

IN MEMORIAM
JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

Born September 5, 1842

Died June 29, 1910

Miss [unclear]
Massachusetts

SEPT - 11
1952

Miss Sue Terrell Hostess At Meet Of UDC Chapter

Old Dominion Chapter, UDC, meeting yesterday with Miss Sue Terrell at 326 Norfolk Ave., conducted a program, a business session and a social period during the hours from 3 to 5 o'clock. The meeting was held on the anniversary of the founding of the national organization Sept. 10, 1894.

Mrs. John H. Davis presided, Mrs. H. Carrington Jordan, niece of the hostess, assisted in her duties, and Miss Josephine Yeatman conducted the devotional and patriotic preliminaries.

Four new members were presented certificates. They are Mrs. E. A. Stump Jr., Mrs. Mary Douglas Marshall Golladay, Mrs. Mattie Blair Womack Blanks and Mrs. Louise Gordon Lipscomb Powers.

Delegates were appointed as follows to the state UDC convention in Old Point Comfort Oct. 7, 8 and 9. They are Mrs. John H. Davis, president; Mrs. W. F. Holt, Mrs. Raymond Callahan and Mrs. A. F. Young. Alternates are Mrs. T. S. Irvine, Mrs. David Kulman, Mrs. Cabell Garbee and Mrs. W. P. Tyree Jr.

Mrs. E. A. Stump Jr. gave a review of the history and objectives of the United Daughters of the Confederacy under the title: "Why I Am a Daughter of the Confederacy." Her essay was rewarded by prolonged applause.

Mrs. Davis conducted a quiz on the History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for which the material was found in a book on the subject written by a former Lynchburg woman, Mrs. St. John Allison Lawton, now of Charleston, S. C.

Year Books were distributed and Mrs. A. F. Young was appointed agent for the UDC Magazine for the chapter.

Bitterness Disappears

Only 4 Veterans Of 1865 War Still Living

By JOY MILLER
AP Staff Writer

The boys wearing the Blue and the Gray—marching to Shiloh, to Bull Run, to Gettysburg—were four million strong.

Now they are four.
Only Albert Henry Woolson of Duluth, Minn., is alive of the 2,675,000-man army serving under the Union flag in the War Between the States. On Southern farms live three Confederate brothers-in-arms: William Allen Lundy, near Laurel Hill, Fla.; Walter W. Williams, near Franklin, Tex.; and John B. Salling, near Slant, Va.

Hardy Breed
These four already were young men on the first Memorial Day 66 years ago. But they are a hardy breed.

"Don't count me out yet," said Albert Woolson when he turned 107 last February. "I'm going to be around for at least three or four more of these nice birthdays. I'm just beginning to feel like I'm not a boy any more."

Then the drummer boy of 1864 rapped out a snappy roll on a snare drum, recited parts of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and kissed all the women callers.

At a spry 111, Walter Williams—Col. Will, as neighbors call him—figures he'll make it to 119 like his grandfather, Stephen Williams of South Carolina. "My daddy, George Washington Williams, died when he was just 95," he says sadly.

John Salling, who celebrated his 108th birthday May 15, has a full head of shiny black hair, and the youngster of the group, 106-year-old Uncle Bill Lundy, says: "I can hear the chatter of a cat squirrel as good now as I could 50 years ago."

Though none of the four apparently saw battle service, they all like to talk about the war, except Williams. He joined Gen. John B. Hood's cavalry when he was 22—Company C, 5th Division, Hood's Brigade, stationed in Corinth, Miss.—as forage master. "That meant I got the grub for the others. We'd run in a bunch of cattle for them to kill and eat."

The closest Yankee Woolson ever got to fighting was during rumors of a possible attack by the Confederate forces under the same Gen. Hood. If the attack had ma-

enlistment papers, but he says he was in a company commanded by Capt. Lon Collins.

For a year young Salling scraped saltpeter from the ground under houses and in caves. Then the war ended and he went back home.

When the war ended for Uncle Bill Lundy, he was 16 and a member of the home guard unit protecting the Coffee County Courthouse at Elba, Ala. "Those were rough times," he says. "There was little or nothing to eat and the country was desolate."

He remembers vividly the time his home guard unit came close to combat.

"I saw a few Yankees when they crossed a bridge at Elba," he relates. "I was guarding the bridge and was told not to shoot unless they started to blow up the bridge. They crossed several times and never bothered anything or anybody. It was a damn good thing because we had our guns drawn on them."

Bitterness Disappears

This bitterness of soldier for foe has disappeared. A feeling of comradeship has grown up among the remaining members of this select fraternity of old men. They keep close tab on each other.

Woolson was so deeply moved at the death of a Union veteran, 111-year-old James A. Hard, last year in Rochester, N.Y., that he immediately sat down and in a clear but wavering hand penned a letter of condolence "to the immediate family and descendants of James Hard, War Between the States comrade . . ."

Thus Woolson became the last member of the Grand Army of the Republic, formed after the war, which once counted 408,489 members. He told reporters he would resolutely guard the traditions of the GAR with all his honor and ability and "carry on the highest traditions of Abe Lincoln's forces until the very end."

Woolson was born in Watertown, N. Y., and moved to Minnesota when he was 14. After the war he ran a minstrel group in southern Minnesota for a time. Before he retired at 85 he had been a stationary engineer, logger and pattern maker.

Up every morning at 6:30, he shaves himself with a safety razor in preparation for a day filled with

explains it simply: "I never washed my head in my life and I always wear a hat. Don't use nothing but a fine-toothed comb."

He lives with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hughie McCamy, in a three-room frame house on his 31-acre farm, about 1 1/2 miles from the spot he was born.

A fall in August 1953 tore hip ligaments, which aren't expected to heal because of his age. He now gets around with crutches or cane.

Salling isn't sure why he has lived long enough to celebrate his 108th birthday this month. "I don't know how it happened. The Lord has been merciful on me, a great deal more than I have been on Him."

A sharp horsetrader, Salling has also done a bit of logging. The most fun he's had at work, though, was with a 100-gallon still he once borrowed from a neighbor.

"I've made a sight of brandy," he says with a tickled chirp. "The way to go into the moonshining business is first to make friends with the revenuers. Everything should be clean and pure to make good likker. And good likker never did hurt no man, if he knew how to drink it."

Another advocate of moonshine is Uncle Bill Lundy.

When he feels bad, he says, "I just take a little warm salty water and waller it around in my mouth a few seconds and then spit it out. Then I take a swig of homemade moonshine, if I can get it, and go to bed."

Although his steps have grown noticeably feebler during the past year and his beard is whiter, Uncle Bill is still in good health, attributable, he says, to a life of hard work, living right, looking after his own business and "staying away from doctors."

He was born near Troy, Ala., Jan. 18, 1848, and served in that state. He got on Florida's Confederate pension rolls through a special act of the State Legislature. He receives \$150 a month.

He lives with his son and daughter, Mrs. Vinnie Taylor, on a farm near the banks of the Yellow River seven miles west of Laurel Hill, Fla.

Principal Worry



(Associated Press Wirephoto).

REACHES 108TH BIRTHDAY—It was fairly quiet around the home of "General" John B. Salling at Fort Blackmore yesterday, when he celebrated his 108th birthday. Salling is one of only four surviving veterans of the War Between the States. He was looking forward to Sunday, when the farmers of Scott County would have time to drop in and pay their respects. The "general," Virginia's only survivor of the war, is still vigorous despite a crippling hip injury suffered in a fall last year.

'Uncle Bill' Lundy Will Be A Young 107 On Tuesday

CRESTVIEW, Fla., Jan. 15 (AP)—William A. (Uncle Bill) Lundy, Florida's only surviving Confederate veteran, will observe his 107th birthday Tuesday, still regretting he never shot a Yankee in the War Between The States.

Lundy, a native of Coffee County, Alabama, served in a home guard company in that area during the latter stages of the war.

"I never killed a Yankee," Lundy said. "Several times I placed my gun to my shoulder and took aim at Yankees crossing a bridge at Elba, Ala.

"We had been told not to shoot

ings from political leaders and presentation of numerous presents.

He also plans to make his first television appearance over a Pensacola station Tuesday afternoon.

Concerning his feelings about Yankees now, Lundy said he is "not mad at anybody, not even a Yankee."

"I have some good friends who moved down near me from up North," he added. "They are good neighbors and I love all of them."

Uncle Bill plans to have his favorite meal on his birthday: corn pone, fresh pork ham, turnip greens, baked hen with dressing, and "tater" pie.

Lundy is one of only three Confederate veterans surviving. The others are John Salling of Slant, Va., and W. W. Williams of Franklin, Tex. The only Union survivor is Albert Woolson of Duluth, Minn.

ARI 10, 1955.

Virginia

Old

Dominion

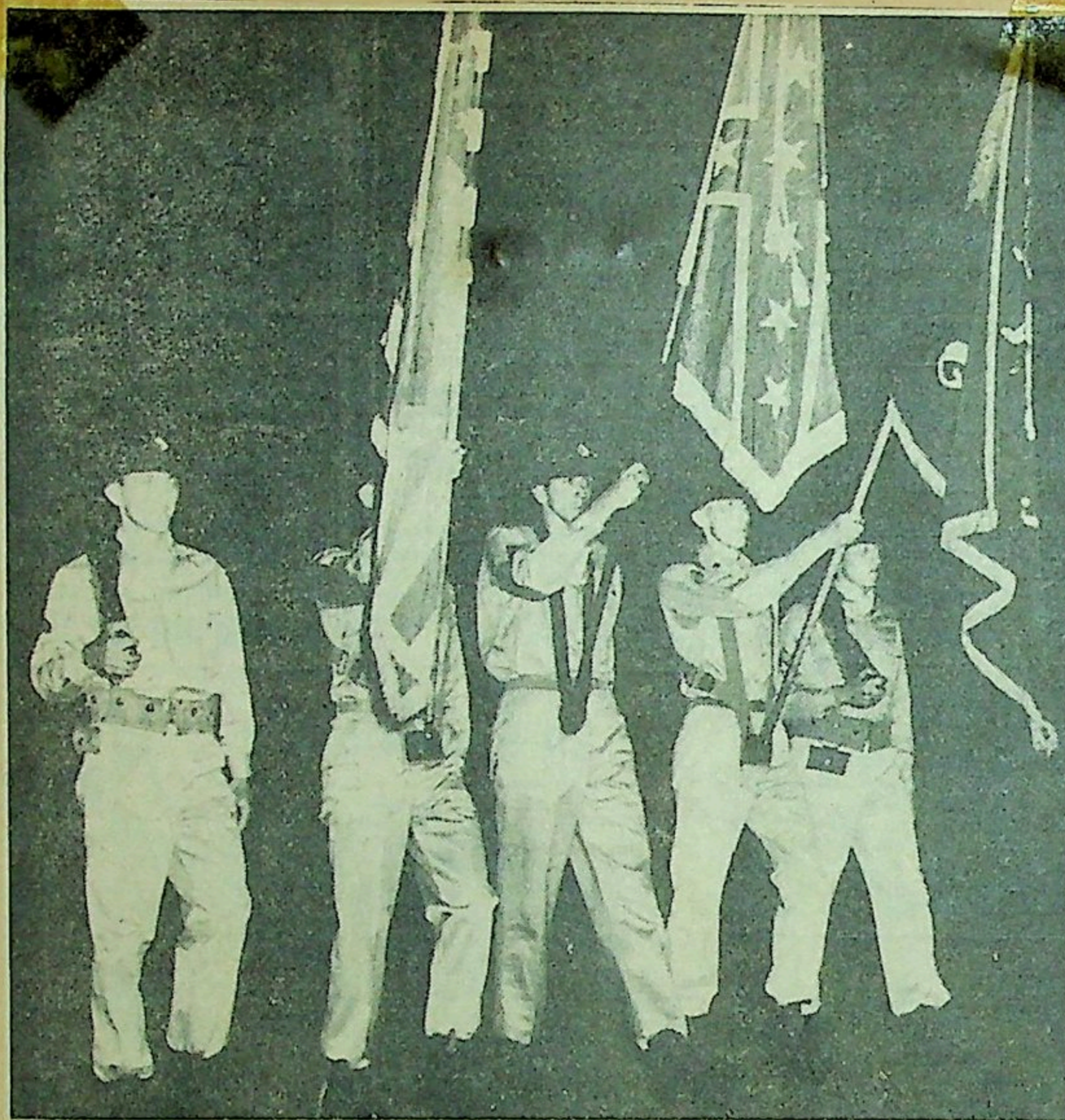
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**BUILDING
FUND**



AWARD

Your Chapter received this award at the General Convention in Asheville N.C.
for your contribution to the Headquarters Building Fund.



IN MEMORIAL RITES—Leading the various units and groups which marched in the Memorial Day ceremony at City Stadium last night was this color guard from the National Guard's Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 116th Infantry. (Staff Photo by George Smith)

Cadets Who Fought, Died In Famed Battle Honored

LEXINGTON, May 15 (AP)—Taps sounded at noon today at Virginia Military Institute here.

The call rang out across the rain-drenched VMI ground as the institute paid tribute to the cadets who 90 years ago today fought and died in the battle of New Market.

Maj. Chester B. Goolrick of the VMI history department translated the battle to present day demands on young men in commemoration ceremonies inside Jackson Memorial Hall.

Weather Similar

Today's weather was similar to that of May 15, 1864, when the corps pushed up Bushong's Hill outside New Market.

After Maj. Goolrick's address the roll of 10 cadets who lost their lives at New Market was called and as each name was given, a member of the same company in which the casualty served answered, "Died on the field of honor."

The remainder of the ceremony—the placing of wreaths on the statue of Virginia mourning her dead, a rifle salute and the playing of taps—was conducted outside under a sky of low hanging clouds with intermittent rain.

Five of the cadets who died in the battle are buried under the statue.

In the battle the cadets pushed from a reserve position into the front line and spearheaded the attack that routed Union forces at New Market. The 4,500 Confederates were commanded by Maj. Gen. John Cabell Breckenridge which faced 6,500 Federals under the command of Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel.

Later today a color guard marched in an Armed Forces Day parade at the site of the battle in New Market.



TREASURED POSSESSION—This reproduction of a painting of Gen. Robert E. Lee, resting at a camp while traveling back to Richmond after his surrender at Appomattox, is being admired here by its owner, Sammie Owen of 1371 Rivermont Ave. Miss Owen, who collects books and paintings of the Confederate leader, says it is one of the few paintings showing Traveler, Lee's horse, unsaddled.

(Staff Photo by James A. Hodges)

Birthday Tomorrow

Woman Owns Rare View of Lee

By JAMES A. HODGES

The most valuable item in the Gen. Robert E. Lee collection of Sammie Owen of 1371 Rivermont Ave. is a reproduction of a little-known painting of the Confederate leader, whose birthday will be celebrated tomorrow.

It shows General Lee resting on a fallen tree at an overnight camp while traveling back to Richmond after his surrender at Appomattox. Back of him is his horse, Traveler.

Carl Gutherz, a Swiss artist, painted the original after coming to this country about 1870. It hung

in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington until it was destroyed by fire in the 1880s.

Miss Owen, a trained nurse, UDC member and ardent collector of books and paintings about Lee, found a print of the original and commissioned Helen Mahood McGehee, a Lynchburg artist now residing in Tampa, Fla., to reproduce it in color. The reproduction was painted some 15 years ago.

A member of the William Watts Chapter of the UDC at Roanoke, Miss Owen is a native of Bedford County. Her uncle, Robert Owen, fought under Lee at Appomattox

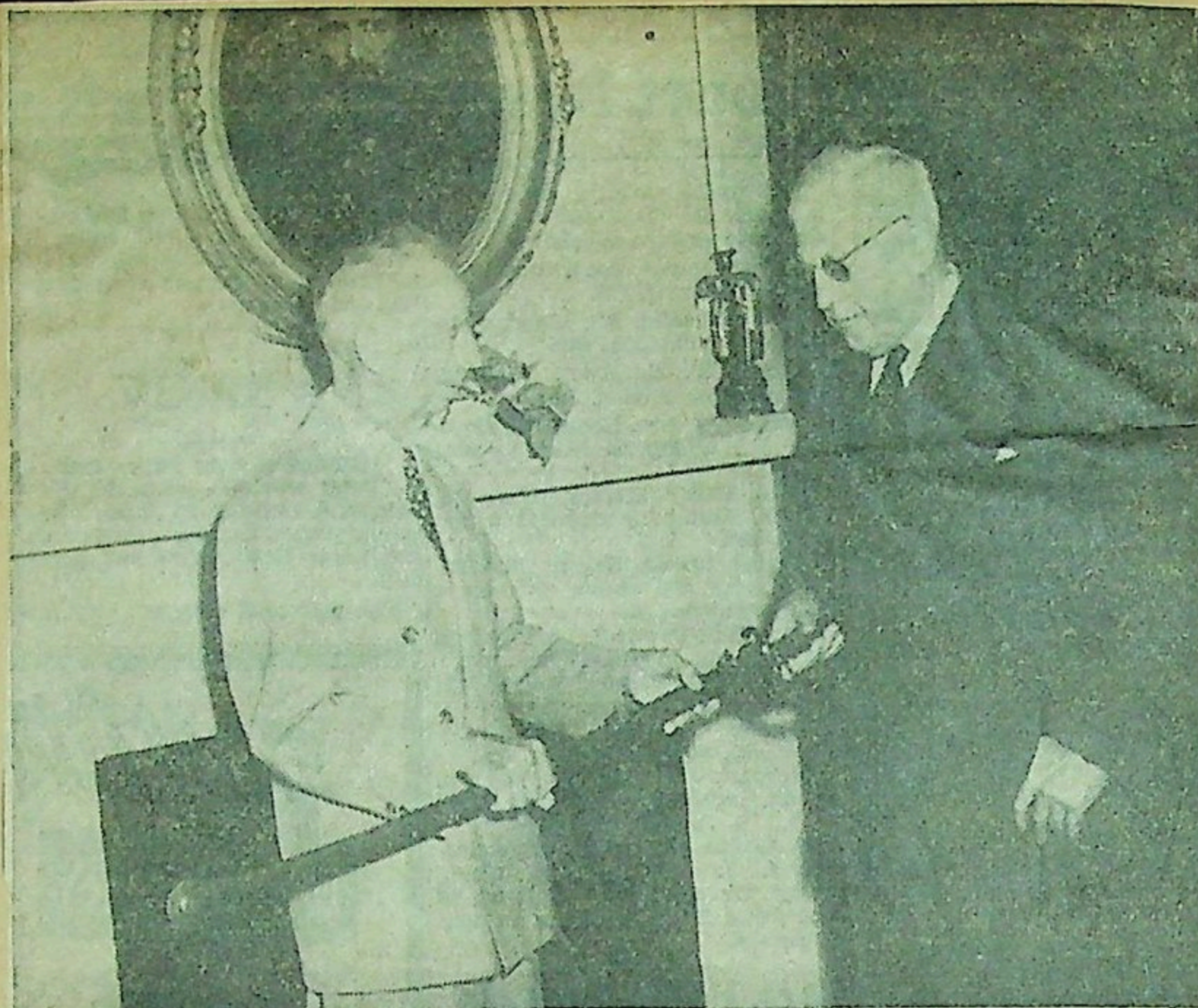
and was wounded about the time of the surrender.

"He was shot in the sternum, through and through," said Miss Owen pointing to her chest. "But just before he passed out he said, 'There is no North and there is no South' and that's the way I feel."

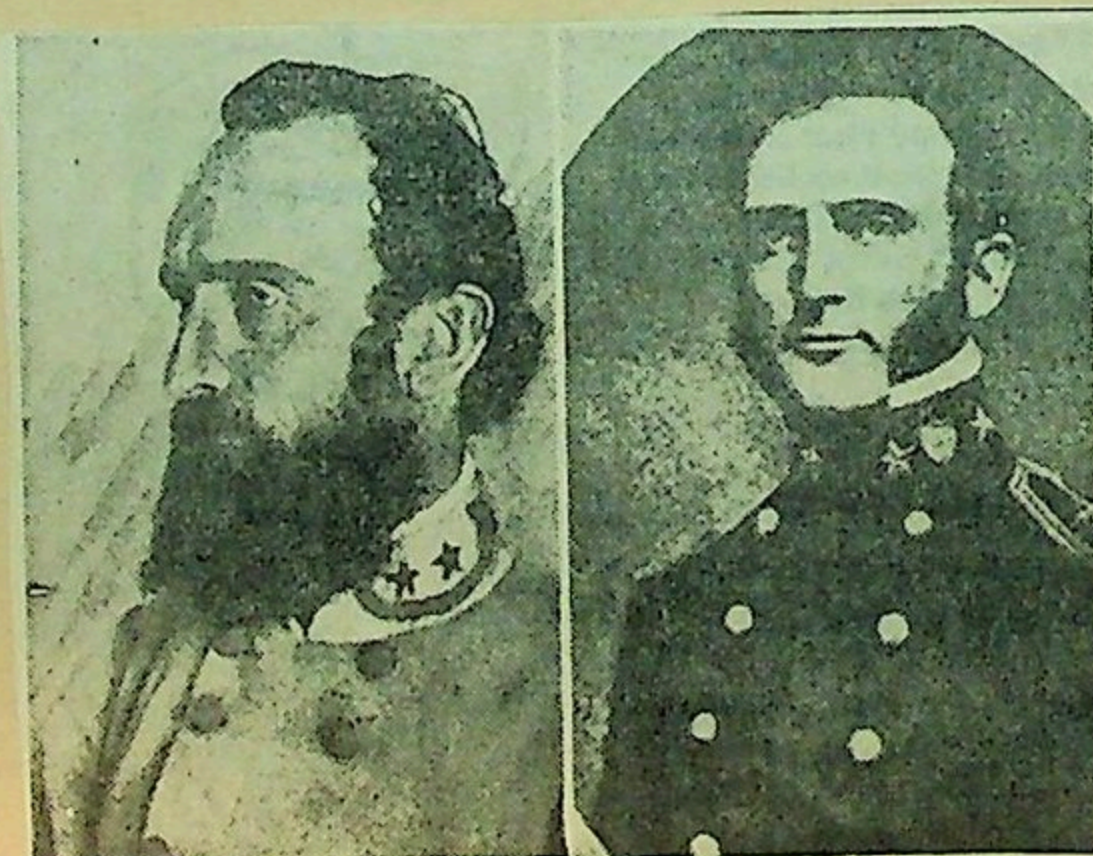
Although the hole in her uncle's chest was as big as "a guinea's egg," Miss Owen said he recovered and lived to a ripe old age.

A small Confederate flag was pinned on the left lapel of Miss Owen's dress.

"I hope I have it turned the right way," she said. "You know that's very important."



JACKSON'S SWORD PRESENTED—Thomas Jackson Arnold Jr., of Elkins, W. Va., (left) great great nephew of Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, presents a sword used by the general in the Mexican War to Jay W. Johns of Charlottesville, president of the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Corporation. The presentation took place at Jackson's home, recently opened as an historic shrine in Lexington, where the sword, along with a spur worn by the General, will be displayed.



GENERAL JACKSON
During the Civil War

STONEWALL JACKSON
As a Second Lieutenant

General Stonewall Jackson Showed Stamina As Youth

By MRS. J. A. YARBROUGH

Wednesday, January the twenty-first, will be the 129th birthday anniversary of Stonewall Jackson.

He was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, then a part of Virginia, January 21, 1824, the youngest of four children, two older brothers and a sister, Laura.

Much has been written about the military genius of Stonewall Jackson and it is a well-known fact that some of his tactics in war are still employed today, such as his strategy of surprise attacks, his famous flank movements and other maneuvers which brought demoralization to the enemy. Little, however, is known of his youth and the normal trend of his boyhood for he is usually depicted as the austere instructor at Virginia Military Institute or the stern, relentless warrior.

His granddaughter, Julia Christian, now Mrs. Randolph Preston of Washington, D. C., has gathered from various sources facts of his life which will appeal to young and old alike and show that he was really a normal adventurous boy. His nephew and namesake, Thomas Jackson Arnold, the son of his sister, often visited in his home in Lexington, Va., and wrote several books which contain stories of his illustrious uncle. Mr. Roy Bird Cooke of Charleston, West Virginia, made a life study of the subject of General Jackson, his ancestors and history. From books he wrote, Mrs. Preston obtained some of these stories.

LIVED IN CHARLOTTE

After the early death of Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Jackson reared the two children, Julia and Thomas, in her first home on West Trade Street, now the site of the Stonewall Hotel. After her marriage to Randolph Preston, Julia continued to live in Charlotte until 18 years ago when they moved to Washington. She remembers vividly people and places in Charlotte but is afraid after long absence and very infrequent visits back, that she has been forgotten. But that is not the case. No one who knew her can forget that unaffected charm of manner and personality so like her beloved grandmother.

Her mother, Julia Jackson, was only six months old when General Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville during the War Between the States and she was reared by Mrs. Jackson at the home of her father, Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, in Lincoln County and in Charlotte at the West Trade Street home until her marriage to Mr. Christian.

General Jackson's father, Jonathan, was a handsome, successful lawyer who married Julia Beck with Neale of Clarksburg. With their four children they lived a happy life in the little town until the illness and death of the eldest

chestnut tree which still stands near Clarksburg. As the coon refused to come down they sent a small darky up to scare him out, but the coon put up such a fight the little boy fell out of the tree, not badly hurt but rolling his eyes in terror and declaring it was "not a coon but a bear in that thar tree."

Young Jackson went up the tree and clubbed the coon out, which made him the hero of the occasion.

He caught fish and turtles in the river. During a spring freshet he attempted to cross a stream but the current was so swift he was swept over the dam and had to swim ashore. Nothing daunted this brave boy who was ready for each new adventure. Once when he had caught a three foot pike he was offered a dollar for it but he said, "Sir, the fish is already sold." The man said, "Tom, I'll give you \$1.25 for it." He replied, "I can't take it, sir. Mr. H — and I have an agreement that I am to furnish him fish for 50 cents apiece and some are very small. Now this one is large and it is only 50 cents according to our agreement."

LIKED BOOKS

Thomas was a diligent reader and often rode to neighbors to borrow coveted books, which he read and returned.

All the kinfolk seemed kind and interested in these children and Thomas seemed perfectly happy with his Uncle Cummins and absorbed in his life there. Then he and Warren went to visit their mother's brother, Alfred Neale, who lived on a beautiful island of 150 acres in the Ohio River. He purchased the island and in clearing the land, sold enough wood to passing steamboats to pay for it and so became the owner of a beautiful and valuable farm. To Warren, 16, and Thomas, 14, this was a success story to fire the imagination. Over the protest of the Neales, they set out and made their way down the river until they reached the southwest corner of Kentucky where they spent a year. Little is known of this period of their lives except that they did not make a fortune and were always reluctant to talk about their experiences. The relatives got the impression that Warren wanted to stay but Thomas got homesick.

They finally returned by steamboat, landing at their Uncle Neal's island from which they had set forth with such high hopes, bringing all their worldly goods—two new trunks. After a few days they set out on foot and as they could not carry the trunks, Thomas gave his to his sister. She kept it all her life. Her son, T. J. Arnold, related this story. The hardships and exposure of this adventure

boy who had typhoid fever. His father contracted the disease in nursing him and three weeks later he too passed away. The young widow made a desperate effort to provide for her family with her needle until she later married Captain Blake Woodson, a lawyer in Clarksburg.

As she was in such poor health she could not care for her children, it was decided to send Warren to an uncle and Laura and Thomas to their maternal grandmother. Thomas who was then about six, was so upset over leaving his mother he hid in the woods and only with the greatest coaxing was he persuaded to come out and start the journey. But they spent several happy years with their grandmother. Then came the message for the children to hurry to the bedside of their dying mother, where they arrived in time to receive her blessing and prayers for their future.

GOES TO UNCLE

Their grandmother died soon after and they were sent to live with an aunt. After a time Thomas got restless, left without any warning and appeared at the home of his uncle, Cummins Jackson at Jackson's Mill, saying he had come to stay. A most determined little boy he showed himself to be. He stayed on much to the satisfaction of both himself and his uncle who was very fond of him.

Cummins Jackson was a prosperous man who owned beside a fine farm, a race track. Thomas attended the chickens and sheep and as he grew older his uncle let him ride the horses. At 12 he could ride as well as the older boys in the races. He loved fox and deer hunts and trapped rabbits in the forests. A big grove of sugar maples was his especial property and in sap season he learned to tap the trees and make maple sugar. He made a canoe by hewing out the inside of a log and fashioned the trunk with his hands. In this improvised ferry boat he took his sister Laura out when she came to visit.

He went coon hunting with other boys, slaves and dogs. One night they located a coon in an immense

had a bad effect on both boys and Warren succumbed to consumption dying at 19 years of age.

BECOMES DEPUTY

Thomas lived on with his Uncle Cummins near Clarksburg until at the age of sixteen, through his uncle's influence, he was appointed deputy sheriff of the county, a tribute to his steady habits and strong character. His record was so fine for honesty and fairness that when there came a vacancy to West Point young Jackson was appointed. Unprepared as he was in his books he went to Washington, passed the entrance examination, graduated and was sent almost immediately to Mexico which was at war with the United States. Because of his daring leadership and courage he rose from the rank of lieutenant to major at the age of twenty-four.

General Jackson loved children and a supreme joy was his when he held in his arms his little daughter, Julia, who was six months old when he was so suddenly removed from the earthly scene of his labors by the tragedy of war. Julia Jackson married William E. Christian and they were the parents of Mrs. Preston and Thomas J. J. Christian.

"My grandfather was visting in the home of my husband's grandfather when the little girl of the household climbed on his knee and admired the gold braided band on his cap which he held," said Mrs. Preston. "He at once removed the band and wove it around her golden curls, much to her delight. As an old lady she told me this story"

"The first Negro Sunday School in this country was started by Gen. Jackson and this little girl's father Colonel J. T. L. Preston, in the Presbyterian church in Lexington, Va. There the little slaves were taught not only the Bible but to read and write, such was his love for and interest in children both black and white."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

GROUND BREAKING CEREMONY

MEMORIAL BUILDING
to the
WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY



APRIL 18, 1955
11:00 A.M.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA
DIVISION

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OLD DOMINION CHAPTER
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

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