

Volume 8, Number 12
December 2016

Officer's Call

Christmas in the Confederate White House

Written By Mrs. Jefferson Davis
for Sunday World Magazine, Dec. 13, 1896
revised and submitted by Martin N. Bell

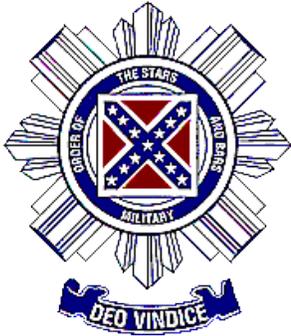
While looking over the advertisements of the toys and everything else intended to make the children joyful, in the columns of the great city papers, I have been impressed with the contrast between the present time and the condition of the Southern country thirty-one years ago, but not withstanding the great facilities of the present time, have been unable to decide whether to the young it was not as joyful then as now. That Christmas season was ushered in under the thickest clouds; everyone felt the cataclysm which impended, but the rosy, expectant faces of our little children were a constant reminder that self-sacrifice must be the personal offering of each mother of the family. How to satisfy the children that nothing better could be done than the little makeshifts 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, and the children considered that at least a slice of the much-coveted dainty was their right, and the price of indigestion paid for it was a debt of honor due 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 exquisite housekeepers in Richmond had preserved all the fruits attainable, and these were submitted for the time-honored raisins and currants. The brandy required for seasoning at one hundred dollars a bottle was forthcoming, the cider was obtained, the suet at a dollar a pound was ordered - and the pies seemed a blessed certainty - but the eggnog - how were the eggs and liquors to be procured, without which Christmas would be a failure to the servants.

EGGNOG FOR THE SERVANTS.

"If it's only a little wineglass," said the little dusty-looking rubber in the stables who brought in the back log (our substitute for the yule leg). "I dunno how we going get along without no eggnog." So, after redoubled efforts, the eggs and other ingredients were secured in advance. The little jackets, pieced together out of the 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 dispensed to the poor, had all been weighted 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 at a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, as 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 treasures - eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off,

- Continued on Page 4 -

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Commander General's Message



As the year 2016 draws to a close, it is time to reflect on the events of the seventy-ninth year of the Military Order of the Stars and Bars. We had three successful General Executive Council meetings, the first in Franklin, Tennessee in February and the second at the seventy-ninth National Convention in Fairhope, Alabama in May and the third in Richmond, Virginia in September. I would like to thank all the members of the General Executive Council, both those in the administration of PCG Howard Jones and those in my current administration, for their attendance and participation. As you know, the members commit their personal time and expenses to travel to and participate in the meetings. I also would like to thank all of you who served on the staffs of both administrations.

Our seventy-ninth National Convention in Fairhope, Alabama in May was well attended. We had three days of meetings, special events and fellowship. I would like to say a special thank you to all who attended. Our hosts the BG St. John Richardson Liddell Chapter 271 did an excellent job of planning and implementing a grand affair. Our hats are off to their Commander, Tommy Rhodes, Adjutant, David Myers and all their members.

December is also the time when I do my year end giving. I plan to honor my ancestors by donating to the Military Order of the Stars and Bars Legacy Fund which supports our scholarships and literary awards. If you wish to join me, please send your donation to our headquarters in Raleigh, North Carolina. Also if you have not already done so, please renew your membership for 2017. We need each of you to carry out our mission of honoring our ancestors.

As the holiday season approaches, I think about our southern Judeo-Christian heritage and values. Our country was founded on these values and they were held fast by ancestors who under God built and defended this great nation. To our Jewish compatriots, I wish you Happy Hanukkah. To our Christian compatriots, I wish you Merry Christmas. To all the compatriots of the Order, I wish you a very Happy New Year.

Deo Vindice!

Harold F. Davis, JJJ

Commander General

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- From Page 1: *The Christmas Story* -

rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children's toys that gather in a nurse-ry 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 an architect. My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which there 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 tree; 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. Pizzini, 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 little deft hands they glued 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 woollen of

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YOUR PATRONAGE IS APPRECIATED!

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 these home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite "custom-made", but when the "sure enough house" was revealed to our long gaze the young people clapped their approval, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of a 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 refreshment of Christmas Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their own way as an indulgence took a sip of the 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 braided by the family with high-colored crackers, worsted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn buttons and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woollen 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 burden of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the house who was greatly beloved 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 a bee and on it was pinned a card with the word "amiable" to complete the sentence. One of the aides 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 servant 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 pretty handkerchief. As she left the room she said: "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 a 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 had been plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pair 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 introtit 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."

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, 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 to 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 the 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.

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS

A 2016 MOS&B Christmas Story

Every year it seems the Winter holidays come upon us faster and faster, we are busier than ever, the economy and world events are not so good to say the least. Even so, there is something that the Davis family and I would put on our agenda to do every year as well as during the year and that is to think of those less fortunate than ourselves, especially orphan or needy children. No, you have not met the Davis family, but as you read the story you will learn more about them. Within a mile of my house is a children's home that has been around longer than I have been on this earth and over the years; I have taken the time to take over numerous items to the children in one cottage in particular. Orphan or needy children always delight in Christmas gifts wherever they are in the world. So I am asking all MOS&B members and anyone else reading this article to take just a few minutes and donate some sort of gift for those unfortunate children that would go without at this time of the year without someone else's help. There are numerous organizations that will come by your house and pick them up to distribute to the kids.

Now back to the Davis family. The Davis family story is about Christmas at a former residence they lived in. They did not have a lot of food that year much less toys for orphans but instead of "Woe is Me" and what a bad economy it was, they did all they could to furnish some Christmas foods and make shift toys for orphans and even military families. In fact, while they were at church giving gifts to the orphans a military friend of theirs by the last name of Lee had stopped by their house and just missed them. *I wonder; a military man last name of Lee?* Well I hope I have peaked your interest in our Christmas story but the point is; no matter what your situation is this year; I hope you can join the beliefs of the Davis family and mine that you can take the time to donate something for the orphans or needy children that may go without unless we help.

Merry Christmas, Season's Greetings and Happy New Year to everyone.

Martin N. Bell, Commander, Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter, Macon, Ga.



From the Chaplain General

Dr. John H. Killian, Sr.

Our 21st Century American culture has every right to take Christmas celebration for granted. Our media is encumbered with advertisements for Christmas sales, our televisions are filled with Christmas specials, and our churches are singing Christmas music. But a society covered with Christmas celebration has not always been the norm in our country.

In the 1600s, New England Puritans preached that Christmas was not a biblical celebration. Puritan influence made it illegal to mention St. Nicolas' name. People were not allowed to exchange gifts, light a candle, or sing Christmas carols. The North and South were divided on the issue of Christmas, as well as on the question of slavery. Many Northerners saw sin in the celebration of Christmas; to these people the celebration of Thanksgiving was more appropriate. But in the South, Christmas was an important part of the social season. Not surprisingly, the first three states to make Christmas a legal holiday were in the South: Alabama in 1836, Louisiana and Arkansas in 1838.

During the War, Mr Lincoln had Thomas Nast, a German-born American caricaturist and editorial cartoonist considered to be the "Father of the American Cartoon", produce a cartoon of Santa Claus with some Union soldiers. This picture of Santa supporting the Union cause was said to have produced a demoralizing effect on the Confederate Army.

Granted, the Bible does not proscribe a Christmas celebration. However, this Season gives a grand opportunity for us to celebrate the glorious Virgin Birth of Christ, the time when the Word became flesh and dwelled among us. Today, we can know God because a child was born and a Son given. For this cause, we celebrate Christmas. With this opportunity, we tell the story of Christ to the world.

A Letter from the Battlefield

Camp Hampton, June 25th, 1861

My Dear Sister.

I received your kind and cheerful letter yesterday and also one from Tommie at the same time. They both gave me much pleasure. A cheerful letter from home is always accompanied with joy. I regret to hear of Mother's ill health and regret too the necessity of causing mother still further pain by leaving the state at this time. But sister it is a necessity. I need offer you no excuse for the course I am to follow. You can well appreciate the cause and motive. I regret though, that I am to leave you dependent as it were on Providence; but it is a sure reliance, and I trust God will

care for those dear to me in my absence. There is another besides those at home dear to me- whose brave little heart is almost broken at my absence. But it must be so, and sentiment must succumb to a necessity imposing upon all who care for right or truth or justice. The result of the contest before us is removed from all doubt, for we will eventually succeed, but it requires an effort to do so, and something of valor, courage, and determination. The trunk has not reached me yet, although I am much in need of it. Sister, this will reach you about the time I am leaving for Virginia. Tomorrow afternoon we leave by the Charlotte Road with three companies of the Legion, viz. the artillery - Washington Light Infantry- and Davis Guards. I have command of the largest, best drilled, most orderly and disciplined company in the field, or in the service. You will hear something from the flying artillery of the legion after we get into service. We will remain in Richmond some weeks before ready for the field. I am sorry the Courier has stopped coming and will write to have it continued- did you see my speech in it? Write to me next in Richmond. I will advise you when I have them. Direct letters to "Lieut. James Hart, Mounted Artillery, Hampton Legion" Richmond, Va. Give my love to mother and by her not to be distressed about me, but hope and trust. Remember me to Mandie, and make her write to me every week. I cannot promise her an answer until I get things so arranged as to have more time to write. Remember me also to Wm. Gage & family, and all others who may inquire for me. Tell Tommie to write often, and to accept this letter in reply to his. I have you under his special charge, and will send all the money I can raise to assist him. Do write often Sister and hope for the best and be a good girl.

Ever your Brother,
James

James Franklin Hart

Born on February 13, 1837, in Union District, S.C. From 1853 to 1857, he attended the South Carolina Military Academy. After his graduation, he taught in the Union District from 1857 to 1859, at which time he took up the study of law. Even at this stage of his life, he had so garnered the respect of both his peers and his elders that he was selected as a messenger in the presidential election to carry the electoral votes of President James Buchanan. In May 1860, he was admitted to the bar and chose to locate his practice in his home district. In December 1860, Francis W. Pickens, the Governor of South Carolina, appointed Hart a lieutenant of engineers. Shortly after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he was offered the command of the Washington Artillery, but refused. The position eventually was given to Stephen D. Lee, with Hart accepting the rank of senior first lieutenant. Hart's war record is synonymous with that of the battery, Hart's

Battery, which after its initial service in Hampton's Legion, was transferred into the legendary Stuart's Horse Artillery, seeing action with the Army of Northern Virginia from the Seven Days Battles to Cold Harbor, and the siege of Petersburg. Hart was dreadfully wounded at Burgess Mill in October 1864, which cost him his right leg. While the wound should have effectively removed him from field service, Hart determined to return to the army in February 1865. Promoted to major, he was to command a battalion of two batteries- his, now under Halsey & Graham's-but the rapid pace of the war prevented such a union.

Following the war, Hart returned to his wife, the former M. Jane Ratchford, whom he had married in 1863, and established his law practice in Yorkville (now York) South Carolina. In 1881, he was appointed one of the commissioners charged with the task of codifying the statute laws of South Carolina, which was successfully accomplished. In 1882, he was elected to the State Senate. Hart's wife of twenty years died on Aug. 26, 1883, and two years later Hart retired from politics. Devoting himself entirely to his law practice, except for a stint as the delegate at large from South Carolina to the National Democratic Convention in 1888, he established a fine reputation as a lawyer. Hart died on April 20, 1905 and is buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, York, S.C.

2017 Wilmington National Convention Update

The Military Order of the Stars and Bars will hold their 2017 national convention in Wilmington, NC, the last major seaport open to the Confederacy. Convention dates are July 6-8, 2017.

On the last night of the convention, the Commander General's Banquet will be held at the Cape Fear Club in downtown Wilmington, a few blocks from the convention hotel. The Cape Fear Club was founded by Confederate Veterans in 1866 and is the oldest gentlemen's club in the South in continuous existence.

The event will begin at 6:00 PM with a reception and supper will commence at 7:00 PM. Local historian Dr. Chris Fonville will speak on *To Forge a Thunderbolt: Fort Anderson and the Battle for Wilmington*.



The Cape Fear Club was founded by Confederate Veterans in 1866.



The Cape Fear Club is the oldest Gentlemen's Club in the South in continuous existence.



Wilmington, North Carolina
Last Major Seaport of the Confederacy
Site of the
Military Order of the Stars and Bars
2017 National Convention
July 6-8, 2017



Historic
Wilmington, North Carolina Waterfront

Gen. Samuel Cooper Grave Marking Ceremony

We were blessed with decent weather for the grave marking ceremony at Christ Church Cemetery. Although a bit on the nippy side with a few light wind gusts, the ceremony came off without a hitch. Samuel Cooper Dawson, III, opened the ceremony by introducing the descendants of Samuel Cooper who were in attendance.

Joseph Judson Smith, III, Commander Samuel Cooper Chapter, Military Order of the Stars and Bars, and Adjutant General Military Order of Stars and Bars assisted by Richard Bender Abell, Former Commander Samuel Cooper Chapter; James Carlin Becker, Lieutenant Commander, Samuel Cooper Chapter; David John Stringfellow, Adjutant, Samuel Cooper Chapter, Samuel Cooper Dawson, III, and unveiled the two plaques. Sam Dawson made a few remarks.

General Samuel Cooper's father was Major Samuel Cooper and one of the participants in the "Boston Tea Party."

In 1773, Samuel was appointed a 2nd Lieutenant of the 3rd Regiment, Continental Corps of Artillery, 2nd Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster on May 14, 1778, and then to Regimental Adjutant on June 11, 1783. He was transferred to the Corps of Artillery on June 17, 1783 and served as Adjutant of the same until honorably discharged on January 1, 1784.

He was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Moving to Georgetown, D.C., he resided there until his death on August 19, 1840. The inscription on his gravestone is as follows:

Sacred to the Memory of Major Samuel Cooper of the Revolutionary Army, who in early youth at the first outset Struck for Liberty and continued to wield the sword in the defense of his Country until victory crowned her arms. He fought at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Brandywine, at Germantown and Monmouth, and other sanguinary fields. As then a valiant soldier, so in after life was he an active and estimable citizen. He was born in the State of Massachusetts. He died in the State of Virginia on the 19th of August, A.D. 1840, at the age of 84.

General Cooper was born New Hackensack, New York, June 12, 1798. General Cooper died December 14, 1876, Alexandria, Virginia, at 78 years of age. He married Sarah Maria Mason Analostan Island, Washington, DC, April 4, 1827. Sarah was the daughter of John Mason, of "The Island", opposite Georgetown, D.C., later named

"Analostan Island". This site is now a memorial to President Theodore Roosevelt.

Sarah Mason was the granddaughter of George Mason of "Gunston Hall", and the sister of the Hon. James Murray Mason, U. S. Senator, and later, Confederate commissioner to England. She died July 29, 1890.

Senator Mason was captured aboard the British steamer "Trent" by Captain Wilkes of the U.S. Navy during the War Between the States. This has become known as the "Trent Affair" in today's history.

Samuel graduated from West Point in 1815. He was appointed 2nd Lieutenant of artillery; he was later Aid-de-Camp to USA General Macomb from 1828 to 1836. Promoted to Captain in 1836, he was on Staff duty at Headquarters as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, USA, until 1841. During the Florida War, he was Chief of Staff to General Worth. On special duty from 1842 to 1852, he was brevetted Colonel for meritorious service during the Mexican War. From 1852 to 1861, Colonel Cooper was Adjutant and Inspector General of the US Army.

In March of 1861, he resigned from the US Army and tendered his services to the southern Confederacy, of which he became Adjutant and Inspector General and senior ranking officer with the full rank of General. Samuel was the author of Cooper's Tactics (1836).

He lived in Fairfax County, Virginia, on his plantation, Cameron, after the War Between the States.



The Military Order of the Stars and Bars plaque for General Samuel Cooper



Pictured above are direct descendants of General Samuel Cooper. Left to right: Louisa Dawson Smucker, great granddaughter; Elizabeth Dawson Shreckhise, great, great, great granddaughter; she is holding Noah Cooper Shreckhise, great, great, great grandson and we believe currently the youngest descendant of General Cooper; Samuel Cooper Smart, great, great grandson; Marion Dawson Robinette, great, great granddaughter; in front of Marion is Daniel Mason Shreckhise, great, great, great grandson; Samuel Cooper Dawson, III, great, great grandson.



Pictured above are members of the Cooper/Dawson family, Samuel Cooper Chapter members, and R.E. Lee Camp members following the ceremony.



Pictured above are three members of the Samuel Cooper Chapter MOS&B as well as members of the Society of the Cincinnati. Left to right: Hon. Richard Bender Abell (Maryland), Robert Latane Montague, III, Esq. (Virginia), and Joseph Judson Smith, III, (Virginia) and Commander Samuel Cooper Chapter as well as Adjutant General of the MOS&B. They stand behind the Society of the Cincinnati tombstone and Society of the Cincinnati grave marker for Major Samuel Cooper



J.J. Smith, Dan Jones, McKim Symington, John Lumsden, and David Stringfellow at the luncheon



Luncheon at the Morrison House

Contributors who made this possible:

R.E. Lee Camp #726, SCV
 Old Dominion Rifles
 Honorable Richard Bender Abell
 Virginia Society of the MOS&B
 Samuel Cooper Dawson, III
 Robert G. Brown, Sr.
 Dr. Scott Robert Kerns
 Dr. Samuel Smart
 Philip Smucker
 Melrose Buster Adams
 Colonel George Mercer Brooke, III
 Ernest B. Coggins, Jr.
 Joseph Jordan
 Lieutenant Colonel William A. Forbes
 Richard George Groome
 Timothy Ronald Messman
 Robert E. Lee Scouten
 Contributors continued:
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 Mary Lee Custis Chapter, UDC
 Robert Latane Montague, III
 John Smart
 John Richard Lumsden
 Marion Robinette
 Edwin C. Bearss
 James Carlin Becker
 James David Button, II
 Dr. Ralph Richard Edgar
 Joseph Judson Smith, III
 David John Stringfellow
 H. Daniel Jones, III
 Claude Ronald Mayo
 Dr. Gary Harlan Roseman, Jr.

The General Executive Council Meeting, Richmond Virginia, Sept. 24, 2016.

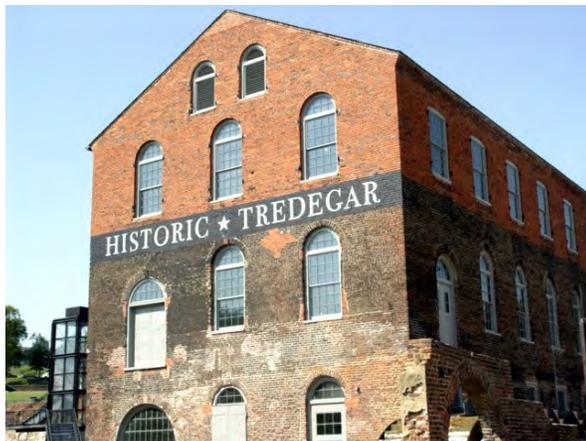


For anyone that studies or cares about the Confederacy and the Southern culture, surely it is your dream to one day visit the Capital of the old Confederacy, Richmond Virginia. As a naval historian of the period I have already had two wishes granted by attending two MOS&B conventions; that of visiting Charleston and Fort Sumter and the Mobile Ala. area and Fort Morgan. So a visit to Richmond would fulfill yet another one of my wishes.



On Friday Sept. 23rd; upon arriving at the hotel; I sought out other members for dinner and treasurer general Cain Griffin and I met up. Having no success finding a good restaurant at first we sought out the assistance of

the lead hotel valet and he recommended "Tarrant's" just a few blocks down the road. Due to over crowding we were seated in the rear of the building by their take out but it turned out great. We had plenty of room, it was cool and the employees working so hard in the hot front came back to our area to cool off and relax for a minute and treated us like friends. The food was great (I ordered fresh oysters and Barramundi) and Cain and I could hear ourselves talk which would not have been the case up front. If you are in Richmond again I recom-



mend trying Tarrant's restaurant and ask about the tables in the rear by the kitchen and you may get special treatment by the employees.

On Saturday Sept. 24th; I gathered all my materials for the GEC meeting and walked down to the hotel lobby area where I ran into a few of our members still eating breakfast. Bo Cantrell had the quote of the day or month when he said words to the effect to us at the table; "isn't it good to just sit with people of like mind regarding the South and be with friends?" Not an exact quote but the meaning is clear. I have repeated words to that effect when with others of like mind to. Thank you Bo for your thought.

Held at the Museum of the Confederacy; the GEC meeting itself had a few surprises but I will write about my presentations. All Summer and part of the Fall I had revised and re-written the national handbook and presented glossy books to all present and it was well received. Commander General Davis appointed me Handbook Committee Chairman with others on the committee, a motion was passed to approve and for us to present a final version at the next GEC meeting. I also presented an idea for a Gen. Patrick Cleburne medal to go with the Cleburne award certificate and for "Streamers" to be given along with certificates for chapter and state society awards to be used on state or chapter custom flags and poles. All my ideas were well received.

We left the meeting to go to lunch at the Capital Ale House in downtown Richmond and as we arrived did we get a surprise! The city had closed down the street for a German October Fest seemingly sponsored by this restaurant. The Oct. Festival participants came in traditional dress, sang, danced and they had a great German band in costume on stage too. Most of our MOS&B members ordered German food to go with the occasion and we all sat at a long table together and shared stories. We enjoyed the comradery and it was a lot of fun!

After lunch we left to go on our first afternoon tour of Tredegar iron works national park. It was very interesting to me seeing all the memorabilia, cannons of various types and much more. But what really got my attention was a sign I saw as I ventured up the stairs to the second level. Right in front of me at the top of the stairs was an actual sign from Macon Ga. with a warning and plea from Ga. Governor Brown stating; ***"The enemy is now is sight of your houses. I appeal to every man, citizen, refugee who has a gun of any kind or can get one to report to the court house with the least possible delay to aid in the defense of the city."*** And defend our city of Macon we did as two raids separated by almost four months called the Battle of Dunlap Farm either I or II, both failed and Macon was saved from burning. ***As I came down the stairs I told the group what I had found and that it sent shivers up my spine as I had read about this very sign in books and never thought to see the real thing.***

Our next tour was of Shockoe Cemetery where to many famous people are buried to list here. Our first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court John Marshall, members of Gen. George Pat-

ton's family, members of Gen. R.E. Lee's family and many others are here. There is also a Jewish cemetery across the street with one section in particular devoted to the Jewish soldiers who fought for the South. The iron work on the fence for those soldiers was remarkable.

That ended the official tours of the day but I had asked Cain Griffin if he would drive me to see all the large Confederate Monuments on Monument Avenue which he graciously agreed to do. Our friend Jim Simmons offered to come with us. To all those reading this perhaps I saved the best for last as I was truly amazed seeing all these statues and monuments honoring some of our greatest Southern heroes. I actually had the pleasure to see with my own eyes monuments to President Jefferson Davis and the Southern States, Gen. R.E. Lee, Gen. Thomas Jackson, Gen. Jeb Stuart, Mathew Maury and many more in the area. To not be awe struck, to not see the majesty and grandeur of these great men who did so much to defend the Confederacy would put you in a category not of Southern persuasion, but of some other. I reflected back to the words of Beau Cantrell on the morning before the GEC meeting began and state my own now; put me not in the camp of some others as written in the sentence above, but put me in the company of those that believe in the Southern persuasion like me, my friends and compatriots in;

"The Military Order of Stars and Bars".

Submitted by Commander Martin N. Bell, Macon, Ga.

Griswoldville Battlefield Memorial

This memorial was held at the Griswoldville Battlefield by the Military Order of Stars and Bars, Lt. General James Longstreet Chapter on November 22, 2016.

This week the citizens of Macon and Middle Ga. are preparing for a Thanks Giving Feast and seeing family and friends but 152 years ago in 1864 it was anything but Thanks Giving in Middle Ga.. It was war in our midst with bullets and cannon balls flying, soldiers wounded and dying, wife's with missing children and husband's looking out the front door and seeing their live stock being stolen, their crops burned in the fields and wondering how they were going to eat and feed the children at home. So when we all sit down to eat this Thanks Giving, have some thought of those back then right here in Middle Ga. from all walks of life who had almost nothing to eat this very week.

In the mean time and on the anniversary of "The



Battle of Griswoldville", The Military Order of Stars and Bars, (descendants of Confederate officers and elected officials) did a memorial service for the men who fought and died at the Battle of Griswoldville. From the weather reports we had we did not expect much wind at all this afternoon but when we arrived and started setting up flags the wind began to come alive. We noticed something very strange happen after we had set up the USA flag, the current Georgia. flag and the first National flag of the Confederacy. *The wind was blowing the Confederate flag outward unfurled so all could see it but the USA and Ga. flag hung limp a few feet away.* We all remarked how this could be; was the wind calling our attention to the Confederate flag of the men who fought here to defend their homes? We took pictures, talked over various matters and got prepared to read the memorial service. At that time, the wind shifted 180 degrees and blew over the USA flag, shattered the flag base and snapped off the spear point on top of the pole, while the other two flags this time hung limp. *Were there spirits of the Georgia soldiers in the wind who sought to disarm the past enemies flag by snapping*

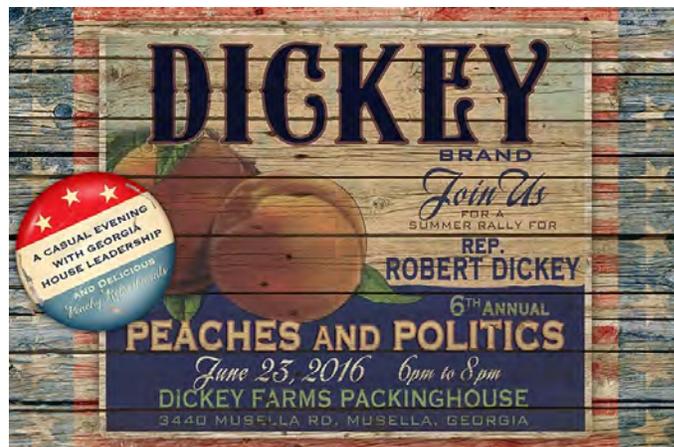


off the spear point and to take their flag off the field? Within seconds and with great reverence we picked up the USA flag and put it away. After that we decided to go ahead and read the memorial service performed by three people which gave thanks and prayers for those that fought here so long ago. Then the third strange thing happened after the memorial service was concluded; the wind seemed to stop right after we stopped talking. *Were the spirits of the Georgia men who fought and died here to protect their lands and families finally laid to rest in peace?* Well, that would be up to others to decide whether it was just meteorological mischief or if there was something else at play on this Griswoldville Memorial day. This service was thus concluded and we left and look forward to next year's ceremony.

Written by Martin N. Bell, Commander,
MOS&B, Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter, Macon, Ga.

Post Script: Both Ben Willingham and I had an ancestor that fought at Griswoldville. If you had an ancestor there or know of anyone else that had an ancestor that fought

there please send your information to Commander Martin N. Bell at mbellproperties@cox.net so you can be included in all MOS&B events or related matters to this battle field. Thank you.
Editor, Jeff Sizemore.



Peaches & Politics

The Peaches and Politics annual event held at Dickey Farms in Musella Ga. by Ga. House Representative Robert Dickey III., on June 23, 2016.

Yes, it's called "Peaches & Politics" and it is advertised as a casual evening with Georgia House Leadership and delicious "Peachy" refreshments but it is that and much more. This year's event was held on June 23, 2016 from 6pm to 8pm at Dickey Farms Packinghouse, 3440 Musella Road, Musella, Georgia which is about 28 miles or 45 minutes due West from Macon Georgia. Actually the event not only has elected House members, but senators, existing and past area state, county and city officials, community leaders, various guests and occasionally a governor. I saw and talked to Republicans, Democrats and Independents. We listened to friendly greetings by Rep. Robert Dickey III who sponsors the event every year, Senator John Kennedy from Macon, Ga. Commissioner of Agriculture Gary Black, Ga. Secretary of State Brian Kemp and others. Rep. Robert Dickey happens to be the cousin of attorney David Dickey of Savannah's MOS&B Gen. McLaws Chapter # 97. There was good food and hors d'oeuvres for all but since the event is held on June 23 with the temperatures and humidity playing a competitive game of who could go higher, the home made ice cream they provided with those delicious peaches grown right there on the Farm was the big hit of the day I think. While most everyone there read the word "casual" and came dressed accordingly in cotton shirt and pants; I chose to wear a coat and tie in MOS&B tradition and suffered through the heat to make a good impression. Yep, that home made peach ice cream got better and better look-



(left to right): Ga. House Reps. David Knight, Heath Clark, Senator John Kennedy, House Reps., Terry Rogers, Buddy Harden, Mike Cheokas, Bubba Epps, Patty Bentley, Matt Hatchett.



Part of the huge crowd there in the long building



ing and tasting as I adjusted my tie.

What has this event got to do with the MOS&B? Well, after Dylann Roof committed the vicious murders in Charleston S.C. we know Confederate memorials, symbols and institutions became a target for removal all over the USA. It is our duty and responsibility as MOS&B members to talk to elected officials and try not only to keep our memorials in place and not destroyed or moved to places hidden from the public view, but to encourage building new memorials as well. For example in Georgia, Governor Deal removed the name "Robert E. Lee" from his state birthday holiday and the word "Confederate" from Confederate Memorial Day holiday and both days now just say state holiday. By getting to know your elected officials and making a good impression it will only help you later when you make a logical plea to preserve memorials in your state as I will have to do in Georgia to put Confederate names back on our holidays.

If you are a MOS&B or SCV member and think you do not have the time to simply make a call or write a letter to your elected officials to preserve our monuments and memorials or to build new ones then please consider the following quote: *All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing - Edmund Burke*

Submitted by Martin N. Bell, Commander, Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter, Macon, Ga.



Above: Commander Martin N. Bell with former House Representative Mike Cheokas of Americus Ga.

Right: House Rep. Robert Dickey III

Fort Pine Memorial Service

The Fort Pine Memorial Service was held in Riverside Cemetery, Macon Ga. on November 22, 2016 and performed by the Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter, Macon Georgia.

Fort Pine is remembered and memorialized by the Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter of the Military Order of Stars and Bars. The name "fort" applied to this structure may be a bit grandiose and the better term is an earthen redoubt. Major General Howard Cobb was put in charge of building fortifications in Macon in 1864 and this is one of about 12 he set about to constructing. Twice at what is called "The Battle of Dunlap Farm", once on July 30th and again on November 20th 1864 Union cavalry attacked Macon and were repulsed both times. Since all citizens and soldiers in and around Macon were called to arms and even the Governor put out signs calling for all citizens with arms to come forward and meet at the court house to defend their very homes; I feel sure the men at Fort Pine were at the ready.



Calvert Vaux

After performing an earlier service at the Griswoldville Battle Field East of Macon, Commander Martin N.

Bell drove back to Macon and performed this second service at the above location. Assisting Mr. Bell were Betty Collins and Greg Nixon. Our new Chapter flags were brought out a second time this day and placed at the fort and the walkway leading into the redoubt. When the area was converted into Riverside Cemetery in 1887 the designer incorporated the redoubt into the design. The designer was none other than the famous designer Calvert Vaux who co-designed Central Park in New York, the grounds of the Smithsonian and the White House! One of America's most famous heavy weight boxers from the past; (William L. Stribling Jr.; Known as Young Stribling) is buried in the fort grounds.

There is a book available at the cemetery office called; "Riverside Cemetery Civil War Roster by William Britt Messer" which is available to the public. It had listed 189 Confederates buried there at the time the book was published but since then numerous pages have been added and are included along with the book and I have not added them up. I found an interesting fact. Reverend James E. Evans (1810-1886) was the oldest participant in the war buried here, serving as a minister for Gen. James Longstreet's troops and is buried here. Perhaps it is fitting that we have come full circle; Rev. Evans who said so many prayers for Longstreet's troops, now has a Gen. James Longstreet Chapter of the MOS&B saying prayers for him and other Confederates buried here.

Submitted by Commander Martin N. Bell, Lt. Gen. James Longstreet Chapter, MOS&B, Macon Ga.



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We saved the historic house General James Longstreet used as his headquarters during the winter of 1863 – 64 from demolition and are developing it into a museum, (See www.longstreetmuseum.com), and historic Bethesda Church which was used as a hospital by both armies, and battlefield preservation.

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Order of the Southern Cross

The Order of the Southern Cross, founded in 1863 by General's Polk and Cleburne of the Army of Tennessee, was originally created to provide financial assistance to the families of soldiers who had lost their lives in the service of the Confederacy.

The Order of the Southern Cross was re-established in 1979 as a philanthropic organization, dedicated to preserving our Southern Heritage through its Grants and Scholarship Programs. Since 1979, we have allocated more than \$500,000 to these endeavors.

If you have an ancestor who served in the Confederate Armed Forces or Government and would like to assist us in our Preservation Mission, please visit our website at www.orderofsoutherncross.com or contact Gregory R. Fleitz @ fleitzg@bellsouth.net to learn more about our mission and membership requirements.