



James City Cavalry PICKET LINES



November 2015 Dispatch – Williamsburg, Virginia – <http://www.jamescitycavalry.org>

Camp #2095 1st Brigade Virginia Division Army of Northern Virginia

A PATRIOTIC HONOR SOCIETY DEDICATED TO SERVICE AND PRESERVING THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

NEXT MUSTER

Wednesday, November 25th, 2015, 6:30pm
Colonial Heritage Club
<http://colonialheritageclub.org/home.asp>
6500 Arthur Hills Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23188

Guest Speaker:
Mr. Robert Archer
Suffolk, Virginia



***"The Forgotten Soldiers of the Confederacy –
The Jewish Soldiers"***

**Meal Cost: \$17.00 Per Person –
(genuine Confederate currency gladly accepted)**

Honored Confederate Soldier:
Third Sgt. William J. H. Magee
13th Virginia Cavalry

RSVP Required

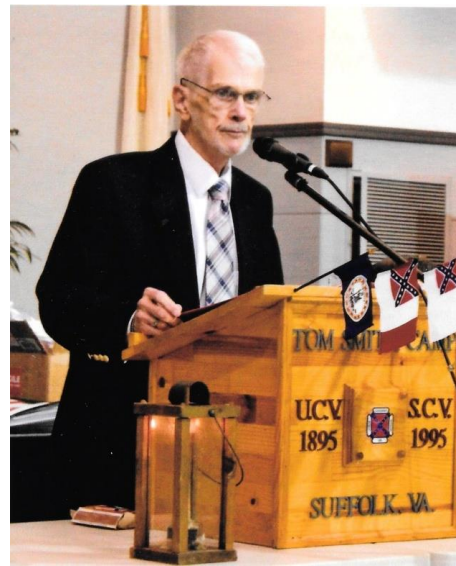
Compatriots' Ladies & Guests Encouraged To Attend

NOVEMBER GUEST SPEAKER

Mr. Robert Archer
Historical Costume Designer

***"The Forgotten Soldiers of the Confederacy –
The Jewish Soldiers"***

Even though the first Confederate Secretary of War was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jewish lawyer who moved to the post of Secretary of State early in the War for Southern Independence, most compatriots do not know much about rank and file soldiers of the same faith. Compatriot Archer will share with us the results of his research on this topic.



Mr. Robert Archer is a member and 2nd Lieutenant Commander and Historian of the Tom Smith Camp #1702, in Suffolk, VA. He has been and continues to be an historical costume designer and pattern-maker for theatrical and ballet companies who also lectures on 19th Century fashion, manners, and dance. Although retired, he continues to design and construct 17th, 18th, and 19th century period reproduction clothing for re-enactors, historians, museums, and collectors.

Bring a guest to our October 28th meeting. Supper will be served at 6:30 and we will introduce Mike at 7:30. Our buffet costs \$17 per person. Non-members please contact Ken Parsons at 757-876-6967 or parsonskn20@yahoo.com to confirm reservations.

- 1st Lt. Commander Ed Engle

CAMP JOURNAL FOR LAST MUSTER

Meeting:

Held 28 Oct. at 6:30PM at Colonial Heritage Club,
James City Cty., Va., 34 attendees

Welcome given by Compatriot Ed Truslow

Invocation:

Given by Chaplain Fred Breeden

Pledge & Salute to the Flags

Break for Supper

The SCV Charge read by Quartermaster Warren Raines

Guest Introduction by Compatriot Ed Truslow

Ancestral Memorial Candle:

Read by Compatriot Charles Eugene Bush *in honor of
Sergeant William Allegre
Crenshaw's Virginia Light Artillery*

Program:

The Camp was given a welcome surprise as 1st Lt. Commander Ed Engle presented our own Compatriot Charles Eugene Bush, who eloquently (when is Charles Eugene anything but eloquent?) offered us recitations from Stephen Vincent Benet's epic American Poem "John Brown's Body".

Though the title references the radical abolitionist John Brown, Benet's poem covers the history of the WBTS. A portion of Charles Eugene's soliloquy can be found on page 3 (best if magnified on your monitor).

Committee Reports and Announcements

Treasurer's Report

Adjutant Ken Parsons provided the Treasurer's Report and reported to the membership on Heritage Defense activities.

Cemetery Report

2nd Lt. Commander Steve White reported on cemetery clean-up efforts to commence shortly after the Holidays.

Old & New Business

1. Members interested in serving in staff positions (Webmaster, Adjutant, Commander) were encouraged to contact present staff. The 1st and 2nd Lt. Commanders have volunteered to serve another term.
2. The 2015 Camp Christmas Supper will be held at Hickory Neck Church in Toano on December 11th.
3. The Camp was pleased to induct and welcome Compatriot David Hastedt.

Book Raffle

Proceeds were donated to the Camp Treasury for the raffle of the three donations.

"Dixie"

Benediction

Given by Chaplain Fred Breeden.

Adjournment

8:35PM.



Adjutant Ken Parsons congratulates newly inducted Compatriot David Hastedt as 1st Lt. Commander Ed Engle and Compatriot Ed Truslow look on. David's Confederate ancestor is Private Lewis William Carter, Company C, 52nd North Carolina Infantry. Wounded in the shoulder and abdomen at Gettysburg July 3, 1863 and captured in front of the 14th Connecticut at "The Angle". Died, age 27 years, at Union Hospital #3, Schwartz Farm, Gettysburg on July 27, 1863 and buried in Yard B in a marked grave. Disinterred in 1871, moved to Richmond and reburied in the Confederate Memorial Section of Hollywood Cemetery.

EXCERPT FROM STEPHEN VINCENT BENET'S "JOHN BROWN'S BODY", AS READ BY COMPATRIOT CHARLES EUGENE BUSH

And now at last,

Comes Traveller and his master. Look at them well.

The horse is an iron-grey, sixteen hands high,
Short back, deep chest, strong haunch, flat legs, small head,
Delicate ear, quick eye, black mane and tail,
Wise brain, obedient mouth.

Such horses are

The jewels of the horseman's hands and thighs,
They go by the word and hardly need the rein.

They bred such horses in Virginia then,
Horses that were remembered after death
And buried not so far from Christian ground
That if their sleeping riders should arise
They could not witch them from the earth again
And ride a printless course along the grass
With the old manage and light ease of hand.
The rider, now.

He too, is iron-grey,

Though the thick hair and thick, blunt-pointed beard
Have frost in them.

Broad-foreheaded, deep-eyed,

Straight-nosed, sweet-mouthed, firm-lipped, head cleanly set,

He and his horse are matches for the strong
Grace of proportion that inhabits both.

They carry nothing that is in excess

And nothing that is less than symmetry,

The strength of Jackson is a hammered strength,
Bearing the tool marks still. This strength was shaped

By as hard arts but does not show the toil
Except as justness, though the toil was there.

--And so we get the marble man again,

The head on the Greek coin, the idol-image,
The shape who stands at Washington's left hand,

Worshipped, uncomprehended and aloof,

A figure lost to flesh and blood and bones,

Frozen into a legend out of life,

A blank-verse statue—

How to humanize

That solitary gentleness and strength

Hidden behind the deadly oratory

Of twenty thousand Lee Memorial days,

How show, in spite of all the rhetoric,

All the sick honey of the speechifiers,

Proportion, not as something calm congealed

From lack of fire, but ruling such a fire

As only such proportion could contain?

The man was loved, the man was idolized,

The man had every just and noble gift.

He took great burdens and he bore them well,

Believed in God but did not preach too much,

Believed and followed duty first and last

With marvellous consistency and force,

Was a great victor, in defeat as great,

No more, no less, always himself in both,

Could make men die for him but saved his men

Whenever he could save them--was most kind

But was not disobeyed--was a good father,

A loving husband, a considerate friend:

Had little humor, but enough to play

Mild jokes that never wounded, but had charm,

Did not seek intimates, yet drew men to him,

Did not seek fame, did not protest against it,

Knew his own value without pomp or jealousy

And died as he preferred to live--sans phrase,

With commonsense, tenacity and courage,

A Greek proportion--and a riddle unread.

And everything that we have said is true

And nothing helps us yet to read the man,

Nor will he help us while he has the strength

To keep his heart his own.

For he will smile

And give you, with unflinching courtesy,

Prayers, trappings, letters, uniforms and orders,

Photographs, kindness, valor and advice,

And do it with such grace and gentleness

That you will know you have the whole of him

Pinned down, mapped out, easy to understand—

And so you have.

All things except the heart.

The heart he kept himself, that answers all.

For here was someone who lived all his life

In the most fierce and open light of the sun,

Wrote letters freely, did not guard his speech,

Listened and talked with every sort of man,

And kept his heart a secret to the end

From all the picklocks of biographers.



He was a man, and as a man he knew
Love, separation, sorrow, joy and death.
He was a master of the tricks of war,
He gave great strokes and warding strokes as great.

He was the prop and pillar of a State,
The incarnation of a national dream,

And when the State fell and the dream dissolved
He must have lived with bitterness itself—

But what his sorrow was and what his joy,

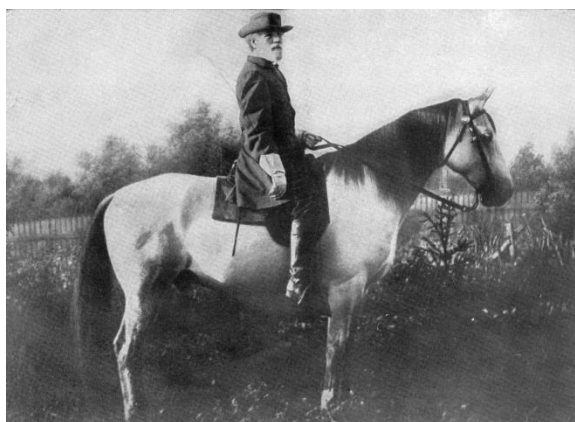
And how he felt in the expense of strength,

And how his heart contained its bitterness,

He will not tell us.

We can lie about him,

Dress up a dummy in his uniform
And put our words into the dummy's mouth,



Say "Here Lee must have thought," and "There, no doubt,

By what we know of him, we may suppose

He felt--this pang or that--" but he remains

Beyond our stagecraft, reticent as ice,

Reticent as the fire within the stone.

Yet--look at the face again--look at it well—
This man was not repose, this man was act.

This man who murmured "It is well that war
Should be so terrible, if it were not

We might become too fond of it--" and showed
Himself, for once, completely as he lived

In the laconic balance of that phrase;
This man could reason, but he was a fighter,

Skillful in every weapon of defence
But never defending when he could assault,

Taking enormous risks again and again,
Never retreating while he still could strike,

Dividing a weak force on dangerous ground
And joining it again to beat a strong,

Mocking at chance and all the odds of war
With acts that looked like hairbreadth recklessness

--We do not call them reckless, since they won.
We do not see him reckless for the calm

Proportion that controlled the recklessness—
But that attacking quality was there.

He was not mild with life or drugged with justice,
He gripped life like a wrestler with a bull,

Impetuously. It did not come to him
While he stood waiting in a famous cloud,

He went to it and took it by both horns
And threw it down.

Oh, he could bear the shifts

Of time and play the bitter loser's game,
The slow, unflinching chess of fortitude,

But while he had an opening for attack
He would attack with every ounce of strength.

His heart was not a stone but trumpet-shaped
And a long challenge blew an anger through it

That was more dread for being musical
First, last, and to the end.

Again he said

A curious thing to life.

"I'm always wanting something."

The brief phrase

Slides past us, hardly grasped in the smooth flow
Of the well-balanced, mildly-humorous prose

That goes along to talk of cats and duties,
Maxims of conduct, farming and poor bachelors,

But for a second there, the marble cracked
And a strange man we never saw before

Showed us the face he never showed the world
And wanted something--not the general

Who wanted shoes and food for ragged men,
Not the good father wanting for his children,

The patriot wanting victory--all the Lees
Whom all the world could see and recognize

And hang with gilded laurels--but the man
Who had, you'd say, all things that life can give

Except the last success--and had, for that,
Such glamor as can wear sheer triumph out,

Proportion's son and Duty's eldest sword
And the calm mask who--wanted something still,

Somewhere, somehow and always.

Picklock biographers,

What could he want that he had never had?

He only said it once--the marble closed—
There was a man enclosed within that image.

There was a force that tried Proportion's rule
And died without a legend or a cue

To bring it back. The shadow--Lees still live.
But the first-person and the singular Lee?

The ant finds kingdoms in a foot of ground
But earth's too small for something in our earth,

We'll make a new earth from the summer's cloud,
From the pure summer's cloud.

It was not that,

It was not God or love or mortal fame.

It was not anything he left undone.

--What does Proportion want that it can lack?

--What does the ultimate hunger of the flesh
Want from the sky more than a sky of air?

He wanted something. That must be enough.

Now he rides Traveller back into the mist.

COMMANDER'S COMMENTS

Compatriots,

I was unable to join you at the October meeting. My thanks to Ed Truslow for hosting the meeting. I hope to have a variety of other members serve as host in the upcoming months. This will help everyone gain familiarity with other members of our Camp. We had one of those unfortunate circumstances where the speaker fails to show. A big tip of the hat to Charles Eugene Bush for stepping in to the breach and sharing some Southern WBTS poetry with the Camp.

Our Christmas party is at the Hickory Neck Episcopal Church on the evening of December 11th. We all know that there will be an amazing amount of great food.

We ask that each of you bring a vegetable, appetizer, dessert or meat dish of your choice. The Camp will be providing BBQ. Your entrance fee is the food you bring . . . bring that and your whole family. We are hoping to provide a slide show of more than 100 camp photos from the past 6 years that I think you will all find entertaining.

- *Commander Jeff Toalson*



CAMP OFFICERS

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Chaplain

Fred Breeden

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CONFEDERATE CHAPEL TO GET TRIPPY MAKEOVER DURING INLIGHT

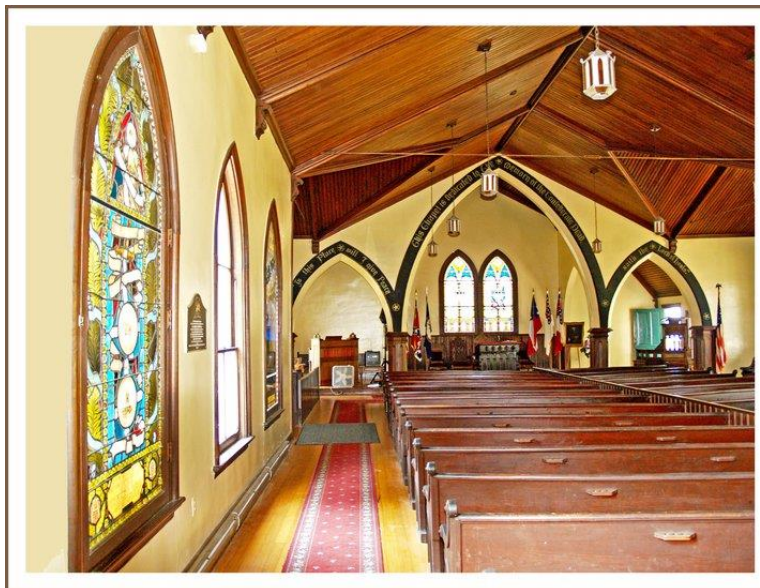
www.styleweekly.com/Studi/archives/2015/11/01/confederate-chapel-to-get-trippy-makeover-during-inlight

We were contacted by a *Style Weekly* reporter this week to alert us to the above event and to get our reaction, which we provided. Above is the online copy and late yesterday the print version was released. They didn't include our statement in this issue but did use posts from on-line readers. Their statements were proper and correct and give us broader support.

Individuals have now started expressing their thoughts to the Governor (didn't take the VMFA long to embarrass him), VMFA board members and the director, state officials-elected, DGS and VDHR, and the media. Religious and veterans groups are also expected to become involved. I think that we are at the speechless-phase right now. The outrage is on the way.

I will keep you informed as events unfold. Please share this information with other interested parties.

- *Harrison Taylor, Adjutant, Lee-Jackson Camp #*



Write your letter please, make it short and polite, to the governor on down:

Governor Terry McAuliffe

<https://governor.virginia.gov/constituent-services/communicating-with-the-governors-office/>

Mr. William A Royall Jr., Chairman, Board of Trustees, VMFA
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Richmond, VA 23220

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CONFEDERATE GRAVESITES

(Contributed by Historian/Genealogist Compatriot Fred Boelt)

William H. and Lucy Saunders Williams Barnes lived on a large farm located in the northern end of James City County on the south side of Barnes Road, the section that runs between Richmond Road (Route 60) and Barhamsville Road (Route 30). Though vacant and abandoned, the large, two story farmhouse stood near the road until about twenty years ago. William and Lucy Barnes had six sons and one daughter. The four older sons all answered the call and offered their service to the Confederacy.

The oldest son, James Henry Barnes, was born on September 23, 1833. He, and most of his brothers, attended nearby Hickory Neck Academy. James continued his education at the College of William and Mary, 1854-1856, and taught school before enlisting as a private in Company H, 5th Virginia Cavalry, on March 1, 1862, in Williamsburg. He was a courier for General Joseph E. Johnston and a clerk at General R. E. Lee's Headquarters, March 1-May 31, 1863. He was absent due to sickness in November and December 1863, but returned to service on January 2, 1864. Barnes was captured in James City County on March 2, 1864, and sent to Point Lookout. He was exchanged on March 18, 1865, and paroled in Richmond on April 27, 1865.

James Barnes returned to his family's home in James City County after the war and continued teaching and also began preaching at local churches. He was ordained by Liberty Baptist Church in New Kent County prior to the 1870 census when he was listed as "minister." James served that congregation for a number of years. On June 26, 1880, he was called to become the pastor of the James City Church in Lightfoot (present day Smith Memorial Church). In addition, he served at several other churches in eastern Virginia as well as a church in Baltimore for a short time. In 1894, he married Florence Celeste Mann, a widow with two daughters.

James Barnes' pension application filed in 1908 indicated that he was then blind due to injuries to his eye sustained while he was a prisoner at Point Lookout. He and Florence were living with his sister-in-law, Addie Vaughan, in Ware Neck, Gloucester County, when he died on April 7, 1909. James Henry

Barnes was buried at Poroporone Baptist Church at Shacklefords in King and Queen County.

Chronologically, the second son, Andrew Jackson Barnes, was born in November 1837. In the 1860 census, he was living with his parents and farming. He enrolled as a private in Company H, Virginia Infantry, on June 24, 1861, in Williamsburg. He was transferred to Company B, James City Artillery, after the muster on August 31st and was present on all rolls for the year 1861 until December 15th when he was reported absent without leave. Back on duty in January, he was continuously marked present until December 11, 1864, when he was in the General Hospital in Richmond and was granted a thirty day furlough three days later to recover his health.

Company B was dissolved on January 18, 1865, and became Capt. Richardson's Company, Virginia Artillery, C.S.A. Andrew Barnes was shown as absent without leave on February 20th. He was captured at Burkeville on April 6th, and released on Oath of Allegiance on June 23, 1865 at Point Lookout. He returned to his parents' home and was farming there in 1870. By 1880, he had married Elizabeth and they had a two year old son, William A. Barnes. Elizabeth died soon after, and Andrew married Virginia Cottrell on July 8, 1883. They were married by his brother, the Reverend James H. Barnes, at Elsworth in New Kent County. Andrew and "Jennie" had one son, Mahlon Clyde Barnes.

In 1878, Andrew Barnes and two of his brothers, William Henry and John A. Barnes, purchased the 1,047 acre War Hill tract in James City County. Andrew and his family lived and farmed there for a number of years. He served on the county Board of Supervisors before moving his family into Williamsburg. He was also chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee. Andrew Jackson Barnes died at his home in Williamsburg on May 10, 1917. His funeral was held at the Baptist Church and he was laid to rest in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Next month, we will look at the lives of the other two Barnes brothers who answered the call.

THINKING OF DAVID AND THE CAVALRY

(Contributed by Friend of the Camp Sherron Ware)

SCV License Plates:

As I walked to the garage with a screwdriver in one hand and the government's new and improved (X!#\$!?) SCV plates in the other, I could hear my husband's irritated and angry voice. I sat down on the cement floor in front of his T-Bird and began removing the SCV plates with the censured, condemned logo. I could visualize David wringing his hands in desperation, pacing back and forth beside the T-Bird in frustration, and shaking his head in disgust as the government, once again, has stripped him of his freedom.

David's SCV plates read: PLNCOR. No one, not a soul, could figure out his abbreviated rebellion message. PLNCOR stood for "Politically Incorrect". David knew that sooner or later these plates would not remain in existence. He knew the government would intervene and take a stance against the plates.

SCV Memorial Day Celebration:

My sisters and I appreciate that y'all let us continue to set up for this celebration at Fred's wonderful farmhouse. When we arrived I was greeted by Jeff who was wearing a colorful tropical shirt. Ken then approached me and gave me a hug. I noticed he was wearing a tropical shirt which I thought was a little out of context for him (although it wasn't so ostentatious as to arouse any suspicions), therefore, I didn't really give it much thought. I went into the house and began fixing the dessert table. In walked Carol Raiford. I looked up, and I was stunned! She was wearing David's shirt! She gave me a big hug as I was thinking, "Why is she wearing David's shirt, and how did she get it?" As I was hugging and greeting her, Jim walked in. He was wearing



the same tropical print shirt (a larger size, of course). Then I was totally confused! I closed my open mouth, blinked my gaping eyes, and swallowed hard. Then I asked - "Where did y'all get your shirts?" They said they purchased them

in the islands on a cruise. I stated that David had the exact shirt (of course, a different size). We compared notes further and discovered that the shirts were purchased when the four of us went on a cruise together many years ago. I did not buy a shirt - I must have been at the beach while they were shopping! So by this time, I was catching on to the SCV's ploy. I looked around and saw many other loud, beautiful tropical colored shirts -- It was nice to see so many of David's compatriots dressed (out of their comfort zone) as a tribute to him. It did give me cheer and joy to

know that each of you were thinking of him and of me. Thank you for your thoughtfulness and free flowing spirit! I know David was smiling upon us.

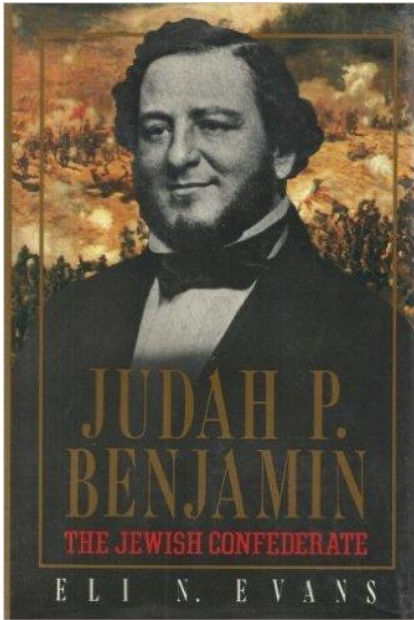
The Funeral:

I wanted to thank everyone who attended the funeral. Jeff spoke eloquently, as usual, and I thank him for his participation. At the service's conclusion at the graveside, we were walking toward the pastor who had the love doves, and Walker Ware hollered out - "Well ... What are we waiting for?" -- and Dixie filled the air. It was a true celebration of David's life at that moment.

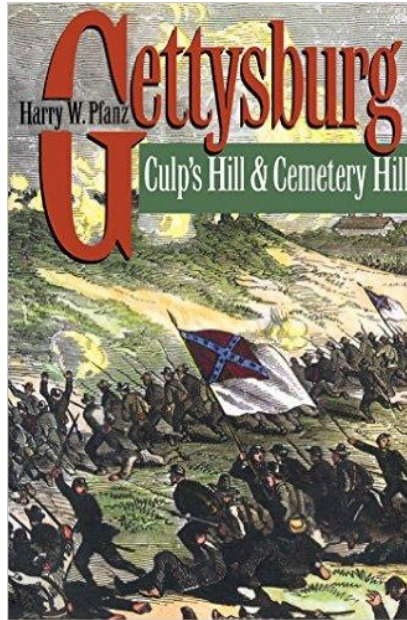
These are a few of my thoughts relating to David and the SCV. I do so appreciate everyone's support and encouragement. I am looking forward to the SCV Christmas Party. God bless each and every one!

- Love, Sherron Ware

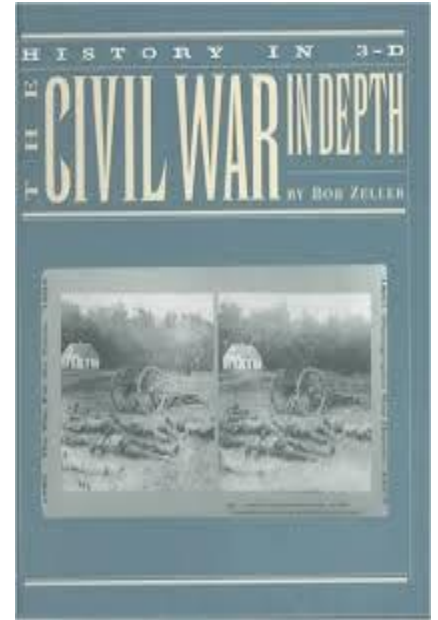
NOVEMBER BOOK RAFFLE



"Judah P. Benjamin: The Jewish Confederate" by Eli N. Evans



"Gettysburg: Culp's Hill & Cemetery Hill" by Harry W. Pfanz



"The Civil War in Depth: History in 3-D" by Bob Zeller

NOVEMBER TRIVIA QUESTION:

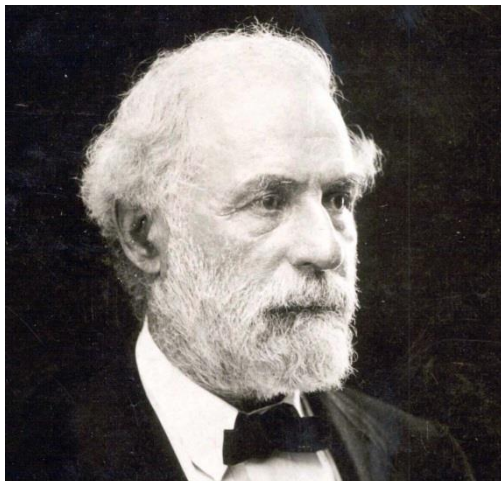
Who was the Jewish American Army officer, West Point graduate of 1833, who served as Quartermaster General of the Confederate States Army?

(His Father-in-law was the Confederacy's oldest General).



WILLIAMSBURG CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE

<http://www.cwrt.org>



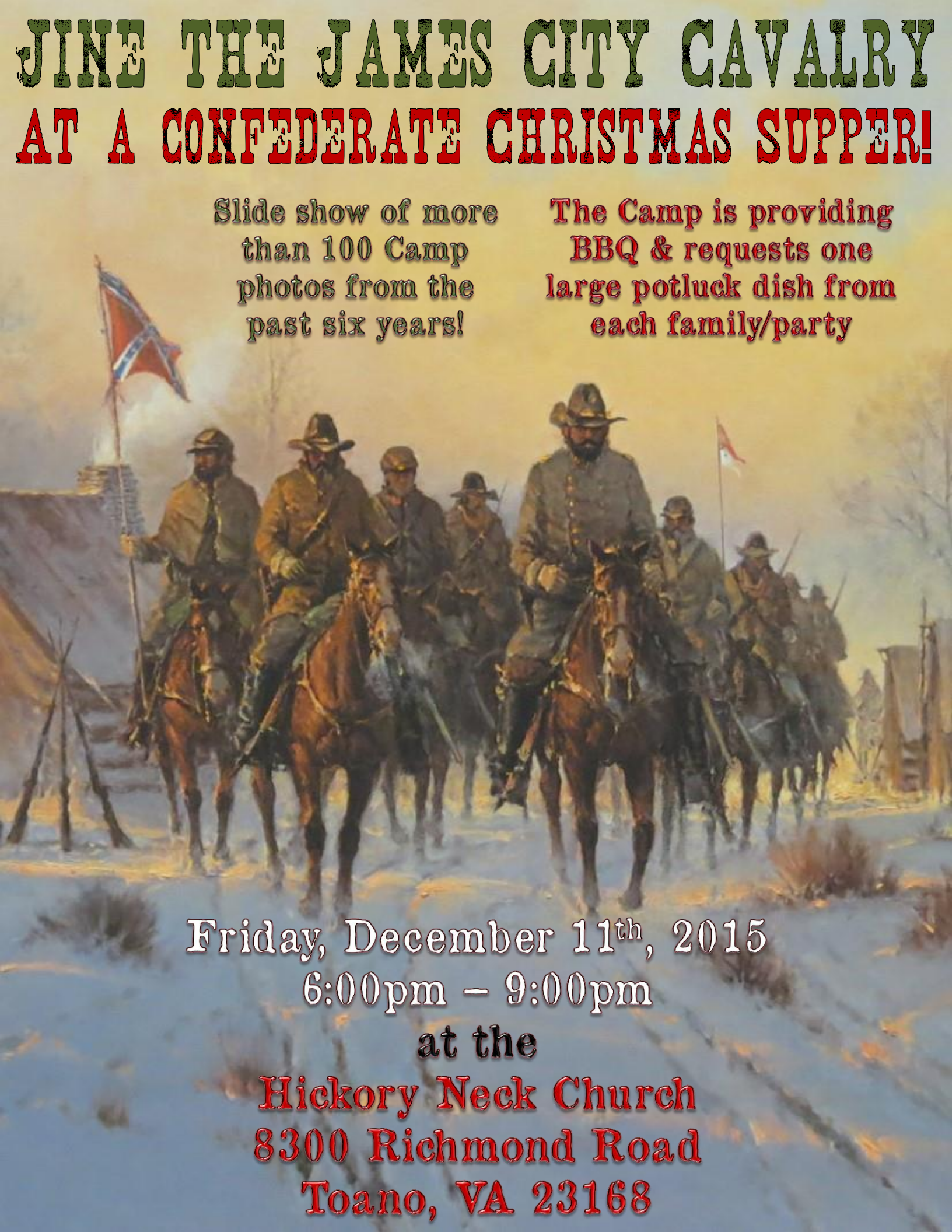
On November 24, 2015 -Dr. James I. Robertson will present "**Robert E. Lee - The Postwar Years**".

Robert E. Lee has traditionally been regarded as a leader in fostering postwar reconciliation between North and South. That has been a major reason for the national admiration in which he is held. Recently, however, revisionists have charged that Lee harbored a deep anger at having to surrender, and that this anger proved a hindrance to the new union that came from the Civil War. Dr. Robertson will present his interpretation of Lee's conduct after the gunfire ceased.

JINE THE JAMES CITY CAVALRY **AT A CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS SUPPER!**

Slide show of more
than 100 Camp
photos from the
past six years!

The Camp is providing
BBQ & requests one
large potluck dish from
each family/party



Friday, December 11th, 2015
6:00pm – 9:00pm

at the
Hickory Neck Church
8300 Richmond Road
Toano, VA 23168