

The Charger

CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

Box 444, Vermilion, Ohio 44089

FEBRUARY 1983

222nd Meeting

VOLUME 26 NO. 3
FIFTH LINCOLN EDITION

DATE: FEBRUARY 9th
PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB
PROGRAM: NEIL EVANS
SUBJECT: "William Cushing, The Other
Side of the Coin"
TIME: COCKTAILS 6:00 P.M. Dinner 7:00 P.M.



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Our Vice-President Neil Evans will talk about Commander (Cushing), the Union Navy hero whose continuing story will be found below. He must have something up his sleeve with that title, "The Other Side of the Coin," after requesting that all of these heroic exploits be brought to your attention.

Neil was born and brought up in Harbor Creek, Pennsylvania, and graduated with honors from the University of Rochester, New York State, with a degree in history, (1958) At the same time he was commissioned an ensign in the U.S.Navy; attended the Yorktown, Virginia Mine Warfare School, and was then ordered to the U.S.S. Fidelity, an ocean-going mine sweeper. He joined the ship in Beirut, Lebanon, and received a military ribbon for being a part of that expeditionary force. After three years of service he attended law school at the University of Pennsylvania and joined the firm of Hahn, Loeser Freedheim, Dean and Wellman, in 1964, where he still practises. He became interested in the Civil War while in the third grade after reading The War Between the States, published by the State of Mississippi.



In 1864 the formidable Confederate ram Albemarle, built in a cornfield up the Roanoke River under a blanket of secrecy, had come down the river and fought two successful naval battles, sinking Union ships and cooperating with rebel land forces in taking Plymouth, North Carolina. Docked up the river while undergoing repairs and kept under heavy guard, the mighty iron-clad kept the Union Command under Admiral S. P. Lee very jittery, waiting for another attack. Several attempts were made to get at the big ship, which was constantly observed by Federal spies and locals.

At midnight on October 27, 1864, in a heavy rain, Lieutenant William Cushing, with 14 men in a 14' single screw steam-powered launch, armed with a 12-pound howitzer and a torpedo, proceeded cautiously up the Roanoke with the approval of Admiral Lee. The purpose of the expedition was to board, capture, and blow up the Albemarle.

Cushing, running the gauntlet of the Rebel down river watch ran straight toward the huge iron bulk and when within 20 yards saw that the Albemarle was ringed with a semi-circle of logs. Under heavy musket fire,

Continued on Page 3



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Dues: \$20 Sept. to Sept.
Non-resident members \$10



The teams consisted of the BLUES captained by Tom Geshke with Chuck Spiegle and Martin Graham; The Grays, Captain Ken Callahan, Neil Evans and Ed Murphy.

Competition was fierce and all the contestants displayed uncanny recall and knowledge of Civil War facts. The Blues jumped out to an early lead which gradually built up to 65 ahead with only 15 questions to go. At this point the GRAYS rallied and with 7 questions left the Blues lead had been cut to 5 points (result of subtracting 10 points for any wrong answer). With the LAST 7 QUESTIONS THE LEAD CHANGED HANDS SEVEN TIMES. This close competition was very exciting and the audience cheered and applauded their favorites. The last question found the Grays trailing by a mere 5 points.

Both teams listened intently, their fingers poised over their respective buzzers. The Hall was in dead silence as Quizmaster Kowell read the final question. Before the entire question was read Captain Callahan's buzzer sounded and he gave the correct answer to capture the victory for his team.

The final tally was Grays 285 and Blues 280! Tim Beatty had the job of being scorer.. Each member of the audience was provided with the questions. Space did not permit us to publish the questions here but they are available.

Quiz Contest A Winner

Everyone agreed that the quiz this year was one of the best in the history of the Club. Quizmaster Brian Kowell is to be congratulated. The quiz itself was divided into seven parts: (1) Civil War Generals, (2) Battlefields, (3) Quotations, (4) Slide identifications - generals - famous buildings, sites, and devices, (5&6) Multiple choice, one per team, (7) Completion. Total questions 119, 695 points possible.

FURTHER EXPLOITS OF LT. CUSHING

Cushing turned the launch away, made a wide circle and then turned back, hit the logs at full speed and slipped over. Standing in the bow within ten feet of the ship's cannon, his clothing perforated with bullets, the intrepid Lieutenant waited until the forward motion of the launch carried the boom to which the torpedo was attached under the ram's overcharge, and then with a strong pull of the detaching line, and waiting a moment for the torpedo to rise under the hull, he pulled the trigger line.



The explosion took place at the same time 100 pounds of grape crashed among the attackers. A dense mass of water thrown out by the torpedo came down on them with a choking weight. Twice refusing to surrender, Cushing swam down the river until he reached a muddy bank on the south side of the river. Crossing a cypress swamp, he relieved a picket party of its skiff and paddled down river until he reached the Union fleet, where he was discovered half unconscious about midnight on Oct. 28-29. For this exploit, he received the congratulations of the Navy Department and the thanks of Congress and was promoted to Lieutenant Commander. On Dec. 25, the same year, following Gen. Butler's unsuccessful assault on Ft. Fisher, Cushing took soundings to mark the channel under the very guns of the fort. From one o'clock until seven o'clock he remained in a small boat under fire, and when he finally returned to the flagship, the U.S.S. Malvern, he expressed annoyance that the shell splashes had soaked his new uniform. On Jan. 15, 1865, he participated in the leading assault by sailors and marines, attacking the northeast salient of the fort. 400 of the 1400 assault force were killed or wounded. On the 16th, after the fort had fallen, our hero spent the day performing the hazardous duty of helping clear the beach and shore waters of mines, which was done by prodding them up with a long pole and then exploding them.

Save Our Soldiers & Sailors Monument

Last St. Patrick's Day Parade was a fiasco. About a thousand drunken youths crawled, climbed, hung and perched all over the County Soldiers and Sailors Monument on Cleveland Public Square. They openly drank, threw cans and bottles, urinated, vomited and destroyed the railing on the south side and ruined the lawn. Member William Stark urges us all to write asking that provisions be made to keep everyone off the monument this year. It took the police hours to clear them off last year. Precautions must be taken to prevent a re-occurrence of this shameful affair. He suggests that we write or call the following: Sheriff Gerald McFaul, 1215/W. 3rd, Cleveland 44114; William Hanton, Chief of Police, Justice Center, 44114; Councilman Edmund Ciolek, City Hall, 601 Lakeside Ave. 44114; George Forbes, Pres. City Council, 601 Lakeside; Mayor George Voinovitch, same address; James R. Garfield II, Monument Commission, 321-0272; John P. Coyne, Co-Chairman St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee INC. 781-1980.

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A letter from Mr. Marvin L. Sowder, Vice-President of the newly formed Dalton (Ga.) C.W.R.T. tells of a project to restore the breastworks atop Dug Gap, where an engagement took place May 8, 1864, and to try to have monuments erected to commemorate the troops of states participating in the battle that occurred there. He seeks information about the 5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio Volunteers. Contact him at P.O. Box 2316, Dalton, Ga. 30702.

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PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO CALL PRESIDENT BILL VICTORY
AT 221-5419 TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATION FOR THE FEBRUARY 9th MEETING!



SCENES I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN



In 1862 P. T. Barnum visited Washington with Commodore Nutt, his latest dwarf attraction, and they were received at the White House by President Lincoln. When they called, a special cabinet meeting was in progress, but Lincoln had left word that Barnum and his charge were to be shown in at once.

They were introduced by Lincoln to his cabinet members, and when Commodore Nutt shook hands with Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, he remarked, "I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?" Secretary of War Stanton spoke up, claiming that credit, and the little fellow replied, "Well, it's a good cause anyway, and I guess it will come out all right."

Lincoln was obviously enjoying the scene and said, "Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being captured, I'd advise you to wade ashore." "I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could," answered George Washington Nutt, as he gradually looked up the long expanse of Lincoln's legs.

On another occasion a year or so later, when the famous General Tom Thumb and the tiny Lavinia Warren were on their honeymoon, Lincoln gave a dinner and reception for them. By then Tom Thumb had become very wealthy and was independent of Barnum. Several months later the couple, along with Commodore Nutt and several other dwarfs, toured Europe. Lincoln always liked Lavinia because her face resembled his wife's. He was absolutely fascinated by these little people.

Confederate Historical Institute

The fifth annual meeting of this organization will be held MAY 5-7, 1983, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.. Historians from seven states will be the featured speakers. Tours of the Stone's River and Franklin Battlefields will be conducted by Ed Bearss. Persons interested in attending the conference should contact the sponsors, Civil War Round Table Associates, P.O. Box 7388M, Little Rock, Ark. 72217.

LINCOLN LORE

Abraham Lincoln WAS the American Civil War. More than anyone or anything else his personality, purposes, policies, politics and over-all strategy dominated the great intestine struggle. One might say that without Lincoln there would have been no Civil War; without the war he would never have moved so surely into the niche of greatness which history has accorded him. The two are one and inseparable.

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President Lincoln in a statement about the draft, prepared in 1863 but never issued, as quoted in: Current, Richard N., ed. The Political Thought of Abraham Lincoln. Bobbs-Merrill, 1967.

The principle of the draft, which simply is involuntary, or enforced service, is not new. It has been practiced in all ages of the world. It was well known to the framers of our constitution as one of the modes of raising armies, at the time they placed in that instrument the provision that "the congress shall have power to raise and support armies." It has been used, just before, in establishing our independence; and it was also used under the constitution in 1812. Wherein is the peculiar hardship now? Shall we shrink from the necessary means to maintain our free government, which our grand-fathers employed to establish it, and our own fathers have already employed once to maintain it? Are we degenerate? Has the manhood of our race run out?

A.L. was delighted with Shakespeare, and he had a remarkable memory for long passages. Both he and Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed the verses of Robert Burns, who, like Lincoln, had experienced poverty, hard physical labor, and a hunger for books.

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A.L. charged that pompous General Butler "could strut sitting down"; that Gen. Cass had once "INvaded Canada without resistance, and OUTvaded it without pursuit"; that Gen. McClellan was "hollering" for so many reinforcements "they would not find room to lie down; that they'd have to sleep standing up"; that General Fremont "was the damnest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the damnest fool"; that General Rosecrans was acting "like a duck hit on the head"; and that a particular Union army dwindled from desertions "like a shovelful of fleas pitched from one place to another."

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Early in February 1862, Willie Lincoln, young son of the President, became ill. The illness was referred to in various ways as bilious fever, malarial infection and typhoid. He seemed to improve until February 17, and then he became hopelessly ill and died on the 20th. This was the greatest grief of all the many the Lincolns had to endure in the White House. On the last day of April 1864, Mrs. Jefferson Davis left the Executive Mansion in Richmond to take some lunch to her husband in his office. While she was gone, little Joe Davis, their five-year-old son, fell from an upstairs window and was killed.

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"Ever hear of Harrowgate, Tennessee?" asked Fred Gill when sending in an article that appeared in the February 12, 1982, St. Petersburg Independent. The article tells of a museum, "tucked away on the campus of tiny Lincoln Memorial University in that city in Claiborne County, 1½ miles from the Cumberland Gap, which houses nearly 250,000 papers and artifacts from the Lincoln era. Included in its displays are an autograph book the 14-year-old son of General Grant took with him to a White House Cabinet meeting in March 1864, that bears the Lincoln signature, as well as those of Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase and War Secretary Edwin M. Stanton. There is also the swivel chair Lincoln used in his Springfield, Ill. law office.

Lincoln's Personal Appearance

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Between 1846, when Lincoln had his first daguerreotype made, and 1865, he had 91 posed photographic portraits taken. Before 1860 these portraits are without a beard, up until his death in April 1865 he wore the beard. A careful study of these photos reveals an amazing number of differences, not only because of his age and the changes made in those 19 years, but even between pictures taken relatively close apart in time.

Many word pictures have portrayed Abraham Lincoln and a couple of them are submitted herewith.... Joseph H. Choate, the great trial lawyer described him as he saw him in 1860: "He appeared in every sense of the word like one of the people among whom he loved to be counted. At first sight there was nothing impressive or imposing about him except his great stature which singled him out from the crowd; his clothes hung awkwardly on his giant frame; his face was that of a dark pallor, without the slightest tinge of color; his seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle; his deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious; his countenance in repose gave little evidence of the brain power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen; as he talked to me before the meeting he seemed ill at ease, with that sort of apprehension which a young man might feel before presenting himself to a new and strange audience."

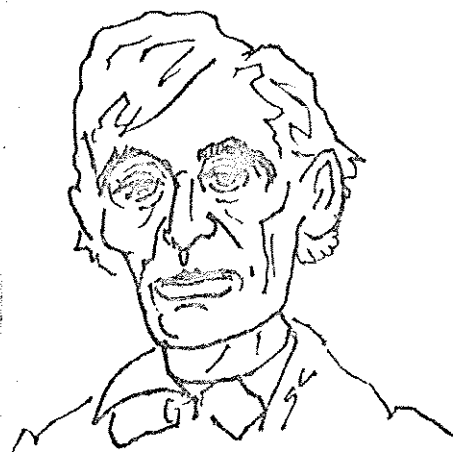
Lorant, Stephen. Lincoln, His Life In Photographs. New York: Duell, Sloane and Pierce, 1941.

Reader Carole Foxworthy sent this clipping from the Crawfordville, Ind. Journal-Review, Feb. 12, '82:

In his autobiography, Wallace gave this description of Lincoln: "His hair was thick, coarse and defiant; it stood out in every direction. His features were massive, nose long, eyebrows protrusive, mouth large, cheeks hollow, eyes gray and always responsive to the humor. He smiled all the time but never once did he laugh outright. His hands were large, his arms slender and disproportionately long. His legs were a wonder, particularly when he was in narration; he kept crossing and uncrossing them; sometimes it actually seemed he was trying to tie them in a bow-knot. His dress was more than plain; no part of it fit him.

"Although I thought him the gauntest, quaintest and most positively ugly man who had ever attracted me enough to call for study. Still, when he was in speech, my eyes did not quit his face. He held me in unconsciousness. Such was Abraham Lincoln.

*General Lew Wallace



How many pen and ink scratchers have tried to draw his picture?

* * * *

Lincoln's description of himself:

"I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average of one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eye. No other marks or brands recollected."

* * * *

A Bustification

While he tried to conform in the matter of proper dress, Lincoln, the new President, suffered much annoyance from the tyranny of fashion in the matter of wearing white kid gloves. One just did not appear in public without them, but he regarded the necessity as an affliction. At one of his first formal receptions he was greeted by an old friend from Sangamon County, and so hearty was their handshake that Lincoln's glove split. He held up his brawny hand and said, "Well, this is a general bustification. You and I were never intended to wear these things. If they were stronger they might do well enough to keep out the cold, but they are a failure to shake hands with between old friends like us."

MORE LINCOLN LORE

"It seems to me," remarked the President one day while reading some of the urgent telegrams from General McClellan, "that McClellan has been wandering around and has sort of got lost. He's been hollering for help ever since he went South - wants somebody to come to his deliverance and get him out of the place he's got into."

"He reminds me of the story of the man out in Illinois who, in company with a number of friends, visited the State penitentiary. They wandered all through the institution and saw everything, but just about the time to depart this particular man became separated from his friends and couldn't find his way out."

"He roamed up and down one corridor after another, becoming more desperate all the time, when, at last, he came across a convict who was looking out from between the bars of his cell-door. Here was salvation at last. Hurrying up to the prisoner he asked:

"Say! How do you get out of this place?"

* * * *

George M. Pullman, the sleeping car builder, used to tell a story about Lincoln at the time the future president was a busy lawyer. Pullman was the conductor of his one and only sleeping car, which was an experiment, and Pullman was doing everything he could to sell the idea to the railroads.

"One night when we were about to leave Chicago - this was long before Lincoln was what you might call a renowned man - a long, lean, ugly fellow, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid me 50¢ and half a berth was assigned to him. He hung up his coat, kicked off his very long boots, turned into the berth and was soon sleeping like a healthy baby even before the train left the station."

"Pretty soon along came another passenger and paid his 50¢, but in two minutes he was back at me, mad as a wet hen."

"'There's a man in that berth of mine,' said he, hotly, 'and he's about ten feet long. How am I going to sleep there? Go and look at him.'"

"In I went - mad too. The tall, lanky man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched clear across the bed. I shook him awake and told him that if wanted the whole bed he'd have to pay \$1.00."

"'My dear sir,' said the tall man, 'a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50¢ for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half,' pointing to a strip about six inches wide. 'Sell that and don't disturb me again.'"

"And so saying, the fellow with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln, and he never grew any shorter afterwards. We became good friends, and often laughed over the incident."

* * * *

An elderly Illinois lady recalled a remark Lincoln once made in the presence of her family. He was a circuit rider then and had stopped at her house for some food, but all she had to give him was a bowl of bread and milk. When he finished eating she apologized, but he said that it had been "Good enough for the President of the United States."



HOLLAPLOODY DAY

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Ironical that the United States has no national day recognizing Abraham Lincoln, but does have a Martin Luther King Day.

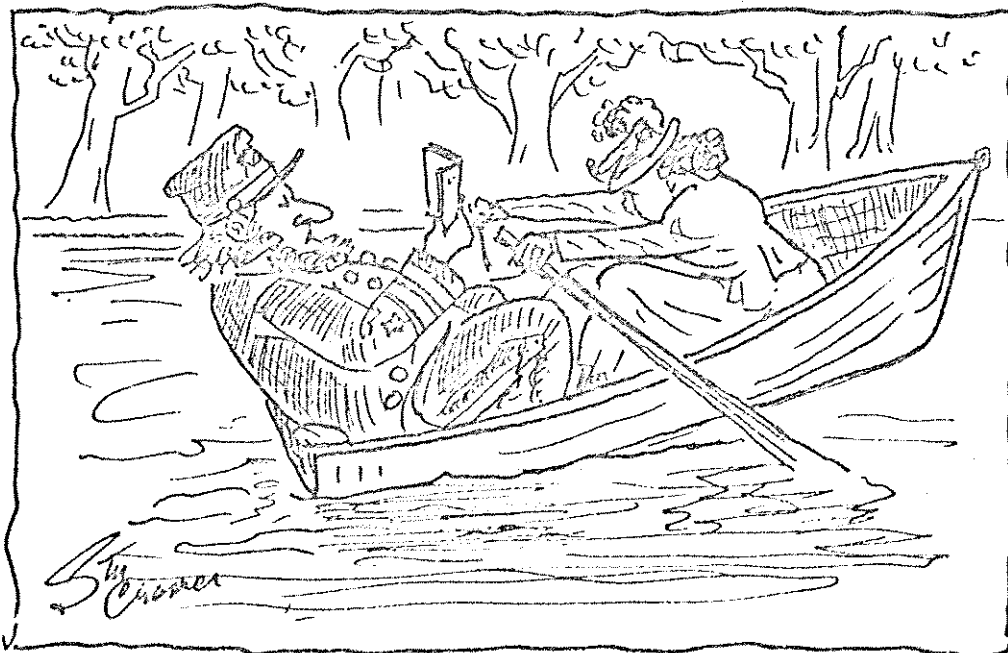
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Lincoln's favorite humorist was Artemus Ward, who worked on newspapers in Cincinnati, Tiffin, Toledo; and wrote for the Cleveland Plain Dealer for three years. He loved to puncture stuffed shirts, and his style of back-wood: exaggerations and phonetic spelling, while seeming pretty corny to the modern reader, did captivate the people of Ward's day. Lincoln frequently dipped into Artemus Ward: His Book. The writer was a convivial of vast capacity and stories of his lively doings edified the newspaper fraternity for years.

The account of his final exploit at the P.D. tells about Ward's assignment to cover an elegant social affair. On the way he lingered long and liquidly at too many taverns. Somewhere, during the evening, he remembered the assignment, but by then it was too late. Undaunted, Ward sat down and wrote an elaborate story about the dazzling function he had not attended.

Only the Plain Dealer reported the event. The other Cleveland papers published small announcements that the affair had been cancelled. Ward took a hasty departure from the city. Six months later the publisher met the writer on the street and asked, "Why did you leave us?" Ward replied, "I decided I didn't want to be associated with such an unreliable paper."

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THE ADMIRAL HOME ON LEAVE

SERIES A#6

There was no Fred Gill's Book Review in this issue because Fred has been in the hospital the past month. We look forward to continuing his illuminating and pithy reviews next month.