



THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

APRIL 1974

Vol. 17 No. 8

144th MEETING

DATE: TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1974

SPEAKER: MR. HOWARD C. WESTWOOD

SUBJECT: THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON THE
CONDUCT OF THE WAR

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB, DODGE COURT

PRELIMINARIES: 6:00 PM DINNER 7:00 PM

HOWARD C. WESTWOOD

Our speaker is a prominent Washington, D. C. attorney with the prestigious law firm of Covington & Burling. He has been associated with them since 1934, except for an interruption during WWII. A 1933 graduate of Columbia Law School he was then accepted as a law clerk to Mr. Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court.

His service time during World War II with the Marine Corps found his principal duty was as a drill instructor at the Marine Recruit Depot at Parris Island, South Carolina. Discharged with the rank of corporal in 1945 to become secretary to the newly created Air Coordinating Committee, a sub-Cabinet interdepartmental committee to coordinate the Government's aviation activities. He held this post until the end of World War II.

He was a member of the District of Columbia Bar Association's Board of Directors 1955-1956. Member of the Legal Aid Commission 1956-1958. This Commission was established to make a comprehensive study of legal aid in the District of Columbia.

He has also served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Legal Aid Society in the District of Columbia from 1955-1967, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Legal Aid Agency in the District of Columbia from 1960-1965.

Other memberships include the Board of Directors of the Neighborhood Legal Services Program, he was chairman of the Board; Committee on Civil Legal Aid of the Judicial Conference of the District of Columbia Circuit; Board of Directors of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association, and presently a member of that Board's Executive Committee; Juvenile Court Citizens Advisory Committee; Public member of the President's temporary Administrative Conference; Public member of the permanent Administrative Conference of the United States and chairman of its Committee on Rule-making from 1969-1970.

Born 1909 in Cedar Falls, Iowa and grew up in Tecumseh, Nebraska. After graduation from public high school in Tecumseh attended John Burroughs School in St. Louis, Missouri and Swarthmore College in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

U.S.S. MONITOR WRECKAGE FOUND

Washington Star-News

March 8, 1974

B. Drummond Ayres

DURHAM, N.C. — The long-sought wreck of the U.S.S. Monitor, the ironclad ship lost in a gale during the Civil War, has been found on the bottom of the Atlantic off Cape Hatteras, according to an oceanographic researcher at Duke University.

The researcher, John G. Newton, announced yesterday that the remains of the 172-foot vessel were lying in 220 feet of water, some 15 miles south-southeast of the cape. He said the wreck probably was not recoverable with equipment and technology currently available, but added:

"WE'RE SURE we've finally found her because of the distinctive cheese-box-on-a raft outline."

As proof, Newton offered underwater television films of portions of the wreck, along with sonar readings, magnetometer records and pieces of wood and coal brought to the surface with mechanical scoops.

The pictures showed what Newton said was the encrusted stern of the Monitor, turned upside down, with the rudder broken away and the revolving gun turret slightly dislodged to the side.

Divers have not yet visited the site, which is swept by Gulfstream currents below and frequent storms on the surface. "It's a very dangerous place," said Newton who oversees oceanographic programs for the Duke Marine Laboratory in Beaufort.

Because of the danger and because the Monitor's remains were said to be "very fragile," Newton refused to disclose the precise location of the wreck.

The Monitor, whose four-hour battle with the Confederate ironclad ship the Virginia ended in a draw and spelled the end of the era of wooden ships, went down in a typical Hatteras gale on the night of December 31, 1862. Sixteen Union sailors were drowned when cold seas pured into cracks and ventilating holes, and the cumbersome, low-slung ironclad turned turtle and sank.

In the years following the Monitor's loss, a number of expeditions searched for the wreck. But the littered bottom of the Atlantic in the Cape Hatteras area hid the remains well for more than a century and, on September 30, 1953, the U.S. Navy officially declared the Monitor "out of commission."

The wreck finally was discovered late last summer --verification took until a few weeks ago--when the Duke Marine Laboratory combined both historical research and scientific expertise in the hunt.

Using old records, particularly an 1857 coastal chart and the log of the tow ship, the Duke team replotted the final track of the Monitor and narrowed the search to an area five miles wide and 14 miles long. Then the team put to sea, having crammed the marine laboratory's research vessel, the Eastward, with the latest underwater detection devices available. Some of the devices were designed by Harold Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a specialist in sea researches.

The verification was painstaking, direct for the most part by Gordon P. Watts, an underwater archeologist for the state of North Carolina.

When the mechanical scoops brought up small pieces of Yellow Pine, Watts' historical research confirmed that the New York shipyard that built the Monitor in late 1861 and early 1862 had followed designer John Ericsson's directions and used pine in parts of the vessel.

Then, to complete the verification, Watts decided to make a pictorial record of the wreck, and exceptionally difficult task. "It was a constant game of playing off all the forces and weights against each other," Watts said. But in the end, a composite picture of the rear half of the wreck was made.

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GUY DI CARLO, JR., EDITOR, P.O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE CONDUCT OF THE
WAR

The formation of the Joint Committee (hereinafter referred to as the CCW) is summed up nicely in Allan Nevins' Volume 1 of THE WAR FOR THE UNION:

"As the opening of Congress approached in December the grumbling deepened. Senators Chandler, Wade, and Trumbull, whom John May already termed the heads of a Jacobin Club, had been badgering Lincoln to insist on a battle. They felt betrayed, for when they had assailed Scott as feeble, they had promised their friends that McClellan would move promptly.

Before Congress met, Chandler, Wade and Trumbull had adumbrated a plan. They would create a Congressional committee which would both carry on a continuous investigation of the war effort and apply frequent pricks of the goad. The session no sooner began that Chandler proposed a Senate committee of three to inquire into Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. Grimes of Iowa substituted a broader resolution for a House-Senate committee of five to explore the causes of the disasters that had attended the public arms, with power to send for person and papers. Further amendments enlarged the committee to three Senators and four Representatives, and stated the mandate in a single comprehensive phrase: "To inquire into the conduct of the present war."

Thus with nearly unanimous approval, originated the most powerful parliamentary engine of the time, the Committee on the Conduct of the War. This body was not tardy in proceeding to work. Under Wade as chairman, with Zack Chandler, Senator Andrew Johnson, and Representatives Daniel Gooch, John Covode, George W. Julian, and Moses F. Odell as members, it began sitting before Christmas (1861). Within a few days this able group ascertained that McClellan's Army of the Potomac had present for duty on December 10th approximately 134,000 equipped infantry, 10,000 equipped cavalry, 10350 equipped artillery, and 6850 officers.

The establishment of the committee served explicit notice that if the President had war powers, Congress possessed them too, and would jealously assert them. But a majority did not share the Wade-Chandler animosity toward Lincoln. The committee later asserted that it took care to aid and cooperate with the overburdened Chief Executive. Summoning in their first fortnight a series of generals, they made it plain that their inquisitorial gaze would be bent on laggard and incompetent field commanders. This was wise; while interference with President or Cabinet would have been a disaster; the military needed a searching scrutiny."

Other members who served on the Committee at various time were: J.A. Wright of Indiana, B.F. Harding of Oregon and C.R. Buckalew of Pennsylvania (all Senators) and Representative Benjamin F. Loan of Missouri.

FARRAGUT

MOBILE BAY, 5th AUGUST, 1864

FARRAGUT, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clears the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelman five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive;
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads -- Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale;
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

William T. Meredith
CENTURY MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1890

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THE REBEL YELL

The thirsty ray of the July sun
Drank the breath of the summer morning
Over Utah fitfully blown
From ponderous mountain lips of stone
That seemed in grim prophetic warning
Curled in a vast and massive scorning,
As if the roar of the morning gun,
The faint far crackle of distant rifles,
Were part of a sum of mortal trifles.

Then woke Deseret's mountain men
At sound of an old familiar thunder,
Woke with a quick heart-leap, again,
Drew their brows in listening wonder,
With eyes of warriors gleaming under;
For these were the soldiers of the South
Drifted away on the wreck of battle
To this far mountain isle of drouth --
Listening now to the pulsing rattle
Of rifle volleys, while memory taxing
In half-awakening explanation,--
"Ha!" they said, their brows relaxing,
"This is the birthday of our Nation!
The common day of American glory!
Now will the Mormon render the story?"

Then some from Stonewall's old brigade,
And some from the noted Hampton Legion,
And some from the Black Horse cavalcade,
And more from a far less famous region,--
The men that followed Old Pap Price
From early trials of Cow Skin Prairie'
In and out of Missouri, twice,--
Followed their leader bold and wary
On to the final and sure disaster,
As men have never followed a master,
As men go anywhere, hand and glove,
Even to death, with the leader they love: --
These men questioning thus, and replying,
Looked from their cityward windows all,
Beheld the dome of the city hall
And the Stars and Stripes at half-mast flying!

As with one impulse, down the street
From many a window disappearing,
Every obstacle leaping and clearing,
With old-time rush of the charging feet,
Toward the town-hall, they thundering hurried
Where Mormon chiefs sat flushed and flurried.
"Run up the flag!" the foremost cried
With voice like the roar of a joining battle.
"Up to the top!" And those at his side
Echoed his cry as the pattering rattle
Of a full brigade when it "orders arms";
Or a regiment firing a single volley.

The Mormons answered: "What wild folly,
Men of the South--and after the harms
That came to you from this striped rag,
Tainting you still with the smell of treason!
This is never your blue-crossed flag!
How flies your courage! How fails your reason!"
And then the soldier spokesman rose
As if he rose in a ringing stirrup,
Over the cowering heads of foes
The while his strong steed sprang at a chirrup:
"Not yet was it treason when we flew
To arms for a question vexed and nettled
From times of the Colonies on and through
To Appomattox--but there it was settled."
Pausing, he knitted his grizzled brow,
And with a glance that seemed to sever
The hearts of the men at the lowered bunting
Whilst he for the strongest phrases hunting
Shouted: "To us it is treason NOW!
From Appomattox on and forever!
Run up our flag! We give you one minute,
Not to consider it, but to begin it!"

Then when a dozen of shaking hands
Swiftly drew on the rising pulley,
Till, soaring up on its sea-grass strands,
The bright silk flag unfolding fully
Floated high in a sun-flood gleaming,
There sprang from hundreds of soldier throats
A shrill fierce cry like eagles screaming.
Out on the morning breeze it floats,
On, to the cabined sides of the mountains
Mushing the murmurs of winds and fountains:
Men leaped up wherever it fell,
Catching it up like a song forgotten,
Filled the air with the rebel yell,
The lost war-cry of the land of the cotton,
Till all the resonant fibers of pines
Every power of sound enlarging
Rang with the thrill of a shout that never
Sprang from aught but the terrible lines
Of the dauntless Gray-men fiercely charging,
Echoed it back from the mountain's brow
From tallest pines and stunted sages,
A shout that shall echo through future ages--
"To lower the flag is treason now,
"From Appomattox on and forever!"

H.W. Taylor
CENTURY MAGAZINE
MARCH 1887

THE PASSPORT

Dedicated to the First Minnesota Vols.

I don't need a Chaplain, my passport is good
For thirty years or more it has stood,
Signed by Hancock and my Country's God,
And sealed with the blood that was drank by the sod
Where we stood as a Gibraltar rock,
To meet the terrible shock,
Of rebellions tidal wave,- and witha yell,
Sent it broken, -back to Hell.

From Little Round Top, where we lay,
We watched the Gods of battle play;
Heard the shriek of shell, and cannon roar,
Such as man had never heard before,
Saw Mill and Longstreet cross Peach Orchard slope
Where Sickel's left was stopped and broke;
We saw -grew pale - and held our breath,
For each one knew it meant his death.

We saw Hancock dash through Devil's Den,
and try to rally Sickel's men;
A fruitless task, but nobly done,
For in the charge the rebels won,
And rolled our left wing up the hill
As Jackson had done at Chancellorville.
We saw, and each one knew the cost
Of battles won - and battles lost.

We lay on Round Top's barren crest
With every right to join the rest
Of that badly shattered, driven host,
And leave a field where all was lost.
But Hancock knew us - tried and true,
And up the side of Round Top flew,
With thought to bid us - die or do,
Though staggered at our numbered few.

And Hancock gave a sharp command,
"Colville - stop them - or be damned";
"Right shoulder shift - forward" above the din
We heard the voice of Colville ring;
Shoulder to shoulder with a yell
We charged into that mouth of Hell,
And what each thought none may tell,
For all but forty of us fell.

To check the advancing rebel line,
And gain a moments precious time,
Till our reserve could cross the bridge
and drive them back across the ridge,
Hancock had hurled us - thirteen score in all-
Against a solid rebel wall;
And Colville led the little band
To stop ten thousand - "or be damned".

Every man was true to his task,
And we did all that Hancock asked;
We held the rebel horde at bay,
Until he came and won the day.
For Heaven's gate there is a wad,
"He saved the day at Geyysburg",
So I don't need the Chaplain's prayer,
To pass me through the lines up there.

St. Paul, Minnesota, December 1896
written by Charles B. Brunson
read by Sen. Cushman K. Davis
at the unveiling of the monu-
ment to Minnesota soldiers at
Gettysburg

* * * * *

COMRADES

One steed I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebags,
By night I fly upon Eagle;
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with patient patter,
Nor hears along the far-off heights
The hoofs of his comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor see his comrade gleaming
Where he fled along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.

One steed, in a few short years, will rest
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come there centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder:
And yet both steeds are mine to-day,
The immortal and the mortal;
One beats alone the clods of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.

Henry Ames Blood
CENTURY MAGAZINE
DECEMBER 1887

* * * * *

CIVIL WAR HUMOR

Washington had its full quota of gossip and rumor mongers in high places during the Civil War. One of them approached William H. Seward one day and whispered "Governor, what do you think of the latest developments? Where is the army going to strike next?"

"Madam," replied Secretary Seward, "if I did not know, I would be happy to tell you."