

Southern

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PARTISAN



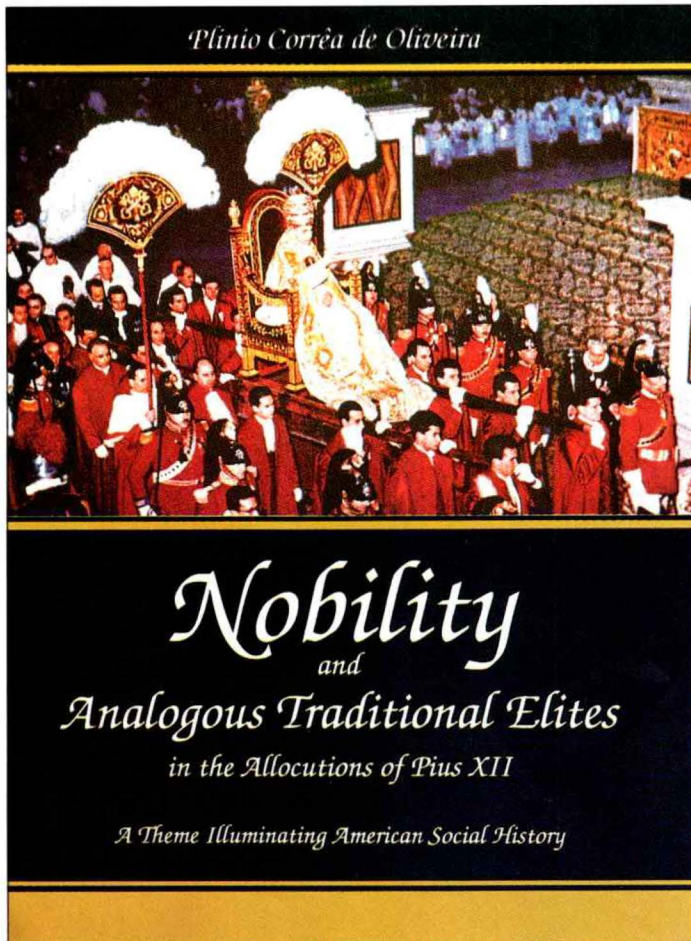
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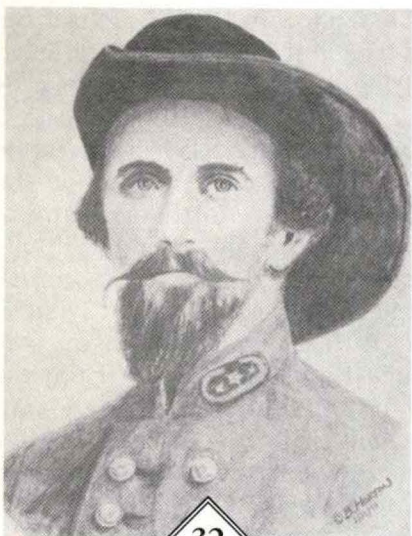
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Southern PARTISAN

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

★ A PRIZE-WINNING CRITIQUE

Gentlemen:

The latest issue of *Southern Partisan* helps me to understand your irrational hatred for Comrade Stalin, that Great Reformer, Father of the Peoples, wise and noble General Secretary, and Quintessential Conservative. He was, after all, known for executing party leaders, to say nothing of generals, for much less than the blunder you commit on page 19 (Second Quarter 1992).

Dr. Thornwell served as President of South Carolina College for a few years well before the War, not during the War. In fact, he died in 1862. If *Southern Partisan* cannot get its facts straight on Southern history, to whom may we turn?

Eugene D. Genovese
Atlanta, Georgia

Editor's Note: We stand both corrected and humbled (It is especially embarrassing to be corrected by the Richard M. Weaver Award winner for Scholarly letters). However, is it not possible that Thornwell could have been president of South Carolina College and dead at the same time? After all Stalin ruled Russia for forty years after his death.

★ ON WISCONSIN

Gentlemen:

Of course I agree with Samuel Francis ("Hate Crime Decision..." 2nd Qtr., 1993) that the Wisconsin law proscribing "bias-related conduct" is the same as proscribing the bias itself. I write though to point out a fundamental omission in Mr. Francis's analysis, which is that our Federal Constitution and Bill of Rights originally guaranteed the states that Washington would not interfere with their laws, which

would include even a hate-crime law. It pleases me when the Supremes find within themselves the decency to leave state legislation alone, whatever their reasoning, be it abortion regulation or even hate-crime laws. What business ought it to be of those ya-hoos in Washington how we deal with the problems we face in our own states?

The Fourteenth Amendment, ratified in 1868, has been mis-used increasingly through the years to transform the Bill of Rights from the shield it once was that protected the states from interference by Washington into the sword that Washington has used to eviscerate state government. To chide the Supremes for not overturning a state law presumes they rightfully may mis-use the Fourteenth Amendment to do it. What I longed for in Mr. Francis's essay was something like, "While I oppose central interference into state matters on principle, as long as they claim to be in the business of doing it, they ought to do it better than this." But it still makes me groan.

Scott Carter
Asheville, North Carolina

★ EUROPEAN FREDERICKSBURG

Gentlemen:

Commenting on the Booknote in the Second Quarter, 1993 *Southern Partisan* "William Howard Russell's Civil War," it was not the British who were slaughtered at Verdun, but the French and Germans. The British slaughter that same year (1916) came on the Somme when they attacked German entrenchments a la Fredericksburg—60,000 casualties on just the first day. (It lasted months!)

Arthur Chesser
Orlando, Florida

★ COMPLAINT REGISTERED

Gentlemen:

In his *Southern Partisan* interview, Wes Pruden refers to the *Orange County Register* (California) as a "conservative" newspaper. Well, I live in the county afflicted with the aforesaid newspaper, and under the eye of Ken Grubbs and Alan Bock the *OC Register* stands for legalized prostitution, legalized drugs, and a wide-open border. In a region that has become a Third World player (cesspool) due to mass immigration, the *OC Register* stinks of treason. These swine would sell their birthright for a peso. Don't call them conservatives; they are really just "free market leftists," and should be seated with the scalawags whom they so closely resemble.

Fred Quinnelly
Anaheim, California

★ FIND SOME CONFEDERATE MONEY

Gentlemen:

We have all heard the phrase "Save your Confederate money, the South is going to rise again," but the truth is that interest in Confederate money is at an all-time high. I have been a collector for the past 15 years and I have never seen as much interest. As my South Carolina friend Hugh Shull says: "It seems like everyone wants a few Confederate notes."

Back in 1977, when I started collecting Confederate notes, one could buy an uncirculated 1864 \$500.00 note for \$25.00-\$35.00. Today, the same note costs about \$325.00 (if you can find it). Dealer friends tell me that they have a hard time finding nice notes to keep up with the demand. Even 1864 notes (once not hard to find) are going up in price.

Ken Burns said in his video series on PBS (and his book) that the Confederate Treasury printed notes of such poor quality that counterfeits were of higher quality. This is simply not true. Between 1861 and

1864 the Confederate Treasury issued 72 notes. (About 2 billion dollars total.) Thirty-eight of these notes were issued in 1861. The government used several different printers; but by 1863, the government was issuing currency that was of the highest quality. The truth is that CSA currency held its value well until the fall of 1863 and was used throughout the Confederacy until the end of the war.

If a person wishes to start collecting Confederate notes a good place to start would be the 1864 set. (Which has 9 notes - \$.50 through \$500.00. The 1864 \$1.00 note is becoming extremely hard to find.) An average set of 1864 notes runs around \$400.00 while an uncirculated set costs \$600.00. In June 1990 an uncirculated Confederate \$1,000.00 note brought \$15,000 at an auction in Memphis.

Col. Grover Criswell has just published his 4th edition of his handbook on CSA and Southern currency. It's a book that collectors cannot do without and it couldn't have come out at a better time. Everyone who collects Confederate currency owes Grover a great deal because of his knowledge and research in this area.

Richard Harris
Sunman, Indiana

★ PERVERTED GARBLING OF HISTORY

Gentlemen:

For several years, I've observed with concern the attempt by various individuals and organizations to bring discredit on the state flags of Georgia and Mississippi, as well as the national flags of the former Confederate States of America. As a Swiss citizen brought up in a multicultural and liberal atmosphere (even with Dixie roots), I've avoided making any comments on this up to now, but this perverted garbling of history is really the limit.

How long is it going to take before upright Americans in the Southern—and also in the Northern

States—throw themselves behind their history with all its ifs and buts, and insist that such attacks on existing national values should cease?

While I can still classify the various "lone fighters" as idealistic neurotics trying to make a name for themselves in this way, I have great difficulty with the organizations who have written off the welfare of their black fellow citizens on their flags when doing this.

My question: Wouldn't the time and money being wasted for the crusade against the former Southern States and their symbols be more sensibly spent by being put to effective use in the field of further education for black citizens?

Or is the reason possibly that as one cannot make one's name by giving real help, the call for a ban on Southern state symbols has a much greater echo?

Bob W. Illy
Steinen-Wila, Switzerland

★ BACK UPON THE BREEZE

Gentlemen:

Reminiscent of *The Darkness at Noon*, as the Stalinists in this country seek ever more to consolidate the absolute power of the Federal Government, often subtle ironies are apparent to the thoughtful. Rep. Carol "Eva"-Braun's hateful attack upon the UDC stands as a case in point. Of course the malicious ethnic cleansing pushed by the D.C. crowd is anything but thoughtful, for while it is true that the cross of St. Andrew has been displayed and saluted by equally ignorant and malicious folks as they—that very thing was made possible in part by the neglect of the symbol due to a spirit of reconciliation and good manners on the part of real Confederate-Americans like the members of the UDC. 30 years ago a whole people reached out for justice and equal protection under the law and that noble effort stands in stark contrast to the striking out in vengeful hatefulness of Ms.

Moseley-Braun. Our love for this Land has never left true Confederate-Americans Gone With any Wind and we have spent our own time suffering political and economic oppression comparable to any other minority in this nation and it is certain that we do not deserve Ms. Moseley-Braun's ambitious and self-serving hatefulness.

William Allan
North, South Carolina

★ DANGEROUS BUNCH

Gentlemen:

I find it interesting that those who most vociferously espouse tolerance and demand it from others are usually those who fail miserably to practice it themselves. They who would also accuse others of divisive actions are ordinarily the most efficient practitioners of the same. Those who shout the loudest about being denied their heritage are all too ready to deny it to others. This is an excellent example. Obviously reconstruction is alive and still very active in the Senate. Ms. Moseley-Braun has exhibited the ignorance of the majority (unfortunately) in believing the formation of the Confederacy and subsequent War Between the States was all due to the issue of slavery.

As most historically educated people know, the war was fought by the North to "preserve the Union." It was fought by the South to preserve the sovereignty of the new nation which she formed. I offer for consideration the following quotation from Abraham Lincoln in a letter to Horace Greeley dated August 22, 1862: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that."

The UDC's membership is about

25,000 strong and is primarily made up of women whose fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers served the Confederacy. They are concerned with preservation of our heritage and their activities can in no way be construed as racist. They perform functions such as hosting parties for patients in Veterans Administration hospitals. They raise money for the purchase of toiletries and other items for those hospitalized veterans. Are we to believe there are only white patients in V.A. hospitals? They also sponsor essay contests in schools and award scholarships to high school students and older women. Sound like a pretty dangerous bunch don't they?

Edward Williamson
Lawrenceville, Georgia

★ VYACHESLAV LYPYNSKY, AGRARIAN

Gentlemen:

Your article, "Men of Letters as Renewers of Society," (*Southern Partisan*, 4th Quarter, 1992), struck a particularly resonant chord in me. The Agrarians were a remarkable collection of writer-philosopher-educators, who strove to awaken the souls of their sleeping brother Southerners.

There is remarkable parallel between the Southern experience and that of Ukraine. I draw your attention to Vyacheslav Lypynsky, eminent Ukrainian patriot, philosopher, historian, and writer. His seminal work, *Letters to Brother Agrarians*, written between 1919 and 1924, could easily take its place among the works of our own Agrarian "Renewers of Society."

Lypynsky and his writings are largely unknown in the West. They are largely unknown even in his native Ukraine because of the thoroughness and success of the Communist "Leviathan" in erasing the literary monuments and historical memory of such philosopher giants as Lypynsky. To the best of my knowledge, there are no English

translations of his works. One of my life-goals is to translate his *Letters to Brother Agrarians*.

Lypynsky's themes of remembering the past; respect for the cumulative wisdom of tradition; reverence for one's ancestral heritage; a deep respect for the agrarian lifestyle; and a belief in the nobility of spirit of a religio-cultural civilization built around a largely rural model, would be recognized in the West.

I am convinced that had the Agrarians known of Lypynsky, they would have accepted him as a brother-in-arms, and kinsman in spirit. Ukraine did not have to go communist, just as the South did not have to go "progressive." There was another way, a wiser and far more honest approach to life and civilization. Unfortunately, in both cases, these respective societies ran headlong into a "wiser," all-knowing, "big brother" Leviathan.

Lypynsky appealed to that spirit in the soul of Ukraine that hungered for the honest tranquility of rural Ukrainian life. His writings served as a bright beacon for an entire generation of landowners who barely managed to escape with their lives, while losing their ancestral properties and homes forever. Unfortunately, millions of others perished in the name of an alien concept of collective "progress," placed as a yoke around their necks.

Lypynsky sought to reaffirm a millennium of agrarian tradition that had brought Ukrainian society through the most difficult of times. Industrialization came late to Ukraine, which much like our South, had overwhelmingly been rural in character throughout much of its existence. The first famine in Ukrainian history occurred only after the ascendancy of an alien philosophy that did not understand the agrarian inhabitants of the heartland, but nevertheless sought to mold them into unnatural socialist beings.

Gleb O. Taran
Arlington, Virginia

by Richard Quinn

The Movement to Save the Battle Flag A Status Report

The continuing struggle to protect the dignity of the Confederate battle flag is about to face its greatest challenge in South Carolina, the first State to secede. Here is why the situation in this state is unique:

Unlike the flag controversy in Alabama and Georgia, in South Carolina, the decision on whether to keep the battle flag flying atop the Statehouse is likely to be made by a vote of the state legislature. If the Confederate battle flag comes down

under these very public and democratic circumstances, the results will be symbolically definitional and permanently tragic. The radicals on both sides, the NAACP and the Klan types, will have succeeded in defining the Flag as a racial symbol and a banner of hate.

To prevent that from happening, a bold effort has been launched by the Southern Heritage Association, the S.C. Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the S.C. Division

of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and *Southern Partisan* magazine to educate both the electorate and elected officials on the true meaning of the battle flag and the importance of protecting the symbol.

Two respected South Carolina Senators have agreed to co-chair this effort to save the battle flag. They are Senator John Courson of Richland County and Senator Glenn McConnell of Charleston County.

The balance of the space on this page is devoted to excerpts from a recent newspaper column by Senator Courson, explaining his position in eloquent terms. Following his column, you will find information on what you can do to help.

The Confederate Flag Defended

by S.C. Senator John Courson



Sen. John Courson

Governor Jim Folsom recently removed the Confederate battle flag from the Capitol in Alabama. He said the flag was regarded by many as a symbol of prejudice...

Last year, when Governor Zell Miller of Georgia decided to launch a campaign against the battle flag, his state was ripped apart in needless controversy. In my judgment, the moral leadership we really need leads in a

different direction. We should take a strong stand against the bigots and the racist elements who abuse the proper meaning of the battle flag.

When intolerant groups misuse the American flag or the Christian cross to incite their misguided followers, we are offended. We resent it. We don't allow them to diminish those symbols in our eyes. Why should the battle flag be any different?

Over 600,000 Americans died in the War Between the States; among them 20,000 brave South Carolinians whose memory must be honored and protected always. If we take down the flag, or move it to a less visible location, in effect we are supporting the Ku Klux Klan's interpretation of its meaning.

The battle flag was installed over the state house three

decades ago to honor the Confederate dead and to remember a most significant chapter in our state's history. It symbolizes an important part of our past and our heritage as a people.

It is well to remember that the battle flag was just that—a flag troops carried into battle, a soldier's flag. It was never the flag of the government of the Confederate States of America. As a flag of battle, it is the single most appropriate symbol we have to honor warriors who fell in combat. The debate should therefore be about history and honor—not about race and hate. We must never allow fringe groups to define our symbols.

Most of my black colleagues in the General Assembly understand my support of the battle flag and what it means to me. All of my great-grandfathers fought for the South. I have spent countless hours walking the great battlefields of that war, visiting the monuments and memorials, reading and learning more about the history of that period.

In fact, there is a monument on Boston Commons to commemorate the 54th Massachusetts, the Glory Regiment of black troops who fought for the North in the siege of Fort Mifflin here in South Carolina. I visited that memorial and brought back painted military miniatures as gifts for the members of the Senate Black Caucus.

Let us honor each other's heritage and respect each other's heroes. We can never build the bridges of mutual respect by tearing down the heritage of others.

Surely, the price of living in the "New South" doesn't have to be a repudiation of the past. The future will be a great deal brighter if we all learn to respect each other's ancestors, traditions and heritage. That's where South Carolina should stand, even if we stand alone.

NOTE: Funds are now being collected to pay for newspaper advertising and radio time and to organize petition drives to save the battle flag. This issue is much larger than one state. You can expect national news to focus on whether or not the Flag comes down in South Carolina.

If you would like to support this "Save the Battle Flag Initiative" financially, please forward your contribution to: The Southern Heritage Association, Save the Battle Flag Initiative, P.O. Box 11719, Columbia, SC 29211.

Shadows on a Southern Landscape

A couple of days ago, I received word that an old friend, Ed Krickel, is seriously ill. Ed taught with me for five years at Converse College in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where, as students and followers of the Southern Agrarians, we both fought the same battles, won a few local victories, and incurred the same inevitable losses.

After the first six months at Converse, I learned not to argue with him. If he told me I was wrong about a title or a date or a character, then I knew I was wrong. At first I would secretly run to a reference book, hoping against all odds that he'd made a mistake. But after a while, I no longer resisted. Indeed, at some moment during those years I learned that while reference books sometimes contained errors, Ed Krickel was totally devoid of them.

Not that he corrected anyone out of a sense of superiority. I have never known anyone so genuinely self-disparaging. Quite innocently he would blurt out the truth, like someone who unconsciously plucks an ugly insect off your lapel while listening intently to your every word. At first, just out of graduate school, I resented being instructed; soon I found I didn't mind; eventually I had enough sense to be enormously grateful. College professors are among the most ignorant creatures on earth; best to accept true wisdom whenever and wherever you find it.

Those of us who served with Ed came to feel a kind of personal pride in him, as if somehow we were major shareholders in his omniscience. When a visiting professor, a self-proclaimed expert in Irish literature from a large university, spent a couple of days on the

Converse campus, we found him patronizing and Politically Correct.

"You've got to get him," we told Ed. "Start grilling him on Irish literature. Bring up all the books he's never read."

"I don't know anything about Irish literature," Ed said, with characteristic modesty. "Besides, he's a guest."

We told him it was a matter of honor, that he had no choice, not if we were to be his friends.

It was more painful than we might have imagined. Ed began in an effort to please us, but after a couple of minutes he had forgotten the purpose of his interrogation and was totally immersed in his enthusiasm for Irish literature. He named five, ten books in a row that the Great Man had not read. The poor devil's eyes glazed over. At some point he realized that his academic reputation was in jeopardy, so he started saying that, yes, he'd read that one, and oh yes, that one too. It was then that Ed started making up book titles, and—yes, indeed—the Great Man had read these as well. Had it not been for certain laws of hospitality, we would have carried Ed out of the dining hall on our shoulders.

Soon after he came to Converse, Ed became head of the department; and the students flocked around. At the high water mark of his chairmanship, more than 40 percent of the senior class had become English majors. This remarkable success was achieved largely because Ed hired the best people, took care of the paperwork, and let his faculty teach their strongest subjects. Allowing for size, it was easily the best English department I ever saw.

Every place in every age is Eden.

There are gorgeous apple trees, endless summer afternoons, good friends, and the inevitable intrusion of the serpent—who, more often than not, is friendly and well-intentioned. Genesis is not merely the story of how evil came into the world, but how it comes into the world. We were all to blame. The serpent is meticulously democratic, he pokes his flat head into every garden, every eager and compliant heart. A year after the best of years, we'd all left Converse.

Ed ended up at the University of Georgia, where he continued to attract the best students to his classes and to shame his colleagues by knowing everything they merely pretended to know. For a year he edited the *Georgia Review*, maintaining its integrity as the nation's most learned journal of Southern culture, until the New South crowd decided to turn the magazine over to an Ivy Leaguer.

You would have expected more from an administration led by a Doctor of Poultry Science. Chicken farmers, at least the ones I've known, are not ordinarily prometheans. They are used to severe limitations and hideous deformities. They move daily among creatures who are too stupid to eat, even when food is thrown on the ground in front of them. What better background for dealing with a university faculty? You would never suspect that an administration led by a chicken farmer would overvalue a degree from Yale or fall in love with Structuralism.

I hope Ed Krickel gets well soon and that I can sit down with him, once more for a few evenings of conversation. At this point, stripped of any illusions about my own wisdom, I'm willing, even eager, to be corrected again and again if the shadows will just hold their place for a few more years on that rural Georgia landscape. ☆

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

Race and Radio by Gordon Jackson

Is the current Supreme Court a conservative one? The question was addressed recently at a Federalist Society roundtable discussion by a panel that included Robert Bork. (The Federalist Society, for those unfamiliar with it, is an 11-year-old organization of conservative law students and lawyers that has rapidly become a major policy voice at most of the top law schools and in Washington. New chapters will soon open in a number of cities, including Columbia, South Carolina.)

No clear-cut answer to the question was arrived at, except by Professor Nadine Strossen of the ACLU, who found the Court to be not merely conservative but a "revolutionary" antagonist of individual liberties. By the same lights, she probably regards George Bush as a fever swamp reactionary.

The more reasoned views of Judge Bork included a very sober warning about a subject that has found its way into these pages before. Noting that the Court has been "mildly liberal on social issues" (by which he means primarily the assertion of rights by women and minorities), Bork sounded a cautionary note about future interpretation of federal civil rights laws and the equal protection clause of the Constitution.

He believes that issues involving race are going to comprise a significant part of the Court's docket in the '90s. Since the Court probably exacerbated tensions between blacks and whites in the '60s and '70s with politically attuned rulings, the potential to make a muck of things in the multi-racial society we now live in is great if the justices continue their established practice of using the Constitution

and federal laws as the context for brokering minority group interests. In other words, if our laws are not interpreted in a principled manner and seen to be completely color-blind, the inherent tensions of a multi-racial society will be inflamed as various groups come to perceive themselves as legally aggrieved and pursue remedies through the courts.

Bork pointed out that no multi-racial society in history has enjoyed much peace, and the challenge to do so in our own will be great. (For those of you whose hometowns reflect the demographic balance of years gone by: Come to the Washington area and see the future.) Bork is usually seen as a representative of what might be called the *Wall Street Journal* wing of conservatism, from which normally issues a continual chorus of hosannas to the virtues of the immigrant and open borders. His perspective on the problems that come when it's time to divide up the greater economic wealth that immigrants help create demands attention.

As we all strive to get an existential fix on our ever so elusive and slippery boy president, comes now the intriguing news that on Mr. Clinton's desk sits a bobble-head doll of vulgarian New York radio personality Don Imus, who is now being syndicated into the Washington area. "The I-Man," a completely uninhibited dispenser of flagrant insults, bilious diatribes, unfocused rage, sexual innuendo, untutored political opinions and assorted other juvenilia, is a big hit in Washington, having resuscitated the ratings of WTEM just as he did five years ago for WFAN in New York. For those of you in the provinces not

hip to the latest in high culture, we cognoscenti on the East Coast like to start our mornings with a sex-obsessed, scatological smart-ass.

I would love to continue dismissing the I-Man as yet another ratcheting downward of Western civilization, but to be truthful, I find him hilarious and a reasonably incisive, if somewhat naive, observer of the political scene. He is certainly an equal-opportunity debunker, with such types as Madonna and Rush Limbaugh coming in for the same treatment.

But what irritates about the I-Man is the same thing that is annoying about so many in the Clinton crowd. It's their unquestioning acceptance of several of the planted axioms in the liberal conventional wisdom that rules New York and Washington.

Imus can perhaps be forgiven indulging the old saw that conservatives are merely bigots and anti-Semites. How is he going to play to a New York audience or work Limbaugh over otherwise? But for someone with pretty sound populist instincts and a distrust of politicians, it is discouraging that he buys into the good, gray taxophile wisdom of the *Post* and *Times* editorial pages. That's the I-Man's politics — nothing you haven't heard before: Solid, responsible, good-government types such as Bill Bradley, Lowell Weicker, and Gov. James Florio of New Jersey need to raise our taxes so we can pay for the government we've bought. Yawn.

You've been making too much money and living too long in a welfare state, I-Man. Stick to the yuks, or else give "that pant-load in the White House" (he's evidently listening) something besides the tired old conventional wisdom he gets from everybody else in the Washington/New York corridor. ☆

Obiter Dicta

South On Ice

As November arrived in Dixie, after a super hot summer, it was snowing in Atlanta. Across the Carolinas, twenty degree winds inspired the squirrels to grab a few acorns and run for cover.

We haven't yet consulted Carl Sagan for an explanation (no doubt he has one) but his theories about "global warming" and the "greenhouse effect" may need some quick adjustments down South. We continue to find the weather to be like it always has been, pretty much unpredictable.

Yes, Virginia, There Is Hope

The news from Virginia has been consistently pretty bad since 1865. Until November 2, 1993.

During the recent Governor's race, the press bashed Republican candidate George F. Allen, then a Congressman, for his "ties" to the religious right and for displaying the Confederate battleflag in the living room of his log cabin home near Charlottesville. The report we received is that Allen defended the flag outloud as a symbol of heritage and honor.

Of course, the Democratic candidate, Mary Sue Terry, sharply criticized Mr. Allen for his opposition to gun control, for his insensitivity to women's issues and, yes, for defending the Confederate battleflag. Whereupon Mr. Allen sharply defeated Ms. Terry in the election by over 300,000 votes.

Now we learn that Governor Allen and his wife Susan have two children. Their names? Tyler and Forrest.

The Wilder days are over, boys and girls. Virginia is in good hands. And other politicians elsewhere in the South please take note: you don't have to be a Clintonesque New South Wimp to get elected.

And Speaking of Wimps...

President Clinton has now been heard from on the Confederate flag. In an interview published in *U.S. News and World Report*, he had this to say: "I'm very proud of being from the South. But I don't think the position we took in the Civil War and the position that our region took on slavery—we shouldn't hide it or forget about it. I would have voted with [Sen. Carol Moseley-Braun to deny the use of the Confederate flag symbol

by the United Daughters of the Confederacy]."

Now, exactly when did our region take a position on slavery? Let's see. There was a President who said he would be content to see slavery last forever just as long as the Union stayed together. His name was Lincoln. And about that same time, another leader said publicly that slavery was "a moral and political evil." His name was Robert E. Lee. And now it's the symbol we associate with Lee that Mr. Clinton wants to get rid of. Maybe Hillary can explain.

Mississippi Learning

Verbatim, here is a recent letter we received from a disgruntled recipient of a complimentary copy of this magazine:

Sirs: We recently received [a copy of *Southern Partisan*]. We are not subscribers to your magazine. We have no desire to ever lay eyes on your magazine. I respect your right to produce any garbage you wish, but you do not have the right to mail it to those who would find it offensive. If you continue to send us this hate mail, we will consider legal action....

Sincerely,
Marty G. Price
Interim Director
Barr Learning Resources Center

Dear Mr/Ms Price:

First of all, we are deeply offended by the sexism evident in the opening of your letter which you address to "Sirs." The independent women who are associated with this magazine resent being addressed in this manner and are consulting their attorneys.

Of course, as requested, we will remove your name from our listing of "college libraries." Based on your letter, we agree that the inclusion of your Center on that list was a serious mistake. By the way, you should consider dropping the second "r" from Barr Learning Center, making "Bar" a verb, in order to match the policies of your directorship.

*Yours for academic freedom,
The Editors of Southern Partisan*

Unplugged

Mike Roberts, a lonely tie-dyed liberal on the Samford University campus (a campus that voted 70% for George Bush) manages the student radio station. He was approached by a female undergraduate student who wished to produce a Sunday Evening talk show modeled after "Crossfire." She would represent the left and her friend, second year law student Bobby Christine, would represent the right. Roberts approved the show entitled "Politically Unplugged," with the stipulation that listeners be allowed to call in.

Though the hosts did not realize it when he approved the show, their first caller each night, who would dominate the airtime, would be Roberts himself calling from a nearby office using the fake name "Tony." The second week of its existence, on a show devoted to Affirmative Action, the following exchange took place. Offering a rabid defense of quotas and affirmative action the caller named "Tony" (really Roberts) launched into a hot lecture:

Tony: You want to talk about not having a chance—look at the way that jobs have been hired for the last entire century. Not having a chance? That's what the whole thing is about, it is about reversing that trend about groups, like women, like African-Americans, like Hispanics in some cases, who have not had a chance to have good jobs and giving them an opportunity to, it's reversing "not having a chance."

You know what it is for you, or not just for you, but for a lot of people. It is this white male fear that there are going to be other people who are going to "have the chance" as you say, to get jobs that are good. Our generation is going to be the first generation of white males who are not guaranteed good jobs just because we are white males. I think that's good. I would like to be one of these people to for the first time not have a chance. Instead of always having a chance just because of my race.

Christine: It seems that you've got some pent-up anger there and that's unfortunate.

Tony: Hey, don't play psychologist! Hey, you're a talk show host. Hey! Wait a minute! I don't like that! You're not a psychologist, O.K.?

Christine: In certain instances, because quotas are out there and because many people believe they are wrong, as I do, they could look at [a black friend of mine] in a crowd and there's that question in the back of their mind: "Did he get in because of a quota?" And I

know full well he didn't.

Tony: Man, that's the most racist thing I've ever heard, man. It's disgusting, it's disgusting.

Christine: If there is a quota system in place, there will be those who will look at somebody and say "you got in only because of a quota." In some instances they are wrong because these guys earn their way in. That's one of the injustices of the quota system. It puts a pall or a cloud over those who can earn their way in and don't need a quota system.

At this point "Tony" slammed down the telephone and stormed out of the station. He canceled the program the next morning and replaced it with a reggae music show entitled "Dread End."

We assume that Mr. Roberts is a big supporter of The Fairness Doctrine which his counterparts in Washington hope to use as a method of cancelling Rush Limbaugh.

All the Better

The Smithsonian Institution has been a Politically Correct government agency for a number of years now. It has spent much of its time, space, and resources misusing tax dollars to push political agendas. Recently, in an obvious attempt to embarrass Southerners, the Smithsonian Institution Press published a book called *Way Up North in Dixie: A Black Family's Claim to the Confederate Anthem*, which argues that a black family of entertainers, the Snowdens, composed "Dixie" and taught the song to the Northern minstrel man Dan Emmett: "How do you like your old song now?" the Smithsonian seemed to be saying in putting its imprimatur on this bit of historical trivia.

The evidence offered is by no means irrelevant to the "Dixie" question: an inscription on the tombstone of Dan and Lew Snowden that reads: "They taught 'Dixie' to Dan Emmett." According to the book, the matriarch of the family, Ellen Cooper Snowden, born a slave, was freed by her master at the age of 10, and was sent to Ohio to work for the master's cousin. So the Snowdens knew about the region.

The book's co-author, Howard Sacks, was quoted as saying: "They were performers primarily for white audiences. White folks wrote to them constantly asking for songs they had heard them perform." And Dan Emmett was known to visit relatives who lived next door to the Snowdens.

Well, it's pretty convincing, as such arguments go.



One of the first quotes in the wake of this new study came from Professor William Ferris, co-author of the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, who offered the following: "[If the research is correct,] it's a lesson in the irony of our history and the naiveté of those who attach special meaning to a song."

We're certain that after delivering that prissy little dictum, Professor Ferris took a pinch of snuff from his pouncet box, sniffed it up his supercilious nose, and pranced off to class. But why ironic? Is it because Southern whites wouldn't like the idea of blacks writing a song about how much better it was for slaves in the South than free blacks in Ohio?

And why is it "naiveté" to "attach special meaning to a song"? Is this term also true of those who have a special affection for "The Star Spangled Banner"? Or "God Save the Queen"? Or, for that matter, "Lift Every Voice and Sing" or "We Shall Overcome"?

Apparently Professor Ferris and others miss the genuine irony of this controversy. Instead of thinking that "Dixie" was written by a Northerner who never ven-

ured below the Mason-Dixon line, we can now believe that it was an authentic piece of nostalgia—created by a black family who'd heard good things about the South from one of their own, an ex-slave. "Dixie," celebrating the South, was most likely written as the converse of another song mentioned in *Way Up North in Dixie* written by a black composer. Its title: "Ohio's Not the Place for Me."

The real irony is not what white Southern traditionalists are going to say about this new revelation—they'll love it—but what liberal black critics are going to say. For starters, we wonder if we'll be hearing from Alvin McLaughlin, President of the Ole Miss Black Student Union. If you recall, he termed "Dixie" "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."

We suggest that Mr. McLaughlin get together with Professor Ferris, have a spot of tea, and giggle gaily about the grand irony of it all.

PARTISAN ABROAD

Prague is always a beautiful and fascinating city to visit, but especially so now in the wake of the velvet revolution, which brought about the downfall of communism four years ago. First of all, there are lots and lots of shops everywhere, operated for profit, especially in the *stare mesto* (old town). Everyone's mood is upbeat as the new spirit of freedom takes hold.

There are, of course, many difficult problems yet to be resolved, e.g., returning private property to the rightful owners who had it stolen from them when the Communists seized power in 1948. The courts of the Czech Republic will be kept busy sorting out and tracing titles for at least the next twenty years.

Meanwhile, the courts as well as the political leaders of the new regime will have an excellent opportunity to gain a sound philosophical insight into the legitimacy of private property, thanks in large part to a remarkable institution which was founded two years ago, in 1991. I am referring to a group known in English as The Civic Institute.

The Civic Institute is a conservative libertarian think tank located in a pleasant residential area of Prague near the U.S. Embassy. The organization's purpose is to educate Czechs on the free enterprise system, at both the practical and theoretical levels. To this end it has sponsored lectures and seminars featuring such speakers as R. Emmett Tyrell, Jr. of *The American Spectator*, Ellis Sandoz, Director of the Eric Voegelin Institute at Louisiana State University, and Michael Novak of the American Enterprise Institute.

The Civic Institute also maintains at its offices a spacious reading room with an extensive collection of books on free market economics and democracy as

well as a large collection of conservative periodicals, nearly everything in English. On a recent visit, I found most every well-known conservative journal except *Southern Partisan*!

Fortunately, I was in a position to rectify this deficiency. I just happened to have several recent issues with me and have now arranged to send future issues of *Southern Partisan* to our Czech friends on a regular basis.

The Chairman, Jaromir Zeglitz, and the Vice-Director, Edvard Geisler, were clearly interested in the *American South*. They seemed pleased to discover a magazine devoted to what was to them a rather unfamiliar branch of American conservatism, dealing less with economics and more with the values which provide subtext to a satisfactory life. In earlier correspondence with a member of their staff, I had discovered that at least some of the Institute's members vaguely assumed, as many Americans do, that the "Civil War" on these shores was fought solely over the issue of slavery. Now they will see that modern Czechs have more in common than they thought with American Southerners who also fought for independence against overwhelming odds and suffered woefully in the aftermath.

Because of the existence of the Civic Institute, I left Prague feeling optimistic about the future of freedom in the Czech Republic. These are people who have been blasted for over 40 years by the hot winds of a barren ideology. The Civic Institute is certain to have a cooling effect and lead to the restoration of order and sanity. And it's also pleasant to think that Vaclav Havel may find a companion soul when he learns more about Jefferson Davis.

—Charles S. Hamel

Gettysburg, The Movie

At this writing, most of our editors have not yet seen Ted Turner's film Gettysburg. At first blush, the idea of Martin Sheen cast as Robert E. Lee was daunting. And indeed some friends who have seen the movie complain that his portrayal was prissy and annoying.

Just before press time, however, we did receive a review written by a Partisan reader. We offer it here signed by its author (a) to give him credit for his review and (b) in order to reserve our editorial opinion until we have actually seen the film. Other readers are hereby invited to send us your reactions to Gettysburg for the "Letters" department in the next issue.

Thumbs Up On Gettysburg

by Lynn Hopewell

In 1974, the late Michael Shaara wrote a novel about the Battle of Gettysburg—*The Killer Angels*—and won a Pulitzer Prize for it. Now media mogul Ted Turner has turned the book into a magnificent, powerful four-hour movie—*Gettysburg*—which should (but probably won't) receive an Oscar from the Hollywood Establishment.

Almost every film produced about the War for Southern Independence has engaged in gratuitous South-bashing—depicting the South as populated only by evil plantation masters whose day was not complete without whipping a few slaves just for fun; with the North depicted as populated by the enlightened man, fighting to fulfill the American dream by freeing the slaves.

Gettysburg is different. It is about the most momentous battle of the War and depicts with great detail the strategies, mistakes and heroism of both armies. The vast majority of this epic is devoted to the battle itself or its planning and preparation.

The movie was shot in the Gettysburg National Park using over 5,000 Civil War re-enactors from all over the country. They literally made the movie possible by contributing their own authentic looking uniforms and equipment, saving the producers millions of dollars. They masterfully reproduced the actions of 160,000 men that resulted in 43,000 casualties.

The film conveys an authentic sense of what it must have been like to have been in the midst of that overwhelming event. It is about brave, brilliant and imperfect men who found themselves in an extraordinary moment of history, trying to make order and sense out of three days of chaos and horror. The photography is softly beautiful and, with the musical score, creates a mood of historical time warp that embraces the action throughout the film.

Like Shaara's novel, the movie allows its characters to present the various views on Causation. Granted the mythology that the North was fighting mainly to free the slaves gets a frontstage position amid swelling patriotic music, but the "Noble North, Sorry South" position is not done with the zeal or excess one might expect in today's politically correct climate. Generally the movie is fair to the South and Southerners.

Yet in a larger sense, the most impressive aspect of the film is the same thing that made the book so out-

standing—the vivid and emotional depth of the characterizations of the men. And it is here that the South finally, after 130 years, gets some respect.

The principal Northern characterizations are of Col. Joshua L. Chamberlain (Jeff Daniels), his brother Tom and his orderly, Sgt. Kilrain. But the Confederate command is much more broadly portrayed, with sympathetic and moving characterizations of soft-spoken, but intense, Gen. Robert E. Lee (Martin Sheen), brooding Gen. James Longstreet (Tom Berenger) spirited Gen. George E. Pickett (Stephen Lang) and a half dozen others. To be sure, it is hard to buy Martin Sheen as Robert E. Lee, but who could be Lee, except Lee?

Indeed, the most outstanding, truly brilliant acting in the film is the late Richard Jordan's portrayal of Confederate Brig. Gen. Lewis Armistead. In the film's most moving scene, Armistead relates to Longstreet his deep affection for his Northern friend Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock. Armistead's discussion of their parting at the beginning of the war, the agony he feels fighting Hancock ("the man was a brother to me") is deeply poignant.

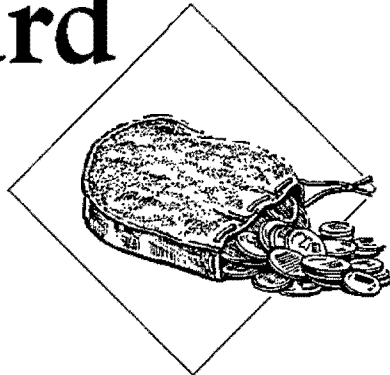
The finale of the movie is Pickett's Charge—a grand movement of 15,000 men across a mile of open ground into the jaws of artillery firing double loads of canister from the superior Federal position on Cemetery Ridge.

Surprisingly, there is no gratuitous violence or gore in this war movie. What is overwhelmingly communicated by the film's powerful imagery is the unimaginable commitment to a cause that would make 15,000 men march with such enthusiasm to sure death. Watching the Southern troops march into certain death is a powerful reminder that those independent-minded Southerners in the ranks (80% of whom owned no slaves) would never have sacrificed themselves in such a way for somebody else's "property."

Of course, it is almost impossible for the modern historically disconnected American to understand what animated these Southern soldiers. If Americans of all races could see this film our understanding of history would be significantly enhanced. South-bashers may finally gain some understanding of the Southern mind in its quest for independence and new insight into the personal anguish of these heroic Americans who were caught up in the enormity of events. ☆

Lynn Hopewell of Warrenton, Virginia is a columnist for The Fauquier Citizen.

Scalawag Award



From an unidentified source living in Atlanta, Georgia we received a clipping from the *Atlanta Journal/Constitution* newspaper stating that Alabama had won the competition with South Carolina and Georgia to lure a Mercedes Benz plant into their State because "the Rebel flag" was a "turnoff for Mercedes."

The newspaper quoted a claim by Billy Joe Camp, the director of the Alabama Development Office, that the decision of Alabama's Governor to remove the Confederate flag from their state capitol building was a major factor in winning the competition for the plant. Both South Carolina and Georgia continue to honor the symbol.

"I don't believe we would have ever gotten this plant if the Confederate flag was atop the Capitol," Camp said. Really? Well, we checked out that claim by contacting the Mercedes Benz company directly. Here is the response we received:

"Mercedes-Benz AG's decision to locate its plant in Alabama was based solely on sound business rationale, including the quality of the workforce, transportation infrastructure, proximity to suppliers, business climate and commitment to education. The presence or absence of the confederate flag was not a factor in our decision, nor was it ever discussed during the site selection process."



Mercedes-Benz
Mercedes-Benz
Project, Inc.

October 20, 1993

Mr. Gran F. Smith
Editor
Southern Partisan Magazine
P.O. Box 11708
Columbia, SC 29211

Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you for taking the time to inquire about our decision to locate in Alabama.

Mercedes-Benz AG's decision to locate its plant in Alabama was based solely on sound business rationale, including the quality of the workforce, transportation infrastructure, proximity to suppliers, business climate and commitment to education. The presence or absence of the confederate flag was not a factor in our decision, nor was it ever discussed during the site selection process.

I hope this clarifies any misunderstanding caused by the news articles.

Sincerely,

Linda M. Paulmeno

Linda M. Paulmeno
Director of Communications

Address:
600 Mittel Drive
Wood Dale, IL 60191-1121

Telephone:
708 350-3190
Telex:
708 350-3129

Office Germany:
Telephone:
Telex:
(71) 17 2222
(71) 17 8384

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So who's telling the truth? We have a good guess. When Governor Jim Folsom, a Democrat, took office last spring, he immediately ordered the removal of the Confederate flag from atop the Capitol in Montgomery, as a gesture to appease a constituency group. Since then he has been hotly criticized by Southerners who value their heritage.

Next, the Folsom administration lured the Mercedes plant to Alabama with a staggering package of millions of dollars in land grants and tax breaks that no other state was foolish enough to offer. Then, after the fact, Billy Joe Camp made up the story about the Confederate flag, saying that Alabama would never have gotten the plant if his boss hadn't taken that ugly banner down.

Well, Billy Joe, we don't believe you would have ever gotten this Scalawag Award if you hadn't lied about the flag. Too bad you didn't pay those folks at Mercedes enough money to cover for you. ☆



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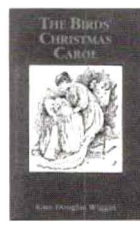
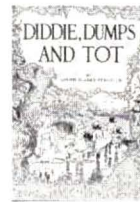
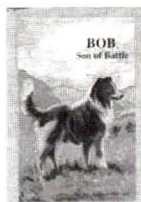
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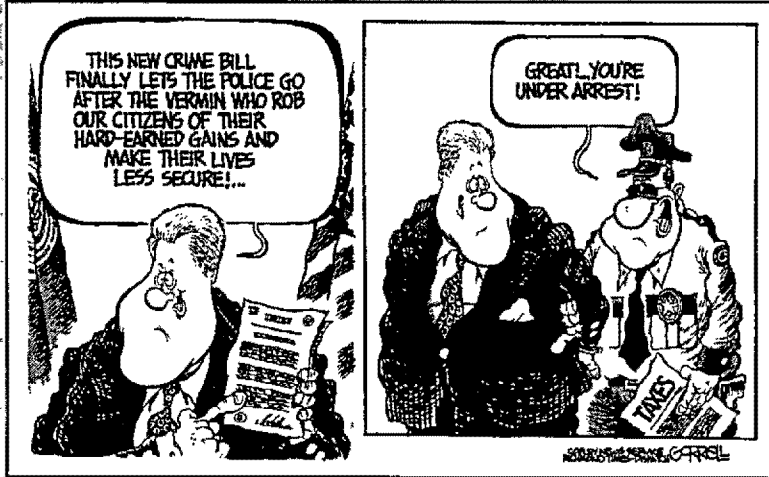
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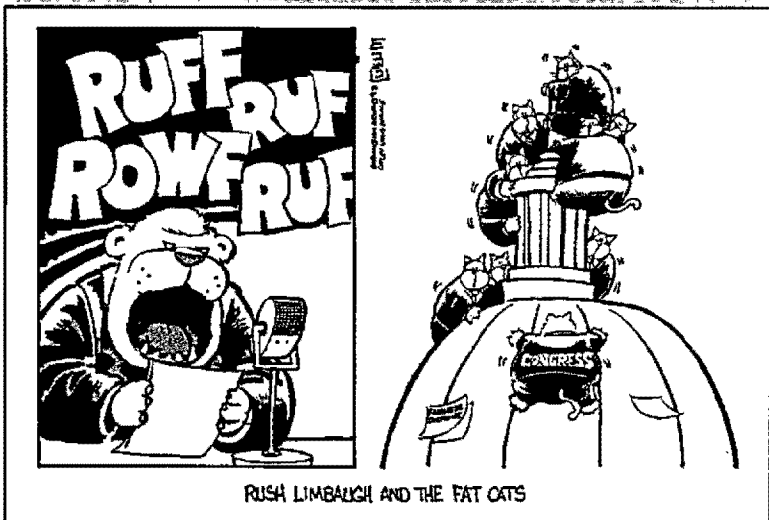
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RUSH LIMBAUGH AND THE FAT OTS



CLINTON

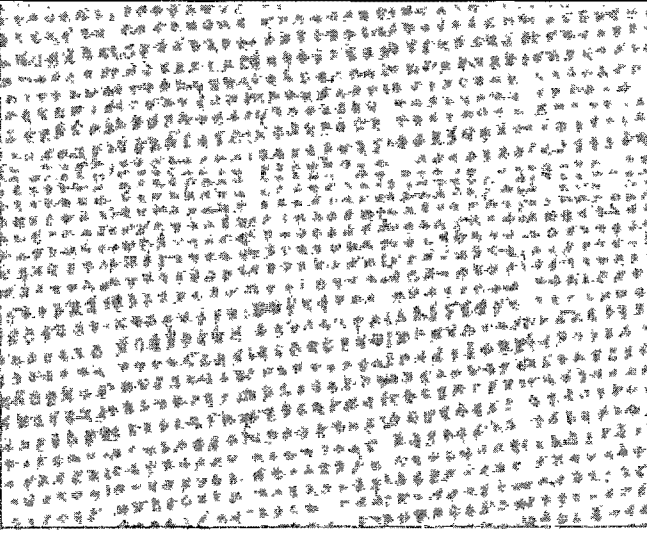
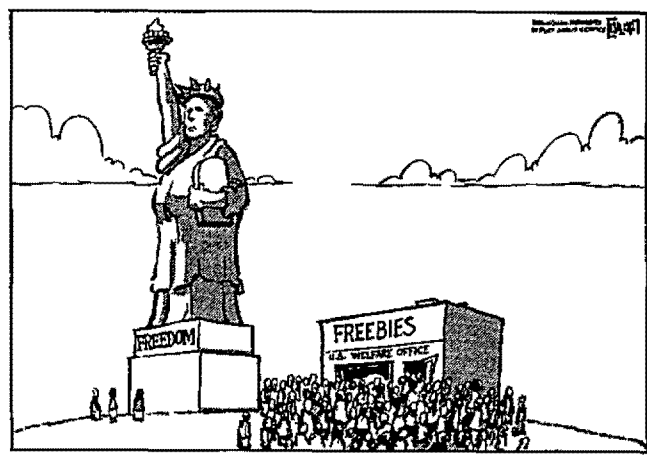
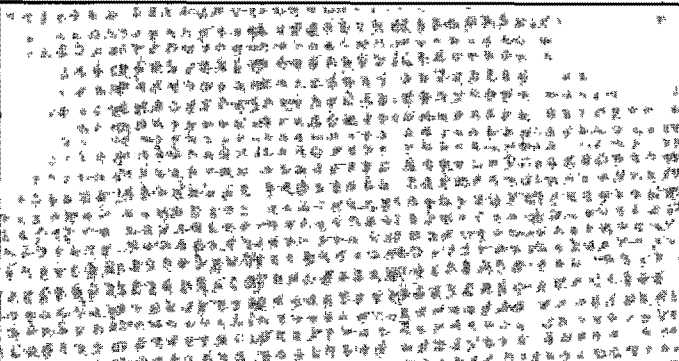
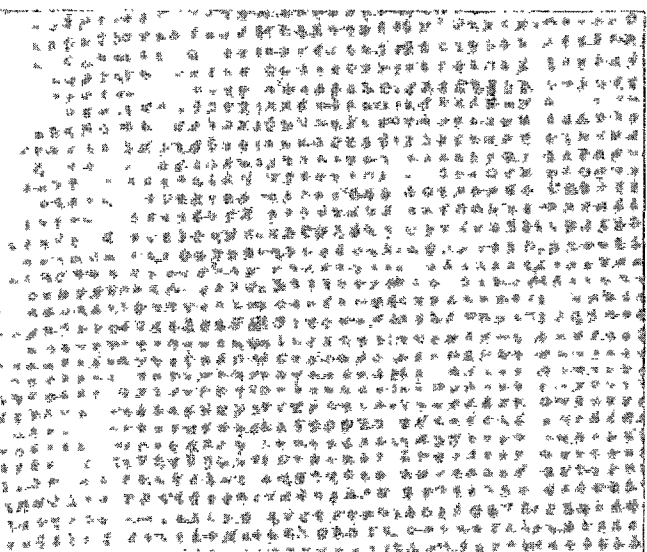
A wife who is murder.
A disarmed Congress.
An obsession with taxation
And now, health care.
The chase begins.



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ALABAMA

Enter Today!

"The Committee to Cane Howell Heflin" has elected officers in Birmingham and is ready to accept membership applications. About 30 women, mostly Baptists, have volunteered to process letters and cards; and they will have a phone bank installed "in a week or two, as soon as the company gets around to it."



Sen. Howell T. Heflin

The person who actually gets to cane Senator Heflin will be chosen in a drawing to be held on June 30, 1994.

"We expect to have about 25,000 members by then," said secretary-treasurer Minnie Ray Smith, "so we figure it will be a pretty big event. We hope to televise the drawing on statewide cable; and as for the actual caning, we've sent out invitations to '60 Minutes' and 'Entertainment Tonight'."

ARKANSAS

Our Kind of Rumor

Rumor has it that a Little Rock reporter has finished five chapters on a sensational book about Bill Clinton that may just wreck Slick Willie's presidency. The reporter, no right-wing Republican, has been covering Arkansas politics for years and has com-

plied a file on Clinton's antics that contains enough sludge to shame the Exxon Valdez.

The probable publisher: Regnery-Gateway, the folks that brought you *Senatorial Privilege*, the best book ever written on Teddy Kennedy at Ch'appaquiddick. This exposé of Clinton should be ready for the spring market. Watch for the national press to ignore it.



Bill Clinton

FLORIDA

More Bushes

The murders in Florida have been occupying the headlines for months now, and all over the nation tourists have been canceling airline tickets to the Sunshine State. Now there's more bad news.

Jeb Bush is running for governor.

Bush, another ambitious son of the ex-President, is a Miami developer who talks in moderate Republican slogans: "We must choose between bigger, more expensive government and small, smarter entrepreneurial government." He is his father's son—a candidate who talks about money while crime and moral chaos grow. This tactic is particularly egregious in a state that longs for genuine leadership after the ineffectual Lawton Chiles departs the scene.

One can only hope that the Bush boys—one of whom is also running for governor of Texas—will quickly return to the task of making money, which seems to be all the family knows or cares about anyway.

GEORGIA

War in Georgia

A *Southern Partisan* reader called to tell us this sad tale. "I've been getting madder and madder over the last few years. First there was Zel Miller's attempt to change the state flag. In another, better time we'd have marched down to the State Capitol, snatched him from the governor's office, and ridden him out of Atlanta on a rail.

"Then there was that Carol Moseley-Braun business. It was enough to fight over, but nobody even mentioned the possibility. I've been thinking about moving to some foreign country, and I'd just about had it narrowed down to three choices.

"Then, one fall morning I got up, brought in the paper, and read in the headlines that Georgia rebels were marching on the capitol. I wondered why news like that was only on the second page, but I was real happy to see it all the same.

"I immediately cleaned my rifle, put on my boots and fatigues, and then reread the article to find out where to join the revolution. It was only then that I realized all of this was happening outside a city called Sukhumi in some other Georgia—a place in Europe that's full of Russians.

"So I've decided to move there. At least those Georgians have enough gumption to do something about their government. Folks in these parts just stand around and kick up red clay."

KENTUCKY

Puttering Around

A reader reported on a recent trip to Frankfort to visit an ill relative. During the course of his stay, he was invited to play golf with two octogenarians, one of whom was his uncle, the other a longtime friend of his uncle. The friend was named "Ollie" or "Audie," our reader couldn't tell which.

Finally he called his uncle aside.

"Is it 'Ollie' or 'Audie'?" he whispered.

The uncle looked at him and shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter?" he said.

LOUISIANA

Take a Chance on Ed

Rumor has it that Governor Edwards intends to ask the Louisiana legislature to turn the state capitol into a gambling casino. The way we hear it, there would be Bingo games from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Then the place would close down and re-open in the evening with dice tables, roulette, chemin de



Gov. Edwin W. Edwards

fer, and a free bar. There would also be nude entertainment of the caliber offered in Las Vegas and Reno. The governor figures to pick up a lot of the tourists who used to go to Florida before they started shooting people down there.

Friends of Governor Edwards, of course, say that all this talk is a pack of lies, but we've heard these denials before.

MARYLAND

Gay Ole Time

If you want to know how "Hate Crimes" legislation will work in practice, then here's a good example. Three men from Dundalk were convicted of beating up some homosexuals outside a bar in Baltimore.

In Maryland, homosexuals are protected by politicians and coddled by the law. Crimes against these sensitive folks receive special handling. Ordinarily such an incident would have been punished by a fine or a night in jail. In this case, the punishments were beyond all reason. One man was sentenced to two years in prison. A second received one year in prison. A third received 60 days.

Lawyer Donald Daneman insisted (to no avail) that the incident was not a "hate crime." He said the whole thing started when one of the homosexuals grabbed his client's buttocks.

MISSISSIPPI

Network Blues

Quietly, ever so quietly, the Tupelo-based American Family Association has grown from a tiny group of concerned parents to an organization ready to take on Hollywood and the TV networks. A few months ago, the organization passed the million mark in membership; and they are now closing in on 1.5 million.

It is the AFA that took on "NYPD Blue," after its producer bragged on television that he was going to break new barriers in



Don Wildmon

obscurity and nudity. As of this writing, more than 50 local stations are refusing to carry the show, and its advertisers are almost exclusively Hollywood studios and peddlers of distressed merchandise.

With this increased membership, the AFA may be positioned at last to bring the networks to the bargain-

ing table with the decent people of America. If the "NYPD Blue" boycott is successful, watch for big changes in network programming.

MISSOURI

Garth Who?

In case you didn't know it already, Nashville is no longer the real country music capital of the nation. That honor belongs to Branson, Missouri, where the true country music performers—as opposed to the Mary-Chapin Carpenters—are mostly to be found.

Unfortunately, Branson has experienced some growing pains; and the *Kansas City Star* is now reporting that allegations concerning building code violations have become so serious that the FBI is investigating.

A honeymooning bride—Lisa Koenig of Chute, Texas—was quoted as saying, "It's kind of scary...Now we're scared to go eat."

With the federal government involved, the Koenigs have a right to be concerned. The next thing you know, Janet Reno will send in the FBI-DEA-AFT swat team, with

tanks to back them up, and before the siege is over, the federal government will have blown away Loretta Lynn, Boxcar Willie, and every fiddler and banjo player within 50 miles of the place.

NORTH CAROLINA

Two Words

An update on the tense situation in Greensboro. We have been told that after a threat from the black community to execute a white person for every African-American arrested by the police, a truckload of Ku Klux Klan members rode through the black part of town brandishing shotguns. So far, neither side has fired the crucial shot, but locals tell us the air is electric with danger.

Only a few short years ago, Greensboro was voted the best city in the nation in which to raise a family. What has happened to change all that? The answer can be framed in two words: black racism.

OKLAHOMA

Real Son

When Fred Kennedy removed his nine-pound Confederate rifle from his shoulder to take part in the 130th anniversary reenactment of the Battle of Elk Creek last summer, he looked like any other reenactor. Dressed in Confederate gray, his sleeve bearing the chevrons of a corporal, he fought alongside his grandson, 35-year-old John George of Norman.

But Kennedy was special, everyone thought so. And Fred himself tells of the "tingle" he feels as he joins the fray. Kennedy cannot help but feel moved, knowing that in the early 1860s it was his dirt farmer *father* who left his team of mules in Peeks Hill, Alabama to fight for the South.

At eighty-seven, Kennedy is living proof that William Foster Kennedy of Company D, 10th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, survived the Crater and Gettysburg. The elder Kennedy died in Calhoun County, Alabama at the age of 99 in 1929, leaving young Fred and a young wife, a nurse he had met during his career as a country doctor. Fred is certainly his father's son in this regard. When asked about his participation in the battle, he said "I usually get wounded pretty early and go to where the pretty

nurses are.”

But when asked why as a reenactor he marches three miles at a clip at the age of 87, Kennedy becomes very serious: “It’s not the war we are trying to keep up. We are trying to keep our heritage alive and going. That is the main thing. I am proud of the South. We are fighting for the heritage.”

Mr. Kennedy is a member of the Trans-Mississippi Rifle Club of Norman, Oklahoma. Look for him and the rest of the club in the new movie *Gettysburg*.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Firm Foundation

The latest sighting of Big Foot was not in the wilds of Nebraska or the frozen woods of the Yukon. It was in Columbia, where Robbie Compton can’t get a pair of Shaq Attack Reeboks to fit his size 16 feet.

Apparently, the company doesn’t make shoes larger than size 15; and Robbie, a sophomore at Irmo High School, thinks it’s unfair. Of course, he’s probably going to get his shoes. Shaquille O’Neal of the Orlando Magic has come to his rescue by sending a size-sixteen pair of Reeboks (though not Shaq Attacks), and O’Neal’s father asked the Reebok folks to make a special order for Robbie and other big-footed kids like him.

In the wake of this publicity, the Society for the Advancement of Large-Footed People (SALP) has tripled its membership. We talked to Clyde Weedy at national headquarters, and he was very excited.

“We haven’t had this much publicity since the Big Foot movie came out, and that was over twenty years ago. We’re planning a March on Washington some time next year, but only if enough people can get shoes.”



Al Gore

TENNESSEE

No Comment

A coroner from Tennessee has told us something we didn’t know—the name for the state of death that immediately precedes rigor mortis.

It’s called—and this is

no joke, folks—algor mortis.

The phrase is pronounced: Al Gore mortis. Further commentary would be redundant.

TEXAS

Remember the Loot

The San Antonio City Council has approved an expenditure of \$25,000 for archaeologists to explore a well near the Alamo, which some gullible folks believe is full of Spanish silver. Apparently electromagnetic resonance probes have revealed that there are large metal objects buried about 15 to 20 feet below the surface.

Dr. William Thornton, a San Antonio dentist who serves on the Council, was quoted as saying, “It should be fascinating, whatever they find down there.”

It is our understanding that after the archaeologists have excavated to the depth required, they intend to lower Geraldo Rivera in a wire cage with orders to bring up something good this time—or else.

VIRGINIA

Smart Enough?

Conservatives in general, and Southern traditionalists in particular, are fed up with John Warner, who supported Carol Moseley-Braun in her battle with the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

“He will have a primary opponent,” said one Virginia Republican leader, who asked that her name not be used. “There are plenty of people who could serve Virginia better in the Senate. I guarantee one of them will run. If nobody else steps forward, I’ll run myself.”

In addition to Warner’s cowardice, critics cite his legendary stupidity. Maurice Marsolais of Fairfax was quoted recently in the *Washington Times* as saying: “A question that’s been gnawing at me for quite a few years: If he was dumb enough to marry Liz Taylor, is he smart enough to be a U.S. senator?” ☆



Sen. John Warner

They Made a Desert and They Called It Peace

The Tragedy at Waco Revisited



By J. S. Griffey

According to the Roman historian Tacitus, these were the words spoken by Calgacus, a Scottish leader, as he prepared his countrymen to resist the overwhelming force of the invading Roman armies (circa 80 AD). Ultimately, Calgacus was no more successful than the Branch Davidians of Waco, Texas. Before his cause failed, however, Calgacus raised for all time the issue of whether the imperial government was seizing power brutally and under "false pretexts." Those same questions are raised here for our time and left for all of us to answer.

A Simple Test

Have you taken the Waco Test? It measures your confidence in the federal government. The test asks one simple question:

On a scale of 1 to 10, how much do you blame the federal government for the tragic outcome of the raid against the Branch Davidian compound near Waco, Texas?

If your rating falls between 1 and 3, then you accept without any serious question the government's version of the events, you think religious kooks deserve what they get, especially if they are white Southern hicks. Or perhaps you work for the Clinton Administration.

If your rating is from 4 to 10, you are skeptical of bureaucrats in general and federal authority in particular, you think America is moving increasingly toward a police state, especially on the issue of gun control. At the top of the scale, you think Janet Reno is the Beast prophesied in the Book of Revelation.

What I am attempting to do in this article is to give a more balanced presentation of what is known about the terrible events in Waco. Based on interviews with law enforcement people, local residents, arson experts, friends and families of survivors, a story emerges that you may not have read or seen on network news, a complex story of human tragedy, a story that may cause you (no matter what your score on the Waco Test) to rethink your ideas.



SA Track Recovery Vehicle with a crane for pumping tear gas rolls past the Mt. Carmel compound April 19 prior to the fire which engulfed the buildings. Federal agents pumped gas into the compound throughout the morning in an effort to end the standoff.

Real People

Winston Blake was a paunchy, unwarlike, twenty-something Jamaican. February 28 he was in the communal kitchen at the compound gobbling a piece of French toast when a BATF bullet fired from a Texas National Guard helicopter pierced the roof, spattering his brains about the room.

Perry Jones was the senior Branch Davidian and David Koresh's father-in-law. He had lived quietly in Waco with the Davidians for 58 years. Readers might remember Perry as the man who, standing behind David Koresh at the front door of the complex, was hit by the same BATF volley that wounded Koresh. He died an agonizing death ninety minutes later, with a BATF bullet in his abdomen.

The Summers family included Aisha Gyarfas Summers, 17 years old and 8 months pregnant; Startle, her one-year-old daughter; and her husband, Gregory Allen Summers, 28 years old. All perished in the flames of April 19, 1993. Aisha's Hungarian grandparents fled communist Transylvania to live in this fair land of freedom.

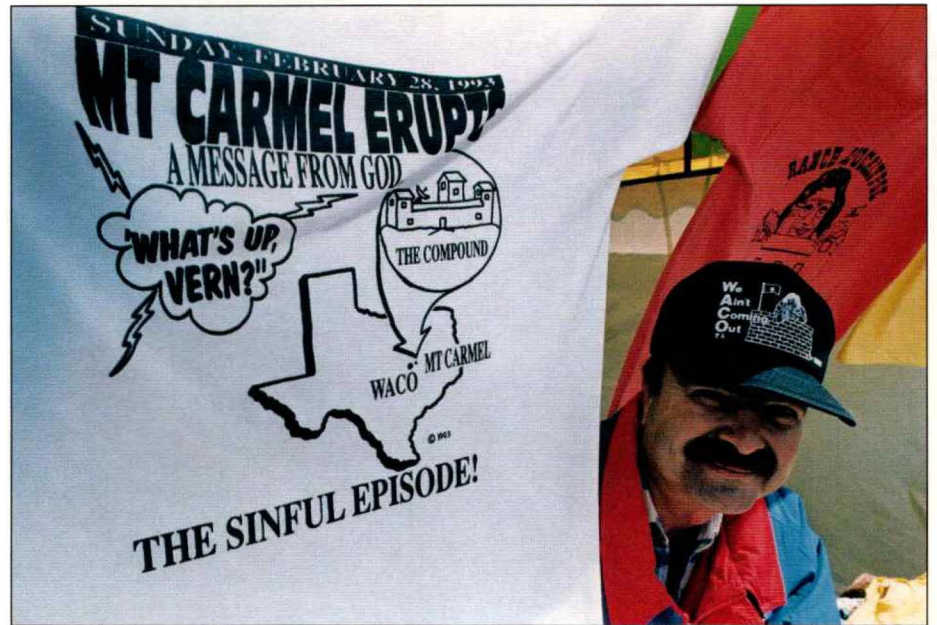
Little Misty Ferguson was 17. Escaping from the April 19 fire, she suffered third-degree burns upon her once pretty face, torso and hands. Her fingers could not be saved and were amputated. The burns on her face leave her disfigured for life.

The BATF story is also tragic. Four BATF agents died at Mount Carmel: Conway LeBleu, 30, and Todd McKeehan, 28, of New Orleans; Robb Williams, 26, of Little Rock; and Steve Willis, 32, of Houston. A total of sixteen agents were wounded. All but two have returned to duty. BATF agents may not be the most skilled or professional of lawmen. Some may be politicized, bureaucratic, bullying, and inept, but they fought and died bravely at Mount Carmel, blindly charging. And they have a proud history.

BATF—A Short History

The Prohibition Unit, formed in 1919 under the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was the predecessor of what is now called the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF). Eliot Ness and the Untouchables began the raiding tradition which BATF inherited. Through the years, this law enforcement arm of Treasury has changed names, and jobs, several times:

- 1934—Alcohol Tax Unit of IRS;
- 1952—Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division of IRS;
- 1968—Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of IRS;
- 1972—Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.



Bill Powers shows off some of the T-shirts and hats he was selling near the Branch Davidian compound March 14. The hat he is wearing says "We Ain't Coming Out" which is an acronym for the city Waco.

Today, as the enforcement of federal alcohol and tobacco law has largely devolved into the hands of local law enforcement, BATF's sole remaining responsibility is federal firearms law. BATF's Compliance Division deals with the law-abiding firearms and explosives owning public, including legal machine-gun owners. BATF's Law Enforcement Division is responsible for dealing with suspected law breakers, as in Waco, and enforcing the principal federal gun laws: the Gun Control Act of 1968, the Organized Crime Act of 1970, the National Firearms Act, and the McClure-Volkner Act of 1986.

BATF—Bad Attitudes, Total Failures?

The recent history of the BATF is less than distinguished. The bureau was nearly abolished in February 1982 when a Senate Judiciary Committee subcommittee report complained that the BATF spent too much time harassing ordinary citizens and not enough time catching gun-toting criminals. The report concluded that the BATF's use of harassment, entrapment and administrative "secret law-making...leave little doubt that the bureau has disregarded rights guaranteed by the Constitution and laws of the United States."

BATF Director Stephen Higgins was scheduled to appear before the Senate Appropriations Committee just twelve days after the February 28, 1993 raid. Some critics of BATF say the raid was a publicity stunt, intended to create a "gun scare" to justify the BATF's continued existence. Critics also say the BATF expected the operation to be a walkover on a sleepy Sunday morning, and wanted cameras there to film a scary-looking "cache" of Davidian weapons. Indeed the "go" word for the raid was "Showtime!"

In December 1991, with two television crews in tow, the BATF invaded and wrecked the Tulsa home



ATF agents view the Branch Davidian compound, March 5, next to a bulldozer blocking the road near the site.

of John Lawmaster. The BATF found nothing illegal, but refused to pay damages. On the morning of February 28, 1993, Channel 10 (KWTX-TV) Waco was at Mount Carmel. Both Channel 10 and the BATF deny there was any arrangement to have Channel 10 come along for the raid. When asked how a Channel 10 camera crew could slip through BATF roadblocks, a BATF spokesman explained that the crew must have been there already in unmarked vehicles before the roadblocks went up. When asked how they had foreknowledge of the raid, he said he had no idea. But in fact, the movements of the local media and the BATF were clearly coordinated in what appeared to be an effort to cook up a major media event. The *Waco Tribune-Herald* started an anti-Koresh series, "The Sinful Messiah," the day before the raid. At least 11 reporters were on the scene at Mt. Carmel before the BATF arrived.

BATF's critics had a field day. Koresh's attorney, Dick DeGuerin, believes he could have shown the courts that BATF's search and arrest warrants were invalid, because 1) most of the evidence of illegal weapons therein was "stale," i.e., derived from an investigation ended more than six months before the raid, and because 2) they contained irrelevant, misleading, and unsubstantiated allegations of child and sexual abuse at Mount Carmel, the sole purpose of which was to frighten Federal District Court Judge Dennis G. Green into approving the warrant.

Critics also point to BATF's tactical errors. 1) The February raid was thoughtlessly planned for Sunday morning, when all of Mount Carmel's women and children would be at risk. 2) The raid went ahead al-

though the BATF knew that Koresh knew they were coming, thus losing the surprise element that was central to the raid strategy. This failure was the focus of the Treasury Department's investigation of the raid. (Treasury's scapegoats will include the raid's field commander, Philip Chojnacki, and tactical coordinator, Chuck Sarabyn.) 3) No effort was made to use the least force necessary to eliminate Mount Carmel's suspected illegal weapons. The McLennan County sheriffs knew David Koresh to be neither homicidal nor so dangerous that a major company-sized paramilitary raid was needed to serve warrants. Six years earlier, following a shootout at Mount Carmel, Koresh surrendered peacefully to them. The charge then, attempted murder, was more serious than the BATF's weapons charges. Koresh was found not guilty at trial. He then invited the sheriffs to come fishing at

Mount Carmel. Koresh wanted good relations with law enforcement.

Training For Armageddon

BATF wanted a large-scale, well-publicized raid to impress Congress and the public. But why make a major raid on a remote group like the Branch Davidians? Urban gangs like the Crips and the Bloods, unlike the Davidians, are killing people every day with machine guns, sawed-off shotguns and other illegal weapons. Why not raid them? Answer: the BATF directors are less enthusiastic about doing battle with politically protected criminals. Let one BATF bullet go astray on an urban raid and there would be political hell to pay. But the BATF were not afraid of raiding politically powerless, isolated rural "cultists."

David Koresh, in turn, needed to keep his Mighty Men in hard military training for the prophesied end-time of Revelation. Without hard exercise and male bonding Koresh could not have suppressed and distracted his men's libidos. Allegations of his sexual misconduct, spread by his enemies, could then have quickly demoralized his flock. Were there no BATF raid, it is likely most of the men would have tired of Koresh's endless games of training for Armageddon, would have tired of his polygamous ways, and would have left the commune. There would have been no Waco Holocaust. There were no fortifications at Mount Carmel to indicate Koresh was really planning to fight the government. There was a year's supply of food, but there were no sandbags, tank traps, bunkered guns, free-fire zones, or coils of barbed wire. Most of the weapons were locked in storage.

The BATF couldn't resist the temptation immediately to humiliate the "cultists," and to prove who were the real Mighty Men. In 1992, a neighbor heard machine gun fire at Mount Carmel. He reported it to the BATF, which then began investigating the Davidians. Koresh learned BATF was investigating him, and, through his gun dealer, invited BATF to come visit Mount Carmel. BATF wasn't interested in a friendly visit. BATF was receiving information from ex-Davidian Marc Breault, whom Koresh backers regarded as the cult's "Judas." Breault was telling unsavory stories about life in the commune, which caused the BATF agents to greatly dislike Koresh. BATF's leaders apparently felt a bully's urge to puncture the Davidians' pathetic religious fantasy life by physically humiliating them. It wouldn't do quietly to serve arrest and search warrants with a handful of agents, or simply to request that the Sheriff make a few stops at Mount Carmel to end the gunfire. BATF wanted a large raid by which they could rub the faces of Koresh and his Mighty Men in the dust, handcuff them, and rough them up. They wanted to humiliate David Koresh, and to break his power over his flock, by showing them that he was a weak, bad man. They would expose this "blasphemous little insect" (as one California law man called him) and his Mighty Men as frauds *in front of their women and children*. Perhaps that's why the raid had to be on a Sunday.

Wild Fire From Helicopter Into The Building?

A mystery of February 28 is whether BATF men in helicopters fired blindly through Mount Carmel's roof. When the Davidians dialed 911 in a desperate effort to stop the BATF's attack, Davidian Steve Schneider complained of a helicopter making passes and firing through the commune's roof. The BATF admits they had agents armed with pistols aboard helicopters. (The helicopters themselves had no fixed armament.) They deny firing from them. The BATF was using rented Texas National Guard helicopters for Operation Trojan Horse. Normally, because of the traditional *posse comitatus* principle, the military cannot be involved in law enforcement. But a special provision of the U.S. code makes an exception for drug cases. To get the helicopters, the BATF told Texas Governor Ann Richards that there was a suspected methamphetamine lab at Mount Carmel, and she accordingly released the helicopters for federal service. The methamphetamine accusation, of course, was not in the BATF's search warrants.

Houston attorneys Jack B. Zimmermann and Dick DeGuerin visited Mount Carmel April 1, 4, and 14. They testify that they saw bullet holes in the roof of the commune indicating fire from outside. The Davidians swore to these attorneys then, and Davidian survivors continue to aver today, that three of their friends were killed by blind BATF fire through the roof from the helicopters. The physical proof, the roof, is now ashes.

Who Fired First?

Who fired first? Koresh of course swore to Houston attorney Dick DeGuerin that the BATF fired first. The BATF swears that though they wanted to be the Greeks in their Operation Trojan Horse, they were ambushed and forced into service as Trojans instead.

Possibly the first discharge was accidental. David Koresh was standing at the front door and was wounded as the firing began. If this were really a deliberate, cold-blooded ambush, as BATF alleges, he surely would have had better cover. Possibly Koresh had no clear plan at all, other than to force the BATF to back down and to serve the warrant in a more respectful manner. Waco 911 recorded Koresh complaining February 28 to law enforcement of their lack of respect for him: "Why do you all have to be so big all the time? Why didn't you just talk to me?"

The BATF planned to storm Mount Carmel in just 60 seconds. BATF may have fired the first shot when, a few seconds off their trucks, they sighted armed men prepared to resist their rigid and tightly scheduled plan. They had no time for negotiations. The moment



Bettmann Archive/UPI

ATF agents and Texas state troopers do what they can to fend off the rain showers that plagued the area, April 7, at the main checkpoint leading to the Branch Davidian compound. A sign post in the background shows many of the hometowns agents hail from.

REPORT FROM WACO

by Nick Connor

Nick Connor watched the entire Branch Davidian Crisis unfold from his retail business in Waco. Knowing many of the Davidians personally and as customers, he provides a unique perspective on these tragic events.

BEFORE THE RAID

Before February 28, 1993 most people here in McLennan County, Texas had never heard of David Koresh or the Branch Davidians. The few people who did know of them considered them to be plain people with peculiar religious beliefs who lived simple lives. They were thought to be an oddity at worst, but no one worried that they were a dangerous threat to the community.

It was well known that if you had had car trouble on Double E Ranch Road that passes in front of the 77-acre Mount Carmel Center, you would be in no danger. Perry Jones and the other Branch Davidians would have helped you with your car, invited you for dinner and almost certainly have given you an ample dose of preaching.

WHAT ARE BRANCH DAVIDIANS?

Texan Victor Houteff established the Mount Carmel Center in Waco in 1935 changing the church's name to Davidian Seventh-day Adventists in 1942. When Houteff died in 1955 his wife Florence became leader of the church. In 1956, the group sold its lakefront property in Waco and moved to the small town of Elk, which is about a fifteen-minute drive from downtown Waco.

Under the leadership of Florence Houteff, who claimed to be a prophet, the church grew to more than one thousand members. She predicted that Christ would return to earth on April 22, 1959. When Christ did not return on the date she predicted most of the members left.

The remaining members split allegiance between Houteff and Ben Roden, who also claimed to be a prophet. Roden changed his group's name to simply "Branch Davidians." Roden died in 1978, and his wife Lois became leader of the church. Before Lois Roden died in 1986, she named Vernon Howell leader of the Branch Davidians and administrator of the Mount Carmel Center. Later Vernon Howell changed his legal name to David Koresh.

George Roden, son of Ben and Lois, challenged Koresh's authority, and the Branch Davidians split again with the largest faction aligning with Koresh. The Koresh group moved to Palestine, Texas for about a year, but then returned in 1987 to claim the Mount Carmel Center for their own. A gunfight ensued between a small group of Koresh followers and the few Roden supporters.

No one was killed, but David Koresh and some of his faction were arrested and charged with attempted murder. When Sheriff's deputies served Koresh with the arrest warrant he surrendered peacefully. McLennan County Sheriff Jack Harwell — esteemed as one of Texas' finest lawmen and deservedly so — handled Koresh with no complications. Koresh and the others were tried and found not guilty of attempted murder. George Roden is currently in a mental institution.

(continued on page 26)

the BATF raiders came roaring off their cattle trucks, they were committed to storming the commune, and there was no turning back. The plan guaranteed a fire fight if the defenders were alerted.

There are two accounts of how David Koresh got warning of the raid, perhaps both correct. In one, a close relative of a Davidian was on his way to the commune when he was turned back at a BATF roadblock. He used his mobile phone to call Koresh to tell him about the roadblock. In another, Branch Davidian David Jones was informed of the raid by KWTX-TV crew member Jim Peeler, who wrongly assumed that Jones, working off the compound with the U.S. Postal Service, could not be a "cultist." David Jones was David Koresh's brother-in-law, top Mighty Man, and number one sharpshooter.

In the government/media story Koresh just bushwhacked BATF officers attempting to serve a warrant. (The made for T.V. movie was designated "Ambush in Waco.") But can one be ambushed when one has picked a fight's time and place? The BATF claims it could have won the February 28 fire fight, but was limited to shooting at identifiable targets, for fear of hitting the innocent. The Davidians respond that if that were so, BATF shooting was poor, for plenty of unarmed people were hit, even though they were seeking cover in the interior of the building. Neither were the BATF men "outgunned" as they claim. There were at most thirty armed Davidians (Koresh's "Mighty Men") facing over seventy BATF agents. (A standard military rule is that the attacker needs at least 3:1 odds; it is unlikely the BATF would have raided with lower odds.) In fact, superior BATF numbers, guns, equipment, and training were canceled by the Davidians' position, concealment, and morale. The Davidians could not retreat and would not surrender.

The use of one particularly devastating weapon the BATF had in their arsenal, the concussion grenade, went unreported in the media. BATF agents lobbed a fair number of these grenades during the fire fight—so many that they sometimes forgot to pull the pins. The Davidians presented one of these grenades to Houston attorneys Jack Zimmermann and Dick DeGuerin. The BATF claims it was using only concussion grenades, which emit no deadly shrapnel. But another attorney testifies he has a video which clearly shows some of the BATF carrying "pineapple" grenades (the kind *with* shrapnel).

For fifty-one days, ninety-six Branch Davidians, mostly women and children, defied M113 personnel carriers, M2AO Bradley fighting vehicles, Sikorsky Blackhawk, Apache and UH-1 Bell helicopters, Abrams M1 tanks, 7.62mm machine gun nests, FBI SWAT snipers, and harassment by the FBI's psychological warfare experts. The feds brought in so much heavy armor that they were forced to regrade the road to the commune.

The Davidians had nothing but light arms, hay bales, and plywood for defense. Their heaviest

weapons were two .50 cal. Barrett Guns. But these weapons were heavy enough to fire through the doors of the cars parked around the commune building, demoralizing the BATF in the 45-minute fire fight, by depriving them of valuable cover and keeping the feds at a respectful distance throughout the siege.

Who Set The Fire?

As for a suicide pact, the survivors testify there was none. Unlike Jonestown, Guyana, or Masada in 73 A.D. where the members prepared for their deaths, the Branch Davidians did not choose death in the fire that killed them on April 19, 1993. None of them smelled any kerosene or other fuel being splashed around before the fire. With the lone exception of Graeme Craddock, none of the nine survivors reports *hearing* any orders for arson. None of them saw anyone preparing to torch the commune. Just twenty minutes before the fire, they hung out a banner, "We want our phones fixed." They wanted to parley, not to die.

The FBI knew Mount Carmel was a firetrap. It was built entirely of wood. Its principal interior feature was a hallway running the length of the long north-south axis of the building on both floors—ideal for spreading fire. The commune contained stockpiles of diesel and lantern fuel to power generators and lanterns. Hay bales and tacked-up sheets covered broken windows for protection from weather and from FBI bullets. The doors were barricaded. Because the feds had cut the electricity, Coleman lanterns lit the rooms of the darkened, tightly sealed commune.

Most of the Davidian women and children were upstairs because they were terrified of the FBI's tanks. Tanks trapped these innocents by destroying fire escapes. The government's own arson investigator admitted, four months after the fire, what the Davidians had said all along: the FBI's 60-ton tanks collapsed two stairways the women and children needed to escape—and collapsed the entranceway to their main underground shelter.

Though the media and government tendentiously called the Mount Carmel underground shelters military-sounding "bunkers," tornado and fallout shelters are common in large buildings in Texas. The commune's main shelter was a buried bus a few feet north of the commune's north wing. During the siege it was in fact being used to store trash, human excrement, and the dead. The odor was beyond description. Nonetheless, the survivors would willingly have crowded into the shelter to escape the flames, were they able.

By knocking holes in the commune's outer walls, the FBI intended to provide easy fire escapes for victims. Instead, the holes only fed oxygen to the fire, helping it burn faster.

Bettmann Archive/UPI



The Mount Carmel compound near Waco where heavily armed Branch Davidian cultists had been surrounded by federal agents for 51 days burns April 19. The fire started in the second floor of the compound shortly after noon. Agents earlier had pumped tear gas into the compound in efforts to end the stand-off.

The original FBI strategy had been to use tear gas. Dozens of FBI CS tear gas canisters were found at the burned-out Mount Carmel site. The FBI left us the impression that the gas was only surgically "injected" using tanks' booms. In fact, CS canister projectiles were fired through windows and even through interior walls. Reportedly, one Davidian was hit on the head by a canister piercing a wall. The tanks began battering exterior walls and "injecting" tear gas at about 6 a.m. But the FBI knocked too many holes in the building, allowing the 30 m.p.h. wind to flush the CS tear gas out almost instantaneously. Before noon, most of the Davidians had taken off their gas masks. So just before

noon, the FBI abandoned its failed morning-long effort to tear-gas the Davidians.

The surviving Davidians claim the tanks started the fire. But the tanks had been active since 6 a.m. Why didn't the fire start earlier than noon? The fire only began around noon because only then did the frustrated FBI men switch to a new tactic—using their tanks as battering rams to drive deep into the commune, in a systematic effort to flatten the building and drive out the defenders. One way or another, the FBI was going to end the siege.

The tanks may well have ignited fires by knocking

(continued from page 24)

The shoot-out in 1987 was the first incidence of violence in the entire history of the Branch Davidians in McLennan County. After that, for almost six years, the Koresh-led Branch Davidians lived peacefully.

ATF IGNORANCE

The ATF had David Koresh and his group under investigation for almost one year prior to the raid. During the investigation, three federal agents infiltrated the group, and their report purportedly established cause for the search warrant and arrest warrant that were to be executed on February 28. But for all their investigating and inside informers, the ATF knew remarkably little about: 1.) the number of people who were inside (especially how many children), 2.) the exact layout of the inside of the compound, and 3.) the kinds of weapons the Branch Davidians had in their possession. Because these three pieces of information would have been critical to the success of the raid, it is incomprehensible that federal agents did not have better data.

Just after the raid, ATF spokesmen reported that there were approximately 75 people inside the compound, including about 25 children. Later they said there were about 150 people inside, and that more than 50 of those were children. Their initial assumption being wrong by at least half.

About ten days after the raid two elderly women left the compound and surrendered to federal agents. Catherine Mattson, age 77, and Margaret Lawson, age 75, were arrested and charged with attempted capital murder. The federal government received much deserved criticism for their heavy-handed tactics with women of their maturity who could not possibly have been involved in the shoot-out.

They dropped the charges a few days later, but before the two women were released, federal agents asked them to draw a floor plan of the inside of Mount Carmel Center. Both women declined to draw the diagram. It is not clear why the ATF undercover agents who spied on the Branch Davidians had failed to provide a detailed floor plan of the compound.

Just after the initial raid it became clear that federal authorities were unsure about the kind of weaponry the Branch Davidians held. Within hours of the shoot-out the ATF had armored personnel carriers on site. But they were worried that the Davidians might have armor-piercing ammunition, so they requested Bradley fighting vehicles, which are more heavily armored. Then federal agents became concerned that the Mount Carmelites might have shoulder-mounted rocket-launchers, so they requested M1-A battle tanks, and Apache and Blackhawk attack helicopters. Obviously the ATF did not know much about the types of weapons the Branch Davidians possessed.

THE CASE AGAINST DAVID KORESH

In 1990, Vernon Howell had his legal name changed to David Koresh. Throughout the fifty-one day siege, Koresh was accused of polygamy, having sex with underage girls, drug manufacturing and child abuse. He openly admitted that he had several wives, and some of his wives were as young as fourteen and fifteen. Koresh's official wife was Rachel Jones, one of Perry Jones' daughters.

(continued on page 28)

over one or more Coleman lanterns or by crushing lantern fuel cans located in various spots in the commune. One survivor testifies that he had barely time to move a stockpile of lantern fuel when a tank came crashing through a wall, into the exact spot once occupied by the stockpile. Sparks generated by the massive friction of the attack represent other possible firestarters. One Waco resident close to the Davidians claims to hold a video, released by local media shortly after the fire, which shows an FBI tank emitting flames half the length of its barrel as it backs out of the commune.

Even if, as the FBI contends, the Davidians deliberately set the fire, questions remain: Why was the risk of fire ignored? Why drive the innocent ones upstairs where they were at greatest risk? Why destroy the exits and create breathing holes for the fire? Most of all, why did the FBI fail to have fire fighting equipment and personnel handy for the assault?

Excuses, Excuses

Shortly after the fire the FBI claimed that two of its agents, viewing the commune through sniper scopes, witnessed two unidentified Davidians torching the commune. The FBI would not release the names of these witnesses. In a separate account, the FBI claimed another agent saw a Davidian "cupping his hands" as if lighting a match just before a fire. One or more of these supposed arsonists was said to be dressed in doomsday black. *Time* magazine wrote that a week after the fire the FBI retracted these claims. The FBI also retracted its claim of new evidence of Davidian child abuse, and its claim that Davidians were shot by fellow Davidians as they fled the fire, although those claims were subsequently repeated.

Now it is unclear just what the FBI claims. The latest war story, from an FBI press agent, is that the FBI was filming Mount Carmel April 19 at noon from helicopters in *infrared*, and that this infrared footage will show the fires starting inside at several places at once. The agent claimed they were using infrared in an attempt to locate people inside the building. But infrared is useless to locate people even *outside* at noon in Texas, and in any case, infrared can't see through walls. Infrared or not, the FBI claims that its aerial videos show flames appearing almost simultaneously at several locations in the commune, in such a manner that the fire could only have been set deliberately.

A fundamental precept of the propaganda trade is that people will believe the first account they hear, if it conforms adequately to their preconceived views. According to Houston attorney and Waco mediator Jack Zimmermann, who is a severe critic of the government, the federal law enforcement authorities were misleading the public about the fire from the beginning in a successful effort to protect themselves from public exposure. Minutes after the fire, he recalls, the Justice Department in Washington announced that two captured "cultists" confessed setting the fire. Later

that night, after Americans went to bed enraged at the “cultists” for murdering their own children, the Department of Justice backed off its claim. But the public had already made up its mind about the wicked “cultists,” and the G-men were off the hook.

In a second wave of propaganda, the government trumpeted shortly after the fire that an “independent arson investigator” had “confirmed” that the fire was deliberately set from inside. Later we learned that the “independent arson investigator,” Paul Gray, was an agent of the Houston BATF office from 1982 to 1990 and that his wife still works there as a secretary. Real independent arson investigators are very critical of Paul Gray’s conclusion. They complain that the fire site was not properly secured, that accidental causes were not ruled out, and that no supportable conclusions could be reached so quickly after such a large and thoroughly destructive fire. (As government work is their bread-and-butter, these investigators decline to be quoted for the record.)

According to another rumor, the FBI was somehow eavesdropping on Mount Carmel. (The Davidians did find and destroy several FBI bugs sent inside milk cartons, batteries, etc.) The feds played an audio tape recording of what they heard to the Waco grand jury which, August 6, issued indictments against the Waco survivors. In the tape, David Koresh and Steve Schneider on April 18 plot to burn Mount Carmel if the FBI attacks. If this is true, then why did the FBI attack? Conflicts continue to abound even as new versions of the facts are offered.

Graeme Craddock, one of the nine survivors of the fire, is said to have testified to the Waco grand jury that he heard conflicting shouts of “Start the fire!” and “Don’t start the fire!” If so, he is the only survivor so to testify. And he has been in jail for four months under indictment for conspiracy to murder federal agents. It is not rare, under such circumstances, for prisoners to experience creative memories.

Over The Edge

The harshness of the FBI’s tactics escalated with the rising frustration of an extended siege. Federal agents

refused medical assistance to the resistant, holed-up Davidians, and even refused them permission to retrieve a dead Davidian, Peter Gent, from the commune’s water tower. (The Davidians say they retrieved the rotting corpse one night, stuffed it into a sleeping bag, and buried it.) After a few days, the FBI cut the commune’s water, electricity, and phone lines. At week four of the siege, after David Koresh serenaded them with some of his rock music, the FBI retaliated.

They began keeping the Davidians awake all night with powerful floodlights, and with amplified Perry Como and Nancy Sinatra music, Buddhist chants, dental drills, and screaming, slaughtered rabbits. (Remember, the stated purpose of the raid was to save the children.) They banged-up Koresh’s prized black Camaro with an armored vehicle, while using army recovery vehicles to clear off the Davidians’ automobiles. They tossed a concussion grenade at Steve Schneider when he came out to light oversized Passover candles.

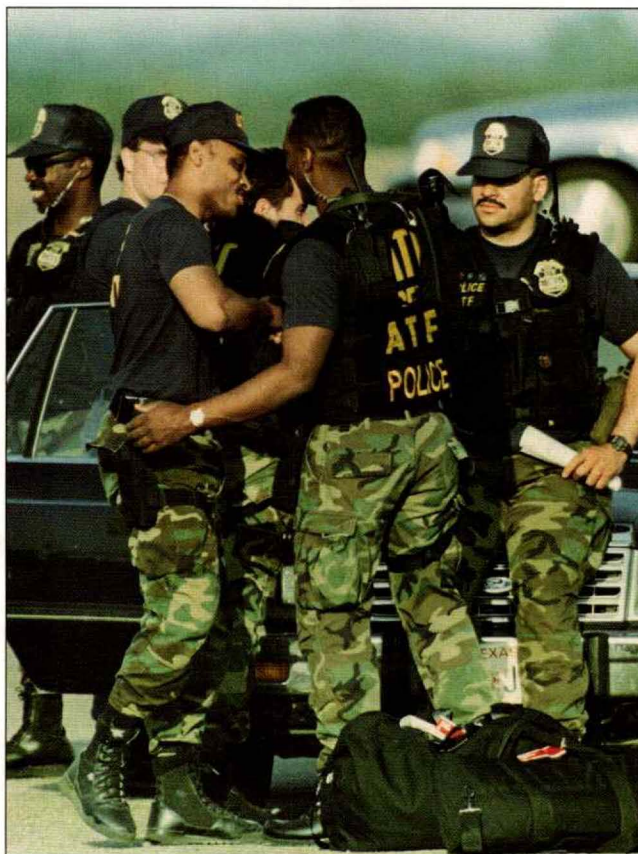
The government’s tactics had more to do with sustaining its own morale than with getting a surrender. Janet Reno admitted as much when she explained that a factor in the decision to assault was that its agents were “tired.” Indeed, fatigue

may have been the decisive factor.

Reno’s other explanation for the raid was that it was done “for the children,” as she dredged up stale and discredited child abuse stories and presented them as if they were current intelligence. The Attorney General expressed concern that the children would suffer disease from poor commune sanitation, although she must have known that the Davidians had adequate clean water and were healthy. She ordered the commune battered with tanks and saturated with CS tear gas, knowing that any gas masks in the commune couldn’t possibly fit the children. (CS gas is banned in international warfare.)

Why No Surrender?

What is perhaps most incomprehensible in this horrible story is the refusal of the Branch Davidians to surrender to overwhelming force. If they intended not to



Bettmann Archive/UPI

ATF agents gather at the FBI command center April 19 before leaving Waco after the 51day siege ended in a blaze which leveled the sect’s Mt. Carmel compound.

(continued from page 26)

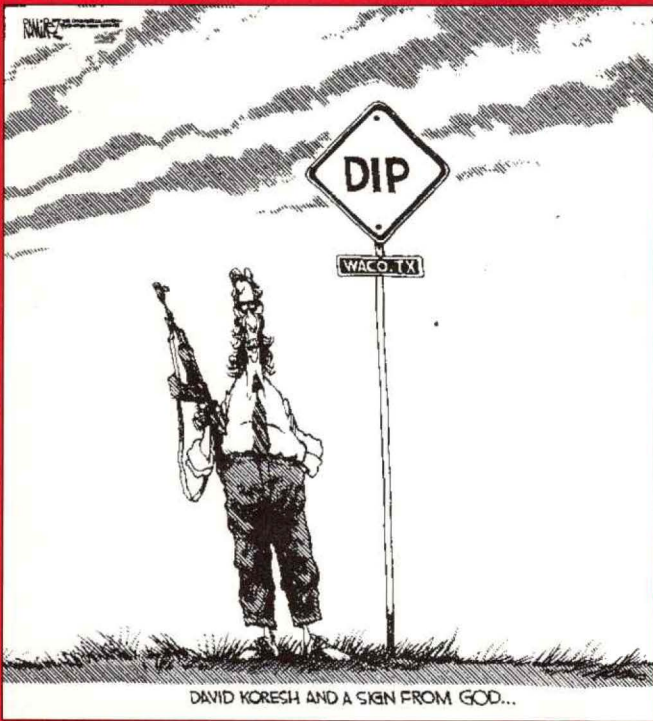
Jones, who had been a Branch Davidian since the 1960s, was one of Koresh's top lieutenants at Mount Carmel. Koresh married Rachel, with the Joneses' consent, when she was fourteen.

Polygamy is wrong and illegal. Likewise, it is immoral and criminal to have sex with underage girls regardless of whether Koresh was "married" to them or whether he had parental consent. Yet, the purpose of the raid had nothing to do with these breaches of law and morality, and the penalties for these two transgressions do not include capital punishment.

The allegation that Koresh was manufacturing illegal drugs at the Mount Carmel center is without merit. No evidence of drug making has been offered by the government. It seems clear that federal agents used the claim of illegal drugs to obtain the use of National Guard helicopters and tanks.

More than anything else, the charge that Koresh was guilty of child abuse galvanized public sentiment against the Branch Davidians. The child abuse accusations originated from disgruntled former members, including a spurned woman who was once one of Koresh's wives. McLennan County Child Protective Services investigated Koresh at least three times but found no evidence of criminal child abuse. Also, the twenty-one children who were released early in the siege showed no signs of mental or physical abuse. If the federal government used the charges of child abuse and sex with underage girls to demonize Koresh and sway public opinion against the Branch Davidians, it worked.

We miss the point if we try to decide whether or not David Koresh's actions were defensible. It is not necessary to try to defend Koresh, and there is certainly no reason to excuse his behavior. The relevant question is this: Was Koresh such a sinister threat to the community that a massive, commando-style federal raid was necessary? This question is especially poignant when viewed in the context of the holocaust that ended the incident. ☆



DAVID KORESH AND A SIGN FROM GOD...

die, why did they not promptly capitulate? There were, in order of importance, three reasons: religious, practical, and psychological.

Religiously, the Branch Davidians believed that God spoke through David Koresh. On March 2, God through Koresh told them not to surrender. On April 14, after the one-week Davidian Passover, God told them to wait again. God wanted David Koresh to finish decoding the Seven Seals of Revelation. This would take a few more weeks. Then they could surrender.

Practically, they had no faith in the good will of the feds. The Branch Davidians feared that if they surrendered unconditionally they would be "framed," i.e., the FBI would plant illegal weapons and explosives among them to guarantee convictions. They saw on T.V. how frail old women who left early in the siege were roughly handcuffed and charged with murder. (The charges were later dropped. The feds just wanted the elderly ladies to talk.) The Davidians feared the feds would frame them or rough them up in revenge for February 28.

Branch Davidian mothers also may have feared being labeled "cultists" and "bad mothers" and thereby losing custody of their children. This was a reasonable fear. That is exactly what would have happened.

Psychologically, the Davidians were also afraid of losing one another. Shedding their own blood and defying the government forever united them. Many joined the Davidians to satisfy their need to belong, one of the strongest of human needs. Government pressure only strengthened these feelings of comradery among peers.

Houston attorneys Jack B. Zimmermann and Dick DeGuerin were the two outsiders who knew them best. Their assurances of effective legal representation, and of an orderly arrest, were overcoming the Davidians' reluctance to surrender. According to these attorneys, the Davidians were sincerely looking forward to surrendering, after David Koresh finished the decoding of the Seven Seals, presumably in about two weeks. Although skeptical, the FBI's Waco point men promised the attorneys and the Davidians that there would be no assault, and that the FBI would continue waiting for the Davidians to come out.

Enter Janet Reno. The Attorney General and her advisors believed the "decoding" of the Seven Seals was just another con-man's dodge, and that David Koresh was stalling again. (Later it was reported that David Koresh worked late into the night and finished the First Seal just a few hours before the FBI's tanks attacked at 6 a.m., April 19. One rumor says Ruth Riddle escaped the fire with a computer disk containing these last words of Koresh.)

Who was David Koresh? Was he a "con-man" whose bluff could be called, or was he a sincere fanatic? By chilling coincidence, Hebrew words similar to the name Vernon Howell chose for himself, *Koresh*, *kowr ash*, mean "furnace of the moth." *Koresh* is Hebrew for Cyrus, King of Persia. Dr. J. Phillip Arnold, of



Four women, members of the Branch Davidian cult who were released from the cult's compound March 21, leave the federal courthouse in chains after a hearing in Waco March 22. Eight members of the cult who left the compound made their initial appearances before U.S. Magistrate Dennis Green. At front is Annetta Richards, reportedly a Canadian citizen.

the Reunion Institute for the study of religion in Houston, carefully studied Koresh's "operational code" of behavior. Dr. Arnold concluded that Koresh believed that he was the Lamb of the Revelation (Chapter 6), who opens the secrets of the Seven Seals of the end-time. Alas! He believed he was opening the fifth seal, the seal of death and martyrdom for the saints. The BATF inadvertently fulfilled part of this deadly fantasy by martyring six of his saints (Rev. 6:9-11). Koresh then expected the FBI shortly to fulfill scripture by martyring the remainder. A resurrected Koresh would then return with majesty, fire, and wrath to whip the Beast and "the Whore of Babylon." In Dr. Arnold's view, Koresh was a sincere fanatic who could have lit the fire. Koresh was obsessed with Masada, the Jewish fortress where nearly a thousand zealots committed mass suicide rather than surrender to Rome in A.D. 73. Koresh also knew of the role of fire in scriptures dealing with the endtime (Rev. 8:3-5; II Thes. 1:7-8; II Pt. 3:10; Daniel 11:33; Malachi 4:1).

A Role For Clinton?

Some have facetiously suggested that there was only

one way to close the drama and effect Koresh's peaceful surrender. Koresh needed an affirmation of his messianic status so powerful that it would forever enthrall his flock. What stronger affirmation could there be than to have the world's most important person—the President of the United States—intercede and ask the courts to surrender?

In many ways Bill Clinton would have been ideal for dealing with David Koresh. Both had their names legally changed for better self-marketing: William Blythe became William Jefferson Clinton. They both placed great emphasis on hairstyles and rock and roll. Both were gifted talkers. It would have been the contest of the century to see who hustled whom.

Branch Davidianism: The Ultimate in Political Incorrectness

Liberals fear and loathe religious separatists. They believe such people are ignorant, poor, and emotionally disturbed. They see "fundamentalism" in broad stroke as an especially dangerous threat to humanity which includes Moslem Brotherhood truck bombers, pro-lifers, home-schoolers and Branch Davidians. Liberals imagine the South and West dotted with fortified kibbutzim, full of grimy, heavily armed right-wing lunatics spouting King James English. They envision nests of yahoos longing for Armageddon or for a Mohammed to lead them out of deserts or down from mountains for a Pol-Pot style genocide of big city liberal America.

What they call "religious nuts" therefore represent a major bugaboo to the liberal mindset.

The Case Against Paul Fatta

Paul G. Fatta, 33, was already affluent when he joined the Branch Davidians. He represented them at gun shows. Fortuitously, he left Mount Carmel early February 28. He has been indicted under two counts of the National Firearms Act: conspiracy to manufacture a machine gun (maximum sentence: 5 years); and actual manufacture of a machine gun (maximum sentence: 10 years).

The major physical evidence the government will produce against Fatta is the Texas Rangers' inventory of weapons collected from the charred ruins of Mount Carmel. It lists:

- 57 pistols;
- 6 revolvers;
- 12 shotguns;
- 101 rifles;
- 44 *suspected* machine guns;
- 16 *suspected* silencers;
- 4 live grenades;
- more than 1.5 million rounds of ammunition.

As for a "suspected" machine gun or silencer, one would think it is obvious whether or not a weapon is a machine gun. But it's not so simple. Even experts have

difficulty in establishing what exactly is a violation under this law. The major difficulty lies in showing “intent” to convert parts into a machine gun. To convict Paul Fatta, the government must show that the parts *could* be assembled into a working machine gun, presumably by actually firing it; they must also show that Paul Fatta *intended* so to assemble them.

The legal picture is further muddled by the fact that not all machine guns are illegal. Under the McClure-Volkner Act, it is illegal to possess a machine gun manufactured after May 19, 1986. However, it is legal to own a properly taxed and licensed machine gun manufactured before that date. In Texas alone, 16,500 persons have licenses for machine guns.

Texans own an estimated 60,000,000 firearms—3.5 per Texan. But at Mount Carmel, there were only about *two* firearms per Branch Davidian. Attorney General Reno defines a weapons *cache* as three or more weapons. By this calculation Texas houses about a million caches!

However, all these fine distinctions fell largely on deaf ears across America. Americans at large accepted the government’s version of events, praised Janet Reno and the FBI, and cast blame on David Koresh and his adult followers. Americans had seen “cultists” before—the Manson Family, MOVE, Jonestown—and didn’t want to be bothered by the possibility that a *wrong* was done in Waco.

What Is A “Cult”?

If all religions are cults, and if all cults are religions, then “cult deprogrammers” have either too much or too little to do. How do professional cult “deprogrammers” reply to this cynical dismissal of their craft? They argue that there is an objective checklist for distinguishing dangerous cults from safe religions. Cults:

1. Vest all authority in one charismatic leader;
2. Discourage contacts outside the cult;
3. Believe the end of the world is nigh, and take active measures to meet it;
4. Have weird ritual, dietary, dress, or sexual practices;
5. Have communal meals and/or living quarters;
6. Have various strange beliefs;
7. Give some or all members new, cult names;
8. Prey on lonely people who have no friends;
9. Separate families (see Luke 14:26);
10. Engage in criminal activities.

Unfortunately for cult deprogrammers, there’s not an item here which was not ascribed to the early Christians as well as practitioners of other faiths.

New Friends

Black Mountain, North Carolina attorney Kirk D. Lyons is representing the families of two deceased Davidians, Winston Blake (the French toast-loving chap mentioned earlier in this essay), and John McBean. Be-

cause of the longstanding legal doctrine of “sovereign immunity,” government cannot ordinarily be sued in civil court. However, in a few special cases, by statute, the federal government waives its immunity, and/or that of its agents.

On August 6 a federal grand jury indicted the survivors of Mount Carmel on conspiracy charges. The grand jury alleges that they conspired on April 18 to burn down Mount Carmel if the feds moved to end the siege and to murder federal officials, both before the February 28 raid and before the April 19 raid.

Houston attorneys Jack Zimmermann and Dick DeGuerin are outraged. DeGuerin calls the indictment “terrible but typical government tactics to silence those who were speaking out.” Zimmermann returned recently from a sympathy visit to Steve and Judy Schneider’s families. He has no plans yet to help them file civil suits against the government. More facts must first emerge. Steve was David Koresh’s music manager and close confidant. He was described in the media in military terms, as David Koresh’s “chief lieutenant.” Zimmermann found Steve and Judy to be intelligent, articulate, well-groomed, and pleasant—not at all the stereotypes of subhuman “cultists.”

The Branch Davidians were well known in the Waco area. Because of their odd beliefs, they were not “country-club” respectable. Yet they were polite, respectful, and well-behaved. According to local sources, they minded their own business. Every one I have talked with who knew them says they were nice, gentle people. Even today, many Davidian survivors do not express the rancor one might expect from people who have been shot at, burned, jailed, and indicted. One hears far more anger every day on Phil Donahue by self-styled victims of an unjust America.

Conclusion

We return now to the Waco Test. On a scale of 1 to 10, who was responsible? Were these necessary actions taken by the authorities to control the excesses of reli-



Houston attorneys Dick DeGuerin (L) and Jack Zimmermann (R) talk with reporters April 1 after spending eight hours with clients, Branch Davidian cult leaders David Koresh and Steve Schneider, inside the cult compound.

Bettmann Archive/UPI



This is an aerial view of the burned Branch Davidian cult's Mt. Carmel compound and surrounding area near Waco April 20. The visible structure below the water tower is the cinder block room, a concrete room where authorities located the remains of many of the cult members.

gious nuts? Or did the government get carried away with its increasingly unlimited authority into a comedy of tragic errors?

On a more subtle level, is our government more likely to use such massive relentless force against remote religious fanatics and rurally-based fringe groups than swarming the urban centers of America where the real horror stories are happening every day?

Indeed, was the real miscalculation at Waco based on a bad assumption by the BATF that this would be a "safe" raid, that the Davidians were not really the sort of people who would defend themselves with violent force?

If so, the flip side of that message is even more disturbing. It may tell us that modern G-Men, these heavily-armed bureaucrats in orange jackets, or at least their directors who give the orders, are most likely to move against those who are calculated as least likely to shoot back.

In such a sea of confusing evidence and conflicting testimony (especially since most of the physical evidence has been literally incinerated) the whole truth may never be known. Like many of history's enigmas, the tragedy of Waco's Davidians is likely to be debated for years to come.

Speaking as objectively as possible, all we can know for sure is this: the Waco Davidians were, at worst, a

remote band of people with odd religious ideas who collected guns, some of which may have been illegal, until the BATF stormed their compound on February 28, 1993. Now most of them are dead, along with four agents who died in the line of duty.

Was this a tragic but necessary triumph of federal law? Or was it a frightening example of how far we have gone down the road to a place where the role of government has no practical limits or no need to justify its actions? Especially against individuals or groups who are not protected by the politicians or by the uniform biases of the national media.

The best reaction was given by a woman from Waco, not a Branch Davidian, just a local citizen who watched it unfold at a great distance. For weeks, she heard the roar of the tanks, the chopping of the helicopters, the distant pop of the rifles and, finally, smelled the black smoke of the fire.

Everything is quiet now. She has visited the charred remains of the compound on several occasions, as the hot Texas wind begins to cool in the shadows of the afternoon. "Their presence is still here," she said. "You can almost hear them crying." ☆

J.S. Griffey is a freelance writer and doctoral candidate in political science at the University of Houston.

The Kentucky Cavalier

Gen. John Hunt Morgan

by John H. M. Roberts

During the War Between the States, many Cavalry troops rode and fought their way into an honored place in history. Men such as Custer, Forrest, Hampton, Sheridan, Stuart and Wheeler brought an element of dash and daring to our nation's bloodiest conflict. Both the North and the South – especially the South – cherished the 19th century vestiges of knighthood, and none was held in higher regard than Confederate raider John Hunt Morgan.

Morgan was an unlikely candidate for military greatness. He had no formal training in military science, very little patience for any kind of paperwork, a freemasonry sort of regard for discipline and the rigidity of military routine and, above all else, a burning desire to have a command independent from any higher authority. Yet Morgan had the natural instincts of a tactician to a remarkable degree and a personal magnetism that enabled him to recruit thousands of

men who followed him without hesitation.

Rising from captain to brigadier general in only fourteen months, Morgan was able to use the power of his rank to introduce two vital contributions to cavalry operations. With breach loading rifles and revolving pistols quickly becoming standard military issue, Morgan clearly saw that the traditional cavalry maneuver—the glorified frontal charge with sabers—was an outmoded tactic. Whenever contact with the enemy was made, Morgan had his men—who were armed with pistols and Enfield rifles that had their barrels sawed down to carbine length – dismount and fight as infantry with every fourth trooper detailed to hold horses. In this way, the cavalry's mobility and the infantry's firepower were combined into one deadly fighting unit.

Having reorganized his cavalry's tactical operations, Morgan was able to accomplish his second innovation—the far reaching raid into federal territory. As Lt. Col. George Denison noted in his *History of Cavalry*, Morgan was the first of the Southern officers to set the example of making extensive raids into the enemy's rear, but it was not long before the example was followed by other officers in both armies (including West Pointers such as Jeb Stuart, Joe Wheeler and Phil Sheridan).

Coming from one of the leading families of Kentucky's Bluegrass region, it seemed natural that John Hunt Morgan would turn his military interests to the Cavalry. In the antebellum South—especially in Kentucky—horsemanship was almost second nature. Because of this long established supremacy in the breeding of fine-blooded saddle horses, the Confederate Cavalry had its one and only material advantage over its Northern opponents, and by numerous accounts of that time, John Hunt Morgan was the most compelling and expert equestrian figure of the War.

It was in the months following the Confederate army's withdrawal below the Tennessee River after the battle of Shiloh that Morgan built his reputation with five daring raids through Tennessee and far into Kentucky. Each raid was to bring him greater acclaim and a mounting sense of frustration over his inability to obtain a command independent from Braxton Bragg's authority.

As corps commander, Braxton Bragg proved himself to be one of the bravest officers in the Confederate army. But when he assumed command of the Army of Tennessee after Albert Sidney Johnston's death, he seemed to lose his confidence. Often ill and irritable, his exercise of leadership was more often than not taken up with trying to avoid doing battle with the Federals. To the always aggressive Morgan, this timidity and

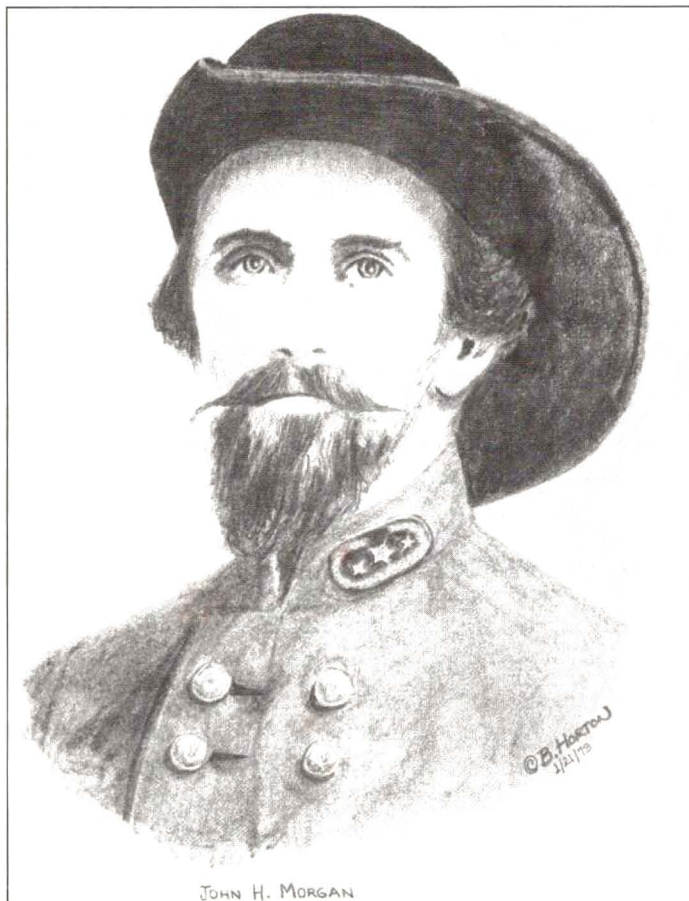


Illustration by Bobby Horton

The always impeccably dressed John Hunt Morgan in a classic cavalier pose.

vacillation (plus a never fully explained animosity that Bragg seemed to harbor toward his Kentucky officers) made for a great deal of friction between the two.

By the spring of 1863, Morgan was at long odds with his commander due in large part to the harsh conditions that his men had been forced to endure that winter. Because of its mobility, the Confederate army expected the Cavalry arm to provide for itself. When left to his own devices, Morgan did do this quite handily by raiding into Kentucky, overpowering a Federal garrison and making off with the stockpiles of plunder. As a result of this, Morgan's division was one of the best equipped units in the C.S.A. during the summer and autumn of 1862. In the winter of that year, however, Bragg confined Morgan to patrolling a long section of his army's outer defensive line. This area of middle Tennessee had been scavenged clean numerous times by both armies and the full brunt of this privation fell on Morgan's command.

It wasn't until the late spring of 1863 that Morgan finally received the authorization for another raid. Because of Bragg's inertia during the preceding winter, the Union army in the West under Rosecrans had been built into an overwhelming force ready to begin a southern push that would result in the fall of Atlanta. Bragg hoped that sending Morgan into Kentucky to disrupt federal communications and supply lines would buy him the time to once again withdraw his army below the Tennessee River.

Morgan was only too happy to oblige his commander but, as with all of Bragg's operations, he thought it only a half-way measure. Since the beginning of the war, Morgan had been urging that a Confederate invasion be launched across the Ohio to give the North a taste of the privations that the South had been forced to endure. When he again proposed to extend his raid beyond the Ohio, Bragg vetoed the idea: Morgan was to confine his activities to Kentucky. This was a direct order, but even as it was being issued to him, Morgan knew that it was an order that he would not obey.

When Morgan confided his plans to his second in command, Colonel Basil Duke, who was also his brother-in-law, Duke's initial reaction coincided with Bragg's. But as Morgan detailed his strategy, Duke's anxiety was replaced by a great rush of enthusiasm to be part of the undertaking.

Morgan reasoned that his approach on Cincinnati would cause such a civilian panic that Burnside would be forced to gather in all of his outlying troops for a defense of the city. Morgan would then be able to sweep around Burnside's perimeter and continue his march across the breadth of southern Ohio to the Buffington Island ford. Once across the Ohio River into West Virginia, he could either turn south and head for Confederate lines, or continue eastward into Pennsylvania and join Robert E. Lee's invasion of the North. (Another brother-in-law to Morgan was General A.P. Hill, commander of Lee's Third Corps, and it was through this connection that Morgan was privy to Lee's plan.)



Library of Congress

John Hunt Morgan with his wife. They were married during the war and she was left a widow September 4, 1864.

With Col. Duke as his executive officer and four of his five brothers riding with him as junior officers, Morgan began the "Great Ohio Raid" on July 2, 1863, by fording the 2,460 men of his division across the flooded Cumberland River at Burkesville, Kentucky. Union intelligence reports had anticipated a breakout by Morgan, but it was not expected until the level in the surging Cumberland had dropped back to within its banks. Being true to his unpredictable nature, Morgan considered the half mile expanse of uncrossable water to be an asset and plunged his men and horses into it, with the stores and ammunition ferried over on makeshift rafts of logs and rails.

On a moonless night in the middle of the preceding winter, Morgan and his command had swum across the ice-choked Cumberland during one of his unexpected raids. That crossing had been easy compared to the turmoil of their July 2nd crossing. With the river filled with driftwood and running like a mill race that bright summer day, the men and horses had to thrash and claw for life every inch of the trip. Staggering half-drowned from the swirling melee, the leading element of the raiders ran into a Union patrol. Exhausted and undressed, they didn't hesitate to grab their weapons from a raft and drive off the federals with well-aimed volleys. It was in this way that another first for the Civil War was accredited to Morgan's

command—a battle fought by naked men.

Miraculously, none of the raiders was hurt during the crossing or the firefight on the riverbank. It seemed a good omen as they dried off and assembled into units. Regrouped and with morale at a fever pitch, they set off “in high feather and full voice.” Riding hard on a northwesterly course, they captured Columbia, Lebanon, and Bardstown before reaching the Ohio at Brandenburg on July 8th. Behind them lay a swath of burned bridges, derailed trains, paroled federal garrisons, and over one hundred Morgan raiders killed in action including Morgan’s nineteen-year-old brother Thomas. Young Lt. Morgan had been one of the most beloved members of the command and when he was killed in the final charge at Lebanon, his enraged comrades seized the commander of the captured federals and threatened to execute him. Grief-stricken though he was, Morgan proved himself to be a true *beau sabreur* at that moment. Drawing his pistol, he placed himself between the federal officer and his own men. Order prevailed, and soon after young Thomas Morgan was given a hasty but dignified burial in the garden of an old family friend.

Although the death of his brother took much of the promise and glory out of the raid, Morgan had no time to dwell on his grief. Less than twenty-four hours behind him, 4,000 Union cavalrymen under the command of General Edward Hobson were riding hard to overtake him. Morgan knew of their whereabouts and their rate of progress through the services of a Canadian telegrapher “Lightning” Ellsworth, who rode with the raiders. Whenever they would encounter a telegraph line, “Lightning” would tap into it and listen in on the military dispatches that were buzzing across the state of Kentucky. On Morgan’s orders, Ellsworth would often send out fictitious messages that would clear the road ahead of Morgan by diverting federal forces on wild goose chases. Morgan said that “Lightning” Ellsworth was worth a brigade of fully equipped troopers to him, and in light of his contributions, the praise seems fully justified.

Because Morgan had torched one sternwheeler and sent another away, it would take the pursuing Hobson nearly thirty hours before he could transfer his command across the Ohio River and resume the chase after Morgan. In hopes of putting as many miles as possible between himself and his relentless pursuer, during this respite, Morgan allowed his men only three hours of sleep before resuming the march. But in rid-

ding himself—temporarily—of the seasoned troops at his heels, Morgan now had to face the increasingly large contingents of Indiana State Militiamen who were forming in his front. Before he could leave the state, nearly every able-bodied Hoosier south of the National Road had joined in the effort to stop Morgan. General Lew Wallace, who would rise to fame as the author of *Ben Hur*, was recalled from leave and placed in command of this 50,000-man force.

Although the size of the home guard unit was indeed intimidating, the haste with which they were assembled made confusion inevitable, and the ever-wily Morgan—via Ellsworth—had himself a merry time exploiting it. Federal troops, whether home guard units or Hobson’s force which finally made it across the river, were constantly sent to the wrong place. Others were simply and very neatly by-passed. Morgan was forced to run a continuous gauntlet of sniper fire, but in the five days that it took him to traverse the southern tip of Indiana,

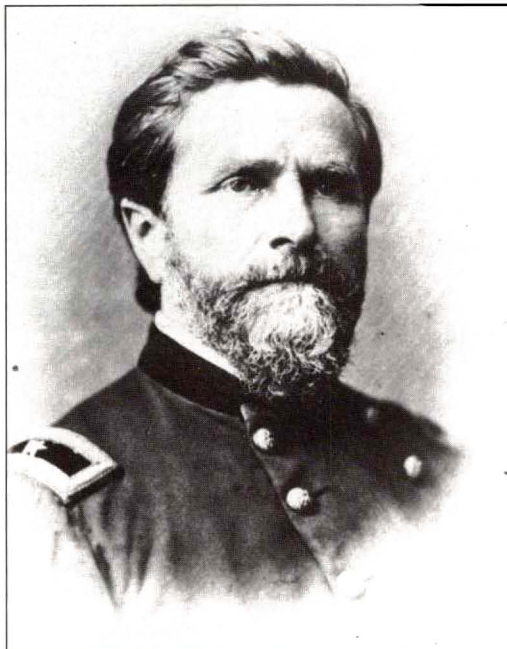
Morgan’s resourcefulness kept all federal forces of any significance out of his path.

The one enemy that Morgan couldn’t elude, however, was exhaustion. In the two weeks that the raiders had been on the march, they were averaging four hours of sleep a night. The strain produced dulled responses and frayed tempers; yet Morgan, who seemed indefatigable, kept them going. Battle fatigue took its toll on Morgan’s horses as well, and for most of them, unfortunately, Indiana was to be the end of the line. Split hoofs, bruised tendons, dehydration and a fatigue that left them too tired to graze—when time could be found for that purpose—made them unfit for a Cavalry whose survival depended on speed.

Having to exchange their cherished thoroughbreds for the lum-

bering plow horses brought tears to the eyes of many a raider who had endured the most savage fighting of the war without a complaint. It was this forced exchange of mounts that garnered Morgan the title “Prince of Horsethieves.” Yet when the initial outrage subsided, the Hoosiers had little reason for complaining. Once restored to health, the raiders’ thoroughbreds were more valuable than a dozen of the draft horses whose place they had taken. Southern Indiana became one of the leading regions for fine blooded saddlehorses after the War, and its origins can be directly placed to the mounts that Morgan’s men were forced to leave behind.

The heartbreak of having to part with their four-footed soulmates was assuaged to a considerable degree by



James Murrell Shackelford, the Union brigadier who stubbornly demanded that the legendary Morgan surrender to him instead of the New Lisbon, Ohio homeguard.

Library of Congress

the bountiful provisions that the raiders found at the farmhouses along their route. Morgan's code of chivalry forbade the looting of private property, and on numerous occasions during his earlier operations, he convened court martials to deal with the culprits in his command. For the most part, Morgan's men had displayed a self-imposed restraint that was highly unusual for guerrilla fighters; but that had been on the soil of their homeland. Once across the Ohio, the raiders seemed actuated by a desire to pay off all scores that the federals had chalked up in the South.

The raiders did not pillage with any sort of method or reason. The desperate situation that they faced had made them reckless, and their looting became a mania, senseless and purposeless. Calico was considered to be a great treasure, and every man who could get a bolt would tie it to his saddle and let it flow behind him like a streamer. One rider carried a bird cage, with three canaries in it, for two days. Another rode with a chafing dish tied to the pommel of his saddle until an officer forced him to throw it away. Another, even though the temperature was hovering around 100°, slung seven pairs of skates around his neck and laughed about his acquisition. Having pillaged like boys robbing an orchard, their plunder eventually grew burdensome and was discarded along the road, only to be replaced by fresh booty from the next town that they encountered.

While the raiders were pirating their way across Hoosierland, Morgan's officers were becoming more and more alarmed about the command's peril. This was especially true when the news that Lee had been turned back at Gettysburg caught up with them. Yet in the middle of all this clamor, Morgan remained a study in composure. His resourcefulness had pulled the command through many a tight spot before, and it was an ability that was still very much present.

After arrival in Sunman, Indiana in the early morning hours of July 13, Morgan allowed only a three-hour rest period before having his bugler sound "Boots and Saddles." Mounting up in the pre-dawn, the raiders headed eastward toward the juncture where the Whitewater River formed the border between Indiana and Ohio. At midafternoon they were able to say adieu to Indiana, her pesky militiamen, and the relentless Hobson, whose dust clouds announced that he was only two hours behind them.

By burning the large bridge over the Whitewater, which committed Hobson to a time-consuming detour, and feigning an attack on Cincinnati which cleared the road before him of Burnside's troops (just as Morgan had predicted), Morgan was able to keep his column moving eastward. Nightfall drew the burning sun off of them, but it was the only relief they were to have during that hellish night when horses would stagger and collapse in their tracks and men would fall asleep in the saddle and tumble off to the side of the road as the column passed them by.

Hollow-eyed and dulled beyond comprehension, the men rode as if in a trance. Morgan, however, seemed to be drawing off some superhuman reserve. Riding up and down the line, jaunty as ever, his presence was something of a tonic to the raiders and the shambling column stayed in a forward motion.

It wasn't until reaching Williamsburg, Ohio around four o'clock that afternoon that Morgan felt secure enough to call a halt. Since leaving Sunman, Indiana in the pre-dawn darkness of the day before, his command had ridden ninety-five miles in thirty-five hours—the longest continuous Cavalry march in the history of warfare. It was indeed a remarkable accomplishment, but little time was spent reflecting on it. All of the men and horses had fallen asleep wherever they had halted.

Saddlesore and bone-weary though they were, the raiders did have the satisfaction of awakening the next morning to find that their presence had thrown Ohio into a panic that made Indiana's pale in comparison. 100,000 men had taken up arms in response to Governor Tod's proclamation to defend their state. As it had in Indiana, this massive call up of the home militia caused a great deal of confusion and misdirected efforts which Morgan did his best to exploit. But with the crushing superiority of manpower allayed against them, the raiders were in for a hard go of it no matter which way they turned.

Turning northward, Morgan was forced to make a run for it through a long ravine. The steep hills on both sides were lined with home guards, and their deadly volleys accounted for many a riderless horse at the end of that bloody gauntlet. Stampeded as they were, the raiders didn't stop until reaching the village of Chester several miles upriver. By waiting for almost an hour and a half for stragglers to catch up, Morgan made his most serious mistake of the raid. Had he not waited in Chester, he would have reached the Ohio before sundown. As it happened, he reached the Buffington ford in the darkness of a moonless night. Scouts awaiting him there reported that the entrance to the ford was blocked by breastworks manned by at least three hundred militiamen supported by artillery. Having had one brush with disaster that day, Morgan ordered the division to bed down for the night rather than risk the chaos of a frontal attack over open ground in the all-enveloping darkness.

What the night concealed from Morgan was a deserted breastworks. On hearing Morgan's command approaching, the militiamen dumped their cannon over the bluff into the river, and then beat a hasty retreat to Marietta. This fact, and the sickening realization that he could have crossed into West Virginia with his entire command, wouldn't be known until morning. By then, luck had deserted him.

What Morgan's advance detail found as they moved through the clinging mists at dawn was seasoned Union troops manning the breastworks. General Henry Judah had moved his brigade upriver to Pomeroy on a catch-all flotilla of barges and packets, disembarked

and marched through the darkness on the river road to make a stand between Morgan and the river. And no sooner had this startling turn of events revealed itself that General Hobson and his command came charging down the hill on the same road that Morgan had taken from Chester.

With Judah blocking the ford, Hobson pressing in from the south and a hilly ridgeline to the west, Morgan started his second brigade out of the river valley to the north while Col. Duke made a stand with his force to cover the withdrawal. With half of his men fighting Judah while the rest took on Hobson, Duke's men were virtually standing back to back and making a determined stand despite being outnumbered three to one and low on ammunition. It was a furious fight which many of the veteran raiders compared to the most hellish moments of Shiloh. What finally sealed their fate was the heart-stopping arrival of the gunboat *Moose* at the ford. Mounting a huge Dahlgren gun on her bow, she commenced to lob shells into the raiders' position from midriver. When it was all over, the ground was littered with Confederate dead and Duke and 700 of his men were taken prisoner.

As a result of Duke's delaying action, Morgan was able to get away with about 1,000 men. Reaching the town of Reidsville a few miles upriver, Morgan had his second encounter with the deadly *Moose*. About 300 of his men had already made it across the river, and Morgan himself was in midstream when the unrelenting gunboat steamed into their midst. Despite the urgings of his men to keep going on, Morgan turned his horse around in midriver and swam back to the Ohio bank. (Those who made it to the West Virginia side were able to cross into Confederate-held territory in East Tennessee a few days later.)

At this point, Morgan had less than 700 very tired men still riding with him, but even then, his signatory coolness under pressure was still very much in evidence. Circling in his tracks, like a fox eluding the hounds, he took his command to Cheshire below Pomeroy. The level of the Ohio was still too high to make a crossing possible, and Morgan turned inland before turning North once again.

For the next six days, Morgan's men fought a series of skirmishes as they twisted and dodged their way through Eagle Furnace, Vinton Station, Zaleski, Eagleport and New Athens.

By late in the evening of the 25th, they had reached Bergholz in Jefferson County which is further north than Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and less than 100 miles from Lake Erie. The river was very close at hand, and Morgan hoped that luck would return to him in the morning.

What did catch up with Morgan that next dawn were fresh units of the 9th Michigan Cavalry Regiment that had traveled by rail and steamer to bring the chase to an end. Morgan, however, was not ready to surrender, and a sharp running fight broke out that lasted until

the raiders reached Salineville several miles to the north. With their faster mounts, the Michigan Cavalry were able to circle to the north and throw up a battle line behind a long wooden fence. To their amazement, Morgan's men formed their own line and charged. The raiders' horses were too tired to make an effective assault, and most of them knocked the top rails down trying to clear the jump. Thirty-one raiders were killed and about 250 captured in the melee that followed, but Morgan and about 400 of his men were able to fight their way clear and continue northward.

By using back country roads, crossing through fields and following the tracks of the Cleveland-Pittsburgh Railroad, Morgan stuck to his northward course until reaching the Bethesda Presbyterian Church just off of present day State Route 644 in Columbiana County. Word of his approach had not reached this isolated rural community and services were in session when a rider brought the alarm. The service was stopped and in the panic that followed, one numbstruck member of the congregation tried to ride away without unhitching his horse.

Morgan's men were able to intercept a great many of the fleeing churchgoers, and numerous horses were exchanged in the process. Staying only long enough to acquire their new mounts, the raiders struck out on a southeasterly course with the Ohio River—just fifteen miles away—once again the target.

About midway between the Bethesda church and the river that meant freedom for Morgan and his men, a company of homeguards from the county seat of Lisbon had thrown up a battle line across what is now State Route 518. At the undertaking of their mission, their courage was commendable. If Morgan should dare cross them, the ground would run red with rebel blood. That derring-do began to slip somewhat with Morgan's approach. Drawing up in front of the homeguards' line, Morgan sent a message under a flag of truce asking for the road. In return, Morgan promised to leave unmolested all persons and property in Columbiana County. It was a request that the homeguards were not slow in granting.

To insure that the rest of his passage through Columbiana County would not be disturbed, Morgan "invited" Captain James Burbeck of the Lisbon homeguard to ride with him. Feeling that he had little choice in the matter, Captain Burbeck accepted and rode by Morgan's side as they entered the broad Beaver Valley. Morgan was moved to comment on the beauty and fertility of the well-kept farms they passed, but his conversation abruptly stopped with the appearance of a large dust cloud on the horizon to his right. The dust cloud was moving parallel to his own advance, and knowing that his men hadn't another fight left in them, Morgan accepted the inevitable.

Turning to Captain Burbeck, Morgan offered to surrender to him if he and his men could be paroled and guaranteed a safe conduct from the state. Startled by the momentous opportunity being offered to him, Cap-



The General John Hunt Morgan Monument Committee at the unveiling of his statue in Lexington, Kentucky in 1911.

tain Burbeck readily agreed to the terms, and thus at 2:00 p.m. July 26, 1863, in its 24th day and on its 1,100th mile, the epic raid of the War Between the States came to an end.

Morgan's decision to surrender had been a wise choice. The Michigan Cavalry that he had tangled with earlier that day in Salineville had thrown up a battleline across his front, and a bloodbath would have occurred had he tried to breach it.

When told of Morgan's surrender to Captain Burbeck, Major George Rue of the 9th Michigan Cavalry vowed to honor the accompanying terms. But when his superior, General James Shackelford arrived on the scene shortly afterward, he contended that Burbeck was nothing more than a civilian and had no authority in a military matter. Shackelford declared Morgan to be his prisoner and had the raiders disarmed. Morgan bitterly contested what he rightfully believed to be a betrayal of his good faith, but there was little he could do about the matter. When he surrendered to Captain Burbeck, his men had slid out of their saddles and had fallen asleep where they dropped.

Although the great raid was over, Morgan had many

more adventures ahead of him. Treated as common felons rather than military prisoners, Morgan and 60 of his officers were confined to the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. But before the winter had set in, Morgan and five of his compatriots had tunneled their way out of the "escapeproof" Gothic fortress. By Christmas, Morgan had reached Confederate lines and after forming a new command, he had the satisfaction of capturing his old adversary, General Hobson. On September 4, 1864, Morgan was surrounded in Greenville, Tennessee, and although he was unarmed and had his hands raised in surrender, Union soldiers shot him dead.

While the controversy over the Ohio raid shows no sign of being resolved, what can't be disputed is Morgan's bravery and aggressiveness. Only in Morgan did the Western Army of the Confederacy have a commander who would ignore all risks and carry the war onto Northern soil. Reckless, foolhardy and self destructive though it was, it would have been quite a telling remark against the army known for the ferocity of its rebel yell had that raid not been made. ☆

John Hunt Morgan Roberts is editor of American Legacy, a publication of the American Studies Center in Washington, D.C.

PARTISAN conversation

Maria J. Kirby-Smith

After a career with the U.S. Mint, the great-granddaughter of General Edmund Kirby-Smith (CSA), gave up a warehouse full of money to return to her native South.

Maria J. Kirby-Smith is a graduate of Southwestern University in Memphis, Tennessee where she studied Art History and English Literature. She has also pursued graduate work in Chinese Art History at the College of Chinese Culture in Taipei, Taiwan and at Vanderbilt University. Maria studied sculpture under Evangelos Frudakis in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and apprenticed at Johnston Atelier Technical Institute of Sculpture in Princeton, New Jersey.

After work with the Franklin Mint, the Rodger Williams Mint, and the United States Mint, Maria returned to her native South to Camden, South Carolina, where she is a freelance sculptor. Her clients have included the City of Richmond, Virginia, St. Joseph Hospital in Augusta, Georgia, the O. Henry Festival Park in Greensboro, North Carolina, the Tennessee Historical Society in Nashville, Tennessee, the University of Florida in Gainesville, Florida, and The University of the South in Seawnee, Tennessee.

Miss Kirby-Smith was interviewed for Southern Partisan by Kristine Teubner, an editorial writer with *The Voice of America* in Washington, D.C.



Maria J. Kirby-Smith in her studio.

Southern Partisan: Are you a descendant of Edmund Kirby-Smith?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, he was my father's grandfather. He was one of Lee's generals—the last Confederate general to surrender. But I think equally important if you're examining a person's pedigree, is my mother's side. Her grandfather was Preston S. Brooks, a member of the South Carolina Congressional delegation who had the distinction of caning Senator Charles Sumner from Massachusetts. Sumner had maligned the South saying she didn't do her part in the Revolutionary War and he also maligned Brooks' cousin Andrew Pickens Butler. You dueled among equals, but inferiors you flogged like bad dogs. So he got a guttapercha cane—a walking stick, a very fine cane and he walked into the Senate chamber and whipped Senator Sumner. It took Sumner three years to recover. Rings were later made from cross-sections of the cane.

Southern Partisan: You must have a real sense of the South, growing up with those kinds of stories.

Kirby-Smith: Actually no. That was the curious thing about being an Army brat, you always felt you owed your allegiance first and foremost to the United States. So that any regional differences you have are camouflaged. My father rarely mentioned his heritage in front of me. It was my mother who whispered ancestral tales of brief tattered glory. I grew up all over. I lived abroad in Taiwan and in the North and South. I've been living in Camden for three years now.

Southern Partisan: Do you feel a connection with the South?

Kirby-Smith: It was a definite choice to live in the South. Before I moved back I lived in Philadelphia working for the Federal Government. I was one of the engravers for the federal mint, which was a very prestigious and secure appointment. People get in there and never leave. Two men were over seventy, one was in his sixties. It pleased my father to no end because it was *secure*. But life was too short to live in Philadelphia!

Southern Partisan: So what drew you back to the South?

INTERVIEW BY KRISTINE TEUBNER

Kirby-Smith: It's where I come from. And I knew that I wanted to live in a small Southern town with lots of dogs, horses and cats.

Southern Partisan: Did you find the work at the mint too restricting as an artist?

Kirby-Smith: Oh yes, it was awful. These uneducated folk (who looked like they were dropouts from a funerary school) would come and kill you with ideas of how to change your work or they'd come with a suggestion and put it across as "their secretary" had a good idea. Plus they had no sense of humor at all. I got into trouble early on adding a little detail to the Lassiter medal. I got down to doing the final plaster right before Halloween. It was brought down to Washington for approval. In the foreground was the medal, in the background was "The winged victory of Samothrace" — the statue without a head — well, I thought why not add a head on it for Halloween. So I added a smiling little pumpkin. You'd have thought I had broken wind before the Pope. I was told I would not do that again.

Southern Partisan: When you moved South to Camden, did you start on your own right away?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, I had work to do.

Southern Partisan: How did you go about getting commissions? How did people find out about you?

Kirby-Smith: A lot of word of mouth and through competitions — the O. Henry was a national competition and the Richmond Police Memorial was a national competition.

Southern Partisan: Did you know at a very young age that this is what you wanted to do?

Kirby-Smith: No, no. I was very much the late bloomer. I was in my final semester of getting a master's in Chinese art history, and I went up to see a cousin who taught drawing and painting in Clarksburg. He had a collection of bronzes. It was one of those moments in life when you know in life what you want.

Southern Partisan: Did you have any idea whether what you wanted was something you could do and do well?

Kirby-Smith: No, I just knew I had to try.

Southern Partisan: How long did it take you to discover that you did indeed have a talent for sculpting?

Kirby-Smith: I'd always piddled in various types of art: painting, weaving, glass blowing. But I was on this academic track, and then suddenly it did not seem important to know the style difference between certain motifs and the bronzes of the late and early Chou dynasty. There's more to life.

Southern Partisan: You did a bust of Andrew Lytle while you were at Sewanee?

Kirby-Smith: That was one of the most wonderful pieces I've ever gotten to do, because he was so fascinating. It took three times as long as it normally would have because I would just end up setting down my tools and listening slack-jawed to the stories he was telling. I still remember one quote that he said "one of the greatest gifts that God gave to Adam was *contrapty*." Of course I had to look it up and ask him what it was: It was excessive sexual desire. *This* is coming from a seventy year old! I thought, "Right on."

Southern Partisan: Why would he say that, do you think?

Kirby-Smith: Probably because he knew how wonderful our sexual desire is and he was up in his years. I tried to capture his intelligence, his great wit. The look in his eye.

Southern Partisan: Had someone commissioned the sculpture of Lytle?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, an English professor. There are a couple of copies. One in Sewanee—a bronze there, and there's one at the library in Nashville at Vanderbilt University. And then there are a couple of plaster casts. *Southern Partisan* Associate Editor Tom Landess has one.

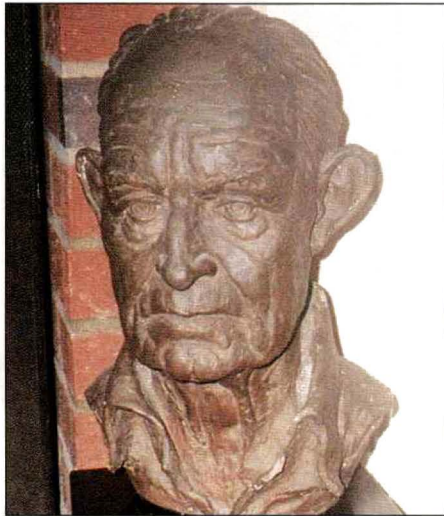
Southern Partisan: When you accept such a commission, is it because you have a sense for the South's history?

Kirby-Smith: Not so much a sense of the South, but of its interesting people.

Southern Partisan: Is it "politically correct" to remember the Confederacy in a noble light, especially the image of the Old South?

Kirby-Smith: I know it's not politically correct, but that is only one negative aspect. History is written by the victors. So the history that people are being fed is not necessarily correct or fair. There were more motivations than slavery, because the slaves would have been freed sooner or later.

Southern Partisan: Do you feel that you "fill in the gaps of history" in the faces and figures of Confederate soldiers?



Above: Andrew Lytle bust. Below: Sow snacking from briefcase, Life-size.



Kirby-Smith: I can't claim to be that noble. I just try to do the best I can and to see that a few important people are remembered.

Southern Partisan: Is it in some sense for you, keeping alive the South's history?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, but I think it's ongoing. It's not just Confederate soldiers. There are people who are still alive who are considered to be embodiments of the South. Some of those qualities are well expressed in Faulkner's acceptance speech of the Nobel prize—compassion and endurance and tenacity. Those are some of the qualities of the South. Some of the Confederate soldiers symbolize that.

Southern Partisan: Has the South influenced your art and choice of subjects?

Kirby-Smith: I'd have to say that stylistically it has, because that tradition of telling a story in the South is very strong. That narrative tradition in sculpture which can be best expressed in a very realistic form. That's why I sculpt in this manner. Secondly, there is the financial motivation, I don't just mean selling it. Sculpture in and of itself is not a very profitable career choice. More often than not, a woman sculptor is viewed like a dog that can sit up and whistle "Dixie" — an oddity. I try not to be fazed by it. The knowledge of blood, who I am; it's my heritage.

Southern Partisan: Have you found it difficult to be accepted as a woman sculptor?

Kirby-Smith: Yes. I've been sculpting for eleven years now.

Southern Partisan: Does your reputation carry you through? Does it bring in sufficient commissions?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, it has helped that I have a track record of coming on time, on budget, of being a contractor.

Southern Partisan: Does anyone ever come to you with something that you're not comfortable doing?

Kirby-Smith: Yes! On the other hand there have been a lot of things I've done to keep the wolf from the door. That means taking commissions from people I have neither liked nor admired.

Southern Partisan: When you refuse a commission is it based on the person asking or the subject he's requesting?

Kirby-Smith: Well, usually it's been the person himself that is so offensive that I won't accept it. But that's part of the chal-

lenge—to see if you can make something of it, like turning a sow's ear into a silk purse. I have to do that all the time. I do portraits of bankers and businessmen. They look like illustrations of "Mr. Potato Head." I have to make them look like they have responded to the clarion call of truth and justice. In fact, I knew I'd overdone it when I had a banker say "that just doesn't look like daddy." It came out after a lengthy discussion that daddy was a shrewd man. He did not hesitate to foreclose on widows and orphans, so I had to narrow his eyes and purse his lips a little more. And then in the very center of his eyes I put little dollar marks. And then they were satisfied. And they said it "looked just like daddy." I don't know if they noticed the little dollar marks, so I won't mention any names.

Southern Partisan: Having studied Chinese sculpture and art, do you see any relationship between this respect for tradition in Chinese culture and the traditional South?

Kirby-Smith: Yes, I have cited that oft quoted phrase about the Chinese and the Southerners that they both "worship their ancestors and eat rice." We are both from agrarian societies and you are defined by your birth place and your heritage. And that's still true to a certain extent.

Southern Partisan: When you were studying Chinese art you were studying it with the intent to teach it, so you weren't doing it at that time with an eye to actually being an artist yourself.

Kirby-Smith: I was advised—parental advice—that it would be a good thing to get a steady job teaching about Chinese vases.

Southern Partisan: Have you ever taught art?

Kirby-Smith: No! and I don't want to. I'm still in the process of learning.

Southern Partisan: When did you learn sculpture?

Kirby-Smith: I studied with a sculptor friend of mine up in Philadelphia—anatomy and basic physiology, and then for about a year and a half as an apprentice at a bronze foundry learning the technical aspects of casting, molding and enlarging. And then I just started doing it. I started doing work for the Franklin mint.

Southern Partisan: How long would it take you to do something the size of Andrew Lytle's bust?

Kirby-Smith: A head like that, about six hours, which would be maybe five or six sittings. But it took a terrible amount of time because he was so enchanting.



Richmond Police Memorial, 8.5' Bronze, Richmond, Virginia.

Southern Partisan: *How many of your works are commissioned?*

Kirby-Smith: A great part of them. I have to take time to balance things out and to do things I really want to do.

Southern Partisan: *I really enjoyed your statue of a "sow eating out of a briefcase." Did you do this for yourself as a respite after a commissioned work?*

Kirby-Smith: Oh yes. I did it after the war memorial — one of the more emotionally difficult projects I've ever been involved in. I haven't gotten the memorial to the foundry yet, I've got about a year more to go. It's supposed to represent the armed services. It's five soldiers and a nurse and they're all in the garb of the Second World War. You have to wrestle with how to memorialize the war, how to represent the men who fought in the war, what aspects to stress. It also includes doing research about the war, watching videos, reading books, talking to people. War is the most powerful thing experienced by a lot of people. This piece was commissioned by the City of Bristol, Virginia.

Southern Partisan: *When you get to sculpt for yourself, are you partial to certain subject matters?*

Kirby-Smith: It really depends on how the spirit moves me. I like to do animals. They don't ask to be twenty years younger, and forty pounds lighter. And I love doing angels.

Southern Partisan: *Why have you chosen to work in a style that is clearly representative and not abstract or modern?*

Kirby-Smith: I did stray into a piece of abstract sculpture. The decision to do representative work is best explained by an anecdote of the archangel's sleeve. My teacher that I studied under in Philadelphia told a story of how he'd just gotten a Guggenheim scholarship and it was by doing this 30'x50' enlargement of a one-inch square drawing of a hatch box. He got to thinking about it—this one-inch square. He said it was like a one-inch square enlargement of a small drawing, it was like a small square on the cuff of the sleeve of an archangel and why couldn't he have the whole archangel. I feel the same way. I want the whole celestial creature. It's the narrative element or the story that is best done in a detailed, realistic style.

Southern Partisan: *To turn the discussion toward politics, how do you feel about government funding of the arts?*

Kirby-Smith: Well, I'd have to say yes. I haven't heard of the Pope commissioning any works lately. I haven't had calls recently from the Archbishop of Canterbury. And when you add it all up it's something like one-hundred seventy-four million dollars a year. So despite Serrano's "piss Christ" and Map-

plethorpe's photographs, it's something that we need, an absolutely necessary part of the diet.

Southern Partisan: *But do you object to funding Maplethorpe and Serrano? Should taxpayer money go to support art that many people consider sacrilegious and pornographic?*

Kirby-Smith: I think it was a mistake. It should have been privately funded. I would defend their right to say what they feel they have to say, but taxpayer money should *not* have to pay for it.

Southern Partisan: *Have you ever benefited from government or public grants?*

Kirby-Smith: No, I applied once and was soundly turned down.



Christ the Healer, Bronze, 3', St. Joseph's Hospital, Augusta, Georgia.

Southern Partisan: *What did your fellow artist friends think of your moving to the South and accepting commissions commemorating subjects like the Civil War and Confederate soldiers?*

Kirby-Smith: I got a lot of rude noises from my artist friends in Philadelphia. I often heard repeated the H.L. Mencken quote about the South being the "Sahara of the Bozarts." But then I'm getting more commissions down here than some of the sculptors I know in other parts of the country. They end up having to either work for the government or make toys for the Mattel corporation or teach.

Southern Partisan: *Cleanth Brooks argues that, contrary to the expectations of Matthew Arnold and others, art has not become an effective substitute for God. Do you agree?*

Kirby-Smith: I have to agree. God has unfortunately been replaced by materialism and science and organized athletics. When you look at who our cultural icons are...Michael Jordan has replaced Saint Sebastian. And the currently venerated Madonna has bleached hair and outrageous undergarments, that's everything and more than Matthew Arnold said about the Philistines taking over the culture...Art has become therapy and psychobabble for a lot of people as a result. We are not getting better art as a consequence. You look at so much of the Victorian art that was supposed to be animating and ennobling, and you look at it now and it's the worst candybox schlock. There are responsible artists out there who have a moral conscience.

Southern Partisan: *Thank you, Maria, for your time and your work.*

Kirby-Smith: You are most welcome. Best wishes to *Southern Partisan*. ☆

The Thurmond Legacy

by Brenan R. Nierman

A Review of:

Strom Thurmond & The Politics of Southern Change

by Nadine Cohodas

Simon & Schuster, 1993

574 pages, \$27.50.

What we are trying to do regarding race in the United States, the eminent (and liberal) political scientist Samuel H. Beer notes, is something that "has never been attempted by any country at any time." This is to "create within a liberal, democratic framework a society in which a vast number of both black and white people live in free and equal intercourse, political, economic, and social."

We can, and I think must, legitimately question Beer's acceptance of any kind of equality beyond that of *legal* equality as a goal for a nation; but there is no denying the essential truth of his statement: no nation has ever, in the long history of the world, attempted to do what the United States is attempting to do in the area of race relations.

That sobering fact should mean that writers who take up the task of describing our faltering efforts to come to terms with a multi-racial and multi-cultural society should temper their moral indignation with a dose of historical realism. They should; but all too often, they do not.

No one can seriously question that the forms of legal segregation that existed in the South before the 1960s placed blacks in positions which were of their very nature degrading to human beings. Lyndon Johnson used to tell stories of how his housekeepers had to carefully plan their journeys from their home in the Deep South to Wash-

ington, D.C., cognizant of which places would let you use the restroom, and so on, drawing from such tales the conclusion that no man should be humiliated in front of his children.

But truth to tell, no one who knows anything about constitutional law can deny that our pursuit of a solution to the challenge of race (and, in a more or less indirect correlation, *culture*) in the United States has cost us dearly. Our reading of the Constitution, our concept of federalism, private property rights, the integrity of communities, and our notions of merit have all suffered — and in some cases taken mortal blows — on account of liberal zeal to right past wrongs and create a utopian society that would be Martin Luther King, Jr.'s "beloved community." In point of fact, we have little in the way of communities at all left to us; and these are under siege, threatened by crime that is out of control, and by the self-appointed potentates of an educational elite, who are determined to force their moral relativism, sexual promiscuity, and homophobic preferences upon our children. Everything is to be tolerated, the Maoist thought police tell us. But intolerance towards perversion and evil is an intolerance without which no culture or civilization can survive, I would argue.

Against such considerations, it is wise to contemplate just how much liberty has been sacrificed in pur-

suit of racial and social egalitarianism. Moreover, it becomes clear that no one but a fool puts forth a doctrine of tyranny under a banner that proclaims the reality of the program proposed. Our national obsession with equality has, however, eroded most of the barriers to tyranny that were established by the framers of the Constitution. As the great legal scholar Raoul Berger observed, we now have "government by judiciary"; courts (that is to say, unelected officials) make what passes for law instead of interpreting what elected representatives have decided will be the way we live. This is not legitimate republican government; for when men who are capable of self-government are denied that right and power's gathered into the same hands, it is tyranny, whether in the interests of the one, the few, or the many. We have traveled ever further down the road predicted by John Taylor, Alexis de Tocqueville, John C. Calhoun, Richard Weaver, Russell Kirk and M.E. Bradford — and there is no relief in sight. Some men stood athwart this passage. I have just mentioned several of them, but another is the subject of the biographical study under review.

Strom Thurmond is a marvel. Politically and physically, he has outlasted his contemporaries and is still going strong. In this book, Nadine Cohodas chronicles his career from legislator to governor to presidential candidate to senator (elected in a write-in campaign) to senior statesman. As a biography of one of the most important political figures in the South in this century, the book is necessarily a history of Southern politics over a period of time that saw tremendous social and political upheaval. While Cohodas has done an adequate job of describing the facts of Thurmond's career, the perspective of the author, which emerges with distress-

ing regularity throughout the book, demonstrates that she has failed to come to terms with both her subject as well as the South in general.

The persistent theme is political survival: how a defender of the racial, social, and political status quo in the South managed to hang on after a massive influx of black voters into the electorate. Cohodas demonstrates that Thurmond has done this through a mix of attentive constituent service (a hallmark throughout his career), as well as voting for a civil right bill for the first time in 1982. The next year found Thurmond supporting a federal holiday for Martin Luther King, Jr., a man whose political goals and methods were diametrically opposed to Thurmond's in every way, shape, and form. In short, the lion has been tamed. (This does not mean that he has given up his basic conservatism, however he might deviate from it on occasion. To his credit, he resisted the efforts of Senator Moseley-Braun to strip the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the patent on their logo; and, in a recent field hearing on the prospect of open homosexuals serving in the armed forces, Strom told one gay man that (a) it was "unnatural" for a man to want to be with another man, and (b) did he ever think of "going for psychological help?")

It has been a long journey for the 1948 champion of states' rights. In contrast to those politicians who beat the drum of states' rights as a tocsin for racial politics, Cohodas believes that Thurmond was never really committed to the philosophy for this reason; rather, he used it "as a philosophy of political power whose racial effects were secondary." This analysis is revealing, and shows why the author's shortcomings should send you to the library, rather than the bookstore, should you desire to read this book.

Cohodas reveals no appreciation of the genuine value of local government or sympathy for any check on an overbearing federal power. Hence the simple dichotomy in her



Governor and Mrs. Thurmond and friends greet well-wishers in Houston, Texas following Thurmond's acceptance of the States' Rights Democratic "Dixiecrat" presidential nomination in August 1948.

analysis: you were for states' rights because you were a white supremacist; or you spoke this way because you sought power, and this was the language one had to speak for attaining that power. John Shelton Reed, in reviewing this book, has written that the Southern use of states' rights to oppose desegregation efforts went a long way towards discrediting states' rights as a political principle. I think he is right about this to some extent; but I would add that if indeed states' rights can be invoked only when the federal government thinks it is morally and politically acceptable, then the Tenth Amendment really doesn't amount to much. The notion of sovereignty rests in part upon the determination of who is to be the final arbiter in a case. The doctrine of limited powers, which is to say constitutionalism, is a concession to the reality that people sometimes differ as to right and wrong. This is not to say that absolute truths do not exist, or that they can never be determined; only that in the face of difference, a little restraint and humility may well be called for. While the South should

have taken more steps to insure that its black citizens were treated fairly, this imperative does not necessarily dictate that, were the South to have failed in its moral duties, the federal government must of course in every instance step in to take matters into its own hands. But that point is lost on those who are governed by the egalitarian passion.

In her comments on the persistent attempts of parents to send their children to good schools after busing upset the apple cart, not only in the South but in the North as well, Cohodas demonstrates the wisdom of Mel Bradford's astute observation that paeans of praise to equal opportunity are merely masks for a program of equal results. Her analysis of the opposition to busing cites three factors that constituted the bulk of the argument against the practice. The long bus rides, fear of inferior schools, and fear of the danger in those schools were all elements of the resistance to this attempt at social engineering. Throughout the book, Cohodas does not hesitate to give her own spin to the various stories she relates. But on the big question

concerning busing — whether the fears of busing opponents were justified — she is silent. But five pages later, she writes that the “major flaw in Thurmond’s reverence for freedom of choice [in attending schools] was evident . . . the policy would in reality perpetuate segregation because whites would never willingly send their children to schools with large numbers of black children. Furthermore, because of generally better economic circumstances, white parents would be able to send their children to private schools, while blacks would not have that option. Laws and court orders might not erase the prejudice that lay behind opposition to integration, but they could require a halt to the discriminatory behavior.” Suddenly the fears of parents and the abhorrence to long bus rides have been reduced to being mere manifestations of prejudice. Tell that to the family of a little girl who has been beaten because she was white, or to the gifted child whose advanced courses have been taken away in the interest of “dumbing down” the curriculum.

Equal opportunity can be achieved only if people begin at the same place. This necessitates that an equal result be achieved in the preceding generation; in the end, as Socrates notes in *The Republic*, perfect justice demands the eradication of the family unit, for that is where inequities begin. Richard Weaver, in a wise article published in 1959 in *National Review* back when that journal was a true clearinghouse of conservative thought, noted that once the enemies of the Southern way of life had their way with it, they would move on to greener pastures. “The same charges of inequity leveled against the Southern regime,” Weaver said, “will be leveled against capitalism, private property, the family, and even individuality.” Weaver was frank in acknowledging the shortcomings of the South. But he was insistent that if the South did not retain “some liberty of choice” in the arrangement of its social and

cultural life, then there would be “no ground left on which to assert any other liberty.” The bottom line, however, for those who worship at the altar of equality, is results. We pay the price in liberty.

Cohodas sees the choice between liberty and equality as being presented in a “facile and distorting manner,” an “unnecessary dichotomy” between elements which, she apparently believes, are not contradictory. The operative word here is “believes.” For Ms. Cohodas surely cannot have arrived at such a conclusion through anything resembling reflection or deliberation.

Part of the triumph of equality as an overarching goal has lain in its ability to tar anyone who dare oppose its force as a racist. Other than its value as a chronicle of the times, the great redeeming feature of this book is that Thurmond is not treated in this manner. But then, as noted at the beginning of this review, he has been tamed. Jesse Helms, who still courageously resists the *zeitgeist*, comes in for less charitable treatment, presumably because he dares to speak out for those whose livelihoods are threatened by the racial spoils system that passes under the name of affirmative action.

Cohodas is very good at mustering facts, even though she is less adept at their interpretation. The key point in her book, of course, is that Thurmond had to act within a particular parameter — the electorate — at all stages of his career, in order to obtain and keep whatever power he held. The constitution of this parameter changed over time, necessitating that Thurmond change, too. The amazing thing is that his sense of timing has been so exquisite, neither too soon nor too late.

Thurmond’s career awaits a biographer with the gifts of a Robert Caro (who has given us, by most accounts, the *real* LBJ) to do him,



Sen. Strom Thurmond in a characteristic pose on the campaign trail stumping for fellow Republican, Rep. Floyd Spence.

as well as the South, justice. Such a biographer would place Thurmond in his context, allowing us to understand the various forces (and these were more complex than meet the eye) that instituted the practice of segregation. Moreover, this biographer would allow the story to unfold without the moralizing that pops up every now and then, making sure that the reader knows that this author, at least, is on the “right side of history.” Cohodas, to be sure, has done an adequate job in presenting the pertinent facts of Thurmond’s life; but we do not really get to know the man as well as we should after going through a book of this length. That the book shows not the slightest understanding of the dilemma that the South has faced ever since she was cursed with the presence of slavery upon her soil is to be expected; but excellence in scholarship demands more than meeting the lowered expectations that are in part a spin-off of our national pursuit of cheap, collective virtue. ☆

Brenan Nierman is completing his dissertation on Richard Weaver.

The Southern Musical Heritage

by Bill Koon

A Review of:

*Singing Cowboys and Musical Mountaineers:
Southern Culture and the Roots of Country Music*

by Bill Malone

University of Georgia Press, 1993, 560 pages, \$29.95.

Singing Cowboys, three essays with a brief introduction, is the printed version of Bill Malone's 1990 Lamar Lecture. The lecture series, sponsored by Mercer University, has been the source of a number of fine books, perhaps because it invites well known scholars to speak publicly to general audiences about ideas gleaned from years of scholarship. Bill Malone certainly qualifies as scholar. Professor of History at Tulane and accomplished country musician, he is the author of *Country Music, USA* and *Southern Music/American Music*. No one writes well about country music without these two volumes close by. Malone qualifies, too, as Lamar Lecturer, with these clear, direct, and abundantly informative essays which take us through the origins of country music, through its various adaptations, straight to such performers as Willie Nelson, Asleep at the Wheel, and Merle Haggard.

In chapter one, "Southern Rural Music in the Nineteenth Century," Malone works noninsistently with the complexity of origins. Though it might be simple enough to credit the British Isles, since the Scotch-Irish were such obvious sources, Malone winds into the issue the considerable part of the French with their "promenade," "allemande," and "dos-a-dos." Malone credits the Germans, moving down from western Pennsylvania, with an influence that included the ac-

ordion and the "shape-note" song books that "blanketed the South." He gives the Scandinavians a smaller part. Slave music was, of course, significant, especially as it turned up in revivals and camp meetings. As Malone puts it, "No white person, however, rich or poor, would have been unaware of the musical skills of the blacks, and awed references to their singing, and dancing, and instrument playing abound in the literature of the pre-Civil War period." The Civil War provided even more to sing about. And the South, with a melting pot of music that defies any single origin or term, was headed into a twentieth century that would bring such stimuli to music as radio and recording.

A brief second chapter, "Popular Culture and the Music of the South," takes us through such contributions and cultural phenomena as minstrels, touring theatrical groups, and river boat performers. Malone gives special attention to "blackface musicians" and notes that "... a cork-faced duo known as Jamup and Honey headlined the Grand Ole Opry's number-one tent show in the year prior to the landmark Supreme Court decision, *Brown v. Board of Education* ..." (p. 51). This chapter is packed with references to such writers and performers as John Howard Payne, Gussie Davis, George Bennard, and William Shakespeare Hays who



Hank Williams

represent again the mix of "Southern Rural Music." And Malone reminds us of a major source of the music: "The death and devastation wrought by the Civil War surely contributed to an overall mood of sadness and insecurity that lingered as long as the suffering and separation of the war were remembered. The pervasive poverty that clung to the region for many decades following the war, combined with the unyielding disintegration of the old economic order, inspired nostalgia for and romanticization of the past and uncertainty for the future."

Chapter three, "Mountaineers and Cowboys: Country Music's Search for Identity," brings us into the radio/record era, away from a time when the music was largely the avocation of working-class Southerners, into a time of professional musicians, the Grand Ole Opry, and 100,000-watt radio stations. Malone points out that, in the earlier time, the musicians typically

Continued on page 56

My Saturday Night at the Grand Ole Opry

by Wayne Hogan

They call it the "Grand Ole Opry."

That's what former-newspaper-reporter George D. Hay, its inventor, named it not long after the first group of performers had stood before their open mikes that first Saturday night and had their down-home music and vaudeville-comic routines beamed out over Nashville, Tennessee's WSM-650 "clear-channel" radio to nearly all of America, way back in 1925.

Nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-five. Some of you will remember it.

Radio was just a baby, and, out in Hollywood, the Silver Screen "talkies" were still two or three years away. In 1925, it would be two more years before 23-year-old Charles Lindbergh, Jr. would make his happy flight into history, and Will Rogers, Oklahoma's internationally celebrated humorist (and coiner of the inimitably irrepressible phrase "All politics is applesauce") was "breaking a leg" and "knocking them dead" wherever he appeared.

Nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-five. The year Nashville's venerable Grand Ole Opry was born. It's hardly missed a heartbeat since.

You can live in the middle of Manhattan's financial district (in SoHo, even)...and you'll know about the Grand Ole Opry.

You can be a Proper Bostonian...and you'll have heard of the Grand Ole Opry (maybe even been

there a time or two).

You can come from fashionable Nob Hill in fashionable ole San Francisco town (be, even, from Montmarte or Montparnasse in Paris)...and you'll likely know a person or two who's at least heard of the Grand Ole Opry.

And you can be from Jackson, Mississippi, and not have heard of your very own treasure-of-a-writer Eudora Welty...but will almost certainly have heard of, if not been to, the Grand Ole Opry.

Almost since its first moments, the Grand Ole Opry has been Mecca to the millions who've, over the years, come to Nashville to savor the finest in "country" music.

It was not till a few short years ago, though, that I became one of those "savorers." For a long time, I hated "country music" (which, as I'm sure you know, has been called "hillbilly music" much of its life, and mine). Could barely stand to think of it, much less listen to it. I pretty much regarded the entire genre the way I still regard three-quarter-ton pickup trucks...v-e-r-y negatively.

But then that was before my wife Susan and I moved to a little town in middle Tennessee, where just about the only music we could get on the radio was 100% "country." As might have been predicted, it wasn't long till we'd developed quite an affinity for it. Got to liking

it quite a lot, you might say.

Well, to make what could easily be a longer story shorter, Susan and I'd often talked about getting a couple of tickets and driving the 80 miles to Nashville some Saturday night to experience this "Grand Ole Opry"-thing in person. See if it was all that our mind's-eye image had it cracked up to be.

After having had this ritualistic dialogue with ourselves for nearly 20 years, we finally took the plunge. As birthday presents, we treated ourselves to two seats at the Grand Ole Opry for its July 27th Saturday night performance.

Mecca-bound at last! Good gosh a-mighty, Mecca-bound at last!

We paid our \$3 fee and drove through the Opryland gate at 9:05. The second Opry show of the night was scheduled to start at 9:30, so we had plenty of time to find a parking space in Opryland's dinosaur-sized lot and still make it inside before the night's performances got started. Had enough time to find our assigned aisle places in the middle section of the bottom tier of lower-balcony seats, with time enough left for me to rush back downstairs to the lobby for some soft-drinks and popcorn to snack on.

At about 9:40, the houselights dimmed and the purplish stage curtains parted to reveal legendary Porter Wagoner...resplendent in his darned-near-skin-tight blue and silver regalia...welcoming the estimated 2,500 of us to Nashville and to this first segment of the Grand Ole Opry, and to Dollar General Store, the segment's sponsor. (It was Porter, I'm sure you know, who discovered the multi-talented and oh so lovely Dolly Parton, who, unfortunately, wasn't part of the night's line-up. But then, alas, neither was our idol, George "The Ole Possum" Jones.)

Porter sang some, pattered some, moved from one side of the

smaller-than-I'd-imagined stage to the other, opening in flasher-fashion his virtually patented, brocaded jacket to show us its reddish-pinkish-checked inner lining, and hiking one, then the other of his pant legs above the tops of his jaded-red cowboy boots to reveal a pair of anemic-white and starved-skinny calves. "Ain't they the ugliest things you ever seen?" he'd ask rhetorically. At which point the audience applauded and yelled and whistled quite substantially. Susan and I, we exchanged Cheshire-cat-like grins.

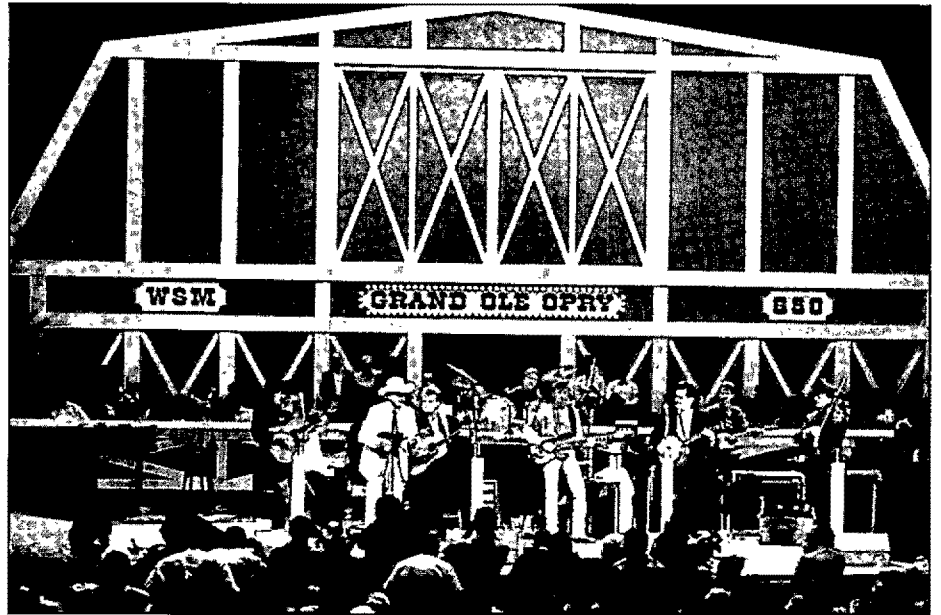
After about ten minutes in his own spotlight, Porter introduced Jeannie C. Riley, longtime Opry member and hit-making singer of Tom T. Hall's memorable "Harper Valley P.T.A.," who came out and in clear dulcet tones sang the holy heck out of a rather up-tempo number, and then, too quickly, was gone.

Porter came back then and segued the program into a commercial for Little Debbie Snack Cakes, read by the Opry's venerable announcer, the late Grant Turner, then brought out Stonewall Jackson, the next performer.

Stonewall did a number or two, mentioned a new book of his that was now available (it'd be down in the lobby on our way out, he suggested), then took his exit.

Next up (to the wildly enthusiastic acclaim of the younger and mostly, I guessed, females in the audience) was Ricky Van Shelton, one of the Opry's newest members. Ricky sang a song called "Keep It Between the Lines," which he said was his brand-newest single that, even as he spoke, was on its way to a record store near us. When Ricky finished his song he walked to the front edge of the stage, bent over to shake the hands of the throbbing coterie of youngish female fans, got bathed in the white popping flashbulb light from a dozen or more close-range, automatic cameras, thanked us en masse for coming, waved goodbye, then sauntered off into the backstage darkness.

Ricky Van Shelton is a tremen-



dously gifted singer who just happens to have chosen "country" as his metier. His performance was the highlight of the evening, no doubt about it. Made our \$14 tickets worth every cent.

Then Porter returned and, flashing the inner-lining of his jacket one last time, introduced Grandpa Jones as the next act.

Grandpa did a fast banjo number, then introduced the next commercial break co-sponsored by Tennessee Pride Country Sausage and Sunbeam Bread. Then the Osborne Brothers (all eight of them!) were on stage doing a gospel number and fiddle solo. Their exit was followed by a commercial for Pet Milk. Then Grandpa was back introducing the late, King-of-Country-Music Roy Acuff (who'd been with the Opry since 1938), who, in turn, introduced Jim Ed Brown. Jim Ed sang a couple of "soft," "romantic" songs...one in remembrance, he confided, of his, and country music's, good friend, Jim Reeves. Then Jim Ed brought out banjoist/humorist Mike Snyder, the Opry's youngest and newest member. We all liked him immensely.

A commercial break for BC Headache Powder came next, then Jim Ed introduced veteran Opry performer Billy Walker, then, well, on and on it went from commercial to performer to commercial, till a rather large-girthed and tipsy-

seeming fellow named Johnny Russell, the last act, the 21st of the evening, closed the show.

But as good as the night had been, it had sadly passed without the effervescent presence of Minnie ("How-dee! I'm just so proud to be here!") Pearl. News was she'd been a bit under the weather lately, and couldn't make it.

Creamettes ("There's a Lot to Like in the Little Green Box") was the concluding commercial sponsor when the houselights came on at thirty minutes past midnight. The show had run just a little long, though it was our distinct impression that there was nothing very rare about that at all.

An evening of fast-paced, professional, wholesome entertainment for the entire family...that's the Grand Ole Opry we saw. A genuine chunk of Americana where the ghosts of such as Uncle Dave Macon and Pee Wee King and Ernest Tubb and Cowboy Copus and Rod Brasfield and Hank Williams and Pasty Cline and Roger Miller hover behind the burnished-cowhide-tan stage waiting to go on.

"Beautiful and faded," Amy Lowell aptly put it, "Like an old opera tune/Played upon a harpsichord." Saturday night at the Grand Ole Opry.

Y'all come, now, heah?

Wayne Hogan is a freelance writer from Cookeville, Tennessee.

Scarlett's Creator

by Alphonse Vinh

A Review of:

Southern Daughter: The Life of Margaret Mitchell

by Darden Asbury Pyron

Harper, 1992, 676 pages, \$15.00.

C. Hugh Holman once declared, "The imagination of the Southerner for over one hundred and seventy-five years has been historical." To so many Southern writers the pertinent truths in the present are found through the exploration of the past. In Allen Tate's famous essay on the historical consciousness of the Southern writer, he said, "With the war of 1914-1918 the South re-entered the world but gave a backward glance which created the Southern Renaissance." A literature, Tate adds, "conscious of the past in the present." Margaret Mitchell was born into the generation that produced the most astonishing body of American literature in the twentieth century. Darden Pyron has written a big book on the life of this spunky ex-Atlanta debutante, and how she came to write the most famous Southern novel of all time.

Born at the turn of this century, Margaret Mitchell grew up in an Atlanta still girded with ruined Confederate breastworks. As a little girl, tomboyishly called "Jimmy," the future author often refought the War along these breastworks not far from her home.

Margaret's family had been prominent Atlantans for generations. Her very well-connected kinship lines were so densely Southern it was hard to keep up with.

They were important political families, the Mitchells and the Stephens, and the history of those clans was intimately linked with that of Atlanta, which they helped to build. No wonder Peggy Mitchell made her fiery heroine Scarlett O'Hara the symbol of Atlanta. After all, Scarlett's story derived from the rich oral tradition of her people, the Mitchells and the Stephens.

The tales young "Jimmy" Mitchell heard at the knees of her elders about the War for Southern Independence stirred her soul deeply. Her tough, martial grandfather, Russell Mitchell, fought under Hood and when this star-crossed general's command was annihilated at Franklin, went right on fighting under the cavalry genius N. B. Forrest until the dwindling twilight hours of the dying Confederacy.

The men in Margaret Mitchell's family were vigorous, ambitious men wanting to make a buck in post-Reconstruction Atlanta. In this post-war city they enthusiastically pursued wealth through building and land speculation. In time, the Mitchell and Stephens men's energetic ambition was rewarded by the attainment of great wealth and civic prominence. Many of Rhett Butler's characteristics derived from the Mitchell family traits. Despite Rhett Butler's blue-blood Charleston name, he never really

convinces us that he is a lowcountry aristocrat. He was altogether too much the hard-headed, ambitious Atlanta businessman on the make in Henry Grady's New South.

And what of Scarlett? Where did she come from in her creator's imagination? Darden Pyron has this to say about Margaret Mitchell's farrago grandmother, Annie Stephens Mitchell:

A headstrong daughter, a formidable wife, and a fearsome mother, she imprinted her character and values on her family as indelibly as her men did.

It was this powerful personality who inspired the creation of the best-known American fictional character in the world.

Like her heroine Scarlett, the young Margaret Mitchell "was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm..." Professor Pyron gives in his vast biography abundant evidence of Peggy Mitchell's Southern belle charms which she could use to devastating effect.

She briefly attended Smith College but returned to Georgia for good when her revered mother, a model for Ellen Robillard O'Hara, died. At the tender age of eighteen she took charge of the household of her remote, difficult lawyer father. In the accepted pattern for young, well-bred Atlanta ladies, Margaret Mitchell did the expected thing by entering the lists as a debutante. But this was no aspiring candidate for future white-gloved Georgia Junior League matronship; Pyron recounts the day she announced to the society reporter for the *Atlanta Journal*, "we are coming down off the auction block...and we are going to work." "Doing what?" asked the reporter. The future creator of Scarlett O'Hara tartly replied, "Oh, I am going to write comedies and stories."

Possessing high intelligence, sardonic wit, keen curiosity and a genius for conversation, Margaret Mitchell employed these personal qualities to become a cracker jack reporter with the *Atlanta Journal*.

Briefly married to the tormented wastrel, Berrien Kinnard Upshaw, she was just as quickly divorced from him. She was to have a very happy and fulfilling second marriage to the best man at her first wedding, John Marsh. He would supply Mitchell with the important personal and emotional support she required to become a successful novelist.

When Peggy Mitchell joined the new ranks of educated young Southern ladies entering careers in journalism, this was the exciting twenties, the golden age of that literary profession. Professor Pyron's enormous narrative talent gives us a strong impression of that time when proliferation of newspapers in the South went into serving the reading needs of an expanding urban population. Pyron describes how Peggy Mitchell, former debutante, "relished journalism, not least, for the occasion it offered her to play the low life."

The hardbitten, somewhat misogynic male colleagues she worked with at the paper grew to respect Peggy Mitchell's spunk and editorial skills. Her hard-to-please editor grew dependent on her sharp, vivid stories rich in narrative and texture. She asked for no favors and gave none. What is more, she was learning her craft as a future novelist.

In 1926, just three years before an unknown Mississippi writer named William Faulkner would burst upon the literary scene with an unsurpassed fourteen-year creative torrent by publishing *Sartoris* and the ground-breaking *The*

Sound and the Fury, a young, newly remarried Atlanta matron was experiencing severe labor pains; however, she was not to bear a child but a novel. For Margaret Mitchell the experience was not so dissimilar.

Having quit her journalistic career following her marriage to Josh Marsh, Margaret Mitchell began writing *Gone With the Wind* in close-held secret. Darden Pyron describes the difficult birthpangs as follows:

Furious at the world, bitterly unsatisfied, and consumed by pain, the young matron stewed in her own bile as fall turned cold and winter loomed...she began to write a novel about the Civil War.



Margaret Mitchell in April 1936, one month before the publication of *Gone With the Wind*.

By the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of *Gone With the Wind*, more than one thousand novels had been written about the War Between the States. Margaret Mitchell's book remains the most popular account to date.

It is now difficult to read Margaret Mitchell's epic novel the way she intended for it to be read because of the public confusion of the novel with the equally famous motion picture. Mitchell actually began the composition of *Gone With the Wind* with the final chapter in the book, the one which ends in the deaths of Bonnie Butler and Melanie Wilkes, and with Rhett's abandoning of marital life with

Scarlett to search, as he wearily explains to the uncomprehending heroine, for the old Grecian symmetries he had so disdained in youth.

The author of *Gone With the Wind* was no follower of the "Moonlight and Magnolia" school of Southern literature. Indeed, she ridiculed the legends of the Old South. Mitchell lacked patience for the aristocratic pretensions of her own family. In a letter she wrote the genuinely aristocratic Virginius Dabney, she noted: "I certainly had no intention of writing about cavaliers, practically all my characters, except the Virginia Wilkes, were of sturdy yeoman stock."

Despairing of ever being read correctly, Margaret Mitchell accurately prophesied how people would read into her novel, one based upon strenuous historical research (her tiny figure was often seen in downtown Atlanta lugging home from the library large volumes of *The Official Record*) and her own family's rich oral tradition, what she sneeringly called, "the Hollywood version."

Indeed, as Darden Pyron acknowledges in his biography, "Margaret Mitchell's Dixie is no stable aristocratic order at all, but a dynamic cultural melting pot that rewards energy and ambition as does any capitalistic order." The strong streak of social Darwinism in Mitchell's novel is explained by Pyron as "the placing [of] rapacious and self-conscious capitalists at the novel's heart confirms her debts to the economic revisionists like Charles and Mary Beard and the early U. B. Phillips."

Vivien Leigh's unforgettable performance as Scarlett O'Hara in the film version of *Gone With the Wind* has had the effect of hopelessly romanticizing the actual character of this rapacious embodiment of the New South Creed. We must not for-

get how Margaret Mitchell's Scarlett was modeled upon her much detested grandmother, the infernal Annie Stephens Mitchell. Darden Pyron understandingly writes: "Money, splurge, and swagger: the terms applied to Annie Fitzgerald Stephens have the most powerful resonance in her novel."

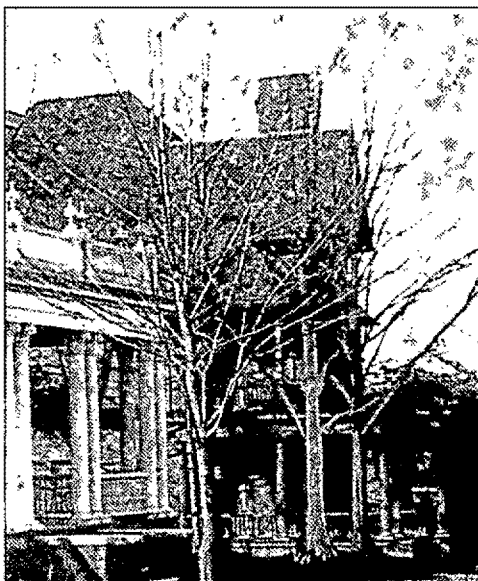
Mitchell heartily concurred with Augusta psychiatrist Dr. Hervay Cleckley's psycholiterary analysis of Scarlett's personality: "her incapacity for true commitment in love is apparently, unmodified; her egocentricity is basic...In her, however we sense an inward hollowness and serious lack of thought." In Mitchell's response to Dr. Cleckley's analysis of her principal character, she declared, "I set out to depict a far-from-admirable woman about whom little that was good could be said..."

Following a near decade of hard, maddening labor, Margaret Mitchell finished her single novel. It was accepted for publication by Macmillan. The rest is history. According to George Gallup, the novel is "a close second to the Bible in the esteem of the American reading public." Mitchell attained best seller status very early. Soon after the beginning of the year 1937, book sales had already topped one million hardcover copies in America alone. In the same year, the Pulitzer Committee awarded its coveted fiction prize for best novel to Margaret Mitchell.

By the time David Selznick purchased the movie rights to *Gone With the Wind* in the fall of 1936, most readers had clear views about how Mitchell's well-depicted characters appeared to them. A battle royal developed between partisans of this or that screen star over who should portray the novel's characters in the film version. It would appear that the only general consensus was that Clark Gable deserved the role of Rhett Butler. Rumor had it that Margaret Mitchell wrote the novel with Gable in mind. This is untrue but convincing the public of the fact is nigh impossible. Meanwhile, Bette Davis,

Katherine Hepburn, Tallulah Bankhead, and Miriam Hopkins (the latter two were Southerners), all had their ardent legions of followers who were absolutely convinced that their favorite was the only one to play Scarlett.

The talent search for actors reached a frenzied state by the end of the thirties. Darden Pyron's narrative has hilarious accounts of this search process where everyone seemed to get involved. Even First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt was smitten by what I would term, "Scarlett Fever." In fact, America's First Lady proposed that her personal maid be considered for the role of Mammy! In the end the actors



The Margaret Mitchell House, Peachtree Road facade, circa 1899.

were all chosen and David Selznick introduced his choice for the role of Scarlett, India-born British actress Vivien Leigh. At the time, the formidable President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy made a well-publicized protest over the selection of a non-Southerner (and a foreigner to boot) to portray a fiery Georgia belle. Today no one can imagine any other actress than Vivien Leigh in the career-making role of Scarlett O'Hara.

The last years of Margaret Mitchell's life are sympathetically chronicled by Darden Pyron, who obviously has a great liking for the subject of his highly readable biography. Mitchell's explosive fame as

the author of *Gone With the Wind* grew ever more burdensome to her. Hordes of uninvited visitors arrived at her apartment daily. Mitchell would go to the door with cream on her face, a towel wrapped around her head, and then she would gaze on with amazement as these brazen strangers trooped right into her living room.

Until she tragically died at the relatively young age of 49 after being struck by a car in Atlanta, few could keep pace with Peggy Mitchell. Her famous good humor dimmed somewhat over the endless disputes with publishers both foreign and domestic over royalties. She never wrote another book. Her entire literary energy was poured into her astonishingly huge and prolific correspondence. The gracious Southern lady in her could never say no to the entreaties of fans. Darden Pyron suggests that "in the thirteen years before her death in 1949, Mitchell wrote at least ten thousand letters; perhaps twice that number."

The greatest Southern novel of all time was written by that great Poet Laureate of the spiritual Southern Nation, William Faulkner, when he created *Absalom, Absalom!* But when scholarly critics lambast Margaret Mitchell's novel for its lack of literary merits, they are barking up the wrong tree. Despite what her Atlanta friends, family, and neighbors thought, Peggy Mitchell never set out to write the Great Southern Novel. She knew she had a compelling story to tell based upon the history of her family and her region. Using her amazing narrative gifts to great effect, Margaret Mitchell simply ended up writing the most beloved American novel of all time. Professor Darden Pyron has written, I believe, the definitive biography of a talented, complicated, and courageous woman who was a genuine heroine in her own Southern life.

Alphonse Vinh is a fellow of Berkeley College, Yale University.

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BOOK NOTES *by Bryant Burroughs*

Union in Peril:

The Crisis over British Intervention in the Civil War

by Howard Jones.

University of North Carolina Press, 1992,

300 pages, \$34.96 cloth.

By autumn of 1862 the government of Great Britain was close to intervening in the war between Union and Confederacy. Despite bellicose threats by American Secretary of State William Seward that intervention would lead to a war that "would wrap the world in fire," the British government prepared to abandon its neutrality. Intervention, whether in the form of mediation or armistice or defensive treaty with the South, offered England an attractive method to accomplish its political goals: end the horrible bloodshed, restore economic growth to English mills, and lead to the end of slavery by preventing its spread. This book by University of Alabama history professor Howard Jones describes why England did not intervene.

Both England and France had declared neutrality early in the war. England declared on May 13, 1861, the very day that the newly appointed Union ambassador, Charles Francis Adams, arrived in London. This action aroused deep animosity from the Lincoln administration because a declaration of neutrality extended belligerent status to both the Union and Confederacy as equals. What Lincoln termed "a war of rebellion" would be treated as a war between two nations. Even more ominously for the Union, neutrality was regarded by both North and South as an initial step toward recognition of the South as an independent nation. Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, angrily called neutrality "the most hateful phe-

nomenon of English history since the time of Charles 2nd."

But as Lincoln's government criticized English neutrality for granting credibility to the Confederacy, it also made clear that any intervention or recognition of Confederate independence would be an alliance with the Union's enemies and an act of war. Seward threatened to sever ties that had grown between England and the United States since their last war in 1812.

Despite a longstanding opposition to slavery, Englishmen understood, for a time, the real issue of the war and instinctively sided with the Confederacy's appeal to states' rights and free economic trade. English newspapers castigated the Union for seeking to subjugate a nation by force of bayonet. Equally important were England's vital economic ties to Confederate cotton, what Henry Timrod described as "the snows of Southern summers." Fully 80% of England's cotton came from the South and, although bountiful harvest years of 1858 to 1861 had stored a one year's supply in English warehouses, a protracted conflict would shut down mills and worsen England's economic woes. Recognizing the fact that England could not survive without Southern cotton, fire-eater Edmund Rhett imprudently boasted that England's "Lord Chancellor sits on a cotton bale."

But fearful of a war that would risk Canada, the British government adopted a cautious policy of waiting for the North to recognize the impossibility of subjugating the South, a people with vast territories and fierce fighting spirit. As 1861 and 1862 brought news of Southern victories, and a shortage of cotton made one of every two Englishmen unemployed, an alarmed

Charles Francis Adams warned Lincoln that only victory on the battlefield would avert English intervention on the side of the South.

In response to this threat, Lincoln made the controversial move of changing the focus of the war from preservation of the Union to the extinction of slavery. On July 13, 1862 he told Seward that he intended to proclaim emancipation as "a military necessity, absolutely essential to the preservation of the Union." Seward wisely counseled Lincoln to wait until Union forces won a victory on the battlefield, lest the emancipation proclamation be perceived by England as a desperate attempt to provoke a slave uprising. At the same time that Lincoln agreed to this postponement, the British government was planning the steps to intervention.

Suddenly everything stood still. After routing the Federal forces at Second Manassas, General Lee turned his Army of Northern Virginia northward into Maryland. This news delayed England's intervention, because her majesty's government believed that Lee would again be victorious, capture Washington, and end the war. But after a desperate stand along Antietam Creek near Sharpsburg, Lee left the field to his foes and recrossed the Potomac. Although it was not a stunning victory for the Union, it was not a defeat either, and Lincoln leaped at the opportunity. Five days after the battle he declared emancipation to his cabinet, with the proclamation to be effective January 1, 1863. Lincoln's cunning invocation of a moral purpose as a means of waging and winning the war ended the intervention crisis. England could not ally itself against emancipation.

Dr. Jones' page-turning writing

style brings to life the swirl of personalities and crises that marked the lock-step dance of England, Union, and Confederacy. That dance very nearly led to English intervention on the side of the South.

—BB

The Supreme Court and Legal Change: Abortion and the Death Penalty
by Lee Epstein and Joseph F. Kobylka.
University of North Carolina Press, 1992,
417 pages, \$45.00 cloth, 16.95 paper.

Americans have recognized capital punishment as a legitimate form of criminal punishment since colonial times. Suddenly, in the 1972 *Furman v. Georgia* decision, the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the procedure used by most states for imposing capital punishment. One year later, the Court shocked the nation when the *Roe v. Wade* decision overturned 150 years of state law by asserting that the Constitution guarantees women a fundamental right to abortion.

This book is a study of the reasons that, two decades after those radical decisions, the Court has reasserted the constitutionality of capital punishment and has substantially restricted the right to abortion. The authors present three factors that have contributed to the Court's reversal of direction: personnel changes on the Court, either through position shifts by a sitting justice or the appointment of a new justice; the influence of public opinion; and the pressure of interest groups.

Epstein and Kobylka quickly pass over the first two factors in order to argue that the primary contributor has been the poor legal strategy of liberal interest groups. It is self-evident to the authors that capital punishment is unconstitutional and that abortion is a fundamental liberty, and today's Court disagrees with these positions only because the NAACP Legal Defense Fund pressed for complete abolition of the death penalty, and abortion rights activists failed to court the

moderate vote of Sandra Day O'Connor. In brief, it is the tactics and not the correctness of the liberal view that has failed.

But such duplicitous reasoning ignores the truth, which is that American voters have rejected and reshaped the liberal Court of the Earl Warren era. Two centuries after Alexander Hamilton assured the new nation that the judiciary would be the "least dangerous branch" of the proposed government, the liberal Warren Court discovered in the Constitution "rights" far beyond the comprehension of the Framers. Thus the liberals denied capital punishment, which is expressly enumerated in the Constitution, while affirming abortion, which is neither mentioned nor implied within the Constitution. Americans instinctively recognized the Court's false course and immediately began electing both state and national legislators who would challenge the rulings and presidents who would appoint conservative justices. This is the constitutional counterweight to a Court that is out of step with American people: that in a very real sense the American people elect Supreme Court justices, in that the people elect the president and the president nominates justices.

The success of this "aroused public conscience" in the words of Justice Felix Frankfurter, is a Supreme Court now dominated by a solid conservative majority, and the core of six justices appointed by presidents Reagan and Bush will dominate the debate and direction of American law well into the 21st century. Liberals are left to lament lost tactics.

—BB

Conduct Unbecoming: Gays and Lesbians in the U.S. Military
by Randy Shilts.
St. Martin's Press, 1993, 784 pages, \$27.95.

Truth is the first casualty when it skirmishes with political ideology. The latest example is the accusation that Confederate major general

Patrick Cleburne was a homosexual, an accusation based upon the fact that Cleburne never married and that he shared his blanket with fellow soldiers.

Shilts has deliberately misinterpreted these facts, because his purpose in writing the book is to prove that homosexuality and honorable military service are not incompatible. Whether or not this thesis is true remains a social and political question worthy of debate, but if Shilts and other homosexual rights activists cannot present justification greater than that found in *Conduct Unbecoming*, then their argument is doomed.

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne fled his native Ireland at age 20 during the Great Potato Famine, settling in the frontier hamlet of Helena, Arkansas. When war between North and South erupted a decade later, he sided with his neighbors, saying that "I am with the South in victory or defeat. I never owned a Negro and care nothing for them. But these people have stood by me on all occasions." With his magnetic personality, extraordinary courage, and marked ability to lead troops, Cleburne quickly rose in rank from captain to major general. He commanded a hard-hitting division that swept every battlefield and earned a reputation for fierce fighting that was unequaled in the Southern armies. His men called him "the bravest of the brave" and marveled that "in his presence, men were afraid to be afraid."

In November 1864, during the dark last winter of the Confederacy, Cleburne's commanding general ordered a suicide charge against the formidable Federal defenses at Franklin, Tennessee. As Cleburne gazed across the artillery-swept field toward the Union breastworks, he quietly told his men: "If we are to die, let us die like men." He was killed with sword in hand near the Federal lines.

Although Cleburne's being a bachelor is a key element of the book's thesis, Shilts apparently was unaware that Cleburne was engaged to be married when he died

in the charge at Franklin. Cleburne had met Susan Tarleton while attending a wedding in Marengo County, Alabama in January 1864, and the charming, dark-eyed beauty from Mobile quickly won the general's heart. By March the couple was engaged, but their wedding was hostage to war. Two days after the Franklin battle, Susan collapsed upon hearing a newsboy in the street outside shouting the headline that the great general had been killed. Although she married a year after the war, she died shortly afterward, leaving behind letters indicating that she never recovered from Cleburne's death.

Shilts' second "proof," that Cleburne shared his blanket with fellow soldiers, also misrepresents historical fact. As the Union blockade slowly starved the South, families at home sacrificed so that their soldiers could eat, yet it was not enough. The Southern armies fought without food, blankets, overcoats, and even shoes, and winter marches left bloody footprints in the snow. Each shared his few possessions, with no thought of the homosexual perversion that Shilts seeks to present as normal.

It is Shilts' arrogance that offends. He is an historical elitist who screens all facts of history through his personal ideology, one of those of whom M. E. Bradford wrote: "Being so certain of what it now believes, this generation has no patience with others who in different eras thought something else." Not content with criticizing the past, Shilts subtly seeks to redefine the past. He distorts in order to destroy.

—BB

Paved With Good Intentions: The Failure of Race Relations in Contemporary America.
By Jared Taylor.
Carroll & Graf, 1992, 416 pages, \$11.95 paper.

Jared Taylor has done something no one else has done for a quarter century; he has written a book about race relations in America

from a white conservative perspective, and had it released by a major publisher. Taylor was able to pull off this feat because his writing combines insightful analysis and clear prose, with meticulous documentation.

Taylor vigorously challenges the conventional wisdom that black shortcomings are due to white racism. The author illustrates how little racial discrimination there is in public life today. Instead, blacks are being killed with kindness. Reverse discrimination and the welfare state actually work to keep blacks down by substituting group advocacy and government dependency for individual responsibility, initiative, and hard work. The good intentions of whites have paved the road to the present day hell of America's cities.

One consequence of these misguided policies has been an explosion of black crime. After reading Taylor's statistics and anecdotes on interracial crime one might think this factor alone would cause a reevaluation of our present course by long-suffering whites. Media obfuscation is one reason this has not happened. "Why," asks Taylor, "do the media report anti-black crime so assiduously and ignore anti-white crime?" Apparently the public cannot be trusted with the facts about black crime. For example, in late 1987 and early 1988 the New York media reported the Tawana Brawley rape hoax as fact while the real story on interracial rape went unreported. "In 1988 ... there were 9,406 reported cases of whites being raped by blacks, whereas there were fewer than 10 reported cases of blacks being raped by whites."

The book also divulges the tremendous amount of anti-white discrimination carried out under the rubric of affirmative action. Taylor points out that these race-based decisions are in violation of the spirit and letter of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 which mandated a color-blind America where race would be irrelevant. Yet just five years after passage, a Republican administration implemented the

Philadelphia Plan, which has grown into a massive, multifaceted program of nonwhite favoritism. Affirmative action means that government at all levels, businesses, schools, and other not-for-profit institutions often engage in preferential hiring, promotion, and admissions; minority contract set-asides; and race-exclusive scholarships, loans, and training programs. Blacks accept these benefits as their due, believing that as a group they deserve "their" share of wealth and status regardless of individual achievement. How necessary this favoritism is for achieving equal outcomes in, for example, college admissions, can be glimpsed at by the fact that "[w]hite children from families with incomes of \$10,000 to \$20,000 get better SAT scores than black children from families with incomes of \$70,000 or more."

The other well-intentioned program that has exacerbated America's racial problems is our welfare system. Originally established as a safety net for the old or disabled, the system now encourages young black women and girls to have babies they cannot provide for. Here is the genesis of the underclass: single women, supported by welfare, having children they cannot afford. "In social terms," writes Taylor, "the crucial difference between America of today and America of fifty years ago is the millions of unmarried people who have children they cannot support." Rather than helping to solve our racial problems, Taylor makes a convincing case that affirmative action and the welfare state have ensured their continuation.

Although the book is short on solutions, we can only hope that Jared Taylor's work receives the widest possible attention. *Paved With Good Intentions* demolishes much of the cant used to discuss contemporary American race relations. This is a necessary first step in a radical rethinking that is needed if this problem is ever to be solved.

—Nelson Rosit

The Lambda Conspiracy

by Spencer Hughes

Moody Press, 1993, 337 pages, \$9.99 paper.

The Lambda Conspiracy, written by a Southerner and Washington insider using the pen name Spencer Hughes, was officially listed as fantastic fiction at the time of its release in July. But this novel set in the final years of the twentieth century is already becoming dangerously real.

Lambda describes how the last

evangelical Christian left in the United States Senate, Branch Trumbull, faces constant attack from a militant gay network as he fights a proposed amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing equal rights for homosexuals. Trumbull finds a friend in Chase McKenzie, the conservative host of the most watched television program in the nation, "Pulse of a Nation," and together they set out to defeat the gay agenda.

Ex-homosexual Alan Medinger,

who now heads a Washington-based ministry, has read the book and finds the portrayal of the homosexual underground accurate while remaining "realistic and compassionate."

A few hours with *The Lambda Conspiracy* will leave the reader braced for the culture war that Pat Buchanan has said is here. Hughes shows through fiction how close we have come to a newer, darker phase of this national conflict.

—Oran P. Smith

SOUTHERN FLICKS ON VIDEO

RICH IN LOVE Directed by Bruce Beresford

You've just been Oscar'd and made scads of money with the unlikely *Driving Miss Daisy*. What are you going to do? You reassemble your team for another Southern picture. That's what Richard and Lili Zanuck did with *Rich in Love*, based on Josephine Humphries' novel set around Charleston.

Albert Finney's younger daughter discovers Mom has deserted the family. After searching for her, they get on with their lives. The older daughter and her new husband move into the big house to await their baby's birth. Finney takes up with Piper Laurie and Mom turns out to be Jill Clayburgh, the unmarried woman herself. By the end, everyone is reconciled, the house is sold, and the younger girl goes off to Duke.

Since there is no Southern film community, which must delight many *Southern Partisan* readers, the Zanucks were on to something when they brought together South African playwright James Uhys and Australian director Bruce Beresford. All Southern movies are made by outsiders, but these are foreigners and have the virtue of being able to see all America as outsiders, not just the South. The South gets a break and can be seen as unique, almost a colony, by these former twentieth century colonists. As a region, in these Zanuck movies, the South doesn't come off so bad.

That's not to say *Rich in Love* is a good movie. It's a well-produced one. All the elements seem to be in place. The well-written scenes are well directed and well-acted and well-shot. At best it's interesting, but it's mainly a bore.

It is a series of vignettes about the dissolution of a family. Albert Finney's brilliant work might have propelled it along, but there's no dramatic tension, no spine here. Maybe that is supposed to be supplied by the younger girl, but she just observes and narrates. She's an audience surrogate whose story is virtually non-existent. The performance is good, but there's nothing there to act.

Without reading the book, I'd say the mother's dis-

appearance should have been an ongoing mystery, as the murder in *Fried Green Tomatoes* is. As it is, when Jill Clayburgh pops up, you've forgotten there ever was a mom. And who remembers Gable and Lombard? She has no resonance to give the part weight at this late point. No wonder she's doing Alan Alda slash movies.

Even though she seems like Barbara Babcock at first, Piper Laurie understands her beautician girlfriend better than Miss Clayburgh does her pre-feminist martyr.

Besides pretty photography, *Rich in Love* has a fairly decent sense of place. Charleston isn't exploited for its production values. People actually live there. The one reference to tourism is jaundiced.

The house is distinctive but not enough. In the book, I suspect it was a character. And if it wasn't, it should be here. Its sale and renovation represent the amiable end of the family as they accept modern values and scatter to new and "better" lives.

Except for Finney, the characters are all New South Types. Traditional Southerners or society aren't in sight. At a few points, the bridegroom seems a potential Old South ally, but at least we're spared the usual South-bashing.

The problem in ignoring this is that the ending has no dramatic punch. There's no tragedy, no hint of poignance, the whole thing just comes to an end. Oh, a baby is born to symbolize the upcoming new lives of everyone, but that's it. Lit. 101 instead of Screenwriting 101.

Rich in Love is a toney, bland movie, chiefly because its soul is with the producers, not the director.

But you have to give the Zanucks credit for trying. Since marrying Lili Fini of Raleigh's Cardinal Gibbons High, Richard Zanuck's movies have run towards non-bashing Southern themes. If they ever become comfortable with the traditional South, the Zanucks will be able to produce really significant films about the South that go beyond Oscar bait.

It's just too bad that Clarence Brown isn't around to direct them with one hand behind his back.

—Norman Stewart

Continued from page 45

"dressed in their 'Sunday-go-to-meeting' clothes." But as fame grew and the image spread, performers began a search for an image that separated them from a defeated and depressed South. "No Pioneer country musician really sought to identify with 'rural' or 'working-class' life ...," Malone argues (pp. 70-71).

The mountaineer persona caught on quickly not just because musician Al Hopkins came up with the term "hillbilly" but also because the image suggested something separate from the lowland South. The mountain community suggested wholesomeness; the mountain community was almost exclusively white. Malone finds vestiges of this development in the TV show "Hee Haw" and in numerous popular performers, including Dolly Parton.

Cowboys, who seem to have always fascinated us with their freedom and independence, had the same "Anglo-Saxon" advantage. Jimmie Rodgers had many cowboy numbers in his repertory; Hank Williams took up his "Drifting Cowboy" persona early on as he deserted the pine-tree Alabama of his birth. Needless to say, the cowboy image flourishes today in Willie and Waylon and in the "hat acts" of George Strait and Garth Brooks. But if cowboys and mountaineers seem to dominate "Southern Rural Music," the themes stay the same. As Malone puts it, "... a large segment of the American public would indeed like to escape to 'Rocky Top, Tennessee' beyond the reach of 'smoggy smoke' and 'telephone bills'" They yearn, with Merle Haggard, "turn me loose, set me free, somewhere in the middle of Montana" (p. 115-116).

The American South has intensified many of America's emotions and instincts, especially those having to do with independence and freedom. Malone, in this fine book, shows us just how country music follows that pattern.

Bill Koon is a professor of English at Clemson University.

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

TRIVIA

"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*

- 1: What general was carried on the roll of a New Orleans unit as an honorary private, with the color sergeant answering "Absent on duty!" when the roster was called?
- 2: Who was the only general officer to fight on both sides, as a U.S. Army captain and as a C.S.A. brigadier?
- 3: What inmate of the prison at Fort Warren, Massachusetts, was promoted to the rank of major general while he was a Union prisoner of war?
- 4: What graduate of South Carolina College, who was made a brigadier at Pensacola, saw his command virtually wiped out at Murphreesboro?
- 5: What former Virginia Military Institute faculty member became the first combat martyr of the Confederacy?
- 6: What Tar Heel Unionist enlisted as a private in the First North Carolina state troops, became a brigadier general, then spent twenty-three postwar years as a U. S. Senator?
- 7: What Virginia colonel was commander of a prison before being placed in charge of the C.S.A. Bureau of Conscription, then went to Europe when Lee surrendered?
- 8: Who was the father of Harvard graduate Will H. ("Rooney") Lee, who became a major general after having been captured?
- 9: What North Carolinian cried, "Give them the cold steel!" before leading 150 men against Cemetery Ridge?
- 10: What was the name of one of Barnard E. Bee's brothers who supervised smuggling operations from Brownsville, Texas?

ANSWERS

- 1: Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard (b. Louisiana)
- 2: Frank C. Armstrong (b. Indian Territory)
- 3: John S. Marmaduke (b. Missouri)
- 4: John K. Jackson (b. Georgia)
- 5: Capt. John Marr, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, on June 1, 1861.
- 6: Matt W. Ransom (b. North Carolina)
- 7: John S. Preston
- 8: Gen. Robert E. Lee
- 9: Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead
- 10: Brig. Gen. Hamilton P. Bee (b. South Carolina)

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*

From Manassas to Appomattox.

by Gen. James Longstreet, C.S.A.

690 pages, Da Capo Press (233 Spring St. New York, NY 10013), 1895 (1993), \$17.95 in paper.

Lee called him "My Old War Horse," and after the death of Stonewall Jackson, James Longstreet was probably the most important of Lee's lieutenants. But he was quickly "reconstructed" after the war, and many Southerners blamed him for the defeat at Gettysburg. Did he pout and delay at Gettysburg? Or was his strategy of defense simply ahead of its time? Read General Longstreet's 1895 memoir, here reprinted in inexpensive trade paper, and decide for yourself. One indisputable fact: Robert E. Lee loved Longstreet regardless of the controversy. "My dear General," wrote Lee to "Old Pete" in 1866, "can you not [prepare] your memoirs of the war?...it is the only way in which we may hope that fragments of the truth will reach posterity...."

The Confederacy Is on Her Way Up the Spout: Letters to South Carolina, 1861-1864.

Edited by J. Robert Heller III and Carolyn Ayres Heller. 157 pages, University of Georgia Press, 1992, \$19.95.

Here's a first-person account of Johnny Reb in camp and field based on 33 letters by seven Southern soldiers to a South Carolina farm family during the war. Four of the seven letter-writers died in the conflict, but they and the survivors left behind a moving record of daily life in Confederate service. It's a nicely presented collection of primary source material with a well-crafted introduction and a brief, relevant connecting narrative. It's also a handsomely designed piece of publishing work. However, the book

"falls short" on one score: if you're looking for evidence that Southerners were fighting to defend slavery, look elsewhere. The editors explain that they began their study of the letters to figure out what in the world made yeoman farmers go to war when they owned no slaves. To their surprise, nothing in the letters addressed motivation. Maybe because the rank-and-file Southern soldier cared a lot less about slaves and slavery than PBS would lead one to believe? According to lore, a Northern soldier asked that question to a captive Confederate during the war: Why are you fighting, Reb? The answer: "Because you're here."

Doctors in Gray: the Confederate Medical Service.

by H.H. Cunningham.

337 pages, LSU Press, 1992, \$14.95 in paper.

Few publishers can match the record of LSU Press in producing works about the War, and LSU again rescues a valuable title from obscurity. H.H. Cunningham's study of the Southern medical service is almost certainly the definitive work on the medical history of the Confederate army. The book was originally published more than three decades ago and is acclaimed for being both comprehensive and easy-reading for the layman.

The Sword of "Bushwacker" Johnston.

by Milus E. Johnston.

227 pages, Flint River Press (P.O. Box 49, New Hope, AL 36760), 1992, \$19.95.

When he was almost 80 years old, Milus Johnston - formerly Lt. Col. Johnston of the 25th Alabama Cavalry - had a startling thought about

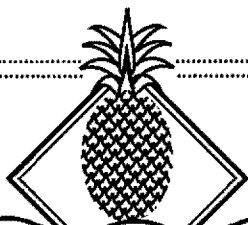
his controversial wartime exploits as a Southern partisan ranger. If he did not record his memoirs, he told himself, "some unreliable person might undertake the task...with much detriment to the truth...." So in 1902, the old soldier told his remarkable story through weekly installments in an Alabama newspaper. Now, for the first time, "Bushwacker" Johnston's autobiography is reproduced in book form. By Northern accounts, Johnston was a desperate guerrilla leader who deserved to be shot on sight. By his own account, Johnston was a Methodist minister who was driven from his home and hounded relentlessly by Northern invaders - until he decided to fight back. And when he turned himself loose on the Yankee troops in Alabama and Tennessee, Johnston proved to be an Old Testament style warrior who smote the enemy hip and thigh. His autobiography is colorful and unique.

Lincoln's Assassins: A Complete Account of their Capture, Trial and Punishment.

by Roy Z. Chamlee, Jr.

634 pages, McFarland & Company (Box 611 Jefferson, N.C. 28640), 1993, \$49.95.

Consider this an encyclopedia of the trial of the "Lincoln Conspirators." The product of 12 years of research and writing, this one-volume study of the capture, trial and punishment of Lincoln assassination conspiracy trial is probably unmatched in detail, and its 600-plus pages make compelling reading. Amply illustrated with 19th century-style line drawings, it relies heavily on War Department files, Associated Press reports and especially the trial testimony. ☆



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ON THE FAMILY

The family does not flourish among abstract ideas. It is substantial, concrete, sensible.

—Andrew Nelson Lytle

ON STATES' RIGHTS

I believe the states can best govern our home concerns, and the general government our foreign ones.

—Thomas Jefferson

I can not . . . too strongly or too earnestly, warn you against all encroachments upon the legitimate sphere of state sovereignty.

—Andrew Jackson

ON A PRESIDENT'S FAITH

I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion . . .

—William Henry Harrison, Inaugural Address, 1841

ON ROBERT E. LEE

Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain in history.

—Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott, U.S. Army, in 1861

—Compiled by William F. 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.

DISORDER IN THE COURT!

Most language is spoken language, and most words, once they are uttered, vanish forever into the air. But such is not the case with language spoken during courtroom trials, for there exists an army of court reporters to take down and preserve every statement made during the proceedings.

Court is now in session, and here are my favorite transquips, all recorded by America's keepers of the word:

Q. What is your brother-in-law's name?

A. Borofkin.

Q. What is his first name?

A. I can't remember.

Q. He's been your brother-in-law for 45 years, and you can't remember his first name?

A. No. I tell you I'm too excited. (Rising from the witness chair and pointing to Mr. Borofkin) Nathan, for God's sake, tell them your first name!

Q. James stood back and shot Tommy Lee?

A. Yes.

Q. And then Tommy Lee pulled out his gun and shot James in the fracas?

A. (After a hesitation) No sir, just above it.

Q. What is your name?

A. Ernestine McDowell.

Q. And what is your marital status?

A. Fair.

Q. Are you married?

A. No, I'm divorced.

Q. What did your husband do before you divorced him?

A. A lot of things I didn't know about.

Q. Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?

A. All my autopsies have been on dead people.

Q. Were you acquainted with the decedent?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Before or after he died?

Q. Mrs. Jones, is your appearance this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

A. No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

Q. You say you're innocent, yet five people swore they saw you steal a watch.

A. Your Honor, I can produce 500 people who didn't see me steal it.

Q. I understand you're Bernie Davis's mother.

A. Yes.

Q. How long have you known him?

Q. What can you tell us about the truthfulness and veracity of this defendant?

A. Oh, she'll tell you the truth. She said she was going to kill the son of a gun—and she did.

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

continued next column

DIVIDING LINE

by Patrick J. Buchanan

The Shape of Things to Come

The GOP is split. And the new divisions reflect the party's growing reluctance to remain identified with, or wedded to, the old Cold War agenda of globalism, interventionism and multilateralism. On the mega-issues, it's remarkable how the Republican Party is changing. Consider:

Internationalism vs. America First. Three years ago this writer wrote that the Gulf War would be "the last hurrah of the New World Order." When that war ended in triumph, with the president's approval rating at 91 percent, "neo-isolationism" was said to have been permanently buried. The acolytes of Global Democracy were everywhere ascendant.

How times have changed. Today it is the New World Order that is dead. It died when President Clinton told President Izetbegovic of Bosnia the Yanks were not coming. The calls of Republicans like Richard Lugar, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jack Kemp for U.S. military intervention were ignored, despite nightly horror films from Sarajevo. Not in 50 years have Americans been more reluctant to send their sons on military expeditions where no vital U.S. interest is in jeopardy.

Mr. Clinton will be playing dice with his presidency if he puts those 25,000 U.S. peacekeeping troops in Bosnia, as promised. And after the shoot-down of that U.S. helicopter in Mogadishu, with three Americans dead and grinning Somalis desecrating their remains, the clamor to bring the boys home is likely to prevail.

Immigration Control vs. Open Borders. For years the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page has championed a GOP policy of unrestricted immigration, even pressing for a

five-word amendment to the U.S. Constitution, "There Shall be Open Borders." For a political leader to take that position today would be taken as a symptom of suicidal tendencies.

Again, the times, they are a'changing. Where Candidate Clinton condemned George Bush for intercepting Haitian boat people on the high seas and returning them to Port au Prince, President Clinton is vigorously pursuing the Bush policy.

National polls show that three-in-four Americans want legal immigration curtailed, illegal immigration halted, and asylum laws tightened, toughened and enforced. Republican Gov. Pete Wilson of California is betting his re-election on a stand against illegals that would have gotten him branded a "nativist" and a "xenophobe" a year ago. When Democratic Sen. Dianne Feinstein, also up for re-election, seized the issue, she provided everyone with political cover. And with 86% of Californians demanding action on illegals, the question is not whether the GOP is moving in the right direction, but whether it is moving too late, and has lost the issue to Mr. Clinton.

Economic Nationalism vs. Free Trade. Here, the Democratic Party, driven by the AFL-CIO, is turning openly protectionist.

While the GOP remains (especially in the Senate) a reflexive free trade party, in the House the tide is running the other way. The Trade Hawks, led by ex-Green Beret Duncan Hunter of San Diego, are signing up recruits. When House Republicans returned from the August recess, GOP whip Newt Gingrich found himself 40 votes short of where he thought he was on NAFTA.

Surely, one of the great political blunders in recent history was the GOP tax hike of 1990, reversing Mr. Bush's "No new taxes!" pledge to the American people. It deepened the recession, split the GOP coalition, and surrendered the best issue the party had.

Unfortunately, the same conservatives who gave Mr. Bush cover for that tax hike of 1990 are lining up alongside Mr. Clifton on NAFTA. If they provide Bill Clinton with his margin of victory on NAFTA, that vote will be recalled in future intra-party battles. ("We'll remember in November!" promises Ross Perot.)

While the GOP is split on the great issues, the trends are clear.

Globalism, interventionism, foreign aid, open immigration are not the growth stocks. Even that hallowed ideal of "free trade" has taken on the aspect of a lovely theory that failed to survive its collision with reality — the reality of the deindustrialization of America, the reality of a nation where government workers now outnumber manufacturing workers, the reality of a world where nations scheme and struggle to capture America's markets, to become the economic powers of the future, while we indulge childish sports metaphors that "all we want is a level playing field."

As Bob Dylan sang, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." There is a new spirit in the land, a will to put our own country and her people first, to let other nations defend their own borders, pay their own bills, fight their own wars. Call it The New Patriotism, but it is rising, and parties affixed to old ideas and institutions will follow both into the obscurity they deserve. ☆

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

THE LAST WORD

by Samuel Francis

No Movies for Randy Weaver

Randy Weaver is not as famous as David Koresh, but there are reasons for that. For one thing, Weaver, an Idaho white separatist acquitted nearly two weeks ago of a transparently trumped-up murder charge, never had dozens of armed followers to help him stand off the federal army that surrounded his mountain cabin last year. The siege lasted only 11 days and ended in Weaver's surrender, not the mass suicide and nationally televised conflagration that brought the Koresh melodrama to its Wagnerian climax.

But, for a more compelling reason, Weaver is not quite the stuff of which our cultural elite wishes to make martyrs. As a racist, white separatist and anti-Semite, Weaver somehow lacks the whiff of romance that the culture czars sniff around their own pet heroes. If there's any doubt of this, consider a letter Weaver's lawyer, the celebrated Gerry Spence, received from his old friend Alan Hirschfield, former head of Columbia Pictures and 20th Century Fox, when he learned who Spence's new client was. Hirschfield urged Spence to drop the Weaver case.

"This," spat Hirschfield, meaning Weaver, "is not Huey Newton and the Black Panthers fighting 200 years of prejudice and second-class citizenship nor even the PLO seeking a homeland by terrorist methods."

No, you see, "this" is just a white man. Why would anyone ever imagine that white men have any rights worth defending, and why would a first-class lawyer step up to the plate for them? No rights for Weaver, and no movies about him either.

Nevertheless, the sordid saga of

what the federal leviathan did to Weaver needs to be told, and Spence's new book, *From Freedom to Slavery*, which prints Hirschfield's letter in full, is a good start. Spence is hardly a sympathizer with the bizarre blend of race and religion in which Weaver wraps himself, but — unlike Hirschfield — he does believe that even people he finds repulsive happen to enjoy certain rights.

Weaver first ran into trouble when he encountered some gentlemen who wanted to buy shotguns from him. He was willing to sell, but first his customers insisted he saw down the barrels. This Weaver did, and when the deal was done, it turned out his customers were federal agents. Weaver found himself facing a federal charge for selling sawed-off shotguns.

He then failed to show up at his trial. Spence writes that the authorities gave him the wrong date for it, but even if Weaver knew the right date, he might reasonably have begun to suspect that something funny was going on.

When Weaver didn't show for his trial, the feds decided they'd spy on him. After 18 months of surveillance, Weaver's 14-year-old son saw some men in camouflage approaching the cabin and took a shot at them, supposedly after they had killed one of the family's dogs. The shot Sammy Weaver fired killed Deputy U.S. Marshal William Degan, a sharpshooter brought in from Boston, and other marshals then shot Sammy in the back and killed him. Why, exactly, does a surveillance operation in Idaho require the services of a sharpshooter from Boston? You don't have to be a paranoid to ask.

Weaver and Harris then holed

up in the cabin, while the feds dug in around it. Soon the place looked like the staging area for Desert Storm, with the government building an airfield and flying in hundreds of troops and police. On the second day of the siege, Mrs. Weaver stood in the door of her home holding her new baby. An FBI sniper shot her dead.

At length, Weaver and Harris gave up — and found themselves charged with the murder of Marshal Degan. In the course of the trial, the FBI admitted it had staged photographs of the cabin entered as evidence and removed evidence from the cabin and then put it back. One of the prosecutors admitted he had been told investigators had fabricated some evidence. He failed to reveal that little tidbit until it was dragged out of him. It took the jury 20 days to acquit Weaver and Harris of murder.

What we have in the Weaver case is not exactly anarcho-tyranny. It is tyranny, pure and simple: the concerted persecution — including entrapment, the deliberate killing of two innocent people and the calculated falsification of evidence — of a totally innocent man simply because his political beliefs were offensive.

The federal agents responsible for it ought to be tried for murder themselves, as Spence demands, and if nothing else someone ought to make a movie about it. But since men like Weaver have no rights and since our cultural elite is interested in civil liberties only for Black Panthers and other approved victims of "prejudice," don't buy your popcorn just yet. Spend your money on a good shotgun instead. ☆

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

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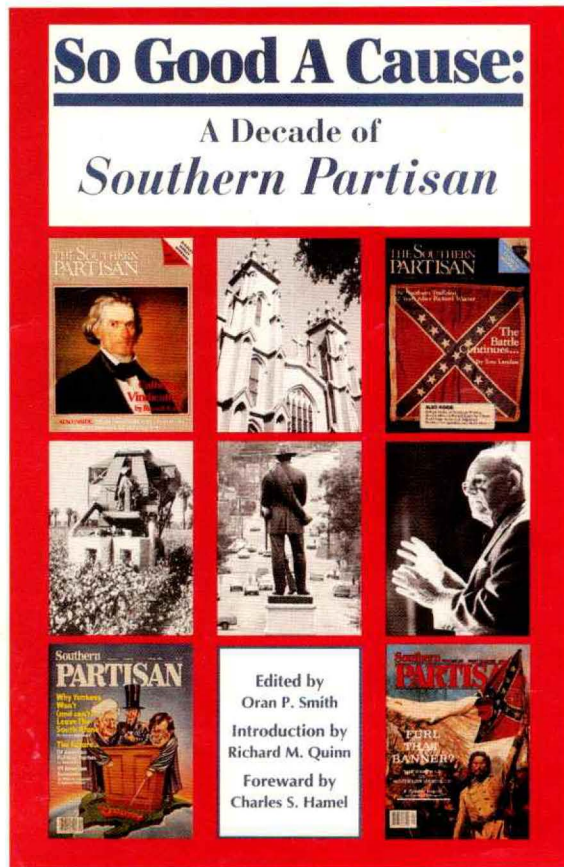
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