



THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

SEPTEMBER 1972

Vol. 16 No. 1

128th Meeting

DATE: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1972

SPEAKER: Dr. B. Franklin Cooling

SUBJECT: "The Key to the Western Gateway: The Henry-
Donelson Campaign of 1862."

PLACE: G.A.R. HALL, PENINSULA, OHIO
On State Route 303

PRELIMINARIES: 7:00 PM DINNER 8:00 PM

Dr. B. Franklin Cooling

Our opening speaker for the year brings us a timely topic. Our fall fieldtrip is scheduled for the Forts Henry and Donelson area with a final destination at the Vicksburg National Military Park.

Dr. Cooling held the position of Park Historian for the US Department of Interior, at Fort Donelson. So he brings us a wealth of information in his talk.

A brief biographical sketch reveals that Dr. Cooling was born in New Jersey and attended Rutgers University for his BA in History and the University of Pennsylvania where he received his MA and Phd in history. In addition to his position as Park Historian at Fort Donelson, Dr. Cooling has also held positions as Historian, Current History Br, OCMH, Washington, D.C.; Assistant Instructor of History at the University of Pennsylvania, Assistant Professor of History at Pennsylvania Military College, and presently holds two positions, one, Curator-Historian for the Cruiser Olympia Assoc., and Chief of the Historical Reference and Research Division, USA Military History Research Collection, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

VICKSBURG BATTLEFIELD FIELD TRIP

Dr. William Chamberlin Jr. 45000 Fairmount Blvd., Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

Dr. Chamberlin: I will I will not join you on this fantastic
journey into Civil War lore. I can I can not drive.

EDITOR'S NOTE: PLEASE READ, FILL IN WITH CIRCLES AROUND APPROPRIATE ITEMS AND SEND
TO DR. CHAMBERLIN. IF YOU CAN'T WRITE FOR GOD SAKES CALL. THANKS

U.S.S. CAIRO - THE STORY OF A CIVIL WAR GUNBOAT

Available at 70¢ from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402., an interesting history of the U.S.S. Cairo, a gunboat sunk in the Yazoo River by a Confederate torpedo in December 1862 and raised a century later. Salvaged with the vessel were vast stores of artifacts giving first hand information on the life of the crewmen on Civil War fighting boats. The Cairo is now under restoration and her artifacts are displayed at Vicksburg National Military Park in Vicksburg, Mississippi. Request U.S.S. CAIRO-THE STORY OF A GUNBOAT.

NEW CUSTER PAVILION

The new pavilion honoring George Armstrong Custer was formerly dedicated on Sunday May 21, 1972 at New Rumley, Ohio. The new exhibit pavilion at the birthplace was designed and constructed under the supervision of the Ohio Historical Society.

Its eight panels portray with 50 original illustrations the story of the life of the controversial Custer.

The new exhibit pavilion shows the meteoric rise of Custer from his humble boyhood in the tiny Harrison County hamlet to his last and most famed battle at the Little Big Horn in Montana.

Highpoints in his career are recorded by pavilion graphics. They show him as a teenage teacher in Athens County, proudly holding his first pistol a few days before he participated in the Battle of Bull Run, his balloon flights over Rebel lines as a spy, presenting captured trophies of war in Washington, kissing belles of the ball in Toledo, and his life as a soldier on the Plains when as a tenderfoot hunting buffalo he accidentally shot his own horse out from under him.

A parade of the Ohio Cavalry Association Mounted Guards of Leetonia preceded the dedication. The event was concluded with rifle and Howitzer salutes.

New Rumley, Ohio is on State Route 646 north of Cadiz, Ohio.

ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES

by
Frank Gillen

"Paleways of thirteen peices, argent and gules; a chief agure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed, proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper; and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto; "E Pluribus Unum."

"For the crest over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation, argent on an agure field."

Farrous Military Encyclopedia 1885

GETTYSBURG TOWER

See page 14 for further details.....WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT THE GETTYSBURG TOWER?? As the August 14 issue of Time magazine points out, Pennsylvania Attorney General J. Shane Creamer is continuing to fight the tower in the courts. Write AG Creamer of your support of his efforts and your opposition to the tower, and urge your friends throughout the country who are interested in the preservation of our Civil War heritage to do the same: ATTORNEY GENERAL J. SHANE CREAMER, STATE CAPITOL, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120.

CIVIL WAR HUMOR?

This was posted on the company bulletin board in New Orleans. "All dedicated company men shall first determine the broad objective, then move swiftly to thoroughly assess the situation, project the alternate solutions and make a final decision based on experience and total understanding of the problem.....Some joker wrote: "However, when you're up to your ass in alligators, it is sometime difficult to remember that your initial objective was to drain the swamp." SIR.

THE COURIER
OF
THE CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO
FOUNDED FEBRUARY 19, 1957

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THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY
1861 - 1865

The Southern states had certain advantages in the cavalry arm over the North at the beginning of the Civil War. Most of the experienced officers of the mounted service, including four full colonels of the five regiments, were southerners and resigned their commissions in the United States Army as their individual home states seceded from the Union. They usually obtained commissions of a higher grade in the Confederate Army or with the volunteer regiments of the different southern states. But most of these officers, such as Robert Edward Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Richard S. Ewell, Joseph E. Johnston, Thomas T. Fauntleroy, Earl Van Dorn, Dabney Maury, William Wing Loring, E. Kirby Smith, Joseph Wheeler, John B. Hood, and others, soon became general officers. As such they assumed wider responsibilities and naturally could not act as pure cavalrymen, although they made good use of their former practical experience in handling the mounted arm. Besides the valuable services of seasoned officers, the South could draw on a population to whom riding and hunting had been second nature all their lives, and the consequence was that the Confederate cavalry started off with a rush and held a pronounced lead during the first part of the war.

Neither side at first knew quite how to use its cavalry in the farming country of the East where the first major engagement took place, at Bull Run, on July 21, 1861. The officers who had been accustomed to Indian fighting tactics on the Great Plains were a bit taken aback by the comparatively immense numbers of the armies in the field and had a tendency to follow the cavalry tactics used by the European armies of the time which placed stress on the shock charge with the saber. However, the natural American genius for invention and adaption eventually changed these ways, so completely inappropriate to the American terrain and temperament, to a system whereby the mounted troops fought mounted or afoot, almost always with firearms, and used their horses mainly for speed and mobility of movement. These methods completely revolutionized cavalry strategy and tactics and were later adopted by the more progressive European armies. So successful were they that the cavalry played a part in the American Civil War which was comparable to its importance in the Middle Ages -- or, possibly, a better comparison would be with the Napoleonic Wars.

An English cavalry officer of the Napoleonic wars once said that the purpose of cavalry in warfare was to give tone to what otherwise would be simply a vulgar brawl. If ever a man gave tone to a war, it was James Ewell Brown Stuart, Major General "Jeb" Stuart, C.S.A., commanding the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. A graduate of West Point in 1854, he had served with the Mounted Rifles and then for six years he served with the 1st Cavalry in Kansas, where he had been wounded in Sumner's fight with the Cheyennes on the Solomon River in Riley, Kansas, in 1855, Flora Cooke, the daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke of the 2nd Dragoons, the old Indian fighter from Virginia who had commanded the Mormon Battalion on its march to the coast and who remained loyal to the Union. The Cooke family was split asunder by the Civil War, for another daughter married the Surgeon General of the Confederate Army.

Still another a Union general, and the son, John R. Cooke, a Harvard graduate, became a brigadier of North Carolina Infantry and was not reconciled to his father for twenty years.

Jeb Stuart was the last of the cavaliers and filled the eye. In his twenty-eighth year, he was nearly six feet tall, with a flaring bronze, spade beard and long mustachios, and throughly a dandy in his dress. He wore a flowing gray cloak lined with scarlet, white buckskin gauntlets, and carried a light saber belted over a yellow silk sash with tasseled ends. On his short gray jacket he would wear a red rose in season, and a lovers' knot of red ribbon when the roses were not in bloom. His wide-brimmed slouch hat was held up on the right side by a gold star, and a white ostrich feather curbed back on the left. He was an elegant man and as able as conspicuous. Gay and social, he loved singing and music and even had his own personal banjo player, one Joseph Sweeny, ride constantly by his side to play on the march or at an impromptu dance at the night's stop. But if it was Saturday night the party shut down promptly at midnight, for Jeb Stuart was a devoutly religious man and, for all his gaiety and high spirits, a complete teetotaler to boot.

The final song at a party, accompanied by Sweeny's thumping banjo always was the crashing chorus, with the girls joining in:

If you want to smell hell - - -

If you want to have fun - - -

If you want to catch the devil - - -

Jine the Cavalry!

Stuart was a humorist as well for, besides a banjo player, he carried along a telegraph operator on his slashing raids behind the Union lines and it was his custom to tap the enemy wires and, after gaining as much useful information as the time allowed, he would have his man send out a bevy of confusing orders, or as he did once, wire the Quartermaster General of the Union Army, to complain of the bad quality of the Federal mules which seriously handicapped the moving of captured wagons.

Twice Jeb Stuart, leading his cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, raided completely around the opposing Union armies. The first time was when General McClellan was practically on the doorstep of Richmond, Virginia, in June, 1862, and Stuart with 2500 cavalry destroyed communications, burnt millions of dollars worth of property, captured hundreds of prisoners, horses, and mules, and gave the supercautious McClellan and his army an extreme case of the jitters. (Incidentally, Stuart and McClellan had served together in the old 1st Cavalry on the Kansas plains before the war.) From the information gathered on this circuit dash, Lee confidently sent Stonewall Jackson to fall on McClellan's rear and flank in the Seven Days' Battle, with the result that the panicky powers in Washington ordered McClellan to evacuate his army by water. The Richmond newspapers rejoiced in the thought that Jeb Stuart had outwitted his father-in-law, Philip St. George Cooke, who commanded McClellan's cavalry.

Later that same year, in August, Stuart again rode behind the Union lines and attacked the rear of General Pope's army, inflicting large damage and capturing Pope's personal baggage and his private and official correspondence. From this information, Lee again sent Stonewall Jackson turning the Federal lines which resulted in the complete defeat of Pope at the Second Bull Run, or Second Manassas, as the Confederate called it.

Jeb Stuart's other complete circuit of the Union Army, and his greatest raid, was into Pennsylvania the following October, when he led a cavalry force of 1800 men with four pieces of light artillery to capture the towns of Mercersburg and Chambersburg in the rear of the Federal army and ninety miles from the Confederate lines. He moved clockwise, coming up from the west, and making a wide sweep to the east to return, after inflicting a great damage. The Federal cavalry frantically galloped around in circles trying to intercept Stuart, and Alfred Pleasonton, leading some four hundred cavalry, ran into the raiders on their return as they approached a ford on the Potomac River. Stuart immediately attacked mounted, charged the enemy off the crest of a hill, dismounted, and held the hill while his column safely crossed the ford below, after bluffing a Pennsylvania regiment of infantry, which was guarding the ford, into withdrawing by an audacious demand for its surrender. He had ridden ninety miles in the previous thrity-six hours but his pursuers were even more exhausted and there was no pursuit across the river into Virginia. His loss was one wounded and two missing -- and two of his fine personal mounts, which his servant, Mulatto Bob, lost, with himself, by trying to sustain the marcy on Pennsylvania applejack.

It was a risky and rather unfruitful raid but its audacity and brilliance of execution were what made Jeb Stuart's name a byword.

By the next June, in 1863, Major General Stuart commanded a cavalry corps of 12,000 men and twenty-four pieces of artillery and the Confederate cavalry was at its peak. In the first week of that month a grand review of the entire corps was held on the plains near Brandy Station, Virginia, which was a gala affair to which the cream of the Confederacy were invited. In a way it was like the ball of the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Waterloo, for four days later the largest cavalry battle of the war was fought on almost the same ground. The Confederate dignitaries, the governors of several states, and the loveliest women of the South watched the most colorful and inspiring sight in all military pageantry as the great bodies of Stuart's horsemen passed in review; first at a walk, then a trot, and finally at a thunderous gallop with pennons and flags waving, to the crashing accompaniment of artillery salutes and the stirring music of martial bands. It was the spiritual high-water mark of the Confederacy.

On June 9, Stuart led this force against 15,000 Federal cavalry at the battle of Brandy Station, which was a swirling huggermugger of an affair, with fighting mounted and afoot along a three-mile front, and drove the enemy back across the Rappahannock River. This was the largest cavalry engagement of the war and probably marked the combat zenith of the Confederate mounted service. After that, the Battle of Gettysburg the following month, the superior resources of the North and the hard schooling the Union cavalry had received at the hand of Stuart and other southern cavalymen began to pay off in increased strength and efficiency, whereas the Confederates slid off by attrition and lack of supplies, especially in suitable remounts, for the Confederate trooper was required to supply his own horse -- a regulation which caused much trouble and lost time after the fine first mounts of 1861 were used up.

Jeb Stuart's part at Gettysburg has been the subject for much debate. Before the battle, he went off on an independent raid in which he captured 125 supply wagons and 1000 prisoners (which slowed him down considerably), whipped Kilpatrick, the Union cavalryman, captured Carlisle, Pennsylvania, burnt the United States Cavalry Barracks there, and immobilized 15,000 Union troops in that region: all with only eighty-nine casualties. But he left General Lee in the dark as to his movements and Lee badly missed his reconnaissance reports, whereas his foe was well served in that respect. On the third day of the battle, Stuart, who had rejoined Lee, attempted to gain the rear of the Union lines but was repulsed by the vigilant squadrons of Buford, Gregg, and young Custer. The Union cavalry was coming into its own at last.

Jeb Stuart was killed at the age of thirty-one, at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, on May 31, 1864, at the head of about 1100 cavalry, opposing a dash for Richmond by General Philip Sheridan and 8000 Union troopers. He was caught in a melee with Custer's Michigan Cavalry and shot down by a dismounted sergeant in blue. Stuart was probably the most dashing cavalry officer of the war, and Robert E. Lee's words about him serve as a proud epitaph: "General Stuart was my ideal of a soldier"; and, what possibly meant even more to a cavalryman, "He never sent me a false piece of information."

Another outstanding Confederate leader of horse arose in the West, Nathan Bedford Forrest of Tennessee, who enlisted as a private at the age of forty and rose to be a lieutenant general in the Army of Tennessee. Forrest was a complete amateur in warfare and perhaps it was his freedom from rote and tradition and his frontiersman's craft and cunning which allowed him to develop some most original and effective cavalry tactics. The Confederate general Dabney H. Maury (once with the Mounted Rifles) said he "was born a soldier as men are born poets," and some consider him the greatest cavalryman of the war. He was strong, lithe, fine-featured man over six feet tall, but almost completely unschooled, who had made a small fortune in livestock and slaves before the war. Forrest has been labeled uncouth because his speech was in the dialect and his spelling irregular, and he said himself, "I never see a pen but what I think of a snake." But his written comment across a private's third application for a furlough was clear enough to the luckless trooper: "I told you twicest Goddamit know." In reality, he was a man of dignity and pose except when angered, when his whole personality changed and he became terrible to behold. He seems to be best known for his advice on how to win battles, which has undoubtedly been twisted by time and humorists into an extreme hillbilly rendering: "Git thar fustest with the mostest" -- which, regardless of how it was said, makes plenty of sense, and especially so as Forrest usually carried it out.

Forrest was an original and cut his clòth for the occasion. Once he engaged a nine-gun Union ironclad on the Cumberland River with his troopers and drove it off down the river by the accuracy of fire through the portholes -- about the only instance in history of cavalry fighting the navy, and defeating it. Another time, he actually captured several Union gunboats on the Tennessee River and manned them for a while with his cavalrymen. He was bold and effective, mounted or dismounted, and his men did everything the situation demanded, from acting as engineers and sailors on gunboats to serving the lines of battle as infantry. Once, when he was wounded and unable to ride a horse -- and he was wounded several times and had twenty-nine horses shot from under him -- he led his men in a horse and buggy, with his shattered foot painfully propped up over the dashboard.

The exploits of this amateur in warfare were fabulous. He commanded the Confederate cavalry at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and cut his way through the Union lines before the rest of the garrison surrendered. After Shiloh he guarded the retreat with only 350 men and charged the enemy regiments with shotguns and put them to rout, although he was badly wounded in the action. In July, 1862, he began his slashing raids against the Federal lines of communications and with 1000 ill-equipped troopers he captured General Crittenden and 1765 men, and huge quantities of supplies, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, from which he armed his followers. Twice again that same year he repeated this sort of raid, both times capturing immense supplies from superior forces.

Probably his greatest feat was his relentless pursuit of Colonel Streight's raiding cavalry column into Alabama in May, 1863, when he pursued a force of 1700 men with but 500 followers, riding on an average of forty-one miles for three days, with a final spurt of ninety miles in the last forty-eight hours, charging and pressing the invaders constantly, and then by sheer bluff forcing the superior enemy to surrender to supposedly greater numbers, while his completely worn-out men nodded sound asleep in their saddles. In the conference before the surrender, Forrest had his small detachment of horse artillery ride along a road behind him, which Streight could see, and then turn back, out of sight, onto the road again so that it seemed as if a continuous stream of artillery was passing. Streight counted the same guns five times and surrendered. According to Dabney Maury, Forrest described Streight's reaction, when he learned he had surrendered about 1700 men to 400 remaining pursuers, as follows:

"I told him "Stack your arms along there, Colonel and march your men away down into that hollow."

"When this was done," continued Forrest, "I ordered my men to come forward and take possession of the arms. When Straight (sic) saw they were barely four hundred, he did rare!, demanded to have his arms back and that we should fight it out. I just laughed at him and patted him on the shoulder and said, 'Ah Colonel, all is fair in love and war you know.'"

There was never a man like Forrest. Since the days of Richard Coeur de Lion there has seldom appeared a man who so fired the enthusiasm of men by his primitive lust for personal combat combined with brilliant leadership and planning. Men sought eagerly to serve under him, even deserting from other units to follow him. Almost always he gave them victory over great odds. It was only the personal enmity of Braxton Bragg, first as his superior commander and then as personal adviser to President Jefferson Davis, which prevented Forrest's advancement to greater fields. Grant described him as "about the ablest cavalry commander of the Confederacy was a man he had never seen -- Forrest."

With one of his favorite mounts, a large twelve-year old gray gelding named "King Philip", it was a case of like master, like horse. Sluggish on ordinary occasions, "King Philip" became superbly excited in battle and laying back his ears and throwing up his tail, he would leap forward across the field to snap his teeth at anything in a blue uniform. After the war, "King Philip"'s spirit, like those of many other good Confederates, seemed to have been broken. He even allowed himself to be used in harness. One day, while drawing an old lady down the street in a buggy, he suddenly noticed a group of policemen in blue uniforms. Up went his tail, back his ears, and with teeth bared he charged down the street with the buggy bounding behind him. Women screamed and the policemen ran for their lives. Philip then slowed down to a despondent amble and with a long sigh became again the docile hack.

This natural military genius, Forrest, was made a lieutenant general in the twilight of the Confederacy, in February, 1865, and was finally overwhelmed by General James H. Wilson, whom we shall soon meet, on the latter's great raid to Selma, Alabama,

in which Wilson adopted many of the tactics originated by his opponent.

Another amateur cavalry leader, who rose high in the western theater of war was John Hunt Morgan of Kentucky who gained the name of the Rebel Raider. Morgan was to the manner born and a leading citizen of Lexington, who had served with the Kentucky cavalry at Buena Vista in the Mexican War. He became a colonel and began his startling raids in 1862 and showed an ingenuity which compared with Forrest's. His men depended completely upon their firearms for weapons and had an utter contempt for a cavalry shock charge with sabers. When the Union cavalry resorted to the ARME BLANCHE and came galloping headlong with drawn sabers at Morgan's riflemen who had dismounted to receive the brunt, their comment was "Look at those fools again with sabers! Give it to 'em!" And a blasting wave of fire easily repelled the charge. When, in their turn, Morgan's men charged, they often fired double-barreled shotguns at close range, and clubbed their way through with their gun butts. This was all contrary to the tenets of European cavalry experts but it worked well in America and Morgan's claim as the originator of these mounted infantry tactics may be as good as any.

His forces never reached 4000 and yet he killed and wounded nearly as many of the enemy and captured 15,000 more. He was called the author of the far-reaching raid into enemy country in contrast to the cavalry dash behind the opposing lines, and, up to a certain point, he performed miracles in capturing needed arms and supplies. He also used the technique of tapping the Union telegraph wires to gain information and to send confusing orders over a false signature. And he carried on a feud with a Louisville newspaper editor to whom he sent insulting telegrams from his raids, and who, in turn, wrote derogatory editorials, calling Morgan a horse thief, which were eventually read with rage by the Rebel Raider.

His raids in 1862 were brilliantly executed and were made into Kentucky from Tennessee. Acting rapidly, and avoiding fighting when possible, Morgan would thrust hard at his objective and then splitting his command, he would strike right and left to confound his enemies, and reunite later at a rendezvous. His original purpose in raiding Kentucky, besides the capture of desperately needed supplies, was to obtain recruits for he and his family were well known and influential in that state, and he issued a poetic recruiting proclamation in Lebanon, Kentucky, which read:

Strike for the Green Graves of your Sires!
Strike for your Altars, and your Fires!
God and your Native Land!

and went on to call for 50,000 Kentuckians to rise and join the Confederacy.

Alas, for all the hopes of the Confederacy pinned on Kentucky, the state furnished more soldiers to the North than to the South.

But Morgan's early raids were wonderful. On one, in July, 1862, he set out with 900 men from Tennessee and returned with 1200. He traveled 1000 miles, captured seventeen towns (in which he destroyed all government arms and supplies), dispersed 1500 home guards, and captured and paroled 1200 Union troops -- and all this with but 90 casualties to his own force. His men carried only their arms and 100 rounds of ammunition and lived completely off the country, picking up fresh mounts as needed, which was why he was called a horse thief by the editor of the Louisville newspaper and by others in the North.

The morale and pride of his troopers were at their peak during that golden year of the Confederacy and his men exulted in their successes. One Texas regiment which was in his command for a while broke into song (possibly over the change in scenery and climate):

The morning star is paling; the camp fires flicker low,
Our steeds are madly neighing, for the bugle to bid us go,
To put the foot in stirrup and shake the bridle free
For today the Texas Rangers will cross the Tennessee.

As the war progressed, his men deteriorated in type and habits, and toward the end they did considerable looting of private property, especially in goods from stores and money from banks.

In June, 1863, John H. Morgan went on his greatest raid, which ended in failure, far to the north on the Ohio-Pennsylvania boundary. General Braxton Bragg had ordered him to raid into Kentucky to break the Union communications between Nashville and Louisville, but Morgan, who did not get on with the cautious Bragg, disobeyed orders and crossed the Ohio River into Indiana, whence he turned east into Ohio, passing through the suburbs of Cincinnati, and pushed on, through snowballing opposition, to

the Ohio River, at a point opposite West Virginia. Floods had made the river impassable and only a few, Morgan among them, were able to reach the opposite shore. Upon seeing the plight of those left behind, Morgan returned to the Ohio side, and led a small band, who escaped the encompassing Union forces, on northeastward, until he was forced to surrender near the Pennsylvania line. July, 1863, was a bad month for the Confederacy, with the surrender of Vicksburg, and the repulse at Gettysburg, as well.

Morgan and his officers were shamefully treated as common convicts by their captors and confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary as Columbus. One of the most humiliating punishments to the younger officers was the required shaving of their heads and beards, upon which latter adornment much time and effort had been lavished. About four months after their incarceration, Morgan and several of his officers escaped by tunneling out of their cells and safely reached the Confederate lines.

Upon his return, he was given command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia and began his raids again but the old fire seemed to have gone. The Confederacy was rapidly on the downgrade and this seemed to be reflected by the excesses which Morgan's raiders committed in these later days. In September, 1864, Morgan was killed in Tennessee while on a raid against the city of Knoxville. The end was in sight and perhaps Stuart and Morgan would not have wished to see it.

Back in Virginia, in the meantime, another cavalry star had risen in the Confederate ranks, in the person of John Singleton Mosby, a steel-nerved, 125-pound wildcat, who probably caused more trouble to the Union army in proportion to the numbers he led, than any other individual Rebel. Mosby had once entered the University of Virginia but had been expelled for shooting and wounding a fellow student during a dispute and had served a short term in jail. Later he became a lawyer, married, and was on his way to success when war broke out.

Young Mosby enlisted in a mounted rifle company under the command of a salty and profane character Major "Grumble" Jones, a West Pointer, who had resigned from the army to live a hermit's life in the Virginia mountains. Grumble was decidedly an eccentric but he knew his military drill and Mosby obtained an excellent basic training in cavalry fundamentals. Mosby found the cavalry life to be his forte and soon rose to be adjutant of his regiment, with frequent scouting assignments, which sounds like a strange mixture, but it was a scouting report of his which sent Jeb Stuart off on his daring circuit ride of McClellan's army in June, 1862, and it was Mosby who rode ahead throughout as guide to the column. After this great success, Mosby remained for awhile on Jeb Stuart's staff until he was authorized to raise and command a body of Rangers.

The Confederate Congress had passed the Partisan Ranger Act during the early stages of the war and this allowed the Rangers to act independently of the regular army and entitled them to all the legitimate loot captured from the enemy.

In January, 1863, Mosby began operations with nine Rangers and within a few days had terrorized the Federal outposts before Fredericksburg, and captured and paroled twenty-two Yankee troopers, keeping their horses and equipment. Jeb Stuart was delighted and sent him off again with fifteen followers. Again Mosby attacked isolated pickets and harassed small detachments and again returned with much loot. His success and the informality of the Rangers attracted recruits until the command finally consisted of eight companies of cavalry and one of mounted artillery.

The Rangers never camped together at night, each man finding his own quarters among friends in the neighborhood of northwestern Virginia; they lived completely off the country, and all furnished their own equipment. After a fight, they would scatter to the four quarters and meet again later. They had but few carbines and no sabers and depended almost entirely upon their revolvers for weapons. There was no army drudgery, no drills, and plenty of loot, and Mosby's Rangers became a very, very popular organization to join. They freely helped themselves to the personal belongings of their prisoners, and the Federal authorities came to look upon them as robbers and treated them accordingly.

One dark night in March, 1863, Mosby and twenty men slipped into the heart of the Union forces and entered the headquarters of Brigadier Gen. Edwin H. Stoughton, a Vermonter, at Fairfax Court House. Entering the general's bedroom, Mosby found that officer snoring stertorously in bed while several empty champagne bottles scattered about told a story. Mosby awoke the general to sputtering amazement by disrespectfully raising the blankets, then his nightshirt, and spanking him on the behind, and then carried him and one hundred other prisoners with their mounts safely back to the Confederate lines.

Mosby was received with acclaim for this feat and was promoted to major. The daring raids continued and the ire of the Yankees rose proportionately. In the autumn of 1863, he became a sort of unofficial ruler of the extreme tip of northwestern Virginia, which came to be called Mosby's Confederacy. Here he lived with his men as a sort of Robin Hood, meting out justice to the countryside, and billeting his men among a sympathizing people. Often the Union troops invaded this sanctuary to demolish Mosby and his Rangers but it was like trying to fight the morning mist. They hunted Mosby relentlessly and ceaselessly but they never caught him, and he continued to hide in the mountains by day and to descend upon the enemy by night, ever maintaining his high standard of troublemaking. He was almost as much at home inside the Union lines as within his own, and with his uniform covered by a poncho, often hob-nobbed with the enemy soldiers or rode along in their supply columns.

The anger of the Union authorities against the unorthodox tactics of Mosby reached such an intensity, and young General George Armstrong Custer became so furious at the capture of his messengers and supplies, which had made him more or less ridiculous (and Custer could not stand ridicule) that, with General Grant's approval, he shot and hanged six captured Rangers out of hand. Mosby, soon afterwards, hanged five Federal prisoners, Custer's men, chosen by lot, in retaliation, and notified General Phil Sheridan that this would continue -- measure for measure -- if this sort of thing went on. It never happened again.

On October 13, 1864, a night train pulled out of Baltimore for the west. Beyond Harper's Ferry, in Maryland, it suddenly jolted to an upheaving stop as the engine left the track. A crowd of gray-clad Rangers boarded the train and working rapidly found two Union army paymasters whom they relieved of \$173,000 in greenbacks, which they split, which brought each of the Rangers about \$2100 -- Mosby taking nothing as was his custom. This particular raid became known as the Greenback Raid, and the story grew in the telling. The resulting panic among other paymasters was such that one of them telegraphed Washington from Martinsburg, West Virginia, "I have my funds in the parlor of the United States Hotel here guarded by a regiment."

Mosby was wounded several times and rose to be a colonel before the end of the war. There was some difficulty in his securing the liberal parole terms which Grant had extended to Lee's officers at Appomattox but this was finally adjusted and John Mosby returned to the practice of law. Strangely enough, he became a friend of President Grant and even turned Republican to support him -- which caused considerable friction with his old comrades-in-arms. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Hong Kong where he remained for seven years. After that, he turned to lecturing and writing and finally died in 1916.

Mosby was an expert in partisan warfare and a harbinger of the modern commandos, and his reconnaissance and intelligence reports were of the best. His iron nerve, originality, and quickness of wit made him the best of all the guerrilla-type cavalry leaders of the Civil War, and his use of horses for his small bands of fleeting marauders was most effective.

The above four men were probably the best known and most colorful Confederate cavalry leaders although Mosby and Morgan were leaders of partisans and not of regular troops. But there were others of great ability and courage, and possibly of more value than Mosby and Morgan; and it would not be fair to omit mention of Wade Hampton, the wealthy South Carolina plantation owner and grandson of a brigadier general of the War of 1812, who sacrificed all his possessions in the war, became second in command to Jeb Stuart during his zenith, succeeded him at his death, and had to bear the full brunt of the later defeats and discouragements. Hampton was wounded three times during his gallant service and later became governor of his state and a United States Senator.

And there was Turner Ashby who in his short military career of one year had every mark of being the greatest partisan leader of them all. Mark Twain once wrote that the prewar South lived in a romantic dream world based on the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The Virginian, Turner Ashby, with a brigand's mustachios and beard, and the swarthy complexion and fine features of an Arab, looked as if he had stepped out of a Waverly novel. Ashby, like Forrest, was an amateur but a born cavalryman, and in his brief time he made possible the execution of Stonewall Jackson's great plans in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862. It was Ashby's idea to have fast-moving, horse-drawn light artillery accompany the cavalry, a system which was soon adopted by all. Ashby, riding a superb thoroughbred white stallion, was symbol of southern

romantic ideals and he gave every promise of rivaling Forrest as a natural cavalry genius when he was killed in June, 1862.

Another Confederate cavalryman of ability and note was Fighting Joe Wheeler of Georgia, whose forebears, like those of some other Confederate cavalymen, came from New England; his father hailed from New Haven, Connecticut. Wheeler had graduated from West Point in 1859 and had served on the frontier with the old 1st Dragoons and Mounted Rifles. He became a lieutenant general in the Confederate Army and commanded the cavalry in the west. He was wounded three times and was said to have taken part in two hundred engagements and eight hundred skirmishes, so that the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe" was certainly fairly and squarely earned. After the war he became a congressman from Louisiana; and during the Spanish-American War, like Fitzhugh Lee, he came back to the old flag, served as a major general of volunteers, and commanded the cavalry division before Santiago, Cuba.

Then there were the many Lees. At times it seemed as if every other man on horseback in the Confederate Army was named Lee. Besides the great general, there were: Stephen Dill Lee (no relation), who commanded the cavalry west of Alabama; George Washington Custis Lee, eldest son of the general, who served on Jefferson Davis' staff; Fitzhugh Lee, a nephew, an old pre-war regular cavalryman and an extremely able one who served under Stuart and afterwards with great distinction, and later became governor of Virginia and a major general of volunteers during the Spanish-American War; and finally, there was a William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, the general's second son, called "Rooney" to distinguish him from his cousin, who was educated at Harvard, where his classmate Henry Adams said he showed "the Virginian habit of command". Another classmate, General Horace Porter, said, "Rooney Lee was the best oarsman I have ever seen; Fitz Lee the best horseman".

The Confederate cavalry had tremendous color and dash, able and aggressive leaders, and accomplished great things, but it could not overcome the drab and dreary process of attrition which slowly ate into it like a cancer, until nothing remained to fight with.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above article was taken from THE STORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY by Major General John K. Herr and Edward S. Wallace.

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ADAM BADEAU ON APPOMATTOX

In late 1862, Lieutenant Colonel James Harrison Wilson was assigned to General Grant's staff as topographical engineer. An 1860 West Point graduate, Wilson already had considerable staff experience with Generals Thomas W. Sherman, David Hunter, and George B. McClellan. In time he found that both John A. Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, and Grant himself were not entirely satisfied with current staff personnel.

On May 2, 1863, the day after the battle of Port Gibson in the Vicksburg campaign, Wilson first suggested to Grant that he obtain a military secretary. Grant replied that he had been thinking about that himself, and asked if Wilson had someone in mind. Wilson suggested Adam Badeau, asking if Grant recalled seeing him during the Corinth campaign. At first Grant did not, but when Wilson described him as a "short, stoop-shouldered, red-headed fellow who wore glasses," Grant began to recall "a little pale, blue-eyed man, who wore spectacles and looked like a bent fo8-pence." Grant soon requested that Badeau be assigned to his staff.

Badeau, the descendant of a Huguenot family, was born in New York City and had a secondary-school education in Tarrytown, New York. He wrote articles for newspapers and, in 1859, published a collection of essays, The Vagabond. The outbreak of the Civil War found him a clerk in the State Department. He accompanied the expedition to Port Royal, South Carolina, as a reporter for the New York Express. As his stay in Port Royal lengthened and news for New York decreased, he organized and edited a soldier paper, the Port Royal New South, and eventually joined General Thomas W. Sherman's staff. Even before officially joining the army he served as a volunteer aide on the staff of General Quincy A. Gillmore during the bombardment of Fort Pulaski.

Although Badeau's nearsightedness and weakness were severe handicaps in military life, his intelligence and determination were compensations.

Henry Adams, who dined regularly with Badeau in Washington in 1869, described him as "exceedingly social, though not in appearance imposing. He was stout; his face was red, and his habits were regularly irregular; but he was very intelligent, a good newspaper man, and an excellent military historian." Grant had chuckled for days at the comic sight of Badeau and his saddle lying on the ground after he had ridden his horse between two close-set trees. But Grant also turned to Badeau for his first serious talk about the significance of Appomattox.

The very day Badeau received his orders to report to Grant's headquarters (May 27, 1863) he received a wound in his foot while accompanying General Sherman in a charge at Port Hudson. During part of a lengthy recuperation in New York City, Badeau was cared for by his old friend Edwin Booth and his brother, John Wilkes Booth. Badeau finally joined Grant at Nashville in February, 1864, shortly before Grant shifted headquarters to the Army of the Potomac. When Grant went east he took with him Rawlins, Badeau, and five other staff officers, none a regular, but the staff was soon augmented by Horace Porter and Orville E. Babcock, both young West Point graduates of considerable promise; Cyrus Comstock, an experienced engineer, rejoining the staff; Frederick Dent, Grant's brother-in-law and roommate at West Point; and in September, Ely S. Parker, to share the duties of military secretary with Badeau. Between the winnowing away of old members of the western staff and the addition of young military professionals, Grant had a competent and efficient staff by the close of the war.

In the meantime, the career of James Harrison Wilson had advanced with dawning speed. In the same month in which Badeau joined the staff, Wilson left it to become Chief of the Cavalry Bureau of the War Department. After a few months there, during which he effected a complete reorganization, he led the Third Cavalry Division of Sheridan's corps through the 1864 Virginia campaigns. In October, he was reassigned to command the cavalry corps under General W. T. Sherman, and led the last campaign of the war which captured Selma, Montgomery, and Jefferson Davis. At the end of the war, aged 28, he was a brevet Major General of Volunteers.

Wilson never lost touch with Grant's headquarters nor his interest in the staff. The Princeton University Library has seventy-nine letters from Badeau to Wilson, including the one printed below. Badeau wrote two printed accounts of the last days of the Civil War, neither, however, containing all the details in his letter to Wilson.

Badeau found Grant "as kind as I had anticipated" at their first meeting. The longer he knew Grant the greater grew his admiration. "As for Grant," wrote Badeau, "I love him better every day. His magnanimity, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his purity place him beyond any character in history."

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, Washington, May 27, 1865. Dear Harry, Your deeply interesting letter containing the account of Jeff Davis's capture reached me yesterday; I have read portions of it to a great many interested listeners, who found a great deal to admire in the style as well as in the matter. I wish you joy again and again dear Harry, of all your good fortune. All your friends here are prouder of you than ever; all but me. I am proud for you, but I felt just as proud of you years ago, when our intimacy first commenced. I have just read Gen. Thomas's flattering despatch to Gen. Grant, a copy of which was forwarded to you. I copied the part that would delight Delie and sent it to her. You are very good to write to me so often amid all your engagements. I should have sent you full details of occurrences here had I dreamed that you were so isolated. I have however been away the last three weeks myself, on the Mississippi, but got back in time to witness the review of Sherman's army. Of course the occasion was magnificent and inspiring beyond any spectacle of modern times. The General and Sherman seem to be as true friends as ever. Sherman put his arm around Grant's waist, after the review, but while every body was still on the platform. And indeed Sherman now owes Grant more than ever. Public opinion stands thus. The condemnation of Sherman's act is universal, but in consideration of his brilliant services the country is willing to forgive and forget it. Grant's wonderful magnanimity in throwing the mantle of his protection around his ambitious subordinate is equal to the generosity he displayed to Lee. What a wonderful man he is. His goodness is greater than his greatness. History presents no such character in all her crowded pages. Sherman seems determined to make a fight with the Sec., and the more he and his partisans stir the matter the

worse it will be for his fame. He cannot be defended, only excused or rather pardoned. I have no doubt whatever that I have already told you the actuating cause of his conduct. Every (man) about the General, agrees with me. He of course will not see it. But Sherman is full of fascinations, and I can conceive of nothing more interesting than to hear him tell for hours the story and incidents of his campaigns.

I like Mr. Johnson's looks and manner very much. He impressed me as a man of character and ability; also of much dignity. All that I know of his action since his advent to power, also impresses me favorably. He does not display that bitterness which is attributed to him. He is bitter only to that pestilent doctrine which has caused all of our trouble--state sovereignty, and has no mercy for that. The General thinks he (G) has every reason to be satisfied with the support that Johnson gives him. Mrs. Grant is living in Washington, at Halleck's former residence.

You ask me to tell you every thing, but it is two months since I have really written up to you; and the crowd of events through which I have passed in that time would take me a month more to tell of. I can't describe the campaign, with its wonders. Let me remember two or three things which you would like to know, and then I'll tell you a little about the surrender, Lee, and Richmond. I'm afraid it will all be stale though before it reaches you. Yet only at your urgent and repeated request that I go back to it now.

First, about the news just now. We haven't heard definitely today from Kirby Smith; but expect to hear of his surrender, daily. Lee has not taken the oath, but his three sons have. W. H. Lee is raising vegetables and brought a load to market the other day. Lee is willing to take the oath, but thinks his precepts will have more weight, if not preceded by his example. The developments of the conspiracy fasten guilt very plainly upon prominent people in Canada and Richmond. Judge Campbell is especially implicated: yet I had a conversation with him in Richmond about the assassination in which he reprobated it strongly. I urged him to get up a card or something of that sort but he didn't take to the suggestion, though he was indignant that the attempt should be made to saddle the advisor of this upon the south.

Sheridan was the fighter of the campaign. 'Twas his personal influence over his men that decided the fight at Five Forks. We had not been successful the day before; his own cavalry had been fighting infantry and compelled to retire before the very force which had just come from whipping Warren; Sheridan took the same troops, the 5th corps, and his own command, and overwhelmed the enemy. Then Grant rose to those magnificent proportions which he always develops in an emergency: After all his experience in assaulting works, after the year since Culpeper, it required more courage than any other man could show to order an assault all along our lines. But when he got the full news of Sheridan's success, he did not wait a moment to consider or consult; ran into his tent, wrote two or three lines; first ordering an assault that night (twas near 9 P. M.) but the corps commanders could not get ready; and then he designated daybreak as the hour. He hadn't a doubt that we should get inside. After this, there was no pause, no hesitancy, no doubt what to do. He commanded Lee's army as much as he did his own; caused and knew beforehand every movement that Lee made, up to the actual surrender. The marching of the troops contributed to the last and complete result as much as the fighting. There was no let up; fighting and marching, and Grant negotiating and fighting all at once. This accounts for the change in Lee's views; at the beginning of the correspondence you remember, he said he didn't agree with Grant that surrender was inevitable, and he didn't think so on the very morning that it occurred. Then Grant had him completely surrounded: Meade was chasing him on one road, and Sheridan with Ord and the 5th Corps were sent to head him off; outmarched him and got around him; so that after the surrender, Grant who was with Sheridan, communicated with Meade on the shortest line, thro Lee's army. I was present at the interview which terminated in the surrender. Lee behaved with great dignity and courtesy, but no cordiality; he seemed depressed, and talked but little. Grant was perfect in his demeanor, because completely simple and natural. Lee made no demands whatever, accepted whatever Grant suggested. He asked what terms the General would allow him; Grant said the surrender of men and public property, officers and men to be paroled. Lee acquiesced, and Grant says that while putting on paper these terms, he was so touched by Lee's absence of hauteur, in his complete acquiescence, that he inserted the paragraph allowing officers to retain their side arms and personal property. Lee then asked

whether the horses of the men were to be given up, stating that in his army they were personal property. Grant said the terms included them. Lee acknowledged this, when Grant said he would not change the terms, but would instruct his officers who superintended the paroling, to allow the men to retain their horses. So that they could take them home to work their farms. Lee said this would have a very good effect.

Next day the Gen started out for a ride into the Rebel lines, with his staff, but the pickets had no instructions to allow us to enter, and an officer was sent up to Gen Lee. He came in person to the front, and he and the General had an interview of an hour and a half. Lee had nobody with him but an orderly; Grant had Sheridan Gibbon, Griffin, Merritt, and his own staff; all kept aloof in a sort of semi-circle around Grant, too far to hear the conversation. 'Twas on a hill just between the two armies. Both armies were in full sight. I had not got such a view of the Rebels since we left Culpeper. Appomattox is on this hill right in a long valley; on the two opposite sides of the valley lay the two armies, completely in sight of each other. Their conversation developed Lee's views very fully. He was for peace, submission, giving up slavery and state sovereignty as having both been decided by the war. Grant was for clemency. Sheridan, Ingalls & Seth Williams got permission from Lee to go over inside of his lines meanwhile, and got back about as the interview terminated. With them came Longstreet, Gordon, Heth, Wilcox, Picket, W. H. F. Lee and others to pay their respects to Grant. All behaved with more than courtesy and cordiality. One officer said to Grant "Gen, I want to congratulate you on having wound us up" Heth told me the saddest day of his life was that on which he received his commission from Richmond; "Except yesterday"; others expressed a wish for reunion. 'Twas a most remarkable meeting. Ord heard me express my views at hdqrs about the policy to be carried out, and asked the Gen. to send me to Richmond with him. This was done, and I was at once sent to all the prominent people there. Campbell, the Mayor, the judges, members of the Rebel Congress and others; all were thoroughly whipped in feeling; expected to take the oath, but preferred waiting for state action. That notion still lingered; but they were soon informed that there would be no state action recognized till the individuals purged themselves of their guilt of treason. All was going on well till the terrible crime, which changed the tone of public feeling at the North. I staid a week or ten days in Richmond till Halleck came, when I asked to be relieved, and went to the Gen in North Carolina. I had a long interview with Lee; who told me he had been opposed to Secession "till his state went out," the old old story; that he thought then and thinks now, "we should be better off as one country than as two." His sons have taken the oath; one of them brought a load of vegetables to market the other day in Alexandria. Longstreet has taken the oath without knowing what it would avail him. Lee is willing to do so, but thinks he can do more good by still postponing the act. You know about the fox who lost his tail. I think the soldiers no matter how high in authority will all escape punishment. The reaction in public feeling is subsiding; vengeance is no longer demanded in such furious language. Davis however will undoubtedly pay the penalty of treason; and I am glad of it. I doubt if there are any other executions: disfranchisement, exile and confiscation will be meted out to some of the principal political leaders, and that will be all. Negro suffrage is to be the next question. The quarrel about Sherman also assumes larger proportions than I like to see. I have written you a mass of indigested matter, just as I thought of anything you would like to know. I approve the tone of your orders, and your whole conduct during and after the armistice. It reflects credit on your sense as well as your heart. Posterity will acknowledge your patriotism as well as your soldierly qualities. How delighted I am that the brilliant part you have played, occurred just at the close of the war, and is therefore sure to be remembered better than exploits equally splendid of an earlier date. I hope one of these days to tell for the world what I have known about you, Harry, and make others share not only my admiration for your military genius, but my appreciation of your manliness and nobility of character which these traits never fail to extort, when they are known. There are few more superb exhibitions of these in history, my boy, than I have been loving and admiring for years in my Left Arm

I told the Gen. & Rawlins about your recommendations. They are both anxious to receive them. They havn't reached here yet. I'll see during the summer whether I cant pay you a visit. Just now, I dont like to ask it. I have never asked for absence except on account of sickness: there has been too much need of that sort, you know. God bless you Ad I was away when your staff officer was here

THE 1972 BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PA.

Gettysburg 'Skirmish'
by Tom Shales

"We are extremely pleased that we have won a skirmish in the second Battle of Gettysburg," said Pennsylvania Attorney General J. Shane Creamer yesterday.

He was claiming a victory on a report handed down by the President's Advisory Council on Historic Preservation which maintained that construction of a 307-foot observation tower near Gettysburg National Military Park would have "an adverse effect" on the area.

Both Creamer and Pennsylvania Gov. Milton J. Shapp have opposed the tower since the project was announced 22 months ago. Creamer hopes to use the council's report to block construction in court.

A county judge ruled last August in favor of Thomas Ottenstein, the Bethesda developer who wants to build the tower. Now, Creamer wants a state appellate court to remand the case back to the county level on the basis of the "new evidence" of the council's recommendations.

Ottenstein, however, dismissed the council report as "only a comment and nothing more." He said yesterday that while construction of the tower has ceased for now, "the plans haven't stopped."

In its report, the council recommends that "the Department of the Interior explore appropriate legal remedies to stop construction at this site and any other site proposed in the future."

It was a subsequently retired Interior official who signed the contract with Ottenstein giving the Tower the go-ahead.

The council closes its report with another poke at the Interior Department: "The Secretary of the Interior should have the means to control undesirable development as exemplified by the proposed tower at Gettysburg," says the report, "...at or near historical areas of the National Park System."

"The council recommends that the department study ways and means of providing adequate protection to these areas."

Washington Post, May 10, 1972

EISENHOWER CORPS AGREES TO OPPOSE GETTYSBURG TOWER

Gettysburg, Pa., July 22, 1972--Surviving members of the 1st United States Tank Corps unanimously adopted today a resolution opposing the construction of a commercial observation tower overlooking Pickett's Charge and the site of Camp Colt. The site is where Dwight D. Eisenhower, as a young Army captain, commanded 10,000 World War I tank corpsmen in 1918.

Camp Colt was situated in the midst of Pickett's Charge in which 10,000 Confederate soldiers were killed or wounded in a charge against 6,000 Union troops turning the tide of the Civil War.

The resolution was presented at the corps' 54th anniversary meeting here this weekend by national commander, Don Warner of Richmond. In it, General Eisenhower's colleagues of two world wars pledged to "fight forever, to preserve the historic values of the national park, the national cemetery, the Eisenhower farm and the Camp Colt site from the intrusion of a "monstrous tower that threatens the nation's heritage and the memory of 7,000 fallen heroes of six wars."

The promoter of the tower, Thomas R. Ottenstein, is awaiting a ruling by the Adams County Court for legal permission to build the tower on private land near the national cemetery. The local court ruled in Mr. Ottenstein's favor last October but was ordered by the Commonwealth Court of Appeals in Harrisburg to reopen the case to hear new evidence opposing the tower.

Mrs. Eisenhower, an honorary commander of the 1st Tank Corps, was here this weekend for a wreath-laying ceremony at an Eisenhower statue on the Gettysburg College Campus. This is where General Eisenhower maintained offices from 1961, when he left the White House, until his death in March, 1969.

NEW YORK TIMES, July 23, 1972.