

The Charger

CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P.O. BOX 5028 • CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

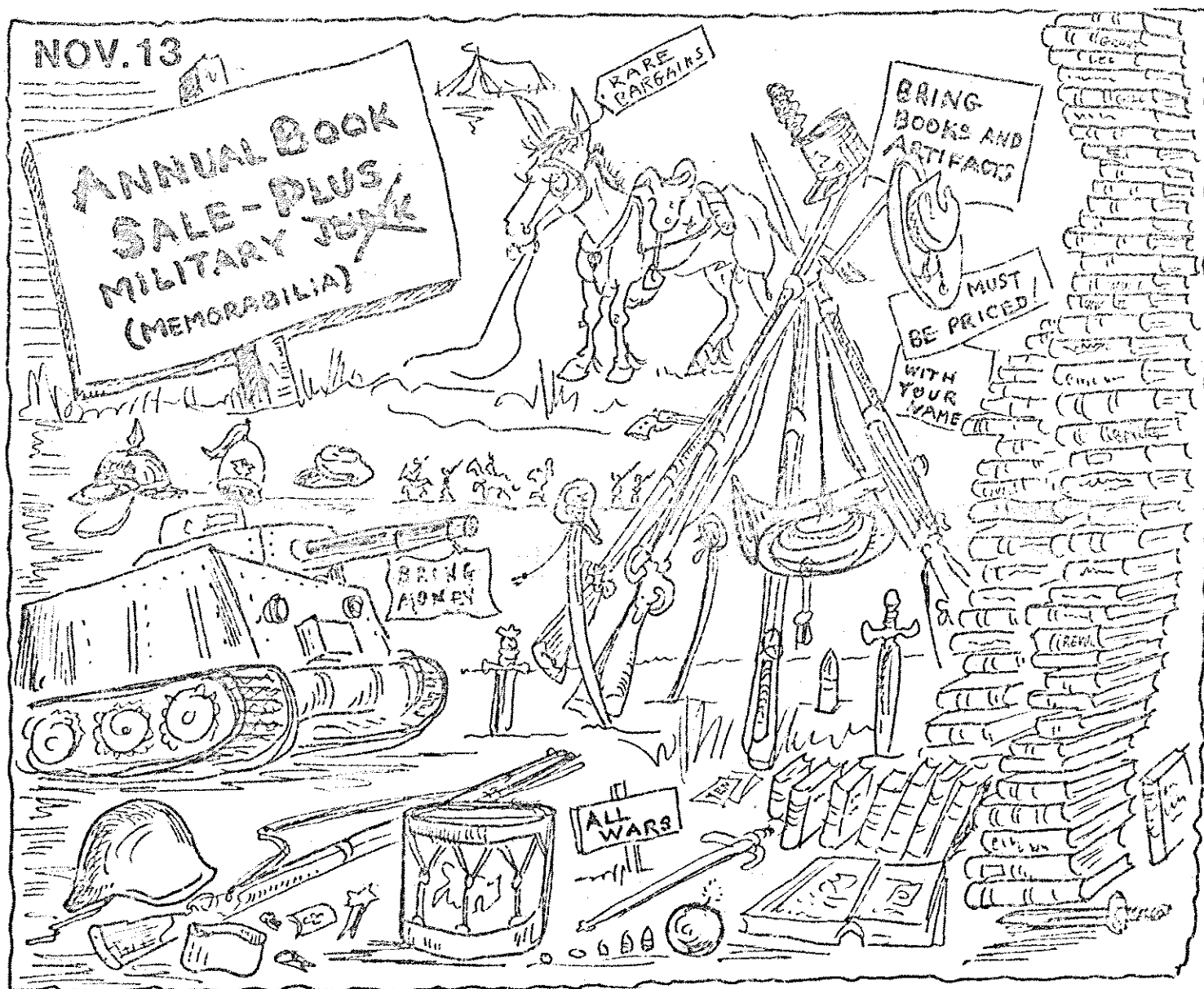
NOVEMBER, 1979

192nd Meeting

VOLUME 23 NO. 10

DATE: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13th
PROGRAM: A QUIZ CONTEST WITH A PANEL OF ALLEGED EXPERTS. This has Always been a Fun Affair, with Lots of Laughs (and you might even learn something!)

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB
POTABLES AND GEMULIKEIT (sp.?) at 6:00 P.M. In Upstairs Balcony Room, Where Book and Artifacts Sale will take place. Go directly upstairs. We will then return to the Grill, where we usually meet, for DINNER at 7:00 P.M. and the Program.



CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

Founded Nov. 19, 1957

President: Charles Spiegle
Vice Pres: Harrison Frost
Secretary: Tom Geshke
Treasurer: John Harkness

Executive Committee: 1979

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1980

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1981

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A Trip South

This is a reproduction of member Bob Thum's "Thumprints," a column that runs regularly in The Bennington Banner. This appeared on October 3rd, 1979.

I HAVE JUST returned from a short trip through some of the southern states. Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi were the objects of my interest.

In years past I have spent some time in the South and so I am not unfamiliar with some of the differences between North and South.

But on landing at Bowling Green, Ky., I was hard put to understand the dialect of the cab driver who kept repeating how important to the town was the "new morrell". After repeated questioning I determined he was talking about a brand new shopping center — mall — that we soon passed on the way to the motel. Of course, the talk of the waitresses and folks at restaurants and motels always concludes with "Come back now," or "Come back, heeah."

Some observations on this quickie trip through the South are the differences in the people of our great land. This is the land of The Grand Old Oprey, Hee Haw Motel, pecans and fireworks sold by Big Jim's, Sad Sam's and Nervous Charlie's. These are all advertised on enormous billboards as being 50 percent below the wares of their competitors.

Elvis Presley's birthplace is touted as a tourist attraction, and I saw a billboard stating that catfish hamburgers were for sale. In some counties in Mississippi beer is not for sale. Hard liquor is readily available, but for some reason known only to local legislators the sale of beer is illegal. It's hard to figure that one out.

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YET THERE is a charm to the South. The tempo of life is much more relaxed. This may prove vexing to the more anxious and fast-moving northerner, especially when he is eagerly awaiting fast action on a bill at the local motel or restaurant so he can proceed rapidly on his way. The attendant at the counter, usually a relaxed female, takes her "cotton-pickin'" time to do her paper work, interspersed with interruptions on the telephone, and finally concludes this snail's paced operation with a drawled, "Come back now heeah?" This whole operation can drive a damn Yankee to utter distraction.

A Vermonter used to the virgin purity of our state is appalled by the ugliness of the billboards and signs of sister states. Vermont

is lovely and is not prostituted by this singular commercial blight. The flatland of the states visited does not have the rolling beauty of our hills and so the garrish and mawkish unsightliness of commercial advertisement adds even more to the sad destruction of the land to the observer's eye. And the littler is abhorrent. My daily walk of three miles along country roads revealed tons of garbage, empty bottles and containers that are thrown by citizens out of automobiles. There is no doubt in my mind that Vermont is the cleanest state in the union, thank God and the bottle law.

THE MAIN highway from Nashville to Memphis is a fine Interstate and is traveled by about 90 percent truck traffic. Truckers are fine and courteous drivers in the main but have a lack of regard for the 55 mph speed limit, which apparently is not enforced. Gas is readily available, and I was impressed by the number of truckers who use the motel facilities to get their much needed rest. My

Continued on page 4

Truant Members Not Lacking

Our energetic President Charlie Spiegle is somewhat miffed, or rather frustrated might be a better word. This writer once tried to explain to a French friend, whose English was better than my French, the meaning of "pork barrel;" so I know how Charlie feels. You just can't figure it out.

Here we have had a series of darned good programs, a highly successful field trip, a responsible and active administration, and an enthusiastic membership of those who ATTEND OUR MEETINGS. There you have it. Our attendance, to put it subtly, STINKS. It has been going down instead of up...how come? As an example, Jim Chapman's talk at the October meeting just shouldn't have been missed — it was great — yet attendance was at a low ebb.

Programs coming up are as follows:

November: Quiz and Book Sale

December: Ed Troxell on "Confederate General Roger Pryor"

January: Stu Cramer, on "The Most Controversial Character of The War"

February: Don Heckaman on "Soldiers of All Wars"

March: Drs. Schlesinger and Shildt on "Wounded of The War"

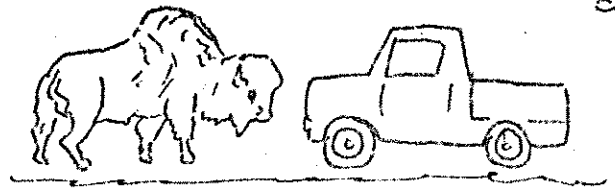
April...Memorial Day with an outside speaker...May, Ladies' Night with another Professional Speaker.

We need your PRESENCE AND SUPPORT!

FRED GILL'S BOOK REVIEW

THE GREAT BEAST

The Time of the Buffalo by Tom McHugh
Alfred A. Knopf: N.Y., 1972



Imagine a scraggly smelly animal not as big as your Cadillac but bigger than your Toyota, an animal heavier by half a ton than a moose or a Kodiak bear. He is the largest land animal in North and South America. He weighs upward to 2,200 pounds, stands six feet at the shoulder, is ten feet long and can have a horn spread of three feet.

Now imagine, if you can, a herd of these creatures solidly covering sixty square miles. Or another herd through which an observer traveled in 1839 and computed: "We traveled at a rate of fifteen miles a day. The length of sight on either side of the trail fifteen miles; on both sides, 30 miles. Thus $15 \times 3 = 1,350$ square miles." This is a mass of animals a little larger than the state of Rhode Island!

This then, is the buffalo or, if you are fussy, the bison. Whatever he is called this is the great beast of America. There is nothing here in nature like it and surely there never will be.

This well-written and well-documented book by a naturalist (a native of Cleveland, by the way) told me a great deal more than I need or even want to know about the buffalo, his range, peculiar habits, smell, taste, his key place in life in America for a thousand years before that other strange animal, the White man, came and with him the raw senselessness of the great hunts and the wanton waste of the hidemen. Thus ended the life of the grasslands community, the easy and in many ways idyllic existence of the Plains Indians and the buffaloes.

Of the estimated thirty-five million buffaloes at the height of their time only about thirty thousand remain in remote or carefully protected herds and herds raised commercially for meat, meat, it is said... "the most magnificent we ever tasted."

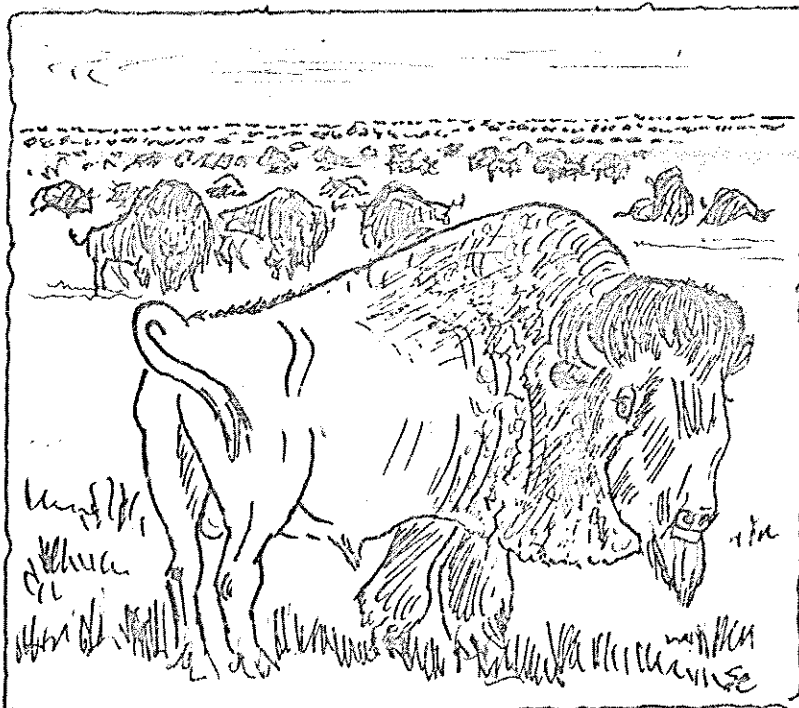
I can hardly wait to get to Denver and The Fort which advertises buffalo steaks "charbroiled Blackfoot style over aspen" or Tommy's Joynt in San Francisco for the buffalo stew, both establishments recommended by the author who sure knows his buffaloes.

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Support HR 5048

Have you taken a few minutes to write your Congressman or Senator, or to Senators Byrd, Warner and Bumpers expressing how you feel about extending the Bull Run Battlefield (CWRTs are FOR), and the preservation of our other National Military Parks by limiting their use as recreation centers?

Every letter and card
HELPS!!!! DO IT TODAY!!!!



Chapman on M & M

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Members attending the October meeting enjoyed an excellent talk by Jim Chapman on the "Monitor" and "Merimac."

With his usual thoroughness, Jim gave a bit of background about the two formidable ships, their supporters and detractors, as well as construction details, complete with well-understandable charts and illustrations.

His presentation of facts about each were objective; his description of the classic battle dramatic, and he held his audience right up to the last shot as the two "monsters" parted after their last encounter. The overtime question and answer period clearly indicated the keen interest Jim generated.

We liked his answer to the inevitable question, "Which one really won?" when he said that he thought John Erickson, inventor and builder of the "Monitor," won, because from then on the U.S. built dozens more like her.

This Month's Program

The quiz at this month's meeting will be run along the lines of the familiar TV quizzes. Jim Englehart will be the Quizmaster, and the panel to be spiked before their peers will consist of Ray Swanson, Tim Moran, Charlie Clarke, Frank Gillen, Bill Chamberlin and Stu Cramer. Fred Gill and Bill Schlesinger will be on the bench to go into the fray in case any of the above get cold feet. It ought to be a lot of fun, as those held in the past have proved.

A Note From Arkansas

Thanks to member Leigh Tanger we have this interesting report from Bishop Lay, of Arkansas, Indian Territory and Arizona, taken from The History of The Diocese of Arkansas.

"April 8, 1862. I passed Corinth on the night after the battle of Shiloh and came to Huntsville. April 11. On waking I was informed that the enemy in large force had possession of the town. So unexpected was their coming that few were able to make their escape. For nearly five months Huntsville remained in possession of the Federal Army, and its citizens were subjected to such indignities and wrongs as they have everywhere inflicted on the helpless. For two weeks of this period I was imprisoned, in common with 11 citizens of the town, arrested as hostages; most of the time I was in solitary confinement under guard...

"When the Federal soldiers took possession of the church at Van Buren, they fed their horses out of the font and confiscated the Communion vessels, later found by a clergyman in New York in the hands of a discharged soldier and bought for old silver for \$108, and returned. Our beautiful church at Helena has been occupied as a Post Chapel, by a Unitarian, and our brethren have been visited with all the inhumanities which characterize the present invasion. Upon general review, we find calamities to prevail, but much also to encourage us in those parts of the State that escaped invasion."

THUMPRINTS

observation was that there were few motels that didn't have at least five or 10 huge rigs in their parking lots at night, and had provided this large space for their use.

This is seldom seen in the North, where often one sees the big rigs parked in rest areas on the throughways when the drivers get tired. Perhaps the relative cheapness of motel rooms in the South encourages this.

Another phenomenon that has emerged on the southern scene recently is kudzu. This is a Japanese land cover import, brought into the southern states to provide soil retention and has grown like a great jungle blight. What was to be a blessing has proven in many places to be a curse, as the stuff overgrows everything in its way. Although it is not unsightly, it is frightening in the way it is climbing up trees and even houses in an almost unworldly creeping rapid growth. It may overcome us all.

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SO BACK TO the Green Mountains I returned from the red mud of the Tennessee River, from Iuka, Corinth, Shiloh, Tupelo, Tishomingo, and Pontotoc. Back from the country of catfish, hushpuppies, grits, and cornpone. Up to the land of Barre, Montpelier, Ticonderoga and Ascutney. Where we feast on trout, potatoes, corn and zucchini. It's a great country we live in.

Sutlers following the armies of the North were notorious exploiters of the enlisted men. Their prices for tobacco, candy, wine, sundries, newspapers, rotgut and all the other "comforts of home" were outrageous. They were a hated bunch, and yet indispensable. They made it possible for the men to supplement the tedious and often indigestible fare served by the army commissaries, and helped ease the bore of camp life.

One of the interesting phenomena of those years was the incredible growth of the popularity of cheap paper-back novels. They were devoured by the thousands of homesick soldiers seeking release from boredom. The implausible plots, weak themes, the ridiculous dialogues and the sensational subjects simply added to their vogue.

One who cashed in on this was a 40-year-old cavalryman under Colonel Grenfall Dodge, one E. Z. C. Judson, known as Ned Buntline, who had been a fairly successful "shilling shocker" writer in the past. When Buntline saw the tremendous soldier market, he obtained a furlough, went to New York, and started to write again. He went A.W.O.L., was caught and jailed; but the lieutenant in charge was an embryo author who recognized his prisoner and furnished him with books and foolscap to continue his output.

A smart New York publisher had hit upon the idea of illustrating its covers with a large reproduction of a U.S. ten-cent piece so the sutlers could not charge more than that amount for their books. Thus, "the dime novel."

Ned Buntline ground out dozens of these dime novels and eventually became wealthy. He was a despicable character, an ugly little fellow who had the audacity to rent a colonel's uniform and have Matthew Brady take his picture sitting in the same chair and in the same pose as the well-known Brady picture of President Lincoln. He was a sergeant of scouts in a New York cavalry regiment for a short time before being drummed out. His wild imagination, aplomb, story-telling ability, salesmanship, and extraordinary impersonations led him a life that provided plenty of adventures for his books. Most of the heroes of his stories were Ned Buntline. At one time after the war he got into politics, and was instrumental in forming the "Know Nothing Party." He spawned several illegitimates, and was sued by two ladies for seduction and bigamy.



Buntline's greatest claim to fame was his discovery of William Frederick Cody and through his popular pulp writings turned the handsome cowboy into the famous Buffalo Bill. Cody had, indeed, been a U.S. Army scout, a rider of the Pony Express, and slaughtered some 4,280 buffaloes in the year and a half that he was hired by the Kansas-Pacific Railroad's construction company to provide meat for the construction gangs. It is said that in his lifetime he killed 40,000 of the great beasts.

After making Buffalo Bill a national hero, Buntline took his protégé to New York and formed a theatrical company to produce a play in which he and Cody were the leading characters. It was such an awful play that it was

apparently hilarious, and became quite a hit. This taste of the footlights also gave Buffalo Bill some ideas.

Cody was a great friend of General Phil Sheridan, who, as General of the Army, gave elaborate hunting parties on the 1870's, and always employed him to run the hunts. These affairs usually started out from Fort McPherson, on the North Platt River, and a whole company of cavalry would be assigned to handle the logistics for the honored guests. The latter were assured of returning with trophies that included buffalo heads and robes, elk teeth and venison. Once one of the guests was Grand Duke Nicholas, of Imperial Russia.

Buffalo Bill finally had enough money to realize his dream of organizing a gigantic Wild West Show, in which he employed dozens of famous scouts and Indians, who staged mock battles and feats of horsemanship. As the show prospered and became more elaborate, it grew into the greatest outdoor attraction in the country.

In 1886 The Buffalo Bill Wild West Show went to Europe, transporting a huge herd of horses, and, in addition, dozens of buffaloes, some camels, an entire Indian village, stagecoaches and innumerable scouts and cowboys. Opening in London, the show was an instant success, and when Queen Victoria requested a command performance, she made the unprecedented concession of attending the great arena to witness the show. It was too big for Buckingham Palace to accommodate it. Success was scored in a tour of other European nations. And why wouldn't it, here for the first and last time in history the actual participants of the wars and events in the Old West were presented in action?

Bill Cody was a prodigious drinker, and notorious for his lack of business sense, but he was a world-wide celebrity and made vast amounts of money. He was too generous, too gullible, and finally went broke. After losing his show, he spent the later years of his career with Sells Floto Circus, and then with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, hired simply because of the attraction of his name. In the end he had to be helped up on his horse, would ride out and take a bow, return and be helped off. His doctors long ago had prescribed only one drink a day, but he circumvented this by taking his single whiskey by the steinful.

This writer visited the gravesight and Buffalo Bill museum on Look-out Mountain, near Denver, and found that thousands visit it each year. In researching this article, it was surprising to find that books about Buffalo Bill in the library are well-worn with constant usage. Today he is still one of America's best loved heroes, "last of the great scouts"....but who remembers E.Z.C. Judson, alias Ned Buntline?

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Energy Crisis

Timber was the major fuel for heating, both for the civilian population and for the armies in the field. At Fredericksburg, a community of about 5,000, the wooded areas were sufficient for the civilian population's needs. But when, in December 1862, nearly 200,000 troops moved into the area, the supply of fuel wood for miles around was quickly exhausted. As far away as Richmond, wood then sold for \$120 a cord.

Thanks to the Hagerstown CWRT Bugle

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Of Spies and Loose Wimmin

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Much has been written about tawdry crime-ridden Washington, D.C. during the Civil War. Amidst the jumble of fine government buildings, the city abounded with shabby shops, jerrybuilt rows of brick and frame dwellings, boarding houses, cat houses, saloons, cheap dancehalls and gambling joints. Soiled doves flocked to the District in droves; drunken soldiers roamed the streets and brawled with fists, bowie knives and brass knuckles. District police and provost guards just couldn't cope.

Another major problem confronting the Metropolitan Police detectives, agents of the Secret Service and U.S. marshals, was the number of spies, male and female, who infiltrated the offices of both civilian and the military. It was a common belief that officers and men in their cups and consorting with loose women talked too much. This was the main reason for cracking down on the prostitutes. It was, for example, no secret that Annie Elinor Jones shared her winsome charms with General George A. Custer and that Gen. Judson Kilpatrick became so jealous of Custer's attentions to Annie that he reported to Gen. Meade, Commander of the Army of the Potomac, that she was a Rebel spy. She was imprisoned in 1864 and later moved to a jail in Barnstable, Massachusetts.

Wherever there was an army camp there were coterie of these ladies of easy virtue, which led one writer in the Washington Evening Star to observe that "They say a good way to ascertain the whereabouts of an army headquarters is to note where the fancy women go, as they seem to get "early information."

It was the ever-present prostitute wandering from place to place, passing through the lines and picking up bits of information which were turned over to the Confederates that frustrated Union authorities. In July, 1863, Gen. James D. Morgan ordered the eviction of all the whores in Nashville, Tenn.. They were loaded aboard the "Ivanhoe" and eventually dumped off in Cincinnati, Ohio. During the week's voyage, Captain J. M. Newcombe, master of the vessel had his hands full. Some of the girls were pro-Union and others, Southern sympathizers, and they fought among themselves, breaking up furniture and over-crowding the sick bay...to say nothing of playing havoc with the efficiency of the crew.



Going to Gen. Hooker's Party?

After arriving in Cincinnati, the doxies scattered, setting up their trade in other cities, including Washington and Georgetown. Early in the war Confederate Secretary of War, LeRoy P. Walker, had pointed out that "women make good active agents." A newspaper editor put it a different way when he said that Rebel commanders constantly "ploughed with heifers." All in all, it does seem that the Southerners had a better intelligence system than the Northerners. Probably because there were so many more of the latter, the female informers had a much broader (pun) field in which to operate their entertaining if dubious activities.

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Actress Pauline Cushman was nicknamed the "Spy of the Cumberland." She was employed by the Federal Government as a spy in 1862 and sent out from Nashville, Tenn. to collect information. She was apprehended near Tullahoma, Tenn., tried by a military court, and sentenced to be hanged. After a physical collapse she was removed from the Tullahoma military jail to Shelbyville.

When the Confederates retreated out of Tennessee, she was left behind. Once under Federal jurisdiction, she was returned North and acclaimed the "Spy of the Cumberland," and personally praised by President Lincoln. Just what intelligence she provided is not known. Pauline Cushman was born in New Orleans, La. on June 10, 1835, and she committed suicide in San Francisco on December 2, 1893.

From our foreign correspondent in Mobile, Alabama, comes the intelligence that the imposing statue of Confederate Admiral Raphael Semmes was toppled by the recent hurricane "Frederic," and now lies with his upswept mustachios in the mud. Unless, of course, members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Raphael Semmes Camp No. 1206, have got him back on his feet.

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I'm sure they know the difference between a small hill west of Jerusalem from a bunch of soldiers on horseback, but how often one hears "Calvary" when the speakers mean "cavalry."

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The 13th Massachusetts Infantry, after a few weeks of training, marched from New York, then to Harper's Ferry, and hence to Sandy Hook where, in August, 1861, they were issued their uniforms. The author of their regimental history has this to say about their hats: The hats were neither useful, nor ornamental. They were made of black felt, high-crowned, with a wide brim turned up on one side, fastened to the crown by a brass shield representing an eagle with extended wings screaming with holy horror at so base an employment.



Now it happened that the person who selected the sizes was under the impression that every man from Mass. had a head like Daniel Webster's - a mistake that caused us much trouble. Those of us who did not have newspapers to stuff into the hats made use of our ears to prevent them falling on our shoulders. In a short time the hats began to mysteriously disappear.

Davis, Three Years in the Army

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Thanks to member Brian Kowell, who sent in:

In the evening of the first day's battle at Gettysburg, Abner Doubleday's division was encamped on Gettysburg's cemetery, at the arched gateway on which was the following sign: "All persons using firearms in these grounds will be prosecuted with the utmost vigor of the law."

Burke Davis, Our Incredible Civil War

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Again, an item from Brian:

During the winter and early spring of 1864 a wave of spiritual revival swept through the armies of the South. Prayer meetings, the singing of spirituals, and baptisms were the order of the day.

Private Sam Watkins of the Army of Tennessee discovered God works in mysterious ways. Being less than reverent, he attended one of the revival meetings. The meeting was held beneath a shaky, dead tree. A group of converts were called to kneel in a line before the improvised altar and dedicate their souls to God. At that moment Providence decreed that the dying tree should also relinquish its earthly ties. Crashing to the ground it struck the converts, killing them instantly.

"God heard their prayers," Watkins concluded philosophically. "Henceforth they will have no marching, battling, or camp duty."

Samuel Carter, Siege of Atlanta, 1864

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Ever hear of Lamar Fontaine, Confederate soldier from Mississippi, author of All Quiet Along the Potomac, and who claimed, among MANY FEATS, to have killed General Sedgewick from a mile away, being the best shot in either army? This man is worthy of someone's search and study!!

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