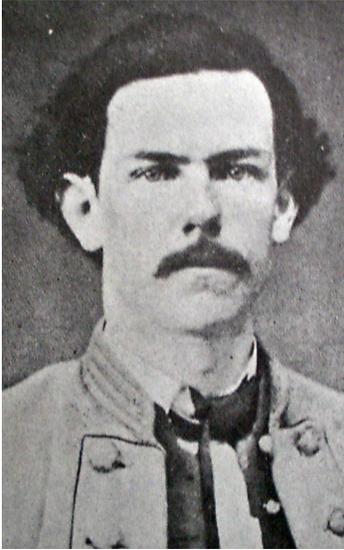
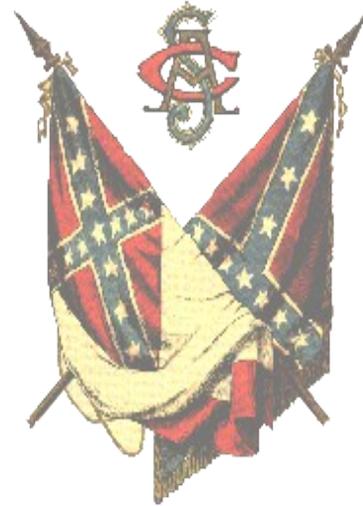

NEWSLETTER OF STATE OF DADE CAMP NO. 707



**THE
SILVER
GRAY**



Vol. 18

February 2013

No. 2



Battle of Fishing Creek, called the Battle of Mill Springs by Federals. This was the first battle in the Western Theater of the war and several men from the local area took part.

Electing of Officers for 2013 State of Dade Camp 707

The following is a list of current officers who were elected in 2012. An election will be held at the February meeting for officers to serve in 2013. The existing officers may be reelected, or additional nominations may be made from the floor at the February meeting.

Office	Name
Commander	Alan Daniels
Lt. Commander	Freddie Parris
Adjutant/Treasurer	Larry Wheeler
Judge Advocate	Keith Morrison
Sgt at Arms/Provost Marshall	Sturgis Creamer
Aide de Camp	Alan Daniels
Editor	Raymond Evans
Webmaster	Denny Forster
Quartermaster Sergeant	E. Jeffcoats
Quartermaster Corporal	Sonny Ballew
Chaplain	Jim Fletcher
Assistant Chaplin	Phillip Croft
Color Sergeant	Mark Steel
Historian	Raymond Evans
Bugler	Tony Burns
Clerk	Tony Burns

Executive Committee

Freddie Parris
Larry Wheeler
Raymond Evans
Jim Fletcher
Phillip Croft
Alan Daniels



“This is the monument that we will ride to in May of 2013 with the Alabama Mechanized Cavalry”

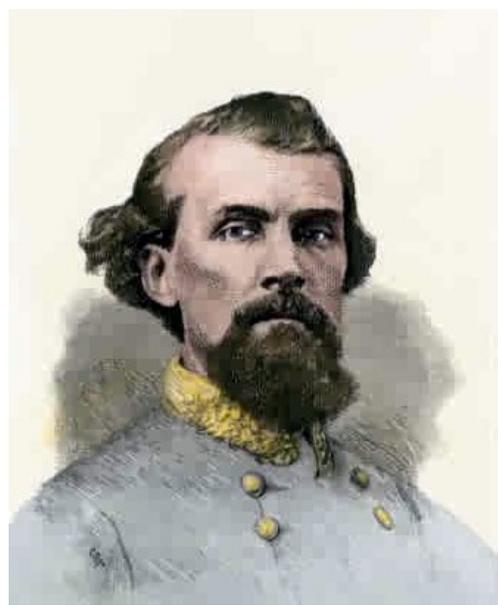
GEN. FORREST AT POKER

He wins \$49,500 on a single hand at the Festive Game

Chattanooga Daily Times July 4, 1890: 9

On night, since the war, I went into a room in the Maxwell House at Nashville with Henry Watterson. In answer to our knock the door was opened by Gov. Isham G. Harris and we were heartily welcomed in his courtly manner. There was only one other person in the room, and he sat by the fire and to him we were presented, though no very formal introduction was needed. This man was Gen. N. B. Forrest, whose name is familiar now to all men who know anything of the great civil strife in 1861-65. We all sat down by the fire for a little while when presently Gov. Harris and Mr. Watterson retired, with their chairs, to the far end of the room, leaving the General and myself together.

We sat silently for a while when it came to my mind that I would like to hear Gen. Forrest talk. Like all silent men, I was satisfied that he could talk well when he was interested in his subject, but to start the important theme, that was the important thing. I had heard that before the war, he had occasionally played poker, and I said: "General, I know you will not think me impertinent and I would like for you to tell me, if you have no objection, and can remember, what is the largest amount you ever lost or won in a single hand." I had prefaced the question properly so he would not deem it abrupt, and told him also that I was there in the capacity of a reporter.



General N. B. Forrest.

He turned in his chair, and after silently looking in the fire for a moment said: "Well, sir, I have played poke occasionally in my life and believe I can answer your question with some accuracy. One night before the war I was in a game of poker in New Orleans and the stakes were pretty high. The game had run along pretty evenly until, like bulls on a bridge, as nearly always happens, the hands seemed to run against each other. I had two kings and two nines, and though the raise was heavy, I decided to stay. The hands had not been running very high, and I considered this good. I think three others remained also. Then we drew our cards, one man standing 'pat.' Then the betting began in earnest. I had drawn another king, making a 'full.' Before anyone could call, there was some \$49,500 on the table, in the center. Mine was the best hand, and I won the money."

"Was it all cash, General?"

"Oh, yes. Money was plentiful and every player seemed to have an abundance."

This reminiscence warmed him up, and as I had divined, he could grow eloquent when he felt what he was talking about. He never spoke grammatically, but tersely and strongly, and while describing other games, I could very well see that a man who sat at a poker table in front of him had no light job on his hands. He looked as though he would bet as unflinching on a pair of deuces, if he thought they were the best, or he could make his opponent think they were, and he did on the King full he had mentioned.

The conversation that followed led him to speak of his life in Memphis after the war, where he had settled with his wife. They were very destitute and had spent an entire afternoon looking through an old desk full of papers, hoping to find something upon which they could realize a little ready cash. Of course he was not without credit—he could have borrowed any amount he needed, but this was distasteful to him. He had been invited that night to dinner at a house of a gentleman where he was certain they would play poker.

He turned to his wife and said: “Nancy, you may not know it, but I have occasionally in my life played poker, but I never played a game in my life that I didn’t feel you were again me. Now I haven’t got but \$7 and I give you my word I’ll only lose that and no more — I will not borrow money to play with — and if you will let me go to this dinner, and give me your blessing, I think I can win some.”

She said: “Bedford, we have gotten along so far without it, and I’d rather trust in God and not do it.”

He argued with her, and without telling her that he could play without her consent, he left feeling pretty sure that she knew he was going to play. When he reached the house it was late, and the party was already assembled, and three poker games were in lively progress.

The ‘ante’ at two of them was very light, while at the third it took \$2.25 to play. He sat down at one of the lighter tables and played until supper was announced and he had won sufficiently to make him feel that he could risk the larger game, which he did as soon as supper was finished. As he took his chair he sat his hat down beside it and began, and as he would win more than he needed to keep before him, he would drop it in the hat. They played till the daylight was coming through the blinds and broke up [the game] and he went home.

As he reached his own door and rang the bell it was opened by his wife, who had not been asleep — who had been waiting and watching for him. She sat down in a chair in the hall, arrayed as she was in her night gown and he took off his hat and emptied the contents in her lap.

His eyes were very moist as he reached this point, and when I asked him how much there was in the hat, he said: “About fifteen hundred dollars, and I felt that every cent of it was holy.”

Mint Juleps of Venerable and Mellow Bourbon

Bernhard Thuersam, Director
Cape Fear Historical Institute

It is said that author John Davis first mentioned the mint julep in 1803 and its origins in the South are in the eighteenth century. Senator Henry Clay of Kentucky introduced this unique beverage to Washington City's Round Robin Bar in the Willard Hotel.

Mint Juleps of Venerable and Mellow Bourbon:

"Aunt Lina," said Mama, "you know the ladies didn't drink in your day."

"Drink?" said Aunt Lina, who had been born and brought up before the war (Civil War, of course) and even before the Victorian era, "I should say they did drink. Why, every evening at the Springs the gentlemen used to sent a tray of mint juleps up to the ladies in their rooms before supper."

As a matter of fact, Aunt Lina was drinking a mint julep at that instant in her room at home. It was in the early afternoon, but there was no need for hurry. Her dinners (they were not lunches) rarely started before three o'clock in the afternoon - to give the diners time to let breakfast settle - and it would be two-thirty anyway before the turkey would be done properly. Violet, the colored cook, would see to that, and after she had finished her julep Aunt Lina would go in the kitchen and give the meal the finishing touches.

The gentlemen were having mint juleps in the parlor. These juleps had the confident simplicity of great works of art. Violet had picked a dozen handfuls of the mint from the mint bed between the woodhouse and the backhouse while the dew was still on it and kept it in the icebox. She had cracked the ice and got out the big silver goblets rimmed with the Greek key design. But nobody but Aunt Lina had made the juleps. She had put a lump of loaf sugar in the bottom of each goblet, dissolved it in a mite of spring water, pressed the mint with the back of a silver spoon against the goblet until it had yielded up its flavor, and then filled the goblet with cracked ice.

The next step was to pour from a bottle of venerable and mellow bourbon until the amber liquor reached a hair's breadth of the top, then garnish with sprigs of mint until one was reminded of Coleridge's words - "and ice mast-high came floating be as green as emerald." The result was a drink which was smooth and sharp, sweet and biting, cold to the fingers and hot to the stomach, delicate but authoritative, and "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade."

"Gentlemen," said Uncle John to Papa and me, "that is reverend stuff."

(Southern Accent, From Uncle Remus to Oak Ridge, William T. Polk, William Morrow and Company, 1953, pp. 125-126)



Chaplain's Corner

As the time comes to celebrate the birthday of George Washington, the first president of our nation, it is good to remember that the founding fathers hoped that each individual would contribute his best talents to the common good of all.

This ideal is in line with the wonderful Bible assurance that to be good and to do good is the one sure way to have peace of heart followed by glory and honor. This high motive can sustain and bless us today in all things that we do.

Father, we thank thee for the rule that working for good is the way to true honor, glory and peace.

Romans 2:10 *But glory, honor and peace to every man that worketh good.*

Prayer List: A few months ago, prayer was requested for Mike Dodd of the Lafayette Camp. I've heard from Mike recently and he says he is completely free of cancer now. Thank you for your thoughts and prayers in helping Mike from this ordeal.

May God Bless,

James Fletcher
Chaplain, SCV Camp #707
Ph. 256-657-5998
E-mail jdfletcher@stateofdade.com



UPCOMING EVENTS

- February 2-3 Dalton Civil War Show. State of Dade Camp 707 will **NOT** have the booth set up.
- February 19: Camp Meeting: The February 2013 meeting of the State of Dade Camp 707, Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at 7:00 P.M. on Tuesday, February 19, 2013 at Randy's Restaurant in Trenton. We will meet to eat at 6:00 P.M. – there will be no retreat!
- March 23-24: Siege of Bridgeport Reenactment. Additional material will be given in the next newsletter.



STATE OF DADE CAMP No. 707
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Larry D. Wheeler (Adjutant)
639 Canyon Park Dr.
Trenton, Georgia 30752-2640

HONORING OUR CONFEDERATE HERITAGE



