

# The Charger

## CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

PO BOX 444 VERMILION OH 44089

JANUARY 1985

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 10

239th Meeting

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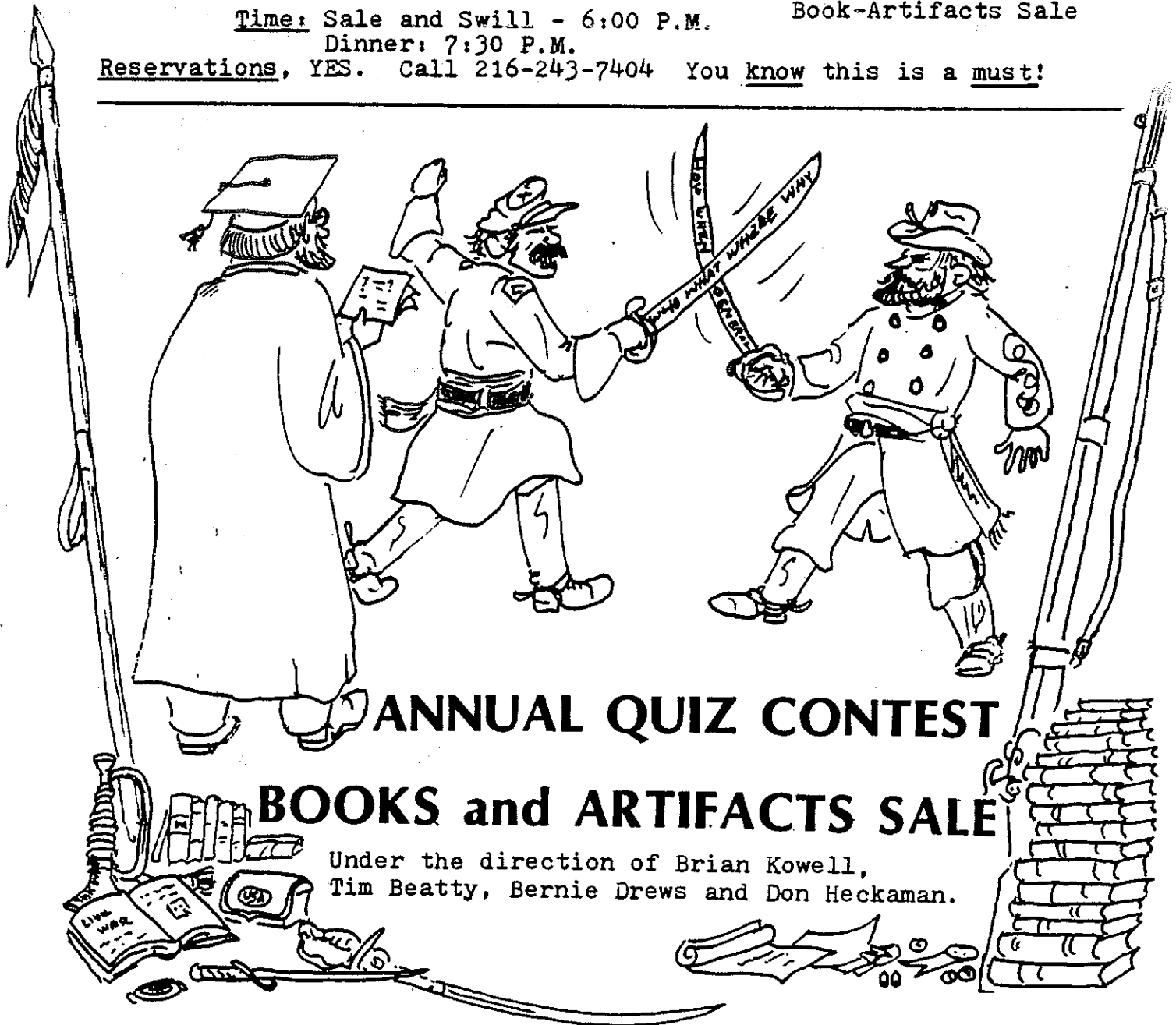
DATE: January 8th

PLACE: The Hermit Club

Program: Quiz Contest and  
Book-Artifacts Sale

Time: Sale and Swill - 6:00 P.M.  
Dinner: 7:30 P.M.

Reservations, YES. Call 216-243-7404 You know this is a must!



### ANNUAL QUIZ CONTEST

### BOOKS and ARTIFACTS SALE

Under the direction of Brian Kowell,  
Tim Beatty, Bernie Drews and Don Heckaman.

## DECEMBER MEETING AT ARMORY

Dr. Bill Mahoney presented a fascinating movie with running comments on Confederate Gen. Turner Ashby, at the Grays Armory. Using photographs, artwork, titles, line drawing, and on-location movies he took himself, member Mahoney captured the flavor of the exciting short life of Stonewall Jackson's invaluable cavalry leader.

Such a will-o-the-wisp, audacious raider was Ashby, that he was looked upon by officers and men in the Union armies as a purely mythological character.

Turner Ashby was anything but a rumor. He was a daring soldier, superb horseman and inspiring leader. Often insubordinate and fiercely independent, he led his men on exploits that added much to the legend of Stonewall Jackson.

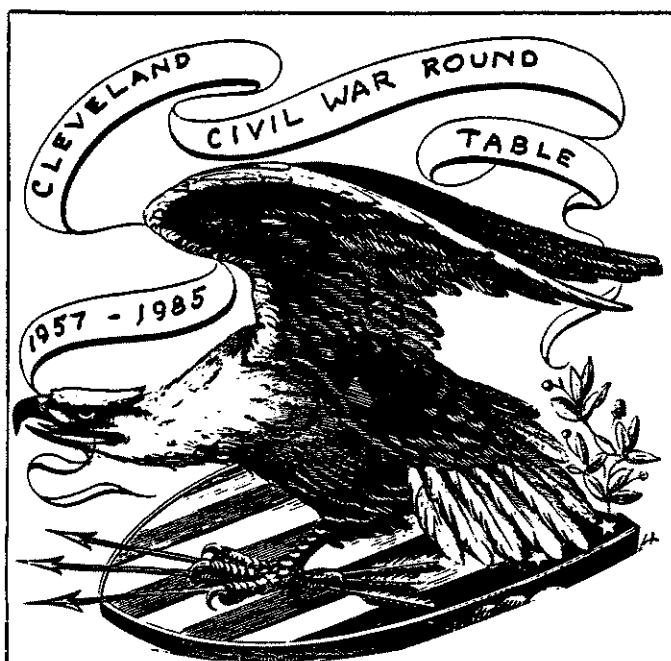
Much of the mystery surrounding Ashby was due to the beautiful white stallion he rode, a strong, swift, well-trained jumper. Man and horse would seem to appear and disappear to the eyes of pursuing Yankees. Very little is known about the man because he left no papers (he had trouble even signing his name). He gave all his orders verbally. On several occasions he fought incredible rear-guard actions protecting Jackson's little army.

Gen. Ashby was killed early in the war during Jackson's famous Valley campaign. Leading a charge when he was fatally shot on June 6, 1862, his last words to his troopers as he fell were: "Charge, men! For God's sake, charge!" He was mourned by Jackson, his men, and thousands of Southerners, and even many of his enemies - a real-life hero, cut down in his prime.

\* \* \*

## Note of Thanks

This is a good time, at the start of a New Year, to thank the many fine folks who help produce the Charger: Jim Chapman and his secretary, Janet Letsky of Baker & Hostetler, who address the envelopes, Jim McClimans of the same office, who gets them to Vermilion; (continued on page 7)



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## Blues vs. Grays

Brian Kowell and Tim Beatty have been working for several months compiling a list of questions with which to test the knowledge and quick reactions of the contestants at our Annual Quiz this month.

They are introducing a new twist: this year the teams will have 9 instead of 3 panelists, working in relays, with an accumulating score.

Come and hear these experts expose themselves to the Battle of Words: Jon Groza, Tome Keller, Ted Adams, Neil Glaser, Joe Tirpak, Ken Callahan, Bob Bayless, Tim Moran, Bill Koster, John Wilson, George Vourlojianis, Bob Bancher, Doug Baldwin, Bill Victory, Marty Graham, Bill Stark, Lynn Lazzaro, and George Skoch. Brian will serve as scorekeeper, Tim will be Quizmaster.

Please restrain yourselves from calling out the answers.

# FRED GILL'S BOOK REVIEW

Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant. 2 vols.  
Charles L. Webster & Co., 1885

Not least among the attributes of Lincoln's genius is his mastery of the English language. Lincoln, in his generation, however, is not alone on that lofty pinnacle. Quietly beside him stands his winning general, the author of this surprising piece of literature. Grant's Memoirs rightly takes its place among the greatest autobiographies in the language. Any teacher of literature who does not require it to be read and studied is unfaithful to his calling and deprives his students of a unique experience.



The temptation to quote Grant here is great, especially his remarks about people, but I am unable to resist these words about the war and America itself: "It is probably well that we had this war when we did. Our republican institutions were regarded as experimental up to the breaking out of rebellion, and monarchical Europe generally believed that our republic was a rope of sand that would part the moment the slightest strain was brought upon it. Now it has shown itself capable of dealing with one of the greatest wars that was ever made, and our people themselves to be the most formidable in war of any nationality.

"But this was a fearful lesson and should teach us the necessity of avoiding wars in the future."

Reading Grant's well-wrought sentences tells you what this rare man was like. His calm recounting of complex events and situations and his acute assessment of many of the generals and politicians whose names are so familiar to us almost makes you think you are sitting with him and listening to him talk there on the Adirondack porch where he penciled his manuscript. This is what real literature evokes.

Grant was broke when he was persuaded to forego his resolve not to write about his war experiences, broke, as he says, "because of the rascality of a business partner." When he found writing "congenial," he started on these memoirs at the urging of Mark Twain, who certainly knew something about superior writing. The work sold over 300,000 copies, and, while Grant did not live to enjoy its fruits, it netted almost half a million dollars (1885 style at that) for his Julia. It is not often that literature pays so handsomely.



## A MONUMENT TO NEGLECT

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As Miss Liberty is restored to her original glory, we should spare a thought at least for a forgotten monument - the Grant National Memorial. It stands at Riverside Drive and 122nd street, out of sight of most citizen's gaze and out of the minds of public officials. From its appearance, it is fair to say that nobody cares about its condition, yet when it was being built everybody in America had an opinion about how it should look.

The design of Grant's Tomb was debated for half a decade. Some people thought a towering shaft of granite would best commemorate the dead hero. Others favored a large equestrian statue. In 1888, a competition was held to select a design. It drew entries from all over the world. None was accepted, and two years later another competition was held. This time, the judges chose a New Yorker, John Duncan, to be the architect. He used 8,000 tons of granite to build a monument that rises 150 feet from a bluff above the Hudson River. The design incorporates elements from the tombs of King Mausolus, who reigned in Asia Minor in the fourth century B.C., and the Roman Emperor Hadrian, as well as the Garfield Memorial, in Cleveland, Ohio.

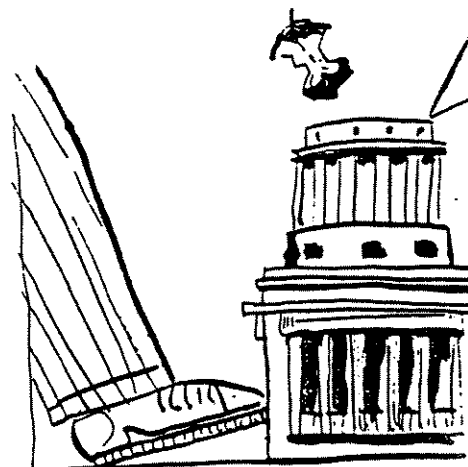
Today, Grant's Tomb is an eyesore, sorry and neglected. It is daubed on all sides with graffiti. The steps are overgrown and weeds stand several inches high in the plaza's cracks. On summer weekends and most holidays, the steps and plaza are thronged with people barbecuing on portable grills. They leave the place a mass of litter. Although an attendant sits at a desk inside the memorial four hours a day, nobody patrols the grounds day or night - as a result it is a haven for junkies.

General Ulysses S. Grant was admired not only for his military skills but also for his humanity during the peace that followed the Civil War. He headed off northern politicians who wanted to try Robert E. Lee for treason. His funeral, in 1885, was one of the most spectacular events ever held in America. Buildings were draped in black, and one million people turned out along Broadway, crowding roof tops and sidewalks. Grant, a shy man, would probably have been uncomfortable at the occasion. Maybe it is fitting that his burial place has become a quiet backwater.

But what would Grant think of the way his monument is being preserved? Not much, I suspect. For years, the memorial was privately maintained; then in 1958 the National Park Service, an agency of the Interior Department, took over responsibility for its upkeep. (The plaza and surrounding park area are the city's responsibility.)

A spokesman for the Park Service acknowledged that the site is a mess, but says there is little that can be done. "One of the problems is the target is vulnerable to a lot of people," he said. The acting site supervisor in New York, Lily Reisert, said no guard was assigned to patrol outside the memorial "because we don't have the funding to pay for someone to be there." The Park Service says the monument was cleaned last year. Will it be scrubbed again in view of the fact that 1985 marks the centennial of Grant's death? The Park Service says the monument will be cleaned "eventually."

To what can one ascribe such neglect? What set of priorities ordains that Grant should be the last among first? In my view, he ranks in the same pantheon as Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson, whose memorials are all well tended. And there is no small irony in the neglect of Grant, an irony that seems to escape the National Park Service. The Service lays claim to 24,000 full-time employees, with 7,500 more taken on in summer. Two hundred full-time employees are assigned to Yellowstone Park alone. The irony is that the man who created the National Park Service, who in 1872 signed the act creating the first national park, Yellowstone, was none other than President Ulysses S. Grant. Maybe for sentiment alone the Park Service could spare one ranger to keep Grant's burial place free of the daubings of vandals.



*The NYC ashcan  
a DISGRACE!*

The above was written by Peter McCabe and appeared in the New York Times. Thanks to the New York CWRT's

# SCENES I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN



Early in March 1865 Senator Washburne, a friend of Lincoln's from Illinois, arrived at Grant's army headquarters in Virginia.

Mr. Washburne was assigned quarters in camp next to General Grant. The next day was Sunday. The congressman was the first one up, and when he went to shave he found there was no looking-glass in his quarters; so he stepped across to the general's office in his shirt-sleeves, and finding a glass there, proceeded to lather his face and prepare for the delicate operation of removing his beard. Just as he had taken hold of his nose with his thumb and forefinger, which he had converted into a sort of clothes-pin for the occasion, and had scraped a wide swath down his right cheek with the razor, the front door of the hut was suddenly burst open, and a young woman rushed in, fell on her knees at his feet, and cried: "Save him! oh, save him! He's my husband."

The distinguished member of Congress was so startled by the sudden apparition that it was with difficulty that he avoided disfiguring his face with a large gash. He turned to the intruder, and said: "What's all this about your husband? Come, get up, get up! I don't understand you."

"Oh, general, for God's sake, do save my husband," continued the woman. "Why my good woman, I'm not General Grant," the Congressman insisted. "Yes, you are; they told me this was your room. Oh, save him, general; they're to shoot him this very day for desertion if you don't stop them."

Mr. Washburne now began to take in the situation and led the woman to a seat, and tried to comfort her, while she began to tell how her young husband had been led, through his fondness for her, to desert in order to go home and see her, and how he had been captured and court-martialed, and was to be executed that day.

By this time the general was up, and hearing the excited conversation, dressed hurriedly, and stepped upon the scene. The spectacle presented partook decidedly of the serio-comic. The dignified member of Congress was standing in his shirt-sleeves in front of the pleading woman, his face covered with lather, except the swath down his right cheek; the razor uplifted in his hand, and the tears were starting out of his eyes as his sympathies began to be worked upon. The woman was screaming and gesticulating frantically, and was almost hysterical with grief. The general now took a hand in the matter, convinced the woman that he was the commanding general, assured her that he would take steps at once to have her husband reprieved and pardoned, and sent her away rejoicing. His interposition saved the man's life just in the nick of time. He cracked many a joke with Mr. Washburne afterward about the figure he cut on the morning of the occurrence.

Again we are indebted to Guy DiCarlo's NY CWRT Dispatch for the above story.

# LADIES' PAGE

Reading this recipe in the Bugle Call, the newsletter of the Hagerstown CWRT, gave us the idea that our members' wives might like to vary the goodge they feed their husbands with something from the Civil War diets.

## CONFEDERATE CUSH

This delicacy was invented to lend variety to the preparation of corn meal, the staple issue in many rebel armies, especially after it had acquired a patina of green mold. Chip up bacon and rind into fine particles, fry to a crisp in your little black pot, then fill pot half full of branch water, then take stale corn bread, the more moldy the better, crumble, mix and bring to a boil gently stirring with a forked stick. When cold, eat with fingers and to prevent waste or to avoid carrying it on the march, eat the four days' ration at one sitting.

From the Civil War Book Exchange we obtained this recipe for Yankee hardtack, along with the how-to for making the biscuit cutter:

## HARDTACK

2 cups flour

1 cup water

1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix flour and salt, add water and knead until not sticky. Roll dough into one half-inch rectangle, fold, and roll again. Repeat this two or three more times. Cut 1/2" thick dough into squares with the cutter, separate and place in greased pan (bacon grease, bear grease or anything slippery) and bake at 300 degrees for 35 minutes on each side. This makes six biscuits. Store in cool place up to six years.

## HARDTACK BISCUIT CUTTER

Get a block of wood about 2 x 3 inches, about 3/8" thick. Drive 12 one-inch finishing nails clear thru, letting points stick out. Bend a piece of flat thin metal (may be cut from a tin) all around the edge and nail in place. (See illustration if this is not too clear.)  
Note: The holes made by the nails are to facilitate drying the dough and making entrance to biscuit easier for worms.



THE MARTINI (a beverage, recipe garnered from Brunschweig's Compleat Drinking Companion).

First recipe, published 1862

1 dash Bitters

2 dashes Maraschino Liqueur

1 pony Old Tom Gin\*

1 wineglass Vermouth\*\*

2 small lumps ice

Shake up thoroughly and strain into large cocktail glass and add a slice of lemon.

\* Old Tom is a generic, not a trade name. An 1862 pony equals 1 ounce.  
\*\* Must be French since Italian Vermouth had not been invented yet. An 1862 wineglass equals 2 1/2 ounces.

We recommend that the martini(s) be served well in advance of the Cush and Hardtack.

As a further service, the editor of this page will be happy to forward address of purveyor of the following unmentionables:

### PETTICOAT-OVER THE HOOP

Made of bleached cotton muslin. Give waist & waist to floor over hoop measurements. \$23.00

### PETTICOAT-UNDER THE HOOP

Same as above. Give waist & waist to floor under hoop measurements. \$23.00

### DRAWERS (PANTALETS)

Made of bleached cotton muslin. Made off of an original pair. Give waist measurement. \$10.00

### CHEMISE

Made of bleached cotton muslin from an original. Give bust measurement.

### CORSET COVER (CAMISOLE)

Made from bleached cotton muslin with drawstrings at waist & top. Give bust & waist measurements. \$15.00

### RUFFLES FOR PETTICOATS

Under the Hoop \$ 5.00 ea

## ABOUT THOSE DUES

With all of the fine programs and the hard work that went into their planning, the good attendances, better food that we've had at each meeting, and the general enthusiasm expressed by the membership, it is difficult to understand why there are still 19 who have not paid their dues. They are now four months late! If you are one of these, sit down right now and send your check for \$20 (\$10 if you are a non-resident) to Treasurer Martin Graham, at 1957 Revere Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118.

## HISTORY OF CLEVELAND CWRT

President Brian Kowell wrote a concise history of the Cleveland Civil War Round Table, which he sent to member Bill Stark, who is to send it on to John J. Grabowski, Managing Editor for the Encyclopedia of Cleveland History, Case-Western Reserve History Department. This will be run in a future issue of the Charger.

## As Grampappy Tol' Hit

Ginral Lee ast mah grampappy, "Cap'm, how many bluecoats up ahaid?"  
Mah grampappy said, "Ginral, suh, Ah reckons they's nigh onto a thousand o' them scoun'els."

Ginral Lee ast, "Cap'm, how many men you got?"

Mah grampappy said, "Ginral, suh, they's me an' a wounded corp'ril and two li'l drummer-boys."

Ginral Lee said, "Cha-a-a-ahge!"

(We have a stock of these rebel grampappy whoppers, and after running the series, full credit will be given their source.  
Do YOU have one? Send it in.)

## THANKS *continued*

Martha Dayton, of the Vermillion Board of Education, who xeroxes 1200 pages every month; Magician Bob Snodell, of Chicago, sets the heads; Fred Gill, presently of St. Petersburg Beach, who faithfully turns out his pithy book reviews; and Brian Kowell stops by to help fold, stuff, stick and stamp.

And thanks to the many of you who send in newspaper and magazine clippings, notes and suggestions - these are all duly filed and will be used eventually.

This is truly a team effort: thanks for your support.

H. & S.C.

## Civil War Smiles by STU GRAMER



"Thees stuff make me fight lak a tiger."

"Makes me sleepy."

# OLLAPODRIDA



Ulysses S. Grant once shared an umbrella with a stranger as both walked to a reception.

"Between us," said the stranger, who had never met the President, "I have always thought that Grant was a very much overrated man."

Replied Grant: "That's my view, also."

From Presidential Anecdotes, by Paul F. Boller, Jr. Thanks to the Newsletter of the Kentucky CWRT of Frankfort, Ky.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the same source which cites A Treasury of American Folklore, here are the nicknames given the troops from various states by their comrades-in-arms: Kentuckians on both sides were called "Corn Crackers;" Virginians were "Beagles," Alabamians "Lizards," Mississippians were known as "Tadpoles," Georgians as "Buzzards," and South Carolinians as "Weasels."

Soldiers from Northern states fared even worse. If you were from New Jersey, you were called a "Clam Catcher;" if from Delaware, a "Muskrat;" or, from Oregon, a "Hard Case," Illinois, a "Sucker," and if you were from Missouri, you were a "Puke."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bedford Forrest's "Crittter Company" fired the first and last shots at the Battle of Chickamauga.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the Newsletter of the Cincinnati CWRT a couple of years ago, we noted two anecdotes illustrating why General Jubal Early went to his grave with the title, "The Unreconstructed Rebel!" He died on March 2, 1894, always wore suits of Confederate Gray, and would never accept the fact that the South had lost. On one occasion Early received an invitation from the City Council of Boston to attend the dedication of the Army and Navy monument on the Boston Common. He declined with the following letter to the president of the council. "While I fully appreciate your fraternal and harmonizing spirit which prompts our Northern friends to condone the offences of their 'erring Southern brethern'(sic) yet I have not arrived at the happy frame of mind which would enable me to individually perform with becoming grace, the part of the erring Southern brother returning in a contrite mood to the 'house of his father.'"

On another occasion he was ready to contribute generously to a monument to be erected to Gen. Robert E. Lee. Several days later, when he was told that the granite for the monument was from the state of Maine, he declined with the following remark, "If this monument is built with Maine granite, I should feel like collecting the survivors of the old 2nd Corp, C.S.A., taking them to Richmond and blowing the damned thing up."

\* \* \* \* \*

More than 275 Confederate letters and documents were uncovered last May at Johns Hopkins University. They were found in a vault which had been locked and painted over since the 1940s, and are apparently a small part of the J. Thomas Scharf Historical Collection given to the University in 1904.