



# BIVOUAC

KENT CIVIL WAR SOCIETY \* P.O. Box 3671 KENT, OH 44240  
<https://www.kentcivilwar.org/>

**WHAT: ANNUAL HOLIDAY DINNER AND AUCTION**  
**WHERE: SHELTER HOUSE, FRED FULLER PARK, KENT**  
**WHEN: TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2018 AT 6:30 P.M.**  
**COST: FREE TO MEMBERS AND A GUEST**

Happy Holidays! Another year of Civil War programming comes to an end with our annual Holiday dinner and popular auction of Civil War publications and artifacts. The dinner is free to you and a guest and features a main course and beverages provided by the Society. Each member is asked to bring a dish to share (see below) AND YOUR OWN TABLE SERVICE, CUP AND UTENSILS. Those with last names beginning with:

**A through G, bring a potato or vegetable dish**

**H through O, bring a salad or hors d'oeuvres**

**P through Z, bring a dessert**

The auction follows dinner. Member John Thompson will be our ace auctioneer for the program. He'll most likely be helped by members such as Jeff Jones and Mark Perkins.

We encourage all members to check their collections of Civil War books, magazines and memorabilia for items you are willing to donate to the auction (as well as items from other wars). Simply bring them with you to the dinner. Proceeds benefit our programming fund.

*Please note:* It is not required that you bring an auction item in order to attend the party. However, we do hope that you will bring your checkbook in order to take advantage of some very real bargains.



## Christmas Night of '62

The following is a poem by Confederate soldier William Gordon McCabe, sharing his thoughts on Christmas Night, 1862.

The wintry blast goes wailing by,  
the snow is falling overhead;  
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,  
and distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;  
The soldiers cluster round the blaze  
To talk of other Christmas days,  
And softly speak of home and home

My saber swinging overhead,  
gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
while fiercely drives the blinding snow,  
and memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,  
vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;  
I see the low-browed home again,  
the old hall wreathed in mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years  
comes borne the laughter faint and low,  
the voices of the Long Ago!  
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother kiss,  
I see again the glad surprise  
That lighted up the tranquil eyes  
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss

As, rushing from the old hall-door,  
She fondly clasped her wayward boy -  
Her face all radiant with they joy  
She felt to see him home once more.

My saber swinging on the bough  
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
while fiercely drives the blinding snow  
aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces are all gone!  
Asleep within the quiet graves  
where lies the snow in drifting waves, -  
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here tonight  
but knows that loved ones far away  
on bended knees this night will pray:  
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,  
for me no yearning prayers arise  
the lips are mute and closed the eyes -  
My home is in the bivouac.



Merry Old Santa Claus by Thomas Nast