

**National Civil War Association**

# **Dispatch**

**SEPTEMBER 2019**



**NCWA1863.org**

**P.O. Box 266, Santa Clara, California 95052**

**NEXT COMBINED BOARD MEETING:**

**Saturday, October 12, 2019, 11:00 a.m.**

**Round Table Pizza, 878 Southampton Road, Benicia, CA 94510**

## **TO MERGE OR NOT TO MERGE— THAT IS THE QUESTION**

Dwindling membership and participation has brought the possibility of a merge of the NCWA and the ACWA to the fore. If we wish to continue in this hobby, we need to examine the ways in which we can make the activity more viable.

Last month two different polls were posted, one on Facebook and one in this newsletter. They were simply opinion polls to inquire about the feeling of the membership in regard to researching a merge of the NCWA and the ACWA to create a single larger club. A grand total of 27 people responded, 10 in favor and 17 against. That is a pretty small percentage of the membership. However, the majority of the folks who responded are in favor of retaining the NCWA as a separate entity, rather than merging. If we are to continue as an individual club, we need to think about ways to achieve this. The issue will most certainly be discussed at the next Combined Board meeting on October 12.

Elections are also coming up soon, and all positions are open. One of the things we desperately need is for people to step forward to fill those positions and make this an actual election, rather than a shanghaiing expedition. So if you are interested in the governance of this club, please go for it! It may not take as much time and effort as you think.

Melani Van Petten  
Secretary, NCWA



# FROM THE PRESIDENT

Brothers in arms, fellow reenactors, lend me your ears:

I am very pleased to announce that we are returning to Half Moon Bay. The Pub across the highway from the event site still has a picture of some union cavalry with the Johnston House in the background. Let's make a point to get another picture up on that wall from this year. The owner has offered a discount on pitchers of beer. This is promising to be a great event.

Marysville is right around the corner. Let's hope the bridge construction debris is out of our way. RACW has been contacted to attend, as this is a good way for us to get more involvement from new faces. The local Lions Club will be running some concessions and running the gate for the club. If anyone would like to be the "Door Man" please feel free to contact me to arrange for a time—we need to have someone who is a member of the club to be at the gate to answer any questions about the club. This is a great way to recruit for your unit.

The week following the Marysville event we have our regular Combined Board meeting at the Benicia Round Table Pizza. There is a section of events to plan for and dates to be set. This is an important meeting to attend to determine what events we are going to put on our calendar. On September 28 there is a Beer festival in Elk Grove at a future 2020 event site. This is a very large site location, a must see for all. Any of you who would like to attend in uniform are welcome to do so. Please feel free to contact me for further instructions. There is free micro craft beer available.

Sincerely

Jon Nickerson-Tremayne



# FROM THE MAYOR'S DESK

Our Tres Pinos/Three Pines event was fantastic again this year. Although attendance was down, both among reenactors and Public, those of us who made the event had an enjoyable weekend. The weather was pleasant, the battle scenarios ran well, and we were certainly appreciated by the local residents. The school kids on Friday enjoyed the chance to learn about the Civil War 'up close and personal'. I understand plans are already underway for next year!

I actually had a visit one day from one of the local teachers who had brought her class two years ago. She was out with two of her own children and remembered some of the information I had given her class. She said that the kids discussed all of the information they received at the School Day and were really impressed. It's always nice to hear that what we do has an impact!

And now—on to our Fall events. We have an event in October, again with a School Day, that I am really excited about! This is in Marysville, with the Education Day on Friday, October 4, and the event days on Saturday and Sunday, October 5 and 6. We can arrive on Thursday for School Day set up. As a special treat, the Civilian Corps is hosting a small dessert get-together on Friday evening from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. We will be providing light snacks and beverages. This is open to ALL event participants (let's see who reads the *Dispatch*...) so please stop by and say Hi!

In addition, the Civilian Town Council (Susan Pfiefer, Town Clerk; Debra Johnson, Vice-Mayor; Lynne Ashby, Mayor) will be hosting a Tea for all ladies in attendance at the event. To help us with planning, please let us know you will be attending the event. Whether you camp with the Military or in our town of Crossroads, please plan to join us on Saturday afternoon. Further details will go out at the event.

As promised, we have something special planned for our November event in Half Moon Bay. We will be holding a Fall Apple Dessert contest!! We are still finalizing the details, but now is the time to get those recipes out for your favorite apple based desserts; think pies, cobblers, baked goods, yummm...More details on the specifics in our next Dispatch. The competition is open to everyone, so let's see what everyone comes up with!

See you all in Marysville!

Lynne Ashby, Mayor ([townplanner@comcast.net](mailto:townplanner@comcast.net))

Debra Johnson, Vice Mayor ([johnsonholland@sbcglobal.net](mailto:johnsonholland@sbcglobal.net))

Susan Pfiefer, Town Clerk ([spfieffer@comcast.net](mailto:spfieffer@comcast.net))







Nine out of ten doctors say that listening to long,  
boring speeches after a hot battle can be  
hazardous to your health.

# TRES PINOS—AFTER ACTION REPORT

*By Matthew White*

When I first joined this hobby in 2016, I was sitting by the fire talking to Gabe Johnson about Tres Pinos, and he talked about how we would get to fight through a town. This marks my fourth Tres Pinos with Daniel Joseph and "the **cráic** was grand!" ( We had great fun).

I took Friday off from work but Danny had no such luck, so we arrived early Saturday. Since it was early Saturday it took us only 1 hour 43 minutes to make it down from MTZ, and I drive like an old lady. We arrived in plenty of time to set up. As per usual, I managed to forget parts to the new tent Danny purchased from Marcelo but Jeff came to our rescue as did Logan and Gabe and we managed to get the bastard up. Then I managed to get my brand new 7 foot cots into a 6 ft tent. I could still my father's voice saying, "Son, if you had two brains your head would rattle."

Tim and Rick, seeing our plight, offered us breakfast of eggs and bacon. We had to fight off the wasps but it was tasty. This was repeated again on Sunday morning so the food supplemented my usual tea and oatmeal.

Saturday I was a private, so I was able to refresh my meager drilling skills under the tutelage of Logan with Jeff in the back to help us out. I might be the only person who likes to drill, but I want to look good and I, personally, need lots of practice. (Please reference the second paragraph of this report). Logan and Jeff are good teachers because when you screw up they are very patient. I have been known to test peoples' patience—if only you could speak to my father, God rest his soul.

**THE 8TH OHIO** was a formidable presence in the ranks of the Union troops. We were understaffed, but what we lacked in quantity we make up in quality. I apologize in advance if I left anyone out, but besides the previously mentioned persons we had Dominic, Norm, Austin, and a new recruit "Carl". Marcelo was in overall command; otherwise our ranks changed frequently during the weekend, depending on the need. Sounds like a real company, right? Besides us the Fighting 69th NY (ACWA) was there, as were the lads of the 1st MN. Across the field from us were the Confederate troops with Glen in command. He had under his command the 1st SC Sharpshooters, the 24th Georgia (poor misguided Irish boys), and elements of a couple of VA regiments.

Our three battles this weekend were of the skirmishing variety. We were out in the fields and moving through the town. After the first battle on Saturday, Colonel Pontin warned us about rebel sympathizers in town and specifically said we should not go into the tavern. So, naturally, Danny and I went to the pub—what else were we to do? They took down the sign that said NINA so we didn't put fire to it after we left. They had a vast variety of soft drinks, so we had a couple of root beers and walked over to harass the English merchant and talk to the lime-juice sailor he had guarding his establishment. I then took a turn at assaulting poor unsuspecting civilians walking about. Granted, I am no match for John M., but they seemed to enjoy my stories. We stopped by to see Becky, the soap lady. My wife has plenty of soap but Becky pointed out there was a lady selling pottery and I purchased a garlic roaster from her to give to Herself, she-who-must-be-obeyed.

Our last battle, Saturday, ended in time so that Danny and I could go to Mass at Immaculate Conception at 5:00 p.m., in uniform. Some people saw us there and most people smelled us there and I saw a few of them come down on Sunday to watch our battle.

Dinner on Saturday by Tim followed, and then we went off to the town hall to dance. Dominic can shake a leg and he led us through some steps as we didn't have a dance caller. Marcelo provided the music and the usice bheatha out on the front porch. We went back to camp and sang from Marcelo's playlist. The nearby wineries don't need to fire off rockets to chase away the crows—they just need a recording of **THE 8TH OHIO** singing. The problem is that might scare off the employees as well as the crows.

Sunday we all got paid and, being acting 1st Sergeant, I was first to be paid and the first to have his pay deducted for questionable accusations of misconduct. These deductions went to the mysterious Widows and Orphans Fund that Logan administers. Then I was asked for additional comments on each man who came up to receive wages. So remember, lads, be nice to your 1st Sergeant, especially on payday!

After our last battle I was in no hurry to pack up. I just wanted to hang around my friends for a while. Finally, we had to go and we left early enough that the traffic wasn't too bad. So here I am writing this report before I clean my rifles, oil my brogans, and get ready to face the week. I smile thinking that while I might be a second rate physical therapist for an HMO, every month of so, I am a soldier in **THE 8TH OHIO**, Co. B, Hibernian Guards. Thank you all for making a place for Danny and me in your fine company.

Your most humble servant,

Pvt. M. White  
8th Ohio, Co. B, Hibernian Guards



*Sketch by Scott Borello*

## SNUFF THE CIVIL WAR DOG

Patrick,

April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1863

Now it's been a while since I've penned a thing to you, but you must know how busy a man I am what with the new wife and all. I do thank you for the money you sent and you'll be wanting to know your dear sweet sister-in-law is now a free woman with the papers to prove it. I've been in a wee bit of trouble with local America-Firsters here, but naught that can't be handled with a bit of tin or a bigger piece of wood, if you take what I mean. Of course the police won't involve themselves but that may be set to change as they are bringing on more and more of the home folks since all have gone to the war. Who would believe an Irish policeman? Most of us are used to seeing the inside of a gaol house from the other side of the bars!

I mean to tell you news, brother, and as they say here in America, I've got good news and bad news. I believe the bad news is to be first as that's the way it's usually done.

Well now, it started about three weeks ago when your sweet wife came to call on us. She got on well with my woman and before long they were a cackling like hens (though with one southern accent and one brogue going, like as not half of what was said wasn't understood). Well, she brought that old dog of yours, Snuff, along and asked me to care for the animal as it was too much of a trial for her. I saw her point right off as a meaner, lazier; more God forsaken piece of cur was never made. I am believing the dog wasn't born but was spawned in the nether regions. But, being the saintly family man I am, I agreed to watch the thing at least until you got back from the war or until I got my fill and sold him to the Chinese man who runs the eatery down the way.

Things would have been alright, as I was getting used to the rag of fur and even to his smell. But it was not to be Patrick. Now let me tell you about the squirrels here. They aren't the pretty red things we have back home in Eire, fluffy tailed and minding their business in the trees. No sir, these Yankee squirrels are scrawny and mean and rat like.

Not just that, but they are as bold as you please and can you believe one just came to my door and perched on the stoop as if he owned the place! Now I'm no lover of the bush tailed rats, but it seems that Snuff hated them twice as much. Well, no sooner did the dog see the damned thing then off he took like a bolt! I've never seen the mutt run so fast unless there was food at the end. Quick as a wink he's out the door.

This was first in the morning, and the lamp man had not come around to put out the street lamps and off goes Snuff right into the street, straight in front of a beer wagon.

The driver, being much kinder than I, swerved to avoid the dog and ran smack into a lamp. Now of course, the barrels all teetered on the wagon (I'm guessing whoever had tied them down had been at the beer beforehand) and the lamp pole goes over like a sapling.

Of all the continents and places and oceans in the world, the lamp decided to land in the worse place it could, right through the front window of the Chinese laundry two doors down. They make the lamps pretty well I suppose as the flame did not go out in the fall but fell smack into a pile of shirts and such which soon fired up like the devils under drawers.

Now we've got that insane dog of yours running about after the squirrel and raising the dead with his yelping, a wagon of beer a tipping in the street and a Chinese laundry pretty well blazing by now. Still, it might not have been so bad except the Chinaman who ran the laundry was keeping a store of fireworks inside to celebrate some heathen festival or other. Maybe the Lord might have been kinder and the fire would not have reached the rockets and such, but, it was not to be. Worst yet, the sparks touched off the fireworks just as the local constable was running to see what the commotion was.

One of them Chinese infernals picked that minute to go shooting off and swoosh- bang straight between the peeler's legs, knocking him head over heels. He shook himself and started

to blow on his whistle and then took out a revolver and commenced to shooting at the laundry. I guess he was trying to kill the offending firecrackers.

Well, you know we have a militia guard company nearby and one of our patriotic citizens ran over to tell them that General Lee was invading the laundry across the way and could they please turn out the guard to stop the evil rebel hordes. Now being militia, they tended to act about three days before they thought about what they were doing and so they come running, some in their drawers and hats and that's all.

In the meantime, some of them beer barrels had commenced to leaking and the street was a might slippery. Sure enough, one of them barefooted militia boys hit a wet patch and did two flips before he hit the ground. But, when he was a flipping, so was his musket, and damned if it didn't land bayonet down right in one of the beer wagon horse's hindquarters. Of course the horse, being a civilian and all, was not used to such treatment, so up he rears and tries to run, which was just enough to loosen the barrels so off they come.

If the hill on the street had run the other way, it might have been better, but it happened to run down straight towards them militia boys. Now I don't want to cast aspersions on our brave home guard, and may be they would face down Stonewall Jackson and spit in his eye. But somehow those twenty stone barrels of beer headed their way was too much and off they run, smack into the Fire Brigade which was coming up the other way.

Being slightly smarter than militia, the firemen sidestepped the barrels and drug most of the soldiers with them. I hear that most of the barrels ended up two blocks away in the Irish section and were empty when recovered. But you see, Patrick, those fireman were a bit offended at being run into and waylaid by a bunch of home-guard and rebel beer barrels. One thing led to another and they commenced to fisting it out. Now the policemen who showed up were torn between their patriotic duty and the loyalty to their fair city's public servants, so they waded in about half and half.

While all this was going on (and Snuff hadn't caught the squirrel yet), the laundry was pretty well on its way to burning to the ground. The neighbors and myself fetched buckets and kept the fire from spreading but it was too late and old Chin Won was out one building. Of course he was renting that building from Mike Bailey, a local landlord with ties to some unsavory partners and a pretty heated disposition. He has left town, I hear and I hope he made it back to China as that's where he started out for if he had any sense.

So on about midday, when the dust and ash had pretty well settled and the noses had stopped bleeding, the story came out how the whole thing was started by a dog running into the street. Pretty soon everyone wanted to know whose dog it was, and I did not tell one bit of a lie when I swore it wasn't mine.

Now Patrick, before this when I was watching that wretched animal, he treated me as if I had plague. No amount of whistling, baiting, tempting or cajoling could get that animal to come to me. He would look the other way and feign deafness to avoid me. But, brother, just then, when everyone was looking for the man to blame with violence in their eyes, up comes Snuff. And I'll be damned if he didn't walk right up, lick my hand and sit down right next to me!

So what it comes to is this Patrick. In fear of my life, I had to speak up and tell them the dog was yours and I was just minding it while you were bravely and nobly serving the Union. That swayed them from a lynching but, sadly, you owe right around eight hundred seventy three dollars and seven cents in liability and restitution. I recommend it comes soon as Mike Bailey has just a small bit of kindness and patience to spread around.

Oh, I nearly forgot the good news. While all of this commotion was going on, a barrel ran over the squirrel and it is dead!

Your Faithful Brother,  
James McKenna



# **2019 CIVIL WAR REENACTING SCHEDULE**

<b>DATES</b>	<b>EVENT</b>	<b>SPONSOR</b>
<b>October 5-6</b> School Day October 4	<b>Marysville</b>	<b>NCWA, RACW</b>
<b>October 10-20</b>	<b>Kearney Park</b>	<b>ACWA</b>
<b>November 9-10</b> School Day November 8	<b>Half Moon Bay</b>	<b>NCWA</b>

**FOR MORE INFORMATION  
AND MORE EVENTS,  
PLEASE GO TO  
[NCWA1863.ORG/EVENT-CALENDAR/](http://NCWA1863.ORG/EVENT-CALENDAR/)**

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<b>Union Colonel</b> Email	Bishop, Dan <i>dwbishop75@yahoo.com</i>

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