

THE CHARGER

April, 2002

396 Meeting

Vol. 23 #8

Tonight's topic:

"UNVEXED TO THE SEA" THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN

Control of the Mississippi River was of vital importance to the federal government as it would furnish an effective way to bring troops and supplies for the projected invasion of the South's western regions and also cut off Texas, Arkansas, and much of Louisiana from the rest of the Confederate states.

By the Fall of 1862, the Union had cleared the river of all Confederate forces except for the two strongholds of Vicksburg in Mississippi and Port Hudson in Louisiana, some seventy-five miles north of New Orleans.

In October 1862, Major General Ulysses S. Grant was appointed commander of the Department of Tennessee and almost immediately moved to capture Vicksburg.

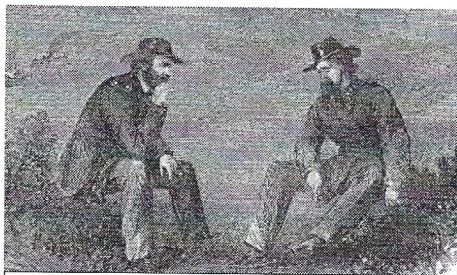
Lieutenant General John Pemberton had 32,000 Confederate troops in the area to defend the city and his immediate superior, General Joseph E. Johnston had another 6,000 men at the state's capital of Jackson, to the east of Vicksburg.

On March 31, Grant moved his 41,000 army downriver, along its western shore, so as to cross it south of Vicksburg, cut its supply lines from Jackson, and then swing west and attack the east side of the city.

Grant crossed to the east side of the river on April 30. He headed for the Mississippi capital of Jackson and General Johnston's 6,000 troops. The Confederates fled the Capital.

From Jackson, Grant headed due west defeating Pemberton at the battle of Champion Hill, about halfway between Jackson and Vicksburg.

Grant followed the retreating confederates to Vicksburg. This started a siege of the city that was to last six weeks until its surrender on July 4, 1863.



The original drawing in Harper's Weekly of the meeting of Pemberton and Grant, July 3, 1863.

Tonight's speaker:

Terry Winschel

Terry Winschel is the chief historian at the Vicksburg Military Park in Vicksburg Mississippi.

Terry is coming to talk to us about his book, **"Triumph & Defeat, The Vicksburg Campaign"**

Terry has written and edited several books and articles on the Civil War and is a favorite on the speaker tour. More important, Terry is best remember to the Cleveland CWRT as our guide on our 1995 field trip to Vicksburg.

Date: Wednesday
April 10, 2002

Place: The Cleveland
Playhouse Club
8501 Carnegie Ave.

Time: Drinks 6 PM
Dinner 7 PM

Reservations: Please Call
JAC Communications
(216) 861-5588

Meal choice: Swiss Steak or Chicken

CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE

FOUNDED 1957

President: Bill McGrath - (216) 491-9314
Vice President: Maynard Bauer - (440) 838-8939
Secretary: Warren McClelland - (216) 751-8564
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Dick Crews -editor

Website: **SEARCH** Cleveland Civil War Roundtable
email: rcrews5369@aol.com

The Cleveland Civil War Roundtable is open to anyone with an interest in the American Civil War. The 130 members of the Roundtable, who's membership varies from 12 to 90 years old, share a belief that the American Civil War was the **defining** event in United States history.

The Roundtable normally meets on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May, at a private club of the Cleveland Playhouse, 8501 Carnegie, next to the Cleveland Clinic.

Yearly Dues: \$40.00 Dinner: \$20.00

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

APRIL, 2002

I hope all that attended last months Evening with Mary Lincoln enjoyed it as much as I did. I certainly gained a different perspective on Mrs. Lincoln and her life. Craig Schermer did a magnificent job in interpreting the president's wife.

This month we go to Vicksburg for a fascinating view of the Vicksburg campaign. Terry Winchel, the park historian at Vicksburg National Military Park, is our presenter. A few members will remember Terry as one of our memorable guides when we visited Vicksburg on our fall field trip several years ago.

Don't forget to purchase tickets for our raffle of Keith Rocco's signed and numbered limited edition print. The tickets will be sold over the next two meeting with the drawing to be held at out May meeting. You **DO NOT** have to be present to win this wonderful piece of art. (Ticker prices: \$1 for one or \$5 for 7 – proceeds will go to CW battlefield preservation)

Just a reminder about our May meeting: John Coski, Author and Researcher for the Museum of the Confederacy. Subject: Capitol Navy, The confederate ships that defended Richmond, Wednesday, May 8, 2002, invite a friend, but remember, make your reservations early.

See you on Wednesday, April 10!

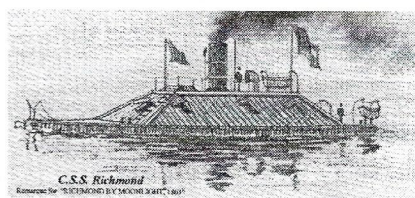
Bill McGrath

Volunteers Needed !!

Lee Burneson Middle School in Westlake is again having a Civil War Encampment on Wednesday, May 15, 2002, 6PM to 9:30PM. We need volunteers to explain parts of the Civil War to these 8th graders. They need four or five volunteers from our roundtable to staff the Encampment.

If you can help, call Mel Maurer 1988 Sperry Forge Trail Westlake, OH 44145, (440) 808-1249.
Email: melmaurer@juno.com.

May 8, 2002 "Guest Night"



Capital Navy

*Confederate Navy
guarding Richmond*

John Coski

Historian and Library Director,
Museum of the Confederacy

"EYE OF THE STORM"

by Robert Sneden

reviewed by John C. Fazio

It has been described as the most important Civil War memoir since Ulysses S. Grant's (1885). In my judgment, it is that and more, "It" is *Eye of She Storm*, the abridged version of the memoirs of Private Robert Knox Sneden (presumably pronounced Sneddon). Condensed and edited by Charles F. Bryan, Jr., and Nelson D Lankford, both of the Virginia Historical Society (Richmond) and published by The Free Press, a division of Simon & Schuster (New York), copyright 2000. It is an extraordinary chronicle of the war as seen through the eyes of a foot soldier, or at least as much of it as the author saw, which was probably as much or more than anyone else.

Sneden wrote prolifically. He kept diaries of his experiences and used these and shorthand notes that he made during periods of incarceration (which he sewed into his clothing to avoid detection), and at other times when diary-keeping was impossible, to prepare six volumes of memoirs, one of which was destroyed by fire. The five remaining comprise some 5,000 pages! He complemented this monumental effort with nearly 1,000 maps and watercolor paintings of fine "quality, many of which are reproduced in *Eye of She Storm*. This gold mine lay undiscovered and largely unknown until 1993, when first about 500 of his watercolors were found in a Connecticut bank vault, and then the memoirs and another 500 or so paintings were retrieved from oblivion in Arizona,

As a Private in the 40th New York Volunteers (The Mozart Regiment), he covers (the period September 29, 1861, through December 26, 1864, including detailed descriptions of the Peninsula Campaign and Second Bull Run, Confederate prisons in Richmond (Virginia), Salisbury (North Carolina), Andersonville, Savannah and Millen (Georgia) and Florence (South Carolina). A self-styled architect and engineer by trade, he found ready employment in the Army of the Potomac as a mapmaker, a skill that often took him out of the trenches and into the tents and quarters of his superiors and even into the

bars and restaurants of hotels (including the Willard in Washington) where he hob-nobbed with officers and politicians. His narrative and his paintings reflect his trade: precise, detailed, graphic, unsentimental and unadorned. Listen to his assessment of General McClellan, which is instructive, particularly for those holdouts among us who persist in defending him: General McClellan was not on the ground (as usual) until the battle [Malvern Hill] was over. He was off with Commodore [John] Rogers, who commanded the gunboats ten miles down [the] James River, selecting a



Robert Sneden

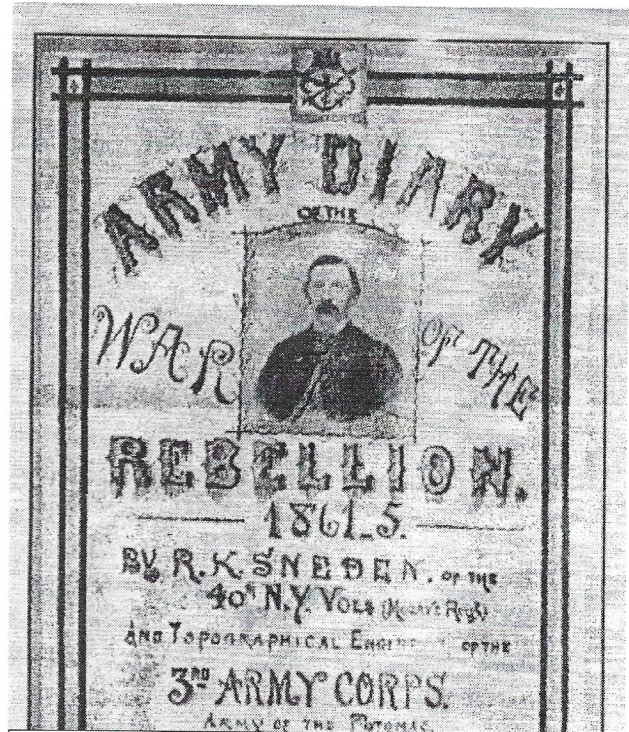
new and safer position for the Army for the morrow! When the enemy attacked us yesterday he was safe on board the *Galena*. Today he is safe enough where there is no enemy, thus depriving all his corps and division commanders of his abilities and counsel...McClellan had first placed the troops in position this morning before leaving... And as there was no headquarters staff, every general did as he pleased in changing battle lines during the day. But the Army of the Potomac has fought so many battles without Generals! McClellan's supervision or assistance, that he is not missed when the fighting commences! His cautionary measures are so well known that the corps commanders win battles, and move troops to ensure the enemy's defeat, and are not hampered with McClellan's orders or presence, though McClellan gets all the credit. The fighting generals, such as Heintzelman, Sumner, Kearney, Hooker, Sedgwick, Richardson, and others, have a profound contempt for General McClellan's fighting qualities, and several officers high in command denounce him without stint... The army was saved in spite of General McClellan's ignorance of the situation in the front of battle.

Sneden was captured in the early morning hours of November 27, 1863, by partisans of the "Gray Ghost," John Singleton Mosby. He spent the next year in the Confederate prison system, his descriptions of which are aptly termed "Hell on Earth." If we ever needed proof that human nature is the same everywhere, and that we as a people are capable of the same unspeakable cruelties and atrocities that our enemies are known to have committed and, in some cases, to have been tried for and convicted of, these descriptions are surely that. Sneden, of course, knew only the inside of Confederate prisons and therefore did not describe, and probably didn't know about, conditions in Federal prisons, including our own Johnson's Island, which were better, but not by much. His narrative of this period fills the reader with loathing and contempt for the camp commandants who were responsible for this barbarism, and loathing and contempt for Jefferson Davis, who, because he refused to exchange black soldiers, was the first to block prisoner exchange, but loathing and contempt, too, for Union generals who also stood in the way of exchange - like Butler, Grant and Sherman - for reasons that were not without some merit, granted, but which, in the last analysis, simply were not good enough to consign so many thousands of good and loyal men to almost indescribable suffering and ghastly deaths. Almost thirteen thousand died and are buried at Andersonville alone (from smallpox, dysentery, scurvy, malnutrition, infections and what was called "nostalgia," another term for simply giving up). The treatment of prisoners of war by both sides in the Civil War must surely rank among the darkest stains in our history, alongside the middle passage and slavery, the unjust war and unjust peace with Mexico in the 1840's, the near annihilation of the Indians and the incarceration of Japanese-Americans during World War II. A few excerpts:

From Crew and Pemberton Prison (Richmond):

The stove smokes yet at a terrible rate. Everyone has sore eyes and the coughing is constant. We have to open all the windows and the Rebel guard down below thought we had set the building on fire. A thick East River fog in New York is nothing to it. A large rat was taken out of the mess bucket among the bean soup. At the bottom of course. It was in a boiled condition, and caused some merriment. We had eaten all the soup. So our stomachs

did turn on us.... The rat was thrown out of the win-



Sneden's own cover for his manuscript, which has been published as "Eye of the Storm."

dow and hit one of the guards on the sidewalk square in the face....

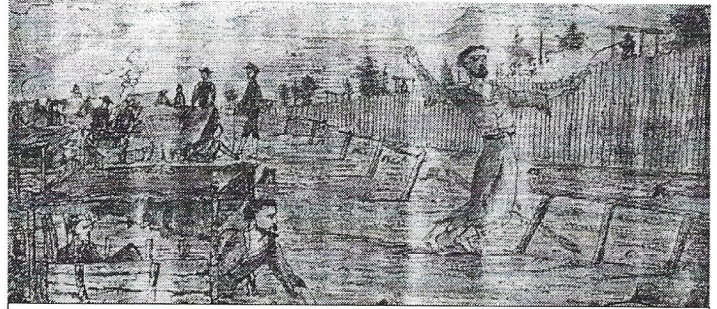
From Salisbury Prison (North Carolina):

For weeks the prisoners in the yard had no shelter whatever. All were thinly clad, thousands were barefooted, and not one in twenty had a blanket, blouse, shirt or shoes! One Sibley tent and one A tent were furnished to each squad of 100 men. There were only a few of these standing now, all were torn, ragged, and very dirty. The cloth had been cut from them to patch clothes with. The rest burrowed in the ground, or under the buildings, having first torn away the foundation stones. The main building was crowded to suffocation from the second floor to the attic. The windows of the ventilator on the roof was partially boarded up to keep out the cold.... There were two old broken stoves, which filled the rooms with dense smoke, and the whole place was infested with vermin, while ragged clothes, bed quilts, and blankets, all reeking with vermin hung up on nails and strings in every room. The mud and other filth in the yard was horrible. All the prisoners were covered with red mud and filth, ragged and half starved....

The bead devil or jailor was Major John H. Gee, CSA. He believed in starving the prisoners so that they were too weak to get away. He even would not allow the commissary to issue full rations, small as they were. No light of any kind was furnished. Vermin swarmed everywhere, and the prisoners were tortured night and day with them, cold and hungry, amid noxious smells and smoke from the fires, thousands died and were buried like dogs,-.

From Andersonville Prison (officially Camp Sumter, Georgia):

...Corpses are now filed up near the dead line at the south gate inside to be taken out at sundown. The sight is sickening and horrible beyond conception. All are nearly naked, black as crows, festering in the hot sun all day, covered with lice and maggots - while thousands of big flies swarm on the bodies filling their mouth, nose, and ears! The stench is sickening too - worse than any battlefield. Some are so decomposed as to have to be shoveled into the dead wagon! The dead and dying lie alongside each other in the shelter tents until someone rolls the corpse out a few feet away. Sometimes the dead lie there a day or more. I have counted 26 dead in one day who lay in the sun festering until an hour before sundown, which is the only time the Rebel officer at the gate permits them to be carried out to the bough shanty outside known as the dead house. Here they are loaded up in the ration wagon like cordwood and carried to [the] graveyard.... The brutal natures of the ignorant and uneducated men gave itself vent in inhuman conduct to their comrades in misery. Two or three would sit around a dying man waiting to grab his blanket, tin cup or canteen and clothes before life was out of him. Many were groaning or crying in pain during the night which prevented sleep to those near them. Sometimes the sick men was clubbed to death or kicked in the stomach by his nearest companion' with the exclamation of d__n you why don't you die! Some one of us were dying every hour when his tent poles, blanket, or anything which lie had was quickly taken by these ghouls; everyone was for himself regardless of consequences,...'the flies are now here in millions. Everything is covered with them, dense swarms like a cloud settle on the



Snedden's drawings of life at Andersonville.

pile of dead which are daily seen near the gates. "the ground in the thickest part settled in the camp is fairly alive and moves with maggots or lice! The filthy swamp undulates like small waves will) them, while the insufferable stench nearly takes away one's breath! In the morning hours the ground is covered with white maggots for hundreds of feet on each side of the swamp like a snow storm. The sun comes out hot and kills them by the million. On foggy days, especially in the morning, the whole camp is infested with a species of white winged moths by the million. They get into one's nose and mouth so we have to swallow them!

...The majority keeps inside their shanties or blanket shelters from noon to 3 p.m. The sun beats down on the red sand so as to dazzle one, while it helps to breed the maggots, so that the ground actually heaves with them. The stench from the swamp is stifling. All along its edges the dry filth is crusted a foot thick while the center heaves like a sea with festering rottenness and live maggots! It can be smelt ten miles away, and nearly takes away one's breath. This swamp covers an area of three acres. No conception can be had of the smell.

...The sun grew very hot at noon and beat down We saw lots of carcasses or beef lying all day in the hot sun over by the cook house but none of it came into us until near sundown, then we found it to be boiled beef and mule meat, rotten, and full of great white maggots nearly 1/8 of an inch long! It was quite dark before each man got his miserable ration of about two ounces each. Some had bones. All the meat had turned blue, green, yellow, and black. Some of it was boiled to a mush and some quite raw.

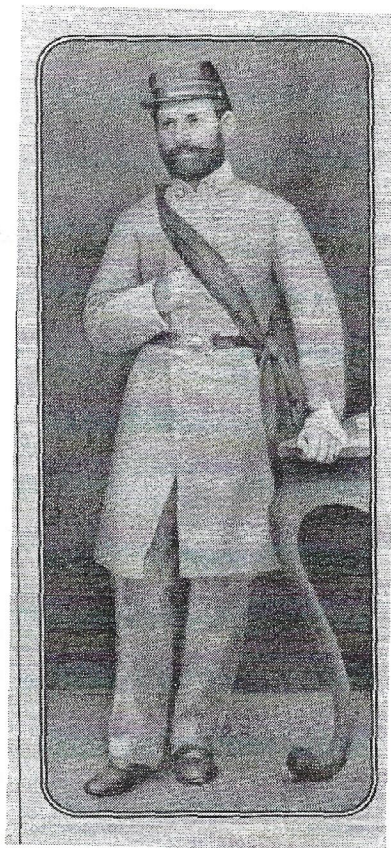
Maggots were thick and plentiful. Much of it was thrown away. I just got two mouthfuls of good solid meat out of my rations. Hundreds kept on eating it however, despite the maggots, and in three or four hours were seized with cramps and violent diarrhea which kept them running to the sinks all night.... while the goober beans were only half boiled and were full of bugs, which had to be skimmed off in water.

.. Down by the north and south gates are daily brought dead men, mostly entirely naked, who lay piled on top of each other, all swollen up, dirt stained and as black as Negroes from the exposure to sun and rain, while millions of flies hover over the ghastly corpses! These are wailing for the rations wagon to carry to the graveyard! At night, the scene is solemn enough for the most hardened sinner. The ragged skeleton forms clustered around a small fire singing hymns or a comrade prays. The pile of naked corpses in the firelight, etc. The solemn looks of haggard men. A perfect stillness of all noises in the vicinity gives an impression never to be effaced from one's memory. All around were sick or dying men lying in their ragged shelters, or without any shelters; propped up by their comrades to hear and listen to the singing, some crying, others cursing in delirium, others joining in singing (the old familiar hymns of long ago when they were then in their happy homes far away, little thinking that they would be in such a hell upon earth as this place! Sometimes four or five groups were having prayers and singing at one time among us.

...The dying men laid on the ground there and died at all hours of day and night, and to hear the.... shrieks, oaths and moans of the poor fellows in their delirium was horrible. Many were kicked to death by the ghouls who sat around them, waiting to strip them of clothes or anything of value, and could not wait for them to die as best they could and because some would make much noise while dying those sleeping near would kick them in the

side or head saying "why don't you die quietly you!" Corpses, entirely naked, were lying on the ground in every direction. Some were side by side with the yet living, who were too weak to crawl away from them, while the large flies were in clouds on both dead and living filling their mouths and noses. It was sickening to see it. I counted 62 dead lying around camp today, their comrades being too weak to carry them to the gate for burial outside in that ever yawning graveyard!

...Nearly all the prisoners are in rags - shoeless - and half naked - bareheaded - and covered with dirt and vermin. Some wear ragged waist coats with no shirt of any kind - no shoes or stockings - no blankets - and have to burrow in the ground like rabbits.



*Andersonville commandant
Henry Wirtz
Hung, November 10, 1865*

...This terrible heat helps to kill us off at the rate of 100 per day inside the stockade. Dead men may be seen by the score lying all along the brook which runs through the filthy swamp, while others are tearing off their soiled clothes to get thread from the seams, or patches to put on their own ragged clothes. The swamp is literally dried up from the intense heat and presents a sickening mass of decomposed human filth which actually moves in big waves by the immense number of large white maggots, while the stench is overpowering all over the whole stockade. The sinks along the lower end of the swamp always overflow, when there is a heavy rain, and the contents are washed out and piled up against the south end of the stockade three and five feet high as it cannot escape through the small slits cut in the logs to let the water run through, while the flies hover over the whole disgusting ground in immense black swarms - a species of white fly, or miller breeds amid this filth - which gets into one's nose and mouth when the swamp is crossed.

...Last night after sundown, the whole camp was infested with millions of large mosquitoes. They bit through our thin clothing and kept us all up until sunrise beating them off - no sleep for anyone. They were larger and fiercer than any Jersey mosquitoes that I ever saw. We were in pain and agony all night. Only around the small fires were they smoked off, and hundreds lay on the ground around the fires to get relief. Wood is very scarce with us yet, and those who could not get enough to make a fire, use pine splints. This is the first time that we were so annoyed by mosquitoes, and their bites smarted for days afterwards.

...About 8,000 men were found to be in a dying condition, all lying on the ground, ragged skeletons, covered with vermin and mud and filth without any shelter whatever!...The same rotten putrid meat was served out as rations again today, but a great many would not eat it. Only the poor demented fellows eat it voraciously which only hastened their death....

...The camp was never in a dirtier state than now, as many are sick that nobody is left to clean streets. The smell is fearful! The rains washes the prison

filth by the natural declivity of the ground on both sides of the brook which by constant tramping of the men, kneaded the filth into a muck several inches deep of sand, feces, decomposing vegetable matters, and grease from the cook house outside, in which maggots and flies germinated, and worms, and other species of vermin festered and fatten all about the camp proper. The same filth accumulated while naked skeleton like corpses lay around in every direction, encroaching on the living, who lay helplessly sick in holes covered partly by ragged blankets, parts of old overcoats, or any other shelter which they had erected from the fierce heat of the sun. We still think the spring is poisoned by arsenic, put in by the Rebels, and we are once more compelled to use the filthy water in the brook, on which clots of solid grease can be seen floating, as they wash the kettles in it from the cook house and as it also receives the filth of the Rebel camps outside before it comes in to us!

The wonder, of course, is how *anyone* survived such inhumanity. A post-war report issued by the War Department listed 26,436 fatalities in Federal prisons out of a total population of 220,000 (i.e. about 12%) and 22,576 deaths in Confederate prisons out of total population of 126,950 (i.e. about 18%). But these figures surely tell only a part - probably the smaller part - of the story, for thousands died after they were released, in transit and in holding centers, hospitals and other facilities, before they made it home. And who will ever know how many prisoners who finally managed to return to a more or less normal life died prematurely because of constitutions weakened by such conditions. Well, Sneden survived, but barely. Indeed, on many occasions in his narrative, he comes very close to following so many of his fellow prisoners and comrades-in-arms into Silence. Fortunately for us, he always managed to scrape by. Worth mentioning, too, is that despite every conceivable hardship, disenchantment with their superiors and even an occasional act of kindness by their captors. Sneden and his fellows remained intensely loyal to their flag and country and never ceased hating Rebels, particularly their jailors.

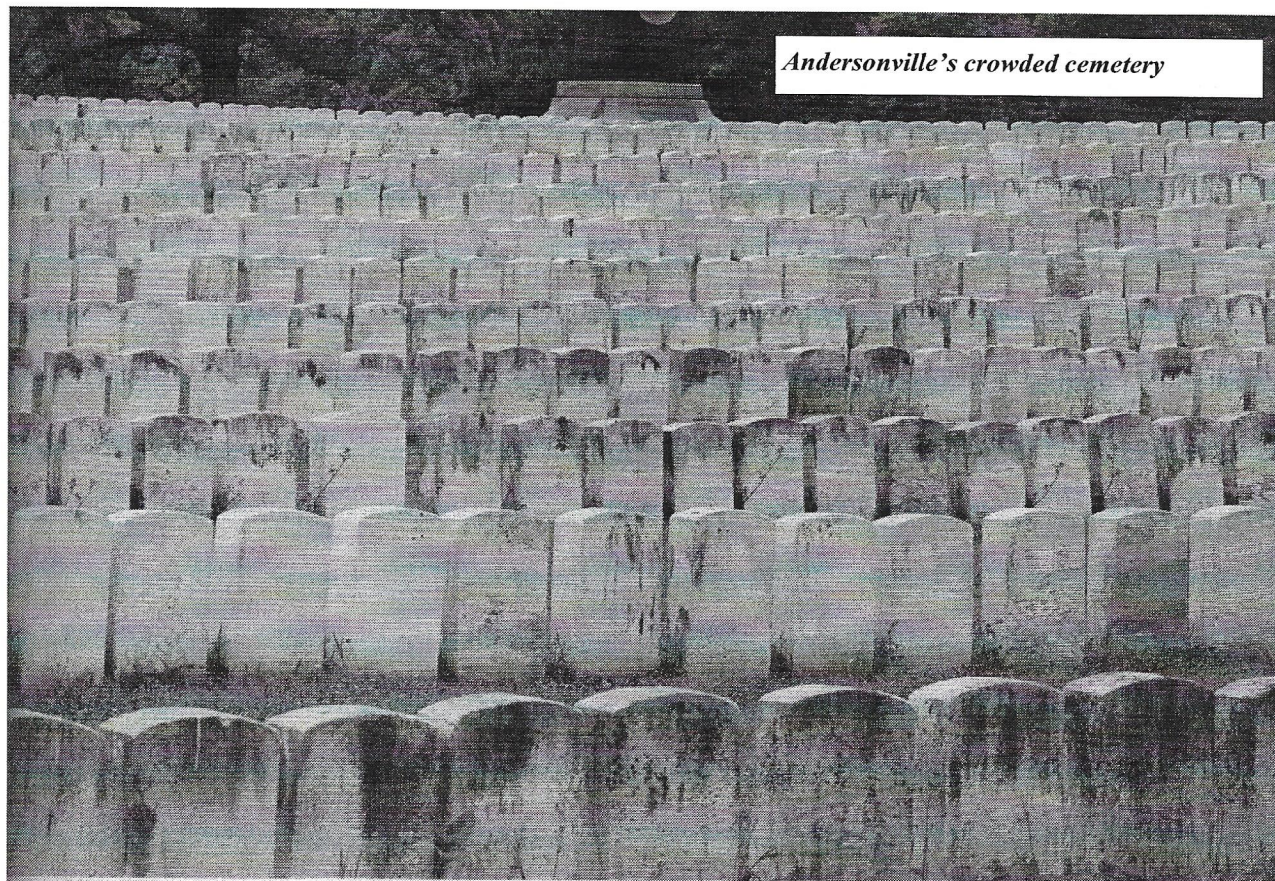
To his everlasting credit, Sneden always had his eye on posterity, i.e. us. He could hardly have had any other motive for compiling such a prodigious record. He realized no financial gain from it. Indeed, there is no evidence to suggest that he even tried to. A few dozen of his watercolors found their way into *Century Magazine* in the 1880's, and presumably he was paid for them, but that hardly constitutes a financial motive. We need to pause to think about such individuals, who do so much for so many for so little, and to whom, therefore, we owe such a debt of gratitude.

At the other end of the spectrum are Henry Wirz, the Commandant of the most infamous Confederate prison - Andersonville, and John Gee, who oversaw death rates at Salisbury that exceeded even those at Andersonville, and others like them. North and South. It is, to my mind, a travesty, that a monument was erected to the memory of Henry Wirz (in 1905, by Southern sympathizers) overlooking the 12.S84 Union graves at Andersonville.

Sneden's life after the war is largely unknown. What little is known suggests that it was uneventful. He peddled a few of his watercolors, spent a great deal of time compiling and composing his illustrated memoirs from his original diaries and

notes, now lost, and also spent a lot of time wrangling with the government for back pay and a disability pension. After much effort, he finally persuaded the government, for which he had sacrificed everything but his life, to pay him \$8 a month, raised to \$.10 m 1903, an amount which even in those days was insufficient to maintain oneself. He ended up in a Soldiers and Sailors Home in Bath, New York, in the Finger Lakes region. He apparently never married and apparently died childless. The Grim Reaper found him in Bath on September 18, 1918, at the age of 86. He is buried not far from us (about a 6-hour drive) in the National Cemetery there, section J, row 11, grave 4. He deserves our greatest respect and admiration. Me may look like a mediocrity, but in fact be was a giant among men. It is probable that not one of us has done or is doing for our posterity what he did for his. Who among us will chronicle the great events of our time for our brothers and sisters who, 100 or more years hence, will study our time and crave a clearer understanding of it, perhaps a ground-level or "fox-hole" view, like Robert Knox Sneden's?

John Fazio



Andersonville's crowded cemetery

ROUNDTABLE IS NOW TAX-EXEMPT !

Good news! In record time, the IRS has granted our Roundtable preliminary tax-exempt status. We're now in an "advanced ruling period" which will run through June 30, 2005. If we continue to operate much as we have all along, our tax-exempt status will be made permanent after that date. If our annual gross receipts remain less than \$25,000 (which isn't likely to be a problem), we won't have to file any additional paperwork. Donations made to the Roundtable are tax-deductible, effective immediately. Of course, you should consult with a tax professional before making any contributions.

In order to get final approval from the IRS, we will also need to adopt three amendments to the Roundtable Constitution. This is standard language, insisted on by the IRS to ensure that tax-exempt organizations comply with Federal law. You will find the proposed amendments below in THE CHARGER. If you have any questions about them, please call me at (216) 664-3643. We'll vote on them at the May meeting.

My thanks to former treasurer Bill Doty, for keeping the books so well during his term and for crunching all the numbers in our application to the IRS.

WILLIAM F. B. VODREY
GENERAL COUNSEL

* * *

Cleveland Civil War Roundtable

PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

Proposed by the General Counsel, in compliance with the requirements of the Internal Revenue Service in order to secure tax-exempt status for the Roundtable, and pursuant to the Roundtable Constitution, Art. V.

All text shown represents additions to the Roundtable Constitution. No deletions are necessary.

ARTICLE VI - OTHER PROVISIONS

Section 1. Tax-exempt Purpose.

The association is organized exclusively for charitable, religious, educational and/or scientific purposes under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

Section 2. Financial Limitations.

No part of the net earnings of the association shall inure to the benefit of, or be distributable to, its members, trustees, officers or other private persons, except that the association shall be authorized and empowered to pay reasonable compensation for services rendered, and to make payments and distributions in furtherance of the purposes set forth in the tax-exempt purpose clause hereof. No substantial part of the activities of the association shall be the carrying on of propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation, and the association shall not participate in, or intervene in (including the publishing or distribution of statements) any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office.

Notwithstanding any other provision of this document, the organization shall not carry on any other activities not permitted to be carried on (a) by an organization exempt from Federal income tax under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or corresponding section of any future Federal tax code, or (b) by an organization, contributions to which are deductible under Section 170(c)(2) of the Internal Revenue Code, or corresponding section of any future Federal tax code.

Section 3. Distribution of Assets.

Upon the dissolution of the association, assets shall be distributed for one or more exempt purposes within the meaning of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or corresponding section of any future Federal tax code, or shall be distributed to the Federal government, or to a state or local government, for a public purpose.

These proposed amendments shall be voted upon at the regular May meeting of the Roundtable. Pursuant to the Roundtable Constitution, Art. V, an affirmative vote of two-thirds of those members present shall be necessary for the adoption of the proposed amendments.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM F. B. VODREY
General Counsel, CCWRT

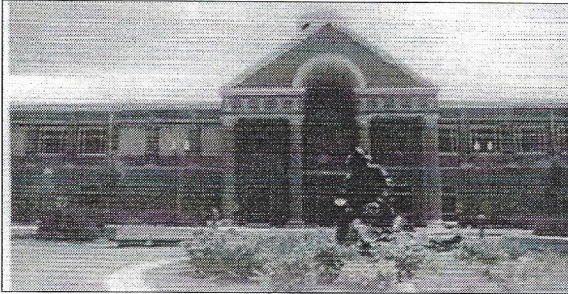
SPRING RAFFLE

The Cleveland Civil War Roundtable is raffling off a numbered, limited-edition print signed by the artist, Keith Rocco, depicting the Union breakthrough in the First Battle of Kernstown, Va., March 23, 1862. The print is entitled "We have got them started. Come on! Come on!" It's framed, with an image 24" wide by 16" high. It was originally commissioned by the Civil War Preservation Trust, and was given to us in thanks for our contribution last year for battlefield preservation at Trevilian Station.

Raffle tickets are \$1 apiece, or six for \$5, and the drawing will be at our final meeting of the season on May 8. You need not be present to win.

SHOULDER ARMS - ON TO HARRISBURG!

Join us as we visit the big, new, much-praised National Civil War Museum in Harrisburg, Pa. on Saturday, May 11. We'll be caravanning, leaving at 6am so that we can have a full day there before returning that evening.



The NCWM has many important Civil War artifacts and interactive displays, spread across a dozen galleries and 27,000 square feet of exhibition space. Since it opened on Lincoln's Birthday last year, it's attracted over 45,000 visitors from 26 states and six foreign countries.

The Museum's website is at www.nationalcivilwarmuseum.org. The Museum is open from 10am-5pm on weekends, and is on the eastern edge of Harrisburg in Reservoir Park,

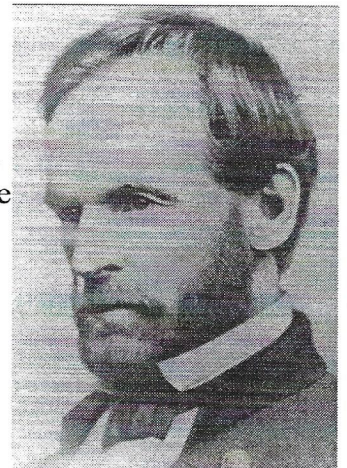
Pa., about 200 miles east of Pittsburgh. Take the Pa. Turnpike to Exit 19, and follow Route 283 North to Interstate 83 North. At Exit 30, go about 2.5 miles west on Route 22/Walnut Street, staying on Walnut Street when it splits from Route 22. Turn left at the Parkside Cafe into Reservoir Park. The Museum and parking are at the top of the hill. Admission is \$7/adults, \$6/seniors, and \$5/children.

If you'd like to go, please call William Vodrey at (216) 664-3643 so that he knows how many to expect.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON TRIAL

For our first meeting of the fall, on Wednesday, Sept. 11, the Roundtable will present a military court of inquiry into the conduct of Gen. William T. Sherman during the Civil War. E. Chris Evans, who gave a fascinating rendition of "Cump" at our May 2001 meeting, will return in the role of the general. We expect to have a short dinner meeting at the Play House Club, and then adjourn to the Old Courthouse downtown for the hearing itself. A similar court of inquiry was presented in Lancaster, Ohio a few years ago, and was a big success.

Marilyn DeBaltzo and William Vodrey are making arrangements for the performance. We need volunteers for the cast. Prior acting experience is not required, and you won't need to memorize anything. Chris Evans's son, Lt. Col. Kevin Bennett, U.S. Army, will be our narrator.



Please call Marilyn before the May meeting at (440) 461-6804, and let her know which role you would like. After casting is completed, we will probably have two rehearsals in late summer. We will assist you in obtaining costuming, if necessary, but you're responsible for your own.

We need to fill the following roles: WITNESSES

- > a plantation owner
- > mayor of Atlanta, Ga.
- > a businessman from Columbia, S.C.
- > an Army major
- > U.S. Sen. John Sherman
- > President Ulysses S. Grant

MEMBERS OF THE COURT

- >three general officers
(members of the inquiry board)
- >one defense counsel
- >one prosecuting counsel

In March, Roundtable Trustee Glenna Kimble lost her long battle with cancer. Glenna was elected a Trustee of the Cleveland Civil War Roundtable last year. She is best remembered by the membership as presenting her candidate, George McClellan as **“The Absolutely Worst General of the Civil War** at the roundtable’s January, 2001 debate. Her memory is her enthusiasm for the Civil War and her pretty smile. We shall miss her.