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PARTISAN



**BOY HEROES OF
THE CONFEDERACY**



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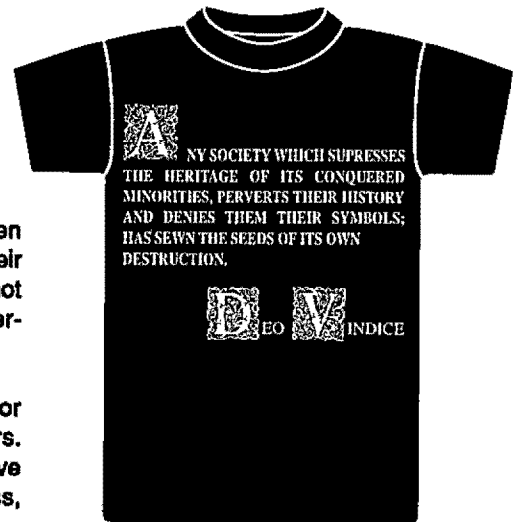
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Southern PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 9, 1927

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PARTISAN letters

★ MIGHTY MO, CSA

Gentlemen:

Thank you for including Missouri in your Southern maps. Many folk are unaware of this state's involvement in the war. When I, a sixth-generation Missourian, came to the deep South, 52 years ago, I was called a Yankee—until I became president of the local UDC chapter.

Mrs. Paul M. Campbell
Minden, Louisiana

★ PAR LEZ VOUS DIXIE?

Gentlemen:

Julian Green (1900-), (Third Quarter, 1992 *Southern Partisan*) the son of unreconstructed Southerners, born and raised in France, is one of the best-known French authors.

The French have always liked Southern writers, to wit Faulkner and Green. This reminds me of a letter I once received from my daughter Gwin while she was in Europe pursuing some graduate work. She had gone into a bookstore in Paris and had found a prominent display of *McAfee County*, written by Clemson University's Mark Steadman. She wrote, "It was on much more prominent display than anything I had seen at home and really *selling*."

William H. Hunter, M.D.
Clemson, South Carolina

★ REAL SOUTHERNERS RARE

Gentlemen:

I want to take a moment to thank you for your efforts over the past year. You have published some excellent work.

I also wish to exhort you to continue to stand fast in the days to come. True Southerners will face an even tougher struggle to maintain their distinct heritage and culture in the days to come, because [mere] "geographic" Southerners who have forsaken their past and the truth to pursue a lie have invaded the White House.

Thankfully, the majority of the South stood against Clinton and Gore, despite the mediocre alternative. I have long maintained that the only difference between George Bush and the Democrats is about eighteen months.

Buchanan in '96! There is a man I'll work for. His editorials in *Southern Partisan* are excellent. If believing in the values upon which this nation was established and nourished for the bulk of its existence subjects us to being held up to ridicule by the likes of the extreme left of the Democratic party, our position is clearly correct.

David S. Neel, Jr.
Birmingham, Alabama

★ AMUSED AND ANNOYED

Gentlemen:

I subscribe to *Southern Partisan* because I usually find it thought provoking. The Third Quarter, 1992 was merely annoying.

Major Addicott's article about Generals Lee, Sherman and Schwarzkopf was noteworthy for its selective use of the evidence and its single interpretation of the available facts. This is characteristic of a good legal defense but does not necessarily make for an interesting or balanced magazine article. I was amused to note that (like so many other writers before him) Major Addicott used the biblical imagery of pillars of smoke by day,

and fires by night, in connection with Sherman's March to the Sea. In Exodus, these were the signs the Lord provided to indicate His presence with His chosen people and to guide them to the promised land. It is not at all in keeping with a traditional Southern viewpoint to associate Sherman's army with the Lord's chosen people and Southern civilians with the displaced peoples of Caanan, as the rather picturesque reference seems to do.

Jamie Adams
Fairfax, Virginia

Major Addicott replies:

The pillars of fire by night and the smoke by day was what those Southerners in Sherman's path saw as the Yankees approached. Of course this is not an exact analogy to the two million Hebrews of the Old Testament as they were guided through the wilderness by our Lord. However, there is a parallel here! Consider the facts: although those Hebrews were saved (they all believed in the salvation work of the coming Messiah), because of their wickedness and apostasy, God killed off the entire adult population in the desert (apart from a handful). As I Corinthians 10:1-10 relates: "God was not well pleased with them, so their bodies were scattered over the desert." In short, Sherman's Yankees and the Hebrews under Moses were both pretty rotten folks. Of course, Sherman shared the crimes of his men while Moses did not.

WE ALL LOST

Gentlemen:

Upon reading a Third Quarter, 1992 edition of *Southern Partisan* I immediately decided to subscribe.

The only Prince in Europe who sympathized with the Confederacy was Pope Pius VI. He was assured by President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet that slavery would be abolished in the Confederacy within five years after the cessation of

hostilities. In fact, that pope sent Mr. Davis a crown of thorns during his imprisonment.

It was not just the Confederacy that lost the war; it was lost by all Americans who believe in constitutional government and who deplore the unchained growth of the federal government since Appomattox.

Stephen W. Roman, T.S.F.
Mountain Home, North Carolina

BATTLEFIELD BATTLE

Gentlemen:

At the request of a subscriber, I relate the following tale for your readers' edification. I serve on the staff of the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of American History and, in my spare time, also serve as resident historian for Gathland State Park, site of the 1862 battle for Crampton's Gap during Lee's Maryland Campaign.

Due to a severe state budgetary shortfall, the Maryland Park Service saw fit to close Gathland for the past two years leaving no means by which to accommodate visitors. Since then, I have acted as tour guide and local contact for the growing number of enthusiasts for this site. To meet this demand and to compensate for withdrawn stewardship, my wife Jan and I attempted form the "Friends of Gathland" to muster volunteers. Jan designed a logo to reflect the park's historical assets including representations of the US flag of the War period and the Confederate Battle Flag.

All went well until quite recently when the volunteer coordinator for the South Mountain Region informed us that his superior in Annapolis had caustically resisted our use of the battle flag, believing that it was "inappropriate." I think we all understand that euphemism by now and what it purports. We were nothing less than stunned, having thus far escaped most attempts at "political correctness" in our region. Once our anger subsided we decided to dissolve FOG and throw

our efforts and resources behind the nearest battlefield preservation group, the Central Maryland Heritage League. Our commitment to the battlefield has not diminished one iota, nor are we discouraged.

But speaking as one born in a border state and resident in another for his entire adult life, I would like to think that I can maintain perhaps a bit more perspective than most when weighing respective views of our defining conflict. I have studied the War all my life, being fully cognizant that our Southern brethren were supposedly returned to our bosom as equals without rancor and "with malice toward none." In trying to preserve the battlefields of that war, in attempting to access them for future generations, and no less by relating the stories left us from all participants, it has become increasingly apparent to me that I will not be permitted to aspire to these accomplishments without continually tripping over someone's warped idea of social engineering to suit contemporary needs.

Timothy J. Reese
Volunteer Resident Historian
Crampton's Gap Battlefield
Gathland State Park
Burkittsville, Maryland

A GOOD QUESTION

Gentlemen:

In President Clinton's energy plan, cooling is taxed, but heating oil is not. Now, is this favoring one part of the country over another?

Nicholas Swyka
Houston, Texas

ENOUGH!

Gentlemen:

I have been a subscriber to *Southern Partisan* for several years and I can only say that it just keeps getting better and better. Thank God for someone willing to portray the conservative, God-fearing

South as it really is and for someone courageous enough to defend Southern history (especially our War for Independence) as it really was.

It is little wonder that the US, which officially reveres Lincoln, is in the deplorable state it is now in. The United States now has a president who wants to free the gays, lesbians, transvestites, and all other sexual perverts, and let them in our military, schools, and public offices. Clinton has no backbone to have any kind of domestic or foreign policy of his own, and his cabinet and appointees look like a freak show of special interest groups and other social malcontents. He is for everything that we as decent people abhor—an agenda that is going to be shoved down our throats whether we like it or not.

I personally have had enough of this! I only fly the politically incorrect Stars and Bars from my flagpole and I dare any of these liberal fascists to tell me to take it down.

Greg Hobson
Bedford, Virginia

★ BEAUREGARD POST '65

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed Bonnie Sue Dilworth Jacobs' article on the Confederates in Brazil (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1993). There are a number of Southern connections to Brazil. The *CSS Alabama* and *CSS Florida* used some ports in Brazil. Also, in 1865 Brazil became involved with Paraguay in the War of Triple Alliance, or the Paraguayan War. Brazil tried to solicit P.G.T. Beauregard to command her army. But in 1865-66 General Beauregard believed it was his duty to stay in Louisiana. But in the oppressive year of Reconstruction, 1868, he offered his services to Brazil, but Don Pedro II had decided to use his own men. Also, a number of ex-Confederate ships were purchased by Brazil and Argentina during the War. There are some striking similarities to our

War for Southern Independence, not for what the war was fought for, but how it was waged.

Wayne D. Carroll
Mountain Rest, South Carolina

★ A GREAT DEBATE

Editor's Note: *The letter to the editor entitled "Dying Breed" in our Fourth Quarter, 1992 issue by Ben Smith of Waycross, Georgia, was a Partisan Letter for sure. Its defense of the Democratic Party stimulated a number of counter claims. We print two letters from the large volume of mail we received:*

Because of economic necessity during the 1930s, I was raised to age 17 in the home of my grandfather, who was born in 1855, one of 13 children, and whose teen and young adult years were the period of Reconstruction. He had a deep hatred for Lincoln, Stevens, and the "Black Republicans," which I completely understand and agree with.

However, I grew up during the Roosevelt depression, which lasted for nine years, and was not cured by socialistic government programs, but ended because of World War II, of which I am a combat veteran.

My first presidential vote was in 1948, at which time I considered Truman and Dewey to be equally bad. I proudly voted for Strom Thurmond. I have voted for the Republican candidate in all subsequent elections, although except for Goldwater and Reagan it was for whom I considered the lesser evil.

Mr. Smith begins with the declaration that he has been a Jeffersonian Southern Democrat all his adult life, after which he espouses the views of the "yellow dog Democrats" who have been responsible for the elections of Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Carter, and Clinton during my lifetime.

The tragedy of the South is that it has so many people who think like the letter writer, who continue to elect such people to the US Congress and to local office out of misplaced loyalty to the Democratic Party which long ago ceased to represent the interests of the South and of outdated hatred for the Republican party.

As long as people who claim to support and be representative of the South think like your letter writer, I despair for any improvement in the course of our nation or for the memory of the Confederacy.

Shelby C. Trice
Mobile, Alabama

I feel compelled to respond....To blame the S&L scandal, or the trade deficit entirely on the Republicans is utterly ridiculous. These calamities are due more to the insane greed of the dominant Yankee power structure, combined with the bovine complacency of the average American tax slave. Partisan Letter writer Ben Smith gives Gutless George [Bush] and his Neoconservative toadies too much credit.

As for the assertion that the Democrats are populists, while the Republicans are elitists, I have two observations. First, the term elitists, in this context, seems to offend mainly those who are discontented with their station in life, yet who are disinclined to better it. Second, while the Democratic party may have once been "the party of the people," the party as it exists today merely uses that title as a ruse to advance its leftist agenda. Only a fool or a scalawag would embrace this socialist juggernaut as an ally.

What we need now is a party outside of the mainstream (besides that cur Perot) to champion our cause. Until we have such an instrument of power, we are doomed to chase our tails.

Gerry A. James
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Fed Up Yet? by Richard Quinn

The craziness of our times was clearly revealed by two votes taken in the United States Senate in late July.

First, on a procedural vote, the Senate agreed to renew patent protection for the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC). As we reported last time, the UDC patent has been renewed routinely for the past 99 years, ever since the organization was founded in 1898. (The insignia contains in its design the image of the Confederate First National Flag.)

Angered by the vote, the Senate's only black female, Sen. Carol Moseley-Braun (D-IL), took the floor and threatened a filibuster unless the Senate reversed itself on the UDC insignia. In a long and tearful harangue, she insisted that the Confederate Flag was offensive to her because it symbolized the slavery and oppression black people endured in the antebellum South.

As reporters for the national press whipped out their notepads, signalling that a story of some size was in the making, one by one, two dozen whimpering Senators agreed to switch their votes. Final tally: 75 to 25. The UDC insignia was deemed unworthy to have its patent protected by federal law.

Alabama's Howell Heflin, easily the South's single biggest embarrassment in the Senate, added an especially ludicrous note to the debate. He was voting to bring shame on the banner his ancestors fought under because, he said, he didn't want "to offend" anyone. But he still wanted everyone to know that he "revered" his ancestors, one of whom was a surgeon who served the South during the War.

This translates to mean that Sen. Heflin didn't want to offend any of his radical black constituents, hav-

ing calculated that they outnumber the combined vote of the UDC membership in Alabama and his "revered" ancestors, who are thankfully no longer here to suffer the humiliation he has attached to their cause. How sad it is to see how much 125 years can diminish a family name.

However, one Senator who time has not diminished is South Carolina's Strom Thurmond. After the Senate reversed itself in response to what *USA Today* called the "outrage" expressed by Sen. Moseley-Braun, Sen. Thurmond expressed his own outrage with a simple and rare declaration: "I stand by my heredity," he said.

Well, wasn't the Confederate War fought to defend slavery? a reporter asked. "It was no such thing," Thurmond shot back. "The Southern States felt they had a right to determine their own destinies. Slavery was a facet of it. But the main reason was they wanted to control their own destiny."

Then Thurmond scored a direct hit on the hypocrisy of Sen. Moseley-Braun of Illinois and her colleague, Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts: "No person here today believes in slavery, but Southerners didn't bring them here. Northerners brought them here. Slave traders in Boston. Southern people are not any more racist than people in the North. They're still throwing bricks at school children in Boston and Chicago... The South has better race relations than any other part of the country."

What the South does not have today is a large number of people who are willing to share Thurmond's outrage. Would Howell Heflin of Alabama or Ernest Hollings of South Carolina or John Warner of Virginia have voted, as

they did, if they thought for a moment that thousands of voters would be outraged?

Not likely. In other words, they are counting on your apathy. They are assuming that most Southerners just don't care enough to get mad. Hasn't the time come to prove them wrong?

This is no insignificant issue. Interest groups have already formed to pull down Confederate monuments, to rename schools, roads, and towns, to rewrite history books and to force living Southerners to admit that their ancestors were evil, unworthy people.

What is evil and unworthy is the apparent belief held by Sen. Moseley-Braun and others that the way to honor one heritage is to diminish the memory of another. Sadly, there are some black politicians who see themselves as leaders of an oppressed people whose very identity is based in the victimhood of their race. Such people need oppressors to give their agenda meaning. The battleline is constantly being drawn, and each compromise leads to ever more ludicrous demands.

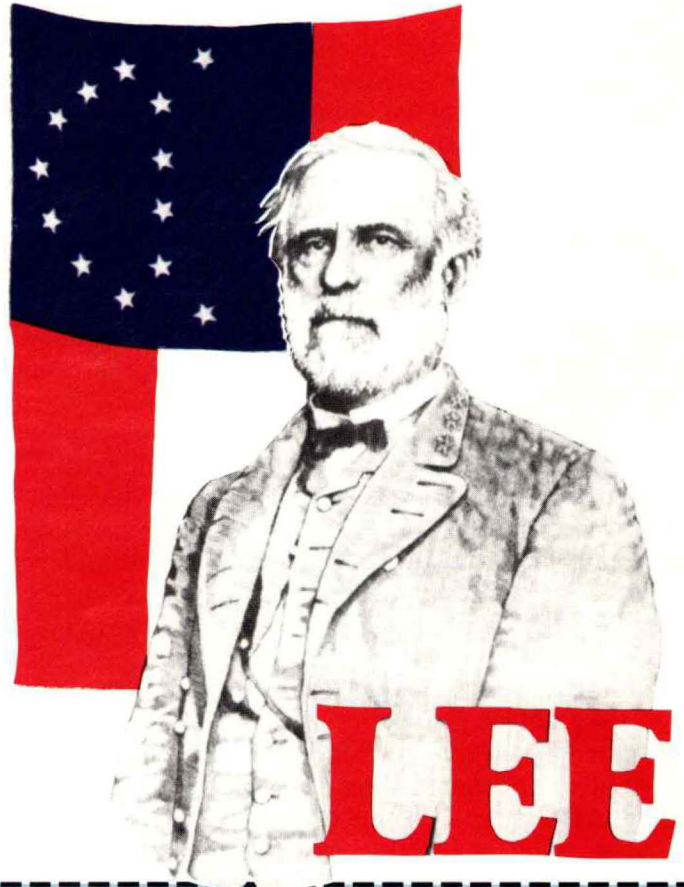
More to the point, therefore, is the central question: where does it all end? Unless you are prepared for your grandchildren to be taught that the Confederate government was roughly the equivalent of the Third Reich, the time to express your outrage is now.

The Senators who voted to repudiate the United Daughters of the Confederacy are listed in the *Obiter Dicta* section of this magazine. Look for your Senator's name. If it's there, let him (or her) know how you feel, *outrageously*.

The right reaction may help people like Senator Danforth of Missouri answer a rhetorical question he posed during the debate. First he had voted to renew the UDC patent. Then, after Sen. Moseley-Braun's blast, he angrily changed his vote. "How many times," he asked in frustration, "will we be called upon to prove our sensitivity?" The answer is: forever, Senator, unless you stop caving in. ☆

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FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

The New Equality by Gordon Jackson

The MTV generation that voted Clinton into office doesn't remember the stagflation of its childhood, but very soon it's going to find out what that was all about.

There is no way any thinking person can characterize the Clinton "economic program" as anything but a massive federal raid on the resources of the private sector. "Job creation" is the cynical mantra used by the administration to explain how the debilitating effects of the largest tax increase in history will be offset. Jobs are supposed to fall down from heaven when a handful of mighty wizards at the Federal Reserve Board and on Wall Street are satisfied that the federal budget deficit is being successfully assayed and decree that interest rates will come down.

Many will recall that this was the operative theory in the Bush administration's disastrous budget agreement with Congress in 1990. It didn't work then, and it won't work now. In the first place, no one at the Fed, on Wall Street, or anywhere else is ever going to be convinced that Congress has its fiscal house in order until it has undergone some deep institutional change such as term limitation. Secondly, there has never been established any correlation between interest rates and economic growth. If anything, the reverse has been demonstrated when there is a heavy demand for money (by entrepreneurs, investors and the like) the cost of money naturally rises. And finally, perhaps the Clintonites missed a recent headline in *USA Today*: "interest rates at rock bottom." Given the inflation expectations and profit requirements now built into all interest rates,

that is probably true. Interest rates aren't going to come down significantly during Clinton's term.

But employment surely is, once his contractive tax increases are in place. And when your dollars begin to chase after fewer goods and services, inflation is going to be the result. And then the Fed will battle inflation by raising interest rates. I predict that when Clinton's term nears its end, inflation will be double the average of the Reagan-Bush years, interest rates will be in double figures, and unemployment will be above eight percent.

Of course, Clinton's bogus theory goes completely unquestioned by the Washington press corps. They cuffed him around a bit for having the temerity to pay them less attention than the Hollywood bubble-brains and for forcing them to deal with snot-nosed kids like George (Stephy) Stephanopoulos. But now the mannequins and the kids have been banished to the basement, and a professional Washington schmoozer, David Gergen, has been assigned to scratch the pressies' bellies.

So all is well, and the press can get back to the usual business of Washington — touting the horse races: who's up, who's down, who's stumbled off the track. Watch them proclaim Clinton the triumphant victor when his turkey of a budget bill is passed. If *Time* and *Newsweek* do not have cover stories sometime in the next two months proclaiming our boy president once again the "Comeback Kid," then I will eat one deeply fried copy of each magazine.

☆☆☆

While the Clintonites do their part to establish the hegemony of

the federal government, the real action arm of the left, the federal courts, are more than holding up their end. As a result of the two recent decisions, Title IX of the Civil Rights Act, which mandates gender equality in college athletics, now has a formidable set of teeth.

In Washington D.C., commonly referred to as a "candy store" by insurance adjusters, a federal jury recently awarded the women's basketball coach at Howard University \$3 million because her office space was a tad less commodious than that of her counterpart for the men's team, and her recruiting budget a bit sparser.

Having seen her basketball team play last season, and noting that it was the most inept assemblage of "athletes" I had ever seen at any level, I was happy for her that she would be financially freed of the need to market her skills in a free market. But if anything close to that 3 million is upheld by the appeals court, Howard University is out of the college athletics business.

Even more ominous for those of us who have appreciated what used to be college sports was an appeals court decision that prohibited Colorado State University from terminating its women's softball team, because that would leave only 37.7 percent of the athletes at CSU as women whereas the student body at large was 48.2 percent women. Such disproportionality, the court decreed, is a violation of federal law.

No sweat. If CSU doesn't have the money for a softball team, it can just dump the baseball team to satisfy the federal lords.

Some days, paying attention to what goes on behind enemy lines is more depressing than others, and this former college baseball player has been having a few of those days lately. ☆

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Armageddon—An Update

Something like a cultural Battle of Armageddon is being fought daily all over this troubled country, but nowhere is the clash of arms more ferocious than in the nation's capital. There the Adversary's soldiers swagger down the streets in broad daylight, waving their banners, shouting their slogans, committing unspeakable acts.

The newspaper and television accounts of the Gay Rights March didn't begin to set the scene for the rest of the nation. What viewers saw on network broadcasts was what the media elite wanted them to see: a huge crowd of reasonably well-behaved people, listening to the fervent but chaste speeches of establishment politicians—Mayor Dinkins of New York, Mayor Kelly of Washington, Patricia Ireland. The signs parading across the screen were militant but rated no worse than PG-13.

But we must learn that the television camera can be trained to lie as easily as a thief's children. The 1993 Gay Rights March was perhaps the most obscene desecration of public property in the history of the nation.

Among the officially advertised events were: a "Drag Show Extravaganza," a "Bisexual Dance," a "Queer Scout Cookie Sell-a-Thon," and a "Sado/Masochistic Leather Fetish Conference." But it was the unscheduled events that characterized the march and the movement it was designed to serve.

Consider the following examples:

- Literally scores of lesbians walked topless down Pennsylvania Avenue while the networks looked the other way. Some of them had children with them—either adopted or else "turkey-baster babies," the

progeny of artificial insemination.

- As these women passed the White House, they chanted "Chelsea! Chelsea!"—calling for the President's daughter, for reasons which we can only speculate.

- On the mall you could see men and women in all states of undress. Genitalia were almost as prominently displayed as midriffs.

- One man cavorted around in a military uniform with a skirt and high-heels.

- Couples of all combinations simulated intercourse and some actually engaged in perverse sexual acts in full view.

- Anti-religious chants and signs were everywhere, many of them incredibly obscene. Several people carried banners that proclaimed God is Gay. A sign read: Jesus S-cks D-cks.

- The North American Men-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA)—a group of adult men who like to have sex with little boys—participated in this gala demonstration and even gave out interviews in which they demanded elimination of all current age-of-consent laws.

These incidents did not take place in hotel rooms or down alleys or behind hedges. They took place on Pennsylvania Avenue and the mall—for everyone present to see. They were the deliberate, in-the-face posturing of an obsessed mob, sick with confused lust, determined to infect the rest of the nation. The fact that nothing of the sort was shown on network television or reported in major newspapers and magazines should tell you something about the way in which the press manipulates the news.

These activists are the avowed

enemies of religion in general and Christianity in particular. Everywhere their hatred of Christ and His Church was a floating banner in the spring air. And make no mistake about it: It is their season, their year, their decade, their nation. They poise on the brink of absolute victory in the nation's capital. Congress—confused by false scientific studies, intimidated by roving bands, and irredeemably corrupt—stands ready to give them what they demand. Here are several of those demands:

- Passage of a lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender civil rights bill and an end to discrimination by state and federal governments including the military.

- Legislation to prevent discrimination against lesbians, gays, bisexuals, and transgendered people in the areas of family diversity, custody, adoption, and foster care.

- Full and equal inclusion of lesbians, gays, bisexuals, and transgendered people in the educational system, and inclusion of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender studies in multicultural curricula.

In other words, these people are demanding that they be allowed to commit all the perversions common to their tribe, to adopt and raise children, and to have our young people taught in tax-supported schools to approve of their practices and even to embrace them. The thing is, they are very likely to get everything they want—and to get it in short order. The American establishment—the mainline churches, the universities, the press, and the politicians—are falling in line behind this outrageous agenda.

If this isn't the Battle of Armageddon, it will do nicely until the real thing comes along. ☆

Obiter Dicta

Willie's Slick Order

The news on Monday July 19, 1993 gave us an example of President Clinton at his slickest. It is instructive to recall the day.

We all woke up Monday morning to reports that Clinton would be unveiling his new policy on homosexuals in the military at an afternoon press briefing.

Do you remember what happened next? Did you read the language of Clinton's executive order in your newspaper? Is the Clinton plan substantially the same as the earlier proposal by Senator Sam Nunn that would allow homosexuals to serve in the military if they refrained from revealing their sexual preferences?

Most Americans cannot answer these questions clearly because the balance of the day became a blur of activity. Literally moments before Clinton revealed his executive order, he announced that he had asked FBI Director William Sessions to resign or be fired. A very big story. An even bigger example of news manipulation.

Suddenly, the Washington media mites were swarming around the Sessions story, which became the major news item of the day. Subsequent polls have shown that 58% of the American people believe the Clinton executive order was a "Don't Ask / Don't Tell" compromise, on the Nunn model. But it wasn't.

Actually Clinton's order went much, much further than Nunn's proposal. The President's executive order allows homosexual soldiers to acknowledge their orientation publicly, to patronize "gay" bars and to march in "gay" parades, all without risking their military careers. What they are apparently prohibited from doing, if anything, is engaging in or soliciting sex on a military base, which of course, is behavior also denied heterosexual soldiers.

While America was focusing on the "hot" FBI story, Mr. Clinton quickly signed an executive order forcing heterosexual soldiers to share their barracks and their bunkers, under the most intimate of conditions, with a group of men whose *openly acknowledged* sexual practices most soldiers (and 68% of the American people) regard as perverse and unnatural.

Of course, this is not to say that Americans are predisposed to persecute homosexuals. The threshold to this problem is the door to what once was metaphorically called "the closet."

In a world where moral standards are publicly

upheld, the closet is a useful place indeed. Many sins reside there in peace, for no one is without fault. But today's militant homosexuals are no longer restrained by the unspoken rules of civility. They publicly parade their proclivities, seeking indeed to confer upon their sexual appetites the status of a cause.

They don't want merely to enlist in the military as soldiers; they demand to be accepted in the military as homosexuals, as part of a larger effort to redefine the values of the American people and to enshrine the passive toleration of any behavior as the cardinal virtue of American society. Now, Bill Clinton, Queer Nation's favorite president, has sanctioned their agenda by executive order, while most Americans are a little vague on the details. Clearly these are not days that afford us the luxury of paying only casual attention to the news. ☆

When The Roll Was Called...

Let's be perfectly blunt: nineteen Southerners in the U.S. Senate openly betrayed the heritage of their region.

On July 22, 1993, the Senate took up the renewal of the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC) on which part of the design is the first national flag of the Confederacy. Amendment 610 (to renew patent protection for the insignia) was co-sponsored by Senators Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina, Senators Trent Lott and Thad Cochran of Mississippi, Paul Coverdell of Georgia, and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina (for more background, see *Partisan View* on page five of this issue).

Actually, two votes were taken. On the first vote, only seven Southern Senators voted to humiliate the UDC and to dishonor the group's symbol. The motion passed 52-48. Alphabetically, the unabashed (but consistent) panderers who voted to snub the UDC were:

Bumpers (AR)	Pryor (AR)	[Rockefeller (WV)]
Graham (FL)	Robb (VA)	
Mikulski (MD)	Sarbanes (MD)	

* Republicans in italics.

Then, after a tongue-lashing by Senator Moseley-Braun, the Senate's only black female member, twelve Southerners who had voted for the UDC the first time, quickly switched sides on a motion to reconsider. This, of course, tipped the scale the other way and the Con-

federate flag (UDC insignia) was repudiated by a vote of 75-25. The switchers, or to use the most precise term, the *cowards*, were as follows:

Boren (OK)	Heflin (AL)	Mathews (TN)
Breaux (LA)	Hollings (SC)	Sasser (TN)
<i>Danforth (MO)</i>	<i>Hutchison (TX)</i>	Shelby (AL)
Ford (KY)	Johnston (LA)	<i>Warner (VA)</i>

* Republicans in italics.

Clearly these Senators believe that most Southerners don't care about their heritage or about protecting the dignity of symbols that have represented the spirit of the region honorably for over a century. If your senator is listed in either of the two categories above, you may want to let them know how wrong they are. Senators can be written at the United States Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510.

Twenty-five Senators (and not only Southerners) stood firm and voted to respect the dignity of both the

UDC and to recognize the value of the Southern heritage. They were:

The Southerners...

<i>Bond (MO)</i>	<i>Helms (NC)</i>	<i>Nickles (OK)</i>
<i>Cochran (MS)</i>	<i>Lott (MS)</i>	Nunn (GA)
<i>Coverdell (GA)</i>	<i>Mack (FL)</i>	<i>Thurmond (SC)</i>
<i>Faircloth (NC)</i>	<i>McConnell (KY)</i>	[Byrd (WV)]
<i>Gramm (TX)</i>		

The NonSoutherners...

<i>Burns (MT)</i>	<i>Hatch (UT)</i>	<i>Packwood (OR)</i>
<i>Craig (ID)</i>	<i>Hatfield (OR)</i>	<i>Smith (NH)</i>
<i>Dole (KS)</i>	<i>Kempthorne (ID)</i>	<i>Stevens (AK)</i>
<i>Grassley (IA)</i>	<i>McCain (AZ)</i>	<i>Wallop (WY)</i>

* Republicans in italics.

In standing up to Sen. Moseley-Braun's diatribe, these Senators are to be commended. It's good to know that the barrel is not entirely rotten. ☆

Bias in Photojournalism

Pictures never lie. Right? Don't be so sure. Today's crop of photojournalists and their editors, who select just the right picture to fit the bias of the story, have managed to distort all sorts of realities.

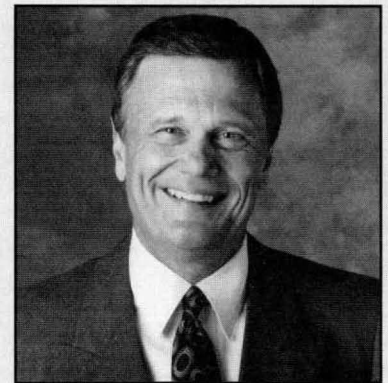
Take, for example, the illustrations on this page. Rev. Edwin Young is a conservative Baptist preacher from Houston, Texas who is president of the Southern Baptist Convention. (A) is the photo the Associated Press carefully selected to send out with the story reporting Rev. Young's convention sermon. At right (B), see what he really looks like.

Of course, politicized illustrations are hardly new. Our favorite in history is the drawing opposite (C) depicting the famous cane thrashing Preston Brooks of South Carolina gave to Senator Charles Sumner. Notice the dark-haired good looks of the fallen hero, Sumner, quill in hand, bleeding from wounds inflicted by the maniac Brooks whose gray hair is wild and unruly. Now take a look at photographs of the two men. That's right. Brooks is actually the handsome one on the right (E), with the dark hair. Sumner is the one (D) who looks like he deserves a good beating. So much for visual evidence. ☆

AP / Wide World



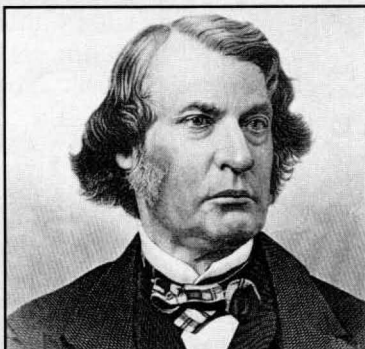
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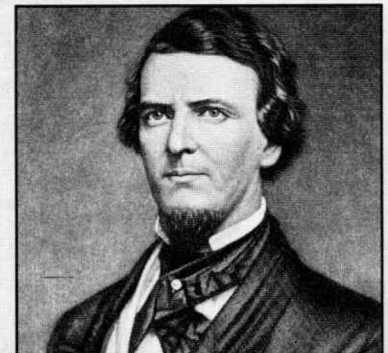
B



C



D



E

The Art of Persecuting Minorities

In Hillsborough County, Florida, a local chapter of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) decided to donate a \$100 U.S. Savings Bond as a scholarship to Plant City High School, to be given during the school's annual awards program. The American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) were among other groups making similar presentations.

Not so fast, school officials said menacingly. We don't want your kind here. The gift from the SCV was refused.

One county school official (Larry Martin) explained the snub: "They wanted to get up and advertise their group. But we will not let anybody divide the student body."

Okay, let's see if we understand. In order not to divide people, the SCV group was excluded. Hmm. Why is it when other groups are excluded, it's called discrimination?

No word yet on whether SCV members will be required to drink from separate water fountains.

A Dandy Yankee

We salute Schuyler Hollingsworth, Harvard University, Class of 1940, for understanding the meaning of valor. Here is the story:

In 1878, Harvard dedicated a building (Memorial Hall) to the 136 alumni and students Harvard supplied to the Union cause. But most people are not aware that 64 Harvard students died wearing gray uniforms in the War Between the States. No monument (much less a *building*) celebrates their bravery.

Recently, however, in a call for "healing and reconciliation" Schuyler Hollingsworth, a northern partisan, nevertheless offered to provide seed funds for a proper tribute to Harvard Confederates. On behalf of Southern partisans, we thank Mr. Hollingsworth for his generosity and join him in honoring the courage of the young men from Harvard who died on both sides.

Welfare Reform CSA Style

We learned from a column by Homer Pyle in the *News-Press* of Ft. Myers, Florida that a professor of economics at Florida State University, Randall Holcombe, recently contributed an insightful piece to the *Free Market Monthly* on the innovations of the Confederate Constitution.

Holcombe pointed out that the CSA Constitution was similar to the U.S. Constitution with a few key changes. For example, the U.S. version gives Congress the power "to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." The CSA version left out the reference to "the general

welfare."

In Holcombe's words: "The Southern drafters thought the general welfare clause was an open door to any type of government intervention. They were, of course, right."

Helms To The Point

North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms placed a legislative hold on President Clinton's nomination of Roberta Actenberg to the post of Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. There were not enough votes to stop the nomination, but the maneuver by Senator Helms delayed it a bit and forced public attention on the fact that Actenberg (a lesbian activist) had, in the past, relentlessly persecuted the Boy Scouts of America for not admitting "gay" scouts into their ranks.

Because everyone knew that the Democrats had the votes to confirm Actenberg, a reporter asked Helms why he had placed a hold on the nomination. Helms, who has never dodged a question, answered directly: "She's a damn lesbian."

What Hath Pat Wrought?

Bryant Gumbel was interviewing Jesse Jackson on NBC's *Today* program. One question was: "Do you think there's any truth in some people's assertion that the World Trade Center bombing was, in part, an act of frustration by an ethnic minority persecuted by an intolerant America? Was it a response to anti-immigration hate-mongering by, say, Pat Buchanan?"

Jackson, of course, thought so. Yes indeed. Now if they can just find a way to blame Pat for those floods in Missouri.

An Interesting Chronology

On January 22, 1993...

President Clinton said "Our vision should be an America where abortion is safe and legal, but rare."

On April 19, 1993...

David Gergen, writing in *U.S. News and World Report*, blasted Clinton's health plan for including abortion as a routine service "easily available to all—no questions, no costs, no issues of morality or personal responsibility. "This," Gergen asked, "will make abortions 'rare'?"

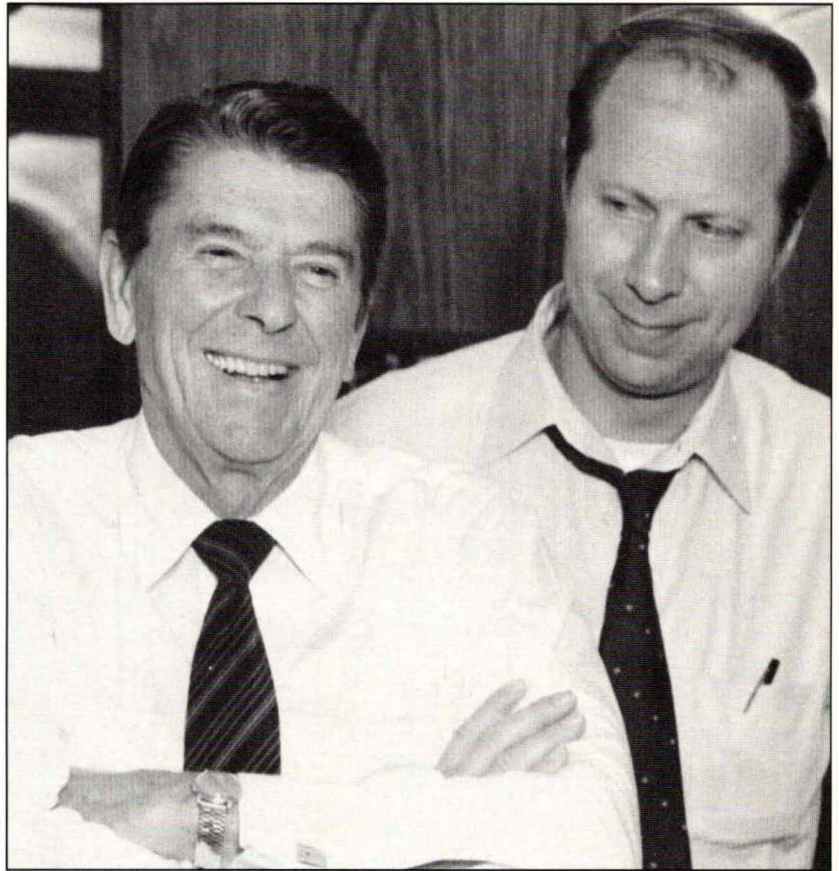
On May 29, 1993...

President Clinton hired David Gergen to promote the White House. Gergen is now a paid cheerleader for the Clinton health plan. Oh heck, why let a little issue like human life come between friends? ☆

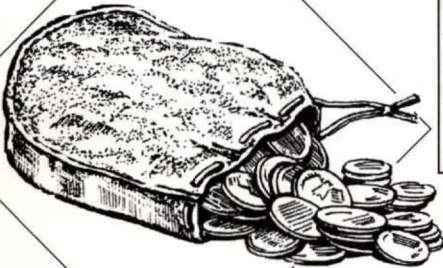


Scalawag Award

This 1982 photograph shows President Reagan flanked by a shadowy, smiling Scalawag who seems willing to promote any president who will pay his price.



Ron Edmonds - AP / Wide World



A Scalawag for All Reasons

Wes Pruden of *The Washington Times* calls him "Brother Dave," the weather vane, the man who "believes in a little of everything but not much of anything." Precisely.

Our Scalawag this time is an advisor to presidents, a man who ingratiated himself to several generations of the predatory Washington press corps by helping them discredit conservatives in several administrations. In fact, a friend of the *Partisan* who served in the Reagan White House with this especially slippery Scalawag, informed us that our recipient spent most of his time "leaking" information to the press that would selectively damage the conservative members of the staff. (Others have speculated that "Brother Dave," working as assistant to Alexander Haig, may even be the legendary Deep Throat who betrayed his boss to *The Washington Post*.)

The word "betrayal" is the key to the precise defi-

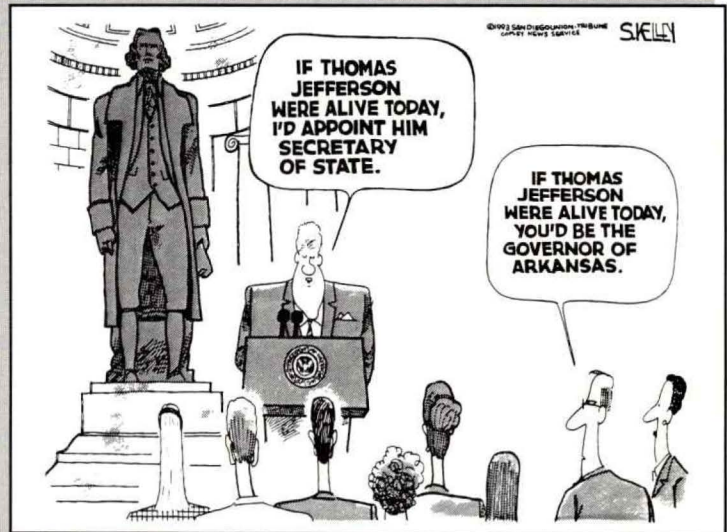
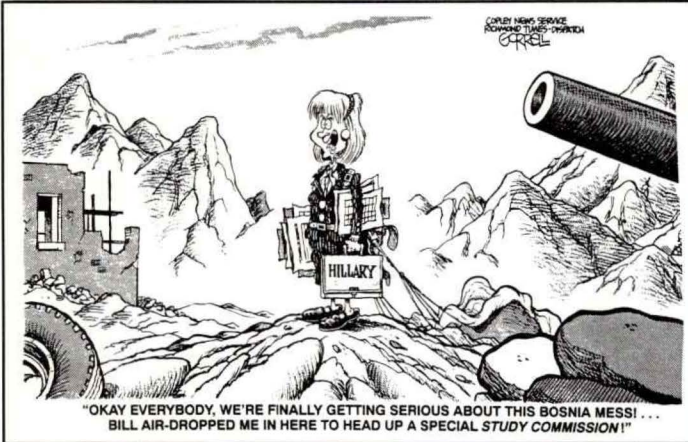
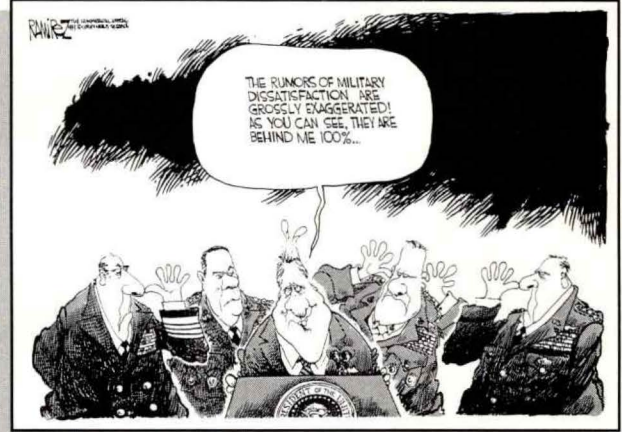
nition of a scalawag, which is not merely a synonym for "rascal" or a quaint version of the more modern term "jerk." A true scalawag is a sell-out, a betrayer, one who embraces the enemy for personal gain.

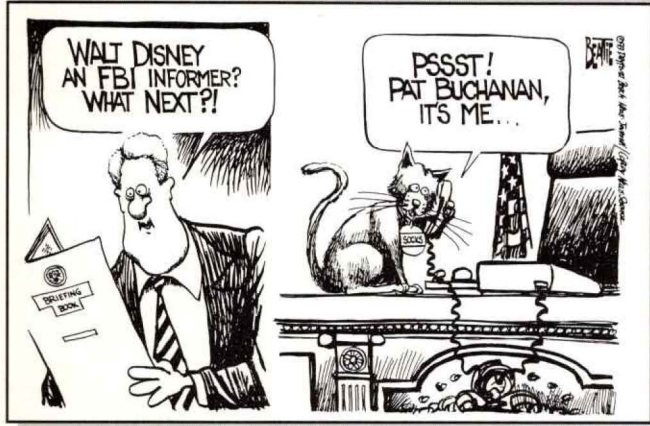
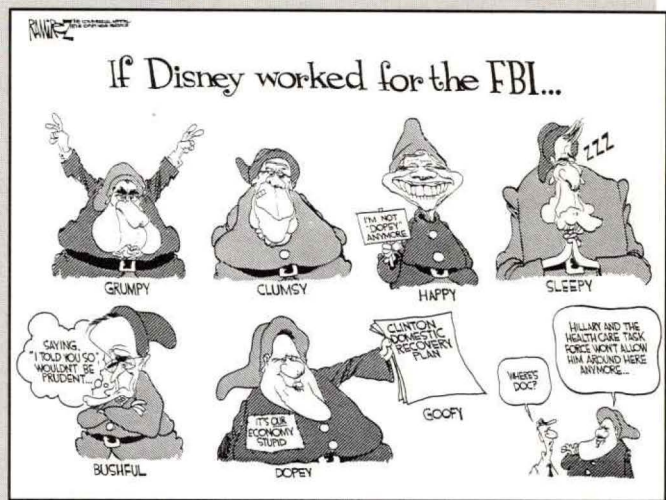
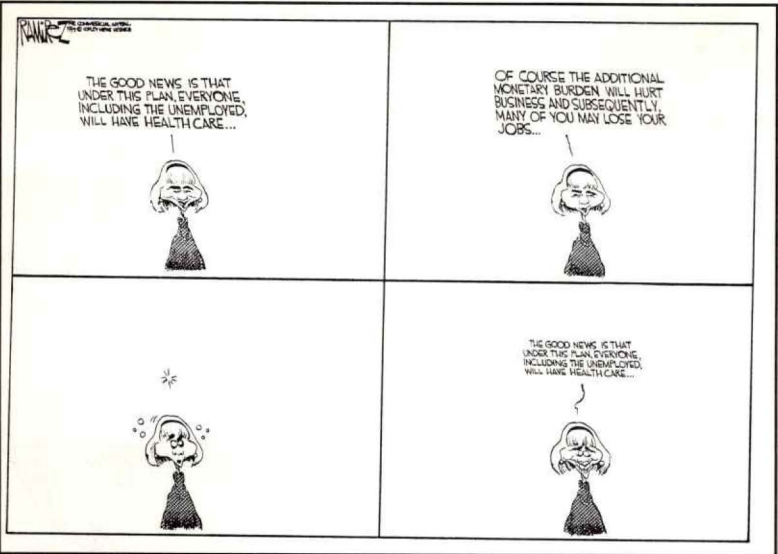
The first symptom of the trait came early in his life, when "Brother Dave" left North Carolina to attend Yale and then Harvard. Apparently he never looked back.

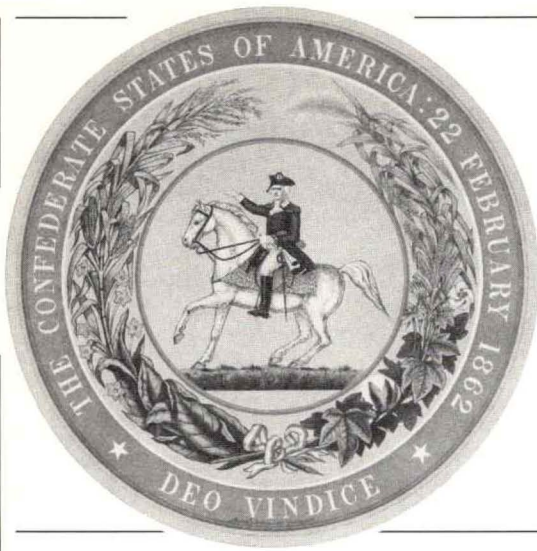
After working in staff positions for Nixon, Ford and Reagan, no wonder the national media selected this Scalawag as their favorite "Republican" spokesman to seek for on-air commentary about the events of the day. His regular appearances with liberal Mark Shields to give the "conservative" view were laughable, as he began every sentence with: "I agree with Mark."

Many of the Scalawags we have presented on this page were not technically qualified. Quite a few were simply native Southerners, like Tom Wicker, who were consistent, life-long leftists therefore lacking the essential ingredients of treachery, turn-coatism and betrayal for personal gain. Therefore, our recipient this time may well be the most perfectly qualified we have ever chosen, David Gergen, a Scalawag for all reasons. ☆

PARTISAN 'toons





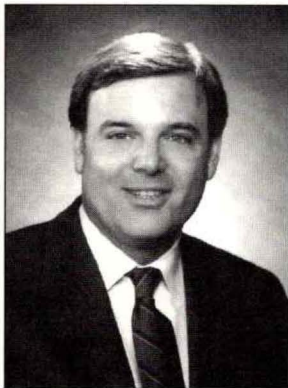


C.S.A. *today*

Alabama

Hit the Road, Jim

One of the first things that Governor Jim Folsom did when he took office was to decree that he will not allow the Confederate flag to fly over the Alabama Capitol. His explanation: "This has been a divisive issue in our state, and I believe it is time we put it behind us and move our state forward."



Gov. Jim Folsom

May we make a suggestion to the newly non-elected Governor?

Unfurl the flag and let it fly once more over the Capitol. Then issue the following statement: "This has been a divisive issue in our state, and I believe it is time we put it behind us and move our state forward."

You're more likely to end the bickering this way, Jim, because our folks ain't quitting.

Arkansas

No State an Island

Attorney General Winston Bryant has ruled that a proposed casino, to be built on Whiskey Island in the middle of the Mississippi River, is illegal because it is located in Arkansas rather than in Mississippi. Proponents of the casino, howling with

rage, produced current maps showing the island as part of Mississippi.

Not so. Bryant ruled, claiming that the river bed shifted in the 1800s and in so doing removed Whiskey Island from the clutches of Mississippians and delivered it into the hand of Arkansans. This quarrel may end up in the U.S. Supreme Court.



Whiskey Island, Arkansas

Florida

Show and Tell

After women were asked to leave Miami restaurants and malls when they breast-fed their babies, the Florida legislature introduced a bill to make breast feeding a protected activity. Speaking in support of the bill, Rhea Gaye McKinnon, Governor Lawton Chiles's daughter, breast-fed her seven-month old son in front of the House Criminal Justice Committee, after which the committee unanimously approved the bill.

No point in arguing the point; but if this weren't the Decade of the Woman, such a thing would never have happened. You can bet that if it had been a bunch of men breast-feeding their babies in Miami, you wouldn't have heard one word from the Governor or the legislature.

Georgia

Sore Losers

Youngsters these days are more sensitive than they used to be. A case in point: A couple of 15-year-olds in Brooks County had their baseball caps confiscated, and apparently the punishment was too humiliating to bear. According to authorities, in a fit of pique they set the Brooks County Middle School on fire. Did it while classes were in session, too.

This incident suggests that we still haven't put the 1960s behind us and probably never will.

Kentucky

Seeds of Discontent

In Lexington, Thomas Switzer, a prisoner, tested positive for opium and was taken off a work-release program as punishment. Later red-faced authorities discovered Switzer's test results were the consequence of eating a poppy seed bun that came from the jailhouse vending machine.

Switzer was returned to the work-release program, and the buns were removed; but in the future you can expect the poppyseed defense to be used again and again.

Louisiana

The Barking Dog

An update on sex education in Caddo Parish. The judge—after ruling that Sex Respect was in violation of the state Constitution—came back and said that all the schools had to do was black out a few lines and they could use the highly successful abstinence program after all. Planned Parenthood, an organization that seems determined to promote promiscuity among children, is furious at the reversal, as are people at Project Respect, publishers of the program, who believe they have been censored.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the barking of the dog. To our knowledge, no civil liberties organization has stepped forward to cry "censorship." People for The American Way have not sent out an *Alert*. When a textbook that promotes traditional morality is censored, no civil libertarian warns against "a chilling effect on the First Amendment." It's just as we always sus-

pected—these folks don't believe in license any more than we do.

Maryland

Seal of Approval

It isn't over yet, folks. The madness continues apace. The Maryland House Ways and Means Committee has voted to change the translation of the motto on the state seal. (Read that sentence one more time, just to be sure you understand it.)

The state seal, adopted in 1648, contains the Italian phrase "fatti maschii, parole femine," which is traditionally translated as "manly deeds, womanly words." Of course the feminists have been barging around Annapolis for years, complaining in loud bass voices, demanding a new motto. This year the Ways and Means Committee tried to placate them by suggesting that henceforth the phrase be translated as: "strong deeds, gentle words."

Now, you don't even have to speak Italian to know what "maschii" and "femine" mean; and just because the legislature says they mean something else, doesn't make it true. Of course, it remains to be seen whether or not there are any maschii left in the Maryland legislature. One thing's for sure—the Ways and Means Committee is made up of a bunch of mealy-mouthed old femine.

Mississippi

Let the Band Play

The Vice Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, Les Wyatt, has announced that administrators are "rethinking" the tradition of playing "Dixie" at athletic contests. The reason: an impeccable piece of rhetoric from one Alvin McLaughlin, President of the Ole Miss Black Student Union, who wrote that "Dixie" "is a song that mocks the black language by it being written in an unacceptable style of black dialect, a song that originated during the Civil War when black people were slaves and considered expendable."



The Maryland state seal

Now we'll pass over the fact that "Dixie" was written in New York City before the War—by Dan Emmett, a Yankee. We'll also ignore the obvious truth that slaves, far from being expendable, were highly valued property, even if Mr. McLaughlin won't grant that they were often treated better than Northern factory workers of this era.

What we really want to know is: How did a student who writes this kind of prose ever pass Freshman English, much less become a junior? And why would any college administration pay attention to such ignorant and illiterate pleading?



Emmett's "Dixie"

Come to think of it, maybe we should demand that Ole Miss cease playing "Dixie" at athletic contests until the university quits all this tiresome political posturing and gets back to educating students—black as well as

white. We don't want just anybody using our song. You have to deserve it.

*A new Mississippi law has dramatically reduced abortions. Under the statute, mothers who seek to abort must be given complete information about the nature of what they are about to do before the abortion takes place. The result: after the law was implemented, abortions fell to one half their previous levels.

Missouri *Freak Streak*

In Christian County, of all places, they held a race that may have been a first for the region: the Nude Mile Run. The event, a naked romp for college students, drew a crowd of around 4,000 spectators, all of them hard-core track-and-field fans.

Unfortunately, the race began before all the spectators were inside the sports complex, and a number of aficionados were angered, whereupon they stormed the event, despite the best efforts of security forces. Two guards were sprayed with their own mace, one was hit with a beer bottle, and one was kicked by a disappointed fan.

Rumor has it that next year the event will start on time and that the distance will

be extended to five miles, just to give everybody a good look.

North Carolina *Simple Request?*

You may have seen our Obitier Dicta on John Meroney, editor of *The Wake Forest Critic*, the one about the small amount of work black poetess Maya Angelou does to earn her \$100,000+ salary. Our information came from the March issue of the *American Spectator*, which has been widely reprinted.

What you may not know is *The Wake Forest Critic*—an independent, conservative student magazine—is now being threatened with legal action by Wake Forest University. A university lawyer has written demanding that Meroney remove the name "Wake Forest" from his publication—or else.

Meroney is willing to alter the subtitle of his magazine—from "The Independent Journal of Wake Forest" to "The Independent Journal at Wake Forest"—but the name "Wake Forest" remains.



John Meroney

Of course, the university denies this move is retaliation for the act of lese majesty against Angelou.

Insight reports Wake Forest spokeswoman Sandra Boyette as saying: "We think it is a simple request and hope they will comply. We want to make clear they were not representing Wake Forest."

Too bad about Wake Forest. You'd think the home of the Demon Deacons could tolerate a little dissent.

Oklahoma *Think Globally, Child*

Sixth-grade students from Rosary Catholic School plan to hold an international symposium, via telephone, with students from 14 other nations. They will discuss "world issues." The children are earning money to pay for this bit of global education by selling popcorn, which prompted one old-timer to observe: "I don't buy popcorn because it gets stuck in between my teeth. Now I got a second reason."

South Carolina

A New Age

A Palmetto State public school teacher said once that she had three reasons for becoming a teacher: June, July, and August. But in reality most teachers find little rest for their minds or bodies in the summer months. Many have children to entertain. Others find summer a good time to take the required continuing education classes offered by local universities.

One such class at The University of South Carolina, EDLP 826, has been widely advertised among school administrators from Keowee to Kiawah. The course, taught by the author of *Growing Up Gay in the South*, is entitled "Christian Fundamentalism and Public Education." The first page of the syllabus, obtained by *Southern Partisan*, describes a course designed to "assist school practitioners and others in understanding the fundamentalist phenomenon and combatting its challenge to public education in a secular democracy."



James Henley Thornwell

The University of South Carolina was once a safe haven for Christians, regularly led by men who would be called fundamentalists today (the President of the then South Carolina College during the War Between the States was Rev. James Henley Thornwell).

Perhaps Mr. Byrnes warnings about Armageddon (*Trivium*, page 9) are on target. But at least in South Carolina hope remains. After an outcry from Southern Baptists and others, USC trustees and administrators have agreed to tone down the Christian bashing.

Tennessee

Drunk Enough to Steal

James Archer was arrested and charged with theft of a police cruiser, after leading officers on a wild 30-minute chase. It's alleged that Archer wrecked his own car and then stole the cruiser in order to get home. He probably would have gotten away with it, too, if a sheriff's official hadn't heard someone say over the police radio: "I think

I'll just take this to Jonesboro and park it... I'm too drunk to drive."

Texas

Model Prisoners

In Tarrant County, the folks who run the new jail are already in trouble. It seems that they have a policy of grouping inmates in dormitory-style cells called "pods." The purpose: to give them a sense of *esprit de corps*. Well, they decided that it might be a good idea to put all Christians who wanted to be rehabilitated into one 48-cell pod so they could all watch religious stations and receive Bible instruction together. Everybody inside thought it was a good idea and began to call it the "God pod."

At that point, the civil libertarians heard about it, and nostrils began to flare. It's unfair, they said, a violation of the separation of church and state. They are now demanding that the God pod be abolished.

Tarrant County's Assistant District Attorney for civil rights matters, Van Thompson, says the arrangement is constitutional.

"Why," he asked, "can't an inmate get a little spiritual uplifting once in a while?"

Why not indeed?

Virginia

Changing Times

Of course, part of the problem is Virginia's proximity to Washington, which has attracted even greater hoards of liberal Yankees to the area since the Democratic victory in November. Whatever the reasons, PC continues apace in the Northern part of the state.

In Prince George's County they have changed the name of Roger B. Taney Middle School, because a group of the school's black students, while visiting the National Archives, found out Taney wrote the Dred Scott decision. The president of the student body, one Abdullah Pope, put it this way: "I don't see how we can be proud of a man that didn't consider most of us citizens. He thought most of us were property."

So did George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, Abdullah; and with all the schools named after those two, you've got your work cut out for you. ☆

Boy Heroes of the Confederacy

Captain William Latane: *The Confederacy's First National Martyr*

At 2 A.M. on June 12, 1862, Brigadier General J.E.B. "Jeb" Stuart cheerily awakened his staff and announced: "Gentlemen, in ten minutes, every man must be in his saddle." Thus began the 48-hour reconnaissance of 1200 select Confederate cavalry around General George B. McClellan's Army of the Potomac, which was poised to strike General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia defending Richmond. This legendary feat was achieved with the loss of only one man, 29-year-old Captain William Latane. But in Jeb

Stuart's words, that "gallant captain sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood," and in so doing became the first national martyr of the Cause.

Prior to the war Latane had practiced medicine and managed his family's prosperous Tidewater plantation. A handsome and personable Southern swain, he had recently become engaged to be married to Martha Davis, a lovely Dixie belle. After the outbreak of hostilities, William and his younger brother John joined the cavalry and were assigned to Colonel Fitz Lee's First Virginia Cavalry Regiment. His competence quickly won him the respect of both his comrades and superiors so that by the time of the "ride around McClellan" he had been promoted to the rank of captain in command of the Essex Light Dragoons, which also included his brother John.

When Stuart's "expedition," as General Robert E. Lee called it, started toward Louisa Court House, the Confederate troopers speculated that the long column of fours was headed for the Shenandoah Valley to join Stonewall Jackson, who had just completed his spectacular Valley Campaign. But late in the day when Jeb took a right turn to bivouac for the night near Ashland, the men knew they were heading in the direction of McClellan's cavalry under General Philip St. George Cooke, none other than Stuart's father-in-law.

Next day the column continued eastward toward



Museum of the Confederacy

William D. Washington's 1864 painting "The Burial of Latane" pays tribute to fallen boy hero Captain William Latane and to the women who gave him a proper burial. The painting, on loan to The Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond, once hung over a collection plate in the Confederate Capitol in Richmond.

Old Church. The First Virginia was in the vanguard, the two leading squadrons of cavalry being led by Lieutenant W. T. Robbins and Captain Latane, respectively. They encountered no opposition until mid-afternoon upon reaching Linney's Corner close to Totopotomy Creek. Here they found their way barred by two squadrons of the U.S. Fifth Cavalry under Captain W. B. Royall. Many of these bluecoats had served under Colonel Fitz Lee in the old army.

Undaunted by the disparity in numbers, Robbins' troopers, in Stuart's words, "dashed on and on, here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch, and clearing the woods beyond, when not far from Old Church the enemy made a stand, having been re-enforced." Stuart, in accordance with his preference "to oppose the enemy with one squadron at a time, remembering that he who brings on the field the last cavalry reserve wins the day," moved Latane's squadron to the front, where it made "a most brilliant and successful charge [which] after a hotly contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight."

In the melee, Latane cheered his men forward, yelling "On to them, boys!" As Latane waved his saber and headed straight for Captain Royall, the latter shouted, "Cut and thrust" to his men, but he himself—in violation of cavalry protocol—proceeded to draw two pistols with which he fired five bullets into Latane as the latter slashed at him from his saddle as their horses grazed each other. Latane toppled from his half-Arabian mount, Colonel, and was dead when his body struck the ground.

A coterie of Latane's devoted followers, including his brother John, gathered around the stricken leader to pay their last respects. Then John and Sergeant S. W. Mitchell of Latane's squadron, escorted the body to Westwood, a nearby plantation where Mrs. Catherine Brockenbrough and Mrs. Willoughby Newton took custody of it while the men spurred off to rejoin their unit.

Stricken by the untimely death of her fiancé, Martha Davis requested John B. Thompson, poet and editor of the renowned *Southern Literary Messenger*, to compose a poetic eulogy for Captain Latane. He responded

with a lamentation which English poet laureate Alfred, Lord Tennyson labeled the "most classical poem written on either side during the war." The following stanza conveys the mood of the lamentation:

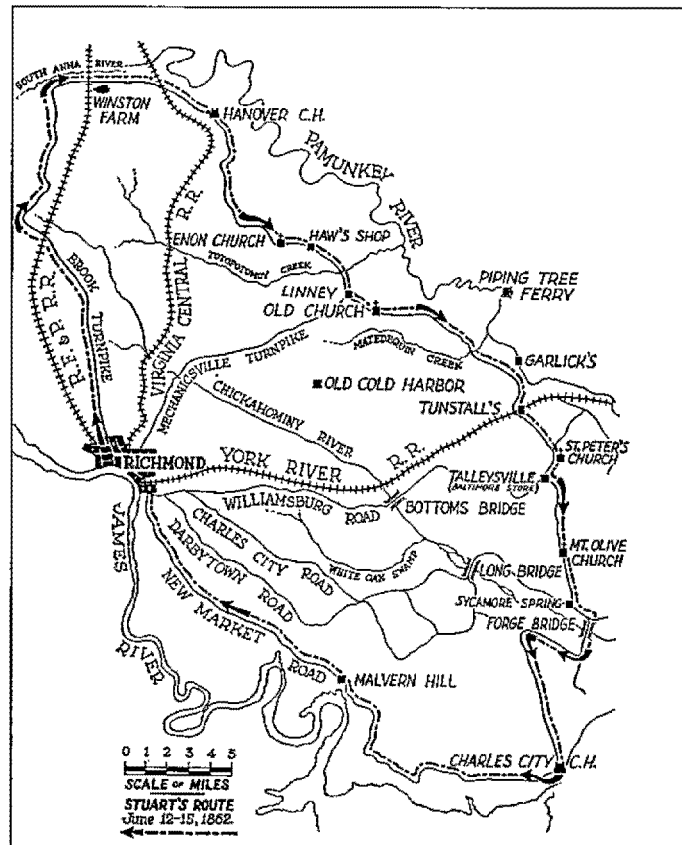
No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight.
But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

Published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* shortly after Latane's death, Thompson's elegy touched a responsive chord in Southern hearts just beginning to experience the supreme tragedy of the conflict. This sentiment was further enhanced in 1864 by artist William D. Washington's painting *The Burial of Latane*, which drew throngs of viewers when displayed in Richmond after the war.

Copies of the canvas painting were snapped up and hung on the walls of Southern homes as a memorial to the gallantry and idealism of Confederate soldiers. The original painting was lost for over 70 years until 1939 when it was found in a private collection in New Jersey. In 1963 it was purchased by Judge De Hardit of Gloucester, Virginia, who generously lent it for public display at the Museum

of the Confederacy in Richmond.

—by William W. Hassler



The Route of Jeb Stuart's "Ride Around McClellan" (the Chickahominy Raid), June 12-15, 1862. Captain William Latane was the only Confederate soldier killed in the maneuver, falling near Old Church (top center of map—northeast of Richmond).

Sam Davis

"I Would Die a Thousand Deaths
Before I Would Betray a Friend"

On July 4, 1863, General Robert E. Lee withdrew his battered army from Gettysburg and headed back to Virginia soil. That same day, a large Confederate army at Vicksburg, Mississippi surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant. The loss of this stronghold on the mighty Mississippi River split the Confederacy in two,

thereby cutting off the movement of soldiers and supplies from Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas to the main Confederate armies east of the river.

That fall, General Grant advanced his victorious army toward Chattanooga, an important railroad center from which tracks ran to Atlanta, Georgia. If General Grant captured Chattanooga, he could threaten the railroad which brought supplies and troops to General Braxton Bragg's army, which lay in his path.

To help keep General Grant off balance and avoid being defeated, General Bragg organized a company of scouts under Captain H. B. Shaw to get behind enemy lines and obtain information about the enemy's strength, location and activities. This was a particularly dangerous mission, because the scouts were not allowed to wear their uniforms while spying. If they were captured while spying, they would be tried and executed by hanging or shot by a firing squad. Consequently, Captain Shaw went by the name of "Dr. Coleman," and he and his men wore plain everyday clothes.

The boy who was to become the most famous member of Coleman's Scouts was Sam Davis, a teenager who had spent his boyhood on the family farm in Smyrna, Tennessee. Tall and slender with bright eyes and dark hair, Sam was strong and athletic. Deeply religious, he was gentle and honorable.

Sam studied at home with his many brothers and sisters, after which he attended the nearby county school. As a teenager, he enrolled in the Military Institute at the capital of Tennessee in Nashville. Then, when the war broke out, he enlisted as a member of Company A of the First Tennessee Regiment. Here he quickly displayed his bravery, coolness, intelligence and dependability on the field of battle. Hence, it is not surprising that Captain Shaw, alias "Dr. Coleman," chose Sam as one of his scouts to spy on General Grant's army, which was threatening Chattanooga.

Sam's big opportunity came on Thursday, November 15, 1863. On that day, he disguised himself in a faded coat, an army soft hat and top boots. He then mounted his horse, and rode gracefully inside the enemy lines. He and his fellow scouts had been so successful in getting

valuable information about the enemy that one of General Grant's generals, Grenville M. Dodge, sent the famous 7th Kansas ("Jayhawker") Cavalry to find and capture Coleman's Scouts.

On this November day, Coleman had captured a large number of enemy papers, letters, reports and maps which would be extremely useful to General Bragg. He decided that the best scout to get these papers through the enemy's lines and deliver them to General Bragg was Sam Davis.

With the papers tucked away on various parts of his body and his horse's saddle, Sam lost no time in heading for General Bragg's headquarters. Unfortunately, even though he was a skillful rider, the Jayhawks pursued and captured him just as he was about to cross the Tennessee River to safety.

On searching Sam, the Jayhawks found the tell-tale papers hidden in his boots and beneath his saddle. They immediately took him to the nearby town of Pulaski, Tennessee, where General Dodge ordered him to be placed in the town jail. Sam didn't know that Captain Shaw, alias Dr. Coleman, also had been captured and taken to the same jail where Sam was a prisoner.

When General Dodge examined the papers that had been found on Sam, he was amazed at the accuracy of the important military information they contained,

which, of course, would have been extremely useful to General Bragg. In fact, this information was so detailed and exact that General Dodge suspected that one of his own officers had leaked it to Coleman.

Consequently, General Dodge lost no time in trying to find out where Sam had gotten these papers. Twice, he had Sam brought before him at his headquarters for questioning. Again and again, he asked Sam where Coleman was, so that he could capture him and learn who had supplied him with this batch of top-secret information.

This indeed was now a strange situation in which neither General Dodge nor Sam knew that Coleman had been captured and imprisoned under his true name, Captain H. B. Shaw, in the same jail as Sam. Under General Dodge's sharp questioning, Sam refused to give any information about Coleman.

Finally, the general



Sam Davis statue on the grounds of the Tennessee State Capitol in Nashville. Davis, a teenage member of Coleman's Scouts, was hanged by Grenville Dodge for his refusal to reveal his accomplices.

warned Sam, "You are a young man and do not realize your situation."

Sam replied, "I know my danger and am willing to take the consequences."

Impressed by Sam's spirit and sense of honor, the general tried to save the young man's life by explaining that if he refused to reveal the source of his papers, he could be court-martialled (tried in a military court) under the rules of war and sentenced to death.

However, Sam was unmoved and answered: "I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I will do so feeling that I am doing my duty to my God and my country."

Deeply moved by Sam's patriotism and refusal to save his own life by betraying a comrade, the general gave Sam one more chance to live, but Sam closed the matter by stating respectfully but politely, "It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it [betray Coleman]. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me."

Then after thanking the general for his interest and kindness, Sam returned under guard to his jail cell. Having done everything in his power to save Sam's life, General Dodge called together a military court, which tried Sam and sentenced him to die by hanging on Friday, November 27, 1863.

As word spread of Sam's fate, enemy soldiers visited the condemned lad in jail and tried to persuade him to save himself by telling who had given him the important military papers found in his possession when he was captured. Sam thanked them for their kind concern, but said he wouldn't betray a fellow Confederate.

During these dark days before his execution, Sam became close friends with Chaplain Jim Young, a minister from Ohio. On the night before Sam was to die, they sang hymns and prayed together. The next morning, "for remembrance sake," Sam gave Chaplain Jim the overcoat his mother had dyed for him when he joined Coleman's Scouts.

From his prison cell, Sam wrote his good-bye letter to his mother.

Dear Mother: O how painful it is to write to you!
I have got to die tomorrow morning
—to be hanged by the Federals.
Mother, do not grieve for me.
I must bid you good-by forevermore.
Mother, I do not fear to die.
Give my love to all.

Your son, Samuel Davis

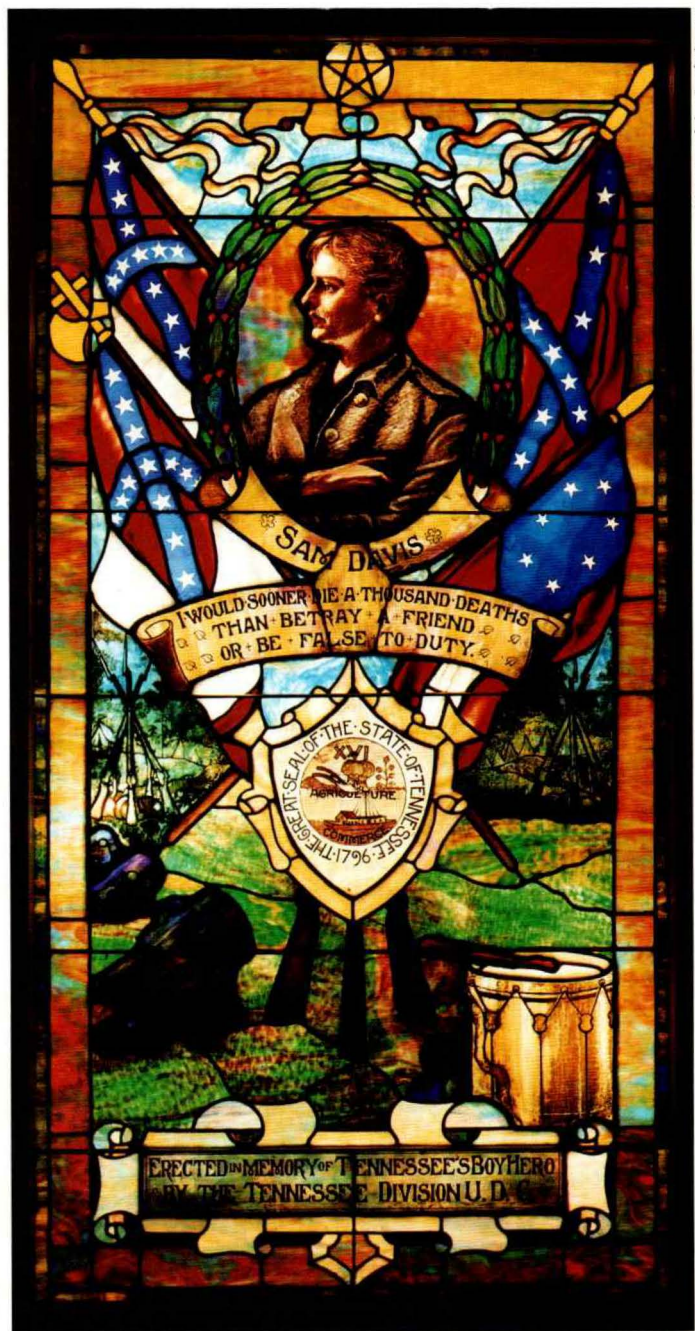
On the morning of November 27, Sam rode on a wagon to the place of his execution on a hill outside Pulaski, Tennessee. He faced death calmly and without

fear. His executioner, Captain Marshall Armstrong, was so touched by Sam's bravery that he made one last attempt to save him by pleading with him to name the source of information. Sam politely declined, then asked, "What is the news from the front?"

When Captain Armstrong told Sam that General Bragg had been defeated, Sam remarked, "Thank you, Captain, but I'm sorry to hear it. The boys will have to fight their battle without me."

Captain Armstrong was so moved by Sam's heroic attitude and behavior that he broke down and wept, saying, "Sam, I would rather die myself that execute sentence upon you."

Sam replied simply, "Never mind, Captain, you are



The Tennessee division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy contributed this stained-glass window to the Museum of the Confederacy in memory of Sam Davis.

doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

Although Sam Davis died with honor that day, the memory of his character and the story of his heroism spread. Admirers from all over the nation gave money for a large bronze statue of Sam, which stands in Capitol Park in the city of Nashville, Tennessee. Among the contributors was General G. M. Dodge, who wrote: "I take pleasure in contributing to a monument to his [Sam's] memory. It was known by all the command that I desired to save him."

The proud memory of Confederate Sam Davis lives on in much the same way that Captain Nathan Hale is remembered for his patriotism during the American War for Independence. While trying to get information about the British army for General George Washington, young Nathan Hale was captured and hanged as a spy. His last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

—William W. Hassler

Sandie Pendleton

Stonewall's Chief of Staff

They have slept the long sleep side by side now through a century and a quarter of soft Virginia springs. Their vigilance beneath Lexington's blue mountains gives silent testimony to the relationship between Stonewall Jackson and Sandie Pendleton. As they fought together on battlefields from Manassas to Chancellorsville, Pendleton developed into both the most brilliant staff officer in the Army of Northern Virginia and Stonewall Jackson's surrogate son.

Although barely into his twenties and without military training, Pendleton served Jackson as assistant adjutant general or chief of staff, the most demanding staff position. Pendleton dispatched orders from Jackson to his divisional generals, received communications from them, and prepared reports for forwarding to General Lee. On the battlefield he carried orders, conducted reconnaissance, rallied troops and led charges. Stonewall Jackson's private armor prevented his giving praise easily, yet Pendleton's courage and clear judgment won commendation in every battle report. But the two men became more than commander and chief of staff, as hinted by the fact that Jackson addressed Pendleton by his Christian name, the only member of the staff addressed in such familiar terms. Fellow staff officer Kyd Douglas wrote after the war that "the army never knew how much Jackson loved and was indebted to Sandy Pendleton..."

Alexander H. "Sandie" Pendleton was born in Lexington, Virginia on September 28, 1840, the descendant of Virginia Revolutionary War heroes on both parents' sides. He was the only son in six children born to William N. Pendleton, rector of Grace Episcopal Church and future Chief of Artillery to Robert E. Lee. Gifted with a brilliant intellect and engaging per-

sonality, young Sandie entered Washington College at age 13 and graduated first in his class four years later. Destined for service in the ministry, he completed in two years the normal three-year master of arts course at the University of Virginia despite active involvement in the sectional tensions that wracked the nation in 1860-1861.

War intervened one month prior to graduation. Soon after the firing on Fort Sumter, Pendleton received a commission as 2nd lieutenant in the engineering corps of the Provisional Army of Virginia and reported at Harpers Ferry on June 14. Newly promoted Brigadier General T. J. Jackson of VMI had known Sandie in Lexington as a youth of great promise, and on June 25 he selected Pendleton to become ordnance officer in the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. Three days later Jackson confided in a letter to a friend that Providence had greatly blessed him with staff officers, especially in ordnance and medical.

The war's opening battle a month later at Manassas Junction brought praise from Jackson for his young lieutenant's "valuable service." Jackson's brigade blunted the Federal attack with a fierce stand on Henry House hill, then stormed and broke the Union lines. Despite being wounded by a ball in the thigh when his horse was killed early in the battle, Pendleton helped lead the 33rd Virginia Regiment in Jackson's bold charge that sent Union soldiers streaming across Stone Bridge back to Washington.

When Jackson was rewarded in October with promotion to major general and command of the Shenandoah Valley district, he insisted that Pendleton accompany him. A commission as 1st lieutenant in the Confederate Army followed in November. From January through mid-June 1862, Jackson's lightning marches enabled his 4500 soldiers to defeat four larger Federal forces, create panic in Washington, and make the name of Stonewall Jackson a legend in the South and a terror in the North. At the battle of Kernstown on March 23, Pendleton observed that Union artillery had hit a gun of the Rockbridge Battery, killing or wounding all gunners. He leaped from his horse, called for aid from nearby infantry troops and manned the gun with deadly accuracy. Jackson commended him in his official report as "an officer eminently qualified for his duties."

During the Shenandoah campaign, Jackson began to assemble the corps of capable young men who would comprise the finest staff in the Army of Northern Virginia. The medical director was Dr. Hunter McGuire, a native of Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, whose gentle and tender nature won the affection of all who knew him, even the stern Jackson. It was McGuire who operated on Jackson's arm shattered by the volley at Chancellorsville, and it was McGuire who gently told Jackson that he would not live through the Sabbath. After the war, McGuire served as president of both the American Medical Association and American Surgical Association. He is

honored by Virginia with a monument in Capitol Square.

Henry Kyd Douglas transferred from the 2nd Virginia upon Pendleton's recommendation. Slim and well-built, Douglas was the handsomest member of the staff. Implored by his former comrades to return, in late 1862 he left Jackson's staff for a captaincy in the 2nd Virginia and served until Appomattox as a combat officer. His telling of the war years, entitled *I Rode With Stonewall*, is an engaging and moving story.

Serving as topographical engineer was Jedidiah Hotchkiss, whose unerring eye for terrain enabled him to ride over land once and retain topographical details for map-making. The New York-born Hotchkiss fell in love with western Virginia while on a walking tour at age 19, and settled there in the mountains, opening an academy. He joined the staff in early 1862, and his detailed maps of the Shenandoah Valley were indispensable to Jackson's strategy.

The genial and exceptionally competent James K. Boswell served with Hotchkiss as a topographical engineer. He was one of the favorites on the staff. Kyd Douglas described him as "the best of companions" and Hotchkiss referred to him as "an excellent, good-natured, honest Presbyterian, one of the best fellows that everybody likes." Boswell was killed at Chancellorsville by the shots that wounded Jackson.

Stapleton Crutchfield was the chief of artillery. A brilliant graduate of VMI, Crutchfield enlivened even the dullest duties with witty comments, often spiced with Latin quotations and recitations from Shakespeare. His leg was horribly shattered at Chancellorsville, and he rode in an ambulance with the wounded Jackson. Despite amputation of his leg, Crutchfield returned to active service in 1864, and was assigned to the defenses of Richmond. Promoted to brigadier general in 1865, Crutchfield died charging at Saylor's Creek five days before Appomattox.

But it was the young Sandie Pendleton who domi-

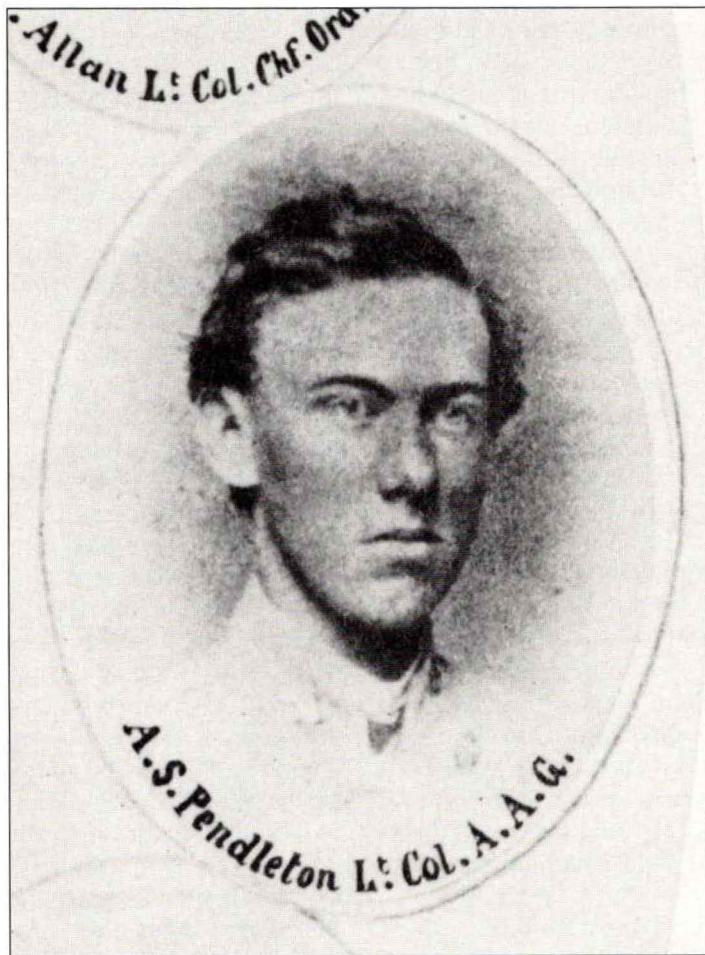
nated Jackson's staff by the force of his remarkable mind and bright personality. Friends and fellow staff officers marvelled at his intellect. James Power Smith wrote that Pendleton's "intellectual powers were of the highest order. His mind was strong and vigorous in grasp, quick in perception, versatile and very active in its working. His judgment was cool, clear and ready. His energy was untiring. As a staff officer he had no equal." General Jackson complimented Pendleton's intellect by often responding when asked about some detail: "Ask Captain Pendleton; if he does not know, nobody does."

Pendleton coupled his brilliance with an extraordinary personality. A friend described his "charming courtesy of manner, a cordiality and a magnetism that made every acquaintance regard him as a friend." His tact and manner soothed even the most irritated officer and won many friends. Douglas Southall Freeman, the biographer of the Army of Northern Virginia, wrote: "Nearly all the diarists and autobiographies of the Army of Northern Virginia mention him and always with affection. He must have been one of the most popular boys in the entire army." Indeed Kyd Douglas considered Pendleton to be as popular and loved as John Pelham.

Pendleton's engaging personality was impervious to the fatigue of long marches, little sleep and demands of Jackson.

Even Stonewall was astonished by Pendleton's good humor, remarking that he "was the only man I ever knew who always woke up in a good humor." One staff member in a letter to his wife described the staff as "very smart young fellows, all of them (Sandy uncommonly so), and as nice as can be, and full of gayety. We have a merry table, and Jackson grave as a signpost, till something chances to overcome him, and then he breaks into a laugh so awkward that it is manifest he never laughed enough to know how."

Kyd Douglas wrote that Pendleton "was among the staff of the Second Corps what Jackson was among its leaders, the ablest of them all. I believe him to have



One of the few extant photographs of Alexander H. "Sandie" Pendleton, taken in early 1863 along with other members of the Jackson staff.

been, in spite of his youth, the most brilliant staff officer in the Army of Northern Virginia and the most popular with officers and men. Brave, courteous, resolute, and of high intelligence, he was a model Adjutant General. Jackson loved him and called him Sandy."

Pendleton was promoted to captain in June, 1862, just before the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. Those bloody battles tested the courage of Pendleton and thousands of other Southern soldiers desperately defending Richmond against Union General George McClellan's 100,000 troops. At Gaines Mill, Jackson called for Pendleton after four couriers had been killed attempting to take a message from Jackson to one of his generals. Cavalry General Jeb Stuart protested against sending the popular Pendleton, but the Presbyterian Jackson believed that Providence protected his staff, and Pendleton made it through the hail of iron and lead. Jackson's battle report cited Pendleton's "great assistance" rendered on the battlefield.

Ordered home by Dr. McGuire in August to recover from a month-long bout with fever and physical exhaustion, Pendleton spent three restful weeks in Lexington, then hurried northward to overtake the Army of Northern Virginia as it crossed the Potomac River into Maryland. He rejoined Jackson in time for the capture of the Federal garrison at Harpers Ferry.

Two days later, surrounded by McClellan's troops and cut off from retreat by the Potomac River, the Army of Northern Virginia fought a desperate stand along the banks of Antietam Creek. As Union General Joe Hooker's corps attacked the Confederate left through a cornfield, Jackson counter-attacked with John Bell Hood's division. The clash made Miller's Cornfield an eternal synonym for death. One Union officer wrote that the cornfield was so strewn with bodies that a horse could cross the entire field without touching ground. In the midst of Hood's assault, Jackson dispatched Pendleton into the cornfield to determine how Hood was faring.

Pendleton later wrote: "Such a storm of balls I never conceived it possible for men to live through. Shot and shell shrieking and cracking, cannister and bullets whistling and hissing most fiend-like through the air until you could almost see them. In that mile's ride I never expected to come back alive."

The young captain reached Hood and delivered Jackson's message. Hood, with over half his 2000 men dead or wounded in a ferocious fight against two corps, replied that his Texans were advancing and needed reinforcements. As Pendleton returned through the bullets to Jackson, his old friends in the Rockbridge Artillery cheered his courage.

Jackson rewarded his brave AG by recommending that Pendleton be promoted to major. Before the promotion was received in January 1863, the battle of Fredericksburg demonstrated his importance to Jackson's success. As General James Longstreet's First Corps repulsed attempt after attempt to assault

Marye's Heights, Union troops drove through a breach carelessly left in Jackson's lines on the Confederate right flank. His troops finally repelled the attack and Jackson ordered an assault, but a wound to Pendleton destroyed communications in the entire corps, and the assault broke down. Pendleton described his wound to his mother: "I am here at headquarters and have a chance to write, because I was badly bruised in the fight yesterday. In the afternoon, as I went with an order to General Taliaferro to advance, I was struck by a musket-ball, which went through both my over and under-coats, and was stopped by striking the knife in my pants pocket. It saved my life, as the ball would have gone through the groin and fractured the hip-joint. I am very stiff and horribly bruised. I did not leave the field and shall return this morning." Douglas Southall Freeman wrote that "...it was the injury to him that threw the staff work of the Second Corps entirely out of gear that afternoon."

As the two armies settled into winter quarters, Jackson and his staff moved ten miles south of Fredericksburg and pitched their tents in the front yard of Moss Neck, the residence of Richard Corbin. The entire staff was instantly captivated by the dark eyes of Corbin's beautiful sister, Kate, whose beauty and charm had attracted many marriage proposals. One suitor remembered "the most bewitching eyes I ever encountered" and another described Kate as a "very handsome young lady of the best manners I ever saw." A woman schoolmate called her "the sweetest thing and so fascinating; there is no such thing as resisting her."

Kate and Sandie were immediately attracted to each other. Kyd Douglas wrote in his diary early in February that he suspected that his friend and Kate were engaged. Their blossoming love was deepened by tragedy when three of the four little children in the household died of scarlet fever within a few days in March just as the army prepared to resume fighting. Pendleton's sympathy and kindness strengthened Kate and confirmed her private decision. She accepted his marriage proposal.

Kate announced her engagement in a letter to a friend and described her future husband with exuberant pride: "Major Pendleton is moderately large, ugly (some say), considered by some conceited, though this I deny, but consider that he has very good grounds for it in view of his intellect; possesses a splendid, almost boyish, exuberance of spirits, commands the respect (though quite young) of all who meet him, and is what, I believe, is commonly called a rising young man." When informed by a staff member that Sandie and Kate were engaged, Jackson remarked that "if he makes as good a husband as he has a soldier, Miss Corbin will do well."

But wedding plans were hostage to Union General Joe Hooker's huge army of 120,000 soldiers and 400 artillery, which stormed across the fords of the Rapidan at the end of April. Leaving Lee with only 14,000 troops to face Hooker, Jackson executed a bold flank-

ing movement with 28,000 men and routed the Federal force in confusion down the road toward Chancellorsville. As night brought an end to the fighting, Jackson and his staff rode ahead of the lines to reconnoiter and plan the dawn's attack. Pendleton urged Jackson to return to safety, but the commander replied: "The danger is over. The enemy is routed. Go back and tell A.P. Hill to press right on." Sandie departed to find Hill. As Jackson returned to the Southern lines, a regiment mistook his group for Union cavalry and fired a volley, severely wounding Jackson and killing James Boswell. When word reached Pendleton, he raced to get Dr. McGuire, then served in the saddle on duty through the night and all the next day, when the three fierce divisions of the Second Corps, now commanded by Cavalry General Jeb Stuart, drove the Federals back across the river. Pendleton was everywhere with Stuart, who never had led infantry into battle. In his battle report, Stuart praised Pendleton for serving "with great heroism and efficiency."

Pendleton came to Jackson's deathbed in the final hours. As Jackson's delirious mind wandered the battlefield of Chancellorsville, he relived his orders to Pendleton given in the final charge. When death finally came for his beloved commander, Pendleton comforted Mrs. Jackson with choked words, "God knows I would have died for him." Aware of the bond between Jackson and Pendleton, General Lee ordered the young officer to make all arrangements for the funeral. Sandie wired Virginia Governor John Letcher of Jackson's death, dressed the body in a dark blue military overcoat, then escorted Mrs. Jackson with her husband's body to Richmond. Pendleton, Kyd Douglas and Dr. McGuire were pallbearers for Jackson's procession, and Pendleton remained with the coffin until burial in Lexington.

Richard Ewell succeeded Jackson as commander of the Second Corps and wisely retained Sandie as AG. At the same time, the field officers of the Stonewall Brigade recommended Pendleton to succeed their brigadier general killed at Chancellorsville, but Sandie

declined the promotion, believing that his service was more valuable as a staff officer than a combat commander. He expressed his resolve in a letter to Kate: "I shall do my best in the sight of God and General Jackson."

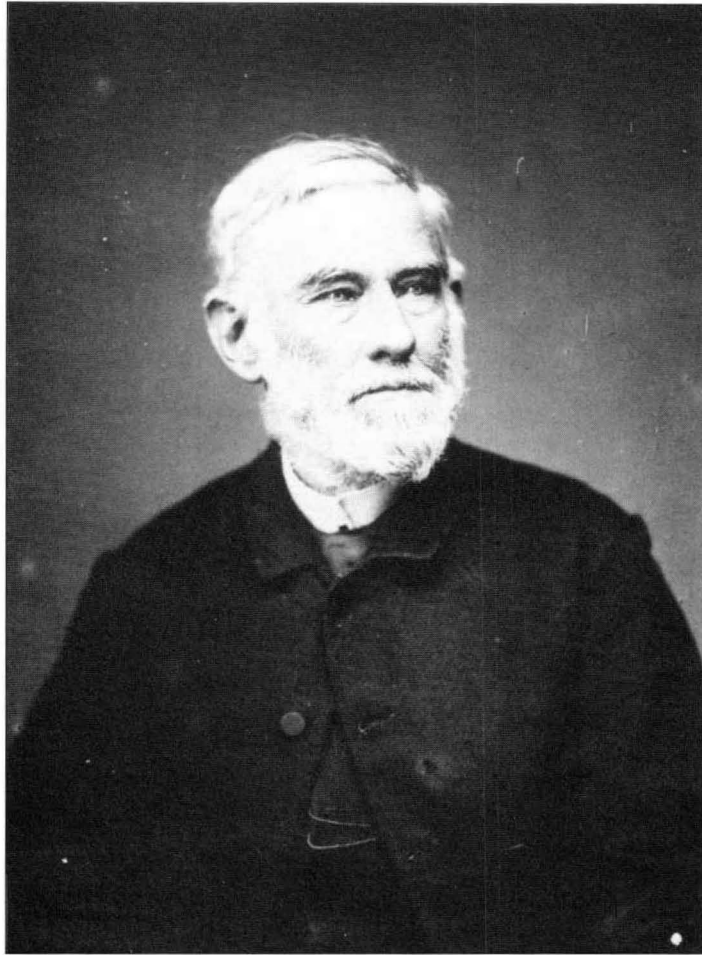
Sandie quickly was disappointed by the new commander's failure to exhibit the resolution and courage of Stonewall Jackson. When Ewell wasted an early opportunity at Gettysburg to drive the disorganized Federals from Cemetery Hill, Pendleton whispered to another staff officer, "Oh, for the presence and inspiration of 'Old Jack' for just one hour."

But despite his personal grief over the loss of Jackson and his dissatisfaction with Jackson's successor, Pendleton served with his usual distinction and won promotion to lieutenant colonel in late August 1863. His letters home displayed a fierce spirit of determination. He wrote to Kate: "I do not love fighting. Far from it; I get horribly frightened every battle I go into; but I ... like to be off again after the Yankees, to hear again the shout of victory go up from a glorious field, and know that the Army of Northern Virginia has struck another blow for freedom for our land."

War was no respecter of Sandie's marriage plans. His wedding to Kate was postponed three times during the fall military campaign. Finally, the two armies went into winter quar-

ters and Pendleton raced to Moss Neck, where on December 29, 1863, Sandie Pendleton and Kate Corbin were married. They honeymooned in Lexington and Richmond until Sandie rejoined the army in February. Except for a few brief visits, the last one June 12, 1864, he never saw his wife again.

In the furious fighting in the Wilderness in May 1864, Pendleton had two horses killed under him at Spotsylvania Court House. Ewell's official report praised Sandie's "great gallantry, his coolness and clearness of judgment under every trial, his soldier-like and cheerful performance of every duty." Once again, he was offered a brigadier general's stars, and yet again, he declined the promotion because he



Sandie's father, William Nelson Pendleton, rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Lexington, Virginia, and Chief of Artillery for General Robert E. Lee.

Virginia Historical Society

felt himself more useful on the staff than in brigade command.

The failing health of Ewell forced Lee to replace him with Jubal Early, who immediately requested Pendleton to remain as AG. As the Army of Northern Virginia entrenched around Petersburg and Richmond against the unrelenting advance of Ulysses Grant, Lee dispatched Early's Second Corps to drive Union General David Hunter from the Shenandoah Valley. Sandie Pendleton and the Second Corps returned to the valley where they and Stonewall Jackson had made a name for the Confederate Army in the long-ago spring of 1862. As the Confederates pursued the retreating Hunter up the valley, Early's troops passed through Lexington. The band of the leading regiment began a dirge, and the army silently marched past the grave of Stonewall Jackson. After thrashing Hunter and threatening the defenses of Washington, Early's weary troops returned to the Shenandoah. Lincoln and Grant transferred two corps from the Petersburg trenches and selected Phil Sheridan as their commander. It was the beginning of the end for the Second Corps.

On September 19, the Federals splashed across the Opequon and attacked Early at Winchester. After initially repulsing the heavy Union assault, the Confederate lines broke. Pendleton preserved some order in the retreating army, secured the withdrawal of the wagon trains, and rallied the troops for a stand at Fisher's Hill, a high bluff twenty miles south of Winchester overlooking Cedar Creek. Early arranged his lines along a four-mile front that was far too long for his small force.

Late on the afternoon of September 22, Sheridan struck the weak units of dismounted cavalry that made up the Confederate left, forcing a disorderly retreat. As dusk turned to black night, Pendleton rode his white horse all over the battlefield, attempting to rally the frantic Southern troops streaming south of Fisher's Hill. As Sandie organized a skirmish line, Kyd Douglas warned that he made too good a target. Suddenly, Pendleton groaned and fell forward. Douglas leaped from his horse and caught his wounded friend. A ball had entered Pendleton's groin and passed completely through his body. Douglas helped carry Sandie to the nearby home of Dr. Murphy in Woodstock.

Sandie knew his wound was mortal. He gave Douglas his watch, pocketbook, prayer book, Bible, haversack and some letters for his wife, and asked Douglas to write to her about his death. He insisted that Douglas return to his troops so as to avoid capture. Soon Dr. Hunter McGuire hurried to the Murphy home. He confirmed to Sandie that the wound was mortal, and promised to stay to the end, even if it meant capture, but Sandie refused to permit it. McGuire stayed with the dying officer until midnight, helping ease his intense pain with ice, then left Pendleton in the care of Dr. and Mrs. Murphy and their daughters. During the night, Federal surgeons arrived and offered their services, but all in the house knew the cause was without

hope. Sandie Pendleton died in the evening of the next day. He was five days short of his 25th birthday. Douglas later wrote that Pendleton "died with as little fear of death as he had of the enemy."

By September 25, word that Sandie had been wounded reached the Pendleton home in Lexington, but the Confederate defeats at Winchester and Fisher's Hill had closed all roads and severed all communication. Sandie's father rushed home from Petersburg to comfort Kate, now nearly eight months pregnant, and Sandie's mother and sisters. Dr. McGuire arrived on October 3 with word that Sandie's wound was severe. Finally, on October 17, the family's suspense was replaced with grief, as a letter arrived from Mrs. Murphy describing Sandie's last hours and including a lock of his hair.

A military guard escorted the body to Lexington on October 24, and stood guard until after the service the next day. Sandie Pendleton was buried beside his commander, Stonewall Jackson.

The family was devastated. The elder Pendleton wanted to resign his position as Lee's chief of artillery, but was strengthened by his wife. A few weeks later he wrote to her: "Our dear Sandie seems as much in my thoughts as the first week of our mourning, and with an inexpressable sense of loss. He comes before me in many scenes: as in boyhood, student life, and in the Army; as he stood before me with his beloved bride; as we were at home together last winter. But I must try to think more of him as rejoicing in the Master's likeness and presence, and awaiting us all there."

The household's gloom lifted on November 4, 1864, with the birth of little Sandie, whose light hair and bright personality reminded everyone of his hero father. General Pendleton arrived home from Appomattox on Good Friday, April 14, and baptized his grandson on Easter Sunday. But joy was not to stay. On September 1, 1865, little Sandie died of diphtheria after a month-long lingering illness. He was laid to rest at the foot of his father's grave.

Brilliant, good-natured, and gifted with grace, Sandie Pendleton had no superior in an army that boasted the best of a Southern generation. He served three corps commanders as the most talented staff officer in the Army of Northern Virginia. But it is with the name Stonewall Jackson that he is forever linked. In the dark night at Chancellorsville as the terrible word spread that Jackson had been mortally wounded, the men of the Second Corps spotted Pendleton and shouted, "Jackson is not dead, for there is Pendleton."

—Bryant Burroughs

William Hassler, author of "Captain William Latane," and "Sam Davis" is a retired college professor who writes for *Southern Partisan* from his home in Winchester, Virginia.

Bryant Burroughs, author of "Sandie Pendleton, Stonewall's Chief of Staff," is a freelance writer and an associate editor with *Southern Partisan*.



"TRADE FOLLOWS THE FLAG," BUT DEMOCRATS FOLLOW THE FOOL.

This 1900 *Judge* cartoon, portraying William Jennings Bryan as a court jester, castigated Democrats for nominating the Free Silver candidate a second time. Bryan would receive the Democratic nod a *third* time, in 1908.

“Where’s My Pa?”

A short history of negative campaigning from Bloody Shirt to Blundering Bush

“Negative campaigning” has come in for a lot of negative publicity in recent campaigns. The definition of this political technique depends to some extent on how inclusive one wants to make it. Does it include the “dirty tricks” so energetically practiced by Nixonites (e.g., Watergate, etc.)? Does it embrace wildly paranoid but sincerely believed delusions concerning the opposition, or does it mean only stories known to be false by their purveyors? Presumably negative campaigning must be substantially and demonstrably false to qualify as such. And it must deal with the character of the opposition individually and collectively and not with concrete issues.

In our time, the means of publicity at the disposal of the political campaigner are awesome. H. L. Mencken once called our political culture “the boobocracy”; if he were alive, he well might call it “the tube-ocracy” and the American people “tube-boobs.” However in one important way modern means of communication have made the task of the negative campaigner more difficult. The TV addict demands at least the appearance of constant variety; he is easily jaded. So after a series of negative campaigns, so many years of silly or tawdry anecdotes, he becomes bored and joins the pious chorus of those who criticize negative campaigning, not really because it is negative, but because it is tedious.

by Ludwell Johnson

This sort of reaction has happened before. After the War for Southern Independence, the Republicans flapped the “Bloody Shirt” of alleged Southern barbarism visited on blacks and captured Union soldiers until it was politically threadbare. People just got tired of the same old atrocity stories. With the TV-conditioned voter, boredom sets in more quickly and so greater demands are placed on the negative campaigner’s ingenuity.

Happily for him, however, Americans are largely a people without history—not without a history, but without knowledge of anything that is not contained in their individual memories. That is why in Sunday supplement polls about great presidents, Kennedy or Nixon come out ahead of Jefferson; other than Ronald Reagan, no one now living knew Jefferson personally. So after a while, the voters of the future will know nothing of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones vision conjured up by the possibility of a President Dukakis turning loose a horde of Willie Hortons on the nation, or how Kitty Dukakis was supposed to have burned an American flag at an anti-war rally, while her husband tried to silence the Pledge of Allegiance in Massachusetts. And of course they will never have heard of Kennedy’s dreaded (and non-existent) “missile gap” that supposedly left the nation open to attack from the USSR, then still the “Evil Empire.” And so the negative campaigner will be born again, and it will all be news to the voters.

Perhaps fewer voters would be taken in by negative campaigning if more of them knew that it is a practice as old as elections themselves. Certainly it goes far back in our history. Jefferson and the Jeffersonians were special targets nearly two centuries ago. In the first contested presidential election in 1796, the Sage of Monticello was accused by the Federalists of being a personal coward and a corruptionist. Four years later they told the people that the choice was between “GOD—AND A RELIGIOUS PRESIDENT [John Adams]” and on the other hand, “JEFFERSON—AND NO GOD!!!” Jefferson, of course, was supposed to be the American agent of the godless red

revolutionaries of France. And if this monster of depravity, this “howling atheist” were elected, God’s vengeance would be visited upon the country, which would see “dwellings in flames, hoary hairs bathed in blood, female chastity violated...children writhing on the pike and halberd.” The Religious Right is nothing new.

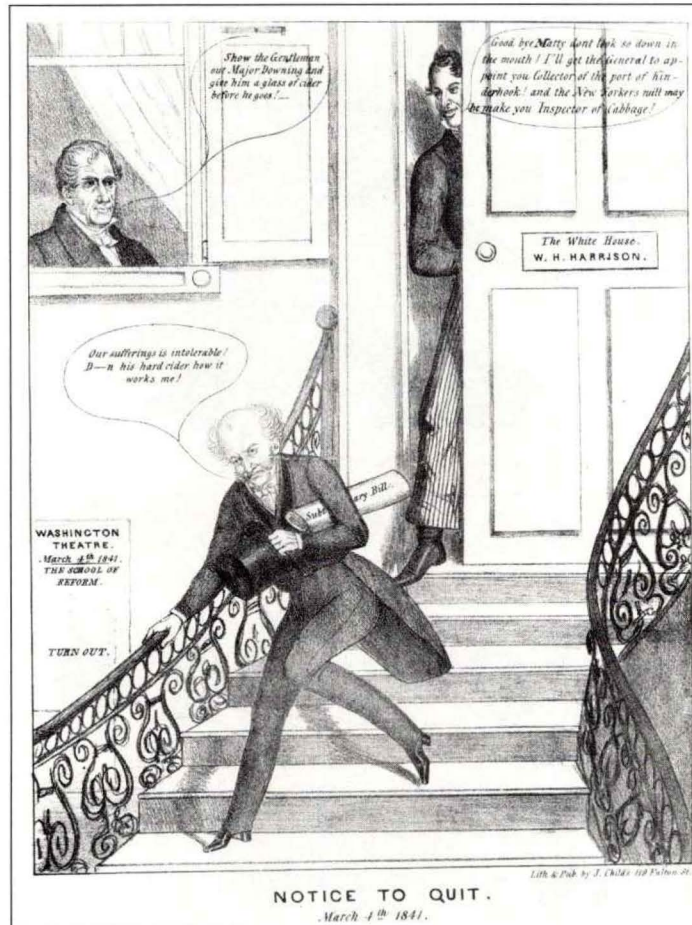
By and large, however, the politics of the Virginia Dynasty (interrupted by Adams’s one term) was an era of comparatively genteel politics. Presidential electors were picked by legislatures in many states, not by popular vote, and so vulgar campaigning at that level was not required. But the 1820s ushered in the age of the

common man and universal white male suffrage, and everything changed with bewildering speed. The theory and practice of politics were revolutionized, and the qualitative level of political practices sank to new lows.

The first presidential election run under these new conditions featured the candidacy of the Hero of the Common Man, Andrew Jackson, who was opposed by the incumbent, John Quincy Adams. The campaign of 1828 is a classic of its kind. What might these men have done if they had had TV at their disposal? The mind reels. In panache, imagination, and sheer outrageousness, they were light-years ahead of modern practitioners.

They were helped by the stark contrast between the public personas of the candidates: Adams, representative of the old seaboard colonial elite; Jackson, rough-hewn son

of the frontier, slayer of British soldiers and scalper of Indians. Newspapers and the franking privilege added a new dimension to propaganda. Both sides gave negative campaigning their best shot. One Jackson paper hinted that the Adams administration was responsible for the ravaging of the wheat crop by the Hessian fly. “Everything seems to go wrong since the birth of the present administration.” Adams was accused of being pro-Catholic, anti-Catholic, and a Unitarian, which in those days was bracketed with atheism in the minds of many. While minister to St. Petersburg, it was said, Adams had pimped for Tsar Alexander by procuring



Virginia-born William Henry Harrison, a simple soldier and farmer, defeated the New York aristocrat Martin Van Buren in the election of 1840. Harrison’s campaign theme was “log cabin and hard cider.” This cartoon depicts the orderly transition of power.

Mrs. Adams's chambermaid to sate the imperial lust. Moreover, he had filled the White House with "gaming tables and gambling furniture," which turned out to be a billiard table and a chess set.

It was, in fact, a tough job trying to depict Adams as a loose-living sybarite. In Jackson, however, the Adams people had a much easier target. The Hero of New Orleans was nothing more, they said, than a bloody-handed frontier ruffian, a dueler, brawler, gambler, hard-drinker, and an adulterer. The adultery charge had followed Jackson through his long career.

Jackson and Rachel Roberts had married under the impression that the bride had been divorced from her first husband by act of the Kentucky legislature. She had not, but later was, and so the two were married again. Jackson was fiercely protective of Rachel, whom he referred to as the "Sacred Name," and anyone linking her with adultery had better load his pistols. Fomenting duels, in those days of comparatively straightforward politics, was one way of eliminating opponents. Featured by the Adamsites was Jackson's duel with Charles Dickinson in 1806, an affray promoted by the General's enemies and involving loose references by Dickinson to the marital history of the "Sacred Name." Dickinson

was a crack shot. Jackson counted on being hit first, and he was. But he stood without a quiver, the blood from a .70 soft lead bullet wound running down his leg and filling his boot, leading a stunned Dickinson to say, "My God! Have I missed him?" Jackson aimed carefully at his antagonist and pulled the trigger. The hammer stopped at half-cock. While Dickinson waited in evident horror, the seconds of both men consulted and decided that Jackson was entitled to another try. Again the long arm came down, again the trigger was pulled, and Dickinson fell with a bullet through his bowels. That night he asked who had put out the lights.

Incidents of this kind, to say nothing of the famous brawl with the Benton brothers in Nashville that left Jackson almost dead from his wounds, the execution of militia deserters, and so forth, made the Jackson campaigners' picture of gentle Old Hickory, sincere Christian and man of peace, a little hard to market in some quarters. And the Adams camp was not satisfied with

retailing stories that had a substratum of truth, but invented fantasies out of whole cloth. Perhaps the most comprehensive was the tale that Jackson's mother had been a British army prostitute during the Revolution and had later married a mulatto by whom she had children, one being Jackson and another his brother, who was a slave.

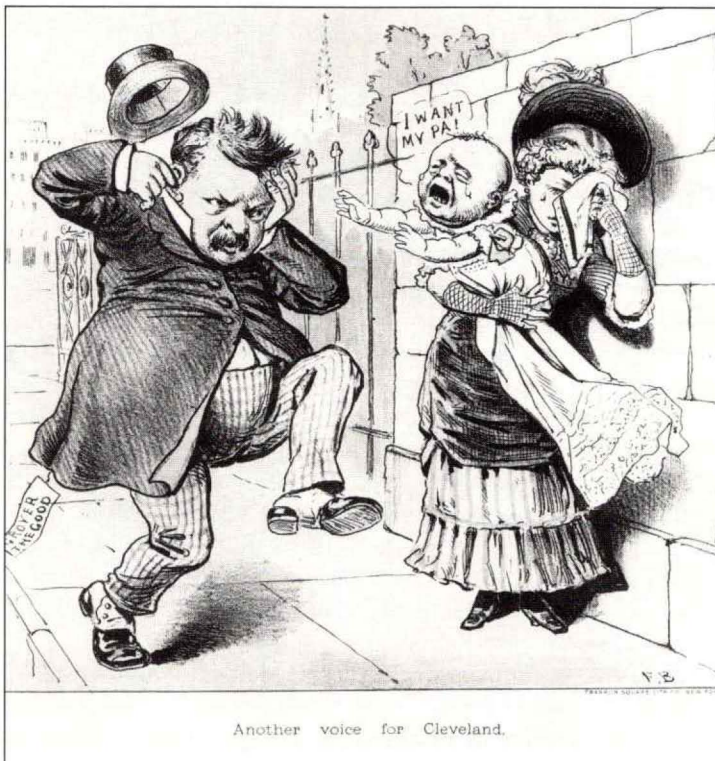
The trouble for Adams was that when his supporters depicted Jackson as a rough, tough Indian killer, horse racer, duellist, and so forth, they were describing the kind of man that vast numbers of voters in the South and West admired immensely. This image was for them positive, not negative. The Adams party, which evolved into the Whigs a few years later, eventually caught on. If you wanted the vote of the common man, who was after all in a majority, you had to give them Jackson types whenever available—frontier military heroes.

In 1840 the Whigs turned the tables beautifully. They nominated Old Tippecanoe—William Henry Harrison—to run against the Democrats' effete Easterner, Martin Van Buren. The Democrats opened with a negative sneer at the old general, who, they said, would be happy to spend the rest of his days in a log cabin, reading moral philosophy and drinking

hard cider. This backfired, for the Whigs proclaimed their man to be the "log cabin and hard cider" candidate: a venerable Cincinnatus, the old soldier called from his plow to save his country. And look at Van Buren: a New York sissy who put perfume on his side whiskers (hence the nickname "Sweet Sandy Whiskers"), wore corsets, and had lace stitched on the White House dish cloths.

Let Van from coolers of silver drink wine
And lounge on his cushioned settee.
Our man on a buckeye bench can recline,
Content with hard cider is he.

In a veritable coruscation of invention, on the floor of the House of Representatives, Charles Ogle called Van Buren a dandy, a wastrel, a snob, and a loafer who had made the White House a "PALACE as splendid as that of the Caesars." Moreover, he had, no doubt



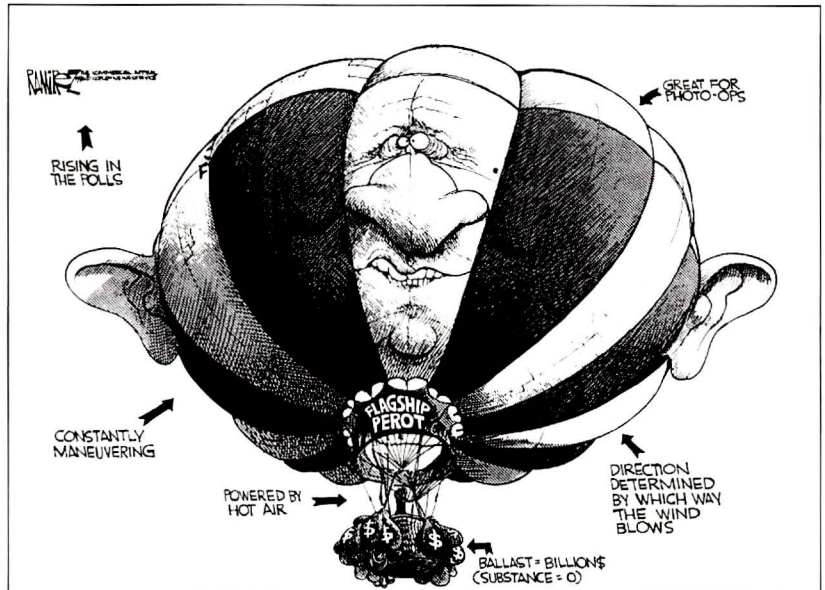
Perhaps the cleverest and most memorable slogan in American political history was the Republican verse "Ma, Ma, Where's My Pa? Gone to the White House, Ha Ha Ha!" Cleveland won anyway despite Republican mudslinging.

tism being the last refuge of a scoundrel was never better illustrated than during these years, when self-styled super-patriots pictured the opposition as weak on national defense and soft on communism, if not actually disloyal. In the campaign of 1992, the effort to find something sinister in Clinton's trip to Moscow as a student was a last dying flicker of this device, which has been rather passé since the breakup of the Soviet Union.

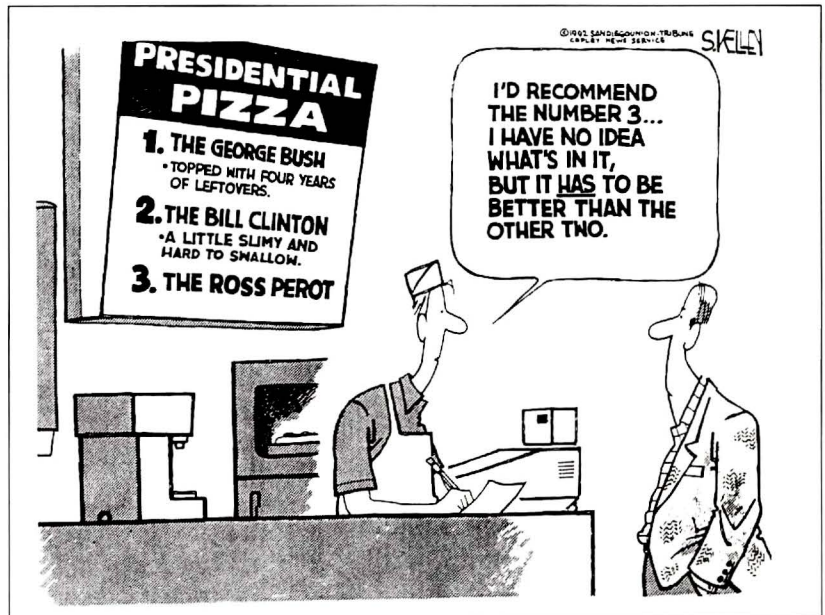
While it lasted, it was a marvelous way of instilling fear in the electorate. Fear, even more than smear, has always been the greatest resource of the negative campaigner, from those Federalists who prophesied guillotines in Boston if Jefferson won, to the anti-Masons who believed that the Masonic order was a giant subversive organization aiming to take over the country, to the alarms over a Popish plot that designed to do the same thing for Roman Catholics, to the phantasm of the Slave Power Conspiracy—on and on it goes. Make your opponents seem to be part of such monstrous things and it will not be necessary to account for your sins to the voters or to muddle their heads with issues, let alone the truth.

One gets the distinct impression that down through the years, most of the negative campaigning has been the work of parties in the Federalist tradition: National Republicans, then Whigs, then Republicans. Historically they have been preeminently the representatives of old stock Americans—WASPS—from the upper layers of the economic cake. They have usually been a numerical minority and on the unpopular side of leading issues. To manufacture an electoral majority they have needed something that would obscure the issues and make them appear to be the party of patriotism and moral purity, hence the resort to fear-and-smear politics. Of course, parties in the opposite political tradition have on occasion done the same thing when it seemed necessary and useful. Everybody is at least just a little pregnant.

The consequence of negative campaigning is the neglect of issues and the problems that they represent. Problems that are not addressed are not solved, and some of them are so fundamental and so menacing that they may threaten the very survival of the nation. The clearest example is the apocalyptic threat of a still-growing four trillion dollar debt. The recent presidential campaign has offered a glimmer of hope. Ross Perot, however improbable as a presidential candidate, did demonstrate that voters in surprising numbers are willing to face unpleasant facts and even look at charts and graphs on television. In his own rather endearing way, Perot was appealing to reason. Reason, along with facts and honesty, has long been at a discount in



Ross Perot became the target of a political pincer movement in 1992, facing both Democratic and GOP charges of spoilerism and vaguery. But Perot relished the spotlight, throwing a little mud of his own at two career politicians.



American politics, yet it has a pedigree that stretches back to that greatest of Southern statesmen, Thomas Jefferson, himself a child of the Age of Reason. It would be fitting if the South could purge its politics of the poison introduced in the wake of the military defeat, when, like a primitive tribe adopting the gods of its victorious adversary, it began to imitate the degraded political system of its conquerors. If it could do so then it could lead the way to Jefferson's ideal of the rule of reason by an enlightened electorate. Then indeed would the South rise again, and the nation with it. But no doubt this is all hopelessly quixotic. If so, then so much the worse for us. ☆

Ludwell Johnson, for many years a distinguished professor of history at William & Mary, is a regular contributor to these pages.

Wes Pruden

At the helm of *The Washington Times*, Southerner Wes Pruden keeps a watchful eye on Biliary's Washington, taking his stand daily in the enemy capital for the ways of his homeland.

Wesley Pruden became the editor-in-chief of The Washington Times in August 1992. He also writes a column, "Pruden on Politics," which appears twice a week. Mr. Pruden joined The Times in 1982, when the paper was four months old, as a chief political correspondent and was promptly assigned to cover the Israeli campaign in Lebanon. He was appointed assistant managing editor the following year and Managing Editor in 1985.

He broke into newspapering in 1951, when, as a student at Little Rock High School, he worked nights on The Arkansas Gazette. He then worked on The Commercial Appeal in Memphis, Tennessee, and joined The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper published by Dow Jones & Co., in 1963.

Wes Pruden was born in Jackson, Mississippi, the son of a Baptist preacher, and grew up in Arkansas, where his ancestors had emigrated from North Carolina through Tennessee in an ox-drawn wagon in 1849. He attended public schools and Little Rock Junior College (which is now the University of Arkansas at Little Rock).

He is the 1991 winner of the H. L. Mencken Award, given annually to the American columnist whose work most faithfully represents the tradition of spirited, take-no-prisoners political commentary. (Not bad for a native of "the Sahara of the Bozart.")

Southern Partisan: Mr. Pruden, the Southern Partisan is a "by mail subscriber" to The Washington Times.

Mr. Pruden: Good!

Southern Partisan: We really enjoy it. We think you are doing a great work there.

Mr. Pruden: We're having fun, and we think we are doing something that needs to be done.

Southern Partisan: How is the paper doing? Is it making a profit?

Mr. Pruden: It's moving in that direction. That's the good news. The bad news is we still have a long way to

go. There's no nice way to say it except that for eleven years we have faced a boycott on the part of a large portion of the commercial community here because of our ownership. It's just a constant fight.

Southern Partisan: What about newsstands?

Mr. Pruden: We sell about 35,000 papers a day on the streets. We have 4,000 boxes and that's where most of the street sales come. That's where most of *The Washington Post's* street sales come from too, as a matter of fact. We're on most newsstands and in most hotels. We've got home delivery down pretty well, about 100,000. That's about where it's been for a couple of years. We have some plans for moving that up a little bit beginning in the fall.

Southern Partisan: Yours is a conservative newspaper...and I hope that is not an insult to you...

Mr. Pruden: Not at all. We are editorial page conservative. But we like to think that on news we just lay it out down the middle and let people make up their own minds.

Southern Partisan: That was going to be the next question. Is there a difference between the slant of the editorial page and that of the "working press"?

Mr. Pruden: Well, the difference is this. I don't ever want *The Times* to be known as a newspaper that writes the news from a conservative point of view. I think that's wrong. It gives an inaccurate picture. Where our conservative politics will be observed in the news operation is in our story selection. We do stories that other mainstream media cannot do because they

INTERVIEW BY ORAN P. SMITH

really don't see them, they don't have the interest in them. For instance, we treat religion and matters of religious faith as a subject that is of interest to a lot of people, and we have a lot of page one stories about church news. The Presbyterian Church, the Southern Baptist Convention, developments in those denominations (and when I say that I quickly want to say that that does not in any way reflect our ownership, it reflects my interests). I'm a son and a great-grandson of Baptist preachers. We look at the world differently from *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times*. To that extent, our outlook has an influence on what we choose to cover (in addition to the stories that everybody is going to cover).

Southern Partisan: I remember The Times having quite a good time with a certain silly quotation in a front page story in The Post. The paper wrote that Pat Robertson supporters were "primarily poor, ignorant, and easily led."

Mr. Pruden: Well, you know that again is a matter of outlook. I don't really think that the reporter who wrote that sat down at his word processor and said, "What can I say mean about Pat Robertson and the evangelicals?" I think that he was sincere. That's the way he really saw it because that was his outlook. Now, it certainly would not occur to any of the editors here to ever let a quote like that go through, because we would know that the assertion is inherently false. That again reflects outlook rather than ideology.

Southern Partisan: This whole thing among the press of "PC" or a "political correctness." Is this getting worse, or do you think it has peaked?

Mr. Pruden: Maybe it's peaked. I think the Lani Guinier fiasco was very interesting in that for the first time that I can recall since the civil rights revolution started (and I would place that in the mid-1950s) the civil rights advocates didn't get what they wanted. Guinier became a great focus of their interests and a token of their power, and a liberal Democratic president backed down in the face of an outburst of outrage. You saw some very interesting liberal organs of the media (for instance, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*) writing "Wait a minute; this is going too far." A year ago, she probably would have gotten through.

Southern Partisan: Is this situation going to improve any, do you think?

Mr. Pruden: It will only improve if people who feel like

you do and people who feel like I feel just absolutely call them on it every time it happens. We made a big deal here at *The Times* about the logo for the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Southern Partisan: Right. I saw it on the front page.

Mr. Pruden: And we had editorials and I wrote a column about it.

Southern Partisan: That column has been sent to us by a number of subscribers who wanted to make sure we didn't miss it!

Mr. Pruden: That's good to hear. The pettiness and the ignorance of that kind of dispute is really what irritated me—and the way all the Republicans on the Judiciary Committee caved in. Orrin Hatch of course has his own problems. Alan Simpson of Wyoming got frightened after the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas hearings.

That they let this ignorant woman (and I use the word ignorant in its truest and most exact meaning) get by with that is outrageous. However, though we lost, we called them on it. I think if it were done over again it would not go quite the way that it did. There will be other issues. I think we just have to call them on it every time we can.

Fran Coombs, our national editor, made a speech Saturday in statuary hall at the Capitol on the occasion of Jefferson Davis' birthday—

Southern Partisan: Right. Very well received I understand.

Mr. Pruden: I read the speech and it was quite good. I was originally asked to speak, but I was going to be out of town and Fran filled in for me. He was telling me what a thrilling thing it was to stand there and

sing "Dixie" in the statuary hall of the U. S. Capitol. I would have liked to have been there just for that.

Southern Partisan: I was there last year and enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Pruden: Every year I make sure that we have a story in the paper about any observance of Robert E. Lee's birthday. There's always some kind of observance here, usually by the UDC or the SCV. And the fact that it falls around Martin Luther King's birthday—

Southern Partisan: Makes it all the better.

Mr. Pruden: I make sure we have a story. Oh yes.

Southern Partisan: From your perspective in Washington, observing the Congress and the Administration, does Southernness mean anything any more? Or are Southern politicians becoming glad-handers and self-promoters like those of other regions?



Wes Pruden, editor, *The Washington Times*.

Mr. Pruden: I want to make a distinction between politicians and real people here. I think the politicians, (and particularly the two senators from my home state [Bumpers and Pryor] have tried to dumb themselves down and bland themselves out. They certainly don't want to be considered *regional* senators, or they want to bland the Southernness out of their profile. But their constituents back home (and I'll again use Arkansas because it's an example that I know about) have more of a feeling of pride in their Southern roots than there ever was.

When I was growing up in Little Rock back in the '50s, there was an attempt, largely by the morning paper there, which was very liberal, to kind of recast Arkansas as "Southwest" or "Midwest." Now you go back and nobody ever does that. Everyone takes great pride in being Southern.

I did a little exercise when I was down there last. I looked in the white commercial pages and counted the names of firms that had "South" or "Dixie" in their names. I found that it is a much longer list now than it was when I was growing up; which is very interesting I think.

Southern Partisan: John Shelton Reed, the sociologist from UNC-Chapel Hill did that for the whole South, calculating "South" or "Dixie" listings as a percentage of "American" listings. It seems that Arkansas in his research had a lot of Southern listings; as many as the Deep South states.

Mr. Pruden: I think people there consider themselves Deep South. This was reflected in sports, when the University of Arkansas left the Southwest conference and joined the Southeastern Conference. It tends to tie people, to make them feel closer to the Southeast.

In addition to the history, I think you can always tell when you're in the South by religion and food. You get to Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and the café food is the same. You also get cornmeal displays in the grocery stores. Another little index I use is Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic. It comes out of New Orleans. You go into a drugstore and you know you're in the Deep South when they have a big display of Dr. Tichenor's instead of Listerine and the other national brands. It's very tasty, and during the Depression I think a lot of people drank Dr. Tichenor and Dr. Pepper, or Dr. Tichenor and Coke. It's got a very high alcohol content.

Southern Partisan: Like a Nyquil for daytime use.

Mr. Pruden: That's right.

Southern Partisan: Let me ask you a little harder question, if I may.

Mr. Pruden: Sure.

Southern Partisan: Who would you rank as the best Southerner in Congress and the worst Southerner (or the least Southern, I guess it's the same thing).

Mr. Pruden: That's an interesting exercise. I can think of a lot of those who could be classified as *least* Southern, beginning with Dale Bumpers and David Pryor, the two senators from my home state [Arkansas]. Jesse

Helms might be on the list of good, at the top. Probably Dick Shelby [Alabama]. Strom Thurmond [South Carolina]. I suppose Phil Gramm [Texas].

Southern Partisan: Shelby has really begun to shine in recent weeks—

Mr. Pruden: I think so. You know he took a lot of heat being the first one who broke free of this new attempt to put all the Southerners in a straightjacket in Congress. Senator Heflin has been a disappointment to me. You can see him almost wanting to vote one way, then going the other. I had hopes for Breaux of Louisiana but they were dashed.

In the House, the breaking of the seniority system had a great deal to do with the loss of great Southern figures.

Southern Partisan: It looks like the Democratic party has forgotten traditional values a long time ago and the Republicans—

Mr. Pruden: I frankly gave up on the Republicans some years ago. I thought "Well, maybe somebody will come along and pick up the pieces of the Democratic party." The problem with the Republicans (certainly I feel more of an ideological and cultural kinship with Republicans than Democrats, because I can count the good Democrats on one hand). The problem I have with the Republicans is that *they don't want to fight.*

Southern Partisan: Just retreat?

Mr. Pruden: I grew up on strong Democratic party tradition where Democrats would get together and almost out of boredom they'd say, "Let's have a brawl, choose up sides." And they just loved the brawling in the way the cowboys used to love breaking up a saloon on Saturday night. The Republicans seem to do anything to avoid getting into a fight. I don't know whether it's the terminal niceness of country club Republicans who would rather do anything than have an argument, or whether it's kind of an inferiority complex that Republicans have, that they seem to want the good opinion of the Democrats more than they want the good opinion of the people who sent them there. It's a remarkable phenomenon.

Here at *The Times*, I deliberately encourage a kind of an "in your face" attitude on the part of the paper and it has served us well. Now we've got a reputation for being feisty and scrappy and not afraid of anybody, and that is the kind of attitude that most newspapers had when I got in this business a long time ago. That again has been kind of leached out of the newspapers and newspapermen as everybody attempts to become politically correct, not as an ideology but as a kind of bland manner, a "mannered blandness" I find really quite discouraging.

I used to say that the best newspapermen were either Jews, Southerners or Irish. Jews to do good, the Southerners for the love of the language and the Irish for the whiskey. It was obviously intended as a joke, but it also had an element of truth in it, in that all three of those groups were kind of "outsiders" in American society.

Southern Partisan: They didn't have to worry about

being ostracized because they were already on the outside. Speaking of the lonely position of The Washington Times, what other conservative editorial pages are there left? There's The Wall Street Journal...

Mr. Pruden: *The New York Post*, *The Boston Herald*, *The Wall Street Journal*, of course. We lost a very good conservative editor in Memphis—

Southern Partisan: The Commercial Appeal?

Mr. Pruden: The editor of *The Commercial Appeal*, who was a very good friend of mine, was killed in an automobile accident on New Year's Eve and has been replaced by an editor who is a liberal. So that's one paper that I know that is lost. I guess the Phoenix papers; and *The Orange County Register* [California] is conservative.

Southern Partisan: Maybe The Dallas Morning News?

Mr. Pruden: *The Dallas Morning News* is. But you will find very few that are as open about it and as "in your face" about it as *The Washington Times*.

Southern Partisan: That city seems to promote that, to need that.

Mr. Pruden: I've told young reporters when I hire them here, "Look, are you familiar with the papers, really familiar with the two papers here? Because we're not going to be like *The Washington Post*." *The Washington Star* tried to be kind of an imitation *Post*. You can buy *The Washington Post* for 25 cents, you can buy *The Washington Times* for 25 cents. Nobody is going to be interested in buying the imitation when they can get the original for the same price! From the very beginning we have gloried in our differences.

Southern Partisan: It must be kind of lonely though, to be the only—

Mr. Pruden: Well, it is, except we've become an acquired taste for a lot of people. I make public appearances occasionally in the community and I get lots of letters and telephone calls from people who treat the newspaper almost as a *cause*. They say that it's so wonderful to have a newspaper that comes into their home every morning and let's them know that "I'm not nuts, I'm not crazy for believing in traditional values. I thought I was the only one in Washington who believed this way and then I get the paper in the morning and here's support for my positions." We've built an enormously deep reader loyalty that has also given us strength, it keeps us from feeling lonely.

Southern Partisan: We had a subscriber write us one time, "just when I think the world has gone crazy, Southern Partisan arrives."

Mr. Pruden: I'm sure you get the same things.

Southern Partisan: We have become famous for our Scalawag Awards. On that note, what do you think about the David Gergen issue?

Mr. Pruden: You know David is a fine, decent fellow, but he described himself yesterday as a "raging moderate" and I think that's his problem. Raging moderates tend to believe in everything but nothing very much. He's perfect for this administration because the president in my view is an empty suit, and he's hired a weathervane to give him some kind of grounding. You can see how much I think that's going to work. Gergen wants to be well thought of by people whose good opinion he ought not to want.

Watching him on MacNeil/Lehrer for instance, with the liberal Mark Shields—

Southern Partisan: "You're right, Mark; you're right." Or "I agree with Mark."

Mr. Pruden: Exactly. And you know where Mark stands. He's a very good advocate for his cause, his side of the argument; and with Gergen for the last two or three years, both of them have been on the same side. I've been on the program with them a couple of times, and it's almost like Shields is saying "Come on, David; disagree with me, David, let's make this interesting." You can't have a fight when you've got both fighters aiming at the same chin.

Southern Partisan: Well, I will tell you, reading over your biography here, you seem to be not only aware of

your Southern roots but quite proud of them.

Mr. Pruden: Oh yes, definitely.

Southern Partisan: I was talking with someone today who is from Michigan and brags that his great great-grandfather led the charge into Atlanta with the Michigan Cavalry. I'm almost glad to hear that. He actually knows who his relatives are!

Mr. Pruden: I'm very proud of and take a great deal of comfort in my origins. I'm very proud of my great-grandfather, Cpl. David Pruden of C Company, 6th Arkansas; he fought at Lookout Mountain, he was at Shiloh. When the War was over he wound up in East Texas. I guess he was fighting in southern Arkansas, because there were skirmishes down there until the end of the War and he wound up in Marshall, Texas

Continued on page 52



Wes Pruden, editor, *The Washington Times*.

Crusoe's Island

by Joseph Scotchie

A Review of:

Pilgrim in the Ruins: A Life of Walker Percy

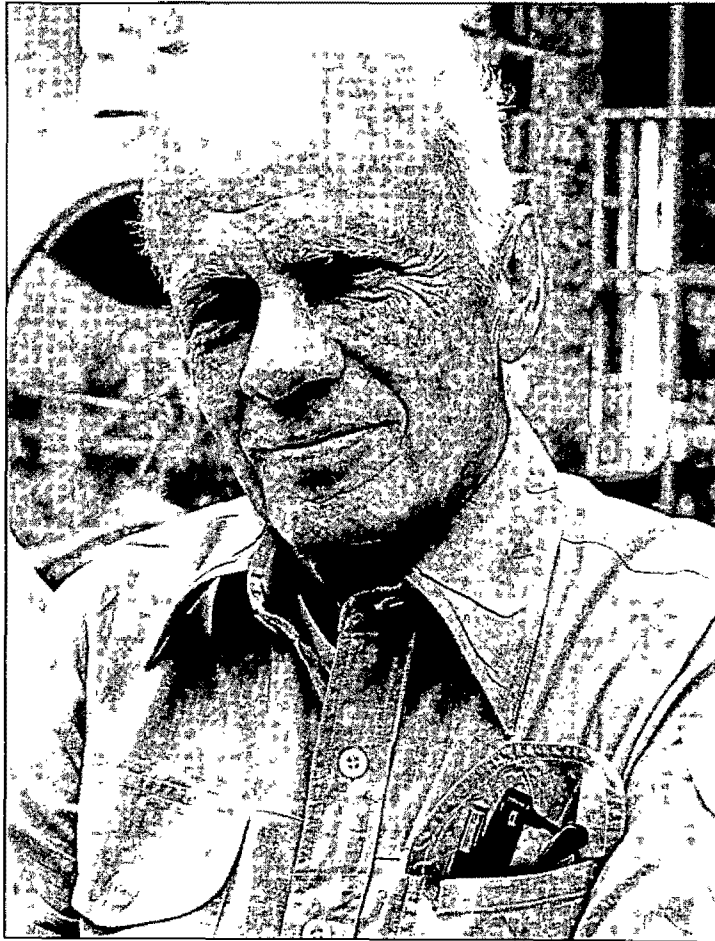
by Jay Tolson

Simon & Schuster, \$27.50.

Walker Percy once referred to the South as a "Crusoe's Island" for the modern writer, a place where being a novelist or poet was still regarded as an honorable profession. Reading biographies of novelists and poets who manage to overcome life's circumstances and write great works of literature is always interesting. In Walker Percy's case, the apprenticeship was long and frustrating, filled with more than the usual disappointments the novelist must bear. He wrote seriously for well over a decade before *The Moviegoer* was published in 1962 by an ambivalent Alfred A. Knopf. This first novel, a 900-page opus on life in a tuberculosis sanatorium, was rejected by several publishers who, the author correctly notes, would later "have swum across Lake Pontchartrain to publish a novel by Walker Percy."

Walker Percy did not write with the rhetorical flair of Faulkner and Wolfe; his landscape was the New South of mid-

dle-class suburbs, golf courses, shopping malls and overdevelop-



John R. Kerns

Jay Tolson writes in *Pilgrim in the Ruins* that "when *The Moviegoer* won the National Book Award in 1962, the vast majority of the reading public could only conclude that its author was some rare flash in the pan. Here, after all was a thwarted, middle-aged M.D. who had somehow managed to produce a remarkable first novel from his home in the swamps of Louisiana." As usual the majority was wrong and the award was the first of many for Walker Percy (1916-1990).

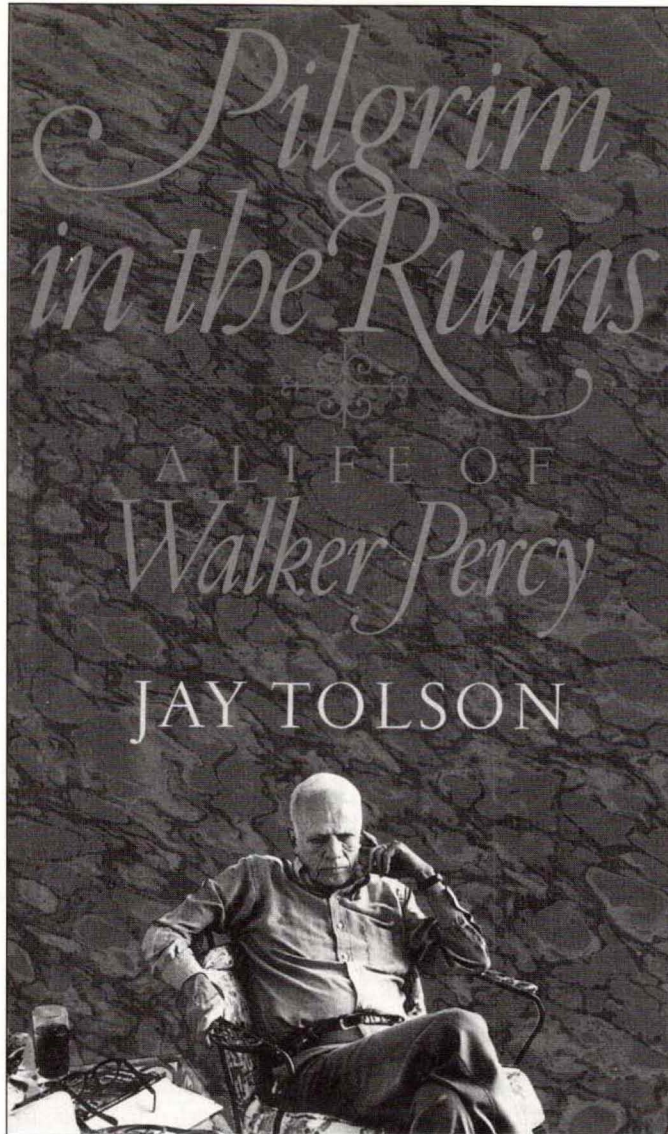
ment. Still his heroes—Binx Bolling, Tom More, Will Barrett, Lancelot Andrews Lamar—all display a yearning for nobility, honor and to be moral men in an immoral age. Ever the Southerner, Percy has his hero in his 1977 novel, *Lancelot*, retire to the Shenandoah Valley of Jefferson and Lee and Jackson to head a righteous revolution against the decadence of his time.

Heir to a tragic Southern family (his grandfather and father both committed suicide), Percy was raised by his uncle Will Percy, a Greenville, Mississippi planter,

lawyer, poet and author of the 1941 classic, *Lanterns on the Levee*. The young Percy grew up in the colorful Delta town that also produced novelist and historian Shelby Foote. Percy and Foote were lifelong friends and literary confidants and the more assertive Foote gave indispensable encouragement and advice to Percy during the latter's long hard road to literary success.

Although Percy tired of interviewers who wanted to know the secret behind the genius of Southern literature, his world view was sprinkled with familiar themes of Southern traditionalists. He distrusted science as a "fatal doctrine that threatened to make ours the most innocently, even sentimentally, death-dealing of ages—an age that kills in the name of goodness." Thus Percy's long and very public opposition to abortion and euthanasia. As with Flannery O'Connor, Caroline

Gordon and Allen Tate, his conversion to Roman Catholicism gave Percy a traditionalist religion that offered a spiritual antidote to the alienation of modernism. In 1962, he won the National Book Award for his first novel, *The Moviegoer*. When asked on national television why the South still produced more than its share of great novelists, he replied "because we lost the War." The remark prompted Flannery O'Connor's own famous explanation for Southern literary preeminence: The region knew tragedy and defeat; therefore, it knew the human condition. For Percy, the apocalyptic vision was, in fact, a hopeful one. According to the author, it allowed man to "see history somewhat as God does, not only to observe the workings of evil but also to be able to start life anew...with greater understanding and with hope." Giving the reader a completely negative view of man is a false one, he says. It ignores his intelligence and capacity for regeneration. Like many of his contemporaries—Robert Penn Warren, Andrew Lytle and Richard M. Weaver among others—Percy hoped the South, with its discipline in tragedy, would rise to provide moral leadership to a waiting nation. Percy was a critic of the New South but not of the Southern tradition. At the height of his fame and influence, he was asked if the South would have a distinctive contribution to make in politics or literature or just "simply meld into the great American flux." Sunbelt prosperity, he suggested, might create a South whose only cultural achievements are college football champions, golf champions and professional sports teams. Percy held out hope for a South that had "something besides the



building of new Hyatts and Hiltons and the preserving of old buildings, something comparable to the astonishing burst of creative energy in Virginia two hundred years ago."

In the epilogue, author Tolson worries that Percy's work—deemed conservative by the cultural czars due to its strong defense of both the traditional South and traditional Catholicism—will become a victim of our insane politically correct times. These are genuine concerns. While visiting Pope John Paul II in 1988 at a meeting of the Pontifical Council of Culture, Percy voiced optimism for the next millennium. His optimism was not for a prosperous world of material comfort, but for a spiritual revival. He reasoned that by the 21st century, Americans would grow tired of a

world made by science and technology, as the endless quest for material happiness continues to bring nothing but perpetual dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Secularism will run its course, leaving the nation spiritually impoverished. The individual as "consumer" will have "exhausted the roster of 'needs-satisfaction'... whether the latter be the consumption of the manifold goods of a sophisticated consumer society or the services of four hundred or so different schools of psychotherapy." But if, Percy writes, various Christian beliefs remain "faithful to [their] original commission, by servicing the people with love, especially the poor, the lonely and the dispossessed and by not surrendering...doctrinal steadfastness," then the secular, cynical world can be replaced by a more humane social order.

Pilgrim in the Ruins gives us some fascinating glimpses of Walker Percy the private man. True to

his code, he was a generous, courteous man; part of the social, religious and political life of his rural South Louisiana community of Covington. He kept his number in the Covington phonebook and listened to the most bizarre conversations of distraught callers. He was careful to respond to every letter his legion of readers wrote him, and he even lent money to total strangers who were his fans. Like all great artists of the 20th century, Walker Percy was a courageous reactionary against the nihilism and materialism of our times. In being so, this Southerner gave us the most profound life-affirming world view of any post-World War II American novelist. ☆

Joseph Scotchie is a freelance writer and a regular contributor to *Southern Partisan*.

A Dissonant Jubilee

by J.O. Tate

A Review of:

*Jubal: The Life and Times of Jubal Early, CSA
Defender of the Lost Cause*

by Charles C. Osborne

Algonquin, 1993, 560 pages. \$29.95.

In the first place, my compliments to the publishers. This is a beautifully produced book. The paper itself is a pleasure. The book is replete with maps, illustrations, and scholarly apparatus. And not only that—Algonquin Books (now a division of Workman Publishing Company of New York) has achieved the dream of every Southern publishing concern: it has produced a volume that undermines the reputation of its subject (a Confederate general) while at the same time demeaning the South, the secession, the War, the Lost Cause, and the remembrance thereof. Osborne's *Jubal* is a sophisticated and developed revisionist biography, part of a series of such works (two on Lee, one on Stuart, one on Forrest) through and by which the South and Southerners have begun to take command of the Third or Fourth Reconstruction through which we are now living.

I hasten to say that the author is no Southerner—he is a product of Boston, Massachusetts, Phillips Exeter, Harvard and *Time-Life*. And I must also say that his life of Early has considerable merit. To Osborne's credit he had done a lot of work, written well, and even, I think, been accurately shrewd when as a biographer he was obliged to intuit truth. There is nevertheless a looming lack at the heart of his book.

But let's take a look at what is there. Osborne's book is only the second life of "old Jube"—such was the title of Millard K. Bushong's treatment in 1955. The life of Early (1816–1894) takes us through the Old South in the Old Dominion, West Point, the Mexican War, the Secession, the War, the Reconstruction, and the transformed South that Jubal Early left behind him. Osborne is most effective, I think, in dealing with the man as a crusty, cantankerous old bachelor and getting in touch with the human being behind the mask. But the focus must be on war and politics, and the military aspect can be dealt with first. To go through the cycle yet once more of the Army of Northern Virginia from Early's point of view is often refreshing and sometimes illuminating. The progression is off-beat. Because it is an individual's experience. First Manassas is magnified, Williamsburg (where Early was wounded) is heightened, the Seven Days don't begin until they end at Malvern Hill. Cedar Mountain is very important—Early shone there. He was indispensable at Second Manassas and very active on the left at Antietam. He was on the right at Fredericksburg and instrumental in repelling the attack there. He opposed Sedgwick during Chancellorsville and stood fast when events went against him. He humiliated

Milroy at Second Winchester, and was prominent on the first day at Gettysburg. Perhaps his passivity at the end of the day, and his dominance of his corps commander, Ewell, were essential causes of the failure there. His luck began to change with the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The action at Rappahannock Station was a humiliation for the Army of Northern Virginia, which would never again fight as far north as the line of the upper Rappahannock. At the Wilderness, Ewell and Early pulled their Gettysburg act, delaying Gordon's flank attack, and possibly thereby snuffing another Chancellorsville. By Spotsylvania, Early led A. P. Hill's 3rd Corps, which was on the right. And soon after that he took over Ewell's (formerly Jackson's) 2nd Corps, just in time for Ramseur's disastrous advance at Bethesda Church. Early and Ramseur (who now commanded Early's old division) were soon bound for greener pastures.

Early's Valley campaign of 1864, at times an even more successful replay of Stonewall Jackson's 1862 campaign, began at 3:00 a.m. on June 13. His men averaged sixteen miles a day for the next month, as they diverted two corps from Grant's army, won numerous battles, laid siege to Washington, and stung the North to a policy of total war, in the Valley of Virginia and elsewhere. "Old Jubilee" had passed his zenith and the Confederacy was headed toward Appomattox, as Grant aimed Sheridan at Early.

Early had reached his maximum level of competence. He had been a fine brigadier and an unexcelled major general, but he was not a great lieutenant general, though he had his flashes of brilliance. Third Winchester was a bloody drubbing that left Early outnumbered over

three to one. Fisher's Hill was a route that implied a loss of confidence in the commander and the cause. Though Cedar Creek began as brilliantly as any battle ever did, it ended with Ramseur dead and Early's army routed—Early's own passivity was partly to blame. After another catastrophe at Waynesboro, Early's war was over, but by then so nearly was the War. He had given much, though it was not enough. After Jackson and Longstreet, he ranked with A. P. Hill and John Brown Gordon as one of the most memorable of Lee's lieutenants, and as an eccentric, funny man. (In his *The Heritage of the South*, he wrote, "If slavery has so tutored the negro that immediately his bonds are loosened, he is qualified for the privileges of the ballot box, what a civilizing tendency that institution must have had.") He was a lawyer and a politician as well, and very intelligent. In judging him, we have to remember that he didn't die during the war—he had to swallow and be tainted by defeat. Jackson, Stuart, Hill, Rodes, Ramseur, and so many others found a hard but effective way to a sort of Christian Valhalla, in which they didn't have to accept defeat or even grow old.

Lee, of course, is the grand exception. His conduct exalted him—he was not for sale. He didn't become a Republican, as Longstreet did, nor did he front for the Louisiana Lottery, as Early and Beauregard did. Though so many gave in to the temptation, he did not indulge in the composition of back-biting memoirs. He took his own way, quietly distinguishing himself as always. And it's precisely on the point of Lee that Osborne arranges his depiction of Early after the war. After Lee's death, Early was active in promoting his memory. Is it possible that Early knew something

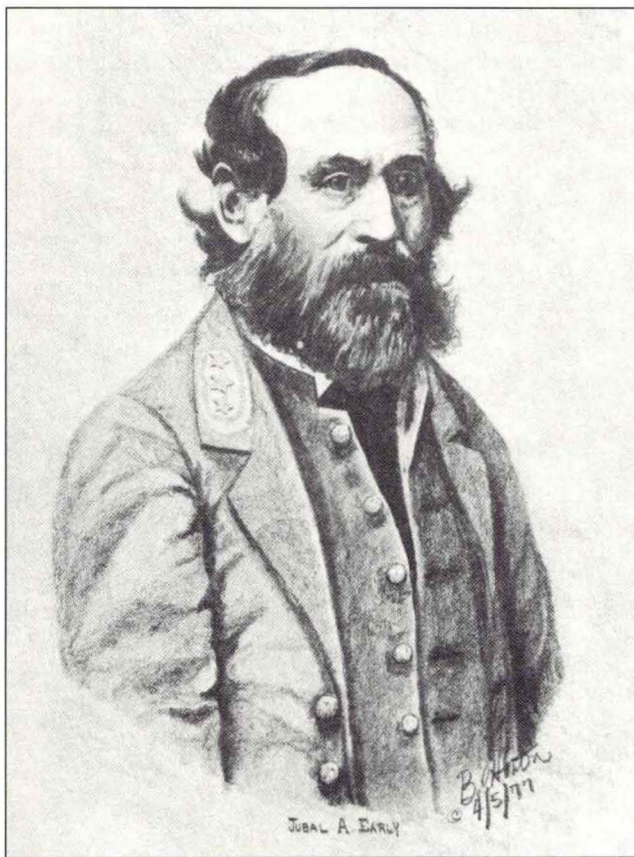
firsthand that caused him to revere Lee? Osborne puts it this way: "The dead general, whose memory Early and others competed to consecrate in monuments and speeches, was canonized. Seen as a Christlike figure, Lee acquired an image of moral purity and martial perfection that raised him—and by association, all male white Southerners—above the level of ordinary men." Here Osborne comes very close to implying that Lee was ordinary; and he also comes close to sounding like Gloria Steinem.

What a shame. Osborne's book is deeply flawed by its presentism, its ideological agenda, and its trivialization of its own subject. I find the sentence (referring to Lee's invitation of Pennsylvania) "There were no recorded rapes," to be a rather remarkable thought—one that made me wonder whether Mr. Osborne has quit beating his wife yet. And I particularly noted Osborne's minute examinations of the burning of the Caledonia Works and of

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. These lengthy passages are remarkable in their lack of proportion either to the career of Early or to the context of the War. Those dastardly Confederates have been wicked again—and whatever for? Might the invasion of their land and the destruction of their houses and barns and libraries and universities and state capitols have had anything to do with the matter? The truth is that Confederate violence to Northern property was piddling, when compared to the opposite. Mr. Osborne's boring exercise in ethical theory seems perverse when compared to the gross abuses to which the North considered—and considers—itsself entitled.

That's just the point. Though Early was a staunch Unionist until Secession, his subsequent thoughts were considered to be "virulent" ones to which even today some are "susceptible." I guess you might say that Jubal Early was CSA positive.

But then if he hadn't been he wouldn't have been Jubal Early. He was on the wrong side in the War, along with the rest of the South. Then he was wrong to memorialize Lee and not to love Reconstruction. Jubal Early was "politically incorrect," and he has been dead a long time, so it's a bit late in the game to instruct him in approved beliefs. Therefore I must assume this book is supposed to reconstruct some and to confirm others in their smugness. Perhaps only readers wearing surgical gloves should peruse this volume. But a more practical recommendation might be to re-read Freeman's *Lee's Lieutenants* or Foote's *The Civil War: A Narrative*—with a little Maya Angelou thrown in. ☆



Drawing by Bobby Horton

Virginian Jubal Anderson Early (1816–1894) was one of the most popular and most unreconstructed of Confederate generals. He traveled in disguise to Canada where he wrote *A Memoir of the Last Year of the War*.

James Tate is a professor of English in Dowling College in Oakdale, New York and editor of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

The Southern Heritage Jam

by Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.

When the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) was established in 1896, few could have foreseen the world of the 1990s and the challenges which this decade presents to the descendants of the fighting men of the War for Southern Independence. For decades the SCV has been composed of Southerners dedicated to their heritage, but known more for their study of history than for their active participation as an organization in commu-

nity affairs, with the possible exception of their connections with various Confederate re-enactment activities.

Over the course of the past dozen years or so, however, the SCV has become a much more "proactive" organization. As attacks on symbols of the South have increased, the visibility of the SCV as defenders of Southern heritage has increased. That role has been most notable in defense of the Confederate flag in

Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina, but especially in Georgia, where the Southern forces counter-attack against "Zig Zag Zell" Miller forced the Georgia Governor to suspend for now his proposal to change the Georgia flag.

The past few years have seen a dramatic increase in the numbers and visibility of the SCV, and last year the organization made itself a permanent fixture on the Southern landscape by its acquisition of the historic ante bellum home, Elm Springs, at Columbia, Tennessee as the SCV General Headquarters. Built in 1837, Elm Springs is a fine example of a Southern plantation manor. It was restored in 1985, and makes a handsome and comfortable 19th century setting for an organization dedicated to traditional Southern values, and preparing to carry the banner of those values into the 21st century.

Saturday, May 22, 1993, saw the SCV take a large step forward in expanding its mission to promote

modern expressions of Southern pride and to insure a place for Southern Heritage and the SCV in the cultural development of our country. On that sunny Saturday afternoon opened the first annual "Southern Heritage Jam," a musical celebration of the South.

Situated just fifty miles south of Nashville, Elm Springs is easily available to the Country Music market. Southern Heritage Jam I was not just a country music fest, however. The afternoon opened with 19th century campfire music by the Never Heard of Appomattox Band, a musical and vocal ensemble made up of talented members of the re-enactment group Huwald's Battery from Smithville, Tennessee. They



Elm Springs Mansion in Columbia, Tennessee, new national headquarters of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) and site of Southern Heritage Jam I, May 22, 1993.

were followed by another re-enactor/singer, Billy Ray Reynolds, whose smooth voiced repertoire includes a number of modern pieces set in the Confederate era written by Mr. Reynolds.

The music rapidly advanced into the twentieth century, however, with performances by more recognizable names such as Alice Townsend, Microwave Dave, and Mike Estes & the Dixie Blue Band. Some of the best blues music you could ask for was performed by the Cameron-Allen Blues Band, who were followed by the Winter Brothers Band, and Tommy Tutone.

As evidenced by the reaction of the crowd, which numbered approximately 700 over the course of the evening, the later the hour the better the music. The last three acts of the night were without doubt the cream of the crop. First of this trio was Michael White, a Nashville songwriter and rising star in the country music scene. Michael warmed up the 200 fans who stayed to the end of the unseasonably cold night. White was followed by his friend Larry Alderman & the Lost Highway Band. Alderman, who is an SCV member, is a songwriter who has his name on such familiar country titles as "Son of the New South," "Americana," and "Real Good Feel Good Song." Although Alderman does not yet have a recording contract, the reaction of the audience indicates a promising career for him. While Michael White warmed up the music fans, Larry Alderman set them on fire. His first tune had them all on their feet cheering and waving Confederate flags, and

the fever increased as he continued to sing.

The fire started by Alderman exploded as he introduced the final act of the evening, the award-winning, and politically incorrect, "Best New Country Band of 1993," Confederate Railroad. The young

men who make up that band are more than proud of their country and heritage, as the name implies. They are often asked in interviews whether they are criticized for having "Confederate" in their name. Each question offers them an opportunity to "witness" for Dixie, an opportunity which they never pass up.

Southern Heritage Jam I was put together on a shoe string, with no advertising budget. Despite that, it proved to be grand success and will grow into an annual event. (Rumor has it that Waylon Jennings has agreed to headline Southern Heritage Jam II.) The project was strongly supported by the local Chamber of Commerce and both the City of Columbia and Maury

County. The Jam was a success in large part because of the dedication of the SCV members and staff. But most of all it was a success because so many artists were willing to donate their time and energy to benefit Southern Heritage. Confederate Railroad is to be especially commended in this regard. They played a concert earlier in the day at Jackson, Tennessee. From that concert they drove some 150 miles to donate their time and talent to the cause of the South, and then immediately set off, at 1:30 a.m. Sunday, to invade Ohio. Such dedication is a lesson to all of us. If every Southerner would similarly dedicate his talents to Dixie's cause, we would be destined to live beneath Liberty's bright star. ☆

Devereaux Cannon is a regular contributor to *Southern Partisan*, author of *Flags of the Confederacy*, and chairman of the *Confederate Heritage Committee of the SCV*.



The Winter Brothers band sings of their Southern heritage surrounded by battleflags and flags of the Volunteer State. (above)

Danny Shirley, lead singer of Confederate Railroad, the "Best New Country Band of 1993," rallies the troops.





Home Remedies

by Ludlow Porch

Home remedies are big in the South. The average Southerner will not go to a doctor unless a body part has dropped off or the heart has failed to beat for more than twenty minutes.

We are taught from the cradle that the best remedy is a home remedy. We are taught that doctor bills are only for the rich and those covered by worker's compensation.

When a Southerner gets sick, the first line of defense is food. In the way, way back of our memory, we hear our mama's voice saying "Eat this, sugar . . . it will make you feel better."

Once, when I was about nine years old, I got a fishbone hung in my throat. No doctor, no ambulance, no dialing 911. They fed me a banana with two pieces of white bread. When I complained that I had swallowed the fishbone, but it felt like my throat had been scratched in the process, my mother said, "We'll just swab it out with some kerosene on a rag and you'll be good as new." I immediately assured her that my throat was really not scratched; it was only my imagination.

Kerosene is still widely used. If you should step on a nail rusty enough to kill a fence post, the remedy is to pour kerosene into the open wound. It is also used for a toothache. Yes sir! A little kerosene on a piece of cotton pressed against

the gum will make your entire mouth taste like a BP station.

Practicing medicine at home was one of my sainted mother's special talents. She watched me like a mother hen, and at the first sign of something she deemed not quite normal, she would spring into action. When I was a child, I always felt that my mother had a less than wholesome interest in bowel habits. I believed then, as I do now, that my bodily functions should be between me and my Creator. My mother, on the other hand, was convinced that total health and happiness were the result of regular bowel habits.

It always started the same way. She would go into the bathroom after I had left and say, "It smells bad in there."

"It's supposed to smell bad, Mama; I just went to the bathroom in there."

"No, no," she would say. "You've got to have some medicine and I mean right now."

I knew what was coming, so I would plead my case: "Mama, it's supposed to smell bad. If you go to the bathroom and it doesn't smell bad, then you need medicine."

My arguments never changed her mind. Just before bedtime, she would come at me with a bottle of calomel: one, it tasted horrible, and, two, it tasted horrible. The old wives' tale about calomel was that

if you took it and then got wet, it would make you a cripple, but I could never convince my mother that it was dangerous.

My mother tried everything possible to hide the wretched taste of that wretched medicine. One time, she put it in orange juice, and for many years I couldn't stand to be in the same room with a glass of orange juice.

The bouts we had over calomel were classic. She would try anything to get me to take it. She would try bribery: "If you take this like a good boy, I'll get you some ice cream." She would try to play on my sympathy: "I've worked hard all day; please take this so we can all go to bed and get some rest." She would try the old guilt trip: "If you loved me like you're supposed to, you'd take this for me." Then she would try the method that worked every time: "Okay young man, I've had about enough of this foolishness. You take this now or I'm going to wear you out!" That always worked. It worked because my mother never bluffed. If she told you she was going to do something, she generally delivered.

In the years before penicillin and the sulfa drugs, the Southern wonder drug was Vicks salve. No home could hope for its residents to long survive if the medicine cabinet did not contain a large jar of Vicks. If you had a chest cold, it was rubbed all over your chest, then you put on the top to your BVDs and slept under about three blankets. By morning your chest cold was supposed to be better, and many times it was. If you had a head cold, a big glob of Vicks was dropped into a pot of boiling water with a towel draped over your head, thus trapping the life-saving fumes under the towel where you were breathing and not diminishing their effectiveness with any fresh air. My mother would keep me in that position until my

knees started to buckle and it was evident to all concerned that I was only seconds away from “death by Vicks.” She would then take the towel away, look me right in my little bloodshot eyes and say, “Now, don’t you feel a lot better?” I knew what was good for me, so I would fake a weak little smile and say, “Yes ma’am, a lot better.” If I gave any other response, I knew that I would be going right back under that towel.

If, God forbid, I ever had a sore throat and the bad judgment to mention it, I was forced to swallow a spoonful of Vicks. I can remember to this day that it tasted exactly like a spoonful of 40 weight motor oil.

If, by any chance, the Vicks plan didn’t work, there was a last-resort cold remedy. I mean, of course, the mustard plaster. There were two types of mustard plasters. The first was the homemade variety. My grandmother made them herself in the kitchen. I don’t know what it was made of, but I remember that it was yellow and smelled bad enough to make a buzzard sick. Again, you had to sleep in a wool BVD top in order for this torture to work. When you woke up in the morning (*if* you woke up in the morning) the entire room smelled like you had been raising goats. It took about three soaking, scrubbing baths before you smelled like a human being again.

The second type of mustard was the one that came from Glover’s Pharmacy. It was adhesive and stuck to your chest sort of like a postage stamp. It didn’t smell particularly bad and sleeping was relatively easy with it stuck to your chest. The horror of the store-bought mustard plaster, however, came with the rising sun when you had to face the certain reality that it was time for your mother to rip the thing from your cowardly, quivering chest. When she came into the room, she would say, “Time to take that nasty mustard plaster off my baby’s chest.”

“Do it easy,” I would plead.

“The faster I take it off,” she would say, “the less it will hurt.

You don’t have any hair on your chest, so it will only hurt for a second.”

She would then take the edge of the mustard plaster between her thumb and index finger. This was my cue to squeeze my eyes shut and say a silent prayer that the Lord would help me through this. Then, suddenly and with no warning, she would rip the mustard plaster savagely from my chest in one lightning-fast movement. The sound was like a cat being torn in two. It was over quickly, but I remember thinking, “My God, she’s torn my nipples off. I’m only seven years old and must face the rest of my life with nippleless chest. Dear Lord, I can never be a lifeguard.” I was devastated. The vision of a slick-chested future loomed in front of me.

Then came the inevitable question, “Now, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” I was worried about being a double nipple amputee, and there my mama was sitting on the side of the bed smiling. I would rather have lost both legs. I knew I could get wooden legs. I also knew that in the history of medical science, there was not a single case of anyone being fitted for artificial nipples. Words cannot express the relief I felt when I reached down and felt both nipples in place—raw and burning, but nonetheless in place.

My mother and grandmother were the home remedy experts of their day. They were absolutely convinced that any malady or sickness that struck the family could be cured with one record-setting bowel movement. It was to this end that I became the unwilling guinea pig for every laxative known to medical science. They thought that if they could disguise a laxative as chocolate, I would never know the difference. They told me that Ex-Lax was just like a Hershey bar. I remember thinking, “If it’s just like a Hershey bar, how come you can’t get it with almonds? And if it tastes so good, how come they ain’t eatin’ one?”

The same was true of Feenamint. They told me it was

like a Chiclet. To this day, I won’t chew Chiclets because they taste like Feenamint.

I will never forget Carter’s Little Liver Pills. I don’t know what they did for your liver, but I do remember for a BB-sized pill, they sure made you spend a lot of time in the bathroom.

Castor oil was too vile to even talk about. I’m not sure what its medical properties were, but it tasted so bad that I’m sure to this day my castor is well oiled.

Milk of Magnesia tasted so bad that my mother wouldn’t even give it to me. But that didn’t stop my grandmother from giving it to me once. It tasted like a mixture of sour milk and camel sweat. I would rather die alone and friendless in the gutter than ever take it again.

666 was supposed to cure anything from baldness to brain tumors, but mostly it turned stomachs. I remember watching the face of the grown-ups as they took a spoonful. Their mouths drew up tighter than panty-hose on Shelley Winters. I made a promise to myself that if they ever tried to make me take it, I would hang myself.

There was one cure that was many times worse than anything that could possibly go wrong with the human body. I refer, of course, to the dreaded enema. Even as a small child I knew that God did not want me to have an enema. I had been taught in Sunday school that he was a just and loving God; besides he didn’t even do that to the Devil.

I guess we can sum up this chapter by saying that in the North, mothers thought that “an apple a day will keep the doctor away.” Southern mothers, on the other hand, were convinced that “a laxative a week will make you hit your peak.” ☆

Southern humorist Ludlow Porch’s new book, Beating A Dead Horse Is More Fun Than You Think: Confessions of a Southern Partisan, includes “Home Remedies” and many other Southern stories. Porch’s works are published by Longstreet Press, 2140 Newmarket Parkway, Atlanta, Georgia 30067. (800) 927-1488.

Reviving the Constitution

by Charles Goolsby

A Review of:

Forge of Union / Anvil of Liberty

by Jeffrey St. John

Jameson Books, 1992, 288 pages.

The Second Book of Kings records how in the time of King Josiah, among the ruins of the long-neglected temple, Hilkiah the priest found a book of the law of the Lord given by Moses. "And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the book of the law, that he rent his clothes." The plain language of their ancient law made it appallingly clear just how far the children of Israel had departed from the commandments of their God and the hallowed ways of their fathers.

Americans struggling, like Judah's pious king, to learn the true history of their country and the origin of its fundamental law will find Jeffrey St. John's *Forge of Union / Anvil of Liberty* foreboding reading. This volume completes the trilogy he began in 1987 with the publication of *Constitutional Journal*, and sustained three years later with a *A Child of Fortune*. Mr. St. John's day-by-day account of the framing of our Constitution, its ratification by the states, the first federal elections, the first session of Congress and the adoption of the Bill of Rights is so far from the standard media mythology and leftist revisionist lore on that era as to be almost unrecognizable to the baby boomers who sent Bill Clinton to the White house.

For those with the courage to

confront the record, St. John illuminates the world that gave us our identity as a people and our free system of government. Here readers will meet, perhaps, for the first time in many cases, the *real* George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin and will find, to their pleasant surprise, no resemblance to Alan Dershowitz, Barney Frank or Phil Donahue. They'll discover a world where blasphemy, obscenity, sodomy, and adultery, were punished as serious crimes — not celebrated as fundamental human rights or "alternative lifestyles." A flawed world — St. John is no pastoralist — a world cursed by slavery (some slaveowners themselves believed the institution a moral evil), but not with the slaughter of millions of unborn children (a holocaust extolled today as evidence of our moral progress).

Eric Voegelin observed that "in an hour of crisis, when the order of a society flounders and disintegrates, the fundamental problems of political existence in history are more apt to come into view than in periods of comparative stability." In eight books and hundreds of news reports, articles and columns, Jeffrey St. John has carefully chronicled the disintegration of his world and pointedly identified the sources of its disorder. Numerous

professional honors, including the National Press Foundation Award and two Emmy Awards, attest to his acuity, candor, and clarity — qualities he has brought to bear on this pivotal event in American history.

Constitutional Journal, volume one of the trilogy, is written as a correspondent's report from the Great Convention of 1787. Capturing the drama of the debates, the suspenseful clash of factions and interests, the wit and wisdom of the assembly's chief men, St. John's history is journalism at its best. It is narrative without adventitious homily; reportage without the gratuitous editorializing so common to modern professional writing.

In *A Child of Fortune*, the author takes us through the ratification debates so vitally important and yet so generally neglected in public discussions on the framing of our fundamental charter. St. John carefully reconstructs the historical context out of which emerged the Constitution and its Bill of Rights. As the action shifts from Philadelphia to the state conventions, readers are provided much of the background necessary to complete their understanding of the rhetoric of the framers. The concluding volume, *Forge of Union/Anvil of Liberty*, underscores the indispensable role of Washington and Madison in the formation of the union, the ratification of the Constitution, and the adoption of its first ten amendments. Occasional shifts of scene to revolutionary France provide a stark contrast between the two conventions — one military, proclaiming "the rights of man"; the other affirming, as John Adams noted, ". . . the principles of Christianity in which all those sects were united and the general principles of English and American liberty."

St. John's chronicle makes it

equally clear what the framers of our Constitution did *not* mean. They did not by any means intend to establish either the will of the majority or the freedom of the individual as moral or political absolutes. As John Quincy Adams

wrote in 1791:

“This principle, that a whole nation has a right to do whatever it pleases, cannot in any sense whatever be admitted as true. The eternal and immutable laws of justice and morality are paramount to all human legislation.” Professor Ellis Sandoz, in *A Government of Laws*, summarizes this understanding of “liberty as law.” Professor Sandoz notes that for Americans, the “rearticulation of Western civilization in the founding reasserted the classic and Christian experiences — symbols of transcendent reality in a way that runs directly counter to radical modernity by providing an ennobling alternative to it....”

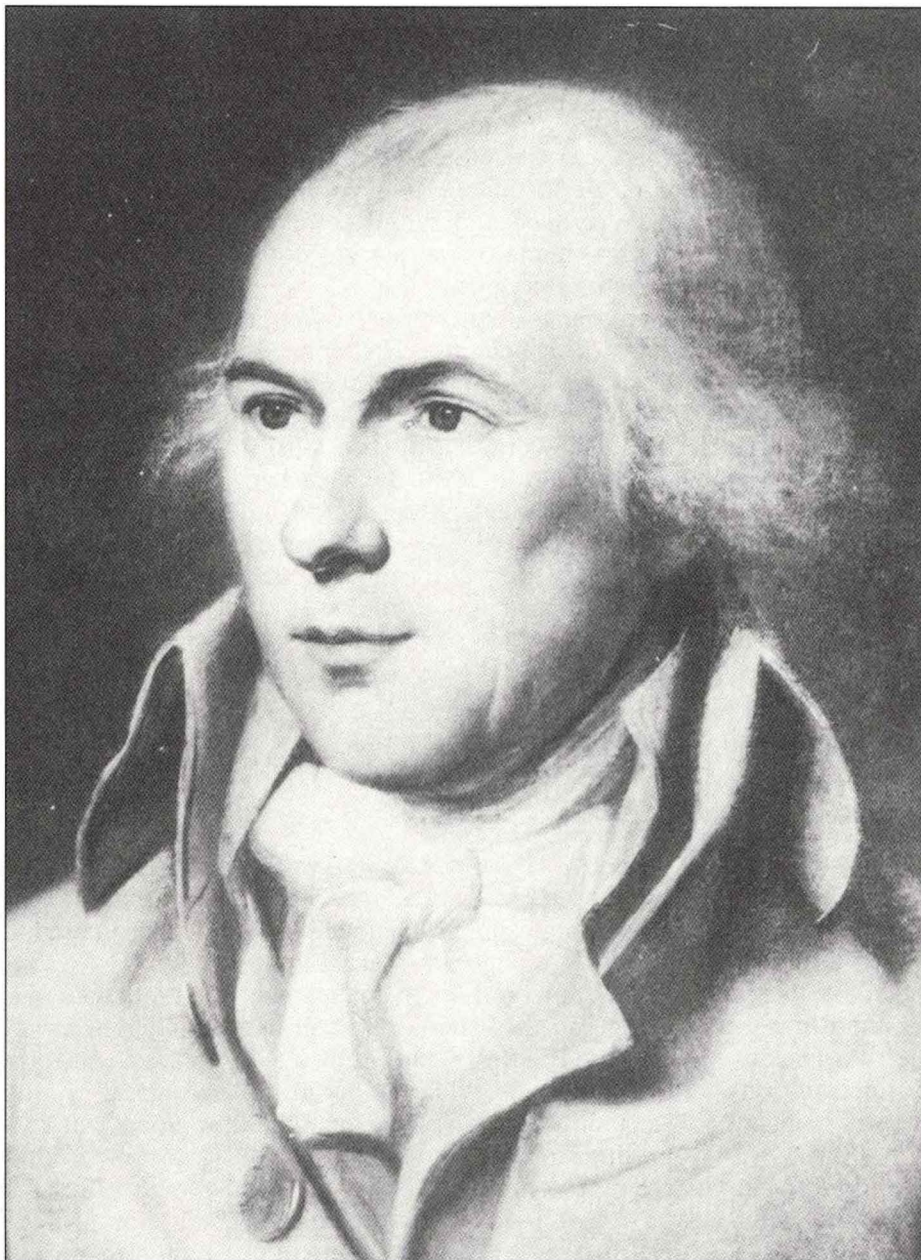
St. John’s efforts to recover the vision of the framers wins him high marks from America’s premier constitutional scholar, Professor Forrest McDonald. “Not the least of his achievements,” writes Dr. McDonald, “is that he provides, painlessly along the way, a thorough analysis of the Constitution and of the way it was perceived by Ameri-

cans at the time.” The author gratefully acknowledges his debt to Professor McDonald and to a number of other eminent historians and constitutional scholars, including Richard Brown, Pauline Maier, Robert Allen Rutland, Merrill

history and civics lesson for all of us’ — is fulfilled for generations to come.”

The Holy Scriptures record that King Josiah, in obedience to the recovered law, “took away all the abominations” and “made all that

were present in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God.” As a reward for his piety and courage, the Lord promised the King that “thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, neither shall thine eyes see the evil I will bring upon this place and the inhabitants of the same.” Those who believe that decades of apostasy, licentiousness, and arrogance must soon bring a like judgment on the American people may argue whether or not it is too late to escape condign punishment. Perhaps the most we can hope for by a revival of faith and morals is to stay the sentence for at least one more generation. But in either



James Madison

Jensen and Herbert Storing. In his foreword to the third volume, Warren E. Burger, former Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and chairman of the Commission on the Bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution, notes, “In retelling the important and colorful history of our nation’s founding, these books will help ensure that the central goal of the Bicentennial Commission — ‘a

return to our beginnings — the classical definition of a revolution. St. John’s magnum opus takes us back to the principles our fathers fought a revolution to recover and established a government to secure. ☆

Charles Goolsby, a Texan, is a writer with *The Voice of America* in Washington, D.C.

BOOK NOTES

by Bryant Burroughs

The Promise of the New South: Life After Reconstruction.
by Edward L. Ayers
Oxford University Press, 1992, 572 pages, \$30.00.

While at Yale earning a Ph.D, Edward L. Ayers took the last class taught by C. Vann Woodward prior to his retirement. Ayers' debt to the man who invented the liberal myth of the New South is evident in this book, in which he aims to explore the "tensions, promises, and dilemmas of the New South."

Ayers is a fact junkie. Readers learn that the emergence of towns after Reconstruction split black families; that by the 1880s railroads cut through a thousand Southern counties; that between 1880 and 1910 twice as many whites as blacks fled the South; that by 1902 the average Southern city-dweller rode the electric streetcar 145 times per year; and many other facts about religion, politics, and the economy, all supported by 112 pages of notes.

But Ayers produces little wisdom from his facts because he accepts the liberal myth of the Old South as evil and the New South as racial utopia. He fails to grasp that the South must be understood in light of Appomattox and Reconstruction, when Southern life and traditions were uprooted by force of bayonet. Instead, he ridicules the Old South as a romantic illusion, and sneers that what white Southerners wanted most was "a clear conscience, a way back into the national mythology of innocence, a way to see the violence against Reconstruction and the continuation of lynching as means to racial and national redemption."

But despite Ayers' efforts, a few nuggets shine through. One is the recollection by D. W. Griffith, producer of the powerful film *Birth of a Nation*, of when as a child his widowed mother moved the family

from rural Kentucky into Louisville. He described a scene seemingly out of "The Beverly Hillbillies": "Right into the city we trundled with our furniture piled onto an old two-horse wagon. I was piled on top of the furniture. From all sides, as we creaked and rattled towards our new home, came jeering cries from street urchins."

Another is John Parker, a young clerk at the Belk store in Monroe, North Carolina, who stood up to his friends' ridicule for his helping an old black woman into the store. Decades later in 1930, John Parker now a respected judge, would be rejected by the Senate for a Supreme Court vacancy on the grounds that he was a "racist."

—B.B.

Exiles and Fugitives: The Letters of Jacques and Raissa Maritain, Allen Tate, and Caroline Gordon.
Edited by John M. Dunaway.
LSU Press, 1992, 111 pages, \$22.50.

Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain and his poet wife Raissa were exiles from their beloved France, having fled the Nazi occupation for the United States, where they lived for two decades while he taught at Princeton. Allen Tate and his wife, Caroline Gordon, had been associated with the Southern Fugitive and Agrarian movements at Vanderbilt. All were exiles and fugitives from the modern authoritarian state, whether in its Nazi or liberal democratic form.

In April 1944 Tate, the newly named editor of *Sewanee Review*, wrote to request that Maritain submit an essay for publication. This letter began a quarter-century of correspondence that chronicled the Tates' conversion to the Catholic Church, the deterioration and breakup of their marriage, Raissa

Maritain's long final illness, and Jacques Maritain's retirement to Toulouse.

This collection of those letters captures the joy, warmth, and love that marked the relationship of the Maritains and Tate and Gordon. Caroline Gordon, in particular, drew spiritual strength from both Maritains, and it is obvious that both Jacques and Raissa cared very deeply for Tate and Gordon. One letter in particular illustrates this affection. Sending Tate their French translation of his "Ode to the Confederate Dead," Raissa Maritain wrote: "...we tried to put your language into ours, the worth and beauty of your great poem. Our joy is fragile, however, while it awaits your decision. If you find the translation accurate and readable in French we will be extremely happy."

Although distressed at the final breakup of the Tates' marriage, the Maritains were careful to continue to exhibit love to both. After Tate wrote to thank him for his support during that troubled time, Maritain replied: "I was touched to the heart by your letter, as I was also by my talk with Caroline. So deep a mutual love, and such suffering at the core of it!"

John Dunaway presents a clear translation of this very human correspondence, with a sufficient number of notes to explain references to other writers, works in progress, and books read.

—B.B.

Before Antietam: The Battle for South Mountain.
by John Michael Priest.
White Mane Publishing, 1992, 433 pages, \$34.95.

After driving George McClellan's Union hordes from the outskirts of Richmond during the Seven Days'

Battles and then defeating John Pope at Second Manassas, Robert E. Lee decided on a daring course. He sent the Army of Northern Virginia splashing across the Potomac into Union territory, with its objectives the Federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, the liberation of Maryland from "a despot's heel," and more victories to persuade England to intervene on the side of the South.

After finding a copy of Lee's orders to his divided army commanders, McClellan wired President Lincoln: "I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap if my men are equal to the emergency." The next morning, Sunday, September 14, the very day that Jackson opened fire from three ridges surrounding Harpers Ferry, McClellan's Army of the Potomac began probing the passes over South Mountain. As the thin lines of Confederate troops left by Lee to protect the passes gazed across the fertile valley, the dawn sun glistened off thousands of Union bayonets, reminding one Southern artilleryman of a rippling, silvery sea.

The Southerners held the crest of South Mountain at Fox Gap, Turner's Gap, and Crampton's Gap, but they were terribly outnumbered by the advancing blue lines. The Confederates guarded each gap with such fearful resistance that the Federals forced them back only by the weight of numbers in fierce hand-to-hand fighting. The one-day delay bought with Confederate bravery and blood gave Lee time to regather his divided army, and three days later the Army of Northern Virginia staved off annihilation in a desperate stand along Antietam Creek.

In this first full account of the battle for the gaps at South Mountain, John Michael Priest presents the eyewitness accounts of privates, officers, and civilians. Gleaning 126 published primary sources and 71 unpublished collections of letters or diaries, Priest brings to life the actions and fears of those who fought. Seventy maps detail the battlefields during each charge and

counter-charge and, although the quality of the maps could be improved, they succeed in graphically picturing the tide of battle.

—B.B.

The Missouri Supreme Court: From Dred Scott

to Nancy Cruzan

by Gerald T. Dunne.

University of Missouri Press, 1993, 222 pages, \$34.95.

Two warnings are carved in stone above the entrance to the red-bricked building that houses the Supreme Court of Missouri, a building derided from the first as an "overgrown streetcar barn." One warning reads "Jus dicere non dare" (the judge should pronounce and not give law) and the second is "Ubi jus, ibi remedium" (where there is a right, there is a remedy). For over a century and a half, the Missouri Supreme Court has heeded these warnings by resisting what Judge Robert Bork calls "the song of the tempters," which is the nearly irresistible temptation for judges to substitute their private moral and political values for sound judicial reasoning rooted in the Constitution.

Gerald Dunne traces the history of the Missouri Supreme Court by presenting two dozen cases, each of which is described in non-technical language in 3 or 4 pages. Dunne introduces his readers to cases that range from the 1825 emancipation suit of Catiche, a black-Indian mulatto whose appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court was argued against by Francis Scott Key, to the "Missouri Mule Case," in which a defendant's mule caused \$5 damages by kicking a buggy wheel.

The landmark case, of course, is the freedom suit of Dred Scott, who originally filed in St. Louis County in 1846 and lost an appeal to the Missouri Supreme Court in 1852. In that 2-1 split decision, judges William Scott and John F. Ryland ruled that the sovereign state of Missouri was not forced to recognize the laws of another state, and therefore Dred Scott was not eman-

cipated by virtue of his master having taken him into Illinois and the Minnesota territory, both of which forbade slavery. Judge Hamilton Gamble dissented with the statement that all "are citizens of one nation."

Dunne's book is an appeal that the Supreme Court of Missouri continue to heed the warnings carved above its door. If the court does so, it will retain citizens' respect, which in the words of England's great judge, Sir William Blackstone, is "so necessary for the good order of the kingdom."

—B.B.

Making War

by John Lehman.

Scribners, 1992, 297 pages, \$24.00.

In the Clinton era in which national security is sacrificed to political ideology, John Lehman warns that the post-Soviet empire world remains a dangerous place. But his book is more than a wise warning. It is a rousing recounting of the American military rebuilding under Ronald Reagan and George Bush, two presidents who recognized that liberty requires courage and vigilance.

Reagan entered the White House after four years of unilateral defense cuts by Jimmy Carter and the Democratic Congress. Only the naked intransigence of Russian military buildup in the face of his unilateral cuts caused Carter to expand defense spending in his final year in office. But military forces are not built overnight, and the inevitable result of the Carter presidency was the tragic failure in the middle of the Iranian desert in a botched attempt to rescue the hostages.

President Reagan rapidly expanded American military capability, including 18 active and 10 reserve army divisions, and 30 Air Force tactical air wings that included the F-111 bomber, an entirely new attack strike version of the F-15, and the Stealth bomber begun under Gerald Ford. Recognizing the need for rapid troop move-

ment to any hotspot in the world, Reagan authorized a new KC-10 tanker fleet and C-5B heavy lifters, and expanded Marine Corps amphibious assault capability by 780%.

John Lehman was a strategist in the military rejuvenation of American forces. Having served on the National Security Council under Nixon and as an arms control negotiator under Ford, Lehman was selected by Reagan as Secretary of the Navy. In a lively and sparkling style, Lehman recounts the details of a rearmed America prepared to defend its national interests around the globe: Lebanon in 1982, Grenada in 1983, the bombing of Libyan dictator Qaddafi in 1986, aerial shootouts with Iran in the Persian Gulf in 1987, and the invasion of Panama in 1989. But it was the brilliant Desert Storm campaign against Iraq in 1991 that irrevocably proved Ronald Reagan correct. The high-tech weaponry for which he fought—the Stealth bomber, Tomahawk cruise missile, Patriot defense system, and “smart bombs”—swept from the desert a Republican guard feared as the most powerful force outside the West. Victory was won with a casualty ratio of 1:1,000.

Americans returned from Desert Storm to wives and children because Ronald Reagan paid the price in the 1980s. Unfortunately for America and her soldiers, Bill Clinton appears to be repeating the errors of Jimmy Carter.

—BB

In Deadly Earnest: The Missouri Brigade.
by Phil Gottschalk.
Missouri River Press, 1991, 562 pages, \$33.00.

The brave deeds of the famous Stonewall Brigade, Texas Brigade, and Orphan Brigade are well-chronicled, but the combat record of the lesser-known Missouri Brigade is second to none. In forty months in the field, Missouri's bravest sons earned recognition as the first to charge and the last to

leave the battlefield. General Dabney Maury, a Virginian who briefly commanded the Missouri troops and later fought in the Army of Northern Virginia, described “the magnificent Missouri brigade” as “the finest body of troops I had ever then seen, or have ever seen since...” Historian Edwin Bearss has praised the brigade as “unquestionably the finest infantry command in either army” in the Western war.

Formed before the war as the Missouri State Guard, the Missouri troops first saw action a month before Manassas. After the hell of Hornet's Nest at Shiloh, the Missouri Brigade was placed where the fighting was fiercest in the defense of Vicksburg. For forty-seven days Grant's Union troops assailed the Missouri lines, but despite losing one-third of the brigade killed or wounded, not one part of the brigade's line was breached.

After being paroled following the surrender of Vicksburg, the Missouri Brigade was assigned to the Army of Tennessee, and marched 275 miles in eleven days in order to fight at New Hope Church outside Atlanta. At Franklin the brigade led the charge against the Federal left flank entrenched behind formidable defenses. Despite horrible losses, the Missourians advanced farther than any other Confederate troops and breached the Federal lines near the cotton gin. But the brigade was shattered in the half-acre of ground between the Carter garden and cotton gin. Only 277 of the brigade's 696 men returned, and every regimental commander had been killed or wounded. Reduced to the size of a small regiment, the fierce Missouri Brigade was the last of Hood's army to cross the Tennessee River to safety.

Retired journalist Phil Gottschalk, a native Missourian, has written the first history of the Missouri Brigade in over a century, and it clearly is a labor of love. Gottschalk devoted twenty years to researching libraries in every Southern state and tramping every battlefield on which the Missouri

Brigade fought. The result is an eyewitness account filled with battlefield details, and written in a readable style rarely seen in history books. It is not surprising that *In Deadly Earnest* earned the Douglas Southall Freeman Award for best work in Southern history.

The courage and tenacity of the Missouri Brigade is exemplified by the dying words of Colonel Benjamin Rives, commanding the 3rd Missouri regiment. While being carried from the field at Elkhorn Tavern after being mortally wounded in the abdomen, Colonel Rives exclaimed: “I only wish I had a hundred lives, that I might die again and again for Missouri.”

—B.B.

Democrats and the American Idea:
A Bicentennial Appraisal.
edited by Peter B. Kovler.
Center for Nat'l Policy Press, 1992, 388 pages, \$29.95.

This book will restore sanity to Southerners who are tempted to vote for the Democratic party in honor of those Democrats who redeemed the South from Reconstruction. “The Democratic party has not walked through history in a single file,” journalist Michael Barone has written, and the history of the party divides into two eras.

The first era began with the birth of the party only three years after ratification of the Constitution. It was the party of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, and it stood for Jefferson's principle that the state governs best when it governs least. The party rapidly became the new nation's majority party, winning eleven of fourteen national elections between 1800 and 1852. Its domination of national politics over the Federalists and Whigs was so complete that in 1852 only Democrats, with one exception, had been appointed to the Supreme Court for a quarter-century.

After the War and the long Republican ascendancy, the second era of the Democratic party's histo-

ry began with Franklin Roosevelt's election in 1932 and still continues six decades later. But in this era the party has renounced its Jeffersonian roots and embraced the modern liberal agenda in all its irrationality: tax increases stimulate the economy; military vulnerability is the path to peace; racial equality is achieved by discriminating against whites; and the goal of government is the reduction of all social restraints.

The book's concluding appraisals written by such liberal luminaries as E.J. Dionne, Gary Hart, and Arthur Schlesinger demonstrate that the Democratic party of the 1990s is not the party of the 1790s. Hart, a former U.S. senator and presidential candidate, ignores the party's electoral history in insisting that "when the Democratic party has become conservative, has resisted reform and hidden from change...it has withered and failed." Strange words indeed from a member of the party whose five presidential nominees in 1972–1988 together won 49 states, the same number carried by conservative Ronald Reagan in the 1984 election.

Just as the party of Lincoln has become the party of Reagan, so the proud party of Jefferson and Jackson—that for half a century stood for "wise and frugal government"—has become the party of Carter, Mondale, Dukakis, and Clinton. These essays demonstrate that those who led the decline are not even aware that the trip was downhill.

—B.B.

The Oldest Dead White European Males
by Bernard Knox.
Norton, 1993, 144 pages, \$15.95.

A title like this is certainly an attention grabber—and one would be justified in wondering if this were the latest blast from some politically correct sorehead.

But a quick glance at the contents tells a very different story. Its

author, Bernard Knox, director emeritus of Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, D.C., is one of the wisest and most communicative scholars on the subject of classical languages and literature in this country. In this compilation of three lectures (the first of which is the 1992 Jefferson Lecture, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities) Knox admirably succeeds in putting a new shine on some very ancient lamps, the lamps of classical Greece.

As we know too well, "multiculturalism," with its attempts to shut out the standard educational fare in the name of a spurious "revisionism," is wreaking havoc on traditional education at many major universities and colleges. Yet as Knox points out, there is no author more "multicultural" than Herodotus, who devotes one of his seven books to the history, religion, and culture of Egypt.

As for the multiculturalist charge that Greek culture ignored women, Knox points out that although the official sources—inscriptions, law court speeches, etc.—have little to say on the role of women, the epic and drama tell a different story. One has only to think of Penelope in Homer's *Odyssey* and Clytemnestra, Antigone, and Medea in the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, respectively, to realize that the Greeks were fully aware of the creative and destructive power of women.

On the subject of slavery and its role in Greek and American life, Knox reminds us that there were "slaves and slave owners on both sides of the Potomac." Unfortunately in his otherwise sensible observation that we Americans have no right to cast stones on the question of slavery, he falls back onto the old cliché that the War Between the States was "about" slavery. Well, you can't have it all.

Knox's second lecture, entitled "The Walls of Thebes," deals with the subject of the Greek origin of the humanities and their status in America today. In general, the hu-

manities are a disaster area, having been dealt severe blows by PC, as well as the cult of practicality. And yet what we know as the humanities had their origin in "practical" circumstances—the needs of 5th century B.C. Periclean Democracy—in which all major policy decisions were made in an assembly by majority vote. Such a way of life required mastery of the art of persuasion or rhetoric which in turn necessitated an acquaintance with literature, history, and the subjects which we now call the "liberal" or "humane" arts.

The humanities have since that time formed the basis of Western education, and notwithstanding the attacks made on them from time to time, are needed now more than ever. It is no accident that most of the Southern Agrarians were educated in the humanities (especially in the classical languages) and it was just this background that enabled them to frame the penetrating questions about the direction of American society. Knox points out that the humanities are needed today, at a time when we are finally beginning to realize that the computer, useful as it is, cannot answer questions about human values. Only a rediscovery of the best of what has been thought and said over the centuries can help us chart our way into the next millennium.

The third and final lecture, "The Continuity of Greek Culture," is much lighter in tone and in many places quite amusing. Knox informs us that modern Greek is a direct descendant of the epic language of Homer, and that modern Greece, though much changed over the centuries still keeps much of its ancient appearance. He also finds that the people still have that ancient sense of honor that we first find in the character of Achilles in the *Iliad*.

This is a splendid little book and one hopes it will find a large and sympathetic audience, especially among Southerners seeking one of the important taproots of their culture.

—Charles Scott Hamel

Continued from page 37

and was mustered out there in June, 1865. I like to think he was one of the last ones to surrender.

This is family lore, but it is said that he walked home and when he arrived at the little town of Alexander, Arkansas (which is near Little Rock) his leather britches were in strings from the knees down, because they were so worn. But he immediately went to work to try and make a crop.

My great grandmother, as in "Gone With The Wind," shot a Union cavalryman to defend the house. The soldier was coming in to do whatever he wanted to do, and she gave him warning and he didn't pay attention to it, so she shot him. They buried him, but they kept the horse. About two days later when my grandfather got home, they were so proud of the fact that they were going to have a horse to make the crop with; but my grandfather said, "look at this, he's branded 'US Army'; we've got to shot him and bury him too, because if they find this horse, they're going to know."

So the first night he got home he had to spend the night digging a grave for the horse. They took the poor animal down on the creek bank, shot him, and shoved him in. They really hated to do it, because they didn't have any mules or anything to make the crop with.

I've always been very proud of that, and not to be morbid, but I'm quite proud of the fact that when it's time for me to leave, I'll be sent back to that little country graveyard to be buried between my Mom and Daddy and the Confederate soldier. That's where I figure I'll spend eternity, which is good company. ☆

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Civil War

T R I V I A

"In the introduction to *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, I wrote, 'This volume does not begin to exhaust the rich lode of Civil War material available.' The same is true of the present volume. Hopefully, though, *Civil War Trivia* will prove to be an enjoyable challenge to every student of this most unusual of wars, the ramifications of which continue to our own time."

—Webb Garrison in the introduction to *Civil War Trivia*

Question: Who was the last surviving general of the Confederate States of America?

Answer: *Felix H. Robertson (Texas, 1839-1928)*

Question: What general was reduced to the unofficial rank of colonel after having been drunk at Mill Springs, Kentucky, in 1862?

Answer: *George B. Crittenden (b. Kentucky)*

Question: What future Confederate general lent travel money to U.S. Grant when Grant resigned from the U.S. Army in California?

Answer: *Simon Bolivar Buckner (b. Kentucky)*

Question: Who refused to pepper his food, saying it gave him pains in his left leg?

Answer: *Lt. Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson*

Question: Weighing in at 320 pounds, more or less, who was the heaviest Confederate general?

Answer: *Abraham Buford (b. Kentucky)*

Question: What brigadier general, who was once governor of Virginia, suffered constantly from pleurisy?

Answer: *Henry A. Wise.*

Question: Under the CSA Furlough and Bounty Act of 1862, how much cash did a soldier receive for a three-year enlistment?

Answer: *Fifty dollars, in Confederate currency.*

Question: What five Indian tribes furnished warriors who fought under Albert Pike?

Answer: *Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles.*

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKendree College, he has written forty books, including *A Treasury of White House Tales*, *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, and *A Treasury of Christmas Stories*.

Civil War Trivia and Fact Book, copyright 1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee.

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS *by Rod Gragg*

William Howard Russell's *Civil War*
Univ. of Georgia Press, 1993, 252 pages, \$40.00.

"The men I have met do not much impress me...Horace Greeley is the nastiest form of narrow minded sectarian philanthropy, who would gladly roast all the whites of South Carolina in order that he might satisfy what he supposes is a conscience, but which is only an autocratic ambition..."

William Howard Russell had definite opinions. He was a high-ranking British military observer dispatched to take a firsthand look at the bloodletting of 1861-65. As a man of international influence, he managed to get a very intimate first-hand look in the corridors of power both North and South.

And for two years he recorded what he saw in private diary and letters. It is primary source material of the most fascinating variety, printed and preserved by the University of Georgia Press. In today's era, when works of history often reflect more of the author's politics than the truth of the times, the University of Georgia Press deserves commendation for seeking to accurately and fairly record history as it occurred.

That, of course, was not Russell's intent. His desire was to record observations and deliver opinion—and he did so with remarkable insight and unrestrained opinion. His foundational observation: the war was combat between armed mobs instead of professionals. (One can only wonder what he would have thought about the British slaughter at Verdun a half-century later.)

"In a country such as this," he wrote, "an insult, a row, a drunken sailor—an act of ruffianism may expose me to assassination if the one be resented, or the others encountered...President [Lincoln] is cold indeed...& McClellan who at first

was very polite has become quite invisible...."

Lee's Last Campaign.
by Clifford Dowdy.
Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1993, 414 pages, \$12.95.

From early May to mid-June, 1864, Robert E. Lee maneuvered and fought the legions in blue unleashed by Ulysses Grant. Fresh from victories in the Western Theater, Grant was determined to do what no other Federal commander had done—destroy Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia.

He failed.

Eventually, after a prolonged siege at Petersburg, Lee's depleted line would break, sending the thin gray force on the road to Appomattox. But that would be defeat by depletion, not strategy, and Lee's record of strategic mastery would remain untarnished and unmatched. The best—and worst—of Grant's generalship could not achieve what others had failed to do when facing the remarkable Robert E. Lee.

The story of the incredible, tragic days of May and June, 1864 has been told and retold, but probably never will it be told as well as by historian Clifford Dowdy in *Lee's Last Campaign*. Happily, the University of Nebraska Press has reprinted Dowdy's work in trade paperback, making it available to a new generation of readers.

Dowdy's account allows the story to unfold in all its drama and detail, charting the weeks in which Grant lost almost as many men as were in Lee's entire army. It is a memorable story, set in bloody days when the techniques of war were about to change from 18th to 20th century warfare. It is all the more memorable as recorded by Clifford Dowdy.

Blue Eyed Child of Fortune: The Civil War Letters of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw.
Edited by Russell Duncan.
The Univ. of Georgia Press, 1992, 421 pages, \$29.95.

This book is a collection of letters by the colonel of the famous 54th Massachusetts regiment, the first unit of black soldiers to be formed in the aftermath of the Emancipation Proclamation. Its commander died, alongside a significant portion of his command, while storming Fort Wagner in July 1863. They were later immortalized in the motion picture *Glory*.

The real Shaw is a far more interesting and detached observer of the events in which he becomes engulfed than is his cinematic counterpart. We learn, for example, that Shaw is no flaming abolitionist.

Robert Gould Shaw was an admirable man, one with principles. We see Shaw condemning the burning of Darien ("disgusted me very much, and as soon as Montgomery told me he was going to burn it, I said I didn't want to have anything to do with [it] and he was glad to take the responsibility.") He was also an honest one: in relating experiences of wounded men and stragglers, he notes that the wounded claim to have been treated well by the Confederates, while it is the stragglers who claim that atrocities (such as shooting prisoners) occurred.

We do not find in this collection the kind of prose that Ken Burns used to such great (and distorting) effect in his documentary, stirring what Lincoln called the "mystic chords of memory" to convey the gamut of emotions that surrounded the war, but such prose is not required when actions make the point. This was a brave young man; and if, indeed, he was not the fanatic of myth, so much the better.

—Brenan R. Nierman



Southern SAMPLER

ON FASTING

If you will only fast from your sins you may eat what you please.

— Robert E. Lee

ON EDUCATION

...an American going to Europe for education, loses in his knowledge, in his morals, in his health, and in his happiness.

— Thomas Jefferson

ON A BRITISH VIEW OF THE WAR

The military despotism of one portion of the States under the dictatorship of an insignificant lawyer attempts to crush out the freedom of the rest.

— Sir Garnet Wolseley, General, British Army, 1863

ON A CHRISTIAN AMERICA

America was born to exemplify that devotion to the elements of righteousness which are derived from the revelations of Holy Scripture.

— Woodrow Wilson

ON "GAY" WRONGS

Whosoever shall be guilty of...sodomy with man or woman, shall be punished; if a man, by castration, a woman, by boring through the cartilage of her nose a hole of one half inch in diameter at the least.

— *The Criminal Code of The Commonwealth of Virginia, 18th Century*

— Compiled by William Freehoff

Anguished ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

A collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

The following selections are from high school English teacher Richard Lederer's book *Anguished English: An Anthology of Accidental Assaults Upon Our Language*. All are unretouched by any professional humorist.

MIXED UP METAPHORS

In an installment of the comic strip "Peanuts," Snoopy sits atop his doghouse typing away at a manuscript, "The curtain of night enveloped the fleeing lovers. Though fiery trials had threatened, oceans of longing had kept them together. Now a new icicle of terror stabbed at the embroidery of their existence."

Then Snoopy turns to the readers and says, "Joe Metaphor."

In his heavy-pawed attempt to create poetic-sounding metaphors, Snoopy has outrageously mixed fire with water and an icicle with embroidery.

Metaphors are so much a part of everyday speech and writing that it is all too easy to sew two or more figurative ideas together to create a Frankenstein Monster. Such mutants are called mixed metaphors, and all of us, in all walks of life, blithely sail along mixing metaphors. Oops, I just mixed one myself by stitching together the figures of walking and sailing.

Now, without batting an ear, I present more of my all-time favorite mutilated metaphors, each one guaranteed to kindle a gale of laughter. About half of the gaffes are culled from statements uttered by Capitol Hill politicians:

- The sacred cows have come home to roost with a vengeance.
- The bankers' pockets are bulging with the sweat of the honest working man.
- Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him forming in the air and darkening in the sky, but I'll nip him in the bud.
- I was so surprised, you could have knocked me over with a fender.
- She was a diva of such immense talent that, after hearing her perform, there was seldom a dry seat in the house.
- I'd like to have been an eardropper on the wall.
- Even members of the press have gone out of their way to rub in the bitter pill.

I do hope that you don't think I've been making a mountain out of a mole hole, but that's the whole kettle of fish in a nutshell.

Anguished English is published in the South by Wyrick and Co., 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, SC 29402.

DIVIDING LINE *by Patrick J. Buchanan*

Messages From The South

My colleague Joe Sobran put it best: If the Clintons do not show greater competence sometime soon, the courts will probably have to intervene and take Chelsea away from them. Socks could be next.

God Bless Bill Clinton. He has done more to revive Republican spirit and morale than anyone since Michael Dukakis climbed up into that tank ad declared himself a card-carrying member of the ACLU.

Eight months after the media buried conservatism in an unmarked grave, after the GOP won the smallest share of a national vote since 1936, the Grand Old Party is back in town.

In her 67 percent landslide, Kay Bailey Hutchison put it all together, Reagan Democrats and Perotistas, country-clubbers and the Religious Right. Message out of the Lone Star State: Clintonism is a disease fatal to all but the healthiest who contract it.

With the Democrats having now lost two Senate seats in six months, 1994 is shaping up as a year to rival 1966 and 1978. In both those years, a Southern Democrat held the White House, and Democrats controlled Congress, and hence, could blame their failure upon no one else. Those Republican victories of '66 and '78 prepared the ground for a quarter century of Republican rule. GOP candidates who came up short in 1992 ought to look again.

With the president's approval at a record low of 36 percent, with only a tenth of his term completed, GOP strategy is obvious.

In Clinton, the party has a perfect foil with which to contrast itself and redefine itself. To Clinton's liberal elitism, the GOP can offer populist conservatism; to his tax hikes, tax

cuts; to his social agenda of gay rights and quota queens, traditional values, equal opportunity and no special privileges based on bedroom proclivity.

How did Clinton, a presidential candidate with a rare capacity to recover from knockdowns, blow it so badly in six months?

Hubris, I think, the hubris of an overeducated elite that came of age being told it was the "finest young generation we have ever produced." The Clintonites believed their own press clippings, and imbibed their own propaganda.

What 1993 has shown is that Baby Boomers are not all alike; and never were. Though they provided the troops for Norman Mailer's "Armies of the Night" who demonstrated at the Pentagon in 1967, they also provided the troops who did the fighting in Vietnam.

Mr. Clinton's basic problem is not one David Gergen is going to be able to solve. His "Watch-Me!-I'm-Moving-to-the-Center" gesture is too transparent, too much in conflict with his policy decisions.

The more the nation sees of his policies, the more obvious it is: Bill Clinton is old wine in a new bottle, a tax-and-spend liberal who does a passable imitation of something called a "New Democrat."

Whatever his proposal — be it a motor voter bill or national health insurance, a "stimulus" package or campaign reform — invariably it contains the same elements: more bureaucrats, more spending, more government. Bill Clinton believes now, and has always believed, that government has the answer.

Republicans are in the enviable role of Loyal Opposition to an increasingly unpopular president. By opposing tax hikes, pork, and gay

rights, the GOP can unite all the disparate elements of the old Reagan coalition. That should be enough for victory in 1994.

But, after 1994, the GOP is going to have to tell America not only what it opposed, but what it proposes to do. At that point, the halcyon days are over.

For though the national press has been stunned by Mr. Clinton's perceived incompetence, and put off by his astonishing hostility, it abhors the Religious Right with a particular passion, and equates the economics of conservatism with the politics of greed.

The same weekend Kay Hutchison was winning her Senate seat, Virginia Republicans conducted a convention in Richmond that bore no small resemblance to Houston. Christian conservatives dominated the proceedings and nominated the Virginia state ticket with wild enthusiasm. The national press was appalled.

In the Georgia and Texas Senate races these last six months a crucial political question was answered: Will the Religious Right support moderate Republicans? The answer: Yes.

In November, Virginia will answer an equally relevant question: Will moderate Republicans support the pro-life champions of the Religious Right, especially Michael Farris, their GOP candidate for lieutenant governor?

If the Republican ticket prevails in Virginia in 1993, it will be a harbinger of party unity in 1996. But if GOP centrists desert the candidates of the Christian Right in Virginia this fall, then the GOP is probably headed for a divisive battle, before any unity comes, in 1996.

Keep your eyes on Virginia this fall. ☆

Pat Buchanan is a syndicated columnist living in McLean, Virginia.

THE LAST WORD

by Samuel Francis

Hate Crime Decision Leaves Dangerous Legacy

In a comparatively rare whoop of unanimity, the Supreme Court a couple of weeks ago disclosed its ruminations on the subject of "hate crime laws." The court held that such laws, now commonplace at the state level, do not violate the First Amendment when they visit heavier punishments on crimes committed for discriminatory reasons than those committed for other reasons.

That may sound swell, but the legacy of the court's ruling may be a new wave of laws that penalize the expression of thought. The real purpose of hate crime laws is not to punish criminals but precisely to ban certain ideas, and the court eagerly blundered into the trap.

The court's decision concerned the case of Todd Mitchell of Wisconsin, a black man convicted of aggravated battery for inciting a group of blacks to beat up and rob a white teen-ager simply because he was white. The blacks, you see, had just seen the film "Mississippi Burning" and were wallowing in racial resentments. "There goes a white boy; go get him," commanded Mitchell.

Get him they did, leaving white, 14-year-old Gregory Riddick in a coma for four days with possible brain damage and, in a further visitation of racial justice, also swiping his tennis shoes. Under Wisconsin's "hate crime statute," Mitchell was convicted and sentenced to the awesome term of seven whole years in the pokey. That was in 1989. More than half of that sentence elapsed before the lawyers could make up their minds whether the law under which it was inflicted is OK or not.

The court says it is OK, but in saying so, it invites all states and

localities to enact similar laws, and you can bet your tennis shoes the hate crimes lobby is already busily plotting their enactment. Indeed, not only does the lobby seek more hate crime laws but also it wants to outlaw the expression of any kind of thought that expresses less than correct views of race and sex. The court's ruling brings them one step closer to that repressive goal.

Yet the legal reasoning by which the Nameless Nine on the high bench reached their conclusion is rather shoddy. One argument against hate crime laws is that they penalize motive, unlike most other criminal statutes. Defenders of the laws say motive is sort of like intent, which is routinely penalized by criminal laws. That's doubtful.

Motive refers to why a person committed a crime; intent, to his plan to commit it. If you and I steal some tennis shoes, I may do it because I want to play tennis and you may do it because you want to sell the shoes. We each had different motives, but we both intended to commit the crime. So it is with Mitchell and friends. He may have wanted to beat up a white boy, but the friends may only have wanted a new pair of shoes. Yet all of them intended to commit the crime.

Speaking for the court, Chief Justice William Rehnquist routinely talked about "motive and intent" in the same breath, never tumbling to the distinction between them. He argued that motive is already criminalized in anti-discrimination laws that have been upheld by the court. Yet what these laws actually criminalize is the act of discrimination, not the motive for it. He pointed to the tradition of allowing judges discretion in sentencing and mandating a heavier sentence in statute

law because of motive. Motive may influence sentencing, but until now it has not determined guilt itself.

Finally, Justice Rehnquist argued that heavier punishment for hate crimes is justified because "bias-inspired conduct" "is thought to inflict greater individual and societal harm." That, of course, is questionable. Is Riddick's brain any more gelatinous because Mitchell hates whites than if Mitchell just wanted some new shoes or the change in Riddick's pockets? Again, doubtful.

It was in his reflection on "bias-related conduct" that Justice Rehnquist (and with him the court and with it the nation) approached the danger zone. If penalizing "bias-related conduct" is OK because it "inflicts greater individual and societal harm," then why not outlaw "bias-related conduct" outright? That, of course, is what the hate crimes lobby wants, and the court helps them do it.

And what, after all, is "bias-related conduct"? Is it scientific research on IQ? Is it calling a group of blacks "water buffaloes"? Is it not giving equal time in a history course to blacks or women or homosexuals? Any and all of these are deemed "bias-related conduct" by the hate crimes lobby and its thought police, which is what brings us back to what's wrong with hate crimes laws. Once they're in place, which is where the court has now put them, there's no limit to what thoughts, ideas or expressions can be proscribed by the law and those who control it. ☆

Sam Francis is a syndicated columnist and an original contributor to the Southern Partisan.

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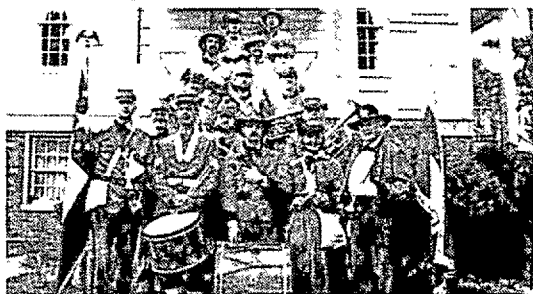
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