

Deo adjuvanti non timindin (With God's help, we need not fear)



THE DIXON BLUE LIGHT NEWS



Lt. George E. Dixon Camp #1962
Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV)

www.scvcamp1962.org

Editor: Lady Sharon Red, Cell 618-622-8949



FEBRUARY 2022

*Celebrate Valentine's Day again on Thursday
and Escort your Sweetheart to the next
CAMP DIXON MEETING
FEBRUARY 17, 2022 -- 6:30 pm
Shiloh Assembly of God Church in Shiloh*



PROGRAM INFORMATION FOR FEBRUARY 17

PROGRAM

Varina Davis

PRESENTER

Lady Anita "Jane" McKee

REFRESHMENTS

Asst Adj John & Lady Jane McKee

CAMP MEETINGS

Meetings are open to the public and are generally, except as announced, held on the third Thursday evening of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the:

Shiloh Assembly of God Church
4035 Lebanon Avenue
Shiloh, Illinois 62221

(Parking lot available next to the church)

We try to have an informative program with a speaker or film of interest at all meetings. Anyone with a Confederate ancestor or just having an interest in Civil War history is invited to attend.

Questions? Call Gale Red, Cell 618-622-8949

CAMP MISSION

The camp accepts its covenanted responsibility to maintain and preserve the Christian principles held by the Southern people that led them to their decision to defend the right of constitutional self-government. We strive to educate ourselves first and then the public to a fuller and more complete understanding of the true history of the period of the War Between the States. We seek to preserve the memory and honor of the noble Confederate soldiers, sailors, public servants, and loyal citizens.

CAMP MEMBERSHIP

Is available to all male (12 years or older) descendants of any veteran who served honorably in the Confederate military. Direct or collateral kinship to a qualifying veteran or civil servant must be documented for full membership. We offer genealogical assistance with documentation. For those who have not yet proven their kinship or just have an active interest in what we are doing, we offer camp membership through our auxiliary, The Knights and Ladies of the Golden Circle. Applicants must be 12 or older.



WE CARE! PLEASE CALL GALE OR MIKE AND KEEP US NEWS-INFORMED ... if you or a family member is ill, has an emergency, health or family issue, a family death, or needs assistance.

Adjutant Gale Red, Cell 618-622-8949

Chaplain Mike Biekert, 618-972-8190

FROM THE COMMANDER

ATTENTION TO ORDERS: /Greetings to each and everyone of our members of the Lt. George E. Dixon SCV Camp. I hope that all are doing well. It has been quite a roller-coaster the past two months. Our monthly meeting for January was cancelled due to illness of many camp members. Then the snowfall has been quite an issue as well. At my house everyone has been ill except for me. I can only guess that each of you have been through the ring as well. We are hoping to meet once again this month if all goes well with our membership. Please be in prayer for our comrades who are sick or in recovery from this form of the virus. Hope to see each of you at our muster. GOD Bless.

Confederately,

John Stanton

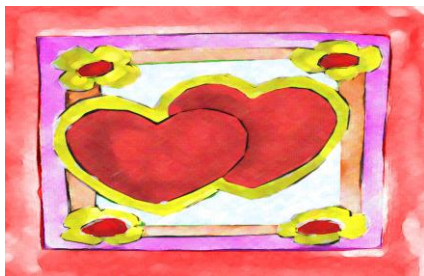
We pray to you, Dear Lord

Please bless these loving people with
your healing grace
Make their days happy and pain-free
Take away their ills and stop their
suffering of COVID, depression,
headaches, fatigue,
and all aches and pains
Renew in them the best of health and
the ability to enjoy every day
given by You
Thank you and praise Your name!

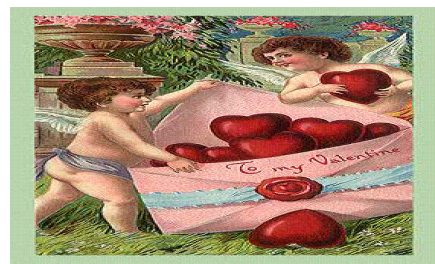
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Hearts at War:



Valentine's Day in the Civil War

By Ruth Ann Coski (historynet.com)

Amid the grim reality of civil strife, soldiers' thoughts still turned to romance on Valentine's Day.

For the enamored Confederate soldier who anonymously dispatched an ardent message from "Gen. Cupid's Hd. Qrs." to Mollie Woodson of Appomattox Court House, Virginia, three years into the war, the horrors of combat had clearly failed to weaken his romantic ardor on February 14.

That love-smitten warrior was celebrating a holiday, St. Valentine's Day, that had become widely observed early in the 19th century. By 1828, when Sir Walter Scott wrote his novel *The Fair Maid of Perth; or, St. Valentine's Day*, February 14 was devoted to romance. British merchants were the first to market valentines in the 1830s, but their American counterparts weren't far behind. Esther Rowland, whose stationer father had previously imported valentines to Massachusetts, began selling her own versions in the 1840s.

In the prewar years, Americans became accustomed to sending commercially produced greetings. Popular choices included fancy cutwork cards, lacy stationery and real lace embellished with hand-painted birds and flowers, or pasted-on colored decals of cupids and hearts. Some were so elaborate they had to be mailed in boxes. There were also rebus valentines, riddles that omitted words and replaced them with symbols.

Even in a nation divided, commerce thrived—and so did enthusiasm for St. Valentine. Early on, the press tended to describe Valentine's Day in martial terms. The February 9, 1861, issue of the Leavenworth, Kan., *Daily Times* noted: "Most...readers are probably aware that St. Valentine's Day occurs on the 14th of the present month. The artful archer, Cupid, will be in his glory on that occasion, and is already at work filling his quiver with the missiles of lovely warfare."

As the war ground on, newspapers still reminded readers of the holiday. An ad in Chicago's *Daily Tribune* of January 22, 1862, proclaimed: "Valentines for 1862 My stock for the approaching season will be entirely new, and will far surpass that of former years. Valentines, Single, from 1 cent to Twenty Dollar....Comic and Sentimental Valentines Assorted Patriotic comic Valentines, Envelopes, Cards, Writers, etc."

Men in the field generally had to fall back on their own talents. Virginian Mollie Lyne received these lines of verse from a soldier on Valentine's Day 1863:

*Mid all the trials and toils of war,
The clash of arms, the cannon's roar,
The many scenes of desolation and strife,
And varying fortunes which surround this life.
Naught else disturbs me, half so much,
As the nightly visions which haunt my couch.
But why should I not be happy?
Ah! Methinks that thou canst tell,
Thou hast me bound, as if by spell,
I love thee, Mollie, with all my heart.*

Other swains stuck to traditional love letters. Private Joseph C. Morris of the Phillips Legion [Georgia] Cavalry poured out his heart to Sylvanie Bremond of Stanardsville, Va., on February 14, 1865:

Moments appear days to me, and day an age—an age of misery and woe—when I cannot behold your beloved face....Why have we passion? If upon the first development of their genuine tenderness they must be curbed and checked, by the arbitrary rules of war.

Especially in the Confederate States of America, war's deprivations made it increasingly difficult to celebrate Cupid's special day. The *Daily Chronicle & Sentinel* of Augusta, Ga., postulated on February 6, 1862: "When our Southern land shall again bask in the broad sunshine of peace and prosperity, mayhap the observance of Valentine's Day...will be general among us." Richmond's *Whig* of February 9, 1864, noted soberly, "Although public attention should be diverted from levity whilst the alarms of war are heard at our very doors, we believe that on the 14th February, a large number of 'Valentines' will pass through the post office."

Despite the conflict's tragic losses, the uninterrupted observance of Valentine's Day throughout the war years proves yet again that love endures—along with the power of marketing.

A Civil War Valentine

Love and faithfulness in times of adversity



Posted on February 14, 1863 <https://blogs.baylor.edu/civilwarvalentine>



Most Valentines sent during the early 19th century would have been made by hand, but by the beginning of the Civil War, commercially-produced greeting cards were being marketed for soldiers to send to their sweethearts. As the war continued, however, the Union blockade made paper extremely scarce in the Confederate States and mail delivery dangerous and difficult. Valentines and letters became ever more precious communications.

Unlike modern Valentines, Civil War Valentines often combined the sentiments of love, patriotism, duty, and loss.

The Kansas Historical Society has several Civil War Valentines in its collection. One declares:

MY LOVE

'Mid bugle's blast and cannon's roar,
And 'mid the battles angry flame;
'Mid clashing sabers red with gore,
I fondly breathe thy much-loved name.
I feel thee near at dead of night,
When I my vigil lone am keeping—
Thy image guards me, angel bright,
In dreams when wearied I am sleeping,
Each northward wind wafts on its breath,
To thee a yearning kiss of mine—
On glory's field or bed of death,
I live or die thy Valentine.

A Valentine in the Smithsonian Institution has this message:

“My country’s cause to serve,
For her to do or die;
Thy love my arm to nerve,
Thy name my battle cry.”



Lorena, by J.P. Webster, was a very popular love song. Still sung today, it has been recorded by artists such as John Hartford, Bobby Horton, Johnny Cash, and Waylon Jennings.

“I have not seen a woman since I left home that could tempt me for a moment to forget the dear old girl of my heart. The mother of my children. I am too old for such nonsense as that dearest be assured. You fill all my thoughts + desires in the way of a woman. And you think you will be a little shy + maidish when we meet eh? We’ll see about that. You must not be quite as hard to be kissed as you were before we were married, will you?”

Alex Morgan to his wife Fanny, [February 16, 1863](#)



On November 17, 1861 Dr. Alex Morgan enlisted with Company F of the 19th Louisiana Infantry of the Confederate Army. When he left for war, his wife Fanny was 27 and he was 38. They had been married 11 years and had four children: Jim 11, Ross 8, Mary Elizabeth “Pet” 3, and baby Fanny. Another son “Charlie” (born 1856) died before the Civil War.

Alex’s letters to Fanny are available in an online exhibit, presented by The Texas Collection of Baylor University.

The following passage is from Milton’s *Paradise Lost* — a work Morgan called “one of my pets” and which he had with him in camp. This poem might well have come to his mind when thinking of Fanny.

Listen to the poem:

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft shower; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav’n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight without thee is sweet.

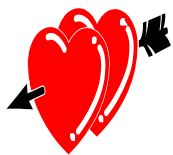
.....from *Paradise Lost* by John Milton (1608-74)



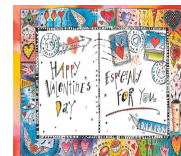
Remember me kindly to all the kin + friends. Kiss the dear children for me + believe me till death yours

Alex,

Posted in [Uncategorized](#) | [1 Reply](#)
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From the Heart: Civil War love letters

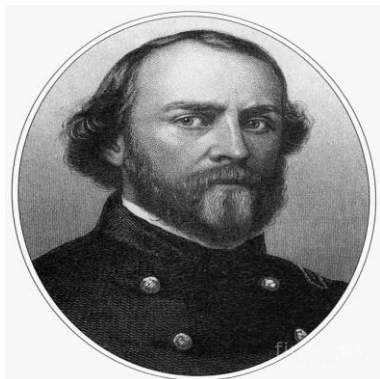


by [Jessica James](#) | Feb 8, 2021

Valentine's Day is just around the corner, so to get you in the mood, I'm going to feature a different Civil War love letter every day this week. The first one, written by Major Sullivan Ballou, was made famous by the famous Ken Burns Civil War documentary. For a little background, Sullivan Ballou married Sarah Hunt Shumway on Oct. 15, 1855, and served in the 2nd Rhode Island Infantry during the Civil War. The couple had two sons, Edgar and William. In one of the most well-known letters to come out of the Civil War, Major Ballou attempts to explain the emotions he is feeling—most significantly—the internal battle being waged between his love for his wife and his sense of duty to his country.

July the 14th, 1861

Washington DC



Major Sullivan Ballou

My very dear Sarah,

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days—perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure—and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing—perfectly willing—to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows—when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children—is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death—and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee...

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield. The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me—perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar—that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night—amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours—always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan

Sullivan died a week later after the First Battle of Bull Run. His wife, Sarah, never remarried. She died in 1917 and is buried next to her husband. Ironically, this letter was never mailed. Although Sarah would receive other letters, dated after this one from the battlefield, the letter in question was found among Sullivan's effects when Gov. William Sprague of Rhode Island traveled to Virginia to retrieve the remains of his state's sons who had fallen in battle.

This letter and many others are featured in the book [From the Heart: Love Stories and Letters from the Civil War](#).

News From Around the Camp



**GOOD HEALTH NEWS
on
Compatriot Andy Novara
of
Creal Springs IL**

Gale talked to Andy who said he is doing great and now is waiting to hear from the doctor about what medications/future treatments are planned/needed. God's blessings to Andy (and Jane) for a healthy outcome and long and happy future.



**GET WELL WISHES
to
Adjutant Gale Red
of
O'Fallon IL**

Gale was ambulated to the hospital and stayed Jan. 18-23 for COVID complications to A-Fib, acute respiratory failure, and high blood pressure. Doing much better but still fatigued.



**GET WELL WISHES
to
1st Lt. Commander Matt
& Lady Andi King
of
Highland IL**

They have been suffering from COVID. Matt is doing better than Andi, so please pray for their recovery.



**GET WELL WISHES
to
Asst Adjutant John
& Lady Jane McKee
of
Shiloh IL**

They, too, have been suffering from COVID. On their way to recovery but it's a slow process so please keep them in your prayers.

CAMP 2022 CALENDAR OF EVENTS



FEBRUARY

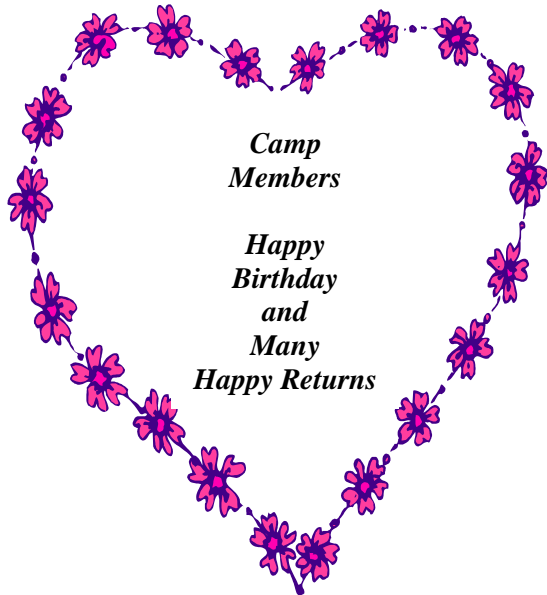
12 Lincoln's Birthday
 14 Valentine's Day
 17 **6:30 CAMP MEETING**
 21 Presidents' Day
 22 Washington's Birthday

MARCH

2 Ash Wednesday
 13 Daylight Saving Time Starts
 (set clocks ahead one hour)
 17 **6:30 CAMP MEETING**
 17 **St. Patrick's Day**
 20 First day of spring
 29 National Vietnam War Vets Day

APRIL

10 Palm Sunday
 15 Good Friday
 17 Easter Sunday
 21 **6:30 CAMP MEETING**



FEBRUARY

3 CARSON LEONARD (Ingraham IL)
 14 PHIL TATE (Mascoutah IL)
 14 JAMES JOHNSON (Hopkinton MA)
 20 JIM LUMMA (Jerseyville IL)
 20 RALPH OELSCHLAGER (Belleville IL)

CAMP DIXON STAFF

Commander
 1st Lt Commander
 2nd Lt Commander
 Advisor to the Commander
 Adjutant
 Asst Adjutant
 Chaplain
 Program Chairman
 Newsletter Editor/Cardmaster
 Sgt of Arms
 Asst Sgt of Arms
 Door Greeter

John Douglas Stanton
 Matthew James King
 Ronald Joseph Lakin
 John Wayne Kicklighter
 Gale Franklin Red
 John Mitchell McKee
 Walter Michael Biekert
 Gale Franklin Red
 Sharon Marie Red
 Stephen Dean Wilson
 Eric Jan Funkhouser
 VACANT

Cell 618-610-6464
 Cell 510-213-1972
 Cell 618-420-6358
 618-257-9079
 Cell 618-622-8949
 618-416-5072
 618-972-8190
 Cell 618-622-8949
 Cell 618-979-7853
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