



COL. E. W. TAYLOR

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS #1777

# NEWSLETTER

Bedford, Texas August 2014

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## AN INTRODUCTION TO CONFEDERATE POSTAL HISTORY

AUGUST MEETING Aug. 28, 2014; Catfish and Company, 900 Airport Freeway #110  
Hurst, Texas 817-581-3912. Eat at 6:00 Meeting at 7:00 Out by 8:30



# ARLINGTON JULY 4 PARADE

*Some people who should know are now saying the Arlington July 4<sup>th</sup> parade is the biggest in Texas.*



Thanks to the Middleton Tate Johnson Camp in Arlington we were able to ride instead of walk. Most of the SCV folks there were MTJ compatriots, but the R. E. Lee Camp and the E. W. Taylor Camp were also there. We were represented by Sandy and James Madewell and your editor.

We had a cheering section along the parade route, all of whom were waving First National flags. They included your editor's only surviving parent, only sibling, only child, and only grandchild: Cadet Taylor Camper Oliver Patterson. He'll be riding with his Pops in the parade next year. Some people in the crowd even stood and took off their hats when we passed! Arlington gave the SCV a very moving reception.



*Above right: Cadet Taylor member Oliver Patterson and his great-grandmother, Doris Patterson. In this photo, l-r, Tate Mowrey of the 36th Infantry Division, WWII reenactors; Louis Pastusek and his son Frank; James Madewell, Wayne Pierce, Jim Anderson, Allen Hearrean, Mike Patterson, and Tim Bingham. There were other SCV members present who are not in this photograph.*



# THANKS TO JAMES ALDERMAN FOR AN EXCELLENT PROGRAM ON TENNESSEE PATRIOT JACK HINSON



Our thanks to our adjutant, James Alderman, for his presentation to us on the life of Jack Hinson, a legend in West Tennessee history. Jack dispensed justice when there was none other to be had. His rifle still exists. The book, Tom C. McKenney's Jack Hinson's One-Man War: A Civil War Sniper, may be easily acquired from Amazon.com.



# **FEDERAL JUDGE CLEARS THE WAY FOR TEXAS TO HAVE ITS OWN CONFEDERATE LICENSE PLATES**



A three-judge panel of the U.S. 5th Circuit Court of Appeals ruled on Monday July 14 that the state of Texas used “impermissible viewpoint discrimination” in banning these plates.

It said the Dept. of Motor Vehicles board doesn’t get to choose sides between those who celebrate the Confederate flag as a symbol of “Southern heritage” and those who view it as a disturbing tribute to slavery and racism. The decision overturns a decision in April by U.S. District Judge Sam Sparks, who ruled that the state had the right to reject the plates.

On Tuesday, July 15, the Texas Attorney General’s office said they intend to appeal the decision. Nine other states currently have license plates containing images of the Confederate flag, all designed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans. In seven of these, the Tennessee-based SCV had to sue and win for the right to sell the plates. There is also pending litigation about the license plates in Florida.



# HIDDEN HISTORY AT BENTONVILLE REVEALED IN JUNE

*Our Adjutant James Alderman was lucky enough to be on hand when archeological work was in progress.*

On June 27<sup>th</sup> our Adjutant traveled to the Bentonville Battlefield in North Carolina to participate in an archeological “dig” near the Harper House. The house sits on the Bentonville battlefield and was used as a hospital during the battle. The following note was sent by the Friends of Bentonville coordinator Amanda Brantley several weeks ago:

*“As many of you know, students from UNC-Greensboro along with Dr. Roy Stine completed a geophysical remote sensing (GRS) study in March of areas behind the Harper House. The results of the scan have been analyzed and discussed with the staff here at Bentonville. The results have determined that a few holes will be dug to see what archeology can determine. We are looking for a few volunteers to help the UNC-G team with the excavation. This is a great opportunity that we are offering Friends-only members.”*

While James was only able to participate for one day due to a commitment at his annual family reunion, several items were found and he managed to get his hands dirty.



*Little shards of earthenware show up in the soil matrix.*



*Iron shell fragments found at the site.*



**The  
Harper  
House**

**1903/2014**





## HARPER HOUSE AT BENTONVILLE, cont.



At left, using standard archeological techniques the workers take a square down using trowels and brushes. They are interested in even the smallest objects which our ancestors may have dropped. Below, a tabletop display made using data obtained from the Geophysical Remote Sensing system used at the site. This pinpoints relic concentrations which aren't visible from the surface.

Human occupations have large impacts on soil magnetism. Anthropogenic enrichment to soil magnetism occurs from the introduction of organic and fired materials. Ditches, pits, cellars and human-caused depressions that are later filled with magnetically enhanced topsoil yield large magnetic measurements. Some ditches or incised trails where magnetically enhanced topsoil is removed are expressed as magnetic voids/ lows in data sets. Places of intense firing, hearths, kilns, and burned



buildings, markedly increase magnetism and are readily sensed. Ferrous metal artifacts from historic period sites are easily detected.

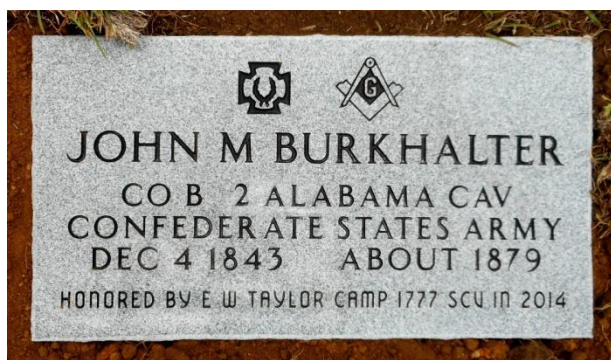
At left, workers study the Geophysical Remote Sensing system unit.





# TAYLOR CAMPERS GET PERFECT WEATHER FOR THEIR JULY PROJECT

*A rare July cool front, good rains, wet ground, and record-low temperatures gave us perfect conditions in mid-July. Delightful!*



We were in and out in about forty-five minutes on Saturday morning, July 19. Union vet Frank Beaver got his first-ever stone, and John M. Burkhalter got a rock which replaced one with an incorrect death date on it (see last month's newsletter). For some reason our group photos of the installers didn't register on the camera card, but the crew included Sandy, Nathan, and Toby Pike; David Stewart, Kent Matthews; and Marilyn and Mike Patterson. We now have all the WBTS vets marked at White's Chapel....until we discover another one.



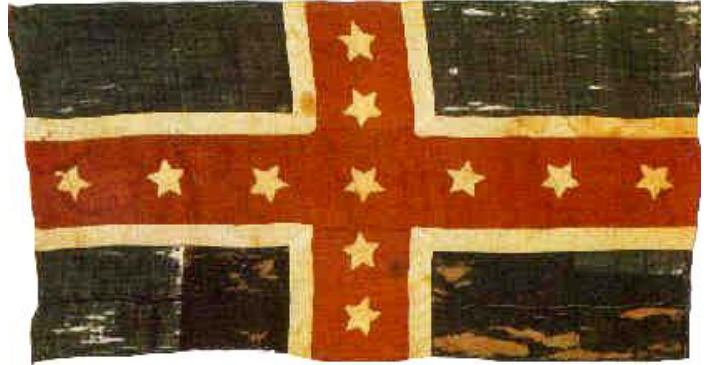


# MISIDENTIFIED VETERAN GETS A MARKER AFTER 105 YEARS

*Confederate who died in Euless still has descendants in the area; lies buried in Arlington. Got a new marker on July 26.*

James Monroe Blanks came to Tarrant County from Tennessee in the early 1890's and spent the rest of his life here. He joined the R E Lee UCV Camp in Fort Worth and told them he was a veteran of the Battle of Chickamauga. He stayed with the Army of Tennessee until the end, and was with Gen. J. E. Johnston at the surrender in North Carolina.

At least a half-century later someone got him a small marker, but by that time no one remembered for certain what his given name was. They guessed, but guessed wrongly. They also



*One of the 16<sup>th</sup> Tennessee's regimental flags has survived and is now in a museum in Richmond.*

gave him a birth date and a death date, but we have no way to verify either of them. He told his comrades in the UCV what year he was born, and we're taking his word for it.

Using donations from local SCV members and descendants of area Confederates, we made him a new stone.



*The setting crew included, l-r, Kent Mathews, James Alderman, and Chris Marks. Mike Patterson took the pictures and Kyle Sims of the M T Johnson Camp joined us later.*



# Taylor Camp Member is Recognized for Work in Marking Confederate Graves

*Your commander was surprised and humbled by the presentations made at our August meeting by Kyle Sims.*



*"I want to thank all the members of the E. W. Taylor Camp, and all the compatriots in our neighboring camps, who have so willingly helped with funds and manual labor as we continue our efforts to mark Confederate graves." Mike Patterson*

Kyle Sims, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Commander of the Texas Division's Third Brigade, presented Mike Patterson with two national-level awards, both signed by National CIC Givens. One is a Meritorious Service Medal and certificate. The other is a National Graves Award... the only one presented this year to a Texas compatriot.



# IMAGE FOUND OF JEFF DAVIS' HOUSEKEEPER IN WARTIME RICHMOND

A very interesting photograph has surfaced which gives us an intimate look into the Confederate White House. Earlier this year a lady with a distinct Irish accent called the American Civil War Museum and said she had a necklace given by Varina Davis to her housekeeper, Irish-born Mary O'Melia.

Even more exiting than that, the lady said she had a photograph of Mary. The original is shown below, and we've done a little restorative work on it at right.

Go to the following URL and read the story as it was presented by Fox News:

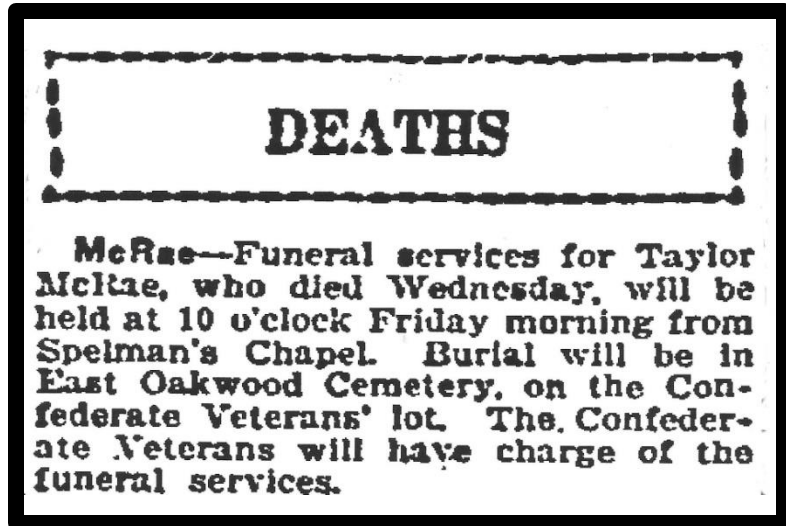
<http://www.foxnews.com/us/2014/07/19/image-found-confederate-white-house-housekeeper/?intcmp=latestnews>





# NINETY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD MISTAKE GETTING FIXED

*Someone got Taylor McRae a little stone when he died but they misspelled his name and put him in the wrong regiment.*



Fort Worth Star Telegram obituary, November 20, 1919, and his stone in Fort Worth's Oakwood Cemetery.

We know of about sixty-five Confederate veterans buried in Oakwood Cemetery who still have no marker of any sort. We were doing research on them when we discovered another of the men in Soldier's Row, Taylor McRae, has a marker which misspells his name and puts him in a regiment in which he never served.

Mr. McRae joined the Robert E. Lee Camp of United Confederate Veterans in Fort Worth. He told his comrades he had served in Co. A, 3<sup>rd</sup> Mississippi Infantry and that he was wounded in the Battle of Peach Tree Creek in 1864 near Atlanta. When he applied for a Confederate pension in 1914 he told the pension authorities the same thing. He was with General Johnston's Army when it was surrendered in North Carolina. No one with a name even remotely similar to McRae's has records with the 9<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry.

Mr. McRae's file is unusual in that he gave his exact birth date. There is also a very clear signature in the file which verifies the correct spelling of his name. There are several other small markers like Mr. McRae's in Soldier's Row in Oakwood Cemetery. Some of them contain only the initials of the veterans. This suggests that the stonecutters may have been charging a per-letter fee to engrave the rocks; there is plenty of extra space on this one and others. Placing Mr. McRae in the 9<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry must have simply been a paperwork mistake.

In the near future Mr. McRae will get a new flat granite stone which has his complete birth and death dates and correct regimental data. Several months ago we resurfaced and re-engraved an incorrect upright stone which had been supplied by the VA.



# TARRANT COUNTY CONFEDERATE VET WAS HARD-HIT BY THE WAR

*One of the best-known members of the R.E. Lee UCV Camp in Fort Worth learned first-hand how Missouri suffered.*

Daniel C. Vaughn was one of the charter members of the Robert E. Lee Camp of United Confederate Veterans in Fort Worth. When he joined he told his compatriots he was born in Jackson County, Missouri. He said he joined Hay's State Guards at Osceola, Missouri in 1861. He joined Quantrell's scouts in the fall of 1862, and was mustered into regular Confederate service in 1863.

When he applied for a Confederate pension in 1902 he told authorities he was a member of Co. K, Shank's Regiment. The official designation of this regiment was the 12<sup>th</sup> Missouri Cavalry.

There was a great deal of activity in Jackson County, Missouri during the War. There was a heavy and regular Union presence, and Confederate sympathizers and bushwhackers were also active.

Several members of the Vaughn family were arrested and jailed during the War for aiding and harboring Quantrell and his men, among them Daniel's mother and father. Depositions made at the time still survive and make very interesting reading. Daniel's mother made a lengthy one in which she said, "...In 1861 rebels frequented my house and I had to feed them. I left home to get rid of them. In the Fall of 1864 I cooked for my sons and son-in-law who belonged to Price's Army. Price's men took the only horse I had and ate the flour, cornmeal and meat from my house during the raid of 1864. I never willingly furnished the rebels any thing last year except my own sons & son-in-law whom I willingly fed when at my house..." Union authorities suggested she and her family be sent north of the Ohio River to live the rest of the War.

On May 26, 1863 one of Daniel's brothers, James Vaughn, was hanged by the yankees at

## QUANTRELL VETERAN DIES AT HOME HERE

Dan Vaughn, 74, Buried Monday in Confederate Lot Under Direction of Grays.

Succumbing to a complication of diseases, Dan Vaughn, 74, a Confederate veteran and Fort Worth pioneer, died Sunday morning at his residence, 310 North Cherry street. Funeral services were held Monday at 3 p. m. from the residence. Burial was at the Confederate lot in East Oakwood, under the auspices of the Confederate Veterans.

Mr. Vaughn served with distinction during the Civil war as an officer in Quantrell's brigade. He was a member of Company B, Fort Worth Confederate Grays. He is survived by two sons, George Vaughn and J. W. Vaughn of Fort Worth, and two daughters, Mrs. Maggie Dawson and Mrs.attie Froes of Trees City, La.

*Fort Worth Star-Telegram, April 15, 1913*

Fort Union, Kansas City, Missouri. A copy of the newspaper article reporting the hanging is found on another page of this newsletter.

Dan Vaughn brought his family to Fort Worth about 1873 and spent the rest of his life here. He showed up regularly in the newspaper in Fort Worth. In early 1902 there was a short note about him being attacked with a rock by one Frank Day, who was acquitted of the charge. Interestingly, the very next trial heard was one in which Day was charged with adultery. Later that year Vaughn jumped from a second-story window of the old tannery building after it caught fire. He broke his leg, but survived. He was a faithful attendee of the UCV meetings in Fort Worth. When he died in 1913, the UCV apparently got him a small stone which only identifies him as "D.V." It's in Soldiers' Row in Oakwood Cemetery. *Mr. Vaughn deserves better, and he'll have it before long.*



## SAYS QUANTRELL WAS NOT KILLED

### Dan Vaughn Served Under the Guerrilla Leader

"If Bill Quantrell is dead," said Dan Vaughn who was a lieutenant in Quantrell's command, to a Telegram reporter Tuesday, "he has died since 1863, and he never died from wounds received in Nelson county, Ky., after the surrender."

Dan Vaughan is well known in Fort Worth having lived here ever since the close of the war and has raised a family in Fort Worth. He rode with the guerrilla chief all over Missouri and Kansas and was with him at Independence when he captured the command of the federal Colonel Buell and was with him at Lawrence, Kan., when that town was burned.

"All this talk of Bill Quantrell being killed at the barn fight in Nelson county, Ky., or that he died at a hospital at Louisville after the fight from his wounds, is rot. Quantrell was shot in the fight and taken to Louisville and he didn't die and I know it.

"I knew Bill Quantrell before the war, his right name was Charles Hart, and he was a school teacher. I was with him two years and was in the affair at Independence, when we captured the federal Colonel Buell and his entire force and paroled all that we didn't kill; I was with him at Lawrence when that town was burned. At Independence Bill Quantrell captured Buell's charger and rode it all thru the war. I joined Quantrell just before the Independence affair in Jackson county, Missouri, and my cousin, Bill Vaughn joined at the same time. Both of us knew him well and last saw him at Fayette, Missouri, in 1863.

"Bill Vaughn saw him at Stony Hill, Jackson county, in 1863, and told me of the meeting next day. He met Quantrell face to face in the road, had a long talk with him and then told me of it. He was not dead then and I know it.

"There is no man in Texas who knows more about Bill Quantrell, as people call him, than I do. I was first lieutenant in Yeager's company in Quantrell's command, rode with him on all his raids for two years and I ain't a d—bit ashamed of it.

"Quantrell was cruel and vindictive but he had cause to be. Old Bill Lane and a lot of his Jayhawkers killed

and a lot of his Jayhawkers killed Quantrell's brother in Kansas, took all his property and had Bill himself a prisoner. When he escaped he swore vengeance against Kansas and he got it with interest.

"Quantrell was in Missouri in 1873. I didn't see him myself but an old friend of mine named Talley and many others did. After Talley met him he (Talley) came to my house and asked me if I had seen the old man.

"What old man?" I asked.

"Why, Quantrell," he said; "he was at my house last night; went down on the creek and dug up a pot of money he had buried during the war and left this morning."

"Ask John McDuff of Fort Worth, if Quantrell is dead. He will tell you that he saw him at the house of John Webb in Arkansas in 1868. I have also reliable information that Quantrell was in California long after the war was over. He was not killed by the Yanks in Kentucky by a d— sight."

[August 20, 1907]

In 1920 the Fort Worth paper repeated a story Vaughn had told a few years earlier:

"An evidence of the terror in which Quantrell's fighters were held by the northern soldiers is demonstrated in the story of Dan Vaughn. Dan was at home with his folks and the northern soldiers heard about it. Eight of them surrounded his house and called on him to surrender. Dan could not see why he should surrender, so he threw the door open. With a pistol in each hand he began firing and yelled, 'Come on Quantrell; here they are.' The soldiers fled.



# The Journal Of Commerce

## Daily Edition, Kansas City, Missouri

### *Wednesday, May 27, 1863*

#### **“Execution of Jim Vaughn**

Yesterday afternoon this somewhat notorious guerrilla, whose arrest we noticed in yesterday's paper, was executed in conformity with the sentence of a military commission. He was removed from the guard house about four o'clock and taken by Capt. Sears' Company of the 12th Kansas Regiment, to the hill east of the Fort, where the gallows had been erected. We observed him closely as he rode up towards the gallows, and his countenance, as he looked about upon the green fields and hills, so soon to be shut out from his gaze forever, wore a very saddened expression. But as the wagon stopped and he got out to ascend the scaffold, he evidently nerved himself for the scene. As soon as he ascended the scaffold he looked about with an unconcerned, nonchalantic air of bravado and sat down upon the railing.

He was a fine looking young man, evidently of more than ordinary mind, and with capabilities to have been an honor to himself and a blessing instead of a curse to the community. He said that some of them would suffer for his death reiterating that he was a "Southern Man."

He was about 23 years of age, large and powerfully built. He talked considerably with the officers on the platform, but in so low a tone that we could not catch his words. He took out some trinkets of various kinds, and some money, both Confederate scrip and United States notes and gave them to the officer to forward to his sisters, who are now confined in Fort Leavenworth. He then turned and addressed the crowd in a tone of mingled defiance and bravado. He died, he said, a Southern man, and hoped he should go to a better world. Then, the fiend gleaming from his hardened face, he proceeded to threaten

vengeance upon the crowd, saying it even as he was led upon the trap. He seemed fearful as he stepped upon it and asked somewhat sharply, "You are not going to *push* me off, are you?"

There was no gleam of penitence for his life of crime and sin, no relenting in the awful presence of death, but an air of bitterness and even bloodthirstiness, even while saying that he hoped to go to a better world. He desired that his friends should be told how he died, and that his body should be decently interred. When he had finished, his arms were pinioned closely, the black cap was drawn over his face, and he was prepared for death.

He stood a moment, and said, "This is my last look," or words to that effect; "let her slide." The drop fell, and the hardened criminal passed to the other world, life was extinct in fifteen minutes; at the end of seventeen minutes he was cut down, and his remains placed in a plain walnut coffin, and interred about a hundred yards from the gallows.

Thus passed away another young man, in the very opening of his days — young in years, but old and hardened in crime. Let his fate be a warning to all like him. He died not the death of the Confederate soldier, who engaged in open and civilized warfare, falls in the battle field; but the death of the common murderer and outlaw.

As soon as Vaughn was brought to this city, where he was so well known, he gave up all hope of escape or concealment, and acknowledged his true character. Though he was guarded in what he said, yet he talked freely, and the officers who conversed with him drew out many facts of importance, bearing upon the movements of the bushwhackers.





**So...what's this? Read the bottom of the next page to find out.**







## **A LUCID, INFORMED REACTION TO THE RECENT REMOVAL OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS FROM, OF ALL PLACES, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY**

*The following letter was written by W. A. Dennison, Jr., to the President and three other officials of Washington and Lee University. It has been circulated via email to the Texas Division SCV.*

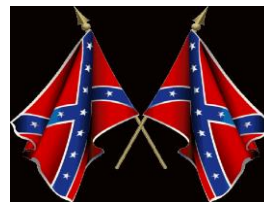
Dear Sirs and Madam:

The purpose of this letter is to express my concern regarding action(s) announced by President Ruscio relative to the Army of Northern Virginia regimental flag replicas surrounding the Edward Valentine sculpture, "The Recumbent Lee", the Lee-Jackson Day parade entering onto the Washington & Lee campus and the censorship of presentations made by private groups in Lee Chapel.

Straying a bit from the heart of the matter at hand, I would point out two things that I would have thought would have been obvious. First, because of the location in Lexington of Gen. Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's home, his burial place and the presence of the Virginia Military Institute where Jackson taught and which produced many renowned Confederate leaders, coupled with the fact that the final resting place of Gen. Robert E. Lee is on the campus of Washington and Lee University that many credit

Lee with saving from extinction because of his efforts there, people throughout the South, the nation and the world hold the City of Lexington as an almost iconic place and travel great distances to visit.

With that thought in mind, I would submit that while the physical location of the flags and the others symbols of the Confederacy may be situated on the Washington & Lee campus, in a larger sense they belong to the people of this country, particularly those of us who happen to be Southern and especially we Virginians.



Continued on next page ....

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### **About those photos on the preceding page...**

We're constantly on the lookout for something new and different for this newsletter. *People Magazine* has been doing this for a good while. There are several ways in which the bottom photo is different from the top one. See if you can spot them. A list is on a later page of this issue.





## Washington and Lee University matter, cont.

I know that "The Committee" claims that the flags symbolize slavery and because of that they find them "offensive". I would submit to you that a thorough review of Confederate history will demonstrate conclusively that the issues were, and are, far more complex than that simplistic viewpoint and that these people are "offended" primarily because they choose to be. In fact, one of them, at least, was in his third year of law school before the "offense" became intolerable.

Contrary to current "progressive" thought, no one has an unalienable right not to be offended. To paraphrase a comment from another who opined on the matter, for a student holding sentiments such as those of "The Committee" to apply to and attend a university named Washington and Lee is akin to someone enlisting in the Navy when they know they are prone to seasickness.

I included this observation in an earlier letter, but I think it bears repeating. The targeted flags are regimental battle flags representing some of the regiments that Lee commanded in the Army of Northern Virginia. They are soldiers' flags, not, as many would have you believe, symbolic of anything other than the brotherhood of valor that comprised that gallant body of men, Lee's "boys." Those flags are there representing the devotion and respect of those veterans for their old commander, "Marse Robert".

President Ruscio's statement that, "The purpose of historic flags in a university setting is to educate. They are not to be displayed for decoration, which would diminish their

significance, or for glorification, or to make a statement about past conflicts. The reproductions are not genuinely historic, nor are they displayed with any information or background about what they are. The absence of such explanation allows those who either 'oppose' or 'support' them to assert their own subjective and frequently incorrect interpretations," is disingenuous at best and a bald-faced distortion of the true history of how the flags came to be there in the first place, and why. They were not placed there to be "in a university setting" at all. They were placed there to honor the man who led those regiments and the fact that the current flags are reproductions and have no information or background regarding them is moot . . . neither did the originals and the reason there are reproductions there at all is because the originals were deteriorating. The entire statement is pure spin, and amateurishly done at that.

Finally we get to the "marching" and the addresses in the Chapel. The only "marching" that transpires is a single event on a single day out of an entire calendar year and is by people who gather in Lexington for the Lee-Jackson Day parade and memorial service in Lee Chapel. This is done solely to honor the memory and service of two great Virginians, not to espouse or advance any agenda. Whether "The Committee" likes it or not, Lee Chapel is an icon, a beacon that



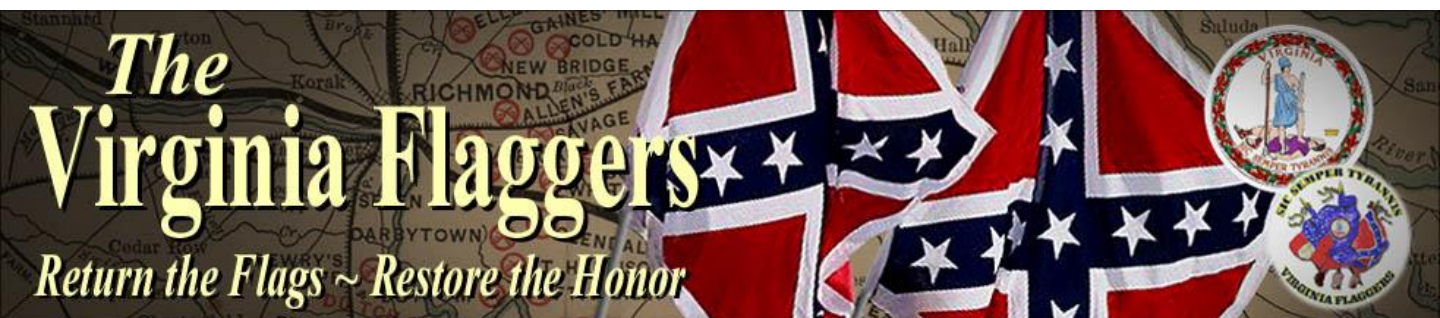
## Washington and Lee University matter, cont.

draws people from all walks of life and from all parts of the country for this one hour service, once a year. To deny them this privilege for the sake of the demands of .4 of 1% of the total enrollment of the institution is outrageous.

The final restriction on what may or may not be said during lectures or presentations in Lee Chapel is pure, unadulterated censorship, completely out-of-place in a venue where freedom of thought and expression should be encouraged and defended.

This entire exercise in nothing but a thinly veiled effort by the university administration to kowtow to the racially charged demands of a vocal minority and relegate salient portions of the true history of the university to the dustbin of history. It is unfair, unwarranted, based largely on fallacy and is, above all, cowardly.

Very truly yours,  
W. A. Dennison, Jr.





# LOCAL CONFEDERATE FRONTIERSMAN TO BE REMEMBERED IN AUGUST

*Life on the Texas frontier before the War made him suited for service protecting this area from Comanches and Kiowas.*



Charles Louis McGuire was born about 1844 in Louisiana. By the time of the War he had settled in Wise County, Texas, where he remained until shortly before he died.

Mr. McGuire served in Co. A of Joseph B. Earhart's Regiment. He served on the frontier in the area of Wise and adjoining counties primarily.

Mr. McGuire married Minerva Roberts on December 22, 1865 in Wise County, Texas. The McGuire's came to Fort Worth about 1906.

Charles McGuire died January 9, 1909 and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Fort Worth. We'll make him his first-ever marker in August.

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**Changes between the two group photos on page 15.** 1. The fresh dirt from the project has disappeared. 2. The van in the background is gone. 3. James M. has lost his belt buckle. 4. James A.'s left hand is gone. 5. Ron has lost his cap emblem. 6. Kent has lost his medal. 7. Mike's left fingers have all become one. 8. Bobby's black kepi band is gone. 9. Jimmy's lost his hat emblem, and he's become a pirate 10. David's lost his T-shirt.

# THIS ONE'S NO PUSHOVER

*August's puzzle is going to take you a while.*



*After you've followed the link to the puzzle, click on the choices at left. Puzzle difficulty may be manipulated from levels suited for Democrats all the way up to Reagan Conservatives. The puzzle is found at:*

<http://www.jigzone.com/puzzles/88166B2848D?m=81250DB2BB.B091686&z=6>

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**THANKS!** To Tammy and Doris Patterson for taking your editor to Worthington's on July 10 to get some marker preliminaries done, and to run some errands on July 20 to do research for August's stones.

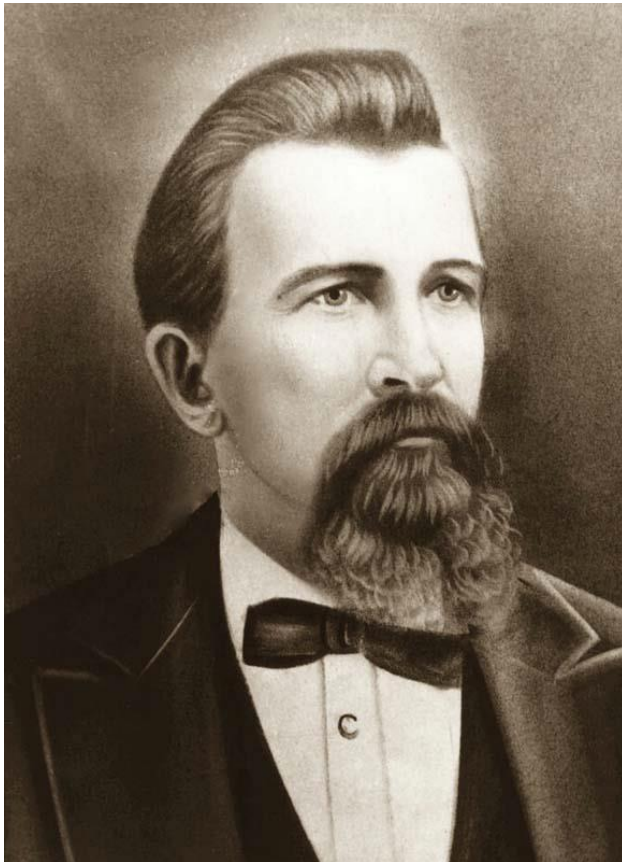


**THANKS!** To everyone who came out to White's Chapel on July 19 to help us set stones: Sandy, Nathan, and Toby Pike; David Stewart, Kent Mathews; Marilyn and Mike Patterson.



# FIRST COMMANDER OF R. E. LEE CAMP OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN FORT WORTH HAD AN INTERESTING LIFE....AND DEATH.

*We don't usually run lengthy pieces in this newsletter, but we're making an exception this time. A very interesting man...*



**William G. Veal was a charter member of our local United Confederate Veterans, and the compatriots elected him to be their first commander. This honor came near the end of a long, active, and sometimes stormy life.**

The following biographical sketch is copied from The Handbook of Texas Online:

**VEAL, WILLIAM G.** (1831–1892). William G. Veal, Methodist circuit preacher and businessman, was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1831. He arrived around 1853 in Texas, where he became a resident of Birthright, Hopkins County. He soon thereafter became a merchant, paid his first poll tax in 1853, and had gained possession of one slave and 100 acres by 1854. After residing in Hopkins County for a few years, Veal moved to Parker County in 1857 and was licensed as a Methodist minister the same year. In Parker County he organized Veal Station, a school or academy. Later the school, under the leadership of S. W. Parsons, became known as Parsons College; it survived until the 1890s. Veal was elected delegate to the Texas Methodist Convention at Waco in 1857 and was promoted to presiding elder of the Weatherford District before 1859. In 1860 he and his wife, Ruth (Willson), owned real estate and personal property worth \$23,000. Veal became a captain in Col. [Thomas Coke Bass's](#) Twentieth Texas Cavalry regiment of Parson's Brigade<sup>qv</sup>; he served in Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Texas.

## William G. Veale, cont.

After the war he resumed his church activities. He was elected presiding elder of the Waxahachie District in Ellis County at the 1866 general conference. Soon thereafter he moved to Ellis County, leaving behind \$1,424 worth of property in Parker County on which he failed to pay taxes. In Ellis County, Veal continued his pastoral duties, and by 1870 he had amassed personal worth of \$55,000. He was elected a delegate to the general convention at Louisville, Kentucky, in May 1874.

In 1875 he moved to Dallas County. Soon afterward, his illustrious career became tainted by sexual scandal. In June 1876 charges were filed against Veal for improper conduct toward a woman at Hutchins in Dallas County. An inquiry into the charges was conducted by the [Methodist Church](#), and Veal was vindicated. However, in 1878, he was arrested and charged with attempting to seduce a woman at Waxahachie. After another inquiry by the church, he was suspended indefinitely from the Methodist Church.

By 1880 the Veals, including their daughter Ellen, who was eight years old at the time, had settled in Dallas County. By 1888 they made another move, this time to Fort Worth, again leaving taxable property. Veal was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Lodge and the Masonic lodge. He was the first president of the Board of Trade in Dallas. In 1885 he served as the president of the Central Texas Pomological and Horticultural Association. He held the position of financial agent for Southwestern University, was a member of the Joint Board of Publications of the *Texas Christian Advocate* (see [UNITED METHODIST REPORTER](#)), and served on the Texas Education Commission of the Methodist Church in 1871. Two months

before his death, Veal received death threats from someone in Dallas warning him not to be seen in the city of Dallas again or he would be killed on the spot. On October 25, 1892, despite pleas from his business associate, Veal attended a Confederate reunion at the [State Fair of Texas](#). On that night while he was preparing for his duties at the convention, a gunman came to the door of his hotel room and shot him in the head, killing him instantly. Testimony by the assailant showed him to be the husband of a woman who reportedly had suffered unwanted advances from Veal ten years earlier.



Veal's grave in Dallas' Greenwood Cemetery.

***The next pages contain the text of the article which appeared in the Dallas paper upon Veal's death.***



# The Dallas Morning News

Wednesday, October 26, 1892

## CAPTAIN VEAL KILLED.

SHOT WHILE SITTING AT A DESK READING RESOLUTIONS.

A Tragedy That Has Cast a Gloom Over the  
Confederate Reunion---The Details of the Inquest.

Yesterday morning at 9:30 Dr. R. H. Jones of Dallas shot and killed Capt. W. G. Veal of Fort Worth at the Sterling Price confederate veteran headquarters on the third floor of the Merchants exchange building on the corner of Commerce and Lamar streets. Capt. Veal was sitting at a table with Gen. W. N. Bush of Collin county and Mr. Robert Walker of Sherman reading to them some resolutions he had just written when Dr. Jones stepped to the door, leveled his revolver and fired. Gen. Bush and Mr. Walker sprang to their feet and advanced toward Dr. Jones who stood for a moment with the smoking revolver in his hand and then turned around and walked into the next room. Confused for a moment with surprise and alarm Gen. Bush and Mr. Walker did not notice that Capt. Veal had been shot. When they turned around he was lying with face between his hands on the table with a stream of hot blood bursting from his death wound in his temple. Dr. W. I. Thompson was sent a hasty summons and arrived in a few moments but too late for the soul of Capt. W. G. Veal was already speeding into the great beyond, and all that was earthly of him was



*The Merchant's Exchange Building, on the corner of Commerce and Lamar in Dallas, stood until it was razed in 1969 to make way for a parking lot. Veale was shot on the third floor here.*

growing cold. The bullet which was fired from a forty-five caliber six-shooter entered his left temple and passed through his brain and head and lodged just under the skin on the right side and the back of his neck. Death was instantaneous. He felt violent shock, then the keen sting of death came and all was over.

Dr. Jones then turned from the door of the room in which his victim lay, walked into the adjoining room and surrendered his revolver to J. N. Worthy, who took his arm and walked with him down stairs and into the street.

# The Dallas Morning News 1892, cont.

Just as they stepped out onto the sidewalk they met Deputy Sheriff Sloan Lewis, who placed Dr. Jones under arrest and placed him in jail.

A news reporter arrived on the scene a few minutes after the shooting and could scarcely make a passage to the room where Capt. Veal lay, so closely were the staircases and hallways packed and so excited was everyone in the building. Old veterans with flushed faces and their badges flapping wildly on their breasts went hurrying back and forth through the hallways, up and down the stairs trying to get the details of the shooting. Scores of curious people were elbowing one another about trying to get as near to the tragic room as possible. When the reporter had climbed and pushed his way to the third floor the doors of both rooms of the confederate headquarters were locked and everyone, members of the Sterling Price camp not excepted, were being refused admittance. However, after waiting a few moments the reporter gained admittance to the rooms, but the securing of information seemed an impossibility, for the few on the inside were twice as excited as those on the outside.

Lying on the table with his face between his hands was Capt. Veal with blood flowing from the fatal wound in his temple, into a clotted pool of blood strewn with brains. On the floor just beneath the table was another pool of clotted blood which had poured off the table. In his right hand was the pencil he had been using just a few moments before, and on the table near his left hand lay the paper on which he had just written covered with clotted blood. He was sitting on the front edge of the chair with his legs crossed over the pool of blood on the floor. When some one raised his head and exposed his face it presented a sad appearance—every feature had a purple hue caused by the rush of blood to the head seeking the outlet.



*W. N. Bush of Collin County was seated at the table with Capt. Veal when the shot rang out.*

## THE INQUEST

Justice S. N. Braswell arrived at the scene a few minutes after the killing and held an inquest over the body. Gen. W. N. Bush and Mr. Robt. Walker, who were in the room with Capt. Veal when the shot was fired, were the only witnesses who testified. Gen Bush gave his testimony first. He said: "The shooting occurred at 9:30 a.m. Capt. Veal, Robert Walker and myself were the only persons in the room. There were others in this room (the room adjoining on the north where the testimony was taken). We three, as mentioned were acting as a committee appointed by Gen. Cabell for the northeast division to collect funds for several camps in the division and were making our report for several camps. I was dictating and Capt. Veal was writing. He had just remarked that he did not know whether any one could read his writing or not and that



# The Dallas Morning News 1892, cont.

he had better read it to us before it got cold. He was reading what he had written when I heard the report of what proved to be a pistol. I ascertained that the report was about six or eight feet to my right in the hands of a large man whom I learned afterward to be Dr. Jones. I noticed deceased fall with his hands on the table and his head on his hands just at the discharge of the pistol, with blood oozing out of his left temple. Jones turned to his left and went from near the west door of the south room and went into the south door of the north room of Sterling Price camp. I got up on my feet and went near the partition door between the two rooms and heard Jones say that he had killed or

shot Veal, but I would not say which, that Veal had ravished his wife and other women in the town. When he left the door he fired from I heard him say something, but did not understand what he said. Death was instantaneous. I did not see a muscle move. There were several in the north room, but I did not know of any of them except the gentleman who had been in charge of the camp since Sunday, who took the pistol away from Jones, and I cannot recall his name now.

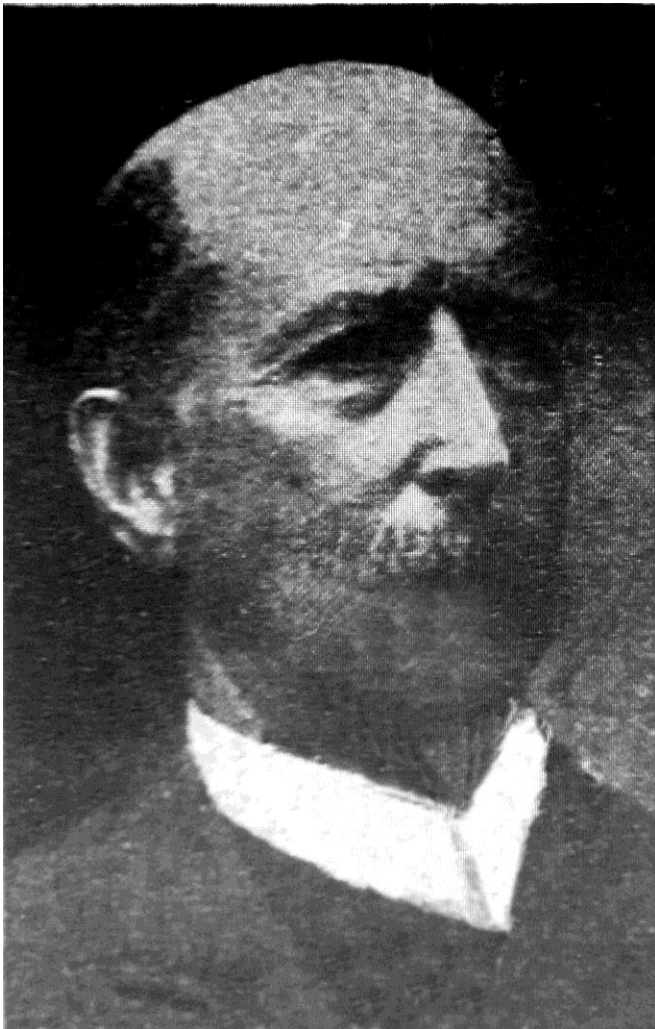
Mr. Robert Walker of Sherman—Gen. Bush, Capt. Veal and myself were occupying the south room of the Sterling Price headquarters about 9:30 a.m. Capt. Veal had drafted a set of

*The Dallas County Court House was almost new when it was the scene of the Veal murder trial.*



# The Dallas Morning News 1892, cont.

resolutions and had remarked that they were hurriedly and badly written, that he would read them over to us and have me (Walker) rewrite them. He had read while when a pistol shot rang out very close to my right ear and somewhat enveloped me in smoke. Looking around immediately I noticed a large, portly man standing just outside the east door with a smoking pistol in his hand. My first impression was that he was a drunken acquaintance of Gen. Bush or Veal and had fired the pistol to alarm them as a drunken freak. I immediately sprang from my chair and advance toward him, thinking



*In early 1893 Judge Charles F. Tucker presided over the first of many trials for Robert H. Jones.*

that if he was drunk he would be liable to fire again and I had better get hold of the pistol. But before I reached him he turned and walked into the north room. Jones said nothing in my presence. Hearing some remark behind me, I looked around and saw for the first time that Capt. Veal was shot. After the party retreated into the north room I heard him make some remark, but could only catch the words “wife” and “ravish.” When I got back to the table Capt. Veal was lying with his face on the table, with blood oozing from is left temple. There was an interval of but a few seconds between the firing of the pistol and the words “wife” and “ravish” I heard uttered by Jones. I was at the corner of the table next to the west, with my back and side toward it and a few feet from it when the shot was fired.

Justice Braswell’s verdict was that Capt. W. G. Veal died from a pistol shot fired by Dr. R. H. Jones.

## THE SURRENDER

Mr. J. N. Worthy of Dallas said that he was in the north room of the Sterling Price headquarters when the shot was fired. He said to a reporter: “When Dr. Jones came into the room and I told him to give me his pistol, a forty-five caliber Colt’s six-shooter, which he did. I took his arm and we walked down stairs together. On the way down he asked me to return him the pistol saying that he feared Veal had friends here who might attack him. I told him that I would protect him and we went on downstairs and into the street. On the corner of Lamar and Commerce streets we met a deputy sheriff and I turned Jones and his pistol over to him.

## FRIGHTENED LADIES

One of the first men the reporter saw after entering the building was Mr. W. F. Glaze. He said: “I was coming up the steps when the shot was fired, but I did not at first know that it was



a pistol shot. Just as I reached the top of the stairs a lady rushed out of the Sterling Price headquarters, passed by me and ran downstairs. A moment later she was followed by a slip of a girl."

### DECLINED TO TALK

About half an hour after the shooting a reporter called at the jail and found Dr. Jones in conversation with his attorney. When asked for a statement he replied: "I do not care to make a statement. It was about my wife, a delicate matter and will come out later and I do not wish to make any statement now."

"Do you feel justified in shooting Capt. Veal?"

"If I had not felt perfectly justified, I would not have done it."

"How long have you lived in Texas Doctor?"

"Twenty-five years. Five in Brenham and twenty in Dallas."

"What is your native state?"

"I was born and raised in Huntsville, Ala."

In regard to his confederate service he said: "I served four years. I first enlisted as a private in the first Mississippi cavalry, and was afterward surgeon of the twenty-seventh Alabama. I was under Gen. Loving."

Dr. Jones was remarkably cool, not showing the least excitement in his face, voice, or manner. He said that he married here in Dallas. His wife is the daughter of James N. Smith and was raised here. They have six children. She was a widow, Mrs. Billington, with one child, when he married her. The doctor is 56 years old, has blue eyes, gray hair, gray mustache and chin whiskers, is of medium height, very corpulent and will weigh 225 pounds. He was dressed in a dark prince albert suit, wore a white hat and eye glasses. His home is on the corner of Grand avenue and South Harwood street. He has been in the feed business for some time at 148 North Akard street.

He has not practiced medicine for some years, but is well known in this city.

### AN OLD COMRADE

Capt. Joe Record, who knew Capt. Veal in the ante-bellum days, talked to a reporter about him. He said: "Capt. Veal was captain of company G in the twelfth Texas brigade under W. H. Parsons. We served in the same brigade but in different companies. He was a good comrade, and a braver man never straddled a horse or shouldered a musket. He was wounded in the leg at Cheneyville, La., and was wounded in the arm at Cotton Plant, Ark. He has been president of Parson's brigade ever since the war. He was a Methodist preacher.

### MRS. VEAL NOTIFIED

Immediately after the killing Gen. Cabell wired Mrs. Veal in Fort Worth notifying her of her husband's death, and asking her what disposition to make of the body.

### GIVEN TO THE UNDERTAKER

As soon as the inquest was held the body was turned over to the undertaker, Linskie, to prepare for burial. After the body was laid out and the blood washed from the face and temples, the sickening appearance was gone and one could look at the corpse without a repellant sensation. Even in death the old soldier and preacher's face had a splendid appearance. The forehead gave evidence of a good brain which had once been active there, and the features wore a cultivated look. The hair was gray as was the mustache and chin whiskers. He was a well-formed man of average height and weight.

### THE CONFEDERATE HEADQUARTERS

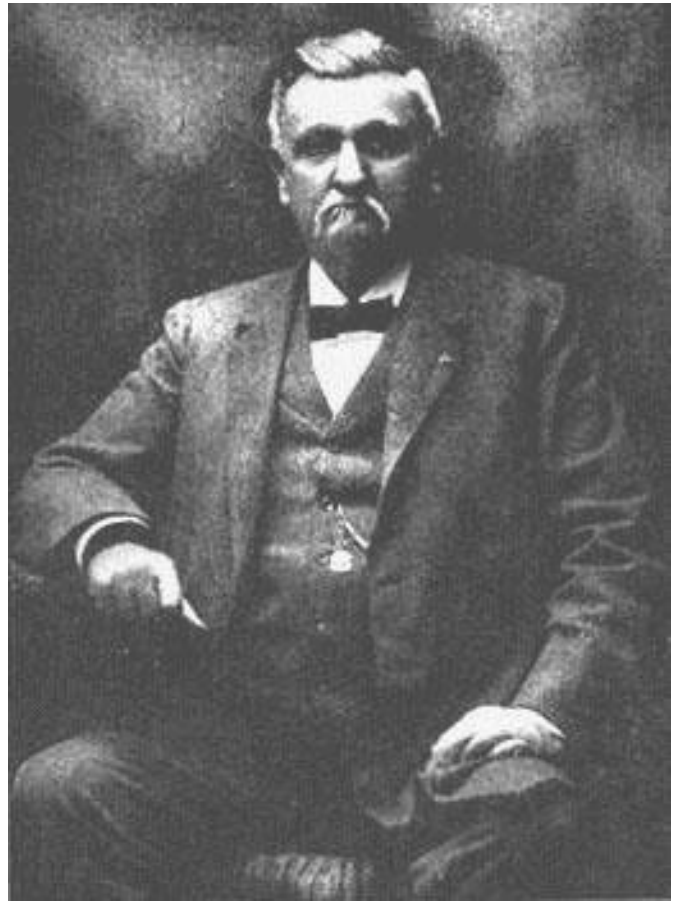
The Confederate headquarters are situated in the northwest corner of the Merchants' exchange on the third floor. The rooms are connected by a door, and each has an entrance from the hallway. When he was

# The Dallas Morning News 1892, cont.

killed Capt. Veal was in the south room at a long table near the center of the room. Gen. Bush was sitting opposite him and Mr. Walker was sitting at the end of the table nearest the door with his back and side to the door. Capt. Veal was sitting with his face to the west and his left side toward the door. Anyone standing in the door would have been about twelve feet from him. The hall doors of the two rooms are about four feet apart, and faced the stairs across the hallway.

## SKETCH OF THE DECEASED

Capt. W. G. Veal was born in Knoxville, Tenn., and was in his 63<sup>rd</sup> year. He came to Texas when quite a young man, and has lived in the state over forty years. He went first to Hopkins county and there married Miss Ruth Willson, with whom he has lived happily since and who now survives him. He engaged in mercantile business there with his brother, Col. J. J. Veal, now of Jefferson, and his brother-in-law, L. A. Lawler. Thence he went to the frontier and engaged in several expeditions against the Indians, settling after that at Veal station, in Parker County, a place named in his honor. From there he moved to Waxahachie and associated himself with George F. Alford of Galveston, under the firm name of Alford & Veal, cotton factors. It was from Ellis that he went as a soldier of the confederacy, raising a company in that county. During his residence in Waxahachie he acted as special agent of the Central road in the location of depots from Navasota to Denison. From Waxahachie he removed to Sherman and thence to Hutchins where he opened up a large plantation, coming then to Dallas about 1880 and remaining until about four or five years ago, when he removed to Fort Worth, his residence at the time of his death. Capt. Veal was one of the best known men in the state, was liked by those who knew him, was pushing and enterprising and as his old army comrades testified a good soldier and



*Gen. W. L. Cabell of Dallas, one of the best-known Confederate veterans in the nation, was in the building and passed Jones on the stairs only minutes before the shooting. Cabell joked to Jones that it was difficult for two men with bellies like theirs to use the stairs at the same time.*

brave man. The expressions of regret at his sad taking off were many and sincere. Capt. Veal was the uncle of Dr. Geo. T. Veal and C. H. Cooper of this city. Mr. Cooper's mother, who is living here, being the deceased's oldest sister.

## FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS

Mrs. Veal arrived in Dallas yesterday afternoon at 5:30, accompanied by Mrs. Fred Cox, widow of the chaplain of Capt. Veal's regiment. Her grief, when she beheld her husband's corpse, was terrible. Even the old soldiers, many who had not shed a tear for many



# The Dallas Morning News 1892, cont.

years could not repress tears of pity. She accompanied the body to Charles H. Cooper's on South Ervay street, where it was removed at her request. Services will be held there at 2 o'clock today. From there the remains will be taken to the confederate headquarters at the corner of Commerce and Lamar streets, where the confederate veterans will take charge and escort the body to Trinity cemetery.

*For the next six years, many, many pages of the Dallas Morning News were filled with accounts of Jones' trials. Dr. Robert H. Jones first went to trial for Veal's killing in early 1893. A jury found him guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced him to life in prison. Jones appealed, and two mistrials followed. In his fourth trial he was again found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to twenty years.*

*Jones appealed yet again, and after his fifth trial he was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to two years.*

*To no one's surprise, Jones filed a sixth appeal. On December 19, 1898 he decided to cancel his appeal and serve his time. Judge Charles F. Clint's charge to the jury at the sixth trial was one of the most complicated imaginable. It dwelt at length on the strict definitions of several commonly-used words. Bill Clinton's lawyers could easily have written it.*

*Family members who have posted data at [ancestry.com](http://ancestry.com) say Robert H. Jones died in 1903. The Dallas paper took no note of his death, nor that of his wife in 1926. Through it all, the sympathy of the public was with Veal.*

**Mrs. Ruth Veal did not remarry after her husband's death in 1892. In 1899 when Confederate widows became eligible for pensions she successfully applied for one.**

**Mrs. Veal died in 1911 in the Confederate Home in Austin and was buried beside her husband in Dallas.**



***Thanks!!***

***to Compatriot Nathan Pike for taking us to Worthington's on July 17, and for delivering two stones to White's Chapel that morning.***



***Thanks!!***

***to everyone who came out to help us install James M. Blanks' marker at Watson Cemetery on July 26: Chuck Marks, Kent Mathews, James Alderman, Mike Patterson, and Kyle Sims. Thanks to James for hauling it to Arlington.***

# OUR ANCESTORS' LIFE AND TIMES

*Our Confederate forebears had a fund of knowledge about the world around them, gained from an intimate association with it. We've lost most of it, but some can be relearned.*

## **Consider the Humble 'Possum.**



Those of us who grew up in the country were taught by our grandparents that 'possums were our enemies. They gleefully took chickens off their roosts, and were deadly on baby chickens, turkeys, and other fowls. And...they look like rats.



# Possums, cont.

I like 'possums. My wife and I are part of the “problem” many suburbanites feel when they discover they have these little gray neighbors. We buy dry dog food for them, and keep it and water outside for them 24/7.

Properly called Virginia Opossums, they have lived here, pretty much unchanged, for millions of years according to scientists. They are the only marsupial found north of Mexico.

Possums were once one of the main game animals of the eastern United States, and many recipes for them may be found in older cookbooks. A century ago they were found mostly east of the Rockies but during the Great Depression they were introduced in the West, probably as a food source for humans.

They were first described in this country by John Smith in Virginia in 1608: “*An Opassom hath an head like a Swine, and a taile like a Rat, and is of the bignes of a Cat. Under her belly she hath a bagge, wherein she lodgeth, carrieth, and sucketh her young.*”

Possums are about the same size as house cats. They have survived in all habitats because they are nature's ultimate opportunists...they'll eat just about anything. Like many marsupials they have short lifespans. Most wild ones are expected to live only about two years.

Their reproductive cycle is surprising to us partially because we see them so seldom. Their gestation period is only about twelve days. The usual litter is about twelve young, and they are little more than embryos at birth (see below).



The newborns crawl into their mother's pouch, find a teat, and it swells to connect them. They stay in the pouch for about ten weeks, at the end of which their eyes open. When they grow too large to stay in their mother's pouch, they ride on her back as she hunts. They are weaned when they are about three months old.

By the time the young are about four and one-half months old they're on their own, and in just a few months will reproduce.

Possums have had a varied and interesting history of interaction with humans. Their presence in folklore and popularity in cooking pots has tied them mainly to the Southeast.

Like raccoons, skunks, squirrels and coyotes, possums have acclimated themselves to the suburbs where many of us now find ourselves. Possums transmit very few diseases to humans. They are surprisingly resistant to rabies because their body temperature is lower than that of most mammals. They do not present a threat of Lyme Disease because they eat most of the ticks which may prey on them.





**“For the tenth time, Private Biden,...the rabbit goes through the hole, then around the tree five or six times, then...”**





*To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the Cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.*