

**Next Meeting
February
24th
At The Rose
Center
6:00 PM**

Southern Heritage

Bradford / Rose Camp # 1638

February 2007

Volume 15, Issue 2

Pondering the loss of compatriot Robert Carswell gives us pause to consider what our own legacy will be. We all have our own personal legacy, but I have to wonder if this generation of Southern men will pass to our sons, and grandsons, any significant portion of what we have received. It is easy to despair with the amount of prejudice and venom we constantly face. However, our greatest influence may be our example and they cannot take that from us if we do not allow it. If the Jewish people could retain their identity through two millennia of being scattered across the planet, surely we can weather a hateful press and an ignorant pop culture.

DEO VINDICE

Larry W. Watkins

Christmas Dinner & Meeting

Our Christmas Dinner and Meeting was great as usual.

Our camp will provided the meat, drinks, and bread (prepared by Bill Henderson). Way to go Bill. Camp members brought their favorite vegetables, side dishes and desserts. This worked out



great. If anyone left hungry, it was their own fault.

H. K. and Jim Maddox were



able to join us and we really appreciate their support of our camp.

We had our annual gift exchange. We always have a good time with this, especially if Stan Dalton is participating.

H. K. loves children, and if you have been around him, you

know how true it is. He always has the children come forward and have their picture made with him.



Robert Monroe "Mike" Carswell III

The South lost a True Southern Gentleman in January, but God has a new member in Heaven. "Bob", as he was known to many of us in the Camp, was one of the Charter Members of the "Bradford-Rose SCV Camp". He served as our first Adjutant and remains the standard against which this office is judged. His faithfulness, drive, diligence and attention to detail played a key role in the survival and success of our young Camp. Those of us privileged to have served with him knew him as a man of the highest character and a loyal and true son of the South. His obituary is printed below.

Mr. Robert Monroe "Mike" Carswell, III -Entered into eternal rest with his Lord and Sav-

ior Jesus Christ on Sunday, January 14, 2007. He was a member of Christ United Methodist Church; he was in the Disciples "Harmony" Bible study group and the Covenant Group. He served his country throughout his life for over 21 years in the United States Air force, U.S. Navy and finally with the U. S. Coast Guard from which he retired as a Chief Yeoman. He was a recipient of the Bronze Star. He was active with the Admiral Semmes Camp 11 sons of the Confederacy, the Military Order of the Stars and Bars and the Order of the Southern Cross. He is survived by his Wife, Mrs. Susie Carswell and a daughter, Mrs. Lisa (Lonnice) Bourgeois and his grandsons Taylor Monroe and Ryan Joseph Bourgeois all of Mobile, seven

stepbrothers and stepsisters, one special Fonda all of Florida his special friends David and Susie Smithweck, Dennis and Sharon Reed and Gary and Marian McManus and his special pal Misu who preceded him in death and a host of friends and other relatives. Visitation will be on Tuesday evening from 5pm till 8p at Radney-Belmany Funeral Home on Grelot Road. Funeral services will be on Wednesday morning January 17, 2007 from Christ united Methodist Church at 10am. Burial will be in Biloxi National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers the family requests that memorial may be made to Christ United Methodist Church Music Ministries. Arrangements by Radney Funeral Home, 3155 Dauphin St., Ext., Mobile, AL 36606.

Dixie

I wish I was in
the land of cotton,
Old times there are not
forgotten,
Look away, look away,
look away, Dixie land!

In Dixie land where
I was born in,
Early on one
frosty mornin',
Look away, look away,
look away, Dixie land!

Chorus:

Oh I wish I was in
Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take
my stand, to live and
die in Dixie,
Away, away, away
down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away
down south in Dixie.



Confederate Veteran Article

"It was in 1883, when a big military encampment and drill was held in Nashville, at which a number of Northern military companies were in attendance—one from Massachusetts. At that time, Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley was engaged in getting up his 'Military Annals of Tennessee,' and he took advantage of the large assemblage of old soldiers at Nashville to interest them in the 'Tennessee Survivors' Association' at a large meeting over which he presided. After many speeches had been made, Dr. Lindsley made some remarks in which he stated that it should not be understood that the association suggested was to be confined to the late War Between the States.

"General W. H. Jackson of Nashville arose and asked him to explain, for the benefit of those present, what the association was intended to embrace. In reply, he said that it was to embrace all surviving soldiers of the State of Tennessee, from its earliest history to the present; that any surviving soldier of the Indian wars was entitled to

membership on application; all survivors of the Mexican War, or whom there were several present in the meeting, 'and all soldiers of the late war who as Tennesseans were in the Confederate army or the federal army.'

"Here Dr. Lindsley closed his remarks, and the painful silence which followed indicated that a majority of the audience had not been favorably impressed. Then General Jackson ("Old Red") slowly rose to his feet and spoke about as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, I do not presume to speak for every Tennessee Confederate soldier present, and the suggestion thrown out by your remarks has come too suddenly to permit any consultation with others of my comrades; but in speaking for *myself*, I dare express the opinion that I represent at least a majority of the Tennessee Confederates here present in what I shall say. I am always ready to give my hand in friendly grasp and greet as a soldier and comrade any *Northern* man, from Maine to California, who,

acting on his convictions as I did on mine, shouldered his musket and fought under the flag of the Union; but [and here he raised his hand and brought out his words deliberately and forcefully] *none of your damned Tennessee federals for me.*"

"From the dead silence of rapt attention in which the vast assemblage had listened there burst out such a storm of prolonged applause and cheers as one seldom hears. Finally, when the audience became quiet enough to hear his voice, he rang out with the words:

"The back of my hand to all traitors forever!"

"Again the applause shook the building, and as it died away the speaker who had been chosen for the address to be delivered at the general meeting the following day turned to General William Bate and said: "I had prepared my speech for tomorrow on lines suggested by Dr. Lindsley, but it is plain that I will have to revise it to suit the Confederate part of my auditors."

[Thanks go to Compatriot Doug Taylor for this article. Keep em' coming Doug.](#)

Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers,
and native to the soil,
Fighting for the property we
gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were
threatened, the cry rose near
and far:

Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue
Flag that bears a single star!

Chorus:
[Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern
rights, Hurrah!](#)
[Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue
Flag That bears a single star!](#)

As long as the Union was
faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers,
kind were we and just;
But now when Northern

treachery attempts our rights
to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie
Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

(Chorus)

First, gallant South Carolina
nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who
took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi,
Georgia, and Florida --
All raised on high the Bonnie
Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

(Chorus)

Ye, men of valor, gather round
the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join

us in the fight.
Davis, our loved president, and
Stephens, statesman are;
Now rally round the Bonnie
Blue Flag that bears a single
star.

(Chorus)

And here's to brave Virginia!
The Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at
length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now
other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie
Blue Flag, That bears a single
star!

(Chorus)



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME

In January 1889 the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of the Association of Confederate Soldiers forwarded a bill to the Tennessee General Assembly to establish a home for indigent and disabled Confederate veterans on the grounds of the Hermitage. The general assembly approved the measure, but excluded the Hermitage Mansion, the tomb of Andrew and Rachel Jackson, and twenty-five acres surrounding the house, which it entrusted to The Ladies' Hermitage Association. The legislature also appointed a nine-member board of trustees to oversee construction and management of the veterans' home. Funding came from the state and Confederate veterans organizations,

especially the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The new building opened on May 12, 1892, and could house 125 inmates in its two dormitory wings that adjoined a center section used for dining and relaxation. The Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home provided shelter, comfort, and medical attention to nearly 700 veterans during its forty-one years of service. Most men who entered the home were poor farmers before the Civil War, and their financial situation further deteriorated after it. Many were physically and mentally disabled, not only from wounds but by the harsh conditions some had experienced as prisoners of war. Most veterans living at the home fought in Tennessee units, but some

were veterans of units from other states. Normally, men who died at the home were buried in the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home Cemetery. The cemetery, adjacent to the Hermitage Presbyterian Church, contains the remains of 487 veterans.

The Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home closed on November 22, 1933, and the six veterans still living at the home moved to the Girls Infirmary at the Tennessee Industrial School. The home's last inmate died in 1941.

B. Anthony Guzzi, The Hermitage

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BELLE EDMONDSON

Belle Edmondson, Confederate smuggler, was born in Mississippi. On the eve of the Civil War her family moved to a Shelby County farm on Holly Ford Road (now Airways Boulevard), about three miles from the Mississippi border and eight miles southeast of Memphis. The Edmondsons were staunch Confederates; two of Belle's brothers served in the army.

The Edmondson farm was located in a no-man's-land, with parties of scouts from both armies patrolling constantly. Union pickets covered

the roads, while Confederate lines were less than thirty miles south. According to her diaries and letters, Belle Edmondson became adept at smuggling information and supplies for the Confederates, carrying letters and money in her bosom and medicine and supplies under her petticoats. Returning from one visit to Memphis, she made a skirt of gray uniform cloth, pinned hats inside her hoops, and tied a pair of boots under her skirts, counting on the fact that Union officers were reluctant to search women.

When her many trips back and forth attracted the attention of Union General Stephen A. Hurlburt, he issued a warrant for her arrest, ending her adventures. In 1864 she moved to a plantation in Clay County, Mississippi, for the rest of the war. She died in 1873 and was buried with her parents in Elmwood Cemetery.

Perre Magness, Memphis

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The Southern Soldier Boy

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name,
He's off to the wars and gone,
He's fighting for his Nanny dear,
His sword is buckled on,
He's fighting for his own true love.
His foes he does defy,
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

Chorus:

Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho ho
ho ho ho ho ho
He is my only joy
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern Soldier Boy

When Bob comes home from war's alarms,
We'll start anew in life,
I'll give myself right up to him,
A dutiful, loving wife.
I'll try my best to please my dear,
For he is my only joy,
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

Chorus

Oh, if in battle he was slain,
I am sure that I should die,
But I am sure he'll come again
And cheer my weeping eye.
But should he fall in this our glorious cause,
He still would be my joy,
For many a sweetheart mourns the loss
Of a Southern soldier boy.

Chorus

I hope for the best,
and so do all
Whose hopes are in the field,
I know that we shall win the day,
For Southrons never yield.
And when we think of those that are away,
We'll look above for joy,
And I'm mighty glad that my Bobby is
A Southern soldier boy.

Chorus



Upcoming Dates to Remember!

Our February
Meeting is
scheduled for
6:00 P.M.

February 24th,
2007 at The Rose
Center in
Morristown

Looking Ahead

Our March Meeting
is scheduled for
6:00 P.M.
March 24th, 2007
at The Rose Center
in Morristown

Our April Meeting is
scheduled for
6:00 P.M.
March 28th, 2007
at The Rose Center
in Morristown

Lee Jackson Birthday Celebration

We attended the Lee Jackson Birthday Celebration again this year with Knoxville Camp 87. There were several in attendance from our camp, and it was good to fellowship with everyone who attended. The dinner was a first for Isaac in more than one way. Isaac had not attended before so we were not sure how he would receive it. He paid close attention to the speaker, and he really enjoyed the chicken.



Much to our surprise, he even tried the salad and liked it. Isaac also received some sound advice from General Forrest himself.



Artist Fights For The South

What type of person fought for the rights of the southern people? Even an Artist will fight for what he believes in.

Edwin M. Gardner, illustrator, portraitist, and cartographer, was born near Pulaski in Giles County, but while still a young boy, he moved with his family to Mississippi, where he probably had some formal training in art. While in his teens, Gardner fought in the Civil War as a member of Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry. Following the war, he began his formal art education in Memphis, then moved to Europe to train at the Royal Academy in Brussels, with later studies in France and Italy.

Upon his return to the United States, Gardner resumed

study at the National Academy of Design in New York. Afterwards, he moved to Aberdeen, Mississippi, where he taught art at a female academy. He next moved to Winchester in Franklin County, where he spent five years on the faculty at Mary Sharp College.

Gardner made his last home in Nashville, where he had his greatest artistic influence. He made the first woodcuts and pen portraits for photoengraving used in the local daily newspapers, including the first published pen portrait of Sarah Childress Polk.

Although Gardner was listed in the catalogue of the 1885 Watkins Institute art show as a teacher there, he actually taught under the auspices of

the Nashville Art Association in the art room which Watkins provided. His first official association with Watkins's Night School probably came in September 1910, when he was hired to teach industrial art. (School commissioners were perhaps still uncomfortable with the term "fine" art.) Gardner's presence on the Watkins Institute faculty gave the school a teacher trained in commercial and fine arts. He encouraged his students to draw by taking casts and using live models, and this laid the foundation for the school's Department of Fine Art.

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