



# THE BRIDGE

"It is our duty to keep the memory of our heroes green." Jefferson Davis



May 2019

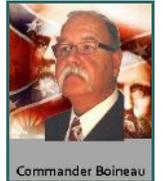
**Ambrose Gonzales Newsletter Award Winner 2009, 2012 & 2013**

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Compatriots and Friends,

The faithful have joyfully observed Confederate Memorial Day across the Palmetto State and I thank them one and all for being true to their heritage. The photo at the left show some of our Eighth Brigade Compatriots who attended services in Columbia.



Commander Boineau

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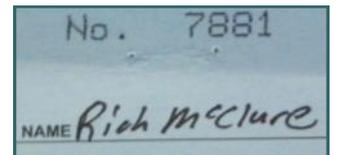


Camp 842 was well represented at the 143rd observance of Confederate Memorial Day at Rivers Bridge State Historical Site. The day was beautiful with cooling breezes and moderate temperatures. Former Lieutenant Governor Glenn McConnell gave a presentation that should have been heard by every citizen of our state. The truths that were the foundation of his talk are seldom, if ever, heard by many who consider themselves "educated." Realizing that there would be those who would misrepresent his comments, he stressed at the very beginning what he was and what he was not saying. Of course there is no way to counter those who seem to consistently, willingly and intentionally distort Southern History. After the decoration of graves and rendering of appropriate salutes the solemn occasion was concluded by the singing of Taps by Compatriot Edward Floyd. Attendees were then able to sip refreshing lemonade and fellowship over a meal of delicious bar-b-que.

On April 20th we celebrated our Annual Banquet by inviting back the Picken Pearls and we enjoyed their company just as much as before. Compatriot Joseph "Buzz" Braxton II was selected for the second year in a row as Compatriot of the Year. His continuing effort to defend the Edisto Crossing



Monument and Flag made this selection an obvious and appropriate recognition of his service. The question you may have is, "Who won the



Glock?" The answer is, "Rich McClure." Rich evidently purchased his ticket at the Broxton Bridge Reenactment; congratulations Rich!

I hope to see you at Barker's Mill on May 21st,

Pete

*"Tradition usually rests upon something which men did know; history is often the manufacture of the mere liar." – Jefferson Davis*

## Confusing Evil with Good

By Billy Graham

Humanity has always been dexterous at confusing evil with good. That was Adam and Eve's problem, and it is our problem today.

Someone has said: "A wrong deed is right if the majority of people declare it not to be wrong." By this principle we can see our standards shifting from year to year according to the popular vote! The Bible says: "Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil." God has not changed. His standards have not been lowered. God still calls immorality a sin, and the Bible says God is going to judge it.

Before his conversion, the Apostle Paul saw Christ as the greatest evil and breathed out "threats and murder against the disciples of the Lord" (Acts 9:1). But after he encountered Christ on the Damascus Road, he loved what he had so fervently hated. According to Acts 9:18, "there fell from his eyes something like scales."

Christ can do the same for you. Jesus Christ is calling you out of a world of delusion and deception. Only if the scales fall from your eyes can you acknowledge Him as Lord.

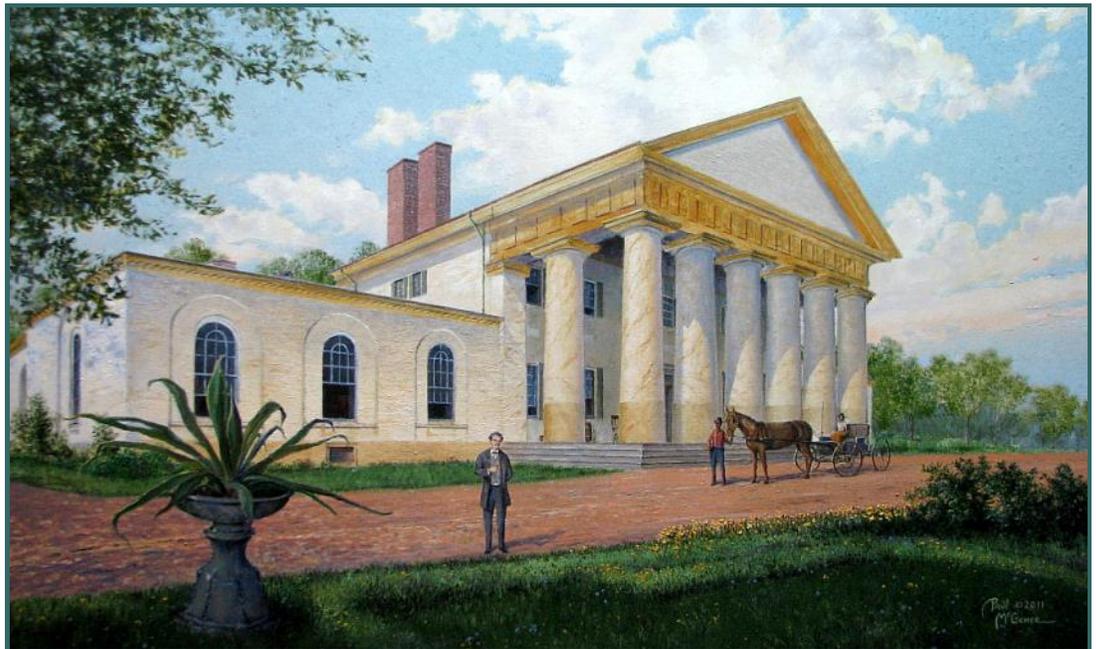
Wherever you are, you can say yes to Christ, and your life's values can be reversed. They can be changed until you call good good and evil evil. And your life can have a new dimension and a new power.



## The fight over Robert E. Lee's beloved home—seized by the U.S. government during the War Between the States—went on for decades

One afternoon in May 1861, a young Union Army officer went rushing into the mansion that commanded the hills across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. "You must pack up all you value immediately and send it off in the morning," Lt. Orton Williams told Mary Custis Lee, wife of Robert E. Lee, who was away mobilizing Virginia's military forces as the country hurtled toward the bloodiest war in its history.

Mary Lee dreaded the thought of abandoning Arlington, the 1,100-acre estate she had inherited from her father, George Washington Parke Custis, upon his death in 1857. Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, had been adopted by George Washington when Custis' father died in 1781. Beginning in 1802, as the new nation's capital took form across the river, Custis started building Arlington, his showplace mansion. Probably modeled after the Temple of Hephaestus in Athens, the columned house floated among the Virginia hills as if it had been there forever, peering down upon the half-finished capital at its feet. When Custis died, Arlington passed to Mary Lee, his only surviving child, who had grown up, married and raised seven children and buried her parents there. In correspondence, her husband referred to the place as "our dear home," the spot "where my attachments are more strongly placed than at any other place in the world." If possible, his wife felt an even stronger attachment to the property.



## What Most People Don't Know About "Reconstruction."

Valerie Protopapas

*The following newspaper accounts are, obviously, only a minute sampling of what reportage occurred on murders and assaults not against "helpless freedmen" by evil white Southerners, but against Southerners, white and black, who refused to go along with the Radical Republican agenda. Notice that the newspaper involved was not from the South and neither was it reporting upon a story in a Southern paper:*

Semi-Weekly Idaho World – May 13, 1868

The New York Herald remarks: Whenever any Radical firebrand, Loyal Leaguer or negro is killed or hurt in the South, the Radical press and orators of the North make a terrible noise about it. They ring the changes and howl day after day about rebel outrages, rebel hatred and rebel murders, but we never hear anything from them concerning the murdered Southern whites, and black outrages. The Radical papers are full of sensation accounts and denunciations of the murder of Ashburn, in Georgia, but they say nothing about the white one-armed ex-Confederate soldier who was shot dead on his horse recently near Selma, Alabama, or of the other four white men who have been murdered in the same vicinity since the war and no one arrested for these murders.

No, we hear nothing from these Radicals of the numerous other murders of the conquered Southern whites and outrages on them in other localities of the South, because there is every reason to believe this is the work of the black Loyal Leaguers. At a public procession and meeting of negroes at Macon, Georgia, on March 30th, the "loyal blacks" carried a banner on which the figure of a negro, cut in pasteboard, hung dangling from the gallows, and to which was attached, on a piece of white paper, the following inscription:



**Broad Street Charleston**



"Every man that don't vote a Radical ticket this is the way we want to do him—hang him by the neck" These Radical Loyal League negroes boldly proclaimed, too, that the negro who failed to register would receive thirty-nine lashes; if he failed to vote at the election, two hundred lashes; if he voted the Democratic ticket he should be hanged. Need we be surprised, then, that white Southerners are murdered in every part of the South and that the murderers are not arrested?

In the same paper: **RADICAL FRAUDS.**—The most infamous frauds were perpetrated in many counties at the Arkansas election. At Clarksville, for instance, ninety-nine votes were returned against the Constitution—since then the affidavits of one hundred and eighty have been taken of those who voted against it. One of the registers is known to have voted twice, and was seen to tear up Conservative tickets from the military ballot box. Negroes were permitted to vote two or three times and even negro women, dressed in men's clothes, appeared

# DEO VINDICE

## The Bridge

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## Sons of Confederate Veterans



Presenting the true history of the South  
since 1896

## Camp No. 842 Calendar

May 21	Regular Camp Meeting - 7PM
Jun 3, 1808	Birth of President Jefferson Davis
Jun 18	Regular Camp Meeting - 7PM
Jul 16	Regular Camp Meeting - 7PM
Aug 20	Regular Camp Meeting

### His Supreme Moment

A day earlier, General Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia had faced potential destruction. In the forest thickets west of Fredericksburg, Virginia, near the rural crossroads of Chancellorsville, General Joseph Hooker and the Army of the Potomac had sought to envelop and destroy Lee's army. Hooker's strategy was sound, his army was much larger and better equipped, and he was confident of victory. "My plans are perfect," he had boasted, "and when I start to carry them out, may God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none."

As Hooker moved to crush Lee's army, however, Lee learned of an unprotected route through the woods that might allow him to unleash a surprise assault on his enemy's right flank. Departing from basic military doctrine — never divide your force in the face of a superior enemy — Lee sent General Stonewall Jackson and 30,000 troops on a day-long forced march to set up the flank attack. It was a dangerous risk: Lee

was left with barely 15,000 men to hold off the Federal advance. He deceived and stalled Hooker by feigning an assault — buying the time needed for Jackson to organize and launch his surprise attack.

That afternoon, May 2nd, Jackson's troops charged screaming from the forest and struck Hooker's right flank a mighty blow that sent the Federal XI Corps reeling in retreat. Instead of the success he had proudly predicted, Hooker was dealt the same humiliating defeat that Lee had inflicted on the previous Federal army commanders. It was a might victory for Lee and Jackson, but it was a costly one: Stonewall Jackson would soon die of complications from battle wounds suffered at Chancellorsville. Looming ahead, too, was the battle of Gettysburg and the death of Southern dreams. For the moment, however, the Army of Northern Virginia was again victorious. As he moved among his army near the blazing Chancellor house the next morning, General Lee was mobbed by his cheering troops. Again, they had done the impossible. Again, they had turned back the invader. The triumph at Chancellorsville was Robert E. Lee's supreme moment.

