

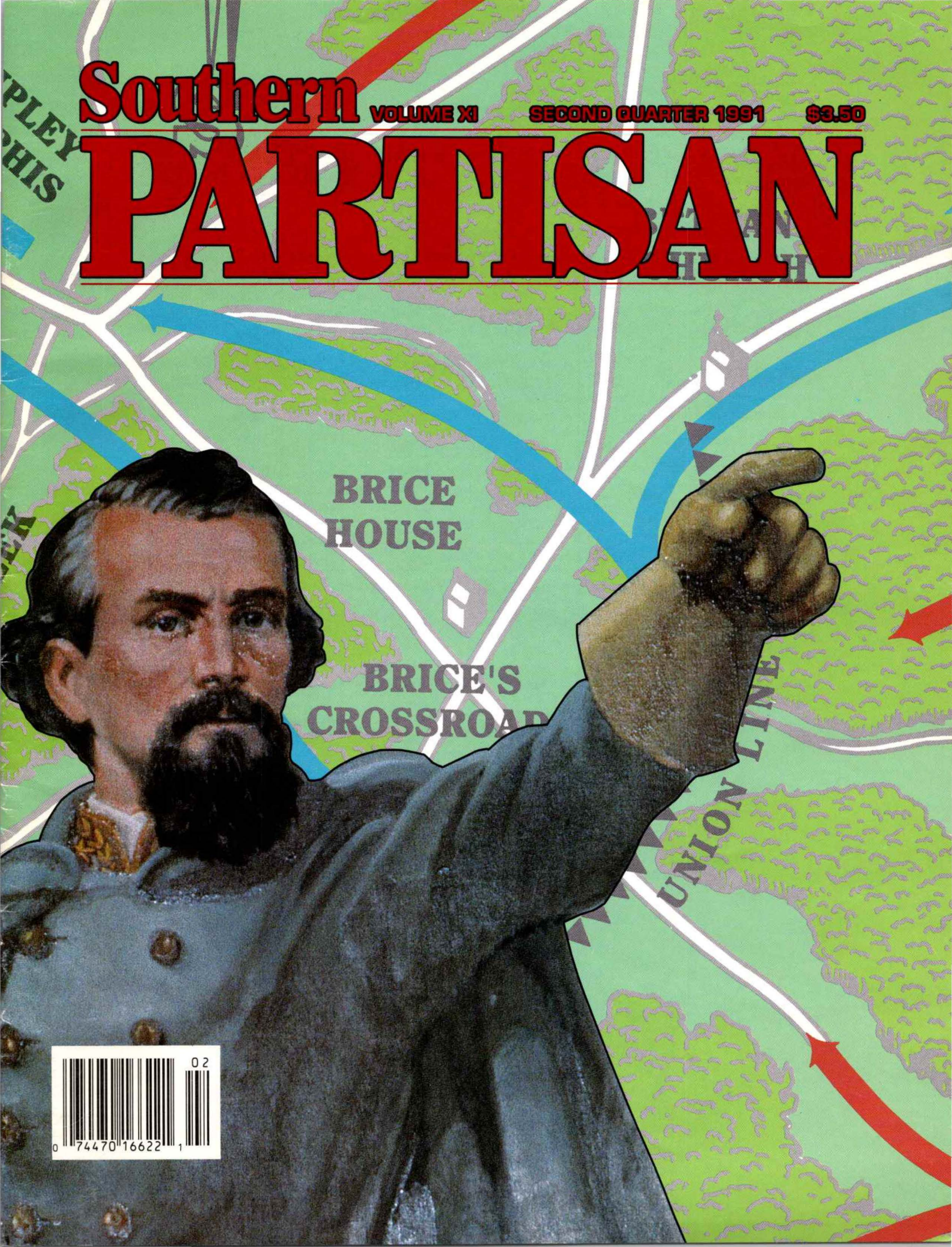
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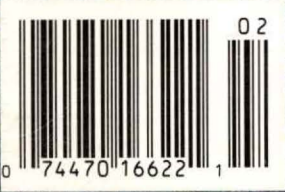
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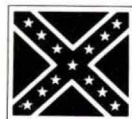


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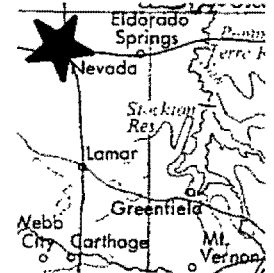
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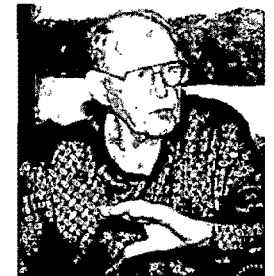
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Cover photograph courtesy of T. O. Perkins, Waverly, Tennessee

PARTISAN LETTERS

Southern PARTISAN

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CALVINIST CONTROVERSY

Gentlemen:

I WAS INDEED DISHEARTENED to read David Bovenizer's mischaracterization of Calvinism and of the Puritans who held to it in his book review in the Third Quarter 1990 *Southern Partisan*. I agree with Bovenizer regarding many of the specific differences between the Northern and Southern outlooks, but disagree with his analysis of the spiritual values from which they emanated.

Calvinism was forsaken by New England in the early Nineteenth Century, and by 1860 was scarcely to be found in the North except among the school of theology of Princeton Seminary. New England, and then the rest of the North, espoused Unitarianism and Transcendentalism at that time, which were the true source of the North's spiritual values through most of the Nineteenth Century as well as the source from which its social reform movements emanated. Otto J. Scott pointed out several years ago that the term "puritan" by the Nineteenth Century referred merely to a New Englander, most of which by that time were social reformers who had forsaken Calvinism.

The *Southern Partisan* has, in the past, published good articles on the contributions of Southern Calvinists such as Robert L. Dabney and James

Henley Thornwell. In *A Theological Interpretation of American History*, Dr. C. Gregg Singer points out that Calvinism was a far more significant and predominant factor in the South of 1803-1865 than it was in the North at that time.

Timothy A. Duskin
Manassas, Virginia

Mr. Bovenizer responds:

May I first confess to feeling a bit like General Jackson in at least this respect: one of my own troops is mistakenly directing fire at me. After all, elsewhere in the Third Quarter 1990 Southern Partisan I identify myself with "Jackson's Calvinistic faith and Presbyterian polity." How, then, to account for Mr. Duskin's concern?

First, it cannot be over-emphasized that my allusion to Calvinism (within a direct quotation from the writings of Raimondo Luraghi) was specifically to the New England variety, which was in fact malformed. Conceived in schism, and driven both to repudiate its historic traditions (English) and embark upon a fatally-flawed mission—the vaunted "errand into the wilderness" extolled by its leading exponents—New England Calvinism/Puritanism was from the outset committed to a variant of secular utopianism. In deliberately renouncing both its historical and ecclesiastical traditions in Europe, it inevitably collapsed before the

intractable realities of life, and bred, as alternatives to the prudential aspirations of orthodox Christian living, the dreamy Unitarianism, Transcendentalism, and social reformist perfectionism which to this day characterize the New England mind and polity. That New England Calvinism was beset by such intrinsic errors and inconsistencies has of course been documented by many intellectual historians, preeminently the late Perry Miller; more importantly, it was precisely this charge—that was leveled against the New England divines by the very men Mr. Duskin cites—the Southern Calvinists Robert Lewis Dabney and James Henley Thornwell foremost among them. Mr. Duskin would perhaps have no way of knowing, as many Southern Calvinists do, that my literary labors on behalf of these two Southern divines and the Southern Calvinistic tradition have been many, for many years.

Thus the key sentence in Mr. Duskin's letter is: "Calvinism was forsaken by New England..." Not quite: the New England Puritans were from the outset of their departure from England committed to a theology and a polity that differed fundamentally from the comparable convictions of confessing Calvinists in both the Anglican and—more importantly—the Scottish Presbyterian traditions. And let us remember that it was the Scottish, not the English, variety of Calvinism which took such deep and beneficial root in the South. In short the Pilgrims had forsaken orthodox Calvinism before they left England. What they brought to New England was

an already-secularized version of this orthodox Calvinism of, for example, The Book of Common Prayer (Anglican) and The Scots Confession. That this secular force eventually came even to Princeton is well-known among American Calvinists, for the tradition Mr. Duskin defends now obtains northward of Mason's-and-Dixon's line principally in Westminster Seminary at Philadelphia.

Mr. Duskin clearly discerns the distinction, for he realizes the crucial importance of adjectives: he is a Virginia Presbyterian, and he praises the Southern Calvinists. I, too, am among the former, and my writings—including the review under discussion— invariably commend, in contrast to the Northern type, the latter. Thus: hold the fire, Mr. Duskin! 'Tis one of Jackson's men.

Gentlemen:

DAVID A. BOVENIZER'S eloquent review of *Carolina Cavalier* justly and tellingly focuses on "the civilizational qualities" which are the pivotal distinction between North and South.

And, as Clyde Wilson makes clear in the biography which is reviewed, James Johnston Pettigrew both embodied and articulated the Cavalier gentleman's code. Pettigrew's encounters with Northerners, both here and in Europe, sharpened his diagnosis of this cultural divide.

A key aspect of this division is religious. In this respect, the dominant Northern ethos is Unitarian, even Transcendental, with Emerson the emblematic figure. The Southern heritage is seen in Robert

Lewis Dabney, Stonewall Jackson's aide, or the Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, both characteristic of their section's bent to orthodoxy.

Commendations to the *Southern Partisan* for this stirring reminder of the root issues of the War—issues often obscured or avoided by a focus on slavery. As Bovenizer rightly observes, the sources of the Cause were profounder and more enduring.

*R. E. Lee Ware
Powhatan, Virginia*

THE YANKEE PLURAL

AS A NATIVE WEST VIRGINIAN, and a member of Sons of Confederate Veterans, I thank you for your long overdue coverage of the "stolen counties" of Western Virginia in *CSA Today*.

I think *Southern Partisan* readers will be interested to know that Laurie Hibbett's reference to the Yankee plural for you ("The Southron's Burden" Vol.X, p.30) i.e. "You Guys" has been a source of annoyance to me for years. It seems this vulgarism was introduced south of the Mason-Dixon about five or six years ago. The origin being trendy TV talk shows with guests from southern California. I have admonished, cussed-out and threatened with bodily harm school teachers, coaches, a swimming instructor and my own relatives for using this unfeminine barbarism when referring to my daughter.

"You Guys!" It is no longer a sickening Yankee slang reference referring to both genders; the words have virtually replaced "y'all" in such trendy yuppie Meccas such as At-

yuppie Meccas such as Atlanta and Charlotte. Born and bred Southern school teachers have now picked it up and use it daily. After all, "progressive" Southern school teachers will tell us that the Southern accent is "out" and "southern California" is "in."

*Bill Brooks
Montgomery, Alabama*

LADY CADETS?

Gentlemen:

ALTHOUGH I FIND *SOUTHERN PARTISAN* delightful, I have two tiny bones to pick with your last issue.

You criticize General Schwarzkopf for invoking Grant and Sherman, then I find *you* blithely quoting that murdering tyrant, Oliver Cromwell. Talk about straining gnats and swallowing camels!

Now for the second bone. I am anything but a man hater, and I find much that is positive in the VMI tradition, but I am not wholly supportive of Scott E. Belliveau's opinion. Lest I be taken for a reactionary or a parvenu, let me say that I am an "old" Virginian, one whose ancestors first arrived in the Old Dominion in the Seventeenth Century. I merely wish to state that women no less than men can possess courage, spirit, and a high sense of honour. Our female soldiers in the Persian Gulf bear witness to this fact. Giving women their rights takes nothing away from our glorious past.

*Sarah Gilmer
Martin, Georgia*

A CONVERT

Gentlemen:

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, I read a book, *Southern by the Grace of God* by Michael A. Grissom, that prompted me to begin my search for my forefathers. Much to my surprise and joy, I discovered I had roots reaching into the rich soil of the South.

Since then, I have become more aware that the South is simplistically and untruthfully perceived as so full of "sinfulness and ineradicable guilt" that it seems to function primarily as an object of "what you shouldn't do and be." This deep and abiding hostility to the South has increasingly become financially lucrative. The more creative you are in your hostility, the more you are assured of success. In my mind Ken Burns (producer of the PBS series *The Civil War*) is an example of this creative hatred. The *Southern Partisan* is a vital source of encouragement to me. I need all the encouragement I can get. The prevailing winds (northeasterners) are against me.

Pray for those of us who are at least making an effort to find our way home.

*Crawford D. Smith
Brodheadsville, Pennsylvania*

NO GOOF

Gentlemen:

THE FEATURE STORY on my father's first cousin, Shoeless Joe Jackson is priceless. This issue (Third Quarter, 1990) will be passed on to my children with our family history information.

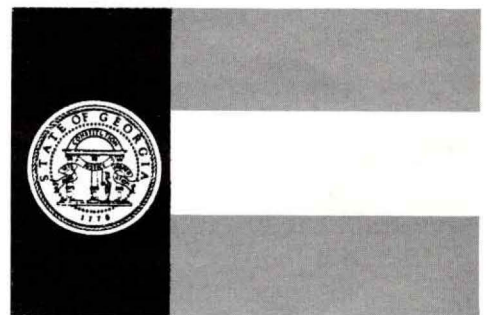
But someone goofed in "Battle Notes" (Obiter Dicta,

Fourth Quarter 1990).

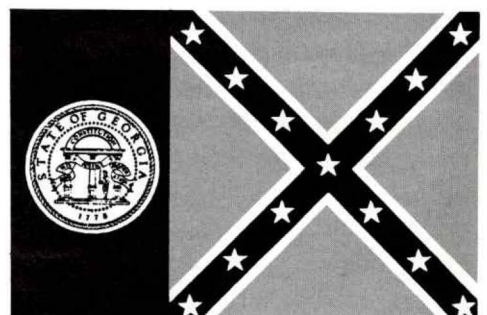
The Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy did not request that the Confederate Battle Flag be removed from the Georgia flag. If changes in the flag are to be made, they want the flag restored to the one prior to 1955 [sic]. Personally, I am against changing the flag at all as I don't believe in a small group dictating to the majority but I understand the position of the executive board of the Georgia Division of the UDC.

*Elizabeth J. Griffin
Augusta, Georgia*

Editor's Note: The issue of returning to the pre-1956 Georgia flag design, as advocated by the Georgia Division UDC and removing the Battle Flag from the Georgia flag cannot be separated. The pre-1956 flag, though it resembles the Stars and Bars, does not bear a Confederate Battle Flag.



*Georgia State Flag
October 17, 1879 to July 1, 1956*



*Georgia State Flag
July 1, 1956 to Present*

PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn



Don't Furl the Flag!

A *Partisan* reader recently sent us a most remarkable newspaper clipping, a column written over a dozen years ago by a man named W. Earl Douglas. Even then, a movement was underway to ban the use of the Confederate Battle Flag in the South because it reminded blacks of slavery days. Douglas, a black journalist, was writing in reaction to that logic. With permission from *The Charleston News and Courier*, here are selections from the column of April 27, 1979 by W. Earl Douglas:

"...[The suggestion that the Confederate Battle Flag should be removed has caused heartburn among unreconstructed descendants of Confederate soldiers.] Alas, it has also brought heartburn to this black writer, who cannot buy the socialist philosophy of the Garrisons and Sumners of yesterday or today. and would rather wave a Confederate battle flag as a symbol of striving for independence than a food stamp or welfare check, which symbolize the hell of defeat more pronounced than that received in any war.

"I cannot be convinced that Southern independence meant only the perpetuation of slavery, because history of the truthful kind tells me otherwise. The Constitution of the Provisional Government of the

Confederacy forbade the importation of slaves. How then was slavery the motivating force behind the thrust for Southern independence? How did black and white slave-owners exist side by side in this region, which was painted by abolitionists as one of black and white hostility? Why were there always more free Negroes in the slave South than in the so-called free North of the abolitionists? Such questions remain unanswered.... Whites and blacks were partners in the destiny of the South and not (as the Uncle Tom's Cabin mentality of the abolitionists would have had us believe) only as master and slave.

"Today, over a century since that much heralded emancipation, it is here in the land of the unfurled Confederate battle flag where Negro progress stands above that achieved in any other region of the country. For it is here. in the heartland of the old Confederacy. where over 70 percent of all black-owned housing is to be found and where this nation's only viable black economic middle class exists—the Southern black farmer.

"...The real tragedy of the Confederate battle flag is that Southerners, white and black, have permitted it to be driven between them like a wedge, separating them from a common goal. The racism so evident in this controversy is not the flying of the flag but that we've permitted it to be designated as pro-white and anti-black. I am reminded that it was my grand-

father and grandmother who kept the home fires burning while the Confederacy waged its war. Which is why I cannot view loyalty to the South or the desire for independence as being monopolized by either race.

"...If hate had been the prevailing emotion between the races. then it is a safe bet that the Confederacy never would have been born. Fortunately. there was love, understanding and compassion. And the two greatest lies ever perpetrated by history [are] that the South instigated the war and that it was fought by the North for the purpose of freeing the slaves. The Negro was merely used as the excuse for that war, while the real reason for it is reflected in every area of our lives. where the tentacles of government form the bars of a new slavery.

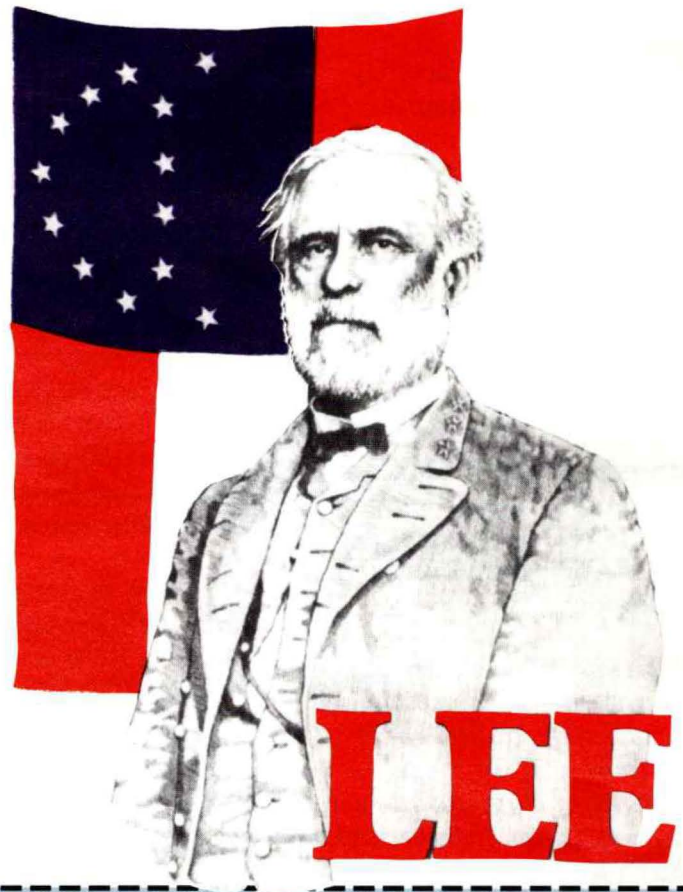
"No! Don't furl that Confederate battle flag. Let it wave all across the South to remind Americans that there exists here a yearning for liberty, freedom and independence that will not be denied. Let it fly as a testimonial to real men and real women who would rather work and fight than shed tears and beg for government charity. Finally, let it act as a cohesive force, drawing all Southerners together in the cause of freedom."

Less than two months after he wrote these words, W. Earl Douglas died. His stirring exhortation, still valid, lives on.



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by Matthew Sandel

A Big Victory—and Maybe the Last

In a ruling that has momentarily turned back the feminist hoard, U.S. District Judge Jackson L. Kiser said that that Virginia Military Institute could remain an all-male military school. No one expected it. Everyone assumed that the court would once again uphold the absolute equality of the sexes — in accordance with all recent precedent and in defiance of all human reason. Yet Judge Kiser said in his decision: "VMI is a different type of institution. It has set its eyes on the goal of citizen soldier and never veered from the path it has chosen to meet that goal. VMI truly marches to the beat of a different drummer, and I will permit it to continue to do so."

The politicians had long since given up the battle. The suit was brought by a Republican Justice Department intimidated by the National Organization for Women and horsey Congresspersons like Pat Schroeder. Originally, VMI was to be represented by Virginia Attorney General Mary Sue Terry, but Governor Doug Wilder said he was opposed to the ban on women, so Ms. Terry, a Democrat, withdrew and left the hard work to a team of private lawyers. A key player in the VMI defense was Jim McClellan, an old Southern partisan who runs the Center for Judicial Studies in Manassas and provided substantial research and advice. You can't expect either political party to help in a fight like this. As soon as somebody yells "equality" or "civil rights" they are equally cowardly, equally obtuse, equally absurd.

The idea that women can enter military life and perform on parity with men is ludicrous on the face of it—and everyone knows so. If you remove the uniform, the spit and polish, the potato peeling, the close-order drill, the armed forces have as their basic mission to fight and kill other people. Sometimes the fighting is done with weaponry. Sometimes it is done with bare hands. The idea that women can do this essential thing as well as men, or

even adequately, is on the face of it ridiculous. Everyone knows that—the feminists most of all, which is why they are so enraged by the crime of rape, since it is the exercise of brute male power to subjugate women. The same is true of battered wives. If women could fight as well as men, then there would be an equal number of battered husbands.

Yet the U.S. Justice department brought in an expert witness, Colonel Patrick Toffler, to testify that up was down and black was white, that quotas weren't quotas and that double standards weren't double standards. Though he was extremely reluctant to do so, Toffler admitted that the advent of women at West Point led to the adoption of a lighter rifle for women, the M-16, because "it was determined that to expect women coming out of high school to carry the M-14 and to execute the run was probably unrealistic and therefore, unappropriate." He also confessed that eventually they dropped the practice of running with the rifle altogether and also the "recondo patch," awarded for a set of strenuous activities including a forced march with a heavy pack. Here's part of VMI attorney William Clineburg's cross-examination of government witness Colonel Patrick Toffler, as reported in *The Washington Times*.

Clineburg: And the recondo patch is no longer awarded to either men or women, is it?

Toffler: Recondo training as an activity is no longer conducted during cadet field training.

Clineburg: And [the] obstacle course has been modified since you were a cadet, to accommodate women?...

Toffler: The obstacle course was modified.

Clineburg: The way they modified it was to remove certain events?

Toffler: They replaced some events with other events.

Clineburg: In order—well, the ones that were removed were removed because they required upper body strength?

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

Toffler: They were events that focused on upper body strength, yes. (he describes them)

Clineburg: One of the reasons they removed these events was because they were concerned that women would be psychologically discouraged by the old course?

Toffler: Yes, I think that they felt that the old course and the way it was constructed placed more emphasis on upper-body strength than is warranted, given the fact that the course would be taken by men and women.

Clineburg: And they were concerned about the psychological problems or issues?

Toffler: If the women were challenged by the courage to an extent that was not considered consistent with the philosophy of comparable training, then, yes, there could be an adverse impact from the old course.

Toffler further admits that both in the Army and at West Point trainees no longer run in combat boots but in jogging shoes, because back when they ran in boots, women were being injured at a higher rate than men. Toffler defends that and all other practices by citing the "concept of comparable training," which was instituted when women entered West Point. Thus cadets no longer face equal challenges, but are required to make an "equivalent effort." And that's equality, whatever the cost to physical fitness or combat proficiency.

Are we so maddened by the abstraction of equality that we will water down the training of those charged with the mission of defending us against our enemies?

If you want an answer to this question, take a look at the confused rhetoric of Toffler and the others who try to justify such practices with bureaucratic circumlocutions and ideological posturing. What kind of government are we living under? How much longer do we have?

When the next fuhrer or ayatollah sends his troops after us, will our defenders, unused to carrying a heavy rifle, scratch out their eyes? ☹

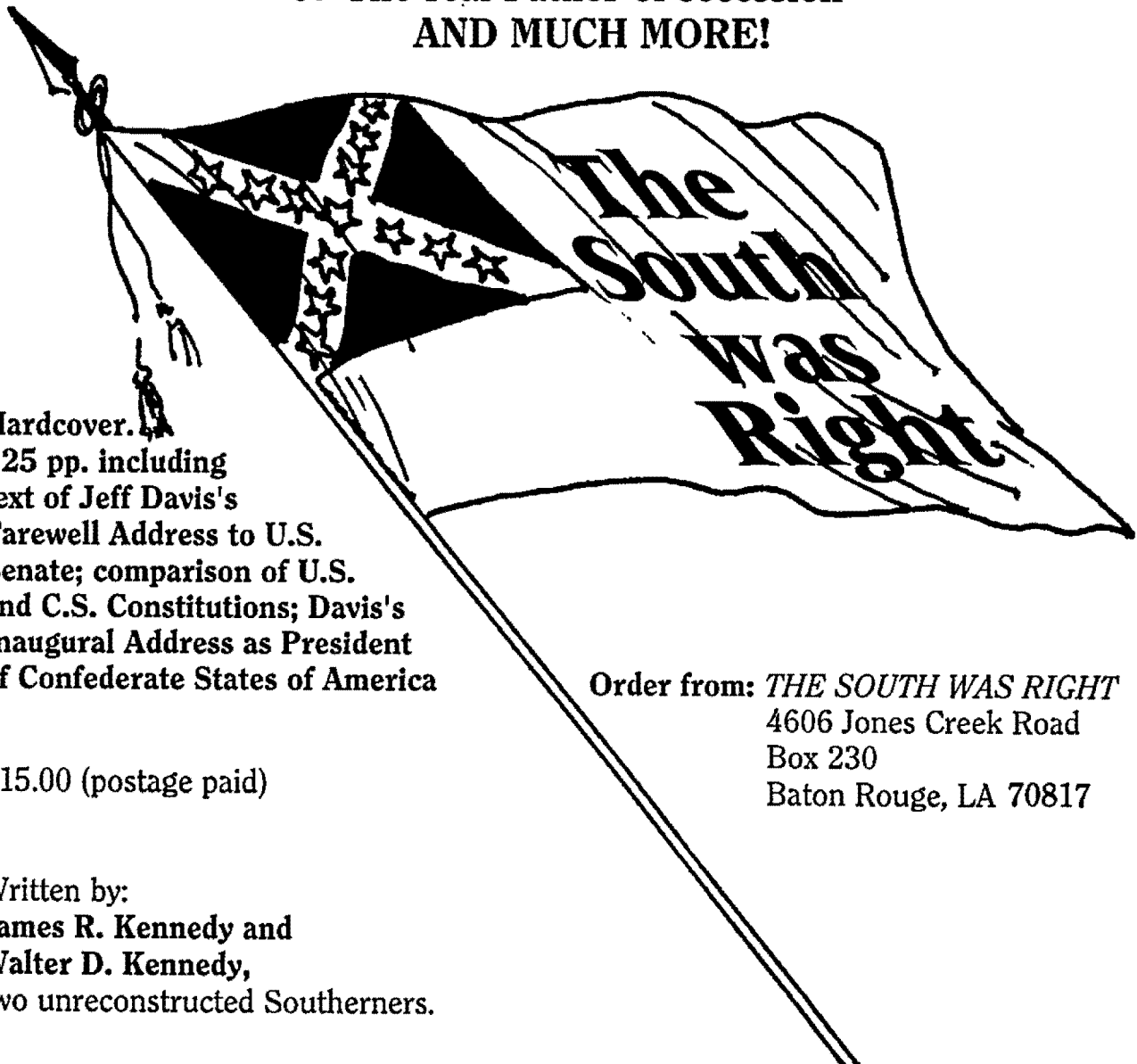
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FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

Picking on Pat

by Gordon Jackson

The struggle in recent years between two antagonistic factions of the conservative movement—the neo-cons and the paleo-cons—appears to have reached the nadir of incivility and specious logic with a cover story hit on Pat Buchanan in the July 1991 *American Spectator*.

Written by David Frum, an assistant features editor for the *Wall Street Journal*, the piece purports to trip Buchanan up in ideological inconsistencies, and then smears him with a flurry of name-calling at the end. It amply demonstrates the sorry state of argumentation in today's politics.

The charge against Buchanan seems to be that he is not a sufficiently rigid ideologue. He favors small government, but look—he is not a devoted acolyte of free trade or venture capitalism. He doesn't want to go into Kuwait but he does want to intervene in Lithuania. (If I recall the relevant column correctly, Buchanan did not advocate intervention in Eastern Europe but merely inquired rhetorically how the Bush administration distinguished what the Soviet Union was doing from Hussein's invasion of Kuwait.) In sum: sometimes he favors less government intervention and sometimes he wants more.

Pretty devastating, what? The public discourse has come quite some way from Emerson's observation that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds when sophomoric sophistry of this sort is seen fit

for the cover of a leading opinion journal. If this now passes for high octane polemics, the conservative movement has come quite some way from general acceptance of the proposition that conservatism is place-and-time-specific contingent, rooted in regional custom and tradition—the very opposite of ideology.

Having deployed this critique to expose Buchanan as a shoddy thinker, Frum feels free to dismiss him as an enflamer of the lunatic fringe. The gloves come off. Buchanan is a Jew-baiter (no evidence is given); a queer-basher (ditto); he has a record as a segregationist (the record apparently consists of a memo Buchanan sent Nixon noting the political disadvantages of opposing segregation in a particular instance); he is blowing wind; he's trying to get the yahoos agitated so they will buy his newsletter; he's afraid to tackle the giants of conservatism arrayed against him such as the Heritage Foundation and the *Wall Street Journal*.

It is really quite astounding to see little David Frum siced on Pat Buchanan in this fashion, in a conservative journal no less. It brings to mind a couple of points. The first has been made before in this column: There is no such thing as a good faith exchange of ideas in Washington anymore. It is all about staking out ones career turf and defending it. Frum has seized his turf as a champion of the neo-cons. His tiny polemic has bought him a tiny castle, and now he must defend it for all time.

The second point is: How did the Reagan Revolution come to this? Was it foreseeable that this schism along fairly clear-cut policy disagreements would

become a vituperative clash of personalities?

There is blame to spread around, starting with this column, which scourged the neo-cons in a far too tendentious fashion. Buchanan, for his part, invited a counter-attack when he tried to write the neo-cons out of the conservative movement. He thinks he is leading a populist revolution of patriotic, God-fearing Joe Six-packs against a decadent elite, but he's not. He is a thoughtful intellectual, and for his ideas to have force they must be sold to others of similar intellectual stature, of whom there are several in the neo-con camp.

Spectator editor Tyrrell will soon publish a book entitled *The Conservative Crack-up*. Let's hope his book is a little more intelligent than the piece his magazine published, and that he can shed some light on this passing strange problem.

The *Washington Times* strengthened its hold on mediocrity and irrelevancy by passing up the opportunity to hire Sam Francis as its new editorial page editor. As assistant editor under Tony Snow, Sam, whose free-lance efforts in *Chronicles* and elsewhere are probably familiar to many readers of this journal, was the heart of a fine page. He was the logical heir apparent.

I don't know whether Sam wanted the job, but it went to a largely inexperienced young journalist who undoubtedly is more P.R. conscious than Sam. Sam speaks his mind—bluntly, somewhat gruffly, and always eloquently. The good news is his new assignment is writing a personal column, which, if God is in His heaven, will soon be syndicated. ☺

OBITER DICTA

Maligning Jeff Davis

A new reprint is just out of *The Rise and the Fall of the Confederate Government*, the Jefferson Davis memoirs, published by Da Capo Press (Plenum Publishers). But there is a twist:

The introduction is written by James McPherson who, you may recall, is author of *The Battle Cry of Freedom*, a shallow historical polemic which argues tediously that the War Between the States was about nothing but slavery. Predictably, therefore, McPherson writes his introduction to the Davis memoirs with the edge of a dull hatchet.

Aren't introductions to important papers usually written by admirers of the author? Apparently not at Da Capo Press. If they ever decide to reprint *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* at Da Capo, we understand David Duke is available. ☛

The New World Order: Secession?

Charleston, South Carolina (where the Ordinance of Secession was signed on December 20, 1860) has a lot of distinguished firsts—first city college in the U.S., first Jewish congregation in North America, first school for free

blacks in America. Today, the historic city is represented in the United States Congress by a lowcountry boy named Arthur Ravenel, who rose on the floor of the Congress (on June 25, 1991) and, according to the Congressional Record, offered the following comment:

"Mr. Speaker, I know that those who win the wars write the histories. However, I must take exception to a remark made by Mr. Solarz last week wherein he said, 'Abraham Lincoln made the point that once the Southern States joined the Union, they were part of it permanently.'

"The fact was and is that no Constitutional prohibition of secession exists. Faced with this dilemma, Mr. Lincoln provoked the infant Confederacy into foolishly attacking Fort Sumter. He then declared the departing States to be in rebellion and called for 75,000 volunteers to suppress it. North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Virginia refused the call and joined their Southern sisters.

"I join those who applaud today's secessions in the Soviet Union and around the world. But where were they in 1861? We're content, but we still stand when the band plays Dixie!"

And by the way, Charleston, Congressman Ravenel's home town, was recently designated as the port of entry for goods exported from Albania, the last of the Eastern European countries to toss off the incubus of communism. This may not be the New World Order George Bush had in mind. ☛

Weird Science

The American Medical Association met in June and, by a large majority vote, decided that there should be no mandatory testing of health care professionals for AIDS. The risk of an infected doctor infecting his patient was just too small. (Note: five out of 2,000 patients treated by an HIV positive dentist are now dying of AIDS).

The good doctors, however, strongly endorse mandatory restrictions against smokers so as to protect bystanders from passive or "second hand" tobacco smoke. (Note: calculated by EPA's method of risk assessment, the risk to non-smokers of getting cancer from daily household exposure to "second-hand" tobacco smoke is 2.8 in 100,000). ☛

And Weird Politics

Hazardous chemical waste is an accepted byproduct of heavy industry and most manufacturing processes. The federal government has licensed two—and only two—locations where the most toxic of these industrial wastes can be buried. One site is in Alabama; the other South Carolina. Even though spills, leaks and accidents are common, the federal courts have ruled that the two States do not even have the authority to decline toxic waste from other States.

The attitude and policy of the government seems to be:

Yes, these are dangerous chemicals, but the risks are justified because manufacturing is a vital part of the nation's economy. Of course, the tobacco industry is a vital part of the Southern regional economy. Tobacco is the number one cash crop in several States. And yet, the policy of the government is to restrict and ultimately to eliminate the production, advertising and sales of all tobacco products as soon as possible, creating a smoke-free environment by the year 2000. (Note: "Smoke-free," by the way, refers to tobacco smoke, not to industrial discharge or automobile emissions). ☺

About Faces



Allen Tate



Donald Davidson

The two handsome gentlemen you see on this page are properly identified as Allen Tate and Donald Davidson. Unfortunately, in our last issue, their names were inadvertently reversed at press time. The third face, which you don't see here, is ours, still too red to be photographed. ☺



Scalawag Award

Confederate Memorial Day was celebrated, as it always is, at Arlington National Cemetery, the first week in June. Hundreds of people were on hand as wreaths were placed in front of the Confederate Monument. We are happy to say that flowers were presented by (or in the name of) every single Southern U.S. Senator except one—the doddering Lloyd Bentsen, who declined an invitation to attend or to send flowers.

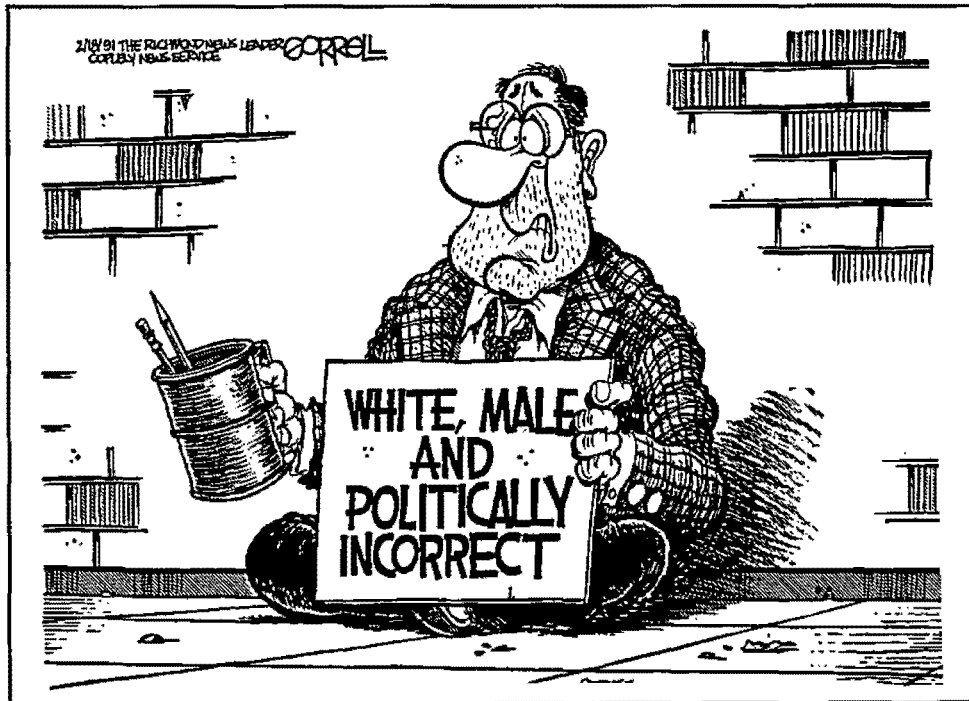
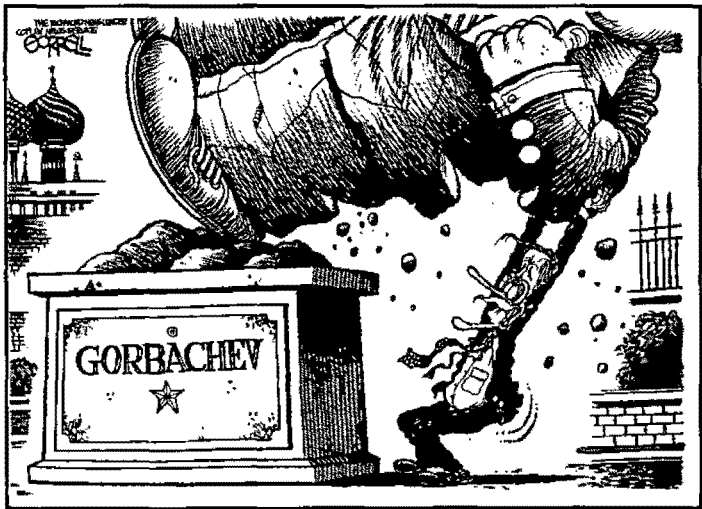
Hoping not to spoil the occasion by a conspicuous omission, the Sons of Confederate Veterans even offered to pay for the flowers to be presented in Bentsen's name. He again declined, because, we presume, he considered it to be unstatesmanlike. Well, Senator, we know some statesmen. We've even worked with some statesmen. And, Senator, you're no statesman. What you are, however, does begin with an "S." Our Summer Scalawag, U.S. Senator

Lloyd Bentsen, whose status as a loser was well-documented in 1988. ☺



PARTISAN 'TOONS







CSA

TODAY

ALABAMA

Pro-family advocates in Alabama are worried about Governor Guy Hunt. It is rumored that Hunt is entertaining the idea of instituting a mandatory child care policy that might lead to more government interference in the lives of families and also cost the state more money than it could ever hope to raise.

"I don't think the governor understands what he's doing," said one Alabama Republican. "His heart's in the right place, but he's not the brightest guy who ever came down the pike — and no pun intended."

AUGUST

Port City Puppy Classic

August 3
Mobile, Alabama
(205) 653-5000

Watermelon Jubilee

August 10-11
Greenville, Alabama
(205) 382-7850

Kudzu Festival

August 31
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 324-1911

WBTS Reenactment

August 31-September 2
Decatur, Alabama
(205) 350-2028

SEPTEMBER

Barbecue and Political Rally

September 2
Grady, Alabama
(205) 562-3235

Country Dance

September 7
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 539-8709

Hot Air Spectacular

September 14
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 242-5710

Star Trek Extravaganza

September 28-29
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 328-8160

Highland Games

September 28
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 272-2174

ARKANSAS

In Thida, the police answered a call at the Harrington residence and found nearly a dozen people, many of them drunk, having a ball. In the middle of the group was a casket containing the corpse of Lulu Harrington, a cool can of Old Milwaukee in one hand, an unlit cigarette in the other.

They arrested Ms. Harrington's son Johnny and charged him with a felony count of corpse abuse. A tight-lipped Lt. Gary Morgan of the Independence

County Sheriff's Department told reporters: "He told us that she wanted us to go out with a party and that he was just obeying her last wishes."

AUGUST

WBTS Encampment

August 3
Mammoth Spring, Arkansas
(501) 625-7382

Possumfest

August 10
Hot Springs, Arkansas
(501) 844-4176

Autoharp Jamboree

August 16-17
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

SEPTEMBER

Hamfest

September 6-8
Mena, Arkansas
(501) 394-5975

Folk Dance Days

September 13-14
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

Living History Weekend

September 14-15
Greenbrier, Arkansas
(501) 679-2098

Fiddler's Championship

September 27-28
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

OCTOBER

Sheep to Shawl
October 4-5
Springdale, Arkansas
(501) 751-8411

Wiggins Cabin Festival
October 5
Crossett, Arkansas
(501) 364-6591

Machine Gun Championships
October 8-20
North Little Rock, Arkansas
(501) 771-5207

FLORIDA

Durward Faulk took his wife out in a boat on Lake Kissimmee and shoved her overboard, well aware that she could not swim. Witnesses said they saw him circling her in a pontoon boat, waiting for her to go under. She managed to stay afloat until someone else rescued her. He was convicted of attempted murder.

Now Durward and his wife have gotten back together, and they want the judge to reduce his seven-year sentence to some sort of "house arrest." After filing for divorce, Charlotte Faulk has apparently decided to give Durward one more chance.

AUGUST

Dixie Baseball Tournament
August 3-9
Sebring, Florida
(813) 385-0940

Panama City Fishing Classic
August 15
Panama City, Florida
(800) PCBEACH

Antique Auto Show
August 30
Pensacola, Florida
(904) 477-7184

SEPTEMBER

Constitution Day Recital
September 17
Lake Wales, Florida
(813) 676-1408

Southern Anglers Masters
September 20-22
Islamorada, Florida
(305) 664-8452

Country Jamboree
September 28
Cocoa, Florida
(407) 459-2200
OCTOBER

Fall Bluegrass Festival
October 10-13
Live Oak, Florida
(904) 364-1683

Rattlesnake Festival
October 19
San Antonio, Florida
(904) 588-3398

Teddy Bear Rally
October 19-20
Wakulla Springs, Florida
(904) 224-5950

GEORGIA

According to pawnbroker Sylvanus "Hambone" Smith II, John Wesley Parks sold him some stolen goods, but he couldn't come to court to testify. It wasn't only because he weighed about 900 pounds and was "not able, because of his weight to move more than eight or ten steps." It was also because he was too large to fit into the Tift County Superior Court's witness box.

Of course, the folks at the courthouse tried to accommodate him. They built a large bench in the back of a prison truck, figuring they could load up Hambone in his driveway, haul him downtown, and let him testify from the back of the truck while the jurors sat in the lobby and listened.

Fortunately for all concerned, John Wesley Parks pleaded guilty. But they left the bench on the truck, because District Attorney David Perry said they figured they might need Hambone to testify in some future case.

AUGUST

Georgia Mountain Fair
August 7-18
Hiawassee, Georgia
(404)896-4191

Georgia Sea Island Festival
August 17-18
St. Simon's Island, Georgia
(912)265-9545

Brooklet Peanut Festival
August 24
Brooklet, Georgia
(912)489-1416

SEPTEMBER

Southern Jubilee
September 13-29
Macon, Georgia
(912)742-8155

Arts Festival of Atlanta
September 14-21
Piedmont, Georgia
(404)885-1125

Buggy Days
September 21-22
Barnesville, Georgia
(404)358-2732

OCTOBER

Big Pig Jig
October 4-12
Vienna, Georgia
(912)268-8275

Cotton Pickin' Country Fair
October 5-6
Gay, Georgia

Country Festival
October 12-13
Dalton, Georgia
(404)278-7373

KENTUCKY

Rip Smith of Frankfort is the first person in history to report having been visited by the ghost of a skunk. It seems that he ran over the skunk several months ago while turning into his driveway late at night.

"He practically committed suicide," Smith said. "He walked under the car. Had to hurry at the last minute to get under the wheels. If he'd walked at a normal pace, I'd have missed him."

Smith said he scooped up the dead skunk with a shovel and put him into the trash can before he went to bed. The next morning the garbage can had been emptied by the trash collectors and there was no essence of skunk in the air. That was in late April. Now, late at night, his house is permeated by the unmistakable odor of skunk musk. Only then and at no other time.

"I killed that skunk at 11:22 P.M." he said. "I know because I

looked at my watch to see if I thought it was too late to clean up the mess. Now, at exactly 11:22, that smell comes down the hallway and curls into every corner of the house."

Smith, who has been divorced for three years, lives alone, but neighbors confirm the fact that about that time of night the Smith house is indeed permeated with the aroma.

"I think it's the skunk's mate," said Ida Jones, who lives next door. "I think it's hanging around, trying to find out what happened."

Asked if he has ever seen the skunk, Smith replied, "No, but when it smells that bad, you don't have to see it."

AUGUST

Storytelling Festival
August 9-11
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(502) 543-2041

SEPTEMBER

Old Fashion Days
September 13-15
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(502) 833-2319

Canoe Race
September 21
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(800) 526-2068

Old Tyme Homecoming
September 27-29
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(502) 543-7657

OCTOBER

Mini Pow-Wow
October 5-6
Bullitt County Fairgrounds
(800) 526-2068

Military Gun Show
October 11-13
West Point, Kentucky
(502) 922-4457

LOUISIANA

Maddie Mix stopped in at the car wash on her lunch break, and she was sorry she did. As the car headed into the 100-foot wash tunnel suddenly it was attacked by bees.

"When we drove it in through

the tunnel there must have been 100 bees on the door," said Gene Humphreys, owner of the car wash. "We blasted them off with the hose...It wasn't ten minutes, there must have been 10,000 bees all over it."

As a matter of fact, Humphreys had to close down the car wash for two hours, until a beekeeper from LSU could come over and retrieve the bees. He said the bees were confused because they couldn't find their queen.

Maddie Mix, after trying to find her car underneath the buzzing mass of insects, said, "Why me, Lord? I've got so much to do!"

AUGUST

Four Rivers Raft Race
August 2-4
Jonesville, Louisiana
(318) 339-8596

Franklin Cajun Fest
August 23-25
Franklin, Louisiana
(318) 828-6303

Agricultural Expo
August 30-September 1
Lake Charles, Louisiana
(318) 475-5691

SEPTEMBER

Cotton Festival
September 8-14
Bastrop, Louisiana
(318) 281-9491

Frog Festival
September 13-15
Rayne, Louisiana
(318) 334-2332

Alligator Festival
September 27-29
Boutte, Louisiana
(504) 785-2571

OCTOBER

Shakespeare Festival
October 4-6, 11-13
Lake Charles, Louisiana
(318) 433-2385

Scarecrow Festival
October 5-6
Covington, Louisiana
(504) 892-1873

Swamp Festival
October 5-6, 12-13
New Orleans, Louisiana
(504) 861-2537

MARYLAND

Never mind the Belmont Stakes, Maryland almost had a real horse race on its hands. Novelist Tom Clancy (*The Hunt for Red October*) was seriously considering a challenge to incumbent Senator Barbara Mikulski, who is highly vulnerable in 1992. Clancy—a tough, charismatic pro-family type—looked like a cinch for the Republican nomination. Then some of the very qualities that made him attractive led him to back off from the challenge: he wanted to spend more time with his family.

AUGUST

Hispanic Fest
August 10-11
Baltimore, Maryland
(800) 282-6632

SEPTEMBER

Irish Fest
September 13-15
Baltimore, Maryland

OCTOBER

Fells Point Fun Festival
October 5-6
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 675-6756

MISSISSIPPI

The voters of Southaven, voted "no" to riverboat gambling on their side of the Mississippi River, despite the promises of gambling supporters that the "floating casinos" would generate new taxes and hundreds of new jobs. As a matter of fact, real estate developers had promised more than \$100 million in resorts, shopping centers, and other kinds of exotic buildings.

The voters rejected the idea by a vote of 9,138 to 6,116, but the idea of gambling as a financial panacea is still abroad in Mississippi, where last year the legislature legalized riverboat casinos.

They might want to ask old timers in Atlantic City how they like gambling in their city — if they can find any old timers who still live there.

AUGUST

Crop Day

August 3
Greenwood, Mississippi
(601) 453-4152

Elvis Presley Anniversary

August 10
Tupelo, Mississippi
(601) 841-1245

Tropical Banana Festival

August 30-September 2
Biloxi, Mississippi
(601) 896-6699

SEPTEMBER

Sand Sculpture Contest

September 14
Biloxi, Mississippi
(601) 896-3100

Possum Town Pigfest

September 27-28
Columbus, Mississippi
(601) 328-4532

Copper Magnolia Festival

September 28-29
Washington, Mississippi
(601) 442-2901

OCTOBER

Dulcimer Day

October 19
Tishomingo, Mississippi
(601) 438-6914

Confederate Boot Camp

October 19-20
Biloxi, Mississippi
(601) 388-1313

Red Beans and Rice Festival

October 25-27
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 355-7006

Dancing Rabbit Festival

October 25-27
Macon, Mississippi
(601) 726-4456

MISSOURI

It was a great scheme. Ray and Faye Copland would hire transient farm hands, persuade them to open checking accounts in their own names, then write bad checks to pay for cattle at auction. Then the Copelands would sell the cattle and pocket the money — \$32,000 between 1986 and 1989.

The transient farms hands?

Well, the Copelands shot them in the head (five in all) and buried them on their farm in Mooresville, about 90 miles northeast of Kansas City.

The Copelands were apprehended, tried, convicted, and not too long ago Faye came before the judge for sentencing. He sentenced her to die for the cold-blooded killings. The National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty is predictably unhappy, pointing out that Faye is the oldest woman now on death row.

She is 69.

By the time she exhausts the appeal process, she will probably be 90 — but no less deserving of the sentence she received.

AUGUST

Bootheel Rodeo

mid-August
Sikeston, Missouri
(314) 471-2498

Bluegrass Festival

mid-August
Kahoka, Missouri
(314) 853-4344

National Quilt Festival

late August
Branston, Missouri
(417) 338-8150

SEPTEMBER

National Crafts Festival

mid-September
Branston, Missouri
(417) 338-8150

German Festival

mid-September
St. Louis, Missouri
(314) 352-0141

Plaza Fine Arts Fair

late September
Kansas City, Missouri
(816) 753-0100

OCTOBER

Octoberfest

October 1-31
Hermann, Missouri
(314) 486-2120

Robidoux Festival

October 5-7
St. Joseph, Missouri
(816) 232-3778

Harvest Fest

early October
Bethel, Missouri
(816) 284-6493

NORTH CAROLINA

When they asked him how he felt, Conley Holbrook of High Point said "all right." Holbrook, 26, was in Lexington Memorial Hospital, being treated for pneumonia, when he opened his eyes, looked at his mother, and said, "Mama."

He had been in a coma for eight years.

On November 27, 1982 he had been beaten on the head with a log and had been bedridden at home ever since, cared for by relatives. When questioned, he named the two people who had attacked him. The incident again raises questions of about the growing tendency in the medical community to withdraw life support from people who have been comatose over long periods of time.

Conly Holbrook was lucky to have relatives who were willing to care for him for an eight-year period. (But then maybe he wasn't so lucky after all: It was relatives who knocked him in the head with that log.)

AUGUST

64th Annual Mountain Dance

August 1-3
Asheville, North Carolina
(704)258-6111

Blue Grass Convention

August 3
Jefferson, North Carolina
(919)246-9945

Smokey Mountain Festival

August 30-31
Waynesville, North Carolina
(704)452-1688

SEPTEMBER

2001 Homestyle Show

September 5-7
Hickory, North Carolina
(919)733-4171

National Balloon Festival

September 20-22
Statesville, North Carolina
(704)872-2892

Enfield Peanut Festival

September 28
Enfield, North Carolina
(919)445-5111

OCTOBER

Seafood Festival

October 4-6
Morehead City, North Carolina
(919)726-6273

Battleship Fireworks

October 4
Wilmington, North Carolina
(919)762-1829

Liver Mush Expo

October 12
Shelby, North Carolina
(704)484-3100

OKLAHOMA

Randy Herrod of Shawnee—whose autobiography *Blue's Bastards* has just come out in paperback—is working on a new book. This one is a portrait of Indian war heroes from World War II through Vietnam. Meanwhile, the new paperback is already on the best-seller list in his home state.

AUGUST

Tulsa Pow Wow

August 9-11
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918) 596-7877

American Expedition

August 19-24
Andarco, Oklahoma
(405) 247-6651

Cherokee National Holiday

August 29-September 1
Tahlequah, Oklahoma
(918) 456-0671

SEPTEMBER

Arts Festival

August 31-September 2
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 682-7536

Chili Cookoff

September 6-7
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918) 583-2616

85th Annual State Fair

September 13-29
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 948-6700

OCTOBER

Oktoberfest

October 1-3, 7-9
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 297-3000

Czech Festival

October 5
Yukon, Oklahoma
(405) 341-1134

Morgan Horse Show

October 7-13
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 278-8900

SOUTH CAROLINA

After a sting operation by the FBI snagged about one tenth of the South Carolina General Assembly, the remaining legislators now seem serious about ethics reform. A bill has now been written and approved by a conference committee which, if enacted this summer, would give the Palmetto State one of the toughest ethics laws in the nation. One interesting feature: no cash political contributions would be allowed—unless the cash is gathered at church in a collection plate. This single exception was insisted upon by members of the legislative black caucus, whose activities are apparently exempt from the normal rules of conduct.

AUGUST

S.C. Peanut Festival

August 9
Pelion, South Carolina
(803) 894-3535

Young Farmer Tractor Pull

August 9-10
Saluda, South Carolina
(803) 445-2564

Spring Water Festival

August 24
Williamston, South Carolina
(803) 847-9489

SEPTEMBER

Catfish Festival

September 15-16
Hardeeville, South Carolina
(803) 784-2813

Golden Leaf Festival

September 28-29
Mullins, South Carolina
(803) 464-6651

Ye Olde Turkey Trot

September 28-October 5
Clinton, South Carolina
(803) 833-7525

OCTOBER

Battle of Kings Mountain

October 5-7
Kings Mountain, North Carolina
(803) 936-7921

Pumpkin Festival

October 12
Pumpkintown, South Carolina
(803) 235-0229

Red Hills Heritage Festival

October 12
McConnells, South Carolina
(800) 866-5200

TENNESSEE

John S. Sanders and Company, a new Nashville publishing house, will soon be in the business of reprinting Southern literary classics. Soon to be published are such important works as *In Ole Virginia* by Thomas Nelson Page, Donald Davidson's two-volume history of the Tennessee River, *Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier* by Allen Tate, Andrew Lytle's *A Wake for the Living*, and Caroline Gordon's great historical novel *Penhally*. John Sanders plans to continue the series for as long as the market exists for Southern classics. His distributor is the National Book Network of Lanham, Maryland.

AUGUST

Smoky Mountain Gun Collectors

August 10 and 11
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 691-3131

Saturday Night on the Town

August 24
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 523-7543

SEPTEMBER

Country Auction

September 7
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 546-0745
TVA and I Fair
September 6-14
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 637-5840

Kids on the Town
September 22
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 523-7543

OCTOBER

Museum of Appalacia
October 10-13
Norris, Tennessee
(615) 494-7680

Riverfeast
October 10-11
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 523-7543

Fall Corvette Expo
October 25-27
Knoxville, Tennessee
(615) 687-3976

TEXAS

Austin mayoral candidate John Johnson dropped a bombshell when he called a press conference to announce that he was an ex-Mafia hit man.

"Some of you may know me as John Johnson, a local businessman and candidate for mayor," he told bemused reporters. "My original name and the name I will always consider my real name is John Patrick Tully."

He went on to say that he had entered the federal witness program after helping to convict members of a New Jersey crime family. He relocated in Austin, took the name of Johnson, and started a hotdog and fajita business.

Why did he tell all of this after seven years? He said because he is more afraid of the Austin police than the New Jersey Mafia. He said the police had been harassing him since a 1987 arrest, and he wanted it stopped.

AUGUST

Shakespeare at Winedale
August 1-4, 8-11, 15-18
Round Top, Texas
(409) 278-3530

National Sailplane Competition
August 12-18
Uvalde, Texas
(512) 278-3363

National Barbecue Cookoff
August 16-17
Taylor, Texas
(512) 352-6364

SEPTEMBER

Republic of Texas Chilympiad
September 20-22
San Marcos, Texas
(512) 396-5400

Ranch Days
September 21
Lubbock, Texas
(806) 742-2498

Shrimporee
September 21-22
Aransas Pass, Texas
(800) 633-3028

OCTOBER

Fireant Festival
October 12-13
Marshall, Texas
(214) 935-7868

Confederate Air Force
October 12-14
Harlingen, Texas
(512) 425-1057

Pioneer Farm Fall Festival
October 19-20
Austin, Texas
(512) 837-1215

VIRGINIA

Troy D. Campbell of Arlington was arrested by police after allegedly using new technology to pick up women. According to police, a 17-year-old was in a phone booth when Campbell made lewd remarks to her. She tried to get away from him, and he ordered his pit bulldog to attack her.

Campbell has been charged with "vicious wounding" and the dog has been turned over to the Animal Welfare League.

AUGUST

Old Town Hoe Down
August 10
Winchester, Virginia
(703) 665-0079

Lucketts County Fair
August 24-25
Lucketts, Virginia
(703) 777-8881

Manassas Re-enactment
August 25
Manassas, Virginia
(703) 335-7060

Draft Horse and Mule Day
August 25
Leesburg, Virginia
(703) 777-3174

SEPTEMBER

Richmond Re-enactment
September 14-15
Meadow Farm Museum/Park
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 672-5100

A Little Welsh Festival
September 21
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 899-4559

Virginia Peanut Festival
September 28-29
Emporia, Virginia
(804) 634-9441

OCTOBER

Sorghum Molasses Festival
October 5-6
Clifford, Virginia
(804) 946-5063

Roanoke Railway Expo
October 11-13
Roanoke, Virginia
(703) 342-2028

Fredericksburg Dog Festival
October 12
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 372-1086

RE-ENACTMENTS / SCV EVENTS

National SCV Convention
Columbus, Georgia
August 1-3

Fort Morgan, Alabama
August 2-4

Woodfield Inn, N. Carolina
September 20-22

Battle of Rome, Georgia
October 18-20

Secessionville, S. Carolina
November 8-10

Rivers Bridge, S. Carolina
December 7-8

BY 1864 NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST had come to be regarded as a knight-errant by the Southerners in the central Confederate states. A rich slave trader and plantation owner before the war, he had enlisted at the beginning of hostilities as a private but rose very quickly to the rank of Colonel. He was of imposing physical stature and presence and was a born leader of men. He had raised a regiment of cavalry and had equipped it with his personal funds. Although he had a minimal education he possessed the instinctive judgment of complex situations that characterize successful commanders. He knew nothing of drill or conventional tactics, but throughout his career always seemed to know the proper action to

take in any circumstances.

Forrest did not inspire the adoration of his soldiers like the members of the Army of Northern Virginia had for Robert E. Lee. Neither did they feel for him the affection that Sherman received from the members of his army. Forrest had, however, the complete confidence of his men. Also, there was not a man in his command who was not afraid of him. Their fears were not without foundation.

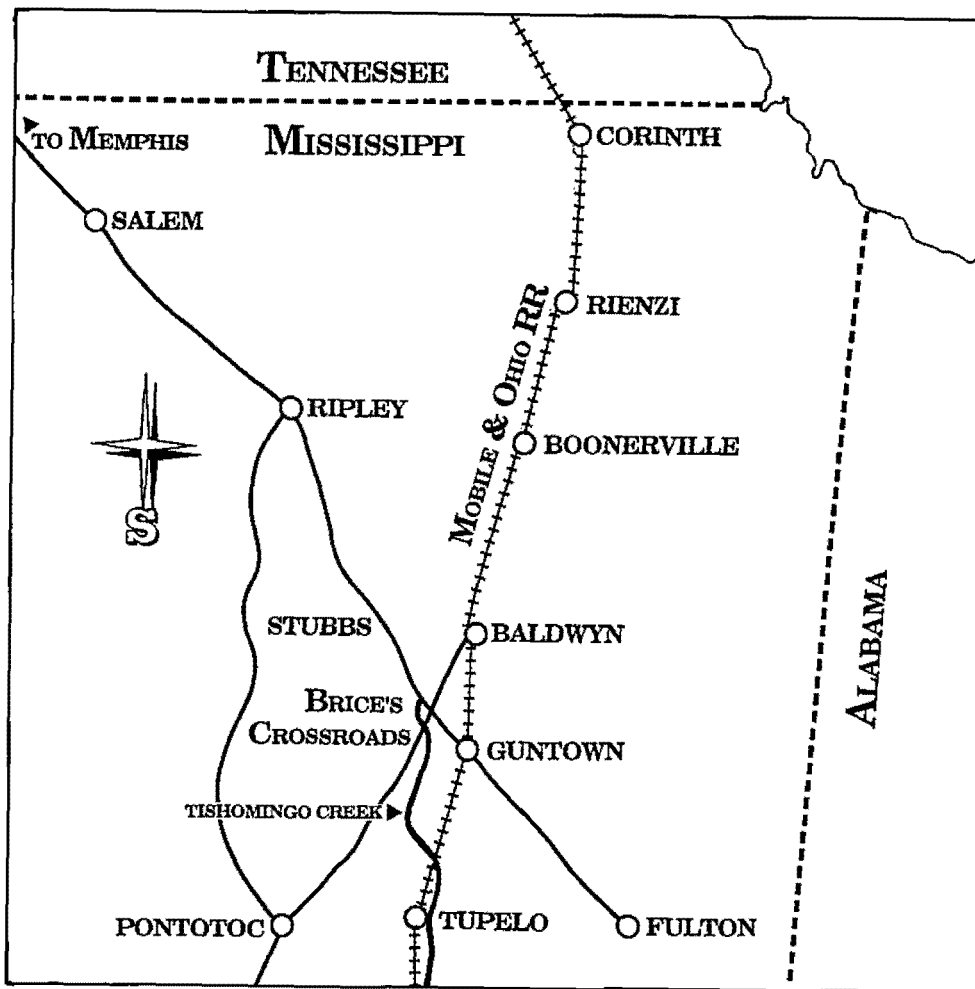
On one occasion he leaped from his horse and seized a skulker and proceeded to give the man a severe beating. On another he shot a soldier who was fleeing from action. Truly, his men were more afraid of him than they were of the Yankees. Most of all, however, Forrest was a leader. He was always on the front line, exposing himself recklessly.

He had a habit, during battle, of riding standing in his stirrups, making himself more visible to both friend and foe. He seemed always to be present at the crucial point of battle, his voice shouting encouragement, inspiring his men to make the supreme effort. No matter how poorly the affairs of battle might be going, Forrest would assure his soldiers that things were going well, and that they needed to make only one more push to gain a victory. This reckless exposure resulted in four severe wounds during the four years of conflict. He had nineteen horses killed under him and he personally accounted for thirty of his enemies. Surely no commander since the champions of the middle ages could equal this record.



Forrest at Brice's Crossroads

Military history is replete with battles won by inferior forces. It is extremely rare, however, for the inferior force to find the strength and will to pursue its beaten foe. That this was so successful at Brice's Crossroads can only be ascribed to the Confederate leader's energy, determination, and his correct estimate that a beaten army has not the will to resist. It is for this reason that the campaigns of Nathan Bedford Forrest should be in the lesson book of every future commander.



"THAT DEVIL FORREST" was only one of the less than en-dearing terms bestowed on Confederate Major General Nathan Bedford Forrest by Major General William T. Sherman. Forrest's successful raiding of Federal blockhouses, railroads, and supply depots had been annoying enough to Sherman but now his activities menaced the success of a major Union campaign.

In the spring of 1864 Sherman was beginning his operation in North Georgia against General Joseph E. Johnston. As the Federal army slowly progressed southward, its only supply line through Chattanooga and Nashville became more and more exposed. Georgia's corn crop was not ready for harvest and Johnston's slowly retreating army was careful not to leave a morsel of food behind to feed the invaders. Every bit of food and forage, every bullet and cannon shell had to travel on this slender railroad line. Sherman knew that Forrest was just the man to cut it.

And Sherman's fears for his sup-

ply line were well founded. In early June, Forrest with about twenty-five hundred cavalry started from northern Mississippi towards Sherman's railroad. He had reached Russellville, in northern Alabama, when he received a dispatch from his area commander, Major General S.D. Lee. Another Federal army had left its base at Memphis, heading for Mississippi. Forrest was ordered to return and oppose it. This new Federal invasion had a three-fold objective. It was to cripple or destroy Forrest, to destroy as much as possible of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and to devastate the fertile prairie country of central Mississippi which was an important supplier of food for Confederate forces.

The Federal force was headed by Brigadier General S.D. Sturgis, an experienced commander, and consisted of some nine thousand men. His 3,500-man cavalry unit was headed by Brigadier General Benjamin Grierson, who had distinguished himself the year before by heading a successful raid in

western Mississippi during Grant's Vicksburg campaign. The cavalry was divided into two brigades and the troopers were armed with either Colt revolving rifles or with seven shot Spencer carbines, as well as with their regulation sabers.

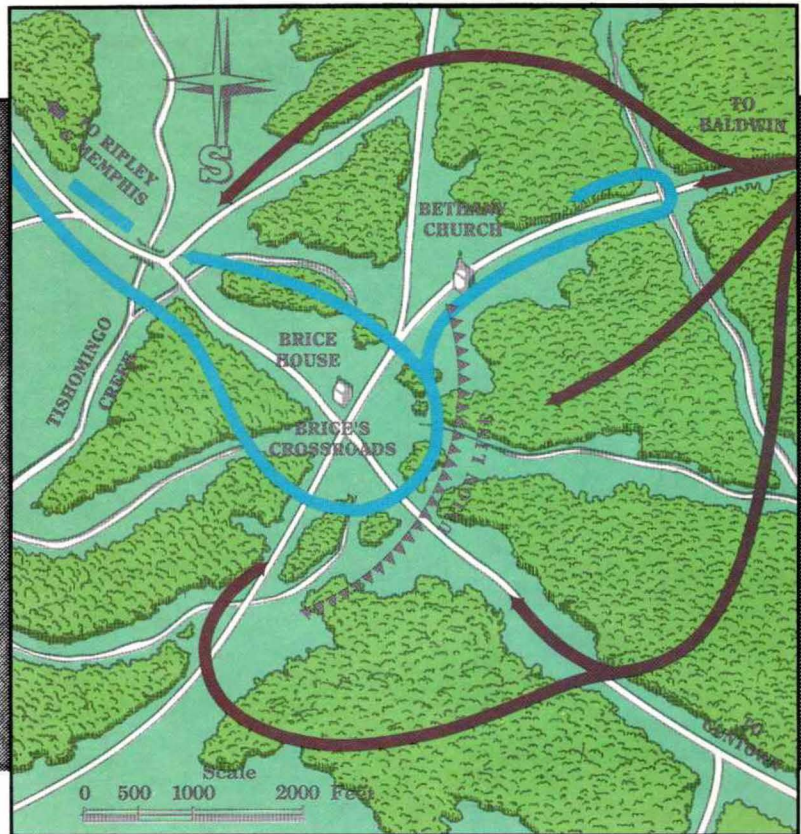
The infantry numbered 4,800 and were divided into three brigades, one of which was composed of colored troops who had allegedly taken an oath to avenge Fort Pillow and show no mercy to Forrest's men. Sturgis' area commander was Major General C.C. Washburn with headquarters in Memphis. The expeditionary force left that city on June 1, 1864.

The Confederate high command was much more generous with officer rank than was the Union. A brigade, no matter how small, was usually commanded by a brigadier general and a division by a major general. Although Forrest commanded a much smaller force than Sturgis, his rank was higher and his small regiments were headed by full Colonels. Union Infantry Colonel W.L. McMillen, who commanded three brigades, would have probably had the rank of Major General if he had been in the Confederate army. Sherman, himself, was only a Major General and commanded an army of over one hundred thousand men.

The armament of Forrest's troopers was considerably different from that of the Federals. Forrest felt that the saber was a poor weapon and, generally speaking, only his officers and escort carried one. The enlisted men and non-commissioned officers were armed whenever possible with two .38 caliber "Navy" revolvers and a single-shot Sharps breach-loading carbine. The latter was a percussion cap rifle that used a linen or paper cartridge. Since the Confederate ordnance department was often unable to provide weapons to its soldiers, recruits would sometimes have to use their hunting rifles and shotguns until a successful raid on a Federal depot provided them with better weapons. Some of the Southern soldiers continued to keep a double-barreled shotgun for close work.

In the map at right, Forrest divided his smaller force to execute a spectacular double envelopment that sent the enemy scrambling back to Ripley.

The lists below show both forces' strengths and commanders.



UNION

Brigadier General S.D. Sturgis

Cavalry *Brigadier General B.H. Grierson*
 1st Brigade *Colonel George Waring*
 4th Missouri
 7th Indiana
 2nd New Jersey
 10th Missouri (1 company)
 7th Illinois (1 company)

2nd Brigade *Colonel E.F. Winslow*
 3rd Iowa (3 battalions)
 4th Iowa (2 battalions)

Infantry *Colonel W.L. McMillen*
 1st Brigade *Colonel George Hoge*
 113th Illinois
 120th Illinois
 108th Illinois
 95th Illinois
 81st Illinois

2nd Brigade *Colonel A. Wilkins*
 114th Illinois
 93rd Indiana
 9th Minnesota
 95th Ohio
 72nd Ohio

3rd Brigade *Colonel E. Bouton*
 55th U.S. Colored
 59th U.S. Colored

Artillery
 22 guns attached to brigades
 250 wagons

Total 8,000 men

CONFEDERATE

Major General Nathan Bedford Forrest

Demi-brigade *Colonel W.A. Johnson*
 Warren
 Moreland
 Roddey
 Williams

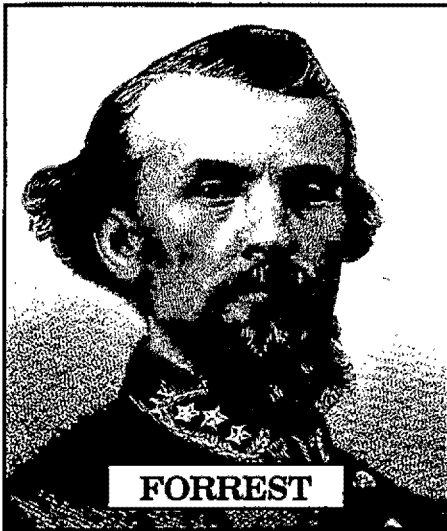
Brigade *Colonel H.B. Lyon*
 8th Kentucky
 7th Kentucky
 3rd Kentucky
 12th Kentucky

Demi-brigade *Colonel E.W. Rucker*
 7th Tennessee
 18th Tennessee
 19th Tennessee

Brigade *Colonel Tyree H. Bell*
 20th Tennessee
 16th Tennessee
 19th Tennessee
 2nd Tennessee

Artillery *Captain John Morton*
 1st Battalion Morton
 2nd Battalion Rice
 Total 8 guns

Total 4,875 men



FORREST

FORREST ARRIVED AT TUPELO on the 6th of June, following his orders to return to face Sturgis. There he learned of the general direction of the Federal advance from Colonel E.W. Rucker, whose troops had been skirmishing with the cavalry covering the enemy's main body. The Confederate forces were widely separated. Bell's brigade of Abraham Buford's division was at Rienzi, twenty-five miles from Brice's Crossroads where the battle was to be fought. Johnson's and Lyon's brigades, 500 men and 800 men, respectively, were at Baldwyn, six miles from Brice's. Rucker was with Forrest with his 700 men. The twelve artillery pieces, under the command of Captain John Morton, were at Boonville, 18 miles away.

Together with 2,787 men under Bell and with some 250 men who served as Forrest's escort, the total Confederate troops available for battle totaled some 4,887 mounted troopers.

During the American Civil War there were only a few occasions when large bodies of mounted cavalry met in combat. There were many small actions when the saber and pistol decided the issue, but the wooded terrain that comprised most of the Southern states made large-scale cavalry charges impossible. Murat or Kellerman would never have been able to make one of their famous charges at Chickamauga or Shiloh. The development of the long-range rifle ended the use of cavalry against unbroken infantry. The character of the terrain usually prevented the clash of large bodies of mounted men. The troopers moved by horse but fought dismounted. In combat every fourth

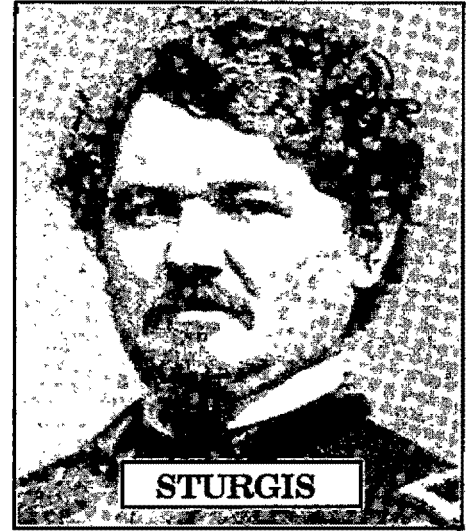
man acted as a horse-holder and was stationed just out of range of the enemy's fire. A company of mounted men were usually placed on the ends of the line of battle to guard against flanking action.

According to Private William Witherspoon, of the 7th Tennessee cavalry, his tentmate, L. Tanner was aroused from his sleep and ordered to report to Forrest. Tanner had been an engineer on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad before the war. He was to take his commander by train south to West Point for a conference with Major General S.D. Lee. With Lee at West Point was J.R. Chalmers' division of 3,200 men. Lee was of the opinion that Forrest should retreat south so that the two forces could unite and fight the Federals on more favorable terms. He did not order such a move, however, but gave Forrest discretion to act on his own judgment.

When Forrest returned to Baldwyn he learned that the entire Federal force was camped at Stubbs Farm, some nine miles northwest of Brice's Crossroads.

This crossroad was where the Ripley-Fulton road crossed the Boonville-Pontotoc Road. All of the roads were in miserable condition during the best of weather and a hard rain on the night of June 9 had made them even worse. Knowing how slowly the Union infantry would advance over the muddy road, Forrest determined to attack rather than retreat and join forces with Lee:

'I know they greatly outnumber the troops I have on hand,' he told Rucker, 'but the road along which they will march is narrow and muddy and they will make slow progress. The country is densely wooded and the undergrowth so heavy that when we strike them they will not know how few men we have. Their cavalry will reach the crossroad three hours in advance and we can whip them in that time. As soon as the fight opens they will send back for their infantry. It is going to be hot as hell, and coming up on the run for nine miles over that road, the infantry will be so tired out that we will ride right over them. I want everything to move up as fast as possible. I will go ahead with Lyon and my escort and open the fight.'



STURGIS

Couriers were hurriedly dispatched to the scattered Confederate commanders with orders to hurry to the crossroads. Chalmers' forces were too far away to be of any use in the battle that would take place on the morrow. The question was whether Buford's division at Rienzi would arrive before Forrest's were overwhelmed. Twenty-five miles is a long way to travel to a battlefield, even for cavalry. And how about the artillery? Could Morton, eighteen miles away, get his twelve guns into position in time? The road was as muddy for the Confederates as it was for the Federals.

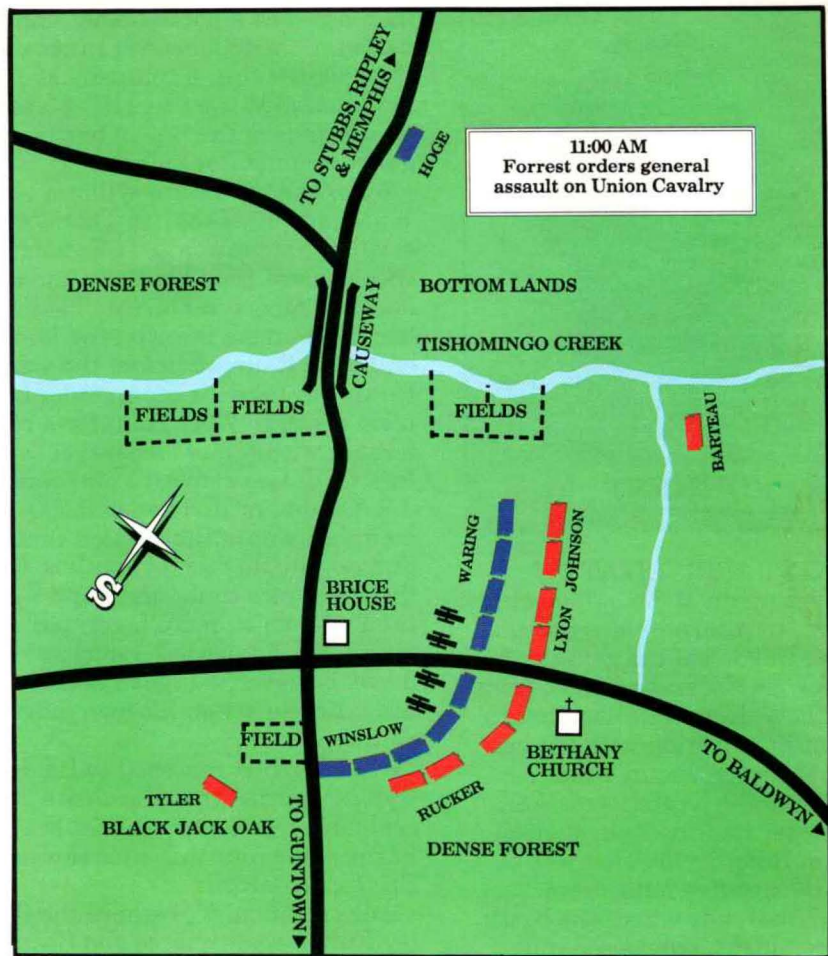
At 5:30 on the morning of the tenth of June the Union cavalry broke camp at Stubbs Farm and headed south for the crossroads, Waring's brigade leading the way. Waring's adjutant, E.H. Hanson, describes the road as follows:

'The road on which the command was marching ran nearly north and south, and about a mile and a half north of the crossroads it passed through a wooded bottom and over a swampy piece of ground. The road there became somewhat like a causeway, in length nearly three quarters of a mile. After passing this, and for about a third of a mile, the ground rose somewhat so that at the crossroads it was perhaps twenty feet above the causeway. At Brice's house a road crossed at right angles. From the southern end of the causeway (over Tishomingo Creek which was swollen by the recent rains) to the crossroads and for about a third of a mile in each direction the land had been cleared.'

The land beyond the clearings was heavily wooded with dense underbush. The crossroad was considerably higher than the land in the direction of both Baldwin and Guntown, where the battle was to be fought. The undulating character of the terrain made direct vision difficult even where there were cultivated fields.

Waring's troops encountered a small unit of Confederate cavalry at Tishomingo Creek and drove them to the crossroads. The Confederates turned left at the crossroads and retreated to where the timber began, where they were reinforced by Lyon's troops who were beginning to arrive from Baldwin. Waring's brigade dismounted and deployed on the edge of an open cornfield some 400 yards wide, facing an unknown number of Confederates concealed in the woods. Waring placed his two rifled guns and his two howitzers along the road just behind his line and sent out skirmishers. The second Union cavalry brigade, under Winslow, arrived shortly and deployed on Waring's right. Some 800 Confederates, without artillery, were facing 3,200 Federal troopers with 8 guns. The weakness of the Southern forces, however, was concealed by the dense underbush. Forrest followed his usual practice of employing his buglers to ride up and down the line, signaling to non-existing units and by making a brave show with vigorous skirmishing action. It was now about ten o'clock. The battle of Brice's Crossroads had begun. It was destined to be the most interesting and decisive of the smaller encounters in the American Civil War.

Forrest, concerned that the Union cavalry would discover his extreme weakness and run over his men before the rest of his command could arrive, with characteristic style, ordered a feigned attack across the open field. With much shouting and flag waving, Lyon's 800 men put on a good show of attacking Waring's dismounted troops; then they retired back to their original position. Rucker, on hearing heavy firing, hurried his 700 men forward at a gallop. These troops were placed, dismounted, on Lyon's left with the exception of Duff's Eighth Mississippi regiment which was kept mounted and was placed on Guntown Road to protect the Confederate flank. Johnson, with his 500



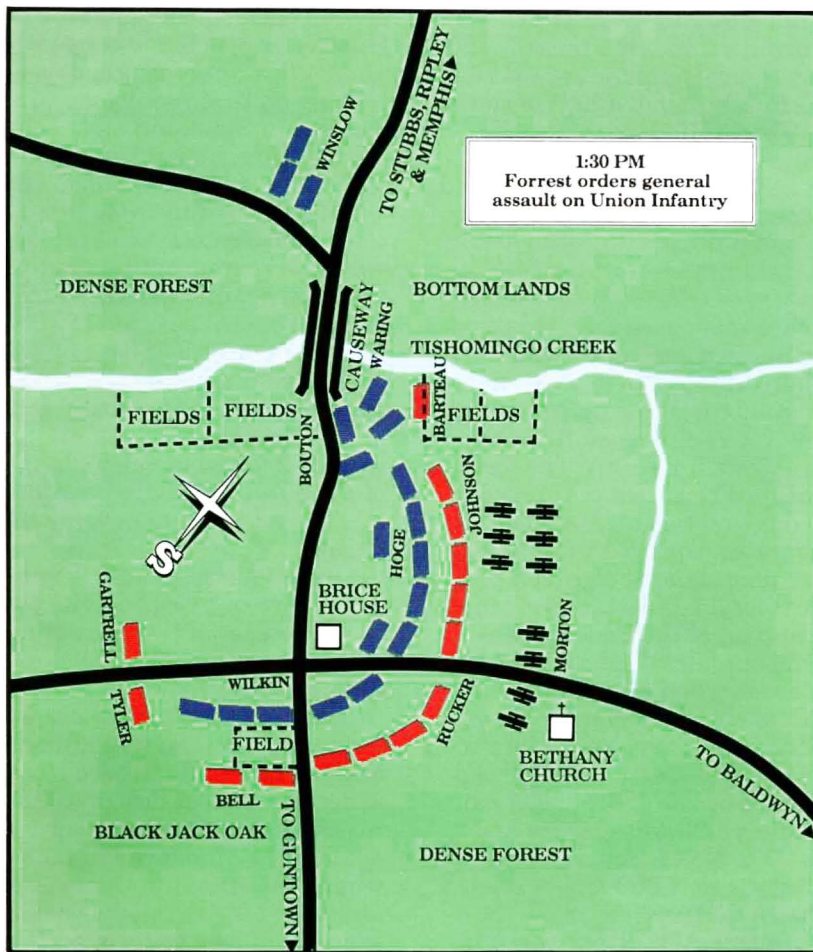
men, arrived shortly after this and was placed on Lyon's right. Forrest now had about 1,650 men on the field to oppose the two brigades of Grierson.

It was now about eleven o'clock and although Bell's strong brigade and Morton's artillery had not yet arrived, Forrest determined to make a real attack. Riding along the line, Forrest encouraged his men, telling them that every man must go forward with a yell and take the Federal position. Only the horse-holders were kept back. At the sound of a bugle, the entire Confederate line moved forward with a rush. They were met with a fierce fire from the repeating rifles of Waring and Winslow. Rucker himself led the Seventh Tennessee and Chalmers' battalion with such impetuosity that it reached the Union line a hundred yards ahead of the troops of Lyon and Johnson. Waring's Union line wavered, and fell back and, in spite of a vigorous counterattack, was forced to retire.

There was hand to hand fighting all along the line and it was demonstrated that a pistol was superior to a carbine in close combat. Johnson's regiment, on Forrest's extreme

right, was able to advance in the direction of the Ripley road and attack the flank of Waring. The retreat of Waring exposed the left flank of Winslow and forced him to retire. By 12:30 Forrest had carried out his first objective: the defeat of the Union cavalry. Part of this amazing success was due to the fact that the Federal cavalry ran short of ammunition and their ordnance wagons were far behind them. (An excited soldier with a repeating rifle tends to shoot rapidly and aim poorly. A soldier with a single-shot rifle is more likely to aim carefully.)

Meanwhile, General Sturgis arrived on the scene of battle and witnessed the withdrawal of the Union cavalry. Following him closely was the leading infantry brigade under Colonel E.B. Hoge, which had been advancing at double-quick over the muddy road. It was deployed about two hundred yards behind the line originally held by the Union cavalry. The second infantry brigade, under Colonel A. Wilkins, followed closely and was deployed on Hoge's right. As Forrest had foreseen, these troops were very tired after their forced march. With each brigade was a battery of guns that



were placed at Brice's house. The Union line was curved, with the convexity facing the enemy and extended beyond the Confederate left.

As the Union infantry was being deployed, Forrest's artillery under Morton and Rice appeared on the scene. Since early morning they had traveled eighteen miles over almost impassable roads. Morton's guns were placed just behind Lyon's position on the Baldwin road. Rice was positioned behind Johnson. These batteries immediately opened fire on the Union forces. Morton was a gifted artilleryman and his fire was extremely effective, not only because of his accuracy, but because the depth of the Federal forces made even his over misses strike an enemy target.

The Union artillery had no such advantage, since the Confederate line was very thin. The Union position was becoming more and more congested as wagons of the supply train crossed Tishomingo Creek.

Right behind Morton's guns came the strong brigade of Colonel Tyree Bell, accompanied by General Buford. Forrest immediately placed Buford in command of his right wing and accompanied Bell's troops,

whom he dismounted and positioned to the left of Rucker. He also placed Barteau's small regiment on the extreme Confederate right and ordered them to work around the Union left, as near the creek as possible, and to stand ready to attack the Union flank when a general action began. Forrest now had both of the enemy's flanks threatened, Barteau on their left and Captain H.A. Tyler's two companies on their right. Both of these small forces were withdrawn from the Federal line, so that they would not be observed. Both were kept mounted so that they could advance rapidly if the general assault was successful or protect the Confederate retreat if it failed. Forrest kept his escort and a company of Captain Gartrell's Georgians mounted at his side so they could be put into line wherever they were needed most.

For some thirty minutes there was a pause in the conflict. The troops of both armies lay exhausted from the intense heat and the exertions of their marching and fighting. Only an occasional sniper's shot was heard over the sound of some fourteen thousand voices talking, cursing, and praying.

At about two o'clock there was a sound of bugles along the Confederate line and the entire Southern command, minus the horse-holders, moved forward. Except around Brice's there were no open fields and the troops moved through the thick underbrush toward the Union infantry who were lying prone in double ranks.

As soon as the attackers were visible, Hoge's and Wilkins' men poured a volley into the Confederate ranks. Bell's men began to waver and Hoge, sensing the confusion, sent his whole command forward, aiming at the junction of Bell and Rucker. Forrest had guessed that this might be a weak spot in the attack. He dismounted and led his escort and Gartrell's men into the fray. Rucker rushed to the front and shouted to his men to kneel, draw their six-shooters, and stand their ground. Bell also went to the front line to encourage his men.

The Federal infantry were armed with single-shot muzzle-loading Enfield and Springfield rifles, which were effective at long range, but which had a slow rate of fire. Even tipped with bayonets they were no match for the six-shooters of Forrest's men at close range in the heavy underbrush. The counter-attack of Hoge wavered and fell back.

The encouraged Confederate troops continued their advance with loud yells. Morton, on Forrest's direct orders, advanced four of his guns on the road to Brice's to canister range and opened a devastating fire. Barteau, on the extreme right, attacked the remnants of the Union cavalry that were attempting to make a stand south of the creek. The colored brigade, which McMillen had just placed across the line of retreat, was taken in flank by Tyler's two companies who had been reinforced by Gartrell's company and Forrest's escort. Bell's troops had by now advanced to the crossroads and had captured the Federal guns stationed there. These guns were immediately put in action against their former owners. Morton's four guns joined them. The retreat of the Union infantry became general.

Sturgis, in his official report says: *'I now endeavored to get hold of the colored brigade which formed the guard of the wagon train. While traversing the short*

distance to where the head of the brigade should be found, the main line began to give way at various points. Order soon gave way to confusion, and confusion to panic. The army drifted toward the rear and was beyond control. The road became crowded and jammed with troops. Wagons and artillery sank into the deep mud and became inextricable. No power on earth could check the panic-stricken mass as it swept to the rear.

Although it was now almost sunset and victory was secure, Forrest had no idea of abandoning the fight. To give his men a short rest he called forth the horse-holders to carry on the pursuit. McMillen was able to rally part of Wilkins' brigade some two miles north of the battlefield to allow stragglers to pass through. This line dissolved upon the appearance of Morton's guns. All organized resistance ceased. At Riley another attempt was made to reorganize the Federal troops but the Confederates appeared on both flanks and forced its withdrawal.

While the horse-holders continued to press the fleeing Federals during the night, Forrest allowed the bulk of his troops to rest. Wagon after wagon was captured and hungry Confederates threw away their pork and cornmeal and supplied themselves with real coffee, hardtack, and beef. At one o'clock in the morn-

ing of the eleventh, Forrest put his tired men back into the pursuit and it was not until sundown of that day that he finally called a halt to the action. Forrest had extracted the last ounce of strength from his troops and from himself. He had put every member of his command into action and put each unit into action at the right time—surely a rare occurrence in warfare. Sturgis' army was now a mob, each man thinking only of his own safety. General Washburn says, "The expedition left the railroad terminus (in Memphis) on June 1st and reached Brice's cross-road on June 10th. The force that escaped returned to this point in one day and two nights." The Confederates captured the 250 wagons and ambulances, eighteen pieces of artillery, 5,000 stands of small arms, and all of the Federal baggage and supplies. The official Union loss was given as 2,612.

The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was heavy. The chief surgeon, Dr. J.B. Cowan, reported the total casualties as 493. Rucker's brigade suffered 23% casualties and Lyon's 20%. No Confederates were captured. Some 1,500 Union soldiers were taken prisoner.

After a federal military board investigated the engagement, Brigadier General Samuel Davis Sturgis spent the remainder of the war "awaiting orders."

FORREST'S DECISION TO FIGHT AT BRICE'S Crossroads might be called a reckless one by some critics. Surely it would have been more sensible to fall back on the forces of Lee, and to fight on more equal terms. Forrest's estimate of the situation, however, was correct. He factored in the single road on which the Union infantry had to advance. He realized that the heavily wooded terrain would give his revolver carrying troopers an advantage in close quarters and would conceal his weakness in numbers. None of these advantages would be present in the open country to the south where Federals would have room to maneuver and where Sturgis' infantry would have an opportunity for long-range fire. Such a situation occurred the next month at Harrisberg, near Tupelo—a new Federal army repulsed Lee and Forrest's attack. The biggest risk the Southern Commander took was deciding to fight while his forces were so widely separated.

Although Forrest was a command-

er who decidedly favored the offensive, he seemed to sense when an attack would fail. He opposed attacking on three occasions when he was not in command and each time his advice was disregarded and each time the attack failed. In 1862, while serving under Joe Wheeler, the Confederate assault on Dover was badly repulsed. He cautioned S.D. Lee against attacking the strong Federal position of Harrisberg in July of 1864.

While commanding the cavalry of Hood's army, in December 1864, he opposed a direct assault on the entrenched forces of Schofield in front of Franklin. Hood disregarded this advice and suffered severe casualties.

During four years of fighting, it became Forrest's responsibility to cover the retreat of two retreating Confederate armies. The first was after Shiloh, where he was able to blunt a rather unenthusiastic pursuit by Grant. The second was after the debacle of Nashville, where Hood's army was almost destroyed. Forrest's determined rear guard action against the Union cavalry saved what was left of the Confederate forces and is regarded as a classic example of how to cover a retreat and was the antithesis of the action of Sturgis at Brice's Crossroads.

General U.S. Grant, in his memoirs, correctly assessed Forrest's success. He writes:

'Troops who have fought a few battles and won, and followed up their victories, improve on what they were before to an extent that can hardly be counted by percentage. The difference in result is often decisive victory instead of inglorious defeat. This same difference, too, is often due to the way troops are officered. For the particular kind of warfare which Forrest carried on neither army could present a more effective officer than he.'

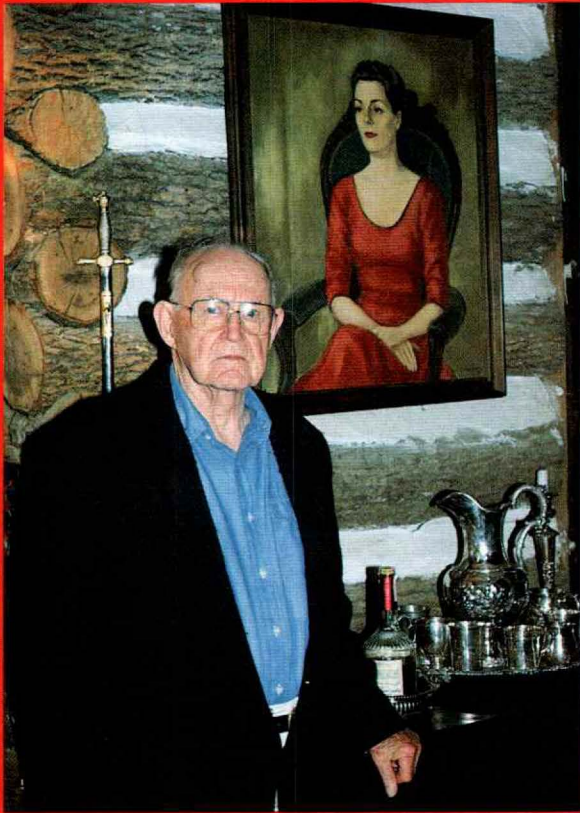
He could have added Napoleon's famous words; "In war men are nothing. A man is everything." Forrest was a man. ☉

Richard Chace of Maitland, Florida grew up listening to his grandmother's Forrest tales. Her sixteen year-old brother fought with the 17th Tennessee at Brice's Crossroads. He survived, only to lose his life a month later at Harrisberg.



Conversation

Andrew Nelson Lytle



The Last Agrarian

For symbolic reasons we are delighted that our long-awaited Partisan Conversation with Andrew Lytle coincides with a cover story on General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Offering Forrest and Lytle in the same issue gives our readers the greatest natural leader the War itself produced along side the greatest living champion of the enduring South.

Born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee (1902) Mr. Lytle is the only living contributor to *I'll Take My Stand*, the great manifesto of agrarian values. His essay, "The Hind Tit," contains a spiritual affirmation of life lived close to the land. And it also contains warnings about the soul-devouring leviathan of our age—warnings that are as eloquent and even more pressing today than when the volume first appeared in 1930.

Mr. Lytle's 1931 biography of the Confederacy's most dangerous general (*Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company*) and later (1966) his collection of historical essays, *The Hero With The Private Parts*, remain two of the best books ever published on the War Between The States, its true causes and cultural legacy.

Although his contribution as philosopher/historian is formidable, Mr. Lytle describes himself mainly as "a reader and writer of fiction." And indeed his works of fiction rank among the best produced in this Century. Andrew Lytle's novels include *The Long Night* (1936), *At Moon's Inn* (1941), *A Name for Evil* (1947) and probably his best known novel, *The Velvet Horn* (1957). More recent works include *A Wake for the Living*, a family memoir (1975), and two collections of social and political essays, *Southerners and Europeans* (1988) and *From Eden to Babylon* (1990). All essential reading for Southerners and other students of permanent things.

Mr. Lytle, who still farms, was interviewed in his home, *The Log Cabin*, in Monteagle, Tennessee by *Southern Partisan* contributor Brett Moffatt. We are treated to the humor and the wisdom of this most important Southerner.

Southern Partisan: You warned in your essay, "The Hind Tit" that the South was in danger of becoming industrialized and losing it's way of life. Has that happened since you wrote the essay?

Lytle: Yes. Look around you. That's all you've got to do. There are very few real farms left. Farming as a community is gone because they have destroyed the family. The Episcopal Prayer Book, the new one, does the same thing. The divinity has been taken out of the church leaving only the husk, which are merely manners and mores. That's what's happening.

When we wrote *I'll Take My Stand*, about half the population in the South owned land (and we are not just limiting it to the South). They could not believe that the life they had inherited and that they were living could disappear. But it has.

Southern Partisan: So what happens to us now?

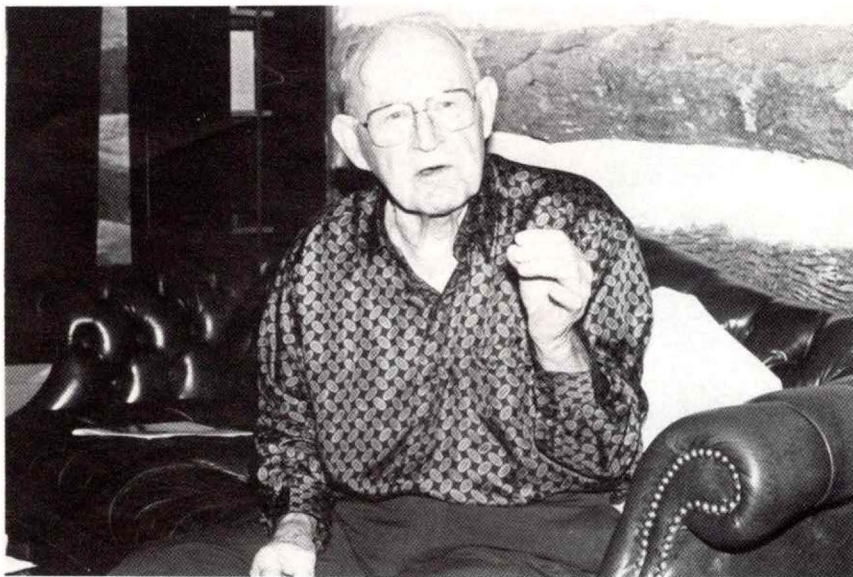
Lytle: Well, I'm not a prophet. I don't know. But I have my opinion about it.

The land is there, but industrialists haven't the remotest idea what it is. Donald Davidson mentions a man down in Muscle Shoals. The land was so poor, he couldn't even get an insurance company mortgage on it. The fire in

his fireplace hadn't gone out in 100 years. So when he sold the place, he put it in the contract that he be allowed to pick the chimney up with the fire in it.

And so, they did! They carried it to where he bought another place, and set it up. But don't you see, the fire was the spirit of that house. It had not gone out in 100 years, and that's what the buyer couldn't understand.

I used to be a farmer, you



know. We're a farming family. I ran a farm called *Cornsilk* in Guntersville, Alabama. I saw the doom of the land. It was just about the time of *I'll Take My Stand* that the TVA covered the land in water.

Southern Partisan: Tell us about the farming life....

Lytle: Well, I bought a "thrown away" farm up here and I grew some tobacco and some corn. There's no bread better than Hickory King corn, so I planted five or six acres of that, and I planted my wheat. There was a mill about five miles away. And I killed three

hogs every year for my meat.

I had a cow that was the greatest milk cow in the country. Guernsey. My father would walk with her and, golly, she would shake her head. We paid \$200 for that cow, and she was the queen of my herd.

Then a disease hit. I was in Florida at the time, at the University at Gainesville. I taught a creative writing course. And by the way, there's no such thing as man creating. I didn't know that then. But any way, I

came back home and the herd was in bad shape. And when the old cow led the cows in, she saw me and ran to the fence and hollered at me. And the turkeys—I grew 600 turkeys—they hollered at me. And that was the real world.

That's part of farming. You are a common creature with other creatures. They wait on you, but you wait on them too. You feed them and look after them.

I remember one turkey in particular. I once bought 100 medium sized turkeys, and I had to put a roosting pole in there. If you leave the birds on the floor, the breast will sort of dip down and you'll lose some price on them. So I put up a roosting pole and I fed them all the corn they'd eat and then I gave them peanuts. And ooh! They'd just run for those peanuts. You see, turkey meat is dry, and peanuts will sweeten it. So, I got two cents more a pound.

Anyway, I put this little roosting pole in there. And every time I put them up on it, they'd jump down. Put 'em up, and they'd jump down. I was a novice, so I decided to show them how. I got up there and roosted. And I'll tell you it was uncomfortable, squatting up there on that little pole.

Then Rosie Bell hopped up beside me and that started a great love affair. After she hopped up there, the others would hop up, and they all settled up there roosting. But Rosie Bell would follow me. She followed me and slept at the foot of my bed. I had to put newspapers down. I put the *Nashville Banner* on the floor and the *Tennessean* on the foot of my bed, so as not to show any favoritism, don't you see.

Whenever I left, Rosie Bell would holler 'til I got back. It was a real love affair. She once went to Nashville with me. They had never seen a turkey in a department store, and Rosie Bell had never seen an elevator. But it didn't mean anything to her. She walked right on. We had a fine time.

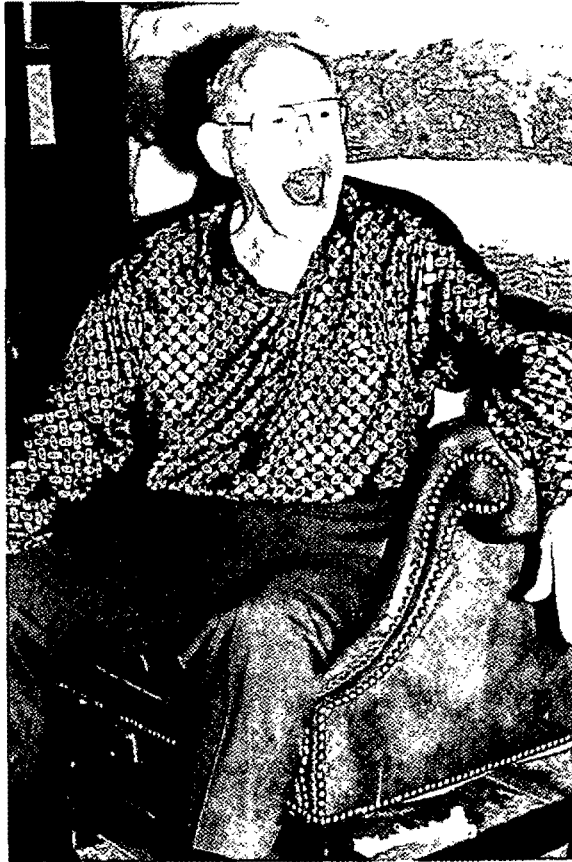
That fall, I went to Southwestern and sent her back to *Corn silk*. They said she choked to death on a biscuit. But I think they ate that bird. It was just wicked. It's a cannibal world, you know. We all eat one another, in one way or the other.

But that was the life that I lived. And it was a good life.

Everybody was alive. Some families were better off than others, for certain reasons. You knew who was a good

farmer and who wasn't. Whatever his condition, everybody had a place.

Southern Partisan: You have written about the universality of communications, the speed of communication. Does this make us a tighter community?



Lytle: With brief, quick movement, you'll never make a community—you're just passing through. How are you going to make a community when all the people speak different languages? You've got to learn a language to talk to people. And what are you going to do about the inherited ways of doing things? Speed destroys communication.

For instance, my grandmother owned the turnpike between

Murfreesboro and Woodbury, and there was a gate every five miles. I used to go with my father to collect tolls.

People didn't move around unless they had business, because they had to pay to get out from where they were. Every road out of Murfreesboro had a tollgate, had a toll road, and so the community was not free to just get a notion and go somewhere. They lived there within a five mile community.

The automobile was the instrument of breaking the community down, not the railroad as some have said. In the case of railroads, you still hitched up a horse, you curried him, fed him, you hitched the buggy and went to the depot, and got on a train. Then you went somewhere else with a horse and buggy again. That didn't destroy anything. The destruction came when you just got in a car and went anywhere, just get on the big road—and go.

I rode a horse from here to Murfreesboro through the mountains with snow on the ground. I walked him down. I was afraid he'd fall and break a leg. He was a gelding named Frank, a flea-bitten gray horse. But as I went along, I would see an object in front of me and I would gradually approach it, and take in all the things around me on the way. You don't see anything going 90 miles an hour. So, it's a definite possibility that technology will not bring us closer, but drive us farther apart. Communication is not communion, only a community can give you communion.

Southern Partisan: What about the medium of television? We hear what's happening in Eastern Europe about as quickly as we hear what's happening in Chattanooga.

Lytle: You don't hear it, you hear a report of it. Television is a magical instrument, you see. It's not the truth. It's magical because you think there are people there, but they're not really there. There are figures that move around, but the report is always inadequate. What are you going to do? What can you do? This is a dangerous instrument because it stops people from visiting and talking together.

I'm saying that farming the world over has always been the common way of making communication. Then the town was the place where they exchanged their produce, where they carried on their business. That was real communication.

Southern Partisan: The New Deal period was an interesting one for Southern agriculture. What was your opinion of the Roosevelt New Deal programs?

Lytle: The government was putting its hands on what is not its business. That is one aspect of it. One of the worst things that the government did, during that Depression, was to say, just because it didn't fit

the stock market, that you must plow under, forcing your crops. Whether forcing your hogs, or forcing your calves, or forcing your cotton—this was the most wicked thing that I ever heard. Asking a man to pile up half or to destroy his work. It's wicked.

Southern Partisan: You have said that John Taylor of Caroline had a proper view of the government's role —



Lytle: He called it the Paper and Patronage Aristocracy. The paper was the banks and the central government. Patronage was the politics. His sense of agronomy was running the government long after his death. He was a great man. A great man who was not listened to in his time. He and old John Randolph of Roanoke. Randolph was better than Jefferson.

Southern Partisan: I was interested in your comment that man does not create...

Lytle: From a religious point of view, everything has been

made. God made it all. Man can't create. He can't make things. He imitates what's there, by his vision. He sees something that nobody sees, and by his craft he can make others see it—and they call that a creative act. That's what they mean when they say "it's a creative act." I misused the word for fifty years.

Southern Partisan: Then creative writing is—

Lytle: An imitation. This is a religious view. It's not a scientific view. The scientific view is always incomplete because there is no such thing as science. There are sciences. Each has its own method. Sciences hold the view that man is god. Now, they never say that.

They don't dare make the rash statement. The best of the scientists know that they are dealing with mystery. You've got to believe in something outside yourself, because you know you're not capable of handling everything. Sickness for example.

Southern Partisan: We talk a lot about the struggle to get the truth out about our Confederate heritage...

Lytle: You must read Frank Owsley. He was a great Southerner—one of the Agrarians. He was a great Southern historian and the liberals can't

stand him. They are trying to discount his work. But he based his work on things like the census records, the census man who went down the road—this farm, that farm, that farm and from those records Owsley captured the truth about the South. The Yankee idea was that there was nothing but masters and slaves and poor whites. Frank completely discounts that in *Plain Folk of the Old South*. Three fourths of the people who fought the war didn't own slaves.

Southern Partisan: A friend of mine in east Tennessee who checked the records, says east Tennessee was no more than half Unionist. They always tell us it was at least seventy percent Unionist. He says you can't prove that by the records.

Lytle: No, you can't do it. But of course, Tennessee generally didn't want to secede. My grandfather, who was a rich man, said we could get rid of abolitionists without secession. Nevertheless, all of his sons fought. He died after the battle of Murfreesboro.

But that's the point. So much false information has been put out. Lincoln made that war. He did. He rejected the Crittendon Compromise, which said that to keep from having war let's extend the Mason Dixon line to the Pacific coast. Lincoln rejected that and we went to war. And now we all live under slavery.

Southern Partisan: Why do you suppose there is so much interest in a war that was fought one hundred thirty years ago?

Lytle: Because it had meaning. It was the destruction of our society. England knew if the South didn't win they were done for. But they thought the South would win.



Southern Partisan: Is that why they didn't intervene?

Lytle: Yes. Also, they were getting rich on selling to both sides for two years.

Southern Partisan: What were some of the contributors to the Confederate defeat?

Lytle: Owsley shows in *States' Rights and the Con-*

federacy, that the very idea of states' rights had as much to do with the defeat of the Confederacy as anything else. For example, the Confederacy turned down 100,000 men because they didn't have any guns to fight with. They could have given them broomsticks and trained them. Then they lost troops to the state organizations who kept them to protect the states. Each state couldn't fight the war itself.

Also, the very idea of states' rights held Davis to a policy of not to invade. For instance, after winning the battle of First Manassas, they should have gone into Washington. But Davis wanted to stand there like a virgin who was about to be raped.

States do not have rights. They have power. Citizens have rights. That's the whole thing about it. If your state is a state, it has its sovereign power. The Yankees who got control gave themselves the right to invade a state. The North should not have accepted that—but they did.

And the same thing happened in the revolution in England, with the divine Right of Kings. It's the old Puritanical way of seizing power by subterfuge. Kings didn't have any divine powers or rights, the king was the secular overseer of God, just as the Bishop was the religious overseer of God. But that didn't mean inherently they had rights. They were representatives.

Southern Partisan: Still, the Southern spirit has survived, hasn't it?

Lytle: During Reconstruction they never were able to triumph over our spirit. Remember the so-called "Monkey Trial" in Dayton? In that trial, they were trying to impose on us a secular religion: science.

Mencken described the South at that time as "The Sahara of the Bozart." I say that's like a thief breaking into your house where he's already stolen all the silver and accusing you of not having any.

Even today, the Southern spirit is not all gone. But it is pretty much. I've heard people say "Look how rich we are now. It was a good thing to lose the War." It's not a good thing to lose anything like that.

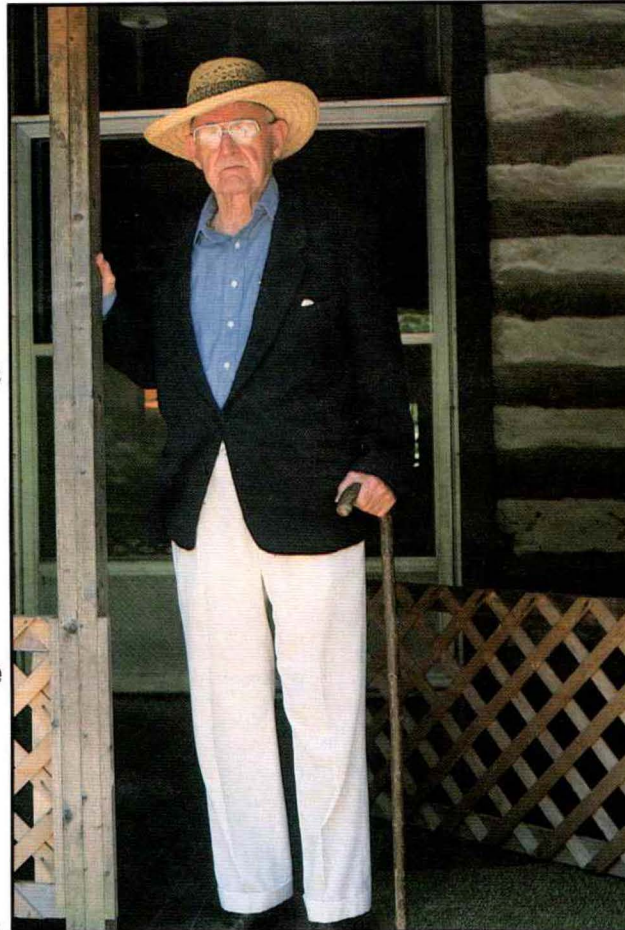
You see, we have been taught by the Yankee sense of schooling: that we had these slaves that we beat and abused. And because of that, the War was inevitable. This is the message of Yankee instruction. Frank Owsley shows it's not so.

Southern Partisan: What would we need to do to put people back on the land?

Lytle: That would take a minimum of machinery and a minimum of money exchange. All farming used to be that. You set aside a certain portion of your land to grow hay and corn and oats and things to feed your work stock. There was no

money to go out and put gas and oil in tractors and other machinery to break down.

In farming, you're dealing with imponderables. I stole what a man said. He said "Farming is a man forever making his last stand!" But it is wonderful. You're dealing with the divine. That's why the real good farmers are always a part of a religious society. That's



why the Russians can't grow anything.

You've got to feel an identity with land, an identity with nature.

Southern Partisan: That's hard with a central government like ours isn't it, where money exchange is so important?

Lytle: Yes, that has changed the whole economy. Under industrialism, the whole West

makes the same things. They've got nothing to sell each other. Before you can need the products of industry, you first need bread and meat, and you make bread and meat because you deal with nature and the divine.

Southern Partisan: You said once that we are in the "advanced stages of reconstruction." What did you mean by that?

Lytle: I mean just that. What was reconstruction? They're trying to dig up Forrest's body, trying to rewrite history. You can't dare show the Confederate flag. They're trying to take it out of the state flags. These are the obvious things.

But we also see it in the literature and the school system. Look at the schools. We had church schools. But now the school system is made by the Yankees. And they teach not only the Yankee view of Southern history. They also teach the religion of science. It's terrible to know that the other side of the moon is just like the side

you see. Now no poet can talk about the mystery of the moon. They've destroyed that too. ☼



ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer



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

References Wanted

Croesus, the last king of Lydia and the fellow we'd all like to be richer than, decided in 545 B.C. to make war on Persia. Being a careful man, Croesus sought advice from the oracle at Delphi. Should he invade Persia, or shouldn't he?

According to legend, the oracle answered, "If you cross the river Halys, you will destroy a mighty empire."

Croesus interpreted the sentence as a good omen and proceeded to attack Persia. But after many setbacks, the king was taken prisoner at Sardis.

The oracle had been right. By waging war on Persia, Croesus did destroy a mighty empire—his own.

King Croesus was a victim of an ambiguous reference. In the oracle's prophecy, the phrase "a mighty empire" could have referred either to Lydia or to Persia. Because Croesus failed to analyse the grammar of the sentence, his kingdom of Lydia ceased to exist.

Most reference problems are caused by the ambiguous use of pronouns:

- ★ Guilt, vengeance, and bitterness can be emotionally destructive to your children, you must get rid of them.
- ★ After Governor Baldwin watched the lion perform, he was taken to Main Street and fed 25 pounds of raw meat in front of the Cross Keys Theater.
- ★ Anti-nuclear protestors released live cockroaches inside the White House Friday, and these were arrested when they left and blocked a security gate.
- ★ Although her mother was in it, thieves stole a suit case containing jewelry and clothing from the car of Mrs. Vanya Koskis yesterday.
- ★ Jerry Remy then hit an RBI single off Haas's leg, which rolled into right field.
- ★ On the floor above him lived a redheaded instructor in physical education, whose muscular calves he admired when they nodded to each other by the mail box.
- ★ Confused by the noise of traffic, a bull that was probably experiencing its first taste of city life got mixed up with vehicles in Ellsworth Avenue and was struck by a street car. It was so badly injured that Patrolman Milton Elliman ended his life with a bullet.

Richard Lederer's book, *Anguished English*, is published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ON POLITICAL INTEGRITY

I do precisely what I think is right and just.

Andrew Jackson

ON POWER

The truth is that all men having power ought to be mistrusted.

James Madison

ON THE LAW

A law cannot work until it expresses the spirit of the community for which it is enacted...

Woodrow Wilson

ON THE HERO

The hero is a man who has fought impressively for a cause of which we approve.

Dumas Malone

ON STATES RIGHTS

Not a provision can be found in the Constitution authorizing the general government to exercise any control whatever over a state...

John Caldwell Calhoun

ON FEDERALISM

The very idea of converting what was formerly a confederation to a consolidated government, is totally subversive of every principle which has hitherto governed us.

George Mason

CRITICUS ESSAY

OUTSIDE THE MELTING POT

Nevada (pronounced with a long "a"), Missouri, is a conservative, quiet town of some 9,000 persons, located in the southwestern part of the state, on the very edge of the Kansas prairies, almost exactly midway between the geographical and population centers of the lower forty-eight.

Nevadans see their town as a typical Midwestern community. But is it typical? Is it even Midwestern? A backward glance would seem to suggest otherwise. In 1860 not one resident of Vernon County, of which Nevada is the seat, voted for Abraham Lincoln, and reportedly, proportionate to population, the county sent more men to the Confederate army than any other in Missouri. In 1863, Federal troops burned Nevada to the ground, calling it this damned Rebel den, and the Bushwhacker capital—epithets revived and embraced in recent years for festive purposes.

Looking back on my elementary school years in Nevada—responding almost exactly to the World War II years—I've long been struck by the fact that virtually the entire student body in those days bore British surnames. I, with my Irish name, if memory serves, was the lone exception, and the difficulties people made of pronouncing and spelling "Brophy" was to me a source of constant irritation. When anyone talked about my "Irishness," usually in a humorous vein, I was at an utter loss. My quarter-Irish background was wholly submerged in the majority; I was an American, of mixed ancestry, to be sure, but chiefly English.

Of course my personal experiences may have been exceptional; yet it seems obvious that Nevada in those days was a re-

markably homogeneous community, composed largely of the "Old Stock": the racial group that has been in America since before the Revolution. English leavened with some Scottish, Welsh, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German.

The "foreigners" in town, in those days, were the non-Protestant Germans and the Irish—of later arrival and yet unassimilated. They held themselves apart through their religion; their children attended the Catholic school. "Real foreigners were simply unknown—they lived in foreign countries, didn't they? There was usually a single Jewish family, and there were a dozen or so blacks.

Coming from such a background, I was in for a few mild shocks. Newly arrived in New York City, puzzled, "Where are the Americans?" for I met only Italians, Jews, Puerto Ricans. In time I did find the "Americans"—they all lived out of town and went home at night.

I met with another surprise on traveling in the upper Midwest. "Are all the people where you live Irish?" a Minnesotan asked me. "Good heavens no," I replied. "They're Old Stock." He looked baffled. "Swedish?" One Minnesota town, I learned, might be totally German, the next totally Finnish, and so forth, and the faiths were either Lutheran or Catholic. "Americans" (i.e., Anglo-Saxon) seemed as thin on the ground as Southern Baptists.

All my life, it seems, I've been listening to praises of America, the melting pot, the nation of immigrants. The true American, I've been given to understand, is either (a) a mongrel, so much "everything" he's no longer really anything, or (b) an "ethnic," the more exotic the better—say, a "Lower Slobbovian." The preoccupations and sensitivities of the "minorities," no matter how invisible or numerically inconsequential, were, it seemed, supposed to be interminably at the heart of the national consciousness. American culture consisted not of what Americans did or preferred, but rather of the myriad jarring "cultures" of the ethnics, which we were under solemn obligation not only to respect but to cherish and

foster at taxpayer expense. Our foreign policy should be determined, not by national interest, but by the prejudices of the organized ethnics—the Irish-Americans for Ulster, the Jewish-Americans for Israel, the "African-Americans" for South Africa, and so forth.

Coming as I did from Nevada, Missouri, where opportunity for enlightenment on such matters simply didn't exist, perhaps I can be forgiven for being still unable to muster any empathy or patience with the likes. It was speaking in a foreign language, about foreign affairs. My ancestors—those I knew enough about to say—came to the New World because they were disenchanted with the old. The Irish ones were only too eager to put the tribulations of the Ould Sod forever behind them and with the be-gosh-and-begorra professional Irishman they'd no patience whatsoever.

And it was my impression that all the early immigrant groups felt that way. They wanted to be Americans—and only in that way, as understood it, had a cohesive nation ever been forged.

In the light of which, the latter-day ballyhoo or "multiculturalism" for preserving every shred of minority culture, seems an exercise in perversity as well as utility. The notable example of a culture artificially preserved surely is the reservation Indians—excuse me, "Native Americans"—hardly a shining example! The Indians still enjoy their culture, with its warrior ethos, but through it they're kept permanently unfit for succeeding for more than barely surviving in the world they live in.

It seems likely a society can have only one real, live culture at a time; thus "multiculturalism" is either stultification (e.g., the Indians) cultural antiquarianism (e.g., ethnic studies), or divisiveness and bitterness (e.g., contemporary Quebec with its "unique society").

We well-intended denizens of Nevada, Missouri—all the Nevada, Missouri—seem to have been hectoring for decades now on the score of our shameful racism. And we've listened politely, for the most part, but not without a growing im-

patience. Since there were no "rac-
es" to speak of within hollering dis-
tance for us to be "racist" about, it
was difficult to know on what evi-
dence the charge was based.

My personal feeling is that no
people on earth are less "racist"
than Americans—they often seem
downright blind to this distinction
which most other peoples seem to
have seen as all-important. Think
of Eastern Europe with its po-
groms, of Israel or Arabia with
their religio-ethnic exclusiveness,
of Indians and Pakistanis hating
each other to pieces—literally.
Meanwhile Americans are reviled
for mildly preferring neighbors
who'll keep the lawn mowed.

Still Americans are, I believe—
whether they'll own it or not, in the
present climate—wary and re-
sentful of alien "cultures" in-
truding into and diluting their
own: of unmowed lawns and un-
savory cooking odors. All are wel-
come in—provided they'll park
their "culture" on the doorstep! On
the Statue of Liberty it's written
not only "Give me your tired, your
poor," but also "Keep ancient
pomp!"

Recent figures on the ethnic com-
position of the United States reveal
some things hard to credit, at least
from the perspective of Nevada,
Missouri. Based on the 1970 cen-
sus, it was estimated that the Brit-
ish portion of the population had
fallen to only some 25 percent. The
figure's literally incredible, if you
ask me, since it's based on people's
own reporting of their ancestry.
Most members of the majority have
very hazy notions about their ante-
cedents; and there's no "cachet"
about being British—its much
more chic to belong to some exotic
and presumably maltreated and
deserving "minority." Like the 1/64
"American Indian" named
McGrath who, under "minority set-
aside" laws, got millions in as-
sistance. Still, it's hard for one from
a background in which it was as-
sumed that virtually everybody
was "Old Stock" to believe that
that stock which obviously is still
providing the vast majority of the
country's leaders and producers in
nearly all fields can be so reduced.

Thinking on these lines set me to
wondering about contemporary Ne-
vada, Missouri. Is my hometown

still the homogeneous place of my
formative impressions?

I decided to try to find out by tal-
lying the surnames in the tele-
phone book. Of course this method
lacks scientific accuracy and has
several obvious inherent flaws; but
overall it would seem to offer re-
liable evidence.

By my count, the book listed
4,105 residential phones. Of these,
3,514 were subscribed in names
commonly taken to be British—
that is, English, Scottish, Scotch-
Irish, and Welsh.

Adding to the British the other
"Old Stock" (pre-Revolutionary) ra-
cial groups, namely German,
French, and Dutch, we get a total
of 3,863 out of the 4,105.

Adding the remaining European
components—the Scandinavian,
Irish, Italian, Slavic, and Un-
certains (but not the Hispanic
since they're likely of mostly either
American Indian or Oriental
stock)—we have 4,078, or all but
25.

So Nevada today is 83 percent of
British antecedents, 95 percent
Old Stock, and over 99 1/2 percent
European. (To compare, the com-
position of the country as a whole
has lately been estimated at ap-
proximately 25 percent British, 50
percent Old Stock, and 83 percent
European.)

It seems clear that the melting
pot still hasn't boiled over into Ne-
vada. "Ethnicity" remains a foreign
language to Nevadans, who may
perhaps be excused for still think-
ing of their country as a broken-
away bit of Britain, defined and
held together not by "multi-
culturalism," but by Magna Carta
and all that, thinking of them-
selves ethnically almost in-
distinguishable from their pre-
1776 ancestors.

Just how unique this makes the
town, in these cosmopolitan days,
is hard to say; but at least part of
the explanation may lie in that
"Southernness" cited earlier.
The American South, as William
D. Workman, Jr., points out in *The
Case For the South*, constitutes the
nation's (indeed the world's) larg-
est "Anglo-Saxon" racial bloc. The
sense of "community" found in the
South, he asserts, derives from this
heritage. "Successive waves of im-
migrants swept into the North,

there to dilute the customs and tra-
ditions which remained relatively
unchanged in the South."

"The South went through its
'melting pot' phase early," he goes
on. "The French and German Prot-
estants, along with the handfuls of
other non-British peoples, were ab-
sorbed and assimilated into a way
of life reflective of Anglo-Saxon tra-
ditions"; the South, as a result, re-
mains "the most homogeneous sec-
tion of the country" where "there
has been the greatest assimilation
of all persons (always excepting
the blacks) into the political, social,
and cultural pattern of the dom-
inant group. From Virginia to Tex-
as people live the same sort of
lives, think more nearly alike, cling
more tenaciously to the political
tenets of early America, and in
general reflect a greater mutuality
of interest than can be found in
any other part of the nation."

I think Nevadans have a sneak-
ing conviction that towns like
theirs constitute the country's
sheet-anchor, its all-important bal-
last in stormy times when flightier
localities bend before every shifting
wind. Or, as Workman terms the
South: "the Home Guard of the Na-
tion."

These days, every identifiable
group in the country is actively en-
couraged to assert its uniqueness
and take pride in itself—every
group, that is, except the largest
group!

By the "politically correct" stan-
dards of the day, the 95 percent
"Old Stock" Nevadans will have to
go on meekly listening to en-
comiums on the melting pot and its
myriad jangling concerns and "cul-
tures" and values, and seldom a
word about themselves, *their* cul-
ture, *their* values—on which the
country was built, and still stands.

*Patrick Brophy is the curator of
the Bushwhacker Museum in
Nevada, Missouri.*

SHORT STORIES

& TALL
TALES

**R
E
B
E
L**



If there's any truth to the adage that misfortune befalls the best, then Rebel was no exception; for he was the pick of the litter. Only six months old, he could point, back, and retrieve as well as those high-blooded dogs advertised in *Sports Afield*. But to a seven-year-old boy, he was more than just a top-notch bird dog whose chief aim in life was the pursuit of quail; he was a pet and a friend.

As we were lying on the pile of cotton Granddaddy had shoved to the corner of the back porch, Rebel seemed oblivious to his surroundings. The July heat forced the dog to pant, causing his ribs to humorously jiggle back and forth like the shuttle of a textile spinner. Over against the brown, clapboard wall Granddaddy sat in his straight-backed wooden chair which was propped back about 70 degrees, its front two legs hiked in the air. I never figured out how he stayed perched in that chair without having it fly out from beneath him, sending him sprawling onto the hard planked floor; but he always managed. Just off the porch was the well, in which the water was still drawn by bucket and chain. And beyond the well, by the fig tree, stood Daddy and Uncle Blake picking, eating, and talking over the world situation.

The mid-summer afternoon was typical—hot and lazy. Over the AM radio ol' Floyd Cramer could be heard slip-noting his country piano though "The Last Date," a song that typified the tranquility and melancholy of this sandhills farm. The haunting tune also captured the region's spirit of tenacity

against change. For it was a land where the older generation put great stock in three measurements of time—before Sherman, during Sherman, and after Sherman. (I wasn't sure who Sherman was, but I reckoned he must have been worse than Castro.) But about the biggest event around here, besides Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, was the Pageland Watermelon Festival. It offered the farmers somewhat of a reward for their long summer labors.

Granddaddy was unchanging, too. Cotton was on its demise and soybeans was quickly taking its place; but Granddaddy stuck with cotton. Why, I wasn't sure; except that it was always the thing to do. Tradition, I suppose. In spring, you planted and in summer, you picked. And you picked by hand. Cotton picking machines were a novelty. And as for a tractor, Granddaddy's was a one horse-power—four hulky legs, two fly-knawed ears, and a thick-lipped, tan mouth. We called him Ol' Pete; and when he died, Granddaddy bought another Ol' Pete, though I could never tell the difference in the two.

Everyone pitched in during cotton picking time; young and old, black and white. Bix, the colored man down the road, would bring his children to help. Even Grandmama would often halt her house work, put on her long-sleeved shirt and sun-faded bonnet to protect her fair skin from the searing heat, and join the others in the scorching fields. And being understanding of my desire to be like the grownups, she had sewn for me a small cotton sack that

neatly fit underneath my arm so as not to drag the ground. I was proud of that little sack, though I was a little envious that Bix's kids' sacks were much larger.

Staring off and on at the rafters, I lay on the cotton half asleep. Bits and pieces of the conversation at the fig tree could be heard as Daddy and Uncle Blake talked on about politics.

"That Kennedy," Uncle Blake said, pausing to chew a brown turkey fig, "He may be too young for the job."

"Not only that," Daddy added, "But a Catholic won't have a Chinaman's chance of getting elected."

Uncle Blake then agreed, thinking out loud. "No, not a Chinaman's chance."

Their carefree talk was a faint interlude in the still, dry air, along with the accompanying whir of a fly buzzing around Rebel's head. When it lit on his liver-spotted ear, he gave an unconscious flick sending the insect scurrying to find another resting place.

Then suddenly it happened; just as it did everyday. From within the clapboard wall came a single resounding thump. It was as if something or someone had struck the other side of the wall with a balled up fist. I jumped; and Rebel jerked out of his deep slumber. But Granddaddy sat unmoved.

"Well," he chuckled, "There goes that ghost again."

As long as I could remember, you could practically set your watch by that thump. And no one could explain it away except that it had something to do with the shrinking and swelling of the timbers. At night I would tell myself

that over and again while sweating underneath the covers. Rebel, I believe, could handle it better; he soon lowered his head calmly on his front paw and returned to sleep.

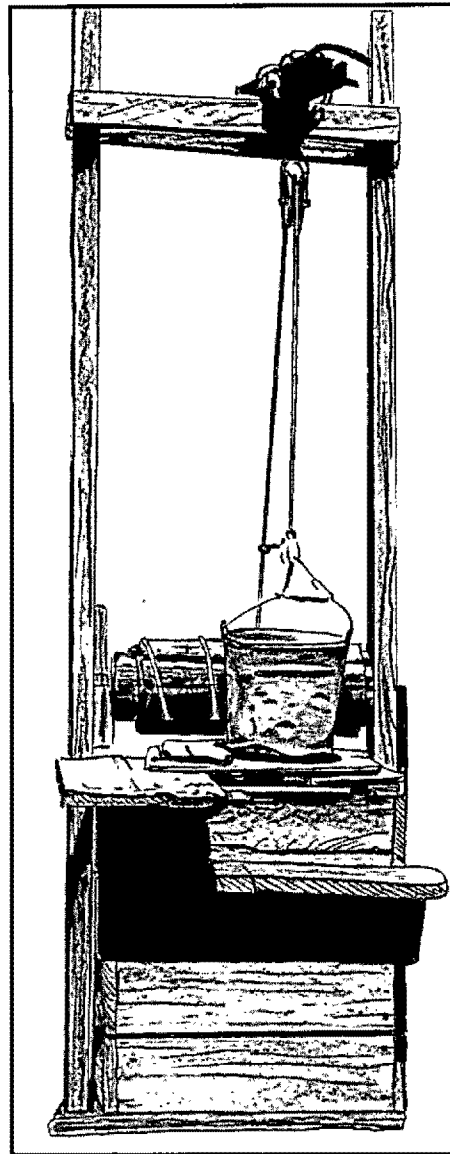
After a few moments, a familiar sound caused that dog to open his eyes and perk his head upward. It was my older brother, Jimmy. The screen door gave a squeal as he entered upon the porch carrying Grandmama's water bucket. Toward the well he made his way.

Upon spotting Jimmy, Rebel began to rapidly wag his spindly tail like a swish broom; and the well's cover being thrown open brought the dog to his gangly feet. Jimmy pulled the old chain downward, emitting the monotonous, shrill squeaks I had heard so many times before. As each link ground its way around the wheel-shaped iron pulley suspended from the stationary wooden windlass, Rebel grew more excited. Then unexpectedly, he made a single crazed leap onto the top of the well... and disappeared.

Jimmy gave a blood-curdling yell. Simultaneously, Daddy and Uncle Blake quickly glanced back as the front legs of Granddaddy's chair hit the floor with a thud. Out of the house the rest of the family poured; and in a wink, we were all gathered in hopeless desperation around the well.

The hand-wringing that went on during the next few moments was unequal to anything I'd ever seen. A ladder. If we only had a ladder; but the thirty-three-foot drop would render one useless. Before I could come out of my

panicked daze, Granddaddy had produced a rope and Grandmama, a large straw basket. Down the well it was lowered. We called and pleaded, but in vain, for the little canine to jump in. At the same time, Uncle Blake said something about going in after him, but I could tell in his



voice he wasn't serious; we knew the windlass wouldn't hold a child, much less a grown man.

"Can I see?" I asked, not being tall enough to look over. Aunt Opal then lifted me with both arms, allowing me to peer down the hole. It was like looking through an in-

verted telescope; everything was completely dark except the little white dot at the very bottom. And his legs violently paddling the water were tiny flagella-like protrusions. He was so small; and so far away. But bringing home the horrible reality of his predicament was seeing every few seconds the faint sparkle of disturbed water as it swirled around him like a spider's web entrapping its innocent victim. Adding to it was his whimpering cry for help lifted up from the depths of the well to no avail.

Rebel. He knew he was going to die, but still he fought for his life. He struggled until his legs grew so tired that they would stop moving. He would sink. But just as his head submerged, that God-given instinct to live would take hold and his renewed determination would send him splashing upward again. Up... and down; over and over. And all we could do was watch. We watched and did nothing until the pointer finally went down without coming back up. His whine then fell silent, a stark sign that Rebel was dead.

The day ended with a deep sense of loss. That feeling came not so much from what I saw as from what I didn't see: like the water being siphoned from the well onto the ground, creating a long stream that trickled way beyond the anvil stump, near the barn; or the colored boy being lowered down in his harness and raised again with Rebel's limp body cradled in his skinny, black arms. And Mama made sure I was preoccupied in the house when that evening Daddy and Jimmy buried him in the lower field. I suppose the grown

folks figured I'd seen enough that day; and they were right.

Summer soon passed. The cotton had been harvested and taken to gin. And third grade snapped me back to the real world. Then autumn came ushering in quail season. Like always, Saturdays found Daddy in the fields bird hunting, though the loss of Rebel had removed a little of the glow. But time moved along; another spring planting, another cotton harvest, and another watermelon festival.

My summer visits to the farm continued, too. I could detect, however, cues that change was taking place; vague at first, then gradually becoming more acute. Granddaddy, for instance, was obviously slowing down; for he planted less and less, never more than he could handle. His pickers also dwindled as Bix's children were getting older. One by one they left home, most getting married and a couple being lucky enough to go to college. Then Ol' Pete died. Granddaddy never replaced him, but took it as an opportunity to retire. (If it were possible for a farmer to do such a thing.)

All the pressures of being young began to chip away at my summer visits during my high school years. College came, then manhood. During that time, both grandparents had died and left the farm vacant. But every couple of years, I still came back to the old place if for no other reason but to daydream.

My last visit was one of those summer days not unlike so many I'd spent there as a child; but the season was the only similarity. The building, I noticed, was now a ram-

shackle almost completely surrounded by scrub brush. Bursting from between the rotten flooring were a few single strands of wisteria winding and spreading their way up the wall. They encircled a hanging piece of bottle-shaped wood with the faded inscription SUN DROP COLA; the thermometer it once housed was gone. More vines stretched across the rafters, thinly camouflaging scores of dried dirt-dauber tunnels; and still more continued from the ceiling toward the well, catching hold of and spiraling around the windlass, then tiering down into a profuse array of plush green and lavender. Underneath the wild foliage could be determined the ancient red brick loosely held together by mildewed mortar.

The fig tree had long since disappeared, allowing for a wide open view of the barren landscape. The fields, which once glistened white, were now taken over by worthless broom straw. Offering a relief from the desolation was a covey of quail zooming one at a time across a sandy trail that divided the main field. The playful sight was quickly counteracted by the presence of a sand spur digging through my sock into my ankle, a reminder that the little devils, along with nettle weed, were still the curse of the sandhills.

The place was indeed dead; and the evidence of an unsteady breeze served to accentuate that deadness, such as the rusted pulley swinging back and forth from the windlass and the mangled tin siding flapping thunderously against the dilapidated barn. Only a dove, whose eerie

mourning call came from a nearby grove of trees, lent its approval.

I turned my focus on the well, my mind going back to the day Rebel drowned. So many things gradually came to an end in this quaint world after that day; for it was a world where tradition reigned over progress and a proud walk was better than a free ride. The place, in this lifeless state, seemed to be crying to me that it preferred death over the loss of its innocence; and I respected it for that.

I turned to start back for the car before I took the first step, though, it happened. I couldn't believe it. From within the wall came a loud 'Boomp'. I jumped. An uncontrollable smile began to spread across my lips. I thought, that's for you, Rebel.

Departing the farm, I gave it a final look in the rear view mirror. Cruising down the sandy road, making my way to Hwy. 9, I turned up the volume on the radio. The DJ's voice grabbed my attention:

"And this is YOUR station, WBT Charlotte, the Big 1110; and this one goes out to Louise in Monroe- Country Gold by Floyd Cramer."

I turned off the air conditioner, rolled down the electric windows, turned up the volume again. My mind drifted euphorically while the nostalgic slip-notes of "The Last Date" flowed from the speakers. I completely ignored the car's sudden bounce as it hit the hard surfaced paved road and the back tires kicked out one last cloud of sandy dust.

Brian Ogburn is a freelance author who resides in Winnsboro, South Carolina.

CRITICUS ON TOUR

Jonesborough: Tennessee's Oldest Town by Brett Moffatt

Just a few minutes off Interstate 81 you can step back in time to a more relaxed pace and a more casual lifestyle along the streets of the oldest town in Tennessee. To those interested in the Southern architecture, Jonesborough is particularly attractive, for the past two decades have seen restoration of many of the gems of Jonesborough's architectural heritage.

*The Cherokee claimed the area as a tribal hunting ground at the time of the first European settlements. Jonesborough was chartered in 1779 as the seat of Washington County (the first political subdivision named for George Washington and first county seat west of the Appalachian Mountains). The site was chosen because it was midway between the Watauga and the Nolichucky settlements. The valley had several springs to provide fresh water to the new town. Jonesborough was one of the first planned towns in Tennessee, consisting of a grid of streets around one acre lots with one lot reserved for government buildings.

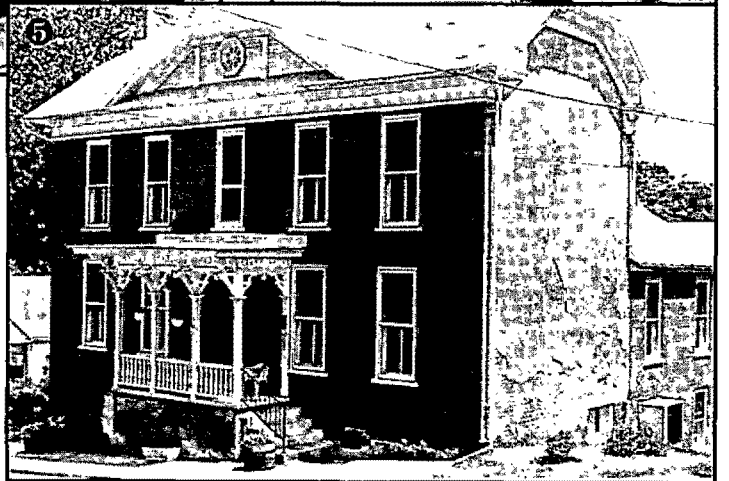
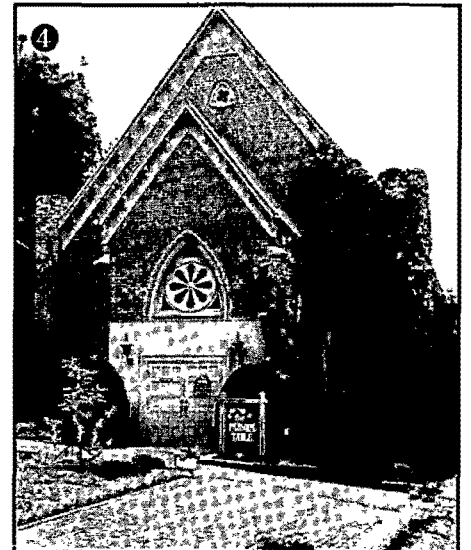
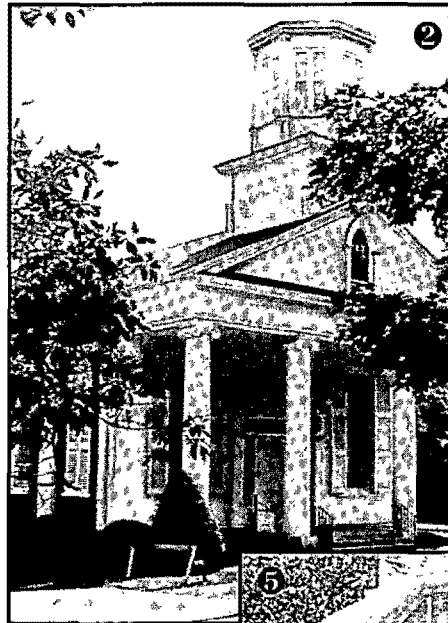
*The "Lost State of Franklin" was founded here in 1784 with Jonesborough as its capital. This state was established when the state of North Carolina ceded the western lands to the United States, which did not immediately accept. This left a temporary lack of jurisdiction which many settlers saw as an opportunity for statehood. Although this attempt was short-lived, it

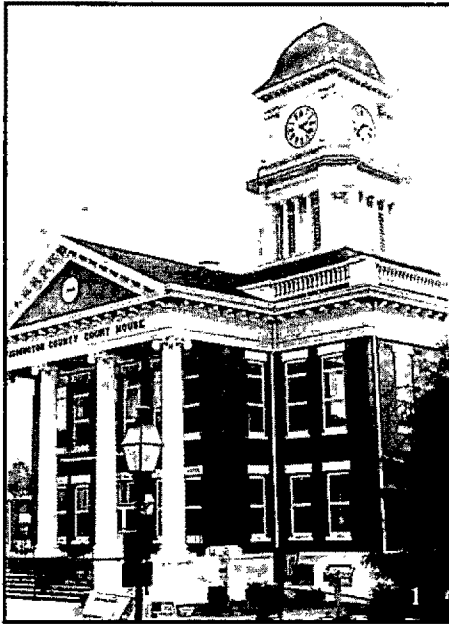


1. Boone Trail Highway Marker. (Daniel Boone passed through this area too!) 2. The Methodist Church (1845) and the Presbyterian Church (1847) 3. are examples of the Greek Revival style. Both have balconies which were used by slaves. 5. Boyd House (1840).

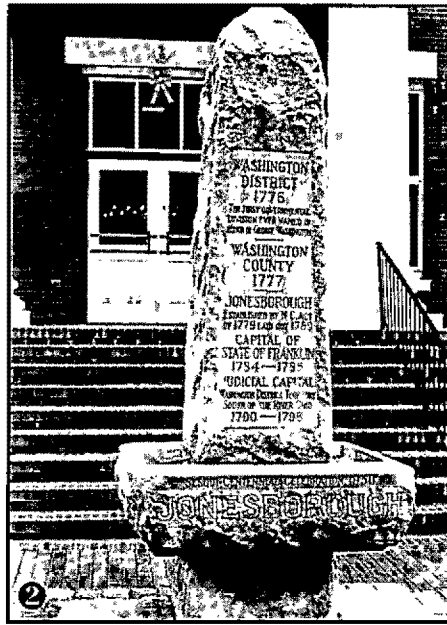


4. A former church provides one of the true dining pleasures of East Tennessee. The old First Christian Church was built in the 1870s, but eventually became too small for the congregation. The Parson's Table is a place where guests are served fine food in a unique setting.

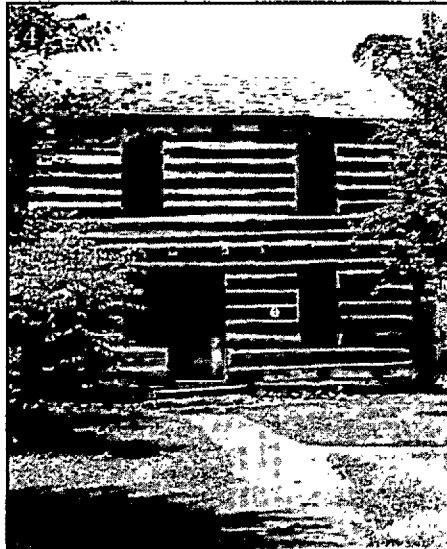
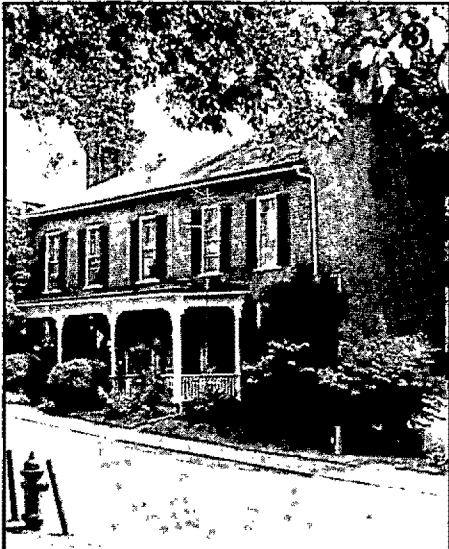




1. Washington County Courthouse and Marker, 2. 3. Willett-Stephenson House. Home of a Westpointer who resigned his commission to fight with the Confederacy. He was killed at Shiloh. 4. Christopher Taylor Cabin (1778). Taylor was a Revolutionary War captain and



State of Franklin leader. Andrew Jackson boarded here while practicing law in Jonesborough. 5. Octagon House (Victorian-1875). 6. "Sister's Row" (1820) built by Samuel Jackson. All three units were occupied by his daughters by 1827.



provides one of the colorful chapters in Tennessee history.

*Jonesborough was an early stop on the Abingdon, Virginia-Knoxville, Tennessee stage route. Dr. William Chester built the inn which bears his name in 1797. Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and Andrew Johnson were among the guests who enjoyed the hospitality here. The inn is now undergoing renovation.

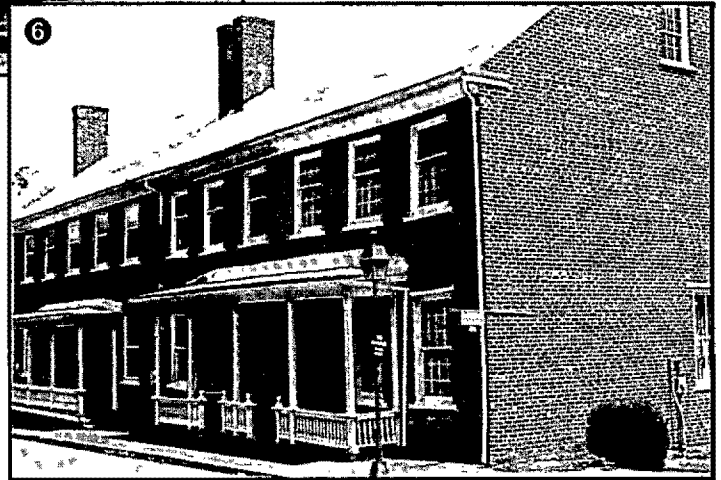
*The Rev. Samuel Doak, a Presbyterian minister, was active in this area of Scotch-Irish settlement. He founded Martin's Academy, in 1780, a few miles outside of Jonesborough. It was renamed Washington College.

*The print shop of Jacob Howard once stood on Main Street. It was here that Elihu Embree edited and published *The Manumission Intelligencer* and *The Emancipator* in 1819-1820. These were the first publications in the United States exclusively devoted to the abolition of slavery.

*The Reconstruction Governor of Tennessee, William G. ("Parson") Brownlow lived in Jonesborough before the War Between the States. While here he published a Whig newspaper.

*The Great Seal of the State of Tennessee was designed and engraved in Jonesborough in 1802. William and Matthew Atkinson were silversmiths with a shop on Main Street. ❁

Away from the noise of the New South, Jonesborough is a place to stroll historic streets, visit quaint shops and contemplate the unique history of Eastern Tennessee.



**CRITICUS
BOOKS**

The New Naziism

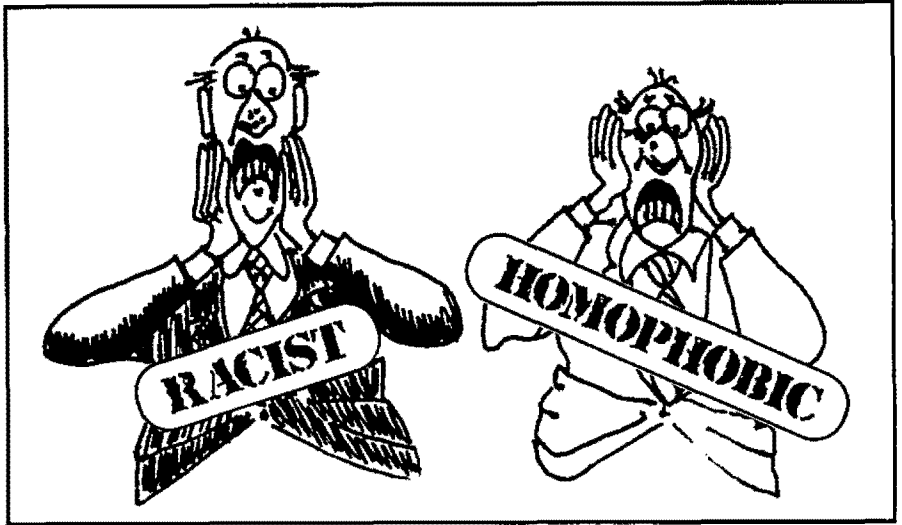
By Edward T. McMullen, Jr.

A Review of:
*Illiberal Education: The Politics
of Race and Sex on Campus*
by Dinesh D'Souza
The Free Press, 319 pages,
\$19.95.

For those who thought that the ideology developed during the hallucinogen-induced 1960s was dead, Dinesh D'Souza's new book will be a shock. For according to *Illiberal Education: The Politics of Race and Sex on Campus*, 1960s radicals have crawled from their caves and are fighting a new revolution on our campuses.

D'Souza, a former Reagan White House aide, now a Washington think tank scholar, has long been an advocate for academic freedom and integrity. As a Dartmouth College student in the early 1980s he helped found the *Dartmouth Review*, the first conservative alternative student newspaper in the country. Since his Dartmouth days, D'Souza has spent endless hours on college campuses across the country documenting the radical revolution. *Illiberal Education* is the result of this research.

The book has received warm acclaim from not only Former Treasury Secretary Bill Simon, Judge Robert Bork, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *Forbes* magazine, but from Morton Halperin of the ACLU. All have praised the book for its candor and its findings with regard to higher education. This is because D'Souza's analy-



sis of the highly-charged issues of race and sex on college campuses is so convincing that even liberals who are rational and respect academic integrity are willing to acknowledge the threat that this revolution presents.

Illiberal Education begins with quotations describing the changes which have occurred on campuses across the country. Many of the quotations D'Souza includes are disturbing, for they reveal a certain political agenda that one would expect higher education and its curriculum to transcend.

For example, Duke University activist and scholar Henry Louis Gates proudly reveals that "Ours was a generation that took over buildings in the late 1960s and demanded the creation of Black and Women's Studies programs and now, like the return of the oppressed, we have come back to challenge the traditional curriculum."

The Dean of Humanities at the University of Arizona, states that she was ideologically trained as a leader of the Berkeley protests of the 1960s. "I see my scholarship as an extension of my political activism which is designed to expose the myths that the U.S. has put forward about itself as an egalitarian nation." In fact, she argues, the United States has "taken this incredibly fertile continent and utterly destroyed it with a ravaging hatred."

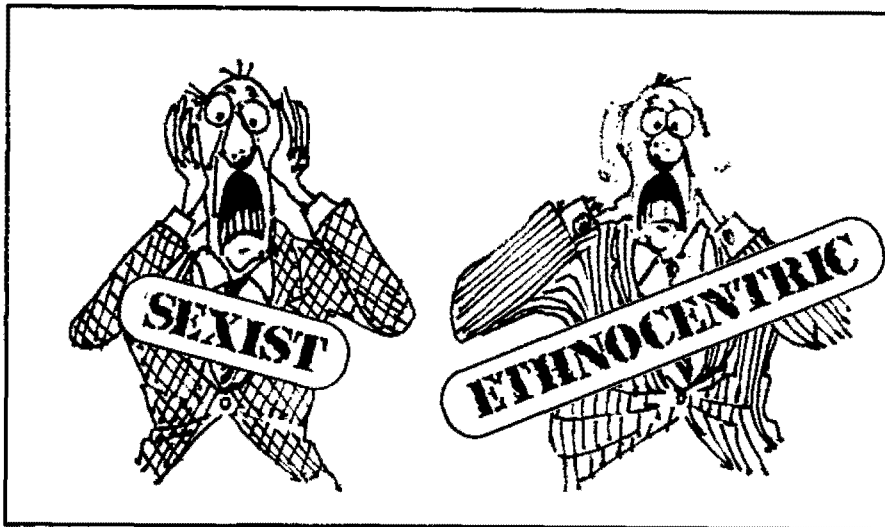
The author also gives the revolutionaries' historical perspective by quoting Middlebury

English professor Jay Parini who writes, "After the Vietnam War, a lot of us didn't just crawl back into our library cubicles; we stepped into academic positions. With the war over, our visibility was lost and it seemed for a while—to the unobservant—that we had disappeared. Now we have tenure and the work of reshaping the universities has begun in earnest."

This "reshaping of the university," according to D'Souza, is directed at three specific areas where change has been rapidly occurring: admissions, the classroom and campus life.

With regard to university admissions, the author documents throughout his research the fact that nearly every university in the country has adopted a quota system (or "Access and Equity" as its promoters call it in South Carolina) in order to increase the number of minorities in the classroom. Though for these social engineers and political revolutionaries, quotas are the key to socio-political equality, D'Souza documents what critics of quota systems have charged for decades: that so-called "affirmative action" plans lower admissions standards in order to enroll larger numbers of minorities.

As a result of quota systems and affirmative action plans, D'Souza has found resentment among whites, blacks, Hispanics, Asians and others. Current quota plans are actually provoking the creation of "new historically op-



pressed groups" which have begun to claim minority status. Homo-sexuals, lesbians, women, Third World nationals, and others have all realized the political benefits of being defined a "minority."

D'Souza discovers that the resentment that results from the quota mentality carries into the classroom. Because many "quota students" are given entrance to highly competitive schools and are unprepared academically to compete in those universities, the professors, deans and presidents of these universities have acquiesced to the demands of the politically correct revolution. D'Souza notes that the claim is made that minority students cannot be expected to excel in "alien" cultural disciplines, so traditional curriculums have been attacked as racist, homophobic, xenophobic and irrelevant. Curricula that are "relevant" are those that promote the political agenda of the revolutionaries.

Some of the most recent debasement of traditional curriculum that D'Souza highlights includes, Stanford University's elimination of a much-lauded course in Western Civilization that included readings from Aristotle, Shakespeare and others. The course that replaced Western Civilization is now entitled, "Cultures, Ideas and Values" —an ambivalent course description that basically includes every attack on traditional Western culture imaginable.

D' Souza's description of the politics of race and sex is presented fluidly—documenting the resentments and fears created by quotas, moving on to the absurdity of curriculum debasement to make "minorities" feel more "comfortable" in the classroom, and finally the serious threat to academic freedom which the revolutionaries use to create campus concentration camps.

Mr. D'Souza finds that in an attempt to avoid campus "sit ins" and other forms of civil disobedience, college administrators often "discourage faculty from presenting factual material that provokes or irritates minority students." The result of this has been the institutionalization of "campus life codes" which are attempts to make minorities of every race, color, creed and sexual persuasion "comfortable" on campus. "Comfort" is more important than "history" so institutions are now directed to avoid discussion of any topic or issue which may be "discomforting" to minorities.

In order to add to the "comfort" of minority groups and to create an image of "diversity," universities have begun a rapid creation of separatist campus organizations for minority groups. In this effort to promote "diversity," tuition has been increased in order to fund: women's unions, gay and lesbian alliances and events, black "theme houses," and a host of other separate and politically correct environments. (This diversity only goes so far,

however. The application of a group of University of South Carolina students attempting to form an organization promoting Southern heritage under the University's umbrella of multicultural organizations continues to be bogged down in a quagmire as to whether or not it should be funded.)

D'Souza confronts the new fascism running rampant on campuses across the country with a detailed description of recent "speech codes" being employed on campuses. In an effort to enhance campus life for minorities, the majority is being watched over by the "campus speech police" who are may sanction students for "words or actions alleged to be insensitive to individuals on the basis of race, sex, or sexual orientation."

D'Souza has uncovered some compelling threats to American higher education. His argument is persuasive and recognizes that university policies designed to promote enlightened harmony are actually promoting reverse discrimination, racism, factionalism, and ignorance in American Higher education.

Liberal Education is a book whose time has come. It is imperative that Americans understand the blatant corruption and threat that the politically correct revolution is having on our institutions of higher learning. When we send young adults to the University we expect that they will graduate with an understanding of Western civilization. Instead, in the name of "diversity" and "multiculturalism" our tax-dollars and tuition dollars are being used to fund a revolution of far reaching proportions—a revolution that will reach into the board rooms, news rooms, and homes across this country. Dinesh D'Souza has painstakingly researched and documented this revolution which is threatening academic freedom and integrity.

Let the counter-revolution begin!
Ed McMullen was recently appointed to the South Carolina Commission on Higher Education.

CRITICUS BOOKS

FORT FISHER: THE FINAL STRUGGLE By William R. Trotter

A review of:
***Confederate Goliath:
The Battle of Fort Fisher***
By Rod Gragg.
Harper Collins, 343 pages,
\$25.00.

By 1864, the Confederacy was clearly a fading cause. The entire Mississippi was in Federal hands; Sherman, having laid waste to Georgia, was preparing to ravage the Carolinas; New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston and Savannah were closed to Rebel ships, and in Virginia, Lee's tattered army was being daily stretched thinner and thinner to meet the assaults of an enemy whose numbers grew in spite of repulse after bloody repulse.

Only one slim hope remained to the Confederate cause: that the continued heavy casualties being taken by Grant would force the war-weary North to sue for peace. But even that faint possibility would exist only as long as Lee's army could be supplied, and for that reason, Wilmington, North Carolina had become the most important city still in Rebel hands, for it was through Wilmington that Lee's troops got all the war materials that the ruined Southern economy could not

provide, from percussion caps to chloroform.

Although the U.S. Navy's blockade had grown tighter and more efficient as time passed, blockade runners still got through with considerable regularity, and the staggering profits to be made from even one successful voyage insured that continued attempts would be made.

Wilmington was still in business due to the existence of Fort Fisher. (Charleston, though not actually occupied by Federal forces, was not.) Fisher was the largest earthen fort ever constructed on American soil, and a bastion whose worldwide reputation had earned it the title of "Gibraltar of the Confederacy." In December, 1864, using the biggest amphibious armada in American naval history to that time, the Yankees made their first attempt to capture Fort Fisher and put Wilmington under their control. That attack failed—due as much to bungling and interservice rivalry among the attackers as to the fort's amazing ability to withstand heavy shelling. The Yankees tried again in January, but this time, after a desperate battle, they succeeded, and the Confederacy staggered from a mortal blow.

Author Rod Gragg grew up near the windswept ruins of Fort Fisher, collected rusty shell fragments from the dunes when he was a boy, and absorbed much local history from his neighbors and relatives. Later, as a history graduate student at the University of South Carolina, Gragg wrote his thesis on the Fort Fisher campaign. In the decade since that time, Gragg has conducted a herculean amount of research, turning



Colonel William Lamb, commander of the the greatest fort in the Confederacy, and guardian of the South's most important seaport.

his material into a superb book.

I used this thesis extensively when preparing my own account of Fort Fisher for the *Civil War in North Carolina* trilogy and gratefully acknowledge my debt to it — it was, at the time, the most detailed account of Fort Fisher ever compiled. The book, as the thesis did not, focuses exclusively on the two Federal attacks on the fort, and easily qualifying it as the definitive account of a dramatic and crucial battle that has, until now, received amazingly little attention in print.

Gragg's indefatigable digging into primary sources has enabled him to piece together, largely from period letters and diaries, an almost volley-by-volley account of the apocalyptic struggle inside the walls of the fort, where three veteran Yankee brigades crashed head-on into a buzzsaw of resistance from a few hundred Rebel soldiers, mostly members of a single poorly equipped, previously untried, North Carolina regiment. The fighting was savage, hand to hand, and tilted in the attackers' favor only when massive

shellfire from Admiral Porter's fleet began literally blowing the defenders from the ramparts.

Vignettes of incredible heroism abound on both sides. From the smoke and flame of battle emerge characters of genuine nobility and base incompetence. In the former category were the dashing, romantic young William Lamb, the boy colonel who stepped from a bright career in journalism into the role of fortress commander, and whose natural genius for military en-

gineering had made Fort Fisher all but impervious to bombardment; and the tragic General William Whiting, a brilliant and courageous man whose career was ruined when he refused to kow-tow to Jefferson Davis, and who showed Davis what kind of man he was when he was shot down at the head of a valiant Rebel counterattack, having just refused an enemy surrender demand with the cry: "Go to Hell, you Yankee bastards!"

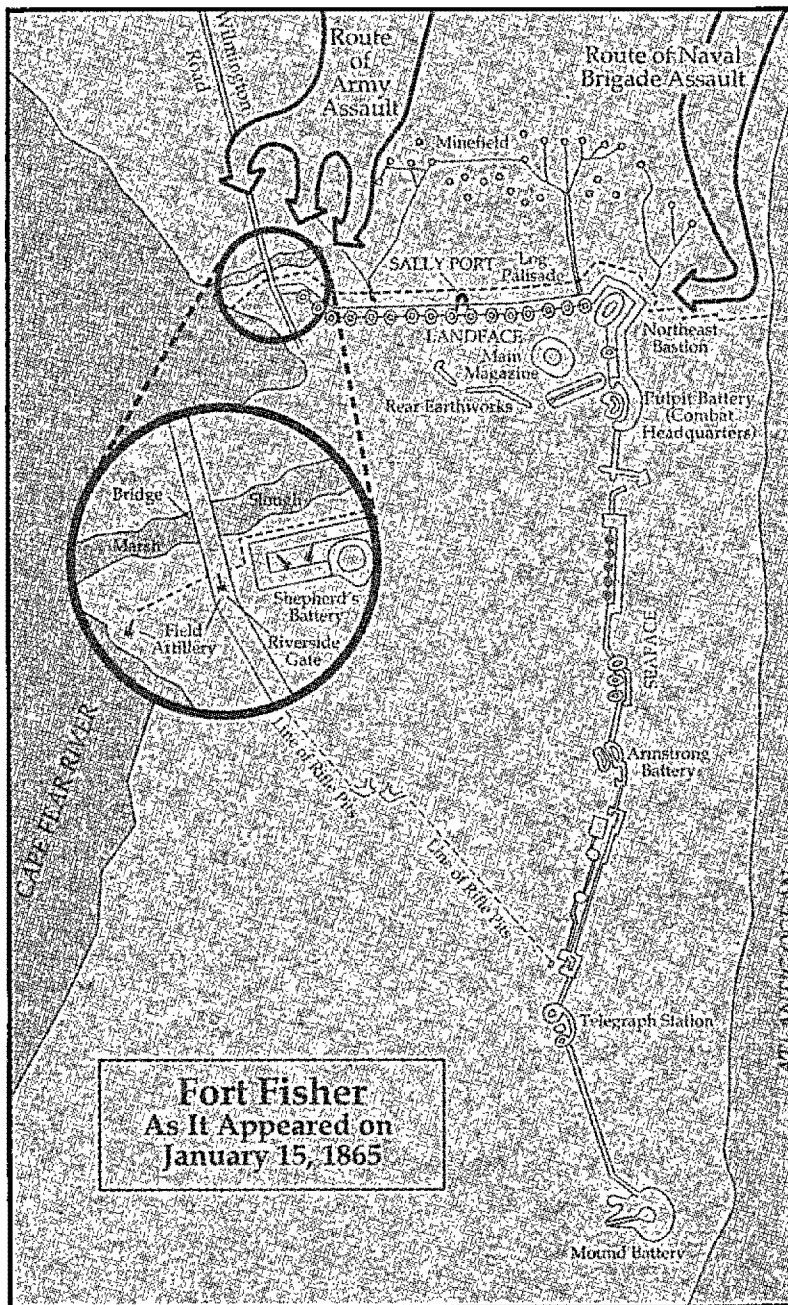
The poltroons and villains in

the story were also larger than life: the vain, ambitious, and genuinely loathsome Ben Butler, whose abortive and almost comic scheme to blow up the fort with a gigantic "powder boat" may have cost him a chance to run for President (a possibility which Admiral Porter characterized as "the worst calamity that could befall the nation"); and the *real* architect of Fort Fisher's doom, Confederate General Braxton Bragg, a Jeff Davis crony whose muddle-headed, defeatist attitude caused him to dither for hours on the day of the Federal assault, while down on the beach, poised to smash the Yankees from the rear, 6,000 battle-hardened Confederates waited in vain for the order to counterattack that would almost certainly have turned a disastrous defeat into a stunning upset victory.

Eventually, of course, weight of numbers won the day, but not until Colonel Lamb and his ragged garrison had turned their sand-and-sod fortress into the Confederacy's own Alamo, killing or wounding over a thousand attackers during the course of a single blood-soaked afternoon.

Mr. Gragg's measured, meticulous narrative lets this fiercely dramatic story unfold with dignity and quiet passion. *Confederate Goliath* is a magnificent accomplishment, and a must-have book for Civil War buffs.

Bill Trotter lives in Greensboro, North Carolina. His new book, A Frozen Hell: The Russo-Finnish Winter War of 1939-40 was released by Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill in May.



Fort Fisher
As It Appeared on
January 15, 1865

BOOKNOTES

Edmund Burke: The Enlightenment and Revolution

by Peter J. Stanlis.
Transaction Publishers.
259 pages, \$34.95.

Dr. Peter Stanlis is the leading scholar of the life and writings of Edmund Burke, the eighteenth-century English statesman and conservative political thinker. This book grew out of four decades of study, beginning with his classic *Edmund Burke and the Natural Law*, first published in 1958, and his editing of *The Burke Newsletter*.

This latest book, which is a worthy addition to the excellent *Library of Conservative Thought* series, is divided into three sections. The first section outlines Burke's political philosophy; the second presents his critique of the rationalism born out of the Enlightenment; and the final section details the Burkean criticism of revolution as a means of social reform.

The opening section speaks powerfully to citizens of the twentieth century, which period Paul Johnson has described as man's effort to live by political power alone. Burke instinctively recognized in the French Revolution the birth of totalitarian

tyranny. Against this "armed doctrine" of forced ideology, he insisted that liberty is derived from the moral Natural Law and that constitutional law founded upon this "charter of nature" is the strongest protector of human liberty. Moral Natural Law is derived from God and devolves upon men a liberty that is contingent upon neither king nor parliament. Burke asserted a self-conscious Christian view of law, man and history, the last of which he described as "the known march of the ordinary providence of God."

Matthew Arnold said that Edmund Burke "saturated politics with thought." In a political age dominated by Jesse Jackson, Edward Kennedy, and other modern Jacobins, Burke's powerful thinking and eloquent words are as inspirational as they were two centuries ago.

William Lecky wrote of Burke's writings: "The time will never come when men would not grow wiser by reading them." This book belongs on the bookshelves and in the thinking of all who would conserve liberty.

—Bryant Burroughs

Smokeless Tobacco in the Western World 1550-1950.

by Jan Rogozinski.
Praeger Publishers.
208 pages. \$39.95.

Since the first European explorers of the New World discovered American natives using tobacco—chewing,

dipping nasal snuff, and smoking cigarettes rolled in vegetable matter—tobacco consumption has spread around the globe. Only salt and cane sugar can rival tobacco's importance over the past four centuries.

Jan Rogozinski presents an interesting history of how and why men and women have consumed tobacco/particularly in its smokeless forms. One element of tobacco's popularity is that it can be grown almost anywhere. All tobacco grown in the United States and 90% of that grown throughout the world is the species *nicotiana tabacum*, which thrives in heat and humidity, but tolerates a range of climate conditions. Tobacco has been grown as far north as Sweden and as far south as New Zealand. Well into the nineteenth century, however, virtually all tobacco consumed by Americans and Europeans came from the hot and humid Southern United States, which became known as the Tobacco Kingdom.

Another factor in its popularity is the varied ways by which tobacco may be consumed. Plugs can be chewed, particles are inhaled through the nose, and the leaf can be lit and inhaled through the mouth. Until the War Between the States, doctors even recommended tobacco as an enema. The oldest method is chewing, and until the 1920s Americans favored chewing tobacco over all other types of tobacco products. During next seventy years, tobacco users gradually switched to cigarettes, but smokeless tobacco is making a comeback in the 1990s.

Popularity breeds taxation, and governments for 400

years have generated revenue from tobacco by taxing its consumption and regulating its production. The United States federal government has taxed tobacco products since 1862. It is a lucrative tax. In 1880 over 200 million pounds of tobacco was produced in the U.S., nearly four pounds for every inhabitant. By 1950 tobacco production had mushroomed to over one trillion pounds, which represents 7.5 pounds for every inhabitant.

—BB

A Child of Fortune

by Jeffrey St. John.
Ottawa, Illinois:
Jameson Books, 1990.

Shortly after the signing of the Constitution at the 1787 Constitutional Convention, George Washington remarked to the Marquis de Lafayette that the Constitution "is now a child of fortune." Washington and other supporters of the proposed central government envisaged by the new constitution anticipated a fierce struggle in the months ahead as the then-thirteen states debated the merits of that remarkable document. And fierce it was. Jeffrey St. John, in *A Child of Fortune*, provides a breath-taking week-by-week account of the ratification debates during the eleven months following the convention.

Much of the prolonged debate was conducted through the newspapers, with certain papers throwing support—and, more critically, space for essays and speeches—to the

Federalists supporting the new central government and others to the Anti-Federalists. Mr. St. John, having pieced together numerous contemporary newspaper defenses and accounts, correspondence, and other documents of the period, has written his work in the form of a first-hand journalistic account. The effect is to give the reader the viewpoint of an observer to the ongoing political drama as it unfolded. As the weeks of debate drag on, we witness the raucous and sometimes violent proceedings of the various state conventions; the eloquent oratory of Virginia's Patrick Henry (whose fame at the time was second only to Washington's) and other opponents who demanded that a guarantee of freedoms—a bill of rights—be included as part of the new charter; the remarkable statesmanship and political maneuvering of General Washington and James Madison; the anonymous publication of the series of persuasive, and at times inflammatory, essays later collected as *The Federalist Papers*; the race between Delaware and Pennsylvania to ratify the Constitution before the other states; the extremely narrow ratification victories in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York and the outright rejection of the document in Rhode Island (derisively nicknamed "Rogue Island"); and many other fascinating moments on the turbulent and precarious path to the eventual unanimous acceptance of the Constitution with the expectation of a bill of rights to follow.

A Child of Fortune is the

second book by Mr. St. John in a planned trilogy devoted to the development and ratification of the Constitution and adoption of the Bill of Rights. While other works, such as Carl Van Doren's acclaimed *The Great Rehearsal*, have tackled the same subject, no other piece provides the same dramatic impact and accessibility as Mr. St. John's. Indeed, former Chief Justice Warren Burger in a gracious Foreword to the book goes so far as to state that "this book and its companion, *Constitutional Journal*, should be required reading to graduate from high school." *A Child of Fortune* will shed much light on its subject for historians, legal scholars, political scientists, and, of course, the casual reader interested in a deeper appreciation of this watershed in American history.

—Brett Lockwood

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The Civil War Memoirs of Captain William J. Seymour: Reminiscences of a Louisiana Tiger.
Edited by Terry L. Jones.
162 pages. LSU Press.
\$19.95.

It was one of the most famous—and fearsome—regiments to ever wear the Confederate Gray. The Louisiana Tigers were known by friend and foe alike as a tough, brawling and hard-fighting body of troops. Now LSU Press has released a unique account of the regiment at war, recorded by one of their number. Captain William J. Seymour, the author of this account, was well qualified to record his regiment's actions: he was a newspaper editor-turned-soldier. His even, brisk memoir exhibits his craft and is enhanced by the skillful editing of Professor Jones, author of *Lee's Tigers*. Not only is this memoir stylistically unique, it also contains unprecedented material—such as the only extant narrative of the bombardment of Louisiana's Fort Jackson. It is a valuable contribution to the historiography of the War for Southern Independence. ☉

Christ in the Camp: Religion in the Confederate Army.
By J. William Jones. 624 pages. Sprinkle Publications (Box 1094, Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801).

Stonewall Jackson marched off to war on a Sunday. The Sabbath departure was ironic, for Jackson held a high view of the Sabbath and tried to avoid even doing bat-

tle on the Lord's Day. Left behind when he marched away to war and glory were his family, his church, and an institution equally dear to him—a black Sunday School class he taught. A measure of Jackson's devotion to his black Sunday School students was demonstrated early in the War, when Jackson's pastor received a letter from the Mighty Stonewall. The pastor excitedly assembled a crowd, tore open the letter and began to read aloud—expecting details of the glorious victory Jackson had recently scored in the Valley. Instead, Jackson omitted any reference to combat, and spent the letter expressing his interest in his Sunday School class. Enclosed was \$50 for class materials.

Such intimate details abound in this classic work, now reprinted by Sprinkle Publications. The author, William Jones, was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia and later served as secretary of the Southern Historical Society. Jones knew that the measure of a man lies in his faith and this work chronicles in fascinating detail the faith of Confederate leaders and soldiers. Flavored by a 19th Century literary style, *Christ in the Camp* moves briskly along, recounting story after story from Southerners fighting in the Eastern Theater. ☉

The Confederate Regular Army
By Richard Weinert, Jr.
135 pages White Mane Publishing (Box 152, Shippenburg, Pennsylvania 17257). \$24.95.

Most Confederate troops were citizen-soldiers, but the Confederacy did field a force of regulars. Little has been written about the Confederate regulars, but historian Richard Weinert sets the record straight. Formerly a command historian with the U.S. Army, Weinert knows his way around the National Archives and it was there he discovered misplaced records which shed light on the Confederate Regular Army.

Until publication of Weinert's work, most historians assumed the Confederate regulars existed only on paper. Historian James McPherson, for instance so observed in *Battle Cry of Freedom*: "The South, by contrast, had no regular army." Not so, writes author Weinert, who surveys the Confederate regulars from creation to the end. Weinert explodes a myth with this book, which is an important contribution to the history of the Southern war effort. ☉

Jubal Early's Raid on Washington.
By B. F. Cooling. 344 pages Nautical and Aviation Publishing (101 W. Read St. Baltimore, MD 21201).

In the sweltering Summer of 1864, officials in Washington, D.C. spent two days in fear—afraid an enemy army would capture the northern capital and rout the government like the British had done during the War of 1812. The enemy at the gates of the capital was "Old Jube"—General Jubal Early—and 20,000 Confederate soldiers.

Hanging in the balance was the European recognition needed so desperately for Southern independence and the very outcome of the War. Capture of Washington by Southern forces would surely produce official recognition by Great Britain and France, and would almost certainly be enough to force a negotiated peace from the war-weary North.

Historian B.F. Cooling, author of the award-winning *Forts Henry and Donelson*, records Early's "raid"—actually a short-lived campaign—in a scholarly, readable narrative. He captures all the elements of the drama: the importance of Early's drive, the suspense of those July days, the personalities involved and the impact of the raid. It's a masterful account of an often overlooked military operation, which, if successful, could have been the decisive action of a victorious Confederacy. ☉

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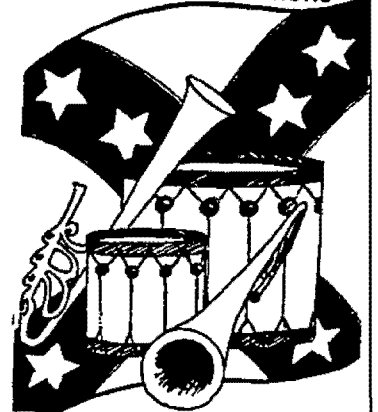
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