



# THE LEGIONARY

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LT. GEN. WADE HAMPTON CAMP No. 273

Columbia, South Carolina ♦ [www.wadehamptoncamp.org](http://www.wadehamptoncamp.org)

*Paul C. Graham, Editor*

**A FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN MEN**

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE CHRISTMAS OF 1861

By W. F. Shippey

It was Christmas day in the year 1861. A party of officers and soldiers of the old First Virginia Cavalry, then encamped near Bull Run, had assembled to celebrate the day at Stuart's Tavern, on the Little River Turnpike. The party was composed of Captain Jas. H. Drake, Captain Irving, Lieutenant Larrick, Dave and Gash Drake, Wm. Guy, Wm. Meade, and the writer of this; it there were others I cannot, at this distant day, recall their names. The day was "cold and dark and dreary," but the bright fire from the old fashioned fire-place, shining upon the polished and-irons, sanded floor, and cheerful faces of "mine host" and his guests in their gray uniforms and their burnished side arms leaning conveniently in the corners of the room, gave an air of comfort and snugness to the scene which contrasted favorably with the out-door gloom, and gave something like a home feeling to the soldiers who, for several months, had known nothing better than a fly-tent, or a cross-roads bivouac.

Our horses were picketed at the front fence, ready to mount and away should any foraging party of the enemy happen along and disturb us in our festivities, but we trusted to the inclemency of the weather and proximity of our infantry pickets, to prevent any such interruption, but the rule of our lives in the front under "Jeb" Stuart, was vigilance, and on this occasion it was not relaxed.

With song and jest and story interspersed with occasional libation to the Shrine of Bacchus, (represented by a large bowl of punch and an egg-nog on the center-table,) the hours passed merrily away while the landlord busied himself with preparations for dinner, and the odor of the roast turkey and other good things from the kitchen, sharpened the already keen appetites of the hungry soldier—such appetites as we had twenty years ago.

In the midst of the scene of enjoyment, a "solitary horseman" rode up to the house, dismounted and entered—a tall soldierly looking man, in uniform of a Captain of Infantry. Seeing that we were a private party and believing himself to be an intruder, he was about to beat a retreat, but we pressed him to join us, and after some hesitation he consented to do so.

**See CHRISTMAS, Page 3**



## BENEDICT COLLEGE, COLUMBIA CITY COUNCIL, AND THE NAACP ECONOMIC BOYCOTT

By Paul C. Graham

Apparently the NAACP economic boycott of South Carolina does not drive the decisions of either Benedict College or Columbia City Council. Although Benedict College and Columbia City Council would certainly not characterize their recent actions as defiant, the facts surrounding this aberration of PC protocol seems very suspicious and your humble editor is not buying their story.

The 2009 Pioneer Bowl, the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association (CIAA) championship game, was held at the Charlie W. Johnson Stadium, the 11,000 seat home field of Benedict College, a historically Black College located in Columbia. The contest between the Tuskegee University Golden Tigers and the Elizabeth City State University Vikings from North Carolina was held on December 11th. This game, by the way, is one of only three NCAA II sanctioned bowl games—one which also happens to be the only bowl game between historically black colleges.

Yet, somehow this NCAA-sanctioned (albeit, division II), post-season bowl game ended up in the very city where "the Confederate Flag" flies on the grounds of South Carolina's Statehouse!

How did this happen? What about the NAACP boycott of the state because of the flag? What about the NCAA decision not to schedule any post-season events in SC until the NAACP's boycott was called-off?

According to Benedict Athletic Director, Willie Washington, no one knew that the bowl was coming to Columbia until the week prior to the game—at least that is what is being claimed. It was not until Washington discovered that the teams playing in the Pioneer Bowl were booking rooms in Columbia that he was able to divine that the bowl would, in fact, be hosted by his school.

**See GAME, Page 3**

I would like to thank everyone for giving me the opportunity to serve as adjutant for 2010 and congratulate J.D. Holt for his election to the post of Camp Commander.

Did you know, as a SCV member of the Wade Hampton Camp 273 you should be receiving three different publications throughout the year?

*The Confederate Veteran Magazine* is published six times a year and is mailed at non profit bulk mail rates. This saves the SCV money on postage but the US Postal Service will not forward them if you have a change of address. If

you have any question about General Headquarters having your correct information, you can verify it by entering your SCV ID number and your last name in the box at the following link: <http://www.scv.org/checkData.php>, or you can call 1-800 My Dixie and they will help you update your information.

*The Palmetto Partisan* is the official newsletter of the South Carolina Division. It's published four times a year and is mailed to division members. If you are not receiving this publication, log on to our division web site at [www.scs cv.com](http://www.scs cv.com) and click on the membership button. This

will bring up the membership page. On the right side of the page click on the address and officer change button; this will bring up an email addressed to the state adjutant. Type in your name and address and submit it. The Divisional database is updated every Monday.

*The Legionary* is our camp's newsletter and is published monthly. If you are not receiving this publication, please check the information on the camp roster located at the sign in table at every camp meeting or call me at 803-732-3050. I can also be reached at [rickybadger@aol.com](mailto:rickybadger@aol.com). ☺

## POP-CORN AND BATTLE FLAGS

By Howard Hughes

Except for most Federal holidays, a nylon 3x5 Confederate Naval Jack flies from the front of my home. About every two years it must be replaced (usually due to fading) and for about 15 years or so I bought replacement flags from *Cromer's P-Nuts* in Columbia. Occasionally, they'd be out of stock when I went looking for one, but would call me as soon as the new flags arrived.

In late 2007, I visited their Huger St. store to get a much-needed replacement flag and a duffel-sized bag of their popcorn. A search of the flag shelves yielded a single polyester CSA flag in a cellophane wrapper—not in the usual flat cardboard boxes which look identical except for the flag type and size in small print on the label. There were, however, a variety of other flags for everything from drag races to advertising yard sales. Seeing the empty shelf space, I presumed they were out again, so I proceeded to the checkout counter with my popcorn. I encountered three *Cromer's* employees during my visit and all of them were polite. Had you been at the register with me here's what you'd have heard during the next couple of minutes (the following is not an exact transcript of what was said but it's pretty darn close):

Cromer's Employee #1(CE1): That'll be \$8.25 (Give or take a few cents—I got so wound up I've since forgotten the exact amount).

Me: Sure. By the way, do y'all have any Confederate flags? I saw only one over there and it's not what I need—a 3x5 nylon. You know, I get one here every couple of years.

CE1: (Mumbled something, I thought jokingly, about it may not be politically correct to display them on the rack and they may be in the back; since it appeared

he was joshing I took no offense and thought nothing of it at the time).

Cromer's Employee #2 (CE2): We may be out, but there might be one in the back. I thought I saw one there. Let me go look for you.

Me: Thanks (CE2 repaired to the stock room and returned a few minutes later as I cooled my heels in eager anticipation of diving into my newly-purchased bag of popcorn and putting up a new CSA flag with brilliant hues upon arrival at the homestead).

CE2: I'm sorry. The only one we have is much larger than 3x5; maybe if you want it to display...

Me: No, thanks. I must have a 3x5 nylon. Do y'all have some ordered?

CE2: No.

Me: Y'all are going to order some, right?

CE2: No.

Me: How come?

CE2: They won't let me.

Me: Who are "they?"

CE2: The owners.

Me: Some Yankee outfit has bought out *Cromer's*?

CE2: No (She then named the male and female tandem as the owners and confirmed the female was of *Cromer* lineage).

Me: You're kidding me.

CE2: No.

Me: (Handing to her my bag of popcorn): Then I want a refund.

CE2: You're kidding.

Me: No. If that's what that bunch thinks of my ancestors and me, I don't want anything y'all have. But tell them I'm going to blab this from now until to any and all who'll listen to me.

CE2: I'm sorry. (Speaking to *Cromer's* Employee #3) Will you give him his refund on his popcorn?

CE3: OK (Acted stunned—then CE2 said

something to him *sotto voce* regarding my dismay at them no longer selling Confederate flags).

Me: Who again is it here who told you to not order any more Confederate flags?

CE2: Hal. He asked me how well they sold and I told him they sell real good. He still told me not to get any more, though.

CE3: Here's your money, sir. I'm sorry about this. Do you want your refund receipt?

Me: Yes (I then wrote my name and home phone number on the reverse side and gave it back to CE3). Please give this to Hal and tell him from me just how much my Confederate ancestors and I appreciate his support.

CE2: We're sorry.

Two years later, Hal still hasn't called me to discuss this and I'm yet to darken his door again. However, I've been able to get my replacement flags from *Columbia Flag and Banner* on Huger Street, which has a much larger selection of CSA flags than *Cromer's* ever did.

While I believe in a merchant's right to sell or not sell anything he chooses, rest assured I long ago bought my last sack of *Cromer's* peanuts, popcorn, etc., since they're they are loathe to stock my great-great grandpappy's flag, regardless of their reason.

I'll be shipping a few food tins this Christmas season, but NOT from *Cromer's*. ☺



He introduced himself as Captain Atkins, of Wheat's battalion, and told us that the battalion was on picket duty, and he on the grand round, and had come out of his way to warm himself by the hospitable fireside of the tavern. Learning from him that Major Wheat was on the line Meade and I started off in search of him. We found him at his headquarters, a fly, under a tree at the cross road it required no great deal of eloquence to induce him to join our dinner-party, for the Major was one of those whole souls that would never hesitate to exchange a mud-hule and camp-fare for a cheerful fireside, boon companions, and a good dinner, when his duty did not forbid it, as willingly as he would the reverse, when the long roll sounded, or the call was-duty. Of a genial disposition, graceful manners, and air of savoir faire, mingled with a certain amount of recklessness, and a lover of good things, he was at once installed, by virtu [Sic.] of military precedence and age, the ruler of the feast.

In fancy I can see the happy faces that gathered around the table and responded to the toast, "Our Dixie Land." Alas! ere another Christmas had come around some of them had paid the soldier's debt-friends were scattered, and another scenes were being

enacted. For us there was but one Christmas of the four spent in service at "Stuart's tavern;" and of those who answered to the roll-call that day, how many could now answer "Here! The gallant Wheat fell in the battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1862; Colonel Drake fell at the head of the Old First, at Falling Waters, on the retreat from Gettysburg. The others did their part, and some "laid their heads upon the lap of earth," to fame unknown, and in other commands, but under one flag bore the brunt of the Virginia campaigns.

The memory of those days seems like a beautiful dream-seem through the mists of the rolling years. We were boys then, fired with enthusiasm and arbor in the cause we loved so much. The dark side of war had no dimmed the halo that invested all things with a beautiful romance. Up to that time we had known no such word as defeat. The victories of Bull Run and Manassas, and several in our colors and our chief. The cypress had not become so entwined with the laurel as so dim the lustre [Sic.] of our chaplets, and cause us to mingle tears with our songs of triumph; and "victory" was the watchword of those who followed the feather of Stuart.

The dinner passed pleasantly

without interruption, and the stars had "set their sentinel watch in the sky" when we parted and make our way back to camp, filled with enthusiasm, turkey, and punch, to say nothing of egg-nog, oysters, and many other delicacies provided by our host. Indeed, so happy were we, that we found some difficulty in getting back camp, though the road was plain, and there were few paths in the country around Manassas unknown to Stuart's Cavalry. They had learned them all, as the infantry would say, in "buttermilk ranging."

I do not know that this will meet the eye of any of those who met at Stuart's Tavern that Christmas day, or even that any of them survive the storms of twenty years; but should it do so, I feel assured that they will recall with pleasure this little episode in our camp life, and sigh to think of the days that can come no more, and of the comrades who will meet no more, who counted it happiness to endure fatigue, hardship, and privations in the cause we loved, and under the man we loved as only soldiers can love such a leader as the glorious "Jeb" Stuart. ☾

Source: *Southern Historical Papers*, Vol. XI, pp. 255-57

## GAME

This, despite the CIAA's statement that the teams and the location of the bowl games were announced on November 18th—2 1/2 weeks before Washington claimed to have known.

After this amazing discovery, time was of the essence. According to *The State* newspaper, Mr. Washington appeared before Columbia City Council on December 3rd to ask for \$15,000 to help pay for the game. While council members reportedly called the short notice "irresponsible" on the part of the bowl organizers, they further said they did not want to pass up an opportunity to bring in what was estimated to be a crowd of 10,000 to Columbia.

Apparently the NAACP boycott never crossed the mind of the councilman or any other member, who magnanimously provided Washington with \$10,000 from the city's hospitality tax contingency fund.

According to Councilman E.W. Cromartie, "These guys [the football fans] are coming in with money. People are hurting, and these (fans) are going to spend more than \$100 per person. With a hotel room, that's \$250 to \$500 per person. That's a lot of money coming into our city."

We know that Columbia is always looking for a way to replenish their coffers

and cannot be blamed for finding a way to generate tax revenue, but this does not explain Benedict's apparent indifference to the economic boycott?

When asked by *The State* about the NAACP boycott, Mr. Washington declined to comment.

The only person who seems to be concerned with the boycott in this whole affair was Lonnie Randolph, director of the SC NAACP, who stated that he did not support the game coming to Columbia because it conflicts with his organization's boycott of South Carolina because of the Confederate flag flying on the State House grounds.

While *The State* may be unclear why the game was organized on such short notice, it appears to me quite obvious. The disclosure of the bowl game was done at the eleventh hour to bypass the boycott—but rather to make it too late for much of a fuss to be raised.

By feigning ignorance for the scheduling of the game and with the clock ticking, Benedict could shift the responsibility for this "oversight" to bowl organizers and Columbia City Council could claim the practical expediency of preparing for 10,000 tourist, while

rebuking the bowl planners for their "irresponsibility."

Was this a shuck and jive? I think so. However, I can't blame them for their actions. In fact, I find their actions commendable.

Why should the city turn away tourist on whom they depend for tax revenue? Why should Benedict College be expected to follow in lock-step with the unreasonable whims of the SC NAACP when they could host a bowl game? Of course, there is not reason.

The only lamentable part of this whole affair is that parties felt they had to be dishonest in order to appear not to be in defiance to the NAACP Boycott.

Perhaps one day Benedict and others who bow and scrape before the NAACP will learn to stand up and honestly state their intensions without fear of retribution! They will never be free until they do. ☾

*Post Script:* In case you were wondering, Tuskegee University Golden Tigers beat The Elizabeth City State University Vikings, 21-7. No one was oppressed by the flag across town and good time was said to be had by all!



## Important Dates in *The War for Southern Independence*:

- Dec. 8, 1860 – US Sec. of Treas. Howell Cobb resigns. The GA native will become a Confederate Maj. Gen. in 1863.
- Dec. 17, 1860 – At Columbia, the SC Secession Convention issues a resolution in favor of SC seceding
- Dec. 20, 1860 – By a vote of 169 to 0, SC adopts an Ordinance of Secession and the Union is dissolved.
- Dec. 26, 1860 – In Charleston Harbor, SC, State Troops seize Castle Pinckney.
- Dec. 10, 1861 – An act of the Confederate Congress in Richmond admits KY to the Confederacy, thus completing the 13 states.
- Dec. 11, 1861 – Suffering under the Union blockade, Charleston, SC is struck by a disastrous fire that sweeps through its business district.
- Dec. 30, 1861 – SC troops seize the US arsenal at Charleston, after Pres. Buchanan's failure to remove US troops from the Charleston Harbor.
- Dec. 4, 1862 – Gen. Johnston assumes overall command in the west.
- Dec. 5, 1862 – At Coffeville, MS, on the MS Central Railroad, Confederates defeat a force of Federal Calvary.
- Dec. 12, 1862 – In MS, the *USS Cairo* strikes a torpedo in the Yazoo River. She is the first US ship sunk by this method.
- Dec. 13, 1862 – Battle of Fredericksburg, VA. Over 186,000 troops are engaged in the fighting there.
- Dec. 14, 1862 – At Fredericksburg, the Federal Army withdraws after being severely beaten in the previous days' assaults from the Federal Union known as the United States of America.
- Dec. 18, 1862 – At Lexington, TN, Gen. Forrest's Cavalry defeats a Federal cavalry force.
- Dec. 28, 1862 – Vicksburg Campaign. Battle of Chickasaw Bayou.
- Dec. 1, 1863 – Confederate spy Belle Boyd is released from prison in Washington, DC.
- Dec. 27, 1863 – Confederate Congress abolishes substitution for military service.
- Dec. 6, 1889 – Death of Confederate Jefferson Davis in New Orleans, LA.

## Next Camp Meeting

### The Annual

## LEE-JACKSON BANQUET

Friday, January 22nd

6:30 p.m.



## Seawell's Restaurant

1125 Rosewood Drive

Columbia, SC

Please see insert for more details...

Y'ALL COME!

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