

# Rebelle



Sons of Confederate Veterans  
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

\* Volume XXXVII \* War Memorial Building, Jackson, MS 39201 \* February 2007 \* Number 2 \*



## ○ February Meeting ○ Battle at Hill's Plantation

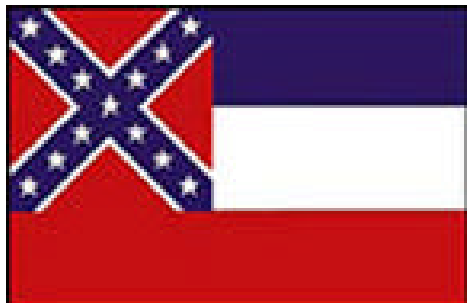
First Lt. Commander Emmett Eaton reports that historian Jeff Giambrone will present a program entitled "An Hour's Hard Fight: The Battle at Hill's Plantation."

The raffle this month should be something every member would like to have so bring money for raffle tickets. Everyone come and bring a recruit!

**When:** February 27, 2007. 6:00 pm.

**Where:** Municipal Art Gallery, State St., Jackson.

*See you there!*



**A** merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

**A** wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment.

**W**isdom is before him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.

**A** foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.

**A**lso to punish the just is not good, nor to strike princes for equity.

**H**e that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.

**Proverbs 17:22-27  
(KJV)**

## January Meeting Report

### Champion Hill: Contrast in Command

The program for January was a presentation by Ben Fatheree who talked about the contrast in command of the units involved at the Battle of Champion Hill.

This editor was unable to attend the meeting and has no photos to offer this issue.



### Welcome New Member

Compatriot Carter Naugher has joined us as a transfer from the Kosciusko Attala Yellow Jackets Camp. Compatriot Naugher recently relocated to the Jackson area in his employment with Bankfirst.

(Continued from page 3)

cent." Allen explained that he had come across a former Union soldier with one eye, one arm and one leg, at the train station begging for money. Allen had given the beggar all his money. Peck exclaimed at such a confirmed Rebel as Allen giving money to a needy Yankee and Allen replied, "Well, I wouldn't normally do so, but this one was trimmed up just as I like to see a Yankee."

During his tenure in Congress, the Republicans from the North held sway and spent a good deal of time voting the former Union soldiers pensions. (Of course the poor former Confederates were excluded from this raid on the Treasury, except the South got the privilege of helping pay the taxes that funded these pensions.) Once Allen voted for a pension increase, explaining that he though the Union soldiers had earned their pensions, since, as he understood it, the War was about "suppressing Private John Allen, and it took a lot to suppress me."

Allen used his stories to illustrate points in the debates in Congress and my favorite tale is one Allen told on himself when he felt a bill being considered was excessive on one point. Allen related that when he was first elected district attorney back home, he and the circuit judge had successfully prosecuted a number of bootleggers and whiskey sellers in Itawamba County. When the term of court was over the two were faced with a long, cold horse ride back to Tupelo, the judge suggested that Allen get a bottle of whiskey to tide the pair over on the trip. Allen came back after an interval and reported to the judge that there was no whiskey to be found in Fulton. the judge then fixed a mournful gaze upon Allen and said, "John, don't you think we have overdone this thing?"

His humor couldn't mask the fact that Allen served with great courage through the whole war, along with five of his brothers, and was as confirmed a Rebel as ever drew a breath. At the same time he stood for fair treatment of all men, white and black, north and South, and was universally loved for this trait.

**"The Northern onslaught upon slavery was no more than a piece of specious humbug designed to conceal its desire for economic control of the Southern states." Charles Dickens, 1862**

**"Beloved, the South might not always be right, but we ain't never wrong!" Brother Dave Gardner**

Send address corrections to:  
**Wayne B. Anderson, Mailing Coordinator**  
**Jefferson Davis Camp #635, SCV**  
**1737 Bridgers Drive**  
**Raymond, MS 39154**

Visit the new camp web site at:  
<http://www.scvcamp635.org>



## Calendar

**February 27, 2007**

Regular meeting of  
 Camp 635 at the  
 Municipal Art Gallery

**March 27, 2007**

Regular meeting of  
 Camp 635 at the  
 Municipal Art Gallery

**April 24, 2007**

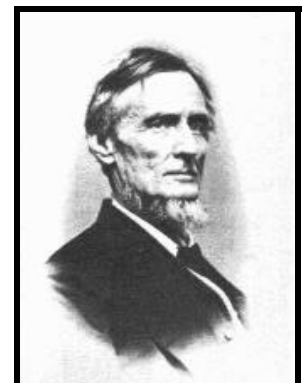
Regular meeting of  
 Camp 635 at the  
 Municipal Art Gallery

**April 29, 2007?**

Confederate Memorial  
 Day Ceremonies at  
 Greenwood Cemetery

**May 22, 2007**

Regular meeting of  
 Camp 635 at the  
 Municipal Art Gallery



**Reveille Dedication**  
**John Allen**  
**Confederate Private**  
**and Statesman**

*Dedication by Robert Murphree*

I dedicate this month's issue of *The Reveille* to "Private John Allen" of Tupelo, Mississippi, the famous wit and humorist who did so much as a Mississippi Congressman between 1880 and 1890 to restore good feelings between the North and The South. Many are familiar with how John Allen got his nickname "Private John Allen" but it bears repeating. In his first campaign for Congress against a former Confederate general, the general invoked his Confederate service as a reason to vote for him. John Allen responded that he too had served, as a private, and that all the men who had served as generals should vote for his opponent, and all the privates should vote for John Allen. Needless to say Allen won the election and gained the name for which he was evermore known – Private John Allen. Allen was famous for many stories, such as the speech he made to win a fish hatchery for Tupelo in which he humorously described Tupelo as the center of the universe, but here are a few anecdotes that perhaps aren't as well known.

In Congress Allen became close friends with a Colonel Peck of Wisconsin, who shared Allen's love of humor. When they first met, Allen asked Peck if he had served in the War, and Peck replied that he had served with the Wisconsin infantry in several of the same battles Allen had participated in. Allen remarked that he didn't recall meeting Peck during the War. Peck was called to the telephone and when he walked away from Allen to the phone Allen exclaimed, "Oh, Colonel Peck, I recognize you now." Later, when Peck expressed concern at the reception he might meet when Allen invited Peck to go to a reunion of former Confederate soldiers, "Peck, don't worry," Allen reassured him, "we all know you did less damage to us than any other man in the Union army."

Once on a visit to Peck in Chicago, Allen rushed to the hotel where they were staying and borrowed some money from Peck, saying, "I have just given away my last

*(Continued on page 2)*

**Next month's dedication will be presented by**  
**You, perhaps?**

## Chaplain's Dispatch

Proverbs 17:17a "A friend loveth at all times."

Gentlemen of Camp 635, it is my hope and prayer that we will be a friend to all men, though some are undeserved in our eyes; God is the One to be the judge of this. Our forefathers that served in the CSA, banded together as friends, and served as brothers, defending their families and Dixie as one. I hope we will follow their lead.

This story has been around for a while, but worth reading again, in my humble opinion. Author unknown.

---

One day, when I was a freshman in high school, I saw a kid from my class was walking home from school. His name was Kyle. It looked like he was carrying all of his books. I thought to myself, "Why would anyone bring home all his books on a Friday? He must really be a nerd." I had quite a weekend planned (parties and a football game with my friends tomorrow afternoon), so I shrugged my shoulders and went on. As I was walking, I saw a bunch of kids running toward him. They ran at him, knocking all his books out of his arms and tripping him so he landed in the dirt. His glasses went flying, and I saw them land in the grass about ten feet from him. He looked up and I saw this terrible sadness in his eyes; my heart went out to him.

So, I jogged over to him as he crawled around looking for his glasses, and I saw a tear in his eye. As I handed him his glasses, I said, "Those guys are jerks." They really should get lives.

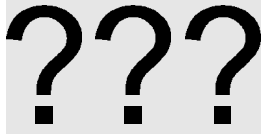
He looked at me and said, "Hey thanks!" There was a big smile on his face. It was one of those smiles that showed real gratitude. I helped him pick up his books, and asked him where he lived. As it turned out, he lived near me, so I asked him why I had never seen him before. He said he had gone to private school before now.

I would have never hung out with a private school kid before. We talked all the way home, and I carried some of his books. He turned out to be a pretty cool kid. I asked him if he wanted to play a little football with my friends. He said yes.

We hung out all weekend and the more I got to know Kyle, the more I liked him, and my friends thought the same of him. Monday morning came, and there was Kyle with the huge stack of books again. I stopped him and said, "Boy, you are gonna really build some serious muscles with this pile of books everyday! He just laughed! And handed me half the books.

Over the next four years, Kyle and I became best friends. When we were seniors, we began to think about college. Kyle decided on Georgetown, and I was going to Duke. I knew that we would always be friends, that the miles would never be a problem. He was going to be a doctor, and I was going for business on a football scholarship. Kyle was valedictorian of our class. I teased him all the time about being a nerd. He had

*(Continued on page 4)*

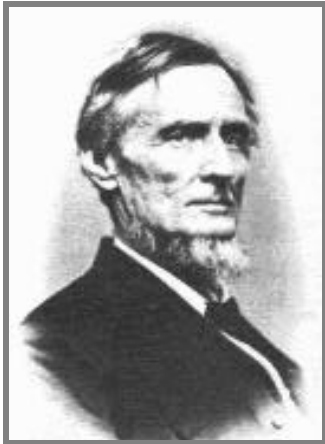


**Trivia Question:**

This month's question asks: What connection to the WBTS did the Northfield, Minnesota bank have that cause the James brothers, the Youngers and the Millers to select it for a robbery?

January's question asked: What were Robert E. Lee's actual last words according to witnesses?

The answer:  
"I will give that sum."



# Commander's Column

No column was received this month from Commander Green.

*(Continued from page 3)*

to prepare a speech for graduation. I was so glad it wasn't me having to get up there and speak.

Graduation day, I saw Kyle. He looked great. He was one of those guys that really found himself during high school. He filled out and actually looked good in glasses. He had more dates than I had and all the girls loved him. Boy, sometimes I was jealous! Today was one of those days. I could see that he was nervous about his speech. So, I smacked him on the back and said, "Hey, big guy, you'll be great!"

He looked at me with one of those looks (the really grateful one) and smiled. "Thanks," he said. As he started his speech, he cleared his throat, and began "Graduation is a time to thank those who helped you make it through those tough years. Your parents, your teachers, your siblings, maybe a coach...but mostly your friends... I am here to tell all of you that being a friend to someone is the best gift you can give them. I am going to tell you a story."

I just looked at my friend with disbelief as he told the story of the first day we met. He had planned to kill himself over the weekend. He talked of how he had cleaned out his locker so his Mom wouldn't have to do it later and was carrying his stuff home. He looked hard at me and gave me a little smile. "Thankfully, I was saved. My friend saved me from doing the unspeakable."

I heard the gasp go through the crowd as this handsome, popular boy told us all about his weakest moment. I saw his Mom and dad looking at me and smiling that same grateful smile. Not until that moment did I realize its depth. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life. For better or for worse; God puts us all in each others lives to impact one another in some way. Look for God in others.

Please continue to remember and lift up Kevin Davis and his family; and Ricky Haynes' Mother, as she battles pneumonia.

"Probably no man ever commanded an army and, at the same time, so entirely commanded himself as Lee." E. P. Alexander

In God We Trust,  
Randy Rogers  
Chaplain

Jefferson Davis Camp #635  
Sons of Confederate Veterans  
PO Box 16945  
Jackson, MS 39236-6945

Nonprofit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Jackson, MS  
Permit No. 446