



TRAVELLER

A Publication of the General Robert E. Lee Camp, #1640
Sons of Confederate Veterans, Germantown, TN
Duty, Honor, Integrity, Chivalry
DEO VINDICE!

August, 2014



**CAMP MEETING
August 11, 2014**

Speaker: Joe Burns

**Topic: Advances in Military Genealogy
Research**

**7:00 p.m. at the Germantown Regional
History and Genealogy Center**

Don't miss our next camp meeting.

John Hunt Morgan's Capture and Escape From the Ohio State Prison



Following his raid into Ohio, the story of pursuit, arrest, and subsequent escape:

During six days, Morgan was able to elude his pursuers; but at the end of that time, had to give himself up, together with two hundred brave comrades who had followed him to the last ditch. With

half a dozen of these faithful men, he was shut up in the cells of the Ohio State Prison. The constant movement in the open air which had marked their lives during the raid, so disastrously terminated made their confinement within four dark bare walls, in a very close atmosphere, almost intolerable to them, and they resolved, if possible, to affect their escape from the toils.

But how was this to be brought about? Fortunately for them, they had access to each other from cell to cell during the night and day alike, which enabled them to act in concert in carrying out the plan that

they finally agreed on. The only practicable way of getting out was by forcing an entrance to the basement; and to accomplish this, they were compelled to bore through a cement floor, which was almost as hard as if it had been laid in granite. Several men were soon engaged in the work of excavation under the cover of the bed in one of the cells; others were employed in making ropes by tearing the sheets and ticking into strips and twisting them stoutly together; while still others were converting everything about their quarters that was at all suitable for the purpose into uncouth weapons for self-defense and attack.

During the time the prisoners were so occupied, they had to show the most unvarying prudence, for the sentinel was likely to appear amongst them at any moment of the day or night. At night, he regularly visited the doors of the cells once every three hours and thrust his lantern between the bars to find out whether the men were all there and asleep; and not content with this, would often return unexpectedly, with his footfall smothered by the use of rubber slippers, which produced no sound. But the prisoners were able to get around him in this ruse by dropping, before they retired, small particles of coal on the floor in the passage, which crunched under his tread and thus gave ample warning of his approach.

The men engaged in boring the hole under the bed found their task seemingly interminable; but just when they began really to despair of ever penetrating the floor, which had at a certain depth changed from cement to brick, a brick suddenly fell through, leaving a considerable hole; and on widening this hole, they discovered that they had reached an air chamber running the entire length of the cells. Previous to this success, they had disposed of all the rubbish produced by the improvised chisel by hiding it carefully in the bed ticking; but afterwards, there was ample room for its concealment in the air chamber.

At the end of this chamber, they came upon a granite wall. One by one, when the presence of a single

person was not so apt to be missed by the sentinel, each took up, in his turn, the task of chipping away at this solid barrier. Twenty-three days passed before the wall had been penetrated and the soft earth lying beyond it reached. They began at once to dig a tunnel, without the slightest reason to know where it would end. A whole month had been consumed when a blow of the rude instrument with which they had been so patiently excavating, opened up a ray of sunshine, and on widening the orifice, the daylight entered. But for the time being, they were not ready to escape; nor was that hour the proper one for the trial. They quietly waited until the arrival of the second night. In the meanwhile, they were very suspicious of the sentinel, and watched for his return with a feeling of acute suspense.

The afternoon preceding the night fixed for their attempt to escape having turned out to be very cloudy, they looked forward with confidence to a heavy fall of rain and more than common darkness, which they knew would make it easier for them to carry out their plan. When the sentinel entered for the last time, he handed General Morgan a letter. It read as follows:

"My dear General, I feel certain that you are going to try to get out of prison; but for your sake, don't you try it. You will only be taken prisoner again and made to suffer more than you do now."

The name attached to this kind and anxious note was that of a poor Irish woman whom Morgan had known in Kentucky. Was it genuine? If so, it was placed in his hands at a singular moment. Supposing that his design was suspected by friendly persons outside the walls, was this their method of setting him on the guard? The prison authorities had, of course, read the letter before it was delivered, and it must have had the effect of increasing their vigilance.

It was too late, however, to pause or take a backward step. Twelve o'clock that night had been chosen as the moment for the start. The prisoners at the usual hour were locked in the cells, and the sentinel returned later on to find out whether they were asleep in their beds; but they allowed some time to pass before they arose, for fear lest he might steal back, with the sound of his footstep carefully muffled.

Their first act was to stuff their flannel shirts with the bed clothes and to place them in the beds to simulate their bodies; the next, to descend noiselessly into the air chamber, which was now perfectly dark. The General, the last to enter, struck a match and asked in a low voice whether all the men, seven in number, were present, and whether they had ready to hand the

rude cutlasses which they had, during their leisure, made out of their dinner knives. All responded in the affirmative. It took but a minute to reach the tunnel. Everyone among them knew that the fateful moment had arrived. It was quite possible that, as soon as they issued forth, a sentinel would halt them or the prison dog betray them by baying at them.

When they got out to the surface, they saw, to their delight, that rain was falling and that the night was excessively dark, in consequence of which the sentinel had retired to the shelter of his box and the dog to that of his kennel. Gliding noiselessly to the first wall, they crossed it by means of a rope ladder which they had made in prison of the sheets and blankets. At the second wall, they lifted one of their comrades on their shoulders, and he, from the top, let the rope down on the further side; but before they used it, all stopped for a few minutes in an empty sentry box to change to the civilian clothes which they had been able, through their jailor, to collect while shut up in the cells.

By the end of an hour, the time consumed in their daring enterprise, they had succeeded in getting out of the prison, and they at once broke up in groups to secure a greater chance of avoiding suspicion and escaping detection. General Morgan, with a single comrade named Hines, soon boarded a local train just about to start for Cincinnati. In taking his seat in the cars, he found next to him a Federal officer, with whom he became so genial that they exchanged drinks. As the train passed in sight of the prison where the Confederates had been so long confined, the Federal officer pointed it out to his new friend. "There," said he, "is the hotel where that guerrilla, Morgan, and his men are spending their leisure hours."

Morgan looked at the building with great interest. "Let us hope," he remarked drily, "that the fellow will make up his mind to board there the balance of the war, for he is a damnable nuisance." He later jumped from the train short of Cincinnati and made his way through Union-occupied territory all the way back to Athens, TN.

What It Was All About in Ten Words

by Valerie Protopapas

On August 24th, 1864, President Abraham Lincoln wrote to politician and editor Henry J. Raymond that Raymond might seek a conference with Jefferson Davis and to tell him that hostility would cease "upon the restoration of the Union and the national

authority.” In other words, three plus years of hideous bloodshed and war crimes would simply be ended on the above mentioned conditions.

But there is so much more in those ten words than might be seen by the casual observer. Of course, Jefferson Davis was hardly “a casual observer!” He understood the conditions under which his nation and his people would be spared further torture and destruction but he chose not to follow the path of abject slavery. It is interesting to note that a war many people declare solemnly was fought “to abolish slavery” among blacks was in fact fought to institute slavery among all Americans.

As for the first of Lincoln’s demands; that is, the “restoration of the Union:” the simple fact is that for many years participation in that “Union” had been a kind of economic and cultural slavery for the States of the South. Despised and attacked by fellow members of the “glorious Union,” they found that their wealth was not despised but, indeed, desired and as a result, year by year found its way into the coffers of those who could not be considered anything but their implacable enemies.

But this was not the foremost reason that Lincoln wanted the eleven Confederate States back under the thumb of the North. It is the second demand that makes clear why Lincoln launched his war against the States of the South in the first place; that is, they had refused to observe “the national authority.” To what “national authority” does Lincoln refer? Again, it is simple. Lincoln was going—and indeed already had—nullified the Constitution and the Union of the Founders by replacing the sovereignty of the States and the People with a now national rather than federal government. Of course, this was not just Lincoln’s desire. Many in the North and in the South of both parties no longer wished to maintain the limited federal government as created by the Constitution. Both before and during the War, Lincoln spoke endlessly of “saving” not the nation or the Union but the government! The “national authority” which he wished to “restore”—although it had not existed at least openly before the War—was an all-powerful central government with himself at its head.

To this very day, those who seek what Lincoln desired infest the Constitution with “amendments” and “legal interpretations” assuring that both of his demands would be institutionalized in perpetuity and that is why we have what we have today: an all powerful “national authority.” At least the People of the South can take some comfort in knowing that

their ancestors did not willingly or even grudgingly accept Lincoln’s slavery while they could still lift their swords to resist it. That they failed in that effort does not detract from the effort.

SCV 2014 National Reunion - Charleston, SC

by Brad Waters

From July 16-19, the 119th National Reunion was held in North Charleston, South Carolina. The Reunion was sponsored by the 10th Brigade, South Carolina Division. Charleston is a charming city with an amazing colonial and military history. The city is a historian’s dream with many well preserved homes, markets and churches from the British colonial era. On Sunday, we attended St. Michael’s Episcopal Church which began as a Church of England parish church in the 1680s.

The SCV provided a Harbor tour, a Fort and Battlefield tour, Ladies tour and Hunley tour. The Hunley tour was a guided visit to a research laboratory and museum dedicated to the H. L. Hunley submarine. In 1864, the H. L. Hunley was the first submarine to successfully sink a warship. The submarine was amazing due to its advanced design and the courage of the men who served with her. Every aspect of the meeting exhibited thoughtful planning. There were additionally many non-SCV city tours and opportunities to visit the numerous museums. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have a small but impressive museum in the old section of Charleston. The city’s hospitality and Low country cuisine made the trip a pleasure.



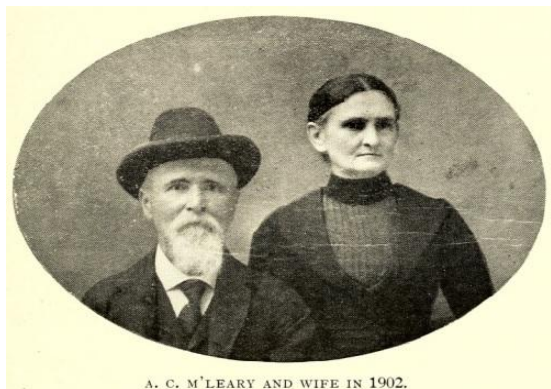
The following officers were elected:

Commander in Chief - Kelly Barrow (GA)
Lt. Commander in Chief. - Tom Strain (AL)
Army of Northern Virginia Commander - Randy Burbage (SC)
Army of Northern Virginia Councilman - Ronnie Roach (NC)

Army of Tennessee Commander - Larry McCluney (MS)
Army of Tennessee Councilman - James Patterson (TN)
Army of Trans-Mississippi Commander - Charles Lauret (LA)
Army of Trans-Mississippi Councilman - Paul Gramling (LA)

Two amendments to the Constitution were considered. Both amendments failed to obtain the votes to be adopted. The 2015 Reunion shall be in Richmond July 16 - 18, and the host hotel is the DoubleTree in Midlothian, 1021 Koger Center Blvd., Richmond, 804-379-2763, and the SCV has blocked 225 rooms.

Charleston will be a hard act to follow.



A. C. McLEARY AND WIFE IN 1902.

HUMOROUS STORIES OF THE WAR

from the memoirs of A.C. McLeary of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry

We are all proud of the crosses of honor given us by our dear Daughters. I wear mine when traveling among strangers; and while in Memphis some time back, waiting for my train to start for Arkansas, a fine-looking old ex-Federal soldier, whose home was in Baltimore, Md., took hold of my cross and said :

"My friend, did you not know that these railroads won't allow a fellow to ride on their train with one of those things on?" I told him that I did not, but I was under General Forrest during the war, and he taught us to go where and when we pleased. An Arkansas man heard my answer, and came up laughing, and we had a jolly good time until I had to leave.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Sep 6-7 - Germantown Festival
Sep 13 - Confederate History and Heritage Rally
Oct. 18 - 50th Anniversary of Jefferson Davis Statue, CONFEDERATE PARK
Oct. 29- Forrest's Passing Commemoration, FORREST PARK, 7:15 PM
Dec 5 - Collierville Christmas Parade, 6:00 PM

DID YOU KNOW?

By Beecher Smith

Did you know that the famous etching of Lee's Surrender to Grant at the McLean House,



Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, by an artist whose name is now forgotten, is fraught with historical inaccuracy?

The two most glaring errors are the inclusions of both Union General George Armstrong Custer (left side with back turned) and Confederate Colonel Walter Taylor, Gen. Lee's aide-de-camp (standing immediately behind the seated Lee). Custer's name is misspelled "Custar" in the caption beneath him. The truth is that Custer was so universally hated by the Confederate officers that they refused to go through with the surrender if he was to be allowed inside the room, so he had to stand on the porch and peer through a window as the ceremony took place. Col. Taylor absolutely refused to participate in the surrender. Lee's other aide, Col. Charles Marshall (shown standing to the left of Taylor and also behind Lee) did in fact attend.

Notes From the Field- July 1864



by Mark Buchanan

"General Hood. We have just completed the killing, capturing, and breaking up the entire raiding party under General McCook--some nine hundred and fifty prisoners—two pieces of Artillery, and twelve hundred horses and equipments captured." General Joseph Wheeler, CSA

In April of 1864 Brig. Gen. E.M. McCook of Ohio took command of the 1st Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland. In July, he was part of a massive cavalry offensive. He and 3600 troopers came upon Confederates in Newman, GA. While looking for a way out of town he was attacked in front and flank by Confederate Cavalry under Gen. Joe Wheeler. The Battle of Brown's Mill is little known. The Lincolmites were given a good thrashing, losing 950 men, 1200 horses, artillery and ambulances. The Yankees scattered and crossed the Chattahoochee river in several places, all while under fire from the boys in gray. Many more were captured, but McCook got away. Northern papers stated that the Confederates consisted of 4000 picked men. Wheelers unit at no time was more than 1800.

BLUFF CITY GRAYS AFTER ACTION REPORT



Finally rejoined with our unit and at as full strength as we were going to get, we headed back up North into Tennessee on a recruiting and supply mission. Being careful to avoid Linden because of the known Yankee presence there, we passed well around that town and found a small town North of there called Hurricane Mills. There was a plantation near there with a creek where horses could be watered, and a good supply of food and other needs nearby. We set

out that way to make camp and as we found what we felt like was a good spot, we were fired on by a small detachment of Yankee artillery and sharpshooters.

Falling quickly into line of battle next to the Kentucky Company, we met the enemy head on. As the fight went on for the guns in our front, another small detachment of Yankee sharpshooters came up in our rear.

We left the Kentucky Company on our right to take the Federal guns, two of which had misfired, and I ordered the Grays to about face, all of us being loaded and we let loose a rapid fire volley that took out several of the sharpshooters - the rest ran like scalded dogs as they tried to reload. We gave chase, capturing a Federal Colonel, Corporal, and a couple of Privates along with a Provost Marshall. The Kentucky Company took the guns and the surviving Federal gun crews prisoner, along with the surviving skirmishers in between.

Following this action that we now refer to as the "Hurricane Creek Affair", there was a report from one of our prisoners that the Federals were tipped off to our arrival by a civilian sympathizer in the area. He was turned in and confirmed by many of the locals. Considering the injury and potential of death he had caused my men, we arrested him and prepared to execute him by firing squad on the spot, but just as we were to fire, he was hit by a late shell from one of our captured artillery and died on the spot. The men having their blood up, well - they shot him again anyway, just for good measure. We took our plunder and made camp a short distance away for some much needed rest. I don't imagine it will last long.

Michael Daugherty, 1st Sgt.
154th Tenn. Sr. Regt, Co. B. The "Bluff City Grays"

THIS MONTH IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY



August 5, 1864 - Battle of Mobile Bay (Fort Morgan)

August 9, 1862 - Battle of Cedar Mountain

August 10, 1861 - Battle of Wilson's Creek

August 21, 1821 - Gen. William

Barksdale Born

August 28, 1861 - Fort Hatteras Falls

August 29-30, 1862 - Second Battle of Bull Run (Manassas)

HERITAGE ATTACK OF THE MONTH



Without question, this dubious honor goes to Kenneth Ruscio, President of Washington and Lee University. In a despicable act of incredible cowardice, Mr. Ruscio had the Confederate Battle Flags around the tomb of General Lee removed. It actually is not the tomb, but a memorial statue - the General is buried in a crypt downstairs. In any case, Mr. Ruscio's justification for his actions may be found [here](#).

This is a real travesty, and one that has the SCV's full attention. It's very possible that legal action will be taken. There were hundreds, if not thousands of letters and emails sent to the board, the museum, and Mr. Ruscio himself from all over the country, and as you might imagine there have not been any responses to any of them that I've heard of.

The response has been huge but needs to be continuous. We must keep the pressure on. I am asking everybody who gets this newsletter to write everybody involved, and make sure you are copying the trustees. I've posted the addresses below. I've written to them. I know several other people in the area have as well. Make your letters short, factual and to the point but also professional. Please copy me on your letters, I'd like to see them.

The weekend of July 26, there was a rally in Lexington that attracted hundreds of [compatriots](#) from all over the country, which prompted W&L to close the museum for the weekend because they felt "threatened". I hope there was nothing to feel threatened over, and I'm sure there wasn't - it was probably more of an issue of shame or Ruscio would be out there defending his decision to the masses. Or maybe they felt threatened by [THIS](#). In any case, as usual it is a case of somebody in authority caving in to a small band of perpetually offended extortionists in training.

I will be posting updates on the Facebook page so the case will be easier for everybody to keep up with. Our compatriots in Lexington need our help and our support in any way we can provide it. And to the extent of our ability, we will.

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HERITAGE COUNTERATTACK OF THE MONTH

Well...given the above, there have been far too many good ones that I've seen to really choose. However, with all this going on, on the OTHER end of the Confederacy, on a VERY hot day in mid-July in Memphis, a crowd of over 200 people came out to Forrest Park to celebrate the birthday of one of the greatest leaders of any army of any country, anywhere, ever. As General Lee himself said when asked to identify the best soldier he ever commanded, "A man I have never met, sir. His name is Forrest".

The Following is a great recipe if have hardtack leftover from the war:

HARDTACK CORN CHOWDER

- 6 pieces hardtack
- 1 c. milk
- 1/4 lb. salt pork
- 1 large onion, peeled and sliced or chopped
- 4 large potatoes, sliced or diced
- 2 c. water
- 2 c. corn, kernels sliced off cob (about 2 ears)
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika if available

Soak hardtack in milk. (Skim off weevils and other objectionable matter. You may want to start this the night before, depending on age of hardtack.) When they are softened, cut salt pork into cubes and brown over medium fire. Add onion and cook until soft. Add potatoes and water and cook until potatoes are soft, or at least tender. Stir in hardtack and milk, then add remaining ingredients. Stir and cook to almost boiling, and serve at once.

CONFEDERATE MAIL BAG

Letter from **William F. Testerman** , to **Miss Jane Davis** . Testerman was a lieutenant in Company C of the 8th Tennessee Cavalry. He wrote the letter from Gallatin, Tennessee.

"Though we are fare apart at present my heart is with you everymoment..."

Gallotin, Tenn.July 25, 1864.

Dear Miss,

I again take the opportunity of Dropping you a few lines in answer to your kind letters which I recieved a few days ago one bearing date June"23" the other June the "24"it was a plesure to me to have the honor to recieve a letter from as charming a young girl as the one whos name was asscirbed at the bottom of each of them I was glad to hear that you was well but I was more glad to hear you express your mind as fully as what you did this note leaves me well and I truly hope that this will find you in good health I can't say anthing to you by letter more than what you have heard from my letters before + Jane I hope the time will soon come when I can get to see you again I can write many things to you but if I could see you I could tell you more in one minute than I can rite in aweek The letters that you wrote to me has proved verry satisfactory to meif you will stand up to what you told me in your letters I will be satisfied which I have no reasons to Doubt but what you will but if you was to fail it would allmost break my heart for you are the girl that I am Depending upon and if it was not for you I would not be riting by my candle to night as you wrote to me that many miles seperated us in person if my heart was like yours we would be united in heart you kneed not to Dout Though we are fare apart at present my heart is with you every moment for I often think of you when you are alseep when Travailing the lonesom roads in middle Tenn The thought of your sweet smiles is all the company I have I trust that you are cinsere in what you have wrote to me.Your sparkling blue eys and rosey red cheeks has gained my whole efectionsI hope for the time to come when we shall meet again then if you are in the notion that I am we can pass off the time in plesure My time has come for sleep and I must soon close I want you to rite to me as soon as you can for I will be glad to hear from you any time.Direct your letters as before and dont forget your best friend so I will end my few lines but mylove to you has no End remember me as ever your love and friend. Excusebad riting.

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P

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Dedicated to the preservation and enhancement of our historic parks.

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COMMANDER'S CORNER



"War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery; Ignorance is Strength. He who controls the past controls the future; he who controls the present controls the past."

- *George Orwell, 1984*

Well, he was 30 years off, but here we are. It's happening now, all around us. Just watch the news. Since we're a non-political organization, I won't dive into those specifics, but you know what I mean. Black is white, wrong is right, everything is upside down, and where it relates to us, well...Forrest Park, Museum of the Confederacy, Ole Miss, VMI, now Washington and Lee, the list goes on. Museums at battlefield visitor centers by law must tell the public that the war was about slavery, college professors of history are discredited and denied tenure because of their views, while the remaining staff tells their class that the war was about slavery and the bad guys lost, so let's move on to the greatness of Reconstruction. All about truth. Or the deception that we know as social engineering. "Those people" are working overtime to control both the past and the present, in an effort to make all things Confederate in the future an evil thing of the past, to be put away in a trunk and locked away. We must continue to educate our friends, our neighbors, and our kids in the truth, or the truth will disappear.

That said, our July meeting was fantastic, with a great presentation from Dore Dorris presenting her ancestor with the 2nd Arkansas Mounted Rifles. Who knew it would be around the actual handwritten pages from his journal that he wrote following battles such as Pea Ridge and Wilson's Creek?! Fascinating. Since then, by the way, Dore says there was yet ANOTHER box of papers and letters that has shown up, so there will be more. Thanks, Dore, for a great presentation. We took care of a lot of business, too. We are moving along nicely with our plans for the Germantown Festival, and the Camp approved what we anticipate to be our overall expenditures of under \$500. We voted to continue advertising in the Germantown News, as we get the same deal as before and it has been getting some attention. As a project for next year, we voted to work in conjunction with the Chalmers camp to develop a plan for the Civil War Show. If that all works out, the Civil War Show will be a joint venture between the Chalmers and Lee Camps, and will be held in Germantown. More to follow on that after we can get together and talk.

The Camp was honored to be asked to work out the presentation of the Confederate Roll of Honor Award for Thomas Mercer, the namesake of Mercer, TN. Mercer is in Madison County, between Brownsville and Bolivar. After digging into this, I found that the John Ingram Bivouac Camp in Jackson might be better connected and have better relationships with the players in Madison County than we do, so I am working with their commander to ensure a complete and smooth handoff. There will eventually be a presentation ceremony, and I've offered the services of our Camp and Color Guard where they might be needed.

We are still looking for another meeting space and hope to work something out with the City to get back into Pickering Center, but that remains to be seen. If you see some place, preferably in the same area, whether it's your church, a restaurant, or other meeting facility that will allow for the growth that we are experiencing with tall enough ceilings so we can fly our flags, that would be wonderful. Any other details can probably be worked out, but the price also has to be right.

Gentlemen, we are experiencing some great momentum. I am hopeful that this new slate of leadership in the SCV



will bring some new ideas and new energy that is much needed nationally. As you see from Washington and Lee, the State of California, Texas and Georgia license plate fights, the Museum of the Confederacy, and other ongoing battles of heritage, we have a lot of work ahead of us. Our new Commander in Chief has appointed a Chief of Heritage Defense that seems up to the fight. Based on the growth and activity we're seeing, not just in our camp but in others, it seems that there is an interest in and a hunger for truth in history out there, but maybe it's hard for somebody new to know where to start. That's where each of us comes in. Talk to your friends if the opportunity presents itself. Various repair guys and other contractors that have been in my house have shown interest and I feel confident that they will show up for a meeting - maybe not today or next month, but sometime soon. If it's at another camp, that's fine too. (Continued)

(Commanders Corner Cont.)

We have had a great first half of the year. It's not time to let up, we're doing great work in the community and it's being noticed. I'm looking forward to the challenges we face over the next few months and on into next year and to working through them with each one of you. Remember, the perpetually and often professionally outraged have some great game in talking points but they cannot compete with historical fact.

God Bless the South, and long live the Heritage and History of the Confederacy!

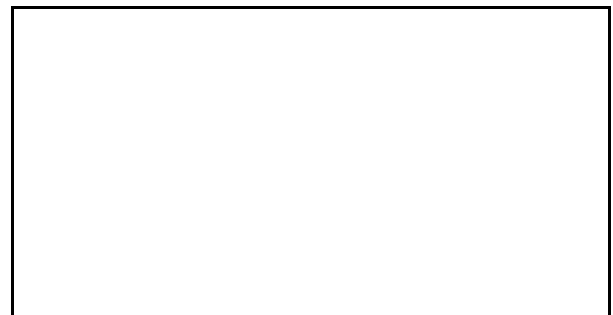
Mike Daugherty, Commander
Robert E. Lee Camp 1640
Sons of Confederate Veterans
[Deo Vindice!!](#)



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



Next Camp Meeting ** August 11, 2014
Germantown Regional History and Genealogy Center, 7779 Old Poplar Pike, Germantown,