy, red apples, an orange, small whips plaited by the family with high-colored crackers, worsted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn bottoms and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woolen gloves for each, either cut of cloth and embroidered on the back or knitted by some deft hand out of home-spun wool. For the President there were a pair of chamois-skin riding gauntlets exquisitely embroidered on the back with his monogram in red and white silk, made, as the giver wrote, under the guns of Fortress Monroe late at night for fear of discovery. There was a hemstitched linen handkerchief, with a little sketch in indelible ink in one corner; the children had written him little letters, their grandmother having held their hands, the burthen of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the home, who was greatly loved but whose irritable temper was his prominent failing, there was a pretty cravat, the ends of which were embroidered, as was the fashion of the day. The pattern chosen was simple and on it was pinned a card with the word “amiable” to complete the sentence. One of the

[missing] received a present of an illuminated copy of Solomon’s proverbs found in the same old store from which the pictures came. He studied it for some time and announced: “I have changed my opinion of Solomon, he uttered such unnecessary platitudes — now why should he have said ‘The foolishness of a fool is his folly’?”

On Christmas morning the children awoke early and came in to see their toys. They were followed by the negro women, who one after another “caught” us by wishing us a merry Christmas before we could say it to them, which gave them a right to a gift. Of course, there was a present for everyone, small though it might be, and one who had been born and brought up at our plantation was vocal in her admiration of a gay handkerchief. As she left the room she ejaculated: “Lord knows mistress knows our insides; she jest got the very thing I wanted.”

MRS. DAVIS’S STRANGE PRESENTS

For me there were six cakes of delicious soap, made from the grease of ham boiled for a family at Farmville, a skein of exquisitely fine gray linen thread spun at home, a pincushion of some plain brown cotton material made by some poor woman and stuffed with wool from her pet sheep, and a little baby hat plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pain who sewed the straw together. They pushed each other silently to speak, and at last mutely offered the hat, and considered the kiss they gave the sleeping little one ample reward for the industry and far above the fruit with which they were laden. Another present was a fine, delicate little baby frock without an inch of lace or embroidery upon it, but the delicate fabric was set with fairy stitches by the dear invalid neighbor who made it, and it was very precious in my eyes. There were also a few of Swinburne’s best songs bound in wall-paper and a chamois needlebook left for me by young Mr. P., now succeeded to his title in England. In it was a Brobdinagian thimble “for my own finger, you know,” said the handsome, cheerful young fellow.

After breakfast, at which all the family, great and small, were present, came the walk to St. Paul’s Church. We did not use our carriage on Christmas or, if possible to avoid it, on Sunday. The saintly Dr. Minnegerode preached a sermon on Christian love, the introit was sung by a beautiful young society woman and the angels might have joyfully listened. Our chef did wonders with the turkey and roast beef, and drove the children quite out of their propriety by a spun sugar hen, life-size, on a nest full of blanc mange eggs. The mince pie and plum pudding made them feel, as one of the gentlemen laughingly remarked, “like their jackets were buttoned,”

a strong description of repletion which I have never forgotten. They waited with great impatience and evident dyspeptic symptoms for the crowning amusement of the day, “the children’s tree.” My eldest boy, a chubby little fellow of seven, came to me several times to whisper: “Do you think I ought to give the orphans my I.D. studs?” When told no, he beamed with the delight of an approving conscience. All throughout the afternoon first one little head and then another popped in at the door to ask: “Isn’t it 8 o’clock yet?,” burning with impatience to see the “children’s tree.”



PRESIDENT DAVIS HELPED SANTA CLAUS

When at last we reached the basement of St. Paul’s Church the tree burst upon their view like the realization of Aladdin’s subterranean orchard, and they were awed by its grandeur.

The orphans sat mute with astonishment until the opening hymn and prayer and the last amen had been said, and then they at a signal warily and slowly gathered around the tree to receive from a lovely young girl their allotted present. The different gradations from joy to ecstasy which illuminated their faces was “worth two years of peaceful life” to see. The President became so enthusiastic that he undertook to help in the distribution, but worked such wild confusion giving everything asked for into their outstretched hands, that we called a halt, so he contented himself with unwinding one or two tots from a network of strung popcorn in which they had become entangled and taking off all apples he could when unobserved, and presenting them to the smaller children. When at last the house was given to the “honor girl” she moved her lips without emitting a sound, but held it close to her breast and went off in a corner to look and be glad without witnesses.

“When the lights were fled, the garlands dead, and all but we departed” we also went home to find that Gen. Lee had called in our absence, and many other people. Gen. Lee had left word that he had received a barrel of sweet potatoes for us, which had been sent to him by mistake. He did not discover the mistake until he had taken his share (a dishful) and given the rest to the soldiers! We wished it had been much more for them and him.

OFFICERS IN A STARVATION DANCE

The night closed with a “starvation” party, where there were no refreshments, at a neighboring house. The rooms lighted as well as practicable, someone willing to play dance music on the piano and plenty of young men and girls comprised the entertainment. Sam Weller’s soiry[sic], consisting of boiled mutton and capers, would have been a royal feast in the Confederacy. The officers, who rode into town with their long cavalry boots pulled well up over their knees, but splashed up their waists, put up their horses and rushed to the places where their dress uniform suits had been left for safekeeping. They very soon emerged, however, in full toggery and entered into the pleasures of their dance with the bright-eyed girls, who many of them were fragile as fairies, but worked like peasants for their home and country. These young people are gray-haired now, but the lessons of self-denial, industry and frugality in which they became past mistresses then, have made of them the most dignified, self-reliant and tender women I have ever known — all honor to them.

So, in the interchange of the courtesies and charities of life, to which we could not add its comforts and pleasures, passed the last Christmas in the Confederate mansion.



CONFEDERATE FIRST LADY VARINA
DAVIS

THE GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE CAMP 1640
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, INC.
Germantown, Tennessee

P.O. Box 171251, Memphis, TN 38187
Telephone (901) 682-8000

DONATION- PLEDGE SHEET

I would like to donate to the following projects my Camp is currently undertaking:

Ft. Germantown Cannon Project	\$ _____
Forrest Boyhood Sign Project	\$ _____
Citizens to Save Our Parks	\$ _____
Camp's General Fund	\$ _____

I would also like to pay my annual dues at this time. \$ 60.00
(If previously paid, please mark through this item.)

TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$ _____

OR

TOTAL PLEDGED: \$ _____
(enclosed or to be paid within 60 days)

Please **print** and update your information
and mail to camp address above by September 15th.

Name: _____
(Print)

Address: _____
(Print)

_____ City State Zip Code

Telephone: _____

E-mail: _____
(Print)

Confederate Silver Dollar

Coin in plastic sleeve \$65.00 ea.
Coin encased in plastic \$75.00 ea.
Add \$20.00 for shipping & handling

**Price subject to change with market fluctuation.
Call for live quotes*



The coin itself is one troy ounce of .999 fine silver. It was minted in Washington State by the Northwest Territorial Mint (NWTM).

One side of the coin features the Great Seal of the Confederacy, showing Colonial George Washington astride his horse. The other side of the coin was designed in 2002. The scripture "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord" is from Psalm 33:12 and celebrates the strong Christian faith and tradition of the old South. The centerpiece is an eagle from a U.S. 1830s silver half-dollar, a coin in circulation during the war. The Breastplate or shield has the "Stars and Bars" of the battle flag with CSA (Confederate States of America) above.

Much history rests in this coin. It can be kept as a treasured keepsake or given as a gift.

YOURS FREE

*With a new member
brought in by yourself*

Lee Camp Members Only

*See Camp Commander
for more information
Tarry Beasley*

Visit our website @ www.atlanticbullionandcoin.com

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CITIZENS TO SAVE OUR PARKS

Dedicated to the preservation and enhancement of our historic parks.

Fight City Hall ?

We ARE !!!

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

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

name: _____

address: _____

city: _____ State: TN Zip: _____

email: _____

signature: _____ Date: _____

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

Citizens to Save Our Parks

www.citizenstosaveourparks.org
PO Box 241875

Memphis, TN 38124

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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, INC.
Germantown, Tennessee*

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2012-2013
LIST OF ACHIEVEMENTS & EVENTS

1. Historic Tour of Germantown, Tennessee
2. Purchased/Placed Cannons at Ft. Germantown, Tennessee
3. Assisted with Placements of Cannons in Confederate Park - Memphis, TN
4. Camp Composite of Members Published
5. 20th Anniversary Party of the Lee Camp
6. Lee-Jackson-Chalmers Banquet (co-sponsored w/ 3 other camps)
7. Established Brigade Color Guard (participated in 20+ events)
8. Established Bluff City Greys 154th TN Infantry Re-enactment Group
9. Assisted in Collierville School Days Each Year
10. Assisted in Collierville 150th Re-enactment
11. Represented @ TN Division Reunion
12. Represented @ National Reunion
13. Participated through Bankheads Battery in 27 Re-enactments
14. Participated thru TN Infantry in 10 Re-enactments
15. Represented @ 150th Gettysburg by Camp Members in Bankheads Battery & the 154th
16. Represented @ 150th Chickamauga by Camp Members in Bankheads Battery & the 154th
17. Held 12 Regular Meetings Each Year with Outstanding Speakers
18. Published 12 Traveller Newsletters Each Year
19. Represented at Forrest Birthday Celebration Each Year
20. Represented at Forrest Passing Each Year
21. Contributed to Forrest Boyhood Home Road Signs Project
22. Contributed to Citizens to Save Our Parks Lawsuit, Memphis, TN
23. Christmas Celebration Each Year
24. Recruited Approximately Six (6) New Members into the Lee Camp, SCV

T. Tarry Beasley II, Commander

Commander's Corner

Gentlemen,

NOVEMBER CAMP MEETING was nicely attended and held all the drama of an uncontested election! The program was on General A. P. Hill and we learned a lot about a high ranking Confederate General who gets little publicity. Beecher Smith made the presentation and many details of the general's career and life were revealed and delineated that made the presentation very interesting. You again missed an excellent and informative presentation if you were not there. We had 33 members and 3 guest present. We were honored to have with us Barbara Snyder, Wally Smith, and Bill Summerville who is transferring in for the Mississippi Division and we are proud to have him with us. Come to the next meeting December 9th but come a little early we have food at 6:30. Bring a guest also and enjoy the Christmas time with us.

ELECTIONS were held and the new officers for 2014 thru 2015 are: Commander Mike Daugherty, Lt Commander Dr Bradford Waters, and Adjutant/Treasurer Col. Arthur Oliver. These men need your help, input, cooperation and suggestions to carry the Camp forward. Do your part to support them and the Cause for which your ancestor fought and which we honor and respect as in "Fighting Federal Terrorism since 1861".

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION is our next meeting. It is December the 9th at our usual meeting place Ten-Gen Library or the Pickering Center 7779 Poplar Pike. Please bring a guest, and a side dish, finger food, chips and dip or something good to eat like a desert. The Camp will have a meat tray and drinks there. No formal program is planned but there will be read a soldier's letter home and the like. We will also be presenting most, but not all, of the Camp appreciation awards at that time.

LEE JACKSON CHALMERS BANQUET is scheduled for the 18th of January at the Ridgeway Country Club. As many of you know last year all the tickets except for 7 were sold. This year will be a sell out so bring a check with you to the Christmas Celebration to purchase the tickets. They are again \$30.00 each and that includes a fantastic and delicious dinner, wonderful surroundings and a silent auction of lots of goodies you will want that go for next to nothing. Dress is Business or period dress for this great event. There will be only 124 tickets available so get them early before they are gone.

CANNON REPORT the tubes for the carriages placed in Ft Germantown have been completed and are being crated up for shipment from Virginia. We should receive them by the first of the year. A dedication event will be held by the Camp and Brigade later, probably in the early spring. Mark Buchanan will be setting that up and notifying all the Camps and dignitaries for the ceremonies.

COLOR GUARD presented medals to their members at the Camp meeting. They were presented to: Mark Buchanan, Cale Buchanan, Ken Crestman, Bill Rivenbark, Bill Dunaway, Mike Daugherty and in abstention Karl Amelang. The Camp is proud of these men and the fact that the Color Guard was started in our Camp and is the host Camp for them.

REAL ESTATE has been offered to the Camp by an individual for whatever purpose we may chose. A committee was set up to investigate the cost of ownership, maintenance and location. The committee will need to meet and decide in the next couple of weeks as the donor wished to complete the transaction before the end of the year. The property is in east Memphis on Mt Mariah. The committee consists of Arthur Oliver, Mike Daugherty and Tarry Beasley. If you wish to participate in the decision please contact one of these men immediately.

THANK YOU for allowing me to be your commander again (third time). I appreciate the opportunity, trust and honor you have bestowed on me by letting me lead the Camp the last two years. I sincerely appreciate the help that all have given. There is obviously no way I can enumerate to you how much each of you have assisted me in this endeavor. The Camp has grown in the last 2 years substantially and has done more projects than ever before. We are the second largest Camp in Shelby County and probably the most active of all of them. We have cooperated with the other 3 Camps in many projects and especially in honoring and protecting our local hero Forrest. I would encourage each of you to bring guests to the meetings and invite anyone interested in the War of Northern Aggression to join us. Participate by having SCV tags on your cars and using the Kroger card to obtain a life membership in the SCV for free but most of all come to the meetings and enjoy the fellowship we have with each other.

Tarry Beasley, Commander

American By Birth
Southern and Saved by the Grace of God

SCV LIFE MEMBERS ROSTER

T. Tarry Beasley II	T. Tarry Beasley III
Winston Blackley	Eugene Callaway
John Cole	W. Kent Daniel Jr.
James Anthony Davis	Hubert Dellinger Jr., MD
H. Clark Doan	Eugene Forrester
Robert Freeman	Donald Harrison
Frederick Harrison	Frank Holeman
M. Gary Hood	William P Hunter, Jr.
Bobby Lessel	Jerry C. Lunsford
Frank M. McCroskey	Steve McIntyre
Arthur Oliver	Charles Wendell Park
Steve Reason	Bill Simmons
Larry J. Spiller, Jr.	Larry J. Spiller, Sr.
Osborn Turner, IV	Charles L Vernon
William C. Wilson	

41% of active members



Traveller is the monthly newsletter of:

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

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter,
Order of the Confederate Rose
P.O. Box 171251
Memphis, Tennessee 38187

Steve M. McIntyre, Editor



Camp Christmas Celebration ** December 9, 2013
Germantown Regional History and Genealogy Center, 7779 Old Poplar Pike, Germantown, TN