



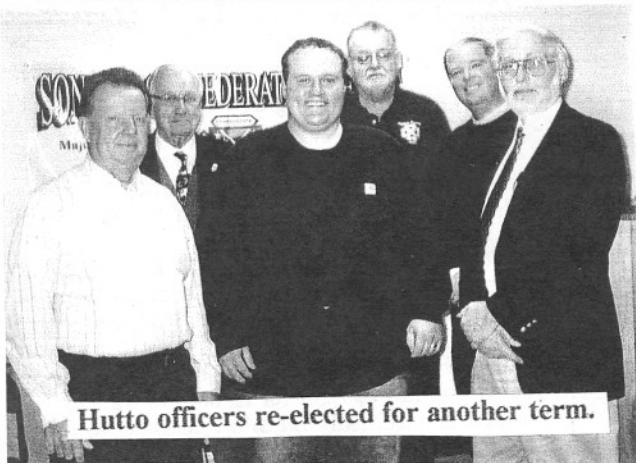
I - 65 Flag

REBEL UNDERGROUND

Major John C. Hutto Camp 443
Sons of Confederate Veterans
P.O. Box 947
Jasper, Alabama 35502

Published Monthly

January 2012



Hutto officers re-elected for another term.

James Larry Jones

James Larry Jones, 73, of Oakman, died Friday, Dec. 30, 2011 in Sevierville, Tenn. Funeral services will be Tuesday, Jan. 3, 2012, at 7 p.m. at Collins-Burke Chapel. Burial will be at Goodsprings Church of Christ Cemetery. Visitation will be Tuesday, Jan. 3, 2012, from 5 p.m. until 7 p.m. at Collins-Burke Chapel. Hank Allen and Devin Allen will officiate.

He is preceded in death by his father, Larry Jones; mother, Cora Miller Jones; daughter, Sara Elizabeth Jones; sister, Betty Sue Allen; and brother, Benny Ray Jones.

James was a very active member of so many organizations in Walker County where he served as president of Alabama Farmer's Federation for 25 years, member of the Alabama Cattlemen Association, Treasured Forester and past president and vice president of the Walker County Genealogical Society, Inc. He will be deeply missed by his loving family, organization members and a host of friends.

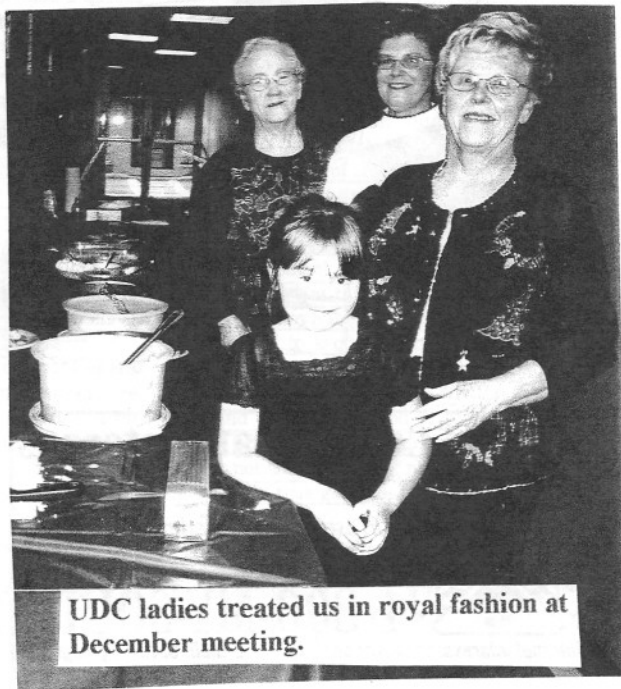
He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Sara Ann Adkins Jones of Oakman; daughters, Lisa (James) German of Jasper, Kathy Jones of Auburn; son, Mark Jones of Auburn; brother, Steven (Suzanne) Jones; grandchildren, Andrew German and Alexander (Brook) German.

JANUARY MEETING

Sunday January 15
2:30 P. M.

Jasper First Methodist

DOOR PRIZE FOR LUCKY ATTENDEE



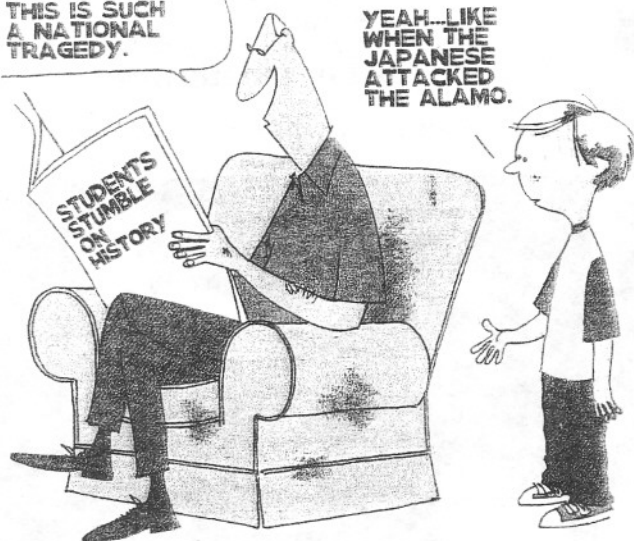
UDC ladies treated us in royal fashion at December meeting.

HUTTO CAMP OFFICERS

COMMANDER	James Blackston
1ST LT. COMM	John Tubbs
2ND LT. COMM	Brandon Prescott
ADJUTANT	Trent Harris
CHAPLAIN	Wayne Thomas
EDITOR	Leonard Wilson

THIS IS SUCH
A NATIONAL
TRAGEDY.

YEAH...LIKE
WHEN THE
JAPANESE
ATTACKED
THE ALAMO.



THE TIMES-PICTURE
© 2011

Sons of Confederate Veterans



Preserving Confederate symbols,
advancing Southern traditions.

1-800-MY-SOUTH

Internet address: www.scv.org

E-mail: scvthq@edge.net

January 16 is the annual Robert E. Lee Holiday. Be sure to observe it. We will at our meeting on the 15th. Below is an excellent article from 22 years ago. Mr. Cobb was a friend of your editor.

READERS' OPINIONS

Can't compare King to Gen. Lee

I think it was a disgrace to all who read the Jan. 15 editorial, "Still Seeking Promised Land." I can't see how *The News* could stoop so low as to even mention the name of Gen. Robert E. Lee in comparison to Martin Luther King.

Just because they happen to have been born in the same month of the year does not in any stretch of the imagination imply that they had anything in common.

Gen. Robert E. Lee had a just cause, and he was willing to fight for it, both in war and in peace, unselfishly for what he knew to be right. But King, on the other hand, had a selfish reason for deceiving his followers into thinking he was a god. And I think that kind of thinking rubbed off on our federal government, as well as the news media.

It is wishful thinking to think comparing King to Gen. Lee is going to elevate King to Lee's standard. Nor is it going to demote Lee's character to the level of King.

Lee is still looked on as the most famous general of all times; the military forces still use his tactics. To compare his feats to that of King is below the thinking of all decent people. And I would think that a large newspaper would have the presence of mind to affix the title "general" to the name of the most famous general of all times.

Belton Cobb,
Route 3, P.O. Box 161, 122-1490
Millport.

The Forgotten Robert E. Lee

On most of the pages of American history, Robert E. Lee's name cannot be found after the telling of his April 9, 1865 surrender to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. As a result, General Lee's many contributions to peace from that date until his death five years later remain hidden. Not so, of course, with his achievements in war.

One hundred and fifteen years ago, in Lexington, Virginia, Robert E. Lee passed away. His death on October 12, 1870, at age 63, was mourned as deeply in the North as it was in the South. During the five years after Appomattox, no single person exercised as pervasive a moral influence on his countrymen as did the defeated Confederate general.

Historian Emory M. Davis points out in *The Confederate Nation — 1861–1865* that immediately before their surrender, General Lee's staff officers argued passionately in favor of conducting a partisan, guerrilla-style war. He had led them through four years of death, suffering and defeat. Yet his officers and men had such great respect for him that they obeyed without question when he told them to drink from the bitter cup of defeat and refrain from further hostilities.

The reasons for his decision are revealing. For one, he was concerned that more blood would be spilled in a futile act of further armed defiance. But General Lee was also concerned that the families of his officers and men would be left defenseless. Also, paying heed to the question of honor, he recoiled at the idea that members of the proud Army of Northern Virginia would be turned into a marauding military mob. "They would be compelled to rob and steal in order to live. They would become mere bands of marauders," General Lee wrote.

In his 1981 study *Lee: The Last Years*, historian Charles Bracelen Flood credits Lee with preventing the South from being driven into a second rebellion during the radical Republican Reconstruction madness in the five years after the surrender. Counseling stoic patience and a belief in the wisdom of a "higher power," not only was his moral example emulated by a majority in the South, but

it also helped Northerners develop a deep, abiding admiration and respect for the defeated Confederate leader.

"Whatever Lee did next, the South had need for it to go well," Flood writes. "So did the North. Even men like Grant and Meade did not understand it fully, but



General Robert E. Lee

Lee was the only man who had a chance to do it all: save the South's pride, give the South the calm example that would guide it in a stormy postwar period, and do it all in a way that the North would first approve and then applaud."

Few realize that the radical Republicans went to great lengths to provoke General Lee. Indicted for treason and summoned before congressional committees packed with fanatics seeking to make of the South the equivalent of a conquered province, the skill Lee displayed in avoiding every trap reveals an astounding political astuteness.

Flood also points out that General Lee's last five years found him with responsibilities as critical as those he endured during the war. He carried these burdens well, despite the fact that he knew he was suffering from a potentially fatal heart disease. Flood describes his deteriorating health as "a condition that probably started about the time of his undiagnosed heart attack at Fredericksburg in the spring of 1863."

The last five years of Lee's life were

made no easier when he became president of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia. Few realize that General Lee had been superintendent at West Point prior to the war. During his last years, he turned his face and faith toward the future and education. The Honor Code he established and the course of study he initiated while president of the college anticipated by a full generation the major changes that later marked American higher education. One hundred and fifteen years after his death, the Honor Code continues at what is now Washington & Lee University.

When the course of his life was ebbing away in the first week of October 1870, one of his last earthly requests concerned his horse. "Traveller has been standing so long in the stable he needs exercise," General Lee said through labored breathing. In a state of delirium as he neared death, he was back on the battlefield, quietly but firmly issuing orders. "Tell Hill he *must* come up!" General Lee is reported to have said. Then he gasped his final mortal words, "Strike the tent!"

What made Robert E. Lee such an extraordinary human being? No one answered that question better than Major General John B. Gordon, one of his most able field commanders.

General Gordon wrote: "Intellectually, he was cast in a giant mold. Naturally, he was possessed of strong passions. He loved excitement, particularly the excitement of war. He loved grandeur. But all these appetites and powers were brought under the control of his judgement and made subservient to his Christian faith. This made him habitually unselfish and ever willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of duty and in the service of his fellows. . . . He is an epistle, written of God and designed by God to teach the people of this country that earthly success is not the criterion of merit, nor the measure of true greatness." ■

— JEFFREY ST. JOHN

Mr. St. John supplies a weekly broadcast version of this column for Radio America, heard nationwide on the Mutual Radio Network and overseas on Armed Forces Radio.

The conflict that began in 1861 never quite ended.

Look at Robert E. Lee, often mythologized as a man of marble who personifies the chivalric South. Instead of a civil war triggered by slavery, a moral dilemma that was a political and economic time bomb, Confederate apologists see their knight leading a second American revolution to preserve states' rights, until crushed beneath massed blue hordes and materiel. There is, of course, some truth to this. But slavery's enshrined centrality in the Confederate constitution, for one, suggests its limits.

Featuring leading scholars like Gary Gallagher, voiced-over correspondence and stunning visuals, this evenhanded *American Experience* episode seeks to retrieve and explore the historical rather than legendary Lee—not to denigrate, but to understand him as an extraordinary leader living in a confusing, volatile time. What results is thoughtful and far from radical. But it is unvarnished, and will likely make Lee idolaters unhappy.

With a father who was both glorious Revolutionary War hero and infamous debtor-scam artist, young Robert E. Lee had much to live up to and a lot to live down. He early developed fierce self-discipline, which he expected those around him to share: Fellow West Point cadets were the first to recognize him as a marble man, which for them wasn't great praise. But Lee, at the top of his class, was on the road to greatness—even more clearly when he wed Mary Ann Randolph Custis, George Washington's great-granddaughter and scion of Virginia's noblest families, with thousands of acres and hundreds of slaves. They remained deeply commit-



Robert E. Lee remained unbowed when he posed for Mathew Brady a few days after his April 1865 surrender.

ted through long separations, and Lee did his utmost by letter to be a loving absentee parent.

For nearly 20 years, Lee admirably discharged the peacetime army's engineering duties, erecting fortifications, improving ports and so on. The Mexican War gave the 40-year-old his golden opportunity to shine in combat. Thank to his reconnaissance skills and bravery, General Winfield Scott's daring stab at Mexico City worked. Peace fell heavily on Lee; as manager of his wife's estates he was very severe with slaves. When the country lurched toward war, Virginia initially refused to secede, and he waited. Fort Sumter decided then both. Offered command of the Union Army by his mentor Scott, Lee resigned to lead his beloved state's troops.

His overcautious generalship got him despised as "Granny" Lee; he was shelved as a field commander until Joseph Johnston was wounded in mid 1862. Now aggressive, strategically and tactically wily, a bigger thinker than most friends or foes, Lee forged the Army of Northern Virginia into a risk-taking force able to punch well above its weight. His troops adored him, but it cost them dearly: In this brutal war of attrition, Lee became the bloodiest general in U.S. history.

As Lee's fortunes twist and turn toward Appomattox and after, we come to see him as a tragic, almost Shakespearean figure: a great man with limits he can't always recognize making difficult choices, sometimes inspired, sometimes with horrific results for his country, his state, his family and himself. Sadly, this may upset those who prefer marble saints to real heroes.

—Gene Santoro



Civil War Confidential

BY MALCOLM JONES



THE LAST TIME THE United States observed a major anniversary of the Civil War, the centennial celebration in 1961-65, things quickly fell apart. When the Civil War Centennial Commission held a national convention in Charleston, S.C., where the war began with the firing on Fort Sumter in April 1861, it denied a black delegate admission to the convention's segregated hotel. And in its official pronouncements and literature, the commission avoided any discussion of slavery, emancipation, or the participation of free African-Americans in the fighting. Such narrow-minded policies doomed the commission almost from the outset.

As the 150th anniversary of the war's

beginning approaches, things look more promising. So far, the biggest fights have been about preserving land—keeping a Walmart out of the Wilderness battlefield and a casino away from Gettysburg. As for interpretation, the idea of promoting any particular agenda has given way to a preference for looking more closely at the testimony of people who lived through the conflict. In this regard, the sesquicentennial has already inspired one book that is simply indispensable—the Library of America's *The Civil War: The First Year Told by Those Who Lived It*, one of four volumes planned.

Beginning in November 1860, with Abraham Lincoln's election, the initial

Even 150 years later, some war scenes still feel fresh.

volume in this series re-creates—through diaries, speeches, letters, poems, and newspaper accounts—the thoughts and actions of star players and everyday citizens on both sides of the conflict. Some of this material, such as Lincoln's First Inaugural Address or the diaries of George Templeton Strong and Mary Boykin Chesnut, is familiar. Much, however, is fresh, and all the entries become more striking by being placed in the context of time unfolding. Many would be striking no matter what the context.

Riding across the Bull Run battlefield in the wake of the fighting, Confederate soldier Charles Minor Blackford writes, "I noticed an old doll baby with only one leg lying by the side of a Federal soldier just as it dropped from his pocket when he fell writhing in the agony of death. It was obviously a memento of some little loved one at home which he had brought so far with him and had worn close to his heart on this day of danger and death. It was strange to see that emblem of childhood, that token of a father's love lying there amidst the dead and dying ... I dismounted, picked it up and stuffed it back into the poor fellow's cold bosom that it might rest with him in the bloody grave which was to be forever unknown to those

who loved and mourned him in his distant home."

That, astonishingly, is a typical entry in this splendid literary tapestry. As the testimony accumulates, a profound portrait of a nation in crisis emerges, conjuring the epic quality of the conflict and its consequences as almost nothing before it. It is both mesmerizing and deeply troubling, and it will forever deepen the way you see this central chapter in our history. And while this is only

the inaugural installment in the series, it does not seem the least bit rash to call this collage of testimony a masterpiece. □

Shocking
and
moving
new
tales
from the
battlefield.

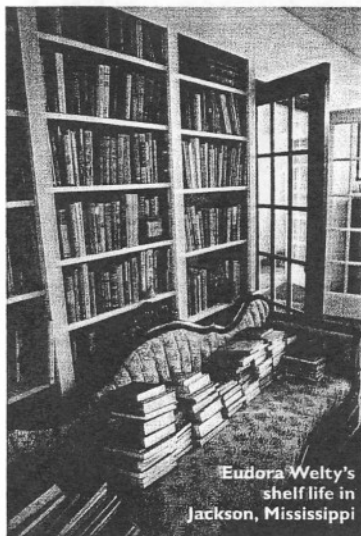
Words on Paper

Even when a whole library can fit in your palm, the gravity of stories in dog-eared books will never grow obsolete

Here, between the shelves, I escape everything worrisome, petty, mundane. In late afternoon, as the weak winter sun begins its slide, pale yellow light washes through the west-side window of my office in Fairhope, Alabama, and something like magic floods the room. I sit in a big, soft chair, and the words that are bound here come loose all around me.

French cavalymen on white horses charge through shifting shadows on the wall above my desk, as Lord Nelson, Fletcher Christian, and Captain Horatio Hornblower set sail across the floor. In one corner, Bedouins glide on camels across a void of Sheetrock, while, in another, Sherlock Holmes grapples to the death with Professor Moriarty on the lip of a high shelf. Here, Willie Stark sits with Atticus Finch, Ishmael leans against Ignatius Reilly, and the Snopeses rub elbows with Shakespeare. It lasts only a little while, this glow, until the sun descends toward the dark trees somewhere across the Mississippi line, but not before Woodrow Call keeps his promise to Augustus McCrae, George Smiley sends one more spy into the cold, and Elmer Gantry does a hook slide for Jesus in the last, fading light of the day.

I know that the world of reading has forever changed, that, in this cold winter, many people who love a good book will embrace one that runs on batteries. I know that many of you woke up Christmas morning to find that Santa graced your house with an iPad, or a Kindle, or a Nook, or some other plastic thing that will hold a



whole library on a doodad the size of a guitar pick. Some of you may be reading one of my books or stories on one today, which is, of course, perfectly all right, and even a sign of high intelligence. Someday, I may have to read *The Grapes of Wrath* on the side of a toaster, myself. I am hopeful when young people say, "I read you on the Kindle," because it means they are at least reading, and reading me, which means my writing life is somehow welcome in whatever frightening future awaits.

But I hope I will never have a life that is not surrounded by books, by books that are bound in paper and cloth and glue, such perishable things for ideas that have lasted thousands of years, or just since the most recent *Harry Potter*. I hope I am always walled in by the very weight and breadth and clumsy, inefficient,

antiquated bulk of them, hope that I spend my last days on this Earth arranging and rearranging them on thrones of good, honest pine, oak, and mahogany, because they just feel good in my hands, because I just like to look at their covers, and dream of the promise of the great stories inside.

Here, not far from the shores of Mobile Bay and the white sands of the Gulf, is a limitless world of *Gallipoli*; *Sanctuary*; *Go Down, Moses*; *Tennyson's Poetry*; *The Comedians*; *Riders of the Purple Sage*; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; *Of Mice and Men*; *The Last of the Mobicans*; *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*; *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*; *A Christmas Carol*; *Brave Men*; *An Outside Chance*; *Cold Mountain*; *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; *Blood Meridian*; *The Prince of Tides*; a dog-eared edition of *Salem's Lot* I read in high school with a BB gun by the bed; and a slightly molded flea market copy of *Dixie City Jam*.

It is not just the stories, but the physical book, the way I feel when I see the spines, when I read the titles, the very feel of the paper under my fingers as I turn the pages. I see the words *Lonesome Dove* and I see the beauty and great cost of true friendship, played out in a wild, wild West. Every book comes alive in my mind. I like to be in that company.

Cicero said a room without books is like a body without a soul, but I don't know about that.

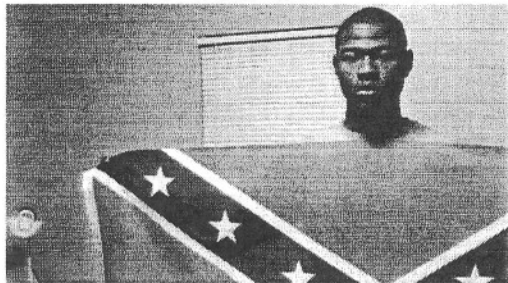
I just know I like to have them close, when the sun goes down. ☐

Rick Bragg is a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer and author of several best-selling books, including Ava's Man and All Ove But the Shoutin'.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE IS FOR EVERYONE

Student Sparks Debate With Dorm Room Confederate Flag

Published December 01, 2011 - Associated Press



Byron Thomas, 19, a student at USCB holds a Confederate battle flag in his dormitory room on Wednesday, Nov. 30, 2011 in Okatie, S.C. Byron Thomas says a class research project made him realize the flag's real meaning has been hijacked.

COLUMBIA, South Carolina — A black U.S. college student who drew complaints for displaying a Confederate flag in his dorm room window said he sees the banner as a symbol of pride and not racism.

Byron Thomas, 19, said university officials asked him in late November to take the down the banner associated with pro-secessionist forces during the 1861-1865 U.S. Civil War after students and parents complained. They have since told him he can put it back up.

"When I look at this flag, I don't see racism. I see respect, Southern pride," he said. "This flag was seen as a communication symbol" during the Civil War, he said.

That history is debatable. The orange flag with a blue St. Andrew's Cross and white stars is a relatively modern rectangular variant on banners carried into battle by the secessionists, also resembling a rebel naval jack. The variant banner, confused by many with the markedly different Confederate national flag, was adopted as a symbol of pride generations after the South surrendered and slavery was abolished.

Controversy has surrounded the use of the symbol since -- some associating it with regional pride and others a legacy of the enslavement of Africans and their descendants and the ensuing century of often violent racial segregation. Several states incorporated its design into their official flags; South Carolina raised it over its state capitol for the war's 161 centennial, where it continued to fly until widening opposition to the symbol brought it back down in 2000, nearly 40 years later.

Byron, a student at the University of South Carolina Beaufort, took the flag down at the university's request, but he said he's considering putting it back up after the officials relented.

Thomas has drawn nearly 70,000 views since he posted a video online in which he acknowledges: "I know it's kind of weird because I'm black."

In a telephone interview Thursday, Thomas said a class research project made him come to the belief that the flag's real meaning has been hijacked. He said he wants people to thoughtfully consider issues of race and not just knee-jerk reactions to such symbols.

The freshman from North Augusta said his generation can eliminate the flag's negative power by adopting the banner as a symbol of Southern pride.

"I've been getting a lot of support from people. My generation is interested in freedom of speech," Thomas said.

But Thomas says his parents don't like the flag and he's concerned about their point of view, particularly since they pay his bills.

"I don't want to make my parents mad," he said. "I may wait until Monday to put it up."

Thomas' roommate Blane Reed, who identifies as white, said in a separate telephone interview that he never heard any complaints after Thomas put the flag up shortly after Labor Day. Each student has a separate bedroom and share living space with three others, he said.

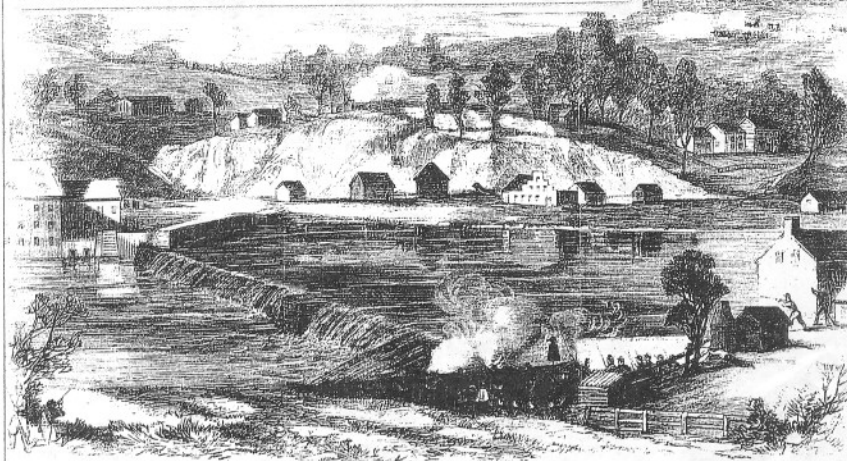
Thomas posted a video on a CNN-run website that has logged more than 69,000 viewing and an article in a local newspaper brought more attention.

University spokeswoman Candace Brasseur said Thursday in an email that about two-dozen students had raised the issue of the flag with the housing office or with a resident adviser. On Thursday, she forwarded an email the school had sent to its students and staff, informing them that officials had asked Thomas to remove the flag "out of respect for his fellow students' concerns."

However, the email added, because of "the University cannot and will not prohibit these flags or other symbols that our students choose to display." It cited the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which prohibits laws abridging the freedom of speech.

Thomas is free to return it to his window if he wishes, Brasseur said.

USC Beaufort is one of eight campuses in the University of South Carolina system and has about 1,750 students, of which about 16.5 percent identify as African American, according to the school web site.

Follow our complete coverage of the conflict at Smithsonian.com/civilwar

FROZEN IN PLACE DECEMBER 1861

Lincoln addresses the State of the Union and grows impatient for action

"A DISLOYAL PORTION of the American people have, during the whole year been engaged in an attempt to divide and destroy the Union," Abraham Lincoln told Congress on December 3, 1861, in his first State of the Union message. After discussing the war's effect on foreign commerce, Lincoln floated the idea that freed slaves might be encouraged to emigrate from the United States to territory to be acquired for them. Secretary of War Simon Cameron had recently advocated freeing and arming slaves, but Lincoln dismissed the proposal—for now. The president ended the speech, which would be telegraphed to newspapers for publication, by remarking on the eightfold growth in population since the country's founding and saying, "The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day, it is for a vast future also."

The month saw few battles, with no decisive advantage gained. A skirmish on Buffalo Mountain in western Virginia was typical. Union troops attacked a Confederate camp but withdrew after a morning's fight—137 Union casualties, 146 Confederate. On the 17th, Confederate Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson launched an assault on Dam No. 5 on the Potomac River near Williamsport, Maryland, to stop the diversion of water into the C&O Canal, a critical Union waterway. "If this plan succeeds," Jackson wrote a fellow general, "Washington will hardly get any further supply of coal during the war from Cumberland." But Union fire

**Confederate Gen.
Thomas "Stonewall"
Jackson's men drew
Union fire in an
attempt to destroy a
Potomac River dam.**

fended off Jackson's men with little damage done to the dam.

For the soldiers not seeing action, weather was foremost in mind. It's "so intensely cold that we had to adopt some plan to keep from freezing," a Union soldier in Missouri noted on the 10th. Another reported on the 20th from outside Annapolis, "freezing quite hard at night . . . anything but comfortable."

Meanwhile, Lincoln was growing impatient with his freshly appointed top general, George B. McClellan. In a memo to the general about advancing the Army of the Potomac, Lincoln asked, "How long would it require to actually get in motion?" But no motion was forthcoming, and by month's end McClellan had essentially called in sick, with typhoid fever. Despite Lincoln's misgivings and the earnest advice of many people inside and outside his administration, he stood by the general.

On the last day of 1861, the president held a meeting with his Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War. Ohio senator Benjamin Wade was blunt: "Mr. President, you are murdering your country by inches in consequence of the inactivity of the military and the want of a distinct policy in regard to slavery." That night, Attorney General Edward Bates wrote in his diary, "The Prest. is an excellent man, and in the main wise; but he lacks will and purpose, and I greatly fear he has not the power to command." **DAVID ZAX** ○