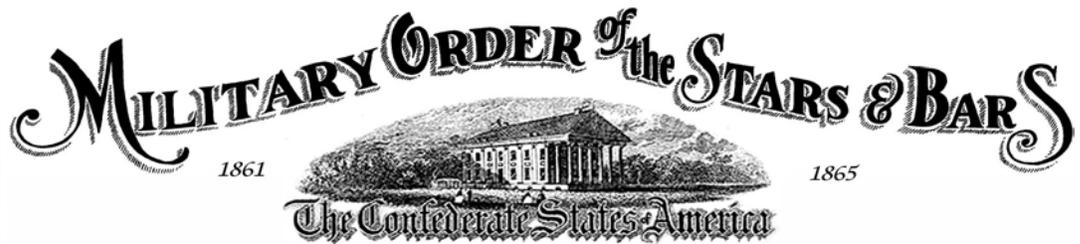




Volume 8, Number 5  
May 2016



## Officer's Call

### DEATH OF THE CONFEDERACY

By David Hudgins

On a cold morning, February 3, 1865, the Confederate government arranged a meeting with President Abraham Lincoln on the riverboat, "River Queen" at Hampton Roads, Virginia to negotiate a peace. Representatives from the South were Vice-President Alexander Stephens, Assistant Secretary of War John Campbell who had served as a U. S. Supreme Court Justice, and Robert Hunter, a former Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives. President Lincoln and Secretary of State William Seward represented the North. The South wanted a treaty for independence and the North wanted reunification. Unable to agree on any points, the negotiations stopped. The South interpreted this as a demand for an unconditional surrender. At this point, both sides felt the war would decide the outcome.

One of the major tactical differences between the North and South was that the North adopted a total war concept, even against the civilian population. This tactic left thousands of women, children and the elderly without shelter or food and many perished. The South refused to wage war on northern civilians; however some Confederates did so on their own. It is interesting to note that Northern newspapers called this barbaric, yet when Northern Generals did the same thing across the South, they were hailed as great victories.

After four years of war the South was unable to replenish its manpower and the blockade of Southern ports prevented rearming the Southern troops.

In the spring of 1865, Union General U. S. Grant and Confederate General Robert E. Lee faced each other at Petersburg, Virginia. Behind miles of earthworks, Lee held off the Union army for months. On April 1, 1865, Grant launched an all-out attack

about 4 a.m. across the entire Confederate line. Within the first thirty minutes the line was breached and Lee lacked sufficient manpower to fill the holes. Realizing his line could not hold and that he would not be able to keep Grant out of Richmond, he ordered Petersburg to be evacuated.

On Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, Confederate President Jefferson Davis was in church when he received a telegram from General Lee stating: "I advise that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond tonight." However Davis held his train until 11 p.m., hoping Lee would somehow stop Grant.

The capital of the Confederacy was moved to Danville, Virginia and Union forces prepared to capture Richmond as city officials prepared for the worst. Knowing how bad the city of Columbia, South Carolina was treated once the Union troops became drunk on confiscated liquor, they ordered all liquor to be destroyed. Orders were also given to destroy all cotton and tobacco warehouses. Unfortunately, fires set to destroy these buildings got out of hand and destroyed the business district. On April 3, 1865, the Union flag was raised over the Confederate Capital.

General Lee's objective was to move his army to Amelia Court House, Virginia where he would await the arrival of troops who had been protecting Richmond. He telegraphed General Joseph E. Johnston, commander of the Army of Tennessee, to link up with his army. Lee was now being pursued by the Union Army, forcing him to move south. Some of his men had not eaten in over 36 hours and now Lee was on the move again. General Johnston was unable to join Lee's army and to make matters worse, Lee's supply train was captured causing him to

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The MOS&B *Officer's Call*, a leader among heritage magazines, is published monthly by the Military Order of the Stars and Bars.

The members of the MOS&B are descendants of the Confederate Officer Corps, elected government officials, and appointed governmental officials. We are dedicated to the preservation and education of the memory of our ancestors and the traditional values of our Southern Heritage.

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## Commander General's Message



I would like to thank all of you for your support during my term as Commander General. It has been an honor to serve this prestigious organization. My term has been filled with both good times and challenges. It has also been a lot of fun. Being the top man in an organization like ours is a lot like running a business. The key to success is having a great supporting cast that works well together. That has been my blessing during my two years as Commander General. I am extremely thankful to all of the Officers and Chairmen who made my job so much easier.

I especially appreciate the support I have received from Lt. Commander General Harold Davis. Harold has prepared all of the budgets for my administration and has served as our membership Chairman as well. He is well prepared to become our next Commander General. I am also thankful for the job that Chief-of-Staff Toni Turk has done for the Order. In addition to his regular duties Toni has also guided me through all of my difficult decisions as Commander General.

Wayne Snodgrass has done an outstanding job as our Adjutant General. He simplified our dues collection process and – in so doing – restored the Order's healthy cash flow. I have often said that Wayne could successfully run any Fortune 500 company. I also appreciate the job that Judge Advocate General Tarry Beasley has done for the Order. Tarry has overhauled our By-laws and advised me on a number of legal issues. Cain Griffin is another person who has done an exemplary job as Treasurer General. In fact, Cain contributes to the Order at the Chapter level, the Society level and the national level. And he does this while still maintaining a full time job. Amazing!

Byron Brady is an individual who deserves considerable credit. He serves both as our IHQ Manager and as our Awards Chairman. Both of these assignments are high pressure positions and Byron does an exemplary job with both of them. I am also particularly thankful to Raymond Holder for the job he has done as Chaplain General. Raymond has served in this capacity for four years. Every month he provides us with an inspirational message in *Officer's Call* magazine. He also conducts our *Prayer Breakfasts* at our national conventions.

I really appreciate the jobs that our Army Commanders have done. John Williams (ANV), Bert Blackmon (AOT), and Wayne Snodgrass (ATM) have served us well in that capacity. I am also thankful to ANV Executive Councilors Byron Brady and Michael Farr. AOT Executive Councilors David Denard and David Floyd have also made significant contributions to the Order. And, finally, I would like to thank both James Simmons and Robert Turk who have served us so well as Executive Councilors from the ATM.

Max Waldrop is an old friend who has done an outstanding job for several years as our Archivist General. Another person who deserves considerable praise is Jeff Sizemore. Jeff is an incredibly talented individual who has done a great job as the Editor General of *Officer's Call* magazine. Another individual who deserves our praise is Stephen McGehee. Stephen serves as both our Quartermaster General and our Webmaster General. He has done an outstanding job in both positions.

I am particularly pleased with the job that Larry Martin has done for the Order as our Genealogist General. He views each potential member as a challenge and aggressively pursues their membership. Another person who deserves recognition is Comptroller General Conway Moncure. Conway is in charge of our investment portfolio and has done a great job of increasing our yields without incurring additional risks. Education Chairman, Robert Turk, has also done a great job in recognizing those teachers who have made significant advances in the field of education.

The next individuals I would like to recognize are what I call *the Old-Pros*. All of these individuals have done their respective jobs for years. They are highly professional and require no supervision whatsoever. I just stand back and let them do their jobs! The first individual is Charles Smith. Charles is the Chairman of our Literary Committee and the War & Military Service Committee. I appreciate everything that he has done for the Order. Another individual who has done an exemplary job is Gary Loudermilk. Gary is the Chairman of our Scholarship Committee and is highly respected by everyone who deals with him. And then there is my friend Troy Massey who has done a fantastic job as the Chair of our Real Sons Committee. Ben Willingham is another person who has done a fantastic job. He serves as our Historian General and has made significant contributions to the Order. Finally, I would like to thank Joseph Smith who chairs our Time & Place Committee and Richard Knight who serves as the Order's Registered Agent.

I am thankful to both the California Society and the Arkansas Society for their support. My friends in Cali-

fornia were the first ones to support me in a leadership role. My friends in Arkansas have consistently helped me with my family reunions in their state. Every two years I re-visit the gravesites of my ancestors in the Ozarks. Troy Massey has always provided me with a Confederate honor guard for those memorial services.

I am proud to be a descendant of Captain Henry Hill Harris, Company G, 8<sup>th</sup> Arkansas Infantry Regiment. Henry was wounded at both Shiloh and Franklin and had his name added to The Confederate Honor Roll for valor at Chickamauga. My membership in MOS&B has given me a unique opportunity to honor both my ancestor and our Southern heritage.

I am also grateful for the many friendships that I have made through my participation in the Order. The MOS&B experience has given me far more than I could ever hope to give-back to the Order. It has been my pleasure to serve you as Commander General.

**Deo Vindice!**

*Wm. Howard Jones*

Commander General (2014-2016)



## *The Chaplain General's Thoughts*



By Raymond Holder, M'Div., B.C.C.

### **What Has God Wrought!**

May 24, 1844 is a very historic date which most of us, including me, are unfamiliar with. "What has God wrought", is the message that opened the Baltimore-Washington telegraph line. One meaning of this phrase might be, what has God brought about and or allowed. Indeed, what has God wrought in each of our lives? Is it God's providence in each of our lives? On April 9<sup>th</sup> Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, and on April 12, Lees' men turned in their weapons, furled their flags and marched back to their homes. Did God wrought the end of the Confederacy? These are questions with unending speculation. The Confederacy is very real in the hearts of millions of southern patriots, especially those of us living our lives in the South. A major part of our confederate heritage many of us embrace is that of the Christian faith which seemed to become even stronger during the war of the northern aggression against its own people.

The word wrought has an interesting meaning and that meaning refers to a hardened material being molded, shaped and other wise altered into an object or thing of beauty and worth. Could April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1865 have been the concluding of the first act of our God to mold these proud ancestors of ours into God's providential hands promoting the Christian faith not only in these United States, but also around the world? Only our God has the definitive answer to that question.

The South was left in ruins. Its economy left in a despot situation. Thousands of families were left with only memories of loved ones lost in the war. It was as if the south had been pruned, biblically pruned. The purpose of pruning anything is so that the object of pruning will grow back more fruitful. Though other areas of our country may protest our celebrating our southern heritage, especially that of the Confederacy, this has and is producing the moral fiber of our nation through the proration of the Christian faith though out the entire world. Hence, we are called the Bible belt.

Isaiah, the prophet, proclaimed in Isaiah41:31 "yet those who wait for the Lord will gain new strength; they will mount up with wings like eagles, they will run and not get tired, they will walk and not become weary." Our faith in God has and is giving each of us our vision and strength for the present and future. The apostle Paul in 1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians 1:18 said this so beautifully, "For the preaching/word of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are saved it is the power of God." God loves us with an everlasting love, and He is shaping, molding us with our permission into His image. This is what God can wrought for you and me.

- From Page 1: Death of the Confederacy -

move his troops westward.

Meanwhile, at Sailor's Creek, the Union attacked part of Lee's army under the command of General Richard Ewell. About 8,000 men were captured including Ewell and one of Lee's sons, Custis Lee. Lee's army arrived at Appomattox Court House, Virginia on April 8<sup>th</sup>. They were exhausted but had not lost their will to fight. Lee's troops fought one final battle on April 9<sup>th</sup> at Appomattox Station. An early morning victory looked promising, but by 10 a.m. Union reinforcements arrived and the assault was over. Lee's army was surrounded. About noon a flag of truce was raised and around 1:30 p.m. Lee and Grant met in the parlor of Wilmer McLean's home to discuss terms of surrender. The day came to a close and so did Lee's once great army.

After a few more battles Joseph E. Johnson's Army of Tennessee surrendered to William T. Sherman on April 26, 1865. General Richard Taylor, commander of troops from Alabama, Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana, surrendered on May 4<sup>th</sup>. General Edmund K. Smith commanding the Trans-Mississippi troops (Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Louisiana) was advised by the state governors to disband and send the men home on May 10<sup>th</sup>. The last to submit was General and Cherokee Chief Stand Watie of the Indian Territory. The Grand council passed a resolution on June 10 to surrender.

The last battle of The War Between The States, and a Confederate victory, was fought on May 12, 1865, at Palmito Ranch, Texas. Neither side had received word of the mass surrenders.

Many men would come to Texas after the war and not all had lost the will to fight. Near a cow pasture about six miles south east of Canton, Texas on Highway 342 stands a State of Texas historical marker dedicated to the Shelby Expedition. General Joseph Shelby's command refused to surrender at the close of the war. He and his men of the First Missouri Cavalry came to Stone Point just outside of Canton to camp while their leader went to Marshall, Texas to attend a Confederate conference. The men then moved on to Mexico hoping to come back and fight again. The marker tells us that they "stopped along the way to Mexico and enforced the peace in a ravaged postwar Texas." Shelby and his men returned home after spending two years in Mexico.

The Confederacy was now dead.

*David Hudgins is a member of the Ellis County Museum Board of Directors and co-founder of the Ellis County Veterans Appreciation Committee. He also serves as Chaplain of the O. M. Roberts Camp #178, Sons of Confederate Veterans.*

## *A Letter Written During the War Between the States*

Camp Beauregard, Va., July 6th, 1861

My Dear little Niece,

I see you are possessed of a large show of one characteristic peculiar to feminine vices, therefore I will satisfy your curiosity at once as to what was the evil genius that gave me the fright spoken of in my last letter. It was a very large pet coon which belonged to one of our neighbors and had gotten away with his chain around his neck & by some means into our house. Our warehouseman had been sweeping the sample room & had left the tin watering pot on the floor. Mr. Coon being thirsty inserted his head carefully in the small hole near the handle to drink some water that was left, but in his haste to get it out when he heard me coming, got fast and went rearing around the room with the tin pot on his head among the grand like piles [of] tobacco samples, rattling his chain and looking to me in the moonlight dim like a sure enough young de[vil]. When I found out what it was it was so very funny. I had to laugh up there by myself until my sides were almost sore and now are determined to keep up with the times and have joined a military company. Miss Ada Cummings, Commander, but what are you? I am sure you ought to be entitled to some office and what is the name of your company? If you have none I will suggest that you call it the Fairy Invincible. As I came on to Va. I saw a similar company at Knoxville with which I was so much taken that I noted down the names of the officers, Miss Sallie Crowier, Capt., Miss Sophie Kennedy & Fannie Wallace, first & second Lieut's. They styled their company the Fairy Light Guard. The officers especially were very pretty. Old Va. is a great old state. I like the old Va. girls particularly. They are so sociable & patriotic. It is whortleberry time and of course every one is fat and saucy. Tell Grand Ma the people talk here just as they did when she was a school girl. Ask the price of any thing and its 4 pence, ha[lf] penny, eighteen pence or two and three pence, and the little Scotch looking one horse carts are never out of sight. You would not have written to me except to let me know that you were mad if you had not wanted to know what that was that frightened me. Did Ma never tell you that was ugly? How is it you will not allow me the same privilege, but say I must not show yours. Come its a bad rule that will not work both ways. I suppose you have all seen the beautiful comet. I will have plenty of time to look at it tonight as I am on guard and as I gaze on its long trail will think perhaps you at home are looking at it also at the same time. Our Second Division of artillery will move forward to nearer Manassas to join the

First Division tomorrow. I must close and prepare to pack up. Kiss Grand Ma and all those sweet little babies for me.

Your Uncle, Affectionately,  
Geo. McNeill

George McNeil enlisted in the Washington Artillery on May 26, 1861 at New Orleans. He was promoted to 4th Cpl. on January 9, 1862 and to 5th Sgt on February 11, 1862. On July 19, 1862, he was promoted to 1st. Sgt. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept 17, 1862. He was elected a 2nd Lt. on July 26, 1863. 2nd Lt. McNeill was killed in action near Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864.

*Surgeon of the Month:*

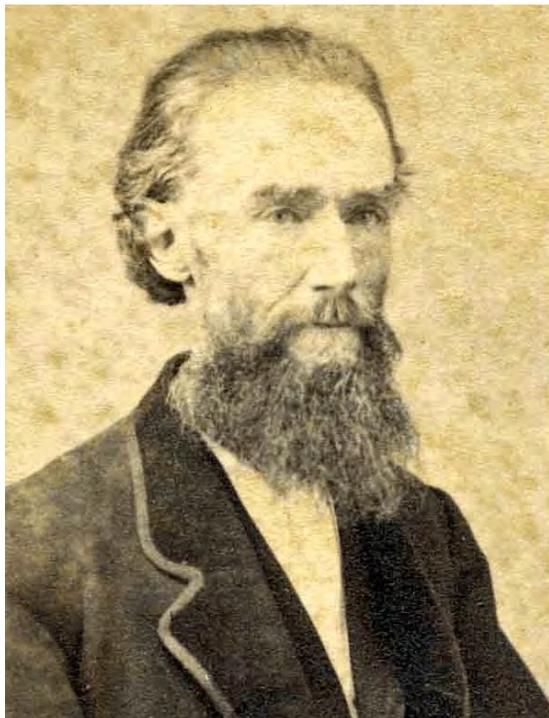
**Augustus Livingston East, M.D.**

Surgeon CSA

Compiled by Peter J. D'Onofrio, Ph.D.

President, Society of Civil War Surgeons, Inc.

[www.socwsurgeons.org](http://www.socwsurgeons.org)



Apparently originally from Louisiana he settled in Texas after the war and was photographed by Marks of Houston, Texas (Post War Photo)

Augustus Livingston East was born in Texas on July 8, 1839. He was the oldest of four sisters and two brothers born to Rev. John Day and Frances Collins East. In 1860, he graduated with a degree in medicine

from the University of Louisiana Medical Department (now Tulane University) in New Orleans, Louisiana. He then commenced medical practice in East Feliciana Parish, Louisiana.

Sometime prior to 1863, Dr. East married Mary Arabella Long (6 Feb 1839-10 Mar 1903). The marriage resulted in from four to eleven children, depending on which Ancestry.com record you access.

On February 24, 1863 he passed the Army Board of Medical Examination in Jackson, Mississippi. Dr. East was assigned as an Assistant Surgeon to Jackson's Division of Cavalry in Gallatin, Mississippi in November, 1863. In January 1864, he served as Assistant Surgeon in S.D. Lee's 11/17th Arkansan Infantry, 3d Brigade at Raymond, Mississippi. On September 26, 1864, Dr. East was on temporary assignment at the Way Hospital in Canton, Mississippi. On November 3, 1864, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon to rank from February 24, 1863. On January 12, 1865, Dr. East was dropped from the rolls - being a supernumerary officer (i.e., he was in excess of the normal number of officers).

After the war, he practiced medicine in Port Hudson, East Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He died on August 31, 1892 in Plains, East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana. Dr. East is buried, along with his wife, in the Old Jackson Cemetery, Jackson, East Feliciana Parish, Louisiana.

*NOTE: Much of the above biographical information was supplied by F. Terry Hambrecht, M.D., Biographical register of physicians who served the Confederacy in a medical capacity. 07/20/2009. Unpublished database.*



*2016 History Teacher of the Year Award*

The Military Order of the Stars and Bars, an international Confederate Heritage organization founded in 1938, announces that Randall D. Young of Thomasville, Georgia, has been awarded their 2016 Randall Brackin Jones History Teacher of the Year Award. This award is given to a deserving teacher of War Between the States and Southern Culture history.

Mr. Young is the current Director of the Audio/Video, Television & Film Department at Thomas County Central High School in Thomasville, GA

(grades 9-12). He has a BA in Fine Arts in Television/Radio Production (cum laude) from Valdosta State University (1985) and received his Masters in Education Leadership From Valdosta State in 2004.

His honors include receiving the United Daughters of the Confederacy Jefferson Davis Medal in 1999 for efforts in teaching Confederate history using technology. In 2009, he was named Teacher of the Year for both the Thomas County High School and the Thomas County School System. He was also a finalist for the Georgia State Teacher of the Year. In 2011, he was named to the Thomasville/Thomas County Sports Hall of Fame for 25 years volunteering as "The Voice of Thomas County Football." He writes a weekly column for the *Thomasville Times-Enterprise* newspaper.

The Military Order of the Stars and Bars is proud of the accomplishments of their 2016 Randall Bracken Jones History Teacher of the Year winner.

## *The Dead of the Defeated*

By Douglas Young

Who will place flags on the graves of the defeated,  
 The soldiers whose side in the war got cheated?  
 Will anyone bring flowers for those who lost,  
 Though heroically they fought, at such high cost?

Who will clean the tombs that demagogues condemn,  
 Those of the warriors whom sheeple say sinned?  
 Will anyone tour the resting spots of these martyred,  
 With whom, textbooks preach, only evil partnered?

Who will protest when their graves are violated,  
 And the vandals are even celebrated?  
 Will anyone fight for the peace of the ostracized,  
 These quiet victims of so many professors' lies?

Finally time levels everyone –  
 After many centuries, few care who lost or won;  
 Then all war dead are respected or ignored,

Visited only by descendants and the bored.

In the meantime, God bless the fearless few

Who honor the losing side, too,

Those who care not how political winds blow

Since doing what's right is the command they know.

## *2016 Scholarship Winners*

The Military Order of the Stars and Bars hereby announce the recipients of this year's scholarships. Within each Army region, the MOS&B gives a deserving student a scholarship. This year's winning recipients are:



Kellie Elizabeth Barrett  
 Spanish Fort, Alabama  
 College: Rhodes College  
 (Memphis)  
 Goal: Health Services Administrator



Claire Lilah Cooper  
 Raleigh, North Carolina  
 College: University of South Carolina  
 Goal: General Manager of a Major League Baseball or Football Team



Reid Thomas Bryan  
 Manhattan Beach, California  
 College: University of Richmond  
 Goal: Business Administration Degree



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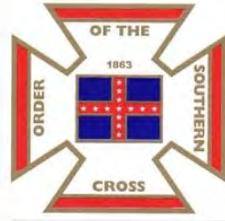
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The Order of the Southern Cross was founded in 1863 by Lt. Gen. Leonidas Polk, Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, and Chaplain (Rev.) Charles T. Quintard, on the eve of the Battle of Chickamauga. The Order promoted an *esprit de corps* within the ranks.

The Order was re-established in 1979 and, since that time, the Order has allocated more than \$250,000 to the preservation of Confederate heritage.

Any organization seeking financial support to help fund local Confederate heritage projects is encouraged to contact the Order by visiting our website at [www.orderofsoutherncross.com](http://www.orderofsoutherncross.com) or contacting Grants Chairman James E. Alderman at [alde711@aol.com](mailto:alde711@aol.com).

*Deo Vindice!*

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## *15th Annual Confederate Memorial Service at Stone Mountain Park, GA*

On April 2, 2016, the 15th Annual Confederate Memorial Service was held at Stone Mountain Park, GA. David De-nard and David Floyd of the MOS&B Army of Tennessee and the MOS&B Georgia Society once again organized this event. They reported that the SCV Georgia Division and various re-enactor companies assisted. There was roughly 350 people in attendance. Herein are some of the pictures from this event.



## *Frank Stringfellow*

By Donald C. Hakenson and Joseph Judson Smith, III

Benjamin Franklin Stringfellow, known throughout the North as the “most dangerous man in the South,” had a life consisting of numerous hair-raising episodes and escapes, collecting information under the nose of the Union Army in Alexandria and even Washington. With a price of \$10,000 on his head at the conclusion of the war, he had to flee to Canada until things cooled down in the United States.

In 1857 Benjamin Franklin Stringfellow enrolled in Episcopal High School in Alexandria and upon graduation in 1860, he travelled to Mississippi where he taught Latin and Greek to the daughters of plantation owners in Noxubee County. He returned from Mississippi to Virginia and tried without success to join four different cavalry units. Being of slight stature, a little over 100 pounds stretched over a five-foot-eight inch frame, he hardly fit the mold of an imposing combat soldier. As described by a sergeant in the Little Fork Rangers in whose unit he tried to enlist:

“Look at it this way son. Suppose you’re on picket duty with another fellow. Now he’s got a right to expect you’d be able to hold up your end if the Yankees came. And what about when we take Washington City? We can’t have a bag of bones like you riding with us when we parade down Pennsylvania Avenue!”

He finally persuaded the Powhatan Troop to take him on which became Company E, 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry.

On May 24, 1861, Stringfellow heard shocking news: Alexandria had been invaded and occupied by Federal troops led by Colonel Elmer Ellsworth who was killed in a confrontation with James Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House. Stringfellow took it personally as Episcopal High School and the girl he hoped to marry, Emma Green, were now in Yankee-occupied territory. He was eager to make sure Emma did not slip away from him. He soon got his opportunity.

Prior to First Manassas, General Beauregard wanted to know what General McDowell commanding the Federal Army was up to, and he wanted information fast. Stringfellow’s company was regularly patrolling

the triangle formed by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and the Potomac River that put them very close to Alexandria.

Instructions came down the chain of command to “put a man into Alexandria, have him get in touch with friendly people there and find out all he can about McDowell’s strength and contemplated movements.” Stringfellow jumped at the chance to volunteer for the assignment. He was a good choice for the job. He knew most of the people living in Alexandria, and he knew which ones he could depend upon and which ones to avoid. Many a time he had played Indians and soldiers in streets and alleys of Alexandria. And he had the added incentive of visiting Emma who lived on Fairfax Street in the Carlyle House located a block and a half from what is now the Monaco Hotel.

After a hazardous journey requiring great stealth, skill, and deception, he eluded the Yankee pickets and guards on the bridges leading to Alexandria, but was confronted in the streets of Alexandria by a Federal soldier demanding to see his “papers.”

“Well, come on. Let’s see your papers. Didn’t leave them at home, did you?”

“No sir. I didn’t forget them. Here they are.” With his right hand on his revolver concealed beneath his poncho and with his left hand he displayed a letter he had received from Emma, holding it so that the address and postmark did not show.

The soldier glanced at it, “Um-m,” he grunted, waving his hand at the envelope. “All right be off with you. And the next time a Federal officer asks you for your papers, be quick with them. You hear?”

“Yes, sir” said Stringfellow meekly. “Thank you, sir.” And he began to walk briskly towards Carlyle House a few blocks away.

The Carlyle House was a commodious house with a white paling fence running across the front. Stringfellow opened the gate and walked up to the steps. He was about to knock when he heard voices just inside the door. He could not make out what was being said, but knew the voices were Federals. He quickly darted off the porch and hid behind some shrubbery. The door opened and a Yankee officer came out. Stringfellow could not tell his rank, but he could tell from his demeanor that he was higher than a captain.

On the step, the officer turned back to the lighted doorway. “Please tell your servant, Miss Emma, that I will require my laundry no later than Friday.” There was no answer, and the door closed. The officer turned on his heels and disappeared into the night.

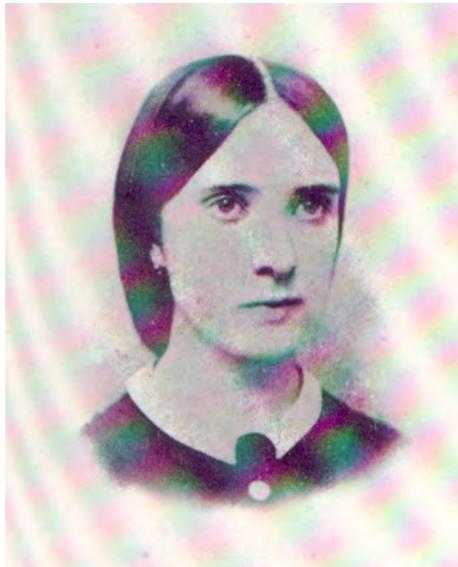
Stringfellow waited for a few minutes while he thought about what he had just witnessed. The officer was undoubtedly quartered in the Green home against the wishes, he was quite sure, of the Green family.

Stringfellow slipped around to the rear of the house and came up on the back steps. He knocked cautiously on the door, and when it opened, Belinda, Emma's personal maid, stood framed in the light from inside. Her mouth flew open as she reached out and pulled Stringfellow inside. She closed the door hastily behind him.

"Mr. Frank! What are you doing here?"

"I've tried to pay Miss Emma a call, Belinda. Is she home?"

"Yas, suh, she's home. And so's a lot of them folks from up No'th. They done took over the whole third floor. They's some up there now. You gonna be caught and hung for sure, Mr. Frank."



"I don't think so, Belinda," Stringfellow said. "Please tell Miss Emma I'm here. And do it in such a way it won't excite her and attract attention."

"Yas, suh, I sho' will," Belinda said. She started for the door, then turned, "Mr. Frank, when's our folks coming back? I'se scared of these here Federal soldiers. They ain't like us atall."

"I hope it will be soon," Frank said, but in his heart, he knew the chances were not good. Before Virginia got back Alexandria, there would be a lot of hard fighting and a lot of people would die. Alexandria was the door

to Washington, and the Union wasn't going to give it up easily.

Emma came back with Belinda. Apparently the maid had not told her who was waiting for her, for when she saw Frank, she turned pale and gasped.

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"Frank!" she said, and came quickly to his side. "Oh, my dear, don't you know it's dangerous for you to be here?"

Stringfellow took her hands and looked deep into her eyes. At that moment he felt he could whip the whole Union army. It had been so long, and now he was standing beside her, holding her hands, marveling at her fresh sweet beauty. He took a deep breath and got down to business.

"I've come here for information," he told Emma bluntly. "We want to know what McDowell intends to do, and it's my job to find out. There are a number of people who have been collecting information for us, and I've got to see those people."

"It's too dangerous," Emma protested. "Everyone who goes out past eight o'clock must have a pass. And I'm sure you haven't one."

Stringfellow laughed and showed Emma her letter and explained how he had used it to dupe the Federal guard. Then he became serious. "I'm not fool enough to think I could get away with it again," he said. "I'll simply have to take my chances."

Emma was thinking hard. "Wait a minute, Frank. Both Belinda and I have passes. Major Edmans, who is quartered here, has been kind, at least—"

"The officer I saw leave a few minutes ago?" Frank asked, feeling a little twinge of jealousy.

"Yes. He and some other officers have quarters upstairs. There was nothing else we could do. But they haven't troubled us. In fact, they've been most courteous and thoughtful."

"Yas'um," said Belinda, sullenly, "cept they wants their laundry by Friday. Says they got to have it. Why, dat's a whole week's work!"

Frank was adding up the days in his mind. Friday. That was July 8. And quite possibly it was the day McDowell intended to launch his attack on Manassas! He turned to Emma.

"About those passes—" he said.

Emma explained quickly. "Belinda and I can move around freely. Give us the names of the people you want to see, and we'll get whatever information they have."

Frank hesitated, and Emma said, quietly, "Don't worry, Frank, I'm as much a Southerner as you are. And I think I can speak for Belinda here. No one will ever get the names of our friends from us." Her lips tightened, and Frank knew that she meant what she was saying.

"No suh," said Belinda, "and not from me, neither. All I wants is for my folks to come home. That's all."

Frank made up his mind quickly. He gave Emma the names of the people he was to see. Emma knew them all. She gave Belinda her assignment and turned to Frank.

"We shouldn't be long," she said. "While I'm gone, stay inside." She glanced toward the ceiling. "Major Edmans or one of the other officers may come down here at any time. You'll hear them if they do. They make as much noise as a whole cavalry troop. If you hear them coming, hide in the pantry here."

"I'd like to pay my respects to your mother and father," Frank said.

"Not now," Emma said firmly. "It is best they don't know you're here. If they're questioned later, they can be truthful."

"And you?" Frank asked, smiling.

"I don't mind lying at all," Emma said, "so long as your safety is concerned." She came up to him and touched her lips to his. They stood looking at each other with their hearts in their eyes, then Emma turned and ran toward the front of the house.

"Stay put, Mr. Frank," Belinda said, showing white teeth with a gold one standing out here and there. And she, too, was gone.

While Emma and Belinda were gone, Frank made himself a meal of cold chicken and cornbread. The meal in combination of a warm room made him a little drowsy and he fell asleep.

He awakened with a start. He had heard something. What was it? There it was again. Thump, thump, thump. Then he knew. Some Federal officer was coming down the stairs, letting his sword strike every step. Stringfellow leaped to his feet and made it to the pantry just as the door opened. He left the pantry door ajar, and through the crack he could see a Federal officer looking into the room. The fellow's eyes opened slightly as he saw the remains of the meal on the table, the chair pulled up to it. Stringfellow silently said to himself, "I've got to be more careful than this. It's the little things, Stringfellow, that kill you—little things like bullets."

The officer hesitated for a moment, then stepped into the room and started for the pantry. Stringfellow drew his revolver. Don't shoot him, he thought, that'll bring the whole Union army down around my neck. Just club him, club him good, and catch him before he falls. When the Federal was so close that Stringfellow could hear him breathing, he stopped abruptly, turned, and

marched over to the cupboard. He opened this and took out a piece of cold chicken. Munching away, he opened the door and went out.

"Why, the thief!" Stringfellow breathed. "The white-livered chicken thief!"

Stringfellow lingered in the pantry until he heard soft footsteps and Emma call softly: "Frank?"

When he came out, he saw that Emma was flushed and her face and hair were wet with rain. Stringfellow thought he had never seen her so beautiful. He went over and kissed her tenderly. She lay in his arms for a moment, breathing heavily, then drew away.

"Any trouble?" Stringfellow asked.

"Not a bit," Emma said, "Although there's some talk in town about a big rebel cavalry raid just a mile or so south of here. Federal cavalry beat it off with tremendous loss to the raiders. I don't suppose you know anything about it?"

"If it's what I think it is," Frank said, "I do." He explained to Emma what he knew. Emma then said to Stringfellow, "Our people tell me that McDowell is planning to move on the eighth. That's Monday. He's wanted to move before then, but Washington held him back. No wonder Major Edmans was so insistent about his laundry."

"Any information on the make-up of McDowell's forces?"

"Yes, some. Four divisions are to take part in the attack. Our people have identified about eleven brigades. There may be more. And the attack is definitely aimed against Manassas. One thing that's puzzling the Federals, though: They don't know what Johnston is up to. Did you know he's pulled out of Harper's Ferry?"

Stringfellow started in surprise. "No, I didn't. When?" After talking about Johnston, Belinda came into the room. "Get anything?" Stringfellow asked her.

Belinda mumbled something that passed for "Yes, sir," and then pulled a paper out of her mouth. She handed this to Stringfellow. "Soldier feller stopped me, so Ah put the paper in mah mouth. Hope tain't too wet to read." She giggled.

Stringfellow unfolded the wet paper and spread it out on the table. It was a list of the divisions in Alexandria, with their commanders. Tyler's, Hunter's, Heintzelman's and Miles'. Four divisions adding up, Stringfellow estimated, to well over thirty thousand men. The way he saw it, Beauregard was in for a tough time.

"This is what I came for," he said quietly. "Now the problem is how to get it to Richmond." He turned to

Emma and took her hand. "I'll have to be going, dearest. I've got to get out beyond the picket lines before daylight, and I've got only a few hours to do it. But I'll be back, I promise you that, and I may bring company."

One of the most amusing escapades of Stringfellow and his ability to elude capture happened in Alexandria on one of his frequent scouting missions behind enemy lines.

Walking down an Alexandria street one day, he bumped squarely into a Federal officer at a corner. The two men backed off and started to make apologies. Then when they stopped and stared at each other, Stringfellow recognized the officer at once. It was obvious that the officer had recognized him too. The man was one of Pope's officers whom Stringfellow had captured in the raid on Catlett's Station a few months before.

"Stringfellow, by God!" the officer said.

The scout turned and immediately fled down the street. Behind him he heard the officer shouting, and soon a number of Union soldiers had joined in the pursuit. Stringfellow ran and dodged around corners at the double quick, but he couldn't shake the Union soldiers. At the precise moment that he felt he could run no further, he saw the open door of a house just ahead of him and dashed up the steps and closed and locked the door behind him. Outside he could hear the shouts of the soldiers as they pounded up the street after him.

Looking around quickly, Stringfellow could find no place to hide. He ran up the stairs to the second floor. In one of the rooms there he saw an old lady working on a tablecloth. She looked vaguely familiar to him, but he did not have time to explain things or introduce himself. There was no need. The old lady knew him and what's more, she understood the situation.

"Get under here, Frank," she said, lifting her hoopskirt.

He did so, and none too soon. The old lady rearranged her skirt and smoothed out the folds of the tablecloth. Quietly, she went on with her work.

From his unusual hiding place, Stringfellow heard the soldiers searching the lower floor. Then footsteps sounded on the stairs, and the officer's voice said: "A rebel spy ran in here a few moments ago. I order you to tell me where he is."

Calmly, the old lady said: "I heard someone run through the house a moment ago. Must have gone on out the back way. Did you search the alley?"

The Federals searched the upper floors of the

house thoroughly. Finally the puzzled officer came back in the room and apologized.

"That's quite all right, young man," the old lady said sweetly. "I understand perfectly. You were only doing your duty."

When he had left, Stringfellow came out from his hiding place. He thanked his rescuer, who was, he discovered, an old friend of his mother's, and he noticed with amazement that her hands were completely steady. His own were still shaking. He knew at that moment he had his doubts as to which was the stronger sex.

At the war's conclusion, he fled to Canada and returned when the "coast was clear," studied at the Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria and was ordained a minister in 1876. Sometime during the post war period he married Emma Green.

Reverend Frank Stringfellow was rector of Christ Church in Martinsville, Virginia, from 1891 to 1894 and, after leaving Christ Church, became the first Chaplain at Woodberry Forest School near Orange, Virginia, a private boarding school for boys. His cousin Robert Stringfellow Walker founded the school in 1889. Walker had been a member of Mosby's Rangers during the War.

Stringfellow ultimately retired to Alexandria, where he died in 1913 and is buried beside his wife Emma at Ivy Hill Cemetery in Alexandria, Virginia.

## Article Submittal Request

If you have an article that you would like to be considered for publication, please send your submittal to Jeff Sizemore (Editor General) at [swampeditor@yahoo.com](mailto:swampeditor@yahoo.com).

Chapter and Society News is also welcome. Please email to the address. The preferred submittal is one in which the articles are in MS Word format and that all pictures are in jpeg format as this makes it easier to format to the proper scale within this publication.

Note that references and footnotes are requested to support where the original information is acquired as it is up to the article writer to provide such material when submitting for consideration in future issues.

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