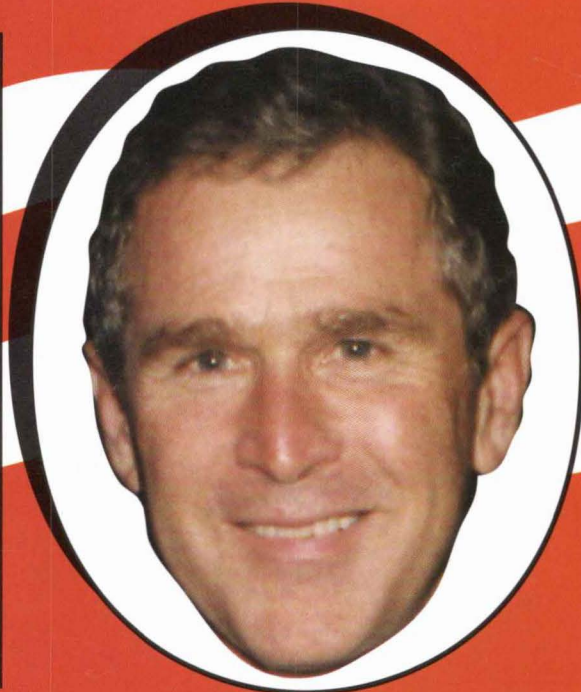


Southern

VOLUME XIX FIRST QUARTER 1999 \$4.50

PARTISAN

1



REASONS WHY George W. Bush Won't Do

ALSO INSIDE:

- Congressman Lindsey Graham
- General Micah Jenkins, CSA
- Mel Bradford Kicks
- Richard Weaver's Consequence



“You may be whatever you resolve to be”

—THOMAS J. “STONEWALL” JACKSON

...Except all male!

— RUTH BADER GINSBURG U.S. v. Virginia (1996)

“We are engaged in a great cultural war where reason itself is at issue. The other side reduces all human relationships to power struggles, where gender is merely a cultural phenomenon to overcome. They care not about education, character building or developing responsible citizens. By being all male and worse, adherents to tradition, we were perceived as powerful and therefore had to be destroyed.”

—THE HONORABLE THOMAS M. MONCURE IN HIS RESIGNATION LETTER FROM THE VMI BOARD OF VISITORS 1997

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- To provide a unique all-male educational environment to male citizens of the United States;
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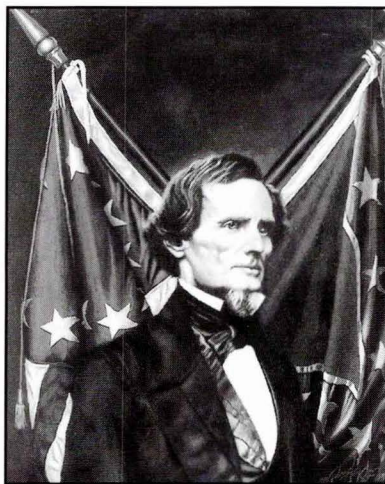
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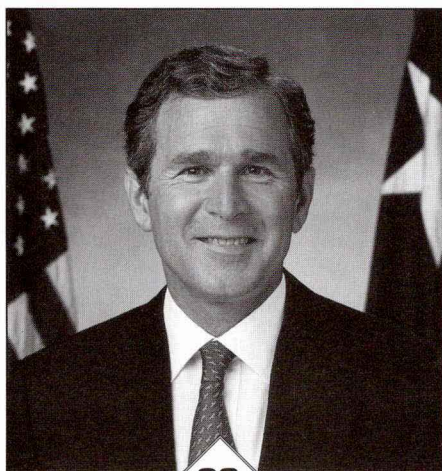
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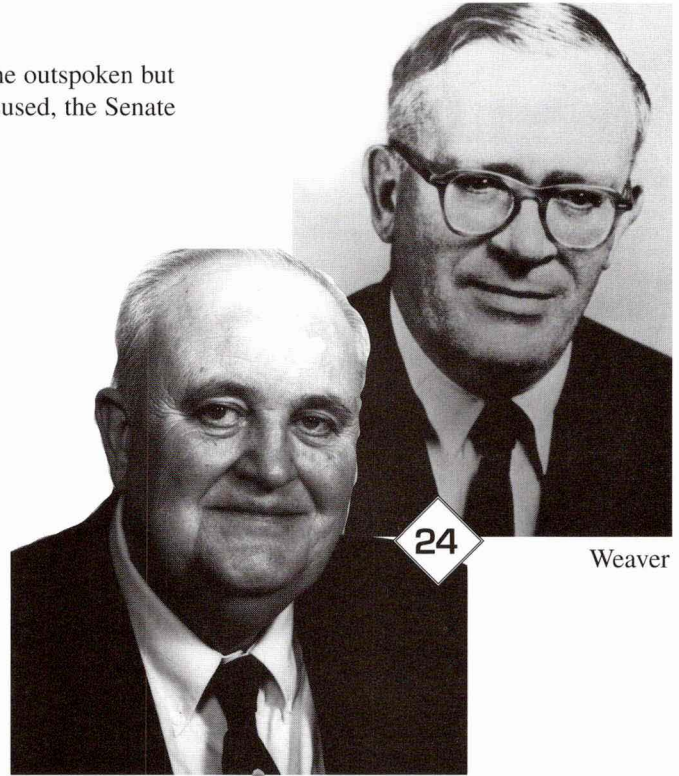
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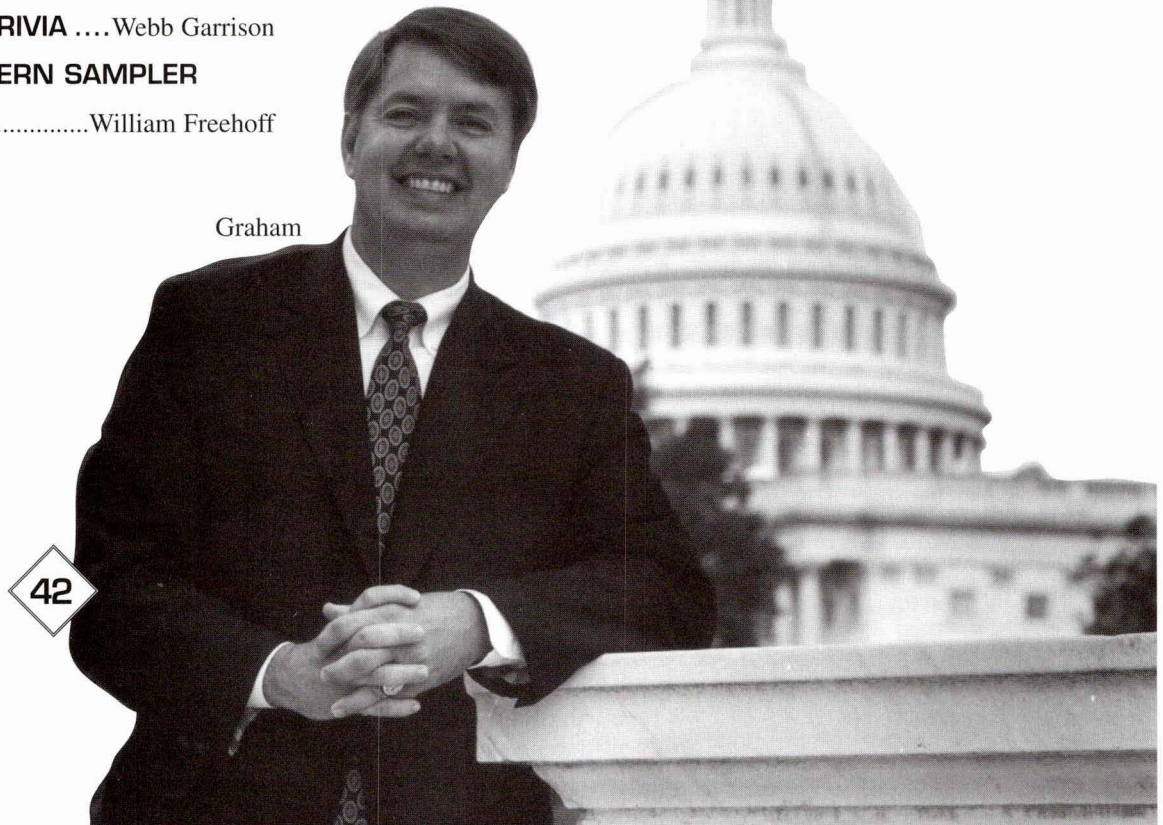
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Southern PARTISAN

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

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the *political* constituent...The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics...The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms
Southern Quarterly Review, April 1853

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PARTISAN LETTERS

★ MARRING MAHER

Gentlemen:

I would like to offer my congratulations to Donnie Kennedy on his appearance on *Politically Incorrect* which recently aired on the ABC network. This was his second time on the show and he obviously knew what to expect. Mr. Kennedy showed-up loaded for bear! As for the other "pan-elists," the soap opera actor (whose name escapes me) showed signs of intelligence and objectivity in his remarks toward Southrons and the South. This is due to the fact that, while growing up in another country, he was not indoctrinated with the anti-South bigotry and revisionist history that the other guests were.

The crude, so-called comedian (whose name I'll not mention), did nothing but show her ignorance and reveal on national television how most Yankees feel about Southerners and the South. Her vulgar gestures and remarks, I'm sure, made her mother proud.

Hurrah for Donnie Kennedy, and those like him who, like our ancestors of the 1860s, have the intestinal fortitude to walk into an obviously one-sided fray and not only stand his ground, but emerge the victor! The South needs all her sons to make a stand for truth, to preserve our culture, and promote our ideals in a deliberate, thoughtful, and intelligent manner. Without people like Donnie and Ron Kennedy and *Southern Partisan*, the South will never rise again.

Aubrey Hayden
Dallas, Texas

★ YOU DON'T SAY

Gentlemen:

I had the good fortune to come across a back issue of your publication recently and I found it most fascinating. I've read a great deal of revisionist history before, but I've never found it so blatantly arrogant about the cause. You didn't seem to be aware of the attitudes you were promoting, so great was your vehemence. Only two people of color graced your pages, and

slavery was always mentioned as some abstract concept. (One was a criminal, and the other seemed to think his grandfather did not mind being owned.)

Moreover, you all seem to glorify war. Okay, so I've never seen combat, but I am aware that it is a dirty, filthy, bloody job, one that I hope my generation never feels compelled to take. It's not like in the paintings. The boys on the field have long forgotten about tariffs, and the right of secession, and complex issues like that. They're shooting at Damn Yankees and Bleeping Rebs. They did so, both sides, convinced that the only way to save the country was to kill countrymen. It's not like the reenactments you all perform for the entertainment of the ladyfolk on the weekend. People died to save this nation from one of the worst mistakes it could have made: Not living up to its own promises.

Since the day when all citizens of this country were granted the same protection under the law as your ancestors (spiritual, if not physical) claimed they were fighting for, since the day when it became legal to look massa in the face, since the day when all of Abe's children can walk together into the future, instead of reliving some supposed golden age when certain people knew their place, since that day, people of all cultural backgrounds have been contributing more than just their sweat (which was always required) and blood (which flowed, excuse me, still flows, all too often), they've contributed their minds. That's the real point: See, slaveowners needed an excuse to own slaves, an excuse to salve their troubled (and, judging by the quotations of various members of the clergy, oh, so Christian) consciences. So, they told themselves that their chattel were not human, not capable of learning, so it's all right, maybe even God's will that they pick the cotton and nurse the babies.

It is people like you that give conservatism a bad name, and the reason why a whole new generation of people has abandoned other conservative stances. On the other hand, perhaps if

more of them read your 'zine, they would realize that it's not truly representative of conservatism at all, but just another attempt to get people to categorize humans as "people like you" and "people like me." That is the antithesis of conservatism, isn't it, collectivism?

*David Shoe
Denver, Colorado*

★ GOOD OL' J.T.

Gentlemen:

I love the *Southern Partisan* and really enjoyed the article by Whit Sanders about "J.T." Very True. Also, enjoyed reading about Nathan Bedford Forrest's grandson. The life of survivors and descendants will make a good volume if someone will take up the task. God Save the South!

*Nancy Hitt
Louisville, Kentucky*

★ BAD OL' WHIT

Gentlemen:

And Whit Sanders. Now, if dueling weren't illegal, and I weren't 70+, I'd challenge you to a duel. Choose your weapons: cane, crutch, or walker. I must defend Southern Manhood! Never mind that I'm a woman, no Siree.

Honey chile, you'll find white trash everywhere. Don't blame Southerners for Clinton. It's his bringing up that's the matter. Had he been brung up properly that boy would have needed Viagra after his ma an' pa had given him his comeupons in the wood-shed.

We Southerners get rid of misfits by sending them to the Yankee Capital. How come you didn't know that? Well-I-I, as a blind sow we send some good ones too.

*Elizabeth S. Trindal
Edinburg, Virginia*

★ SMOKING STUART

Gentlemen:

Although King James I did sponsor the translation of the English Bible which bears his name, his own moral life was depraved. Hence, his anti-tobacco fame followed him to his grave and beyond with the following lines: *Sir Walter Raleigh, name of Worth!*
*How sweet for thee to know:
King James, who never smoked on earth,*

Is smoking down below.

(Author unknown)

*Kevan C. Barley
Memphis, Tennessee*

★ BILL'S WAR

Gentlemen:

I just received your magazine at the same time I had to watch our so-called moral leader Bill tell why we were waging war on another independent nation who had done nothing to the United States. It amazes me that we have a policy of supporting secession movements by minority groups throughout the world while declaring secession here illegal.

Bill Clinton is certainly on no high ground to declare what is morally right. Since when did the United States become the policeman for the whole world? We talk about genocide in the rest of the world while our government continues to try to eliminate and condemn Southerners and anything Southern. We protect every minority group around the world except the Southern minority.

Can you tell that I am outraged that my tax money is going to fight a war for someone else? I am also outraged that if I fly my Confederate battle flag or play Dixie in public then I am condemned for being a racist, but no hate crime bill protects me against an attack for my Southern beliefs. On the other hand, if a black wears a Malcolm X hat and gets attacked it is called a hate crime and the perpetrator's sentence is enhanced.

*Gordon Carter
Montgomery, Alabama*

★ CORRECTIONS, PLEASE!

Gentlemen:

With all due respect, Major General Patrick Cleburne CSA was tragically killed at Franklin, Tennessee on 30 November 1864 in the Battle of Franklin. Mr. Robert C. Cheeks (Criticus Essay "James McPherson and His Boorish Friends" *Southern Partisan* 4th Quarter 1998 pgs. 26-27) is therefore mistaken in his attribution of a quote to this great patriot "in December of 1864."

*Gene Bates-Renaud
Dutchess County, NY*

Gentlemen:

Reference is made to the article by Robert F. Hilldrup in the 4th Quarter 1998 issue of *Southern Partisan* regarding Father Abram Joseph Ryan, in which Mr. Hilldrup writes that Father Ryan was born in Norfolk in 1838.

As the "Old-Timer" on the Fibber McGee & Molly radio show used to say, "That ain't the way I heard it." The way I "heard" it, the Poet-Priest of the Confederacy was born in Hagerstown, Maryland. A number of sources confirm this.

*G. Hammond Rever
WilliamSPORT, Maryland*

Gentlemen:

The War Between the State Trivia column in the 3rd Quarter *Southern Partisan* makes reference to Castle Thunder as being a prison in Petersburg and adds that the name was coined by prisoners who heard the thunder of big guns. I would be curious to know the source for this item because it is at odds with what I have learned in researching for a story about Yankee colonel Thomas Rose's escape from Libby prison in 1864. I suspect that the "big gun" connection is apocryphal.

My research shows that Castle Thunder was not a nickname bestowed by prisoners, but was the proper name of a prison building in Richmond, not Petersburg. One of my sources is the official record of a hearing conducted by the Confederate House of Representatives investigating allegations of prisoner abuse by Castle Thunder's commandant, Cap. Alexander. Castle Thunder was in a complex called the Pemberton Buildings, located about a block to the northeast of Libby Prison, and was used to house union officers and "special" confederate prisoners such as deserters and guards who were on duty when escape attempts succeeded. The Rose escape was one instance where the guards responsible were imprisoned in Castle Thunder. I don't believe a committee of the Congress would use a nickname for a government installation.

*Tom Filkins
Manns Harbor, North Carolina*

★ DEO A BENEDICTUS

Gentlemen:

I have just finished the Fourth Quarter 1998 issue of *Southern Partisan*. It is most informative and, as always, thought provoking.

As a Catholic, I found the review of "The Confederacy's Fighting Chaplain, Father John B. Bannon" and the Devoutly Speaking article on Father Abram J. Ryan very informative. These articles do break the stereotypes of the South as being anti-Catholic (the Know-Nothing riots of the 1850s took place in Northern cities such as Philadelphia and not in the South).

I never knew that Pope Pius IX came very close to extending diplomatic relations to the Confederacy or that he sent a Crown of Thorns to Jefferson Davis. This is something not taught in schools. When discussing Catholics and the Catholic Church during the War Between the States, the histories tell us that the Archbishops of Baltimore and New York City supported the Union cause and worked hard to ensure a Union victory and a supply of men for the Federal armies from the droves of Catholic immigrants of Father Bannon and his mission to the Vatican or how close the Vatican came to extending recognition to the Confederacy. All that is mentioned is that U.S. diplomats prevented one way or another (usually by threatening war), diplomatic recognition of the Confederacy. Further investigation shows that at least one Catholic was in the Confederate cabinet (John H. Reagan, post-master general), while none were in the Lincoln cabinet.

The Devoutly Speaking article on Father Abram J. Ryan brought back memories of class in parochial school. I am somewhat familiar with Father Ryan's famous poem, *The Conquered Banner*, and even seem to remember, somewhere in the deep recesses of my memory, the nuns in parochial school reading it to us. Of course, we were also taught the South started the War by firing

on Fort Sumter and that the North fought to end slavery. Nothing was ever mentioned in school (grammar, high school or college) of the complex religious dialogue over slavery that split the churches as mentioned by Oran P. Smith in his article.

From my own trips down South, I find Southerners (white and black) to be a very courteous and kind people. I am also a Confederate re-enactor (Co. B, 4th Texas Infantry), so perhaps that also helps! After talking with my comrades from my re-enacting unit, it seems the Confederacy is still alive and well! Anyway, I have always enjoyed my vacations in the South.

*Michael S. Kalichak
Brookhaven, Pennsylvania*

★ WIDE DISTRIBUTION

Gentlemen:

I don't know how *Southern Partisan* made its way into a Borders bookstore here in Maine, but I'm glad it did. Although my father was a Yankee, my mother is from Georgia. Her mother was the librarian in Thomson, Georgia and was a member of the V.D.C. So I applaud your efforts to keep traditional Southern culture alive.

There are people here in Maine and all over the USA who agree with the political views in *Southern Partisan*. I wish there were a way to invite them before the 2000 election. I believe that if global socialist Gore becomes President, this country is doomed. America is at a dangerous crossroads.

The public schools indoctrinate children in their liberal viewpoints and the news media reinforces this. I hope *Southern Partisan* can influence as many voters as possible before it is too late. Government intervention today is worse than it was in the days before the War Between the States. Keep up the good work!

*Bruce Kunath
South Portland, Maine*



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A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE HUNLEY

The Hunley Rises

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our circulation manager recently attended the would premier, in Charleston, South Carolina, of a Ted Turner produced movie called The Hunley. Fearful that Jane would influence Ted to tilt the film leftward, we expected to file a report urging our readers to beware. However (wonders never cease) the movie turned out to be fact-based and rather inspiring. The report below will fill you in on all the details.

Visitors to Charleston, South Carolina always feel as if they're traveling back through decades in the city's rich history. Walking down the cobblestone streets and narrow alleyways, reading the markers, the grave stones and the monuments, gives a better history lesson than you're likely to get in the classrooms of America. But my most recent visit was especially instructive.

First of all, *Partisan* readers will be pleased to know that Assistant Publisher Christopher M. Sullivan serves as Vice-Chairman of the Hunley Commission, a group whose job it is to represent the State of South Carolina in all matters related to the recovery and preservation of the H.L. Hunley, the lost and recently found Confederate naval vessel that literally invented submarine warfare.

Because of that connection, I had the honor of attending the Charleston premier of TNT's original film *The Hunley*, the story of the first submarine to sink an enemy vessel. The premiere was held in the Sottile Theater, an elegant old movie palace that puts the modern multiplex cinemas to shame.

Southern belles in hoop skirts greeted guests and Confederate soldiers saluted every civilian in the

crowd. The theater has an elegant style with full balcony seating and ballroom style ceilings magically illuminated with stars. This regal atmosphere was a perfect setting for the premier screening of *The Hunley*.

The plot line of *The Hunley* is well-known to Southern history buffs. The movie tells the story of the nine sailors and soldiers who died on February 17, 1864 in the steel belly of the Confederate submarine H. L. Hunley.

The unique quality of the movie, directed by John Gray, is not so much the story itself, but the absence of propaganda usually found in dramas about the War Between the States. The director decided instead to make a movie about incredible bravery.

Gray gives his audience a glimpse into the hearts of nine Southern men: what they loved before the Hunley mission, how they grew to love each other and the raw courage they displayed as they died fighting for their homeland.

Modern audiences will be awed by the simple fact that these nine young men volunteered for the assignment with full knowledge that two crews before them, who had attempted test missions in the Hunley, lost their lives at sea. The Confederacy had been unable to break the Union blockade from the surface of the water. So, the assignment given the Hunley's crew of nine was to attack the Union ships from underneath the surface of the ocean, a revolutionary idea at the time. This first ever submarine mission was Charleston's last hope of escaping Union siege.

In the short run, the results of the mission were mixed. Only five Union soldiers were killed the night the Hunley sank the U.S.S. Housatonic. By comparison, 22 crewmembers of the Hunley lost their lives in three separate missions. Because of the loss of life, CSA General Beauregard (played effectively by Donald Sutherland) was right in saying of the Hunley: "It's more dangerous to those who use it than to

the enemy."

But the larger and more important truth continues to echo through history. The Confederates who died on that night in 1864 launched the first successful submarine attack in world history. They changed the way wars would be fought for all time. That is the Hunley's legacy.

Was the film pro-South or pro-North? The best answer is: neither. It was pro-courage. It dared to admire the valor of soldiers and the willingness of nine men to make ultimate sacrifices.

And the best thing about the movie is that some of its profits will go to help raise the Hunley and the remains of the men who died in it from the bottom of Charleston harbor where they have rested for the past 125 years. A major fund-raising effort is now underway to ensure that the H.L. Hunley is raised and conserved by the year 2001. Thereafter she will be displayed at the Charleston Museum.

A group called Friends of the Hunley has been organized to help raise the \$20 million this ambitious project will require. In raising, restoring and conserving the Hunley, the group's stated mission is to create a permanent monument proving that "ingenuity, bravery and sacrifice" are values that "endure forever." Tax exempt contributions can be sent to Friends of the Hunley at 233-A King Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401; or for more information, call (843) 958-0610.

In the meantime, if you have cable, mark your calendar. *The Hunley* will be shown on TNT the following dates and times:

Sunday, July 11 at 8 PM, 10 PM & 12 Midnight; Wednesday, July 14 at 8 PM; Saturday July 17 at 6 PM; Sunday July 18 at 1 PM; Wednesday July 21 at 11 PM; and Saturday July 24 at Noon.

Rebecca Quinn
Circulation Manager

STATES' RIGHTS

States' rights advocates are often reminded by opponents that "state sovereignty died at Appomattox." Well, not quite according to the United States Supreme Court. In *Alden v. Maine* and two accompanying decisions, five justices reasserted that the states "are not relegated to the role of mere provinces or political corporations, but retain the dignity . . . of sovereignty."

Alden concerned suit against Maine brought by state probation officers seeking enforcement of overtime provisions of a federal statute. Maine's highest court dismissed the suit on grounds of sovereign immunity—a sovereign cannot be sued in its own courts unless it consents—and the Supreme Court affirmed. The Court, turning to the history of the ratification of the Constitution, recognized that the states enjoyed immunity from suit before the Constitution was adopted and still do today except where altered by the Constitution and its amendments. Though Congress has much power, the Court counseled that "Congress [must] treat the States in a manner consistent . . . as residuary sovereigns and joint participants in the governance of the Nation."

States' rights champions, however, shouldn't be too quick to celebrate this "victory." As long as the national government—through the Court or otherwise—retains sole authority to interpret the Constitution, the dignity of sovereignty can be stripped. What Leviathan giveth, he can taketh away.

VMI—SOL

VMI reported that Jerry Webb II—slated to be regimental commander of the Corps of Cadets next year—was kicked out of school for hitting on three female freshmen. VMI Superintendent Josiah Bunting was quoted as saying, "It was really the first major challenge we've had to the efficient working of co-education here so far as sexual misconduct, sexual harassment is concerned."

The Cadet Corps commander is,

by definition, the best soldier in the whole student body, which means that apart from the incident in question (the details of which are sketchy) Cadet Webb had done a few things right. Sure, Webb should have behaved himself; but how many "best soldiers" can we afford to lose to appease the feminists?

It becomes increasingly clear that the nation's capacity to make war has been severely damaged by all this nonsense. In order to create the silly illusion that women can compete with men in waging war, West Point has switched to lighter weapons, abandoned combat boots, and severely reduced the physical requirements for cadets.

Let's face it: women don't belong in a military academy with men. Yet the three girls involved in this incident will be back at VMI next year. But the best soldier won't.

ETHNIC CLEANSING IN AMERICA

With all this outrage over the conduct of Yugoslav President Milosovic, Americans have forgotten that we have an ethnic cleanser in our own history. As the War Between the States wound down, Abraham Lincoln told a delegation of blacks that his race and theirs could not live together in this country following the abolition of slavery—that blacks would have to be shipped to a colony somewhere else in the world.

Milosovic is regarded as an arch-villain and an international criminal. A statue of Lincoln stands on the Mall in Washington, and his face remains on the penny and the five-dollar bill.

SHUT UP, BOB DOLE

Bob Dole's commercial for Pfizer, makers of Viagra, is maybe the most offensive thing on television these days—which is saying a lot.

It's not so much that he talks about "erectile disfunction." It's his

equation of the courage of Americans in battle with his own decision to tell the world he's worried about impotence—and telling it for megabucks.

Dole was a genuine war hero. One of his arms is permanently disabled, and he suffered greatly during a long and difficult recovery. Once, people who disagreed with him nevertheless honored him for his war record. Now he has forfeited that honor and cheapened the sacrifice of millions of America's military heroes by this commercial exploitation of their heroism.

He and Pfizer ought to be ashamed.

SOUTHERN FRIED GORE

Why did Al Gore choose small-town Tennessee to kick off his campaign for the presidency? One big reason: The South is crucial, both in the Democratic Primary and in the General Election—and he may well have trouble in both.

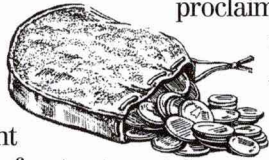
People regard Al as self-righteous and platitudinous—an Ivy League stuff-shirt who turns every photo-opportunity into a politically correct sermonette. Former Senator Bill Bradley—who declined to run for reelection in New Jersey because he was running so badly in the polls—is beginning to gain ground on Gore. (Or maybe Bradley is standing still and Gore is running backwards.)

So Gore is suddenly talking about family values and the need for religion in public life—and went down to Sunny Tennessee to surround himself with bucolic props.

It won't work.

Gore isn't Dixie, he's generic. Neither he nor Tipper has a Southern accent. You can't picture Al riding a horse (like Reagan) or worrying about the peanut crop (like Carter). You can't even imagine him with a girl in the back of a pickup truck (like Clinton). He's the Bert Parks of Washington, the Goody Two-Shoes of partisan politics; and he's gonna get his fancy little butt whipped.

Scalawag



James E. Rogers is president of the Richmond Historic Riverfront Foundation, an organization currently raising money to pay for an "outdoor museum" that will display 29 murals on a flood wall that runs beside the James River. We take that back—28 murals.

Rogers has just ordered Robert E. Lee's portrait removed from the wall after a Richmond city councilman, who calls himself Sa'ad El-Amin, compared Lee to Adolph Hitler and warned backers of the museum: "Either it comes down or we jam."

It came down.

Rogers's written explanation: "It came to the attention of the Richmond Historic Riverfront Foundation that the image of a Confederate general planned as one element of the flood wall gallery is offensive to some members of the community."

Obviously, the Foundation anticipated such objections, because Lee's portrait had been placed between an Indian (oops, Native American) and Gabriel Prosser, who led an antebellum slave revolt. But bracketing the General with two "minority activists" was insufficient tribute to Sheik Sa'ad El-Amin, who came charging out of the desert on his Arabian steed—teeth grinding, nostrils flaring—to

proclaim, "He [Lee] is offensive to the African American community because of what he stood for...If you want to put Gen. Lee up in your yard or in your house, that is your business. I am talking about public property and displaying these things on property taxpayers paid for and supported."

According to John McCaslin of the *Washington Times*, in another life, the Sheik was named JeRoyd W. Greene, a black separatist from New York who once said: "I don't hate white people, contrary to popular opinion. I don't deal with white people as inferiors. I don't deal with them as equals either. I deal with white people as the enemy of black people."

Only last year he was quoted as saying at a "Unity Day" gathering, "We are a nigger in this society. And we will continue to be treated as niggers until we demand otherwise." Hence, we presume, his non-negotiable demand for censorship of the outdoor museum.

You need to understand that the Canal Walk, where the murals are displayed, is a project of the Richmond Riverfront Development Corporation. The gallery, according to the *Washington Times*, is designed to "spur commercial development and lure visitors downtown." So you know where these folks are coming from. They are interested in the bot-

tom line.

However, the theme of the outdoor museum is "war." So, how can the Richmond Historic Riverfront Foundation omit Virginia's most famous general (with the possible exception of slave owner George Washington)? The answer to that question is obvious: It can't, not without doing violence to the past and its own announced purpose.

Long before the War, Robert E. Lee freed his slaves at great financial sacrifice, saying that the institution was contrary to his religious principles. He even proclaimed slavery to be a "moral and political evil." In fact, General Lee predicted that Christians, moved by conscience, would put an end to the practice. But the complexities of history are wasted on the likes of Sa'ad El-Amin (as apparently are such things as obligations to pay mortgages. See "The Shiek Strikes Again Again" else where on this page).

Someday public officials may learn to reject ignorance and bigotry in the black community, as they have learned to reject it in the white community. Meanwhile, this quarter's Scalawag Award goes to James E. Rogers and the cowardly band of capitalists known as the Richmond Historic Riverfront Foundation. They would probably burn their mother's picture on the alter of politics if it meant a few extra bucks. ☼

THE SHEIK STRIKES AGAIN

Sa'ad El-Amin—the Richmond City Councilman who successfully pressured local white folks into removing a picture of Robert E. Lee from public display (see Scalawag above) is back in the news again. It seems that the Union Planters Bank, having foreclosed on the Sheik's house and sold it at auction in January, now has the audacity to ask the Sheik and

his Sheikess to vacate the premises. But Al-Amin says he isn't budging.

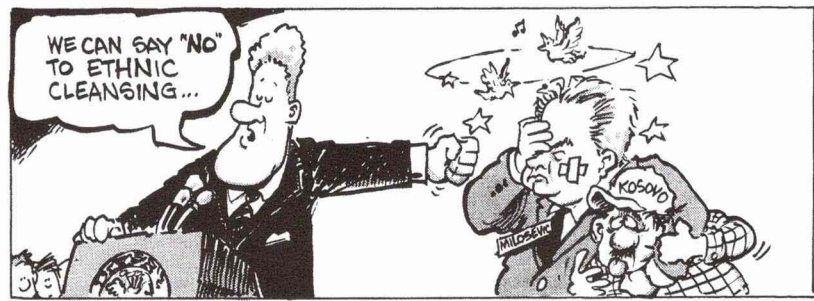
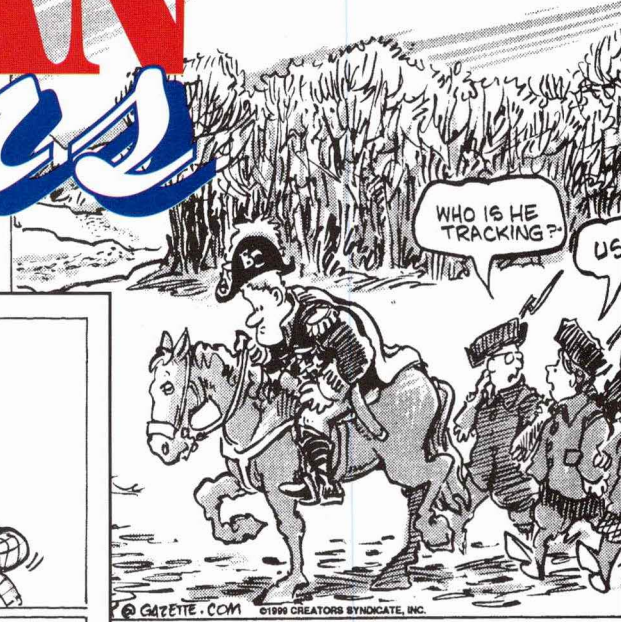
"This has been an administrative nightmare for us," he said. He and his wife called the foreclosure "prejudiced." This is the same El-Amin who compared Robert E. Lee to Hitler and said "If Lee had won, I'd still be a slave."

No responsible historian has ever argued that slavery in the South would have survived into the Twentieth Century regardless of the

War's outcome. Africa is the only continent in the world where slavery is still practiced. But let's grant the Sheik his fantasy. Let's say Virginia still practiced slavery. Sheik El-Amin—originally called JeRoyd W. Green—could have easily avoided being caught up in the peculiar institution by the simple act of remaining in New York. That's where he came from, a fact rarely mentioned in his press clippings. ☼

PARTISAN toons

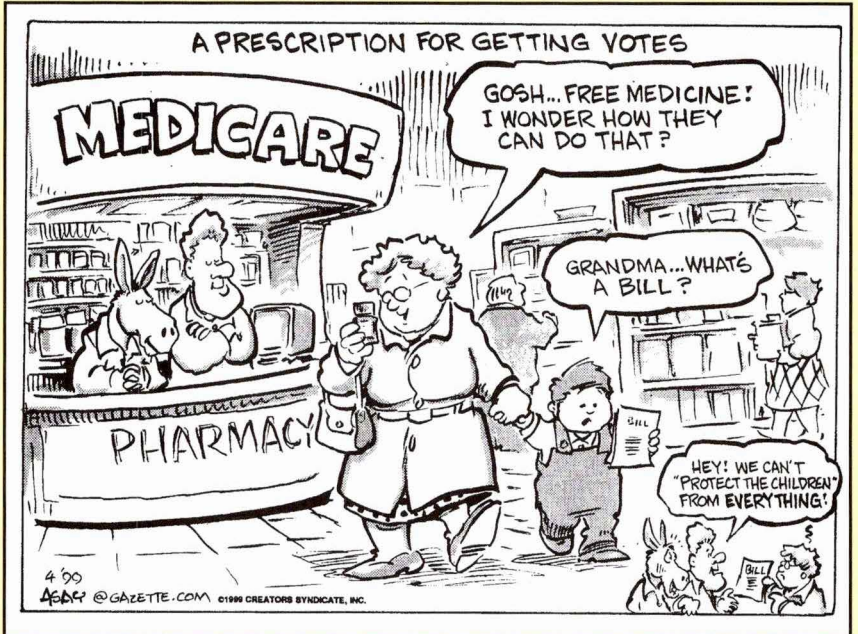
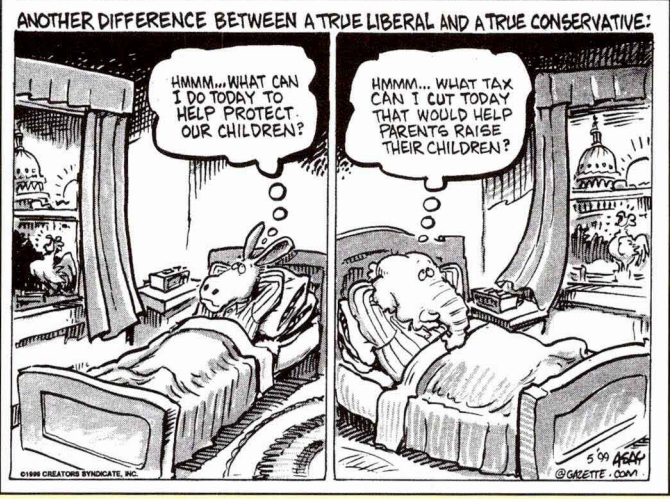
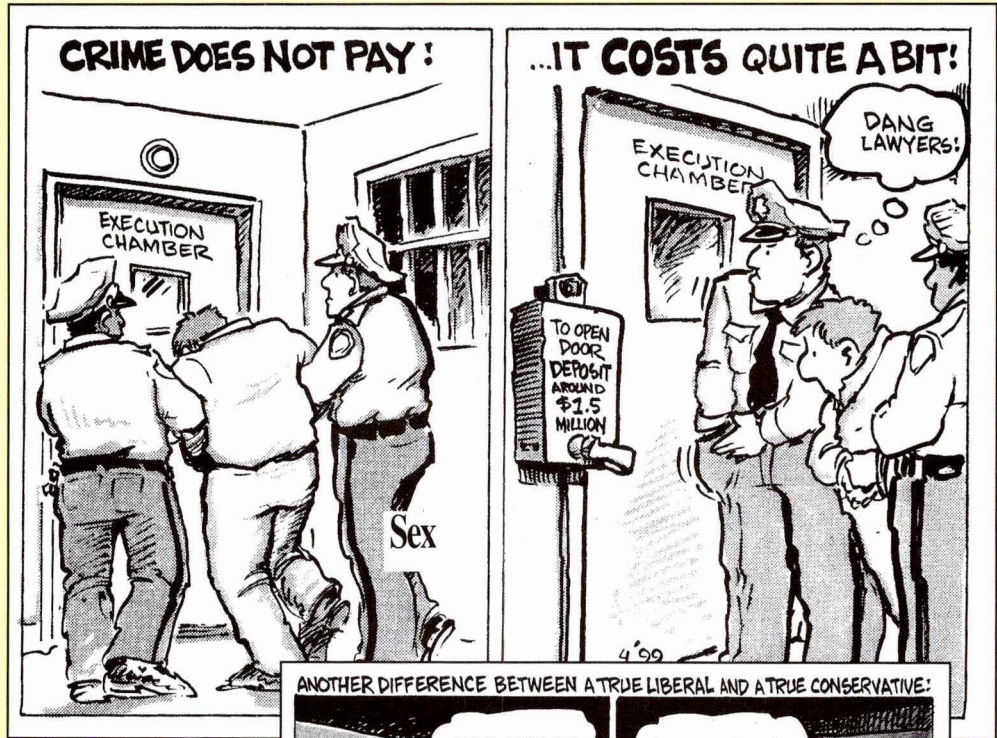
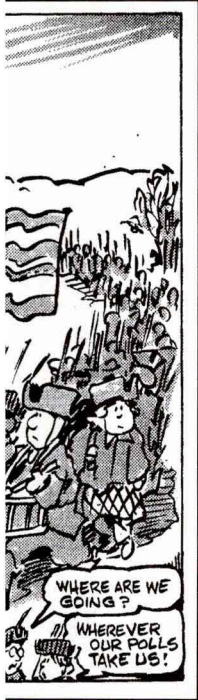
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CSA TODAY



ALABAMA

Dennis and Vicki Covington, two Alabama writers, have just co-authored a book that has caused controversy in the Baptist church where they are both deacons. *Cleaving: The Story of a Marriage* is yet another confessional, the kind calculated to shock and sell. The Covingtons talk about abusing drugs and alcohol, about an abortion, and about their infidelity—which they are apparently continuing to enjoy.

We are a society that's down on its knees, begging for this kind of gut-spilling. One of the signs of our cultural decay is the compulsion to destroy the line between what is private and what is public. Thus Jenny Jones and Jerry Springer; Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson; and now, in Alabama, Dennis and Vicki Covington.



ARKANSAS

Public officials in Arkansas can't seem to stay out of trouble. Recently Senator Nick Wilson (D-Pocahontas), Senator Mike Bearden (D-Blytheville) and eight co-defendants were accused of \$1.9 million worth of political corruption. Two of the co-defendants were ex-senators.

The indictments charge the defendants with racketeering, mail fraud, conspiracy, and money laundering.

Wilson's attorney called this federal indictment "another example of how it has become fashionable to litigate political disputes in the court."

He stopped short of blaming the indictments on Kenneth Starr.



FLORIDA

The Florida Club, an exclusive Stuart subdivision with its own golf course, is suing two neighbors because they play country music, which annoys the golfers. One of these neighbors is Paul Thompson, a 60-year-old man who keeps pigs—165 of them—right next to the fairway. As the golfers walk past, their all-steel drivers glistening in the Florida sunshine, they're forced to listen to Randy Travis and Merle Haggard. Apparently, they find this

distracting, along with the various odors that 165 pigs can generate.

But Thompson and his pigs were there first. His observation: "Now who would choose to build a golf course next to a pig farm?"

In our opinion, Thompson's pigs are grandfathered and can stay there into perpetuity. In fact, the Florida Club seems to be admitting as much by challenging only the sound and not the smell. As for the country music, Thompson claims the pigs like it, that they are calmer and happier when it's playing.

Of course, they are. Did you ever hear of a bunch of pigs who liked Mozart?



GEORGIA

For years, traffic has been bad on the Interstates running through Atlanta, but recently things have gotten a whole lot worse.

I-20 was so crowded not too long ago that a woman, stuck forever in traffic after a four-vehicle crash, died behind the wheel, probably from frustration. When they discovered the body, highway patrolmen shut down westbound traffic for another two hours while they investigated her death. The medical examiner ruled she died from natural causes, but there's nothing natural about being stuck in traffic for hours and hours.

And in a related story, a truck driver, carrying 1,000 chickens in crates, lost his entire load as he sailed along I-285. The crates flew off the back, amid screeches and cackles. Hundreds of dead and dying chickens were piled up in the middle of the Interstate, and hundreds more ran wild-eyed in every direction.

The trucker took one look in the rear view mirror and stepped on the gas. He hasn't been seen since. Police had to block off westbound traffic, hose off the road, and round up all the live chickens—while for miles drivers sat, fumed, and blew their horns.



KENTUCKY

In Liberty, a Casey County grand jury has indicted former constable Ricky S.

Luttrell for first-degree rape. He is accused of using his badge to force a female motorist to drive to a secluded spot, where allegedly he raped her.

In the light of these accusations, he was forced to resign his position as constable. However, he was allowed to continue as Dog Warden for the county. Authorities apparently concluded the dogs were safe.



LOUISIANA

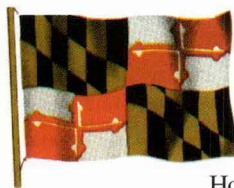
Geraldine Young, 50, of Hammond was driving along U.S. Highway 190 when she lost control of her car, skidded, and plowed into the Food for The Soul Cafe, shearing off a natural gas meter along the way.

As she explained the accident, "I was coming around that curve, and my steering wheel moved like it wanted to spin. It just went out of control."

Fire Chief Paul Collura said of the accident: "You had a 1-inch line just blowing gas. It filled the building with natural gas. A water heater kicking on or telephone ringing and it would have made that building just like what you see in the movies. It would have leveled it."

Ms. Young was certainly aware of the danger. As her daughter, a passenger in the car, recalled: "I was like, 'Oh my god, oh my god.' My mother was screaming, 'Pumpkin, get out of the car.' I thought it was going to blow up. I smelled smoke and something like gas."

The cook was the only person in the restaurant. As she told it, "I didn't see a car. All I know is I heard a noise and I ran out."



MARYLAND

It's started up again—at least on the campus of Johns Hopkins University. Students are gathering in angry gaggles, making shrill speeches, and waving banners.

Instead of demonstrating against the presence of troops in Kosovo, they're telling the university how much to pay its employees.

Eyes flashing, Latanya Roach, a member of the Hopkins Student Labor Action Committee, said, "This is an issue crucial to the people of Baltimore. Hopkins employs many of those people."

The students demanded that the University pay employees at least \$7.75 per hour—the poverty level wage for Baltimore.

After all this posturing, the President of Johns Hopkins issued a letter stating that full-time employees of the University were *already* earning wages in excess of the \$7.75 figure.

Whereupon SLAC member Christopher Powers said, "It was a partial victory. It showed we were able to produce enough pressure to make an institution budge. But it is not a victory in real terms."

Reading about this hoopla in the *Baltimore Sun*, you have to conclude that students are just as asinine today as they were in the 1960s.



MISSISSIPPI

In Jackson, Clinton Moses has said that he burned down the offices of the *Jackson Advocate*, a black weekly newspaper, after Louis Armstrong, President of the Jackson City Council, promised him \$500 to do the job. Moses claims he used two Molotov cocktails to torch the place, because Armstrong wanted to punish the newspaper for writing ugly things about him.

Armstrong says Moses is lying, that he did no such thing, though he *has* pled guilty to accepting bribe money from a topless bar owner to vote right on a zoning case. In the wake of this plea, Armstrong has resigned his seat.

Moses, it seems, was an old buddy of Armstrong and assisted him in his successful city council campaign against Stephanie Parker-Weaver, Mississippi executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Parker-Weaver now takes Armstrong's side and says it must have been white folks behind the torching of the *Advocate* office. "All I can tell you is that if people expect us to believe the conspiracy to cover up the *Advocate* and that it was master-minded by Clinton Moses and Louis Armstrong then they expect us to believe that James Earl Ray acted alone to kill Dr. Martin Luther King."

Meanwhile, Moses was beaten up in jail by two fellow inmates, but nobody believes it had anything to do with this other business.



MISSOURI

In Kansas City, a jury ruled that the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation was not responsible for the death of Charles Steele, 56, who died of lung cancer in 1995.

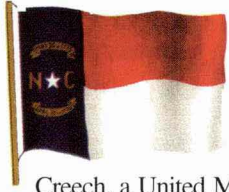
The foreman of the jury, Gary White, was quoted by the *Kansas City Star* as saying, "We were convinced he knew cigarettes had a danger. His final decision was that the pleasure outweighed the damage."

A wise jury. In England, people were complaining about the health hazards of tobacco shortly after Sir Walter Raleigh introduced smoking to Londoners. No 20th-century American could possibly think that



smoking was healthy.

Of course the result wasn't surprising to folks around the courthouse. When jury members first retired to deliberate, they asked court officials if they would be allowed to take cigarette breaks.



NORTH CAROLINA

The Rev. Jimmy Creech, a United Methodist minister, has done it again. Last year he was tried by the national church and narrowly acquitted of charges that he performed a "marriage" between two lesbians. Recently, in Chapel Hill, he officiated at the "union ceremony" of Larry Ellis and Jim Raymer.

Last time, he argued that the UMC ban on the blessing of same-sex liaisons was only a "guideline." Since then, the denomination has adopted the policy as church law—so he risks defrocking.

Creech believes his own denomination "has taken a position that I think has institutionalized bigotry." (Along with Moses and the Apostle Paul.)



OKLAHOMA

We hear a great deal about the health-care crisis in this country, and Washington politicians on both sides of the aisle are talking about federally managed programs. The truth is, we have the best medical care in the world.

However, problems do exist in some parts of the country. No state has lived through more disasters than Oklahoma—what with bombings and tornadoes—and many of the smaller communities can't support a doctor. Elsewhere, poor people can't afford the high cost of treatment. So shouldn't we turn the medical problems of Oklahoma over to Hillary Clinton?

Before we do, consider this alternative: All over Oklahoma, churches are beginning to establish free clinics to take care of those who need treatment and, for whatever reason, can't get it.

The First Baptist Church in Ada has outfitted such a clinic, with doctors and nurses in the congregation volunteering for duty. According to the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman*, "[w]ithin weeks, businesses

were donating equipment, more doctors and nurses agreed to donate their time, drug companies donated medicine and patients started lining up for care."

Dozens of such clinics have sprung up around the state, and more and more churches are getting into the act—Baptists, Methodists, Catholics. If the idea spreads nationwide, we could have free medical care for millions provided by our churches and synagogues.

Of course, the Justice Department may step in and put a stop to the whole business. According to reports, some of the clinic personnel have mentioned the word "God."



SOUTH CAROLINA

E. Ray Moore—Director of Exodus 2000, a Columbia-based organization—has announced the release of a new video urging Christian parents to take their children out of government schools and either put them in Christian schools or teach them at home.

Moore said, "Supporters of Christian schools and home-schooling can use this video as a major tool in helping them convince their families, friends, pastors, and church members to join the children's exodus."

The video—entitled "Let My People Go"—can be ordered immediately by calling 1-800-828-2290.



TENNESSEE

The bill passed the House in March and the Senate in May. As we go to press, it awaits the signature of Gov. Don Sundquist. As soon as Sundquist signs it into law, it will be perfectly legal for Tennesseans to eat road kill.

The bill was sponsored by Sen. Tom Burchett of Knoxville after one of his constituents ran into a deer, took the remains to a poor family, and was subsequently arrested and fined.

Sen. Steve Cohen of Memphis said of the bill, for which he voted, "This is really a Jewish mothers' bill. 'There are people in Europe who are starving. Eat it.'"



TEXAS

Campaign staffers for Gov. George W. Bush are tearing their hair over a website satirizing their candidate's positions on such issues as juvenile crime. The problem is, the website—*gwbush.com*—is so clever and so professionally executed that many naive visitors are likely to think it's for real.

Consider this Bush "quote," dated June 7:

If I had been thrown in jail for minor drug crimes in my 'youth,' I wouldn't have ever been able to become governor or run for president. That's why as president I want to raise the 'certification' age—the age at which minors can be tried as adults—to age 40.

The governor's official site can be found at: *georgewbush.com*. However, *gwbush.com* is a lot more fun—and may even paint a truer picture of George W.



VIRGINIA

A half-ton cannon is back in the Museum of the Confederacy after being refurbished. For about \$1,600 conservator Andrew Baxter of Richmond removed paint and graffiti and restored the natural look of the cannon.

"The work is just incredible," said director of collections Melinda Collier. "You may not recognize it. People may think we have gotten a new cannon."

The cannon, which is made of bronze and weighs 1,000 pounds, was manufactured by John Clark of New Orleans. It is rifled, and one of the few surviving examples of such a weapon.

According to Janet Caggionao of the *Times-Dispatch*, "[t]he cannon sat for many years along a roadside in Appomattox before the Museum of the Confederacy acquired it from the Virginia Department of Transportation in 1978. It has been on display at the museum since 1980."

If you're in Virginia this summer, go see it. ★

If You Think Bill Clinton Has A Character Problem, Take A Look at...

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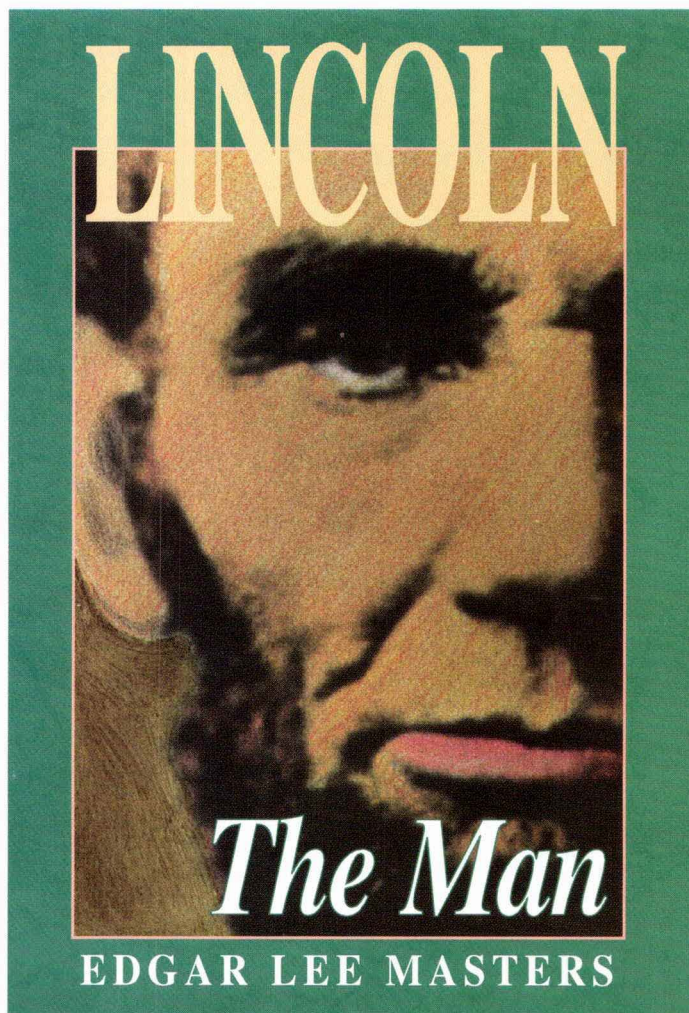
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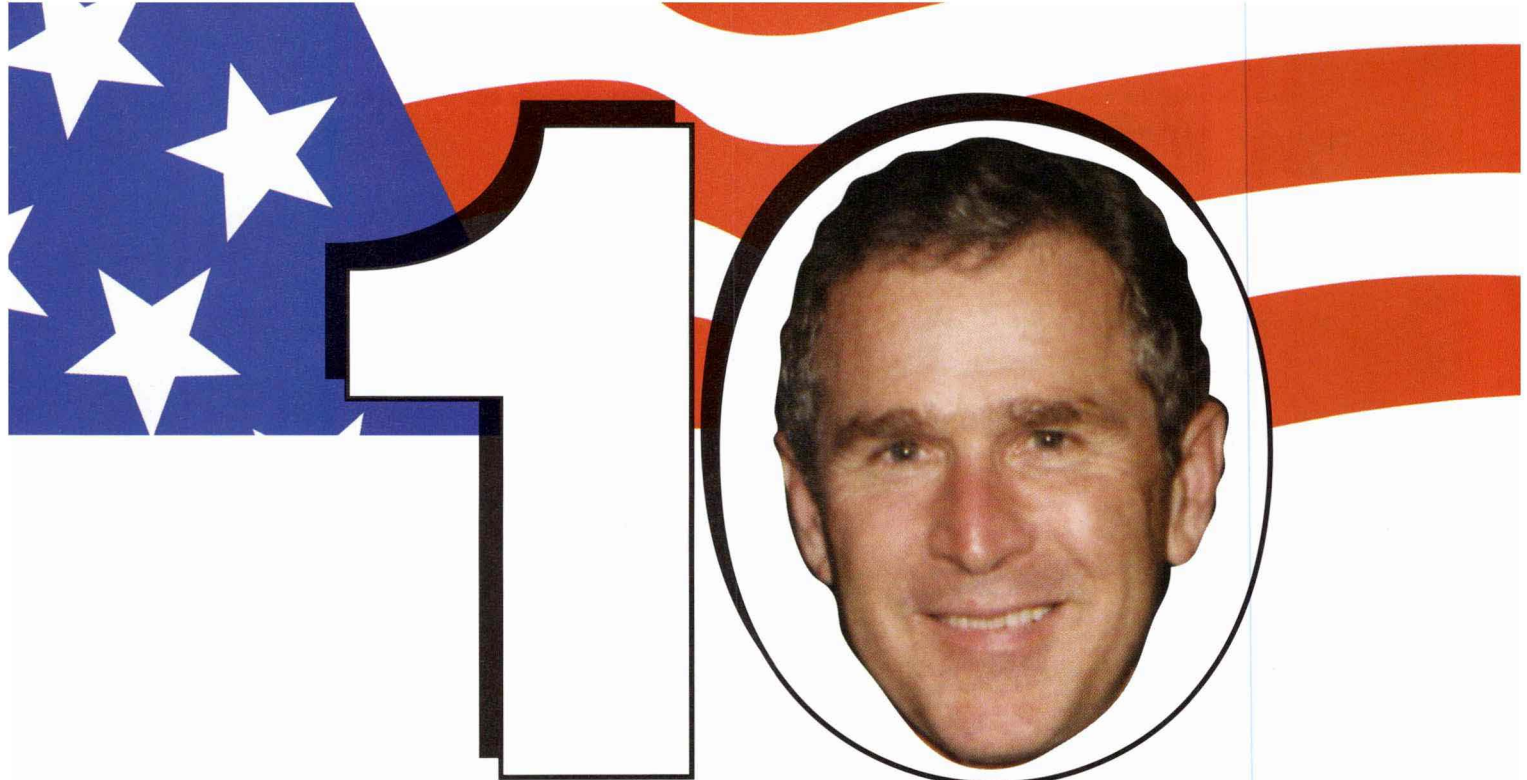
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REASONS WHY George W. Bush Won't Do

BY WHIT SANDERS

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of Southern Partisan articles about the announced Republican and Democrat candidates for president of the Yankee Republic. Each issue until November, 2000, the Partisan will select one or two candidates for special treatment.

One of our Stealth Bombers went down in Yugoslavia, which means that George W. Bush isn't unstoppable.

Of course, the mainstream press is telling us otherwise. For example, in late March, *Fortune* magazine leaned back in its swivel chair, took a puff from its Cuban cigar, and said, "Barring a blunder that derails him, then, Bush has no real competition for the Republican nomination."

At present, such may be the case. Money has a loud mouth—particularly early money—and George W. is loaded. But money isn't everything. Just ask

Steve Forbes.

Bush's support is as wide as Texas and as shallow as a mud puddle. Remember his father's popularity after Desert Storm, and how it disappeared by November of 1992. Make no mistake: George W. can be stopped—and stopped quickly.

But his opponents must show why he needs stopping. Right now he's dodging the tough issues and getting away with it. In that respect, he's his father's son—vague, genial, and politically ambiguous.

However, he's revealed enough of his tepid little heart to understand why—for Southern conservatives, at least—George W. just won't do. Here are ten good reasons.

- 1. He's the overwhelming favorite of corporate America—the nation's biggest supporters of globalism.**

According to a survey of CEO's con-

ducted for *Fortune* in early March, if the GOP nomination were decided by the heads of giant corporations, George W. would now be shopping for a running mate instead of campaigning.

Here's how the poll broke down:

Bush	68%
Dole	..8%
Forbes	..3%
Quayle	..3%
McCain	..3%

Bauer, Buchanan, Kasich, and Smith divided the remaining 2% of the crumbs from the table.

A glance at this poll indicates where the nation's CEO's stand on the issues (after they've read the one-page executive summary handed them by their resident policy dweebs): They are pro-globalism ("got to expand our world markets"), pro-immigration ("got to have cheap domestic labor"), pro-abortion ("too many people to support a strong international economy"), pro-gay rights ("keep peace in the workplace"), and anti-nationalism ("national-

ism leads to war which interferes with trade”).

In many ways, the larger agenda of corporate management is as scary as the agenda of the labor bosses—and not all that different.

So do we want to elect their favorite candidate?

2. As Governor of Texas, George W. supported Bill Clinton's School-to-Work Program and crammed it down the throats of conservative Republicans serving on his State Board of Education.

School-to-Work is one of those federal programs that swims below the surface of the water, only occasionally showing its dorsal fin to the public. Politicians of both parties, corporate America, and the educational establishment support this initiative because it pours money into education, buys additional federal control of curriculum, and turns the public school system into a vocational training program for Microsoft, IBM, and General Motors. Conservatives who follow educational issues closely believe School-to-Work is the Trojan horse that will finally deliver our public schools into the hands of federal bureaucrats.

They may be right.

And once in the White House, George W. will do everything he can to get the horse inside the walls of the city.

3. George W. is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love with China.

This perversion runs in the family. George Bush the Elder was once ambassador to China and vigorously supported Most Favored Nation status for a regime that employs slave labor and has murdered more people than either Hitler or Stalin.

George W.'s Uncle Prescott is one of the big investors in the Chinese, with enormous interests in Shanghai—and what's good for Uncle Prescott is good for the country.

Thus far, George W. has attempted to sidestep foreign policy issues; but in the case of China, he's made an exception.

When asked about Chinese membership in the World Trade Organization, he said, "I believe that if we were to turn our backs on China, on an entrepreneurial class that is just beginning to grow there, it would be a mistake." He said he was "upset" by the loss of nuclear secrets and China's deep involvement in U.S. politics, but "That does not necessarily say that we should stop trading if it is good for American producers and good for American interests."

On the other hand, when it comes to Yugoslavia, he is a tough interventionist: "Our objective is to remove the Serbian troops from Kosovo and have the Kosovars returned to their homes." As for Slobodan Milosevic, he "ought to be treated as a war criminal." To ordinary folks like you and me, this may seem like a double standard. It really isn't. Not if you think the most important thing in life is international trade. A repressive Chinese regime imposes order on a billion potential consumers of Coca Cola; President Milosevic is "destabilizing" the Eastern European market place. In the phrase the "New World Order," the operative word is "order." Order for Uncle Prescott. Order for David Rockefeller. Order for all the multi-national corporations that intend to milk the world for profits.

4. George W. is the son of George the Elder and Barbara Bush—a fact that should give pause to genuine conservatives nationwide.

Bush the Elder was elected in 1988 only because grassroots conservatives listened raptly and credulously to the rhetoric of Peggy Noonan, who wrote Bush's acceptance speech. Bush promised to continue the Reagan Revolution. As soon as he got into office, his counter-revolutionary troops began to scour the countryside with orders to shoot Reaganites on sight. Virtually all of Reagan's federal appointees were thrown out office within hours of Bush's inauguration—leaving Democratic bureaucrats in charge of the government, in some cases for as long as nine months.

In addition, as president:

- He reneged on his promise to push for tuition tax credits.
- He reneged on his promise of "no

new taxes."

- He supported the expansion of Washington's control over our schools and the continued funding of abortion by federal agencies.

As for Barbara Bush, if you think she's a sweet, white-haired grandmother who stays in the background and embroiders samplers, you misunderstand her character. Read her memoirs and see how she trashes the conservative wing of the party, blaming Pat Buchanan, among others, for her husband's defeat in 1992. It was she who attacked the pro-family movement from the podium of the 1992 GOP Convention, she who goaded her husband into sending the Justice Department after the L.A. cops who subdued a raging and dangerous Rodney King. There are those who say she's the deadlier of the species.

And remember that both elderly Bushes have been active in Planned Parenthood and other "population control" groups.

You have to worry about a candidate who grows up in such an environment.

5. There are rumors about George W.'s private life that probably aren't true—but might be.

Sure, it's unfair to choose or reject a presidential candidate on the basis of rumor.

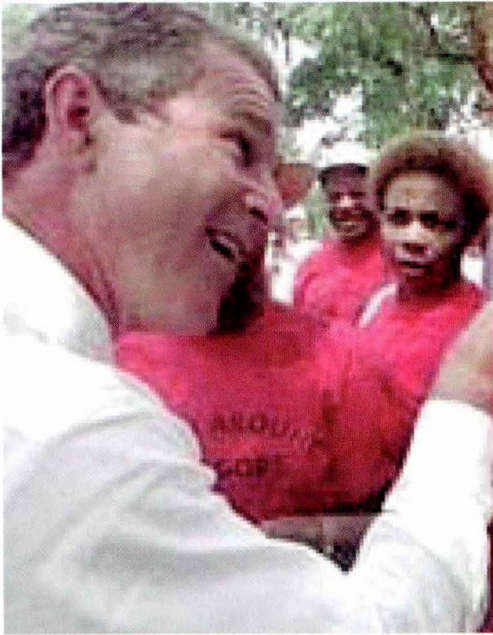
And an appeal to that principle of fairness sent Bill Clinton to the White House in 1992, where he's behaved so badly that the nation may never fully recover its sense of honor and decency.

Chances are these rumors of wild drinking and womanizing are unfounded, otherwise Ann Richards—the Lorena Bobbitt of Texas politics—would have found a way to make her opponent's sins public.

However, all rumors should be run down and investigated before Y2K. We don't need another good ol' boy chasing interns around the Oval Office.

6. There are problems with George W.'s military service.

He didn't refuse to serve like Bill Clinton. He did serve during the Vietnam



8. George W. is pro-immigration and for the worst possible reason—to line the pockets of corporate America.

His grandfather, Sen. Prescott Bush, and his father, George H.W., favored wholesale immigration as a means of bringing in cheap labor to fatten corporate profits.

The New Republic, in an excellent and balanced article on George W., reports that “[t]he governor has resisted Proposition 187-style measures in Texas and doesn’t even support English-only laws.”

He was quoted in the *Weekly Standard* last year as saying, “There are a lot of jobs people in Texas won’t do—laying tar in August or chopping cedars.”

You get the picture. Bring in the cheap labor. It’s all about money. Who cares about the social consequences of immigration?

9. George W. has signaled to the Log Cabin Club that he is their boy.

In April of 1999, George W. announced that he would appoint openly gay people to his administration, including to ambassadorships. This announcement was clearly intended to undercut the opposition of Jesse Helms and others to President Clinton’s nomination of Jim Hormel as Ambassador to Luxembourg.

Log Cabin Republicans immediately sent out a breathless press release, saying: “Bush’s statement, which came in an interview in today’s *New York Times*, went further on the issue of gay rights than any front runner in history during the pre-primary season.” “Governor Bush has laid the philosophical groundwork for supporting federal non-discrimi-

nation policies and legislation,” said Rick Tafel, executive director of Log Cabin Republicans.

Rick’s probably right. The first president to invite gay rights leaders to the White House was George W.’s father, who signed into law the first so-called Hate-Crimes Bill, which his administration promoted.

10. George W. is no Moses.

If America is now spiritually in the land of Egypt—where our people no longer remember Joseph—George W. won’t be parting the Red Sea waters and leading us to the Promised Land, even if elected.

Like his father, he’s too anxious to palliate his enemies, too intent on being regarded as Mr. Nice Guy, too fuzzy to fight.

Texas Republicans have complained bitterly about his unwillingness to battle for their agenda and to campaign against Democratic legislators, and they were furious at his fulsome praise of the Democratic Lt. Governor. (“God blessed Texas with Bob Bullock.”)

Quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, one veteran Texas commentator put it this way: “He’s kind of like President Clinton: capture the issues.” If the Texas legislature won’t “do exactly like he wants, it doesn’t upset him.”

Do conservative Southerners really want yet another Republican who doesn’t get upset when their political opponents walk all over them? That’s the way it’s been in Texas: When the boys came out to play, George Porgie ran away.

We could probably offer ten more reasons why George W. won’t do—if he’d ever speak out on the issues. For now, he’s saying very little for public consumption. In fact, in late April, he maintained, with a straight face, “I’m still exploring. I have not announced for president.” Meanwhile, the fat cats are stuffing thousand-dollar bills into his political piggy bank. Do they know something we don’t know?

You better believe they do. ☛

War—as a fighter pilot in the Air National Guard. But instead of going to the war zone, he remained stationed in safe and comfortable Texas.

It’s unlikely that the Democrats will make as much of this fact as they did of Dan Quayle’s National Guard Service—not after eight years of the Draft Dodger Presidency. But Bush’s service record might be a matter of scrutiny during Southern GOP primaries.

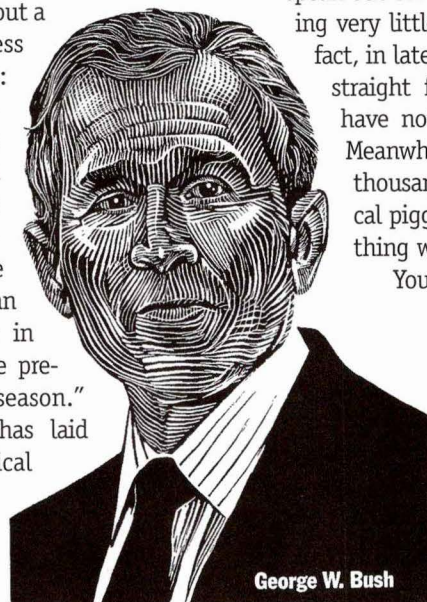
7. George W. is weak and evasive on the abortion issue.

His statements are equivocal on this subject—so much so that he’s under attack from both sides of this issue. Here’s what he’s said:

I think abortion ought to be rare. Yes, I think they ought to be—I think abortion ought to be rare. And I think that, uh, what you’re talking about is a—is kind of a hypothetical question. What I’m dealing with is the reality of how we reduce abortions.

I’m a realistic enough person to know that America is not ready to ban abortions.

And Wendy Benjamin of the *Houston Chronicle* reports that George W. said that third-trimester abortions are O.K. in the case of rape, incest, or a threat to the life of the mother. The Republican National Coalition for Life doesn’t regard this position as a pro-life stance. Yet George W. says he’s pro-life.



George W. Bush

Kevin Chadwick

Whit Sanders wrote about “J.T.” (Bill Clinton) last year.

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES TRIVIA

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

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

FAMOUS NAMES

1. Similar to grapeshot, what can-shaped projectile usually contained forty-eight balls rather than nine?
2. When two or more pieces of field artillery moved frequently and rapidly along a battle line, what were they called?
3. What poetic-sounding name was given to the battle of Lookout Mountain?
4. When the war began, to whom did Abraham Lincoln offer the field command of the armies of the United States?
5. What was a small, often temporary, defensive earthwork or breastwork called?
6. Charging infantry were stopped by what barrier made of trimmed trees or timbers fitted with long stakes, pointed outward?
7. When the engineer of a military locomotive got the signal “full speed ahead,” what did he call it?
8. To what name was the Army of the Ohio changed by presidential directive?
9. What was the term for the small fortification with open entrance, usually having two parapets?
10. By what affectionate nickname did Nathan Bedford Forrest, C.S.A., refer to his cavalry units?
11. What was the nickname of ship-burning Confederate naval captain Raphael Semmes, who prided himself on his needle-sharp mustachios?
12. What British newspaper, late in 1862, began referring to the C.S.A. as “the new nationality”?

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKenree College, he has written 40 books, including The Lincoln Nobody Knows, and The Amazing Civil War (1998). Civil War Trivia and Fact Book, ©1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee

ANSWERS

1. Canister.
2. A flying battery.
3. Battle above the Clouds.
4. Robert E. Lee, a colonel in the U.S. Army.
5. A redoubt.
6. Chevaux-de-frise.
7. The highball.
8. The Army of the Cumberland.
9. A redan, normally protected by a ditch or stream.
10. Critter companies.
11. Old Beeswax
12. The London Times



SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON SELF-RELIANCE

“You may be whatever you resolve to be.”

Prof. Thomas J. Jackson, VMI

ON DUTY

“We are without machinery, without means and threatened by a powerful opponent, but I do not despond, and will not shrink from the task imposed on me.”

President Jefferson Davis

ON PERJURY

“The sin of perjury is the most enormous that can be committed against truth.”

The Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dabney (ex-Major; C.S. Army.)

ON THE OLD SOUTH

“...in the South there were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct and aristocratic manner—in brief, superior men,—in brief, gentry.”

H.L. Mencken

ON ADVICE TO YOUNG ANDREW JACKSON

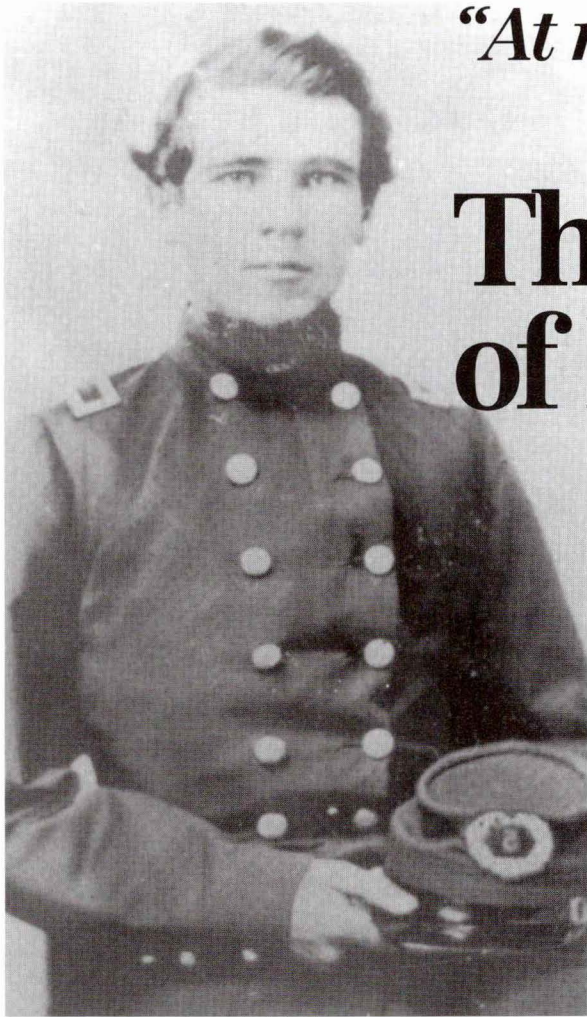
“Never bring suit in law for assault and battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man.”

Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, his mother

ON GOVERNMENT

“Government is no match for the family, church, and civic organizations for installing success-oriented values.”

Prof. Walter E. Williams



*“At my country’s feet
I lay my young life”:*

The Life & Death of Micah Jenkins

—BY BRYANT BURROUGHS—

Longstreet always selected Jenkins’ troops to lead his army into battle because, he wrote, “with such troops and such a leader the Confederate cause is safe.”

He was so brilliant at war that some thought he enjoyed it. This was not so. His true character was marked by courteous speech, gentle manners, and a firm faith. Fewer men have had fewer enemies. His gentle spirit was married to an iron will and resolute courage, which produced

such personal magnetism that his best friend wrote forty years after Jenkins’ death: “he towers above all.”

Kings Mountain Military School in Yorkville, South Carolina. With his winning manners, superb military skills, and that which Coward described as his “strong, clear, intellect and forceful will”, Jenkins built an impressive faculty of Citadel graduates and attracted sons of the best families into the Kings Mountain cadet corps.

At the same time, he attracted an even more important person. He married Carrie Jamison, the eldest daughter of General David Jamison, who in his career as a soldier, scholar, and statesman had founded the Citadel and would serve as president of the South Carolina secession convention.

As North and South stumbled toward war, Jenkins raised a volunteer company called the Jasper Guards, which was comprised of graduates of the Kings Mountain Military School. Following the firing on Fort Sumter, the Jasper Guards formed the nucleus of the 5th South Carolina Volunteers, which elected Jenkins its colonel without opposition. The regiment was among the first to enter service for the South, and was ordered to Virginia.

At First Manassas a few weeks later, Jenkins’ regiment boldly charged the Union right flank, and for nearly an hour battled four infantry regiments supported by eight artillery pieces. The fierce rifle fire of the 5th South Carolina drove the Federal troops into retreat, which Jenkins described in a letter to his brother: “The enemy after retreating to the woods...joined in the rout that took place about the same time...they, magnifying by their fears my force,

Micah Jenkins was born for combat command. One forebear was knighted on the field of battle by England’s King Henry VII, a grandfather fought in George Washington’s Continental Army, and his father served as a captain in the War of 1812. Micah Jenkins added to that heritage by leading South Carolina’s finest sons to victory after victory in the War for Southern Independence until, in the tangled darkness of the Wilderness, he was shot down.

Jenkins commanded the fabled Palmetto Sharpshooters, a hard-hitting regiment that swept the enemy from battlefields from Manassas to the Wilderness. He was a commanding presence on the field of battle: sharply dressed, superbly mounted, face aflame with martial fire. His men knew that their commander on his white horse would lead them to the fiercest fighting, and that he would fight alongside them. General James

produced such personal magnetism that his best friend wrote forty years after Jenkins’ death: “he towers above all.”

The young Jenkins journeyed from his father’s Edisto Island plantation to enter the South Carolina Military Academy in 1851 at age 15. He graduated with the highest honor in the Citadel’s fabled class of 1854, a superior class that included future Confederate officers Asbury Coward, Evander Law, Charles Haskell, and John Jamison. In his three years at the Citadel, Jenkins honed the iron discipline that would mark his personal character. In one instance, Jenkins and a fellow cadet covenanted together to break the habit of profanity into which both had fallen after leaving home. The two agreed that when one used profanity the other would strike him a blow. Within five minutes Jenkins had received a forceful blow on the back, and the profanity habit was broken for life.

Following graduation, Jenkins and classmate Asbury Coward founded the

thought we were 15,000 men and Jeff Davis turning their flank, which accounts for their retiring before so small a force."

In the spring of 1862, Jenkins selected the elite soldiers of the 5th South Carolina and formed a new regiment of twelve companies called the Palmetto Sharpshooters. His new command won a legendary reputation at the battle of Seven Pines on May 31, in what Asbury Coward described as "the most brilliant piece of fighting that I ever saw." Jenkins was commanding a column comprised of the Palmetto Sharpshooters and the 6th South Carolina. At a critical point in the battle, Jenkins' soldiers blunted the Union advance and then drove the enemy in retreat for a mile and a half. When his troops stopped at dark with the enemy scattered in flight, Jenkins had lost 20 killed and 202 wounded, and he had won the field for the Confederacy.

Jenkins heroic charge won praise in the battle reports of four generals, one of whom wrote that he would prefer Jenkins with one regiment than anyone else with five. The commanding general, Joseph Johnston, recommended that Jenkins be awarded the brigadier's stars that Longstreet had been proposing for six months.

In late June the new Southern army commander, Robert E. Lee, charged his newly christened Army of Northern Virginia into George McClellan's 100,000 Union troops advancing on Richmond. At Gaines' Mill, the second of the Seven Days battles, Jenkins' quick intelligence and his regiment's discipline saved many lives. About sunset the Palmetto Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan emerged from opposite woods and found themselves facing each other across a meadow. Quickly discerning the situation, Jenkins readied his troops and fired just as the enemy colonel shouted "Ready!" The volley from the South Carolinians swept away the Michigan troops.

At Frayser's Farm three days later, Jenkins' men again won a reputation to last a lifetime. Ordered by Longstreet to silence an enemy artillery battery, Jenkins charged through the woods to the edge of the fields on Frayser's farm,

and realized that he faced not just a battery but an entire division of entrench troops. He dispatched his adjutant and brother-in-law, John Jamison, to report this intelligence to Longstreet. Jamison was unable to find Longstreet, and reported instead to Longstreet's chief of staff, who curtly replied that Longstreet ordered the battery silenced. When Jamison returned to Jenkins with the news that the order stood, Jenkins quietly murmured, as if in prayer, "My God, my poor men." As he wrote to his wife shortly after the battle, "every eye was upon me and I knew that at my word so many, ah, so many, of my brave boys ere the setting of the sun would be sleeping their last long sleep."

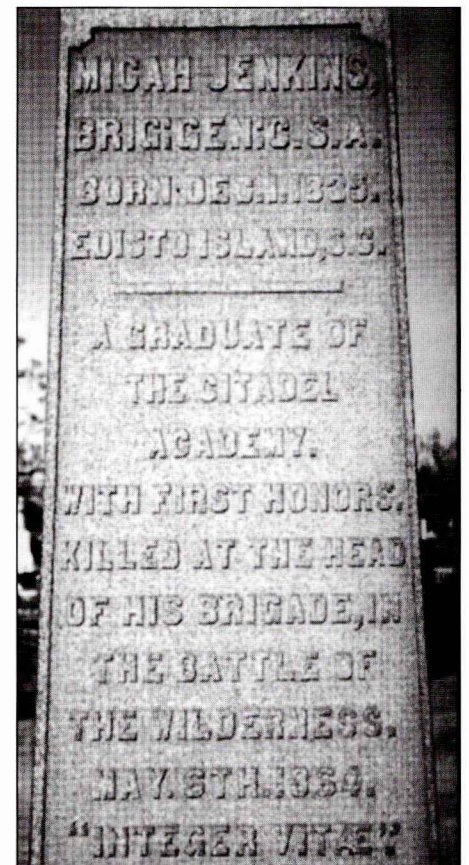
Riding in front of his men, he led them across a quarter-mile field swept by twelve cannon firing grape and shell. Thirteen color bearers were shot down and Jamison fell with a bullet through the lungs. Jenkins' horse was hit twice, his sword hit three times, and he was wounded in the arm and chest by shell fragments. But his brave regiment captured the Yankee battery and beat back a furious attempt to retake the guns.

He described the terrible charge in a letter to his wife: "I write with the most saddened feelings. God has been most merciful, but, oh my God, what terrible trials have we been through. Nearly all my best friends, men and officers, killed and wounded. In my regiment in the fight on Monday I carried 375 men and had 250 killed and wounded. Never was such gallantry shown...We drove everything before us, but when we got there scarce anybody left...poor John, shot through the lungs. I pray God he may recover..."

Confederate camps resounded with praise for Jenkins' troops, but their fame had been bought with blood. Only 125 remained of the original 1000 Palmetto Sharpshooters. One of the survivors, looking at the thinned ranks, remarked that if this was the result of victory, then "I never want to be in a battle that is not a victory." General Lee requested Jenkins' promotion with the statement that Jenkins had "been repeatedly recommended for promotion by officers with

whom he served, and his conduct at Seven Pines was worthy of all commendation. He has also in the recent battles shown great skill." Jenkins received a brigadier's stars and command of R. H. Anderson's brigade.

Although Lee's army had saved Richmond, the killing time had not ended. In July Lee marched Stonewall Jackson's corps around to the rear of the Union army, luring the Union army to the old Manassas battlefield, then he struck the Union flank with Longstreet's corps. Just prior to the attack, Jenkins was reclining on a small hill with his adjutant, Cato Seabrook, and Colonel Thomas Glover, who recently had won promotion to command the 1st South Carolina regiment. Colonel Coward rode up to the group and noticed a small book in Jenkins' hand. He had been reading from the Book of Common Prayer, and as Coward dismounted, Jenkins resumed reading from Paul's admonition to "put on the whole armor of God." At the conclusion of the reading, Jenkins prayed that "at the end, to both God and the country, each one of us may be able



Jenkins' Grave

so say with Paul, 'I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith.' When night fell that day on the battlefield, Glover and five other South Carolina colonels were dead, Seabrook was slowly dying in a field hospital, and Jenkins was severely wounded in the chest.

General Lee rode to visit Jenkins in the field hospital. After congratulating him for his fierce fighting, Lee added that "I hope yet to see you one of my lieutenant generals." Too severely wounded to accompany the army on the Maryland invasion, Jenkins rejoined his brigade at Fredericksburg, but was held in reserve by Longstreet.

Detached in early 1863 to fight in Tennessee, Jenkins' brigade did not return to the Army of Northern Virginia in time to cross the Potomac in the invasion that ended at Gettysburg. After he returned in August, he received an extraordinary letter from General Lee:

Dear General:

I regret exceedingly the absence of yourself and your brigade from the battle of Gettysburg. There is no telling what a gallant brigade, led by an efficient commander, might have accomplished when victory trembled in the balance. I verily believe the result would have been different if you had been present.

In May 1864 Union forces under U.S. Grant splashed across the fords of the Rapidan River and advanced toward Richmond. Lee waited until the huge Federal army reached the tangled wilds of the Wilderness, and then he struck. Jenkins' heart was heavy as he marched his troops in the pre-dawn darkness toward the battlefield. Just a few days before, in a brief visit to his family, he had gently kissed his wife goodbye with sad words: "This is our last goodbye. I had a dream. I shall ride into the next battle, but I shall not ride out." But as his troops advanced to face the enemy invaders, he roused his spirit and commanded Colonel Coward to "tell your men that South Carolina is looking for every man to do his duty to her this day."

The South Carolinians reached the battlefield just in time to check the

Union pursuit of broken Confederate lines. After fierce fighting, the Confederates turned the Union left flank. As Jenkins prepared to advance and sweep the enemy from the field, Longstreet rode up and summoned his young general. Dashing up to Longstreet, a jubilant Jenkins exulted: "I am happy. I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but I am relieved, and feel assured that we will put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night."

Longstreet, Jenkins, and several staff officers galloped ahead of the Confederate line to reconnoiter the best terrain for the attack. One staff officer dismounted to take a stand of Union colors that had been left on the field by the retreating Yankees. As the group returned to the Confederate line to order the advance, a Southern brigade in the thick woods mistook the party for a body of enemy cavalry. A vicious volley flashed and, before officers could stop the firing, Longstreet and Jenkins were struck.

As their stricken comrades gathered around the fallen generals, it was apparent that Micah Jenkins was mortally wounded. A ball had crashed into his brain. As Colonel Coward rushed to his friend's side and took his hand, Jenkins' entire body convulsed. Coward helped lift Jenkins into an ambulance and then returned to lead his troops in the attack. The chaplain of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, Rev. James McDowell, climbed into the ambulance and spoke to Jenkins, but he was unconscious. One side of the wounded general was paralyzed, while on the other side he repeatedly lifted his hand to the wound in his forehead.

Jenkins was gently borne to his tent, but he lived only five hours and died at sunset. Fellow South Carolinian John Haskell wrote in his memoirs: "I was with Jenkins for an hour later in the day. He never, though unconscious until he was almost gone, forgot the fight. He would cheer his men and implore them to sweep the enemy into the river, until he became too weak to talk." At the end he died quietly with a glad smile lighting his face.

By the time Coward reached the tent after the battle, Jenkins' staff had prepared the body for the coffin due to arrive early the next morning. All he could do was to gaze sadly at his friend's peaceful face. Jenkins was buried at Summerville, South Carolina on Whitsunday, May 15, 1864, and later his body was moved by the family to Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston.

His four small sons all grew into soldiers. Long after his father's death, Major Micah Jenkins would win praise from teddy Roosevelt for his brave charge at San Juan Hill, and Captain John Jenkins would command his father's alma mater, the Citadel.

Jenkins' young widow treasured his memory and his letters, particularly one written on the eve of his first great battle, a letter that reflected his character and commitment:

May 28, 1862

My Beloved Wife:

The great battle is very, very near, I think. I trust our prayers may be favorably considered by our God and that His hand will cover and protect me, so that when this unhappy war is over I may live to be a husband to you and a father to my children. If it please God to take me away, thus early in life, bid my children, when they are old enough to understand, to be good and true men, doing their duty to you, to their country, and to their God. Guard and guide them as if I were with you, and be to me a true wife, till God unites us in Heaven. I trust and believe the coming fight will triumphantly vindicate the righteousness of our cause, and though I may fall, yet I hope a blessed peace will soon give back to our country the comfort and prosperity so much to be desired. At my country's feet I lay my young life. Into God's keeping I leave yours.

Yours till death



Bryant Burroughs is a regular contributor to these pages.

REGIMENTAL SERIES: 10th South Carolina

BY ROD GRAGG

They hardly looked like warriors. Assembled on a makeshift parade ground in the spring of 1861, the band of milling young men appeared more mob-like than military. Yet, they were the soldiers of the South, brought together to learn the art of war on a muster ground near the South Carolina port city of Georgetown. They hailed from the farms and villages of South Carolina's Pee Dee River region, and had organized themselves into volunteer companies in villages like Kingstree, Conwayboro, Marion and Georgetown. They called themselves by a variety of warlike names – the Pee Dee Rangers, the Horry Rough and Readys, the Swamp Fox Guards – and were eager to defend their homeland. One company arrived in such a state of disorganization, a veteran recalled, that it was turned around and sent back home.

The rest, however, became soldiers. At Camp White near Georgetown, they drilled and drilled – then drilled some more. Within a few months, they knew how to march and, theoretically, how to fight. Now properly trained and outfitted, the former ragtag recruits became the 10th South Carolina Volunteers. Commanded by Colonel Arthur M. Manigault, a distinguished Mexican War veteran from Charleston, the regiment was soon detailed to sea island duty in South Carolina's 4th Military District. Supporting hastily-erected earthen artillery fortifications, they were manning their state's first line of defense, but except for the occasional sighting of a Yankee blockading vessel, they saw no enemies. Deaths occurred despite the lull: dozens of men were struck dead by measles, dysentery and the mysterious "fever" that would later be diagnosed as malaria. They seemed almost forgotten, and were left to spend the war's early days "drilling, loafing, marching to Georgetown and back, writing and receiving letters to and from loved ones, playing and

wishing to get to the front."

Eventually, their time arrived.

After the Battle of Shiloh, Manigault and the 10th S.C. were shipped to the Western Theater. There they experienced their baptism of fire at the Battle of Corinth. Afterwards, as part of the Confederate Army of the Mississippi, led by General Braxton Bragg, they marched northward to free Kentucky from Federal occupation. The Kentucky Campaign ended at the Battle of Chaplin Hills in October of 1862. Bragg withdrew his army after the battle and encamped at Tullahoma, Tennessee. In November the Army of Mississippi was merged with the Confederate Army of Kentucky to become the Army of Tennessee. A month later, the newly organized army broke camp and engaged the Federal Army of the Cumberland under General William S. Rosecrans at the Battle of Murfreesboro. The battle, which cost Bragg more than 10,000 casualties, ended in a stalemate, but the 10th South Carolina distinguished itself in action. Numerically weakened by the bloody fighting, the 10th S.C. was consolidated with the 19th S.C.

In the summer of 1863, the regiment moved with Bragg's army to northern Georgia near Chattanooga. Colonel Manigault was promoted to brigadier general and Colonel James F. Pressley took command of the 10th S.C. The regiment further distinguished itself a Chickamauga. There, in fierce fighting – according to official reports –the regiment "drove the enemy from his works." When the Army of Tennessee fell back to Atlanta –fighting all the way—the 10th S.C. was on hand, serving under General Joseph E. Johnston. The regiment was engaged during the prolonged and bitter defense of Atlanta, and marched with the army under General John Bell Hood back to Tennessee. There the regiment was engaged in the bloody fighting at Franklin and Nashville, where the Army of Tennessee dashed itself to pieces in courageous, futile assaults. When that

shattered remnants of the army were consolidated again under the command of General Johnston, what left of the 10th S.C. was "present and accounted for."

The depleted regiment fought in the 1865 Carolinas Campaign and was engaged at the battle of Bentonville. Shredded by casualties to a mere fraction of its original strength, the regiment was again consolidated. This time it became part of the 19th S.C. Consolidated. Battered, war-weary but still present to do their duty, the slim remnant of the 10th S.C. was finally surrendered with General Joseph Johnston's army on April 26, 1865 near Durham, North Carolina. As the tiny band of survivors head back home to South Carolina's Pee Dee region, they took with them that knowledge that they had weathered the worst of the war, and that the 10th South Carolina had fought the good fight. ☪

REGIMENTAL ROLL OF HONOR: THE 10TH SOUTH CAROLINA

Duty Assignment:

C.S. Department of South Carolina
and Georgia
Army of Mississippi
Army of Tennessee

Commanders:

Colonel Arthur M. Manigault
Colonel James F. Pressley
Lieutenant Colonel Julius T. Porcher
Lieutenant Colonel Cornelius I.
Walker

Major Engagements:

Corinth
Chaplin Hill
Murfreesboro
Chickamauga
Chattanooga
Atlanta Campaign
Franklin
Nashville
Bentonville

*Rod Gragg, of Conway, SC was for
many years our Smoke Never
Clears columnist.*

SOUTHERN

Richard Weaver of North Carolina

THE PERMANENCE OF Richard Weaver

BY WHIT SANDERS

A Review of:
Steps Toward Restoration

Ted J. Smith III, Editor
ISI, 1999, 200 pgs, \$24.95.

Had Richard Weaver been as glib and polished as William F. Buckley, Jr., he might have been a public icon during his lifetime. Instead, he had a North Carolina mountaineer's nasal twang, and his r's were too hard for a national television audience. If you'd met him outside the academy, you might have thought he was a farmer or a filling station attendant. At literary gatherings, he often stood alone, while students and faculty members crowded around stars of lesser magnitude.

Yet now that his voice is silent, his works speak for him — and they speak more eloquently than the writings of most conservatives who were his contemporaries. *Ideas Have Consequences* is still read today, fifty years after publication. Fellowships are given in his name. And scholars continue to publish books about him, including two biographies, and a third in progress. Among conservatives, his reputation grows vaster than empires and more slowly.

Two recent books add to that reputation, and each is extremely useful in its own way. The first, *Barbarians in the Saddle*, by Joseph Scotchie, has as its subtitle: "An Intellectual Biography of Richard M. Weaver." In this relatively short volume, Scotchie supplies his reader with a map of Weaver's major works, supplemented by his own historical glosses and explication of texts.

This is an admirable study with a limited objective—to introduce the reader to Weaver's mind as revealed in the spare but enormously influential volumes he published during his brief life. Scotchie traces Weaver's intellectual growth from the time he held a post as secretary of the local Socialist Party in Kentucky to his revision of his world view after studying under John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt and Cleanth Brooks at L.S.U. Then he surveys the results of that sea change as revealed in such books as *Ideas Have Consequences*, *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, *The Southern Tradition at Bay*, and *Visions of Order*.

Scotchie makes much of Weaver's exposure to Agrarianism, and even places *Ideas Have Consequences* squarely in that tradition. When the book was first published, few people would have made such a connection. It was only after the posthumous publication of *The Southern Tradition at Bay* that people began to regard Weaver's works as "Southern."

Indeed, until that time, Weaver's highly complimentary essay on Lincoln in *The Ethics of Rhetoric* embarrassed or puzzled many of his Southern admirers who were only vaguely aware of his Agrarian connections.

In analyzing this essay, Scotchie treats Weaver as a genuine admirer of Lincoln—and assumes that Weaver disapproved of Edmund Burke because he used the argument from circumstance. Scotchie may be right. I don't know enough about Weaver's



Richard Weaver

opinions on Lincoln to argue the point.

However, I've always suspected that Weaver's real intent in this essay was to promote the argument from definition rather than to promote Lincoln. And what better way to dignify an appeal to principle than to demonstrate that Father Abraham used it? By the same token, what better way to tweak the nose of modern relativists than to place them in the company of an old "reactionary" like Edmund Burke?

For the most part Scotchie's is either narrating Weaver's life or analyzing his works and their impact on the intellectual community. However, when he does offer original analysis—for example, on the political relevance of the contemporary South—he's right on target, revealing his own deeper understanding of the thought and sensibilities of Richard Weaver:

Consider the Republican Party leadership. The House Speaker is a Southerner, but Newt Gingrich has nothing in

(Continued On Page 26)

PARAGONS

M.E. Bradford of Texas

REMEMBERING

Mel Bradford

BY J.O.
TATE

A Review of:

A Defender of Southern Conservatism: M.E. Bradford and His Achievements

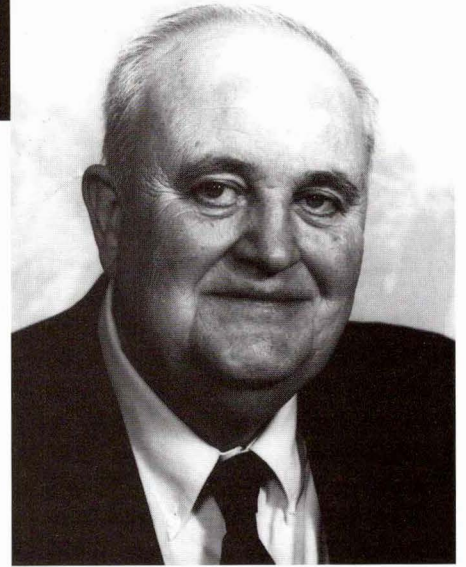
Edited by Clyde N. Wilson
Missouri, 1999, 193 pages, \$24.95.

Clyde Wilson, Professor of History at the University of South Carolina and editor of *The Papers of John C. Calhoun*, has assembled and introduced this collection of reflections about a man notable, among other things, for his own affinity with Calhoun and other defenders of Southern conservatism. The contributors to this volume include Benjamin Alexander, Alan Cornett, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese and Eugene Genovese, Mark Malvasi, and others to be cited below.

The occasion is a book, and that book is about a man's achievements, and not, strictly speaking, about the man. And yet the achievements (and any failures) were those of the man who stood behind them. Though M.E. Bradford sometimes seemed to live in 1787, and in his imagination and erudition he sometimes *did* live in 1787, in point of fact he lived in our time. I mention this obvious truth for one big reason, which is that in explicating the multifoliate aspects of the achievements of M.E. Bradford, the distinguished editor and contributors to this symposium have let slip an element of perspective. If I am right, that by no means implies any fault on their part. It only means that they, for the obvi-

ous reason of the magnetism of their subject, have themselves been to an extent bound by the horizons defined by M.E. Bradford. And that in itself is no small achievement.

Let me develop the point just a bit, for I believe it is a significant one, and particularly useful in appreciating the achievements of M.E. Bradford. The courtesy, civility, and magnanimity of Mel Bradford's presence—his refusal of hurry and of jabber, his abstemious rejection of all vulgarity, his studied exclusion of contemporary blather from all of his dealings and discourse—amounted to a chivalric image of behavior. In short, the man was a gentleman. He was a gentleman, and an old-fashioned one at that, in the 1960's, in the 70's, in the 80's, and on to his death early in our own Clintonian decade, in March of 1993. However naturally Bradford came by his manners and his self-consciousness as an "impenitent" Southerner, I think we have to see his persona as a construction. I say this with no sense of derogation, but rather of recognition. Bradford's *tone* was his greatest achievement; or maybe it was being M.E. Bradford; and that achievement was necessary, because only from the platform of his achieved formality could he say the toughest of things. And perhaps more deeply, we can see that only as a gentleman and a Southern one at that, could he have seen the hard things that he did. Bradford's absence of malice was bound to be misinterpreted by people with no such scruples as he was bound by.



M.E. Bradford

I have meant to indicate that Bradford's being was a choice; and I think that the man who knew his Yeats so well would have appreciated the point. We have to remember that he lived through the days of Elvis Presley as well as Donald Davidson, and through the days of the entrenchment of radicalism as the establishment: civil rights, radical feminism, homosexual rights, universal human rights, globalism, are national policy. The sexual revolution and rock n' roll (and drugs too?) are in the White House. Since Bradford in one of his most remarkable essays could see the Constitutional Convention as a "comic action," I think we should remember Mel Bradford at large in the world of *Easy Rider* and Jane Fonda and Gloria Steinem and Kurt Cobain and Ice Cube and other idols of the *Zeitgeist*. And however difficult it may be, I think that we should also remember that it's precisely at the point of maximum bitterness that a good laugh is most appropriate and

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Weaver

(Continued from page 24)

common with such famous Georgians of the old Democratic era, for instance Richard Russell and Walter George. Gingrich is an enthusiastic technocrat (he fantasizes about providing a laptop computer for every school kid), a man firmly convinced technology can save us...Indeed, optimism about the South today is almost exclusively based on economic prosperity.

This is a fine book — entertaining as well as informative, spirited as well as scholarly. But it isn't perfect. Early in the book, Scotchie writes:

When an agrarian culture reigned, women had plenty of tasks to keep them busy. While their men worked in the fields, women cooked meals, preserved the milk and butter, and sewed clothes. At lunch time (which was "supper" back then), the family gathered for a large, sumptuous meal.

It was "dinner," of course, not "supper"; but I suppose if you're going to make a mistake, it's better to make one that doesn't really matter. When he's talking about Richard Weaver, he's completely credible.

The second of these books—*Steps Towards Restoration*, edited by Ted J. Smith III—is a collection of papers delivered on March 27, 1998 at Belmont Abbey College, in Belmont, North Carolina. The symposium marked the 50th anniversary of the publication of *Ideas Have Consequences*, and several of the contributors have written formidable interpretations of Weaver's works.

The first two essays are biographical in nature. Ted J. Smith III gives a brief sketch of Weaver's life and a more detailed account of the book's history of publication. Wilma R. Ebbitt's contribution is particularly helpful because it gives us an intimate portrait of Weaver as English teacher at the University of Chicago. He was shy, self-effacing, distant but friendly, and a highly dedicated

teacher. He lived a disciplined existence, attended parties when invited (which was seldom), and even had too much to drink every so often—a fact his colleagues found endearing rather than offensive. Ebbitt has written an account that she is uniquely qualified to write, and Weaver admirers are in her debt.

Three of the essays—by Robert A. Preston, Mark G. Malvasi, and George Nash are analytical. Preston's is perhaps the most rigidly structured, though sound and convincing in its five-part parsing of Weaver's work. Malvasi gives about as good an insight into the inner dynamic of *Ideas Have Consequences* as you're ever likely to read. And Nash's analysis of the influence of the book on succeeding generations of conservative thinkers is original and persuasive.

The most formidable essay in the volume is "Consequences in the Provinces: *Ideas Have Consequences* Fifty Years After," by Marion Montgomery. As usual, Montgomery refuses to muster his argument in neat ranks, like toy soldiers marching to annihilate an equally well-ordered enemy. Instead, he allows his thoughts to wander circuitously, as if lost in a wilderness of philosophical complexity. Along the way, the reader encounters literally scores of historical figures, from Thomas Aquinas to Joseph Stalin. The essay itself gobbles up about a third of the book—nearly a hundred pages.

This remarkable piece is, at the same time, a personal narrative, a commentary on Richard Weaver, and an expansive critique of modern society and culture—breathtaking in its scope and brilliant in its execution. In placing *Ideas Have Consequences* works in the larger context of Western thought, Montgomery reveals himself to be one of those rare people who doesn't need a map to pick his way through the history of ideas. He doesn't even need a compass. He always knows where he is — and sees the connections between just about everything and everybody. It is the exposure of those connections that is the substance of this

essay—and of Montgomery's work for the last 20 years. His prose alone is worth the price of the book.

Ben C. Toledano has written a lively and free-ranging essay in which he boldly applies the precepts of Weaver to a variety of contemporary political and social situations. His piece is entertaining and enlightening to read. As a non-academic, he has a special license to kill; and, using Weaver as a blunt instrument, he bludgeons several heresies of modern materialism.

The final essay—by M. Stanton Evans—is the transcription of the symposium talk that Evans gave off the top of his head. And nobody talks off the top of his head better than Stan Evans. In this setting, he is colloquial and self-effacing—almost as if he were an unworthy guest at the academic table. Yet his comments and insights lend substantial weight to the symposium.

Both of these volumes shed new light on Weaver—and both are testaments to the durability of his work. If Weaver was a reticent mountain man whose speech and manner seemed to belie his intellectual depth, his current reputation is testimony to the power of the written word, particularly in an age when we're told that books are less and less important.

A scholar in the oldest and finest tradition, Weaver saw his task as shedding light on the important things in Western civilization —its philosophical tradition, its history, its language. In this respect, he was the antithesis of everything academia currently values —political and social relevance, partisan advocacy, cultural egalitarianism, and philosophical relativism. Today he would have a hard time getting a job at a second-rate state university.

It's a paradox that in a time when the humanities were more likely to recognize norms, intellectual diversity was welcomed at a place like the University of Chicago, whereas in a time when nothing is supposed to be objectively true, conservative dissent is ruthlessly suppressed.

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Bradford

(Continued from page 27)

necessary. Bradford's humor, no matter how earnest he was, never failed him. But having had our good laugh all around, we would then be in a better mood to understand why this Southern conservative was hated as well as loved; and why he was, among other things, a radical.

The editor of this volume has assumed that Bradford's achievements were his writings; and that is as it should be. Yet this assumption has a certain implication, which is that it was the vision, not the inscription, that was the achievement indicated by those writings. And it is at just this point that we can see what Mel Bradford's achievements can mean for the future.

Bradford was by training a professor of English, one formed at Vanderbilt in the presence of Donald Davidson, and reading and thinking in that light. In this volume, Thomas H. Landess has drawn for us a picture of the education he received from 1959 on in that environment. His instructive exposition reminds us not only of that background, but also that Bradford himself was a great admirer of Landess. Mark Royden Winchell has continued the story with equal authority. He has shown us Bradford's vision of literature and his accomplishment as a critic and scholar, most particularly in his essays on Faulkner. Bradford's Faulkner, related to Cleanth Brooks's vision of him, is not an alienated modernist but a bardic voice rendering the survival of the Southern people as a community. Through Bradford as through Brooks, Faulkner was reclaimed as a Southerner in a powerful and necessary appropriation of what was a natural bond. Bradford made related arguments about other writers from different backgrounds, such as Robert Frost. Essentially, he denied that modernist ideology defined the literary artist, and denied therefore that alienation was a universal principle of literary construction. In short, Faulkner was not Joyce, and Frost had his

humanities.

But English professors, however brilliant in their aesthetic/historical realm, do not speak directly to political matters or ordinarily come to national attention. Mel Bradford did, both because he played political cards as an activist, and more importantly because his was an informed and forceful voice about matters of national history and mythology. Marshall L. DeRosa has shown in his account of Bradford's constitutional theory what Bradford historical/political vision means, what its authority is, and why it matters. Bradford's vision of our country was not bound in the Civil war, but in the Constitution, its making and its context, and what he indicated so incisively departed radically from the superstitions of the spokesmen of empire.

The received ideas about our nation to which Bradford politely put a Texas chainsaw include the notion that it was founded by revolutionary deists of French orientation who were obsessed with equality. Bradford dismembered this fixed idea, broadcast ad infinitum today, by demonstrating the meaning of the Declaration of Independence and the larger and decisive logic of the Constitution. This is a long argument and it is a Southern one descended from the constitutionalism of Calhoun, Davis, and Stephens, and before them from the Constitution itself. DeRosa's exposition is most valuable, and refers us not only to Bradford's arguments but also to the best tradition of political thinking in America. This would have been "bad" (which is to say, "good") enough in itself if Bradford had not spoken out also about Abraham Lincoln with what Garry Wills has called "suicidal frankness." Wills's phrase is remarkable, first because it implies that Wills himself has in his own writing been self-servingly discreet, and second because after a generation and more of unsolicited "frankness" in all the media of expression, it must seem a bit odd to disallow truth about anything at all, much less a phenomenon so momentous as the Civil War.

But that is just the point. The Civil War and everything associated with it

is a *contemporary* and not only a historical source of power. Mel Bradford's exploration of Lincoln the politician and rhetorician was fair game, and much that he wrote about him has been acknowledged by others. Perhaps it was Bradford's analysis of Lincoln's rhetorical abuses that was held against him, but it really doesn't matter. Finally, skepticism about Lincoln's saintliness is forbidden particularly to Southerners who want to step on the national stage. The revolutionary power-grab that was the Civil War retains its mystification. Bradford's reasoned and scrupulous comments on Lincoln were in effect comments about the unreasoned and the unscrupulous, and they were unreasonably and unscrupulously turned against him when he was the most distinguished candidate for the Chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities that was given to William Bennett in 1982. Having dealt with the Republicans, Bradford was rejected in favor of a Democrat, and awarded a lesser post.

As James McClellan has pointed out in his cogent contribution to this volume, Bradford insisted that the cause of the Confederacy was the cause of the Constitution, and that therefore a salient part of the Southern allegiance was to the best tradition of the West. The country is the Founding, properly understood, and that is what is to be conserved. Bradford went to the heart of things, and in detail, in order to salvage the truth for the future. That is his legacy to us, one difficult to bring to bear in the present confusion; but we do not really have a choice about the matter when we consider the difference between the mumbo-jumbo intoned by the big-government establishment and the reasoned, informed, articulated vision of M.E. Bradford. His citations of piety, of heritage, of the Fathers, were after all not antiquarian but rather the opposite. Again in this volume, Thomas Fleming has shown us the Bradford who was keenly aware of our classical heritage, and of the necessity to build on that inheritance. Memory binds the generations together.

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Weaver

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The fact that Weaver's works are increasingly revered testifies to the

growing need in our society—and particularly in the academy—for a renewed commitment to the idea of objective truth. Dead for over 35 years now, Richard Weaver may well lead the counterrevolution; and if so, these

Whit Sanders wrote about Bill Clinton ("J.T.") last year.

volumes will have played a role in the overthrow of the current tyranny. ♣

Bradford

(Continued from page 27)

er, and the most important generation is the yet unborn.

This volume about the achievements of a professor of literature and political sage leaves us with a question, or with two of many. One would be, where is the man or woman to take Mel Bradford's place? Another is, whither the South in the American polity? Before we conclude, perhaps we can address those questions.

First, we may doubt whether we are going to see the likes of Mel Bradford again, but that is no counsel of despair. Though some champion of his intellect, energy, and civility, may indeed rise up to occupy his place of leadership, the likelihood is rather that his influence will be dispersed through numerous individuals and in later generations. As for people who will take his place in the world of the mind and in regional and national thought, you may look to the contributors to this volume and to others who have been touched by his vision, to continue a tradition that stretches back not only to Richard Weaver and the Agrarians, but also, as Bradford insisted, to the South of the nineteenth century and to the young nation at its Founding. And behind that pantheon still there is the tradition of political thinking that goes back to Aristotle, and the habit of independence and self-government that was once and may be again one of the most precious defining inheritances of the Western world.

As to the second question, the outlook for the South is, to say the least, problematical, and it would be helpful here to remember that the conservative Bradford was, despite an deluge of provocation, no pessimist. I believe he would have thought despair an impiety. As the South has absorbed so

many outsiders, and as the South has been corrupted with the nation and even the world since the 1960's, the ensuing confusion and political fraud have made every problem more perilous. The South, if it is to exist as a region and play a role in national politics, must insist on its regional identity first, in order to insist on its regional interests. Following Bradford's instruction, the South can not in the future continue to accept the role of scapegoat and "problem" if it wishes to be respected, or not to be despised, by others. Bradford's analysis of American history shows the South to be the solution to, and not the cause of, this country's perplexities. In this regard, honesty would require that we remember the origins of such notable Southerners as Lyndon Johnson and William J. Clinton. It would require as well that we remember everything that has happened since the days of George Wallace and Nixon's "Southern strategy." The South that Bradford envisioned today owes nothing to either political party as nationally construed, and would be well advised to remove itself from the sucker list. The long series of betrayals, beside being bitterly disappointing, have been so predictable that they have become rather a bore after all these years. From the instructive list of unforgivable outrages, the deceptive, dishonest, and self-serving treatment that Mel Bradford received from the "necons" or Yankees, can never be erased, any more than can the Southern-sanctioned attacks on Southern memorials, names, and flags.

But the future is unclear. What is transparent to me is that I would not be without my volumes of Bradford's writings any more than I would wish any self-respecting and informed Southerner to be. And to that shelf of books I certainly have added as indispensable the present volume edited by Clyde Wilson. *A Defender of Southern*

Conservatism: M.E. Bradford and His Achievements is revolutionary in its implications, in that it outlines the way back to recovering what Mel Bradford showed that we have lost. As such, it is a major contribution to the national, not regional, discussion about this country, its past, its meaning, and its possible future. Let me add that in such future as might be desirable, there would be not only a place for schools named after George Washington, but also at least for one named after that other patriot, M.E. Bradford. If America, not mention the South, is to have a future worth living in, that destiny will be shaded not by the brim of Bella Abzug, but by the capacious Stetson of Mel Bradford. ♣

J.O. Tate is currently held captive on Long Island.



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SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

Destruction and Reconstruction,

by Richard Taylor, J.S. Sanders & Company, 1998, 192 pages, \$15.95.

When both Clyde Wilson and Douglas Southall Freeman call a book a classic, you know you're in for a good read. Richard Taylor was President Zachary Taylor's son. Well-educated—a Yale man, when that meant something—Richard Taylor's rich schooling in the classics, the Bible, and military history is much in evidence in this allusive memoir of his courageous service in the War and of his profound contempt for the American society that arose thereafter.

A successful Southern planter, Taylor, like so many future Confederate generals, was opposed to secession. But when war came, he sided with his region – and with his understanding of the Constitution as a compact made between sovereign states. Union by force meant – as self-evident a truth as any profounded in the Declaration of Independence – that political liberty was extinguished, with the states in yoke to the federal government, with mass democracy and its sword arm of centralized federal power striking down the landed class that had launched that republic. For Taylor it was a simple Latin truth—*vox populi, vox diaboli*.

Taylor served in Virginia with Stonewall Jackson and in the western front—in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. There are plenty of good war stories here, but topping them all are sharply observed vignettes about people and places. He waxes rhapsodic about the men in his command – be they fighting Irish, unlettered Texas cowboys, or French Louisianans. And it's not just the soldiers, it's the women who shame him when he fudges responsibility, the young maidens who propel him to prose poetry, and the diverse people who make up his

Louisiana homeland.

He speaks, for example, of the Louisiana "Acadians" as a people true to the "traditions of la belle France, but of France before Voltaire and the encyclopediasts, the Convention and the Jacobians – ere she had lost faith in all things, divine and human, save the bourgeoisie and avocats . . . [S]o gentle was his nature, that lariat and rifle seemed transformed into pipe and crook of shepherd. Light wines from the Medoc . . . and violin and clarinet made high carnival in his heart . . . It was to this earthly paradise, and upon this simple race, that the war came, like the tree of the knowledge of evil to our early parents."

Taylor also notes some Southern peculiarities in the conduct of the war. He remarks, for instance, that it "was a curious feature of the war that the Southern people would cheerfully send their sons to battle, but kept their slaves out of danger" – and indeed often refused to allow them to be used as stokers on gunboats, where they might be shot. Indeed, Taylor reminds his postbellum audience that far from being a people in conflict, white and black Southerners cooperated during the war. There were no slave rebellions threatening Southern families. While Southern white males went to the front, their "wives and little ones remained safe at home, surrounded by thousands of faithful slaves. . . . This is the highest testimony to the kindness of the master and the gentleness of the servant; and all the dramatic talent prostituted to the dissemination of the false hood in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and similar productions can not rebut it."

But if Taylor is admiring of the loyalty of slaves and of the enduring virtues of the Southern people, he has nothing but contempt for Southern politicians. "Amid the clash of arms laws are silent," and so was Confederate statesmanship," Taylor

writes. When putative Southern statesman did speak, the effect could be even worse. Taylor particularly reviles Confederate Vice President Alexander Stephens for saying the war was fought in defense of slavery. No, says Taylor firmly. In his meetings with Southern people, regret for the loss of slavery "has neither been felt nor expressed." What the Southern people fought for was "that which brought our forefathers to Runnymede, the privilege of exercising some influence in their own government"—something too profound for the average blowhard politico to notice.

Little, however, escapes Taylor's notice, or the grace of his remarkable pen. His portrait of General Ulysses S. Grant, to which detail is added throughout the book, is particularly compelling. He remembers him first as "a modest, amiable, but by no means promising lieutenant" in the Mexican War. In the War Between the States, Taylor asks us to "imagine an exchange of resources by Grant and Lee, to find the true place of the former among the world's commanders. He will fall into the class represented by Marshal Villars and the Duke of Cumberland."

Still, Taylor adds that "Genius is God-given, but men are responsible for their acts; and it should be said of General Grant that, as far as I am aware, he made war in the true spirit of the soldier, never by deed or word inflicting wrong on non-combatants. It would be to the credit of the United States army if similar statements could be made of General Sherman and Sheridan."

In Taylor's account, Grant's decency and kindness remain after the war, until the Federal officer becomes president, when he, like so many little men around him, becomes corrupted by power. With Grant quartering all "his own relatives, all his wife's relatives, all the relatives of these relatives, to the remotest cousinhood . . . on the public treasury," the influence "on the public was disastrous. Already short-

ened by the war, the standard of morality, honesty, and right was buried out of sight."

Taylor saw democracy, demagogues, greed, and hucksterism turning postwar America into a "city of the plain." His only hope for the future lay in recapturing a living memory of tradition, "for the memories and deeds of our ancestors is security for the present, seed-corn for the future; and, in the language of Burke, "Those will not look forward to their posterity who never look backward to their ancestors."

But even here, he must rue how those memories will be shaped by the victor's history books, as he recalls his meeting with a German-born Federal officer at the close of the war: "This person, with the strong accent and idioms of the Fatherland, comforted me by assurances that we of the South would speedily recognize our ignorance and errors, especially about slavery and the rights of States, and rejoice in the results of the war . . . I apologized meekly for my ignorance, on the ground that my ancestors had come from England to Virginia in 1608, and in the short intervening two hundred and fifty-odd years, had found no time to transmit to me correct ideas of the duties of American citizenship. Moreover, my grandfather, commanding the 9th Virginia regiment in our Revolutionary army, had assisted in the defeat and capture of the Hessian mercenaries at Trenton, and I lamented that he had not, by association with these worthies, enlightened his understanding. My friend smiled blandly, and assured me of his willingness to instruct me."

They instruct us still.

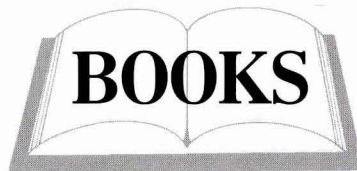
Publisher John Stoll Sanders deserves a rousing Partisan cheer for making this neglected classic available for a general leadership.

If Richard Taylor's memoir is a necessary corrective to misinformation about the war, the next book is one that all Southern boys should have.

The Book of the Order of Chivalry, by Ramon Lull, translated by Robert Adams from the Early English Text Society publication of William Caxton's **The Book of the Order of Chivalry**, published by the START Group, 1213 Sam Houston Avenue, Huntsville, Texas, 77340, \$24.95, plus \$3.00 postage and handling.

We all know that Southern gentlemen have traditionally looked to the chivalric knights of the Middle Ages for their inspiration, and here, in a beautifully bound gift volume, is the quintessence of what a gentleman—a knightly, Southern gentleman—should aspire to be. Best of all, it has been brought back into print by Southerners affiliated with Kappa Alpha, the Robert E. Lee fraternity, with the proceeds going to support a scholarship fund at Sam Houston State University. It makes a perfect gift for any young man about to enter the cesspools of higher education this fall.

—H.W. Crocker III



Mystic Chords of Memory: Civil War Battlefields and Historic Sites Recaptured

by David J. Eicher.

LSU, 1998, 167 pages, \$39.95.

David Eicher's eyes have focused on the heavens since a boyhood interest in astronomy led him at age six to launch a newsletter for amateur astronomers, and today he is the managing editor of *Astronomy* magazine. But Eicher is also drawn to the earth, and perhaps it is his heavenly gaze that imparts a unique view of the terrible beauty of battlefields.

Eicher has tramped battlefields with his camera for over a decade, and estimates that he has taken over 10,000 photographs, many of which are collected into his *Civil War*

Journeys calendars. Now in this his fourth book on the war, Eicher reveals a photographic eye that pierces to the true heart of a battlefield as unerringly as John Pelham's eye selected the perfect artillery position. Eicher's photographs gaze across the fields to focus on objects that summon our deepest emotions, for he recognizes that it is those emotions that cause the names of small villages—Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg—to resonate in the hearts of Americans long after the guns have been stilled. It is these "mystic chords of memories" that Eicher captures with his camera.

Many of his photographs focus on houses that frame the flow of the war: the Henry house at Manassas, where Thomas J. Jackson stood "like a stone wall", earning an eternal name; the McLean house at Appomattox, in the front parlor of which Lee sorrowfully signed the surrender papers; and the White House, from which Lincoln could gaze across the Potomac to another white-columned house on a hill in Arlington, where in the large, candle-lit drawing room on a rainy summer afternoon in 1831, Robert E. Lee, whose father had served under George Washington, married the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

Another Eicher favorite is monuments. His photographs of battlefield monuments that stand silently on Little Round Top or the Sunken Road can make time stand still, and it becomes, as Faulkner wrote, "July 1863 again." Other photographs off the battlefields of monuments dedicated to Lee, Jackson, and Grant remind us that there once was a time in America in which real heroes strode the earth, in comparison to which today's sports, entertainment, and political heroes are moral pygmies.

Finally, Eicher presents dozens of photographs of gravestones, most of which mark the mortal remains of men unknown to history save to grieving wives, children, and parents. Therein lies the source of the "mystic chords of memories": battlefields are

sacred because their ground has been baptized with the blood of men who believed that home and hearth were worth dying for. Men such as the 4500 eager recruits who marched off to begin the war with the Stonewall Brigade. When that proud brigade led the surrender column at Appomattox four years later, it mustered only 250 survivors.

All of Eicher's objects – houses, monuments, gravestones – are witnesses to those values. "History is the funded wisdom of the past", Will Herberg wrote, and Eicher's photographs of the sacred sites of history are windows into that wisdom.

–Bryant Burroughs

Huey Long Invades New Orleans: The Siege of a City, 1934-36

by Garry Boulard

Pelican, 1998; 256 pages, \$14.95 paperback.

Huey Long was one of the most fascinating American politicians of the 1920s and 30s. The Kingfish, though often remembered as the defacto dictator of Louisiana, was a formidable presence on the national political scene. Had Long made a bid for the presidency in 1936, which was surely his plan, Huey would have probably taken three or four million votes away from FDR, thus ensuring a Republican victory. But for his assassination in 1935, Long, who was only 38 years old, would have been a figure to reckon with for years to come. Unfortunately, except for Americans who grew up during the Depression and Louisianans, Long is a forgotten figure. For example, in Paul Johnson's widely acclaimed *A History of the American People*, the Kingfish does not merit even the slightest mention.

For Americans wishing to rediscover Huey Long, an excellent starting point is Garry Boulard's *Huey Long Invades New Orleans: The Siege of a City, 1934-36*. Though focusing on a short period in the political

career of the Kingfish, Boulard's work captures the essence of Huey Long. Huey is shown to be a complicated man—ruthless, yet caring deeply about the rural poor; a brilliant political strategist, yet stubborn and inclined to take foolish risks.

In the opening pages, Boulard provides an excellent account of the emergence of the Long machine. After winning the governor's office in 1928, Huey built a massive "political patronage system that would scandalize the elite by rewarding good jobs—state jobs—to men and women loyal to him but asking in return not only their political fealty . . . but also their money. Thousands of workers gave a percentage of their salaries to Huey," which he used for personal and political use. Using this money, Long could pour enormous sums into elections. For the key elections, Long could afford to hire hundreds of drivers to carry isolated agricultural workers to the nearest ballot box and thus assure himself the votes needed to maintain control of the state.

Of course, there was resistance to the Long machine. And most of it was centered in New Orleans, a city whose cosmopolitan leaders did not care for Long, whom they saw as an upstart bumpkin from the country. However, Huey had just the solution for the recalcitrant city leaders—he declared partial martial law in the city of New Orleans. At this time, Huey was serving in the U.S. Senate, so Governor Oscar K. Allen, a figurehead at best, signed the Kingfish's proclamation. The first objective of Long's military incursion was to control the building that housed the voter registrar's office. Huey knew that the voter registration books were filled with fictitious names and that such machinations guaranteed the city fathers election-day victories. Without announcements, the state militia—taking orders directly from Long—rolled into the city and secured strategic objectives.

But Huey did not stop with the registrar's books. He called a special

session of the legislature in order to gain the "legal" authority to investigate vice in the city. According to Boulard, Long marched into the State House, "plopped down on a long wooden table a straw hit filled with nearly thirty bills he wanted to see enacted. 'I'm a taxpayer of the state and I want action,' Huey ordered. In just three days time he got what he wanted: official authorization to investigate all or any part of the city government of New Orleans, to use the state militia in any way he saw fit . . . and to overrule any decision made on any case at any time by any local district attorney, if such action was needed 'for the protection of the rights and interests of the state.'"

FDR, as a Long enemy, undoubtedly wanted to take some action to relieve the city, but was constrained by the remnants of the Constitution. Roosevelt had yet to cement the New Deal and the future servile position of the states in relation to the national government. Though a political ally of Mayor Walmsley, even FDR was powerless to stop the march of "der Kingfish."

The only thing that could stop the Kingfish was an assassin's bullet. However, Huey's death did not reverse the fact that New Orleans was firmly in the grip of the Long machine, which continued to influence the state for many years to come.

Boulard's tale of the siege of New Orleans is a real page-turner. The strong-arm tactics of Huey Long seem fictional, but the author's work is thoroughly documented to remind the reader that martial law in New Orleans was a very real event. Though modern politicians would have a difficult time building a machine as egregious as Long's, the book warns the reader of power that politicians can assemble in the name of the people.

The only foible of the book is the author's reverence of the socialist measures advocated by both Long and FDR. Huey's schemes for redistribution of wealth on a national level would have only prolonged the

Depression to a much greater degree than FDR's New Deal did as market corrections were forestalled. In the end, the poor of Louisiana would have been worse off and completely dependent upon the government for subsistence if Huey had had his way.

Boulard's political leanings, however, do not detract from what is a inimitable story of the Kingfish's fight for New Orleans. Huey Long remains one of the nation's most colorful political figures, and Boulard's book makes the time-worn colors seem just a bit brighter.

—William Watkins

Many Thousands Gone:

by Ira Berlin

The First Two Centuries of Slavery in North America.

Harvard, 1998, 512 pages, \$29.95.

For an understanding of the Atlantic-African slave trades and the origins of the peculiar institution in North America, Prof. Berlin's *Many Thousands Gone* is a must read (along with Hugh Thomas' *The Slave Trade: The Story of the Atlantic Slave Trade, 1440-1870* [New York: Simon & Schuster, 1997]). An expert in African-American history at the U. of Maryland and long-time editor of *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation, 1861-1867* (4 vols., 1982-1993), Berlin brings to the task of explaining what today seems impossible to imagine his own considerable talents as a(n)historian and a welcome objectivity. The answers he provides are thus more nuanced and perhaps not as satisfying as some would like to hear. "New World slavery," he notes, "did not have its origins in a conspiracy to dishonor, shame, brutalize, or reduce slaves on some perverse scale of humanity- - -although it did all of these at one time or another. . . ." At bottom, and the root of it all, was greed on the part of all involved (African, European, and Muslim) who sought wealth for personal and for imperial reasons.

Reflecting more recent research

including that of West African scholars, Berlin admits to black African complicity in the slave trade. Crucial in this respect were the "Atlantic Creoles" who "first emerged around the trading factories or feitorias that European expansionists established along the coast of Africa in the fifteenth century." Serving as middlemen, these European-Africans became predominant in the exchange of slaves and goods between African potentates and Europeans because of their multi-lingual talents. In time, "Atlantic Creoles" became independent traders in their own right and followed the slave trade to the Caribbean and the Americas where they continued their indispensable roles. Besides enriching themselves, this group of mixed-ancestry people also populated Iberian cities such as Seville and Lisbon. As a group apart and shunned alike by Africans and Europeans, however, "Atlantic Creoles" also suffered enslavement due to "Debt, crime, immorality or official disfavor."

Fascinating as this part of the story is (and readers can buy the book for more surprising details), Berlin has still more to tell about slavery in North America. Again we encounter the "Atlantic Creoles" this time as the first African settlers in Virginia most of whom but not all were slaves. Comprising the "charter generation" of blacks in America, these Creoles by 1670 became successful and prosperous as landowners and sometimes as slaveowners precisely (and ironically) because of their multi-culturalism (the example of Anthony Johnson of Maryland is most instructive in this regard).

Berlin's discussion of the "Atlantic Creoles" and the "charter generation" of Africans in America sets the stage for the rest of his study wherein he distinguishes between "societies with slaves" (as in early Virginia and Maryland and the North) and "slave societies" (the colonial tobacco-rice plantation system of 1670-1740 and the later cotton South

after 1800). In between was the "Revolutionary generation" of 1770-1800 and the first African-Americans or those born in North America. Thus, too, his central theme that slavery was not a static condition but an ever-changing one that varied over time and by region depending upon the origins of the enslaved, their numbers in relations to whites, and the type of agriculture that was practiced among many other factors.

Going beyond conventional formulations of "Africans to African Americans" or from "slavery to freedom," Berlin identifies instead three "distinctive experiences" that illustrate the changing nature of slavery in North America in four different regions over two centuries (the Chesapeake, the North, lowcountry S.C., Ga., and Fla., and the lower Mississippi Valley). What slavery was or was not in each of these regions varied. In general, the charter and Revolutionary generations were able to negotiate more freedom within the "peculiar institution" in terms of work, mobility, family life, material status, and even emancipation. This was not the case with the "plantation generation" of 1670-1750 also for many different reasons: after 1670 slave labor was exported directly from Africa at the same time that the staple-producing plantation system emerged with a distinctive master class. The resulting clash of new economic imperatives and alien cultures made for a "slave society" rather than "a society with slaves." Unlike the Creoles who preceded them, this second generation of slaves resisted acculturation and evolved a new African identity as one of many forms of resistance.

Accommodation, then, is the story of slavery in North America as told by Prof. Berlin. As much as "slaveholders severely circumscribed the lives of enslaved people. . .they never fully defined them. Slaves were neither extensions of their owners' will nor products of the market's demand. The slaves' history, like all

human history, was made not only by what was done to them but also by what they did for themselves." "In time, slaves reclaimed, and sometimes even enlarged, the rights they deemed customary. . . ."

If slavery varied over time, so too did African-American life and society with its rural versus urban communities, free blacks and slaves not to mention real differences between Creoles, Africans, and African Americans that made for important and lingering class distinctions. Race, according to Prof. Berlin, was not the only "marker" or maker of status. Family life, we're informed, was more stable and sustainable for the charter and Revolutionary generations because of more favorable male-to-female ratios and higher birthrates and less so for the "plantation generation" (when males outnumbered females). This disparity was the product of the plantation revolution of the 1700's and the great increase in demand for labor together with less selectivity on the part of African slave raiders. (And here began the infamous "Middle Passage" of which North America was only a marginal participant, a point that Berlin does not make explicit.)

For all the attention paid to slavery or the many different kinds of slavery, Berlin ignores the changing meanings of liberty in America and especially in France between 1776 and 1800 (and in America between 1800 and 1861). This is not an inconsiderable omission when the supposed paradox of liberty and slavery is opined and when the American reaction to the Haitian revolution is considered. Moreover, the role of European nation-states (and especially Great Britain) in creating the first plantation system is likewise slighted. (Remember, blaming George III for slavery almost got into the declaration of Independence.) With only 385,000 to 400,000 slaveowners of a White population of 7,000,000, moreover, was the cotton South of later times a plantation society?

—Kirk Wood

There's More to Life Than Politics

By William Murchison
Spence Publishing Company, 1998,
279 pages, \$22.95 cloth.

In *The World of the Polis*, the second volume of his monumental *Order and History*, Professor Eric Voeglin observes: "Tragedy as the representative action of the Athenian people had to die when the reality of Athens made heroic action incredible and the island of *Dike* [justice] was swallowed up by the sea of disorder." The loss of order in American society has been faithfully recorded decade by decade in the fiction of William Faulkner, Walker Percy and others; by thinkers like Eric Voeglin and Jacques Barzun; by many walks of life, who have not yet learned to use public opinion polls as a moral compass. Among the best of these is a country gentleman, journalist, and author from Corsicana, Texas—William Murchison. Described by liberal columnist Molly Ivins as "one of our finest seventeenth-century thinkers," Murchison is well known to many as a senior columnist for the *Dallas Morning News* and a contributing editor *Human Life Review*. A frequent contributor to *National Review*, he has also written for the *Wall Street Journal*, the *American Spectator*, *Policy Review* and *Human Events*. His *Reclaiming Morality in America*, published in 1994, warned, with prescience bordering on the prophetic, of the precipitous decline of Judeo-Christian morality and the corruption of our fundamental institutions, including the highest offices of government. There is much more in the same vein in Murchison's most recent work—*There's More to Life Than Politics*.

Murchison's prescription for disorder, contrary to the interference some may draw from the title, is neither a monastic retreat from politics nor a Stoic acceptance of inevitable collapse, but a return to politics, properly understood. "Our chief political problem," Murchison notes, "is

that we think our problems are political. They are not. Nor could they ever be." In one hundred ten commentaries published over the past fifteen years, Murchison treats of a civilization in crisis – a crisis evidenced not only in massive government debt, skyrocketing crime, falling educational standards and a holocaust of the unborn, but in the more subtle (and no less profound) decay or disappearance of decent manners, serious literature, ballroom dancing, regional culture, sportsmanship, art worthy of the name, and reverence for God and His creation.

"You will, I predict," writes Murchison's longtime friend William F. Buckley, Jr. "experience that sense of balance, of moral well being, of utilitarian certitude on reading these pieces, so happily collected and providentially published...It is nice to reflect that this will not be a last chance to read and deliberate over the work of William Murchison, but grab the opportunity when you have it."

The essays are more than a litany of gloom, a chronicle of decline, there's much that can inspire us too. His tributes to the great men and women of the conservative tradition from Edmund Burke to Russell Kirk, serve to remind us that the battle for civilization has been fought successfully, long before our time. Murchison's moving appreciation of the achievements of Whittaker Chambers, Vaclav Havel, Margaret Thatcher, and Ronald Reagan should be required reading for those young Americans who have been taught to think of the Cold War as a product of right wing paranoia. Readers of the *Southern Partisan* will find his prose portrait of Professor Melvin E. Bradford, to whom he was personally very close, as eloquent and sincere as the man he memorializes. The same sincerity and eloquence can be found in commentaries on other Murchison heroes and heroines: Mother Teresa of Calcutta, Malcolm Muggeridge, and John Paul II.

In a collection of essay entitled

“The Tragic Sense,” the write reflects on the frailty and dependence of man, despite his own vain imaginings, on a power infinitely greater than himself. The gift of hearing (which he came to value more because of partial deafness), the immense satisfaction that simple backyard labor brings, the blessing of rain, the joy of reunion with long absent friends—these connect us to the natural world in which we, as created being, as social animals, have never ceased to belong.

Religious faith or its counterfeit—political ideology—is a constant them in the writings of William Murchison. In a collection he dubs “Episcopalians and Others,” he takes on the subject with an earnestness and humility worthy of the fathers of the Church.

“The ‘Little Platoon’ to which I belong, ecclesiastically speaking, is the Episcopal Church,” he writes, “which I love more than many readers believe, given how frequently I fault its leadership and the drift of theology. The truth is, I use my branch of the one, holy, catholic, apostolic church as a figure of Christianity itself. Within our own Gothic walls are to be seen the same tensions, strifes, joys, hopes, and so on in most modern American religions.” Murchison attributes much of the malaise in our society to a crisis of faith and the modernist (with Satan as the first modern) enterprise of making the church a servant of earthly rulers rather than part of a heavenly Kingdom. He has bad news for the denominations but good news for Christians. In a 1994 editorial on Catholic-Evangelical fellowship he wrote: “Roman Catholics and evangelical Protestants the other day dropped a sledgehammer hint concerning the shape of the twenty-first century. They threw their arms around each other—figuratively first—and said henceforth in these troublous times they want to stand together, samll differences being less important than large similarities.” Murchison’s reflections on his own denominations and the problems of faith in our times are the sub-

ject of a forthcoming work. Watch the Southern Partisan for more details.

Murchison’s irrepressible humor leavens even the most somber of his reflections. My own favorites are his satirical thrusts at the self-important pashas of political correctness. The unisex military, the establishment of news media, the national Endowment for the Arts, assorted politicians, bureaucrats, and entertainment media moguls, are just a few of his favorite rhetorical snacks. For example, his delightful defense of Tex-Mex cuisine against the “sky is falling” claims of the health Nazis is grounded in a few simple truths like: “Fat makes things taste good.”

A Texan “out of the old rock” as we Texans like to say, Murchison has devoted some of his finest writing to a defense of the traditions of the Lone Star state and the South of which, he reminds us, Texas has always been a part. In “What I like About the South,” he makes a persuasive case for Southern speech: “The old way of speaking has charm and value. Language is a part of being. To talk one way is to be something that people who talk differently are not.” Many of his essays on character and education recall the lessons he learned at Robert E. Lee elementary school in Corsicana, an institution, worthy of its namesake, that instilled care “for knowledge, learning, and for the rights of others

Who would learn; for the dignity of the whole educational enterprise.”

There’s More to Life Than Politics is particularly timely for those who have labored long in the unyielding fields of American politics and see more tares than wheat. Murchison’s work is not a cry of despair. Nor does it echo the breezy sophistry of many kennel-fed conservatives who tell us: “the stock market is fine, so what’s the problem.” It is reflects some very serious thinking, courageously articulated, about the kind of people we are and are likely to become. As we choose, so will our destiny be.

—Charles Goolsby

To Die in Chicago: Confederate Prisoners at Camp Douglass

by George Levy
Pelican, 1999, 432 pages, \$29.95.

The dead are buried somewhere in Chicago and there are over 4,000 of them—that much we know. Treatment was just as harsh in most other Northern prison camps—worse in Elmira. But at least they keep better track of the corpses produced. Here at Camp Douglas things were done Chicago—style.

Beginning in August of 1864, they started burying the small pox cases right on the Douglas Estate. But over 3,300 others ended up six miles north in the pauper’s section of what was then the old city cemetery. It is now Lincoln Park. Some of the dead may still be there but the graves were shallow, the water—table high. Many washed out into the lake. Many others were probably dumped into the lake—the contractors were getting \$1.50 per body, and nobody was looking.

When the old cemetery was closed after the war, the bodies were moved to Oak Woods Cemetery, some five miles South of the camp. Due to the confusion and possible corruption involved (the contract was awarded to a Chicago Alderman and his brother) nobody can say for sure how many dead Confederates are really resting at Oak Woods.

We know this—they have a noble monument, made appropriately enough of Georgia marble, and erected to their honor in 1895 by the Ex-Confederate Soldiers Association of Chicago. President Cleveland attended the ceremonies on Memorial Day. Then, as now, there were those who complained about the presence of a Confederate war memorial in the belly of the Windy City.

George Levy, the author of *To Die in Chicago*, is an amateur historian who attended the University of Chicago. Back in the 1860’s, the main hall of the University used to be right across the road from the pest house

at Camp Douglas. The camp itself rested in part on property originally owned by the famous Illinois Senator whose name it bears.

Levy has done a wonderful job of pulling together obscure and disparate sources to illuminate as best he can a dark and all but forgotten corner of Chicago history.

His study emphasizes just how much of the suffering at Camp Douglas was really unnecessary. The men suffered miserably from a lack of anti-scorbutics but fresh fruit and vegetables were plentiful in near-by Chicago markets. There was an acute shortage of blankets—an item the federals could have easily provided for. But such shortages were no accident—they were imposed by camp commanders as punishment for escape attempts.

Much unnecessary suffering was also caused by the federal military prison system, which rewarded camp commanders who kept the budgets low. The easiest way to do this was to cut the prisoners' rations.

At times, the men were reduced to catching rats – and eating dogs. There is one grimly amusing anecdote concerning some prisoners who captured a small terrier belonging to a guard, killed it, cooked it, and made soup from the bones. When a reward notice was posted by the guard for the return of his pet, some unknown poet wrote beneath, "For lack of bread/ The dog is dead/ For want of meat/ The dog was eat."

But it was the cold weather that proved the great killer, as deaths from small pox, pneumonia, and typhoid mounted when "the hawk was on the wing" over Lake Michigan. Writes the author

"In November 1864, the death toll was 217, another 323 died in December, 308 in January, 1865, and 243 more answered the long roll in February. The loss of 1,091 lives in only four months was the heaviest for any like period in the camp's history, and equaled the deaths at Andersonville from February to May, 1864."

Camp Douglas grew to house over 7,800 prisoners by 1862, making it the largest of the federal prison camps. But it was then emptied briefly that year by the Dix-Hill Cartel, a complicated prisoner exchange agreement negotiated with the Confederacy. It reverted to a prison camp in 1863 when General Grant's victories began to swell the ranks of captured Secesh.

In February of 1863, all prisoners willing to take an Oath of Allegiance to the Union were offered amnesty. But there were few takers at Camp Douglas; and those who did had to be protected from the wrath of the other prisoners by being removed to special barracks.

Escape attempts, on the other hand, were frequent. Usually, however, the escapees were caught and returned in short order. They were often lured by the flesh-pots of State Street, and collared while boasting of their exploits in some Chicago tavern. On one occasion, recaptured Rebels had found time to file a complaint against a taxi driver who had overcharged them. Nothing changes in Chicago.

In 1864, there was an aborted attempt to free the prisoners from the outside, led by a former Confederate officer in Canada, Henry Thomas Hines. The camp commander, Benjamin Sweet, saw a chance to make a name for himself by using the pretext of a vast conspiracy to arrest many innocent Chicago civilians, including a former mayor; all of whom were tried by Mr. Lincoln's military courts in a blatantly unconstitutional procedure.

There was, of course, a "deadline" at Camp Douglas, as at all major camps, north and south. For many years after the war, federal authorities denied this, preferring to have the public associate this grim resort exclusively with Andersonville. This was but one of the manifestations of a national amnesia which was continued down to the present time, and which Mr. Levy's carefully document-

ed study has served to dispell. As Lonnie Speer has observed in his own study of the prison camps, Portals to Hell, the North has been thoroughly hypocritical on this topic. And men suffered with much less excuse in the North, because the resources to take better care of the prisoners were abundantly available to Mr. Lincoln's government, as they were not to the South. Moreover, it was the North, at the urging of General Grant, that decided to end prisoner exchanges, in order to take maximum advantage of its superiority in manpower.

In 1941, some miserable old shacks were found still serving as tenements to some slum-dwellers in the Cottage Grove area. They were said to have been Camp Douglas barracks. Now even they are gone; and the Camp is consigned to oblivion beneath the apartment complexes and parking lots of south side Chicago. The camp lives now only in memory. But this is one old Copperhead who does not forget.

—David Wade



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HUMOR

MR. GREENSPAN NEEDS SOME SOUTHERNIZING...

BY TED ROBERTS

I wish Alan Greenspan lived in my home town. That way he'd know that the Winn Dixie grocery chain, last week, was selling chicken leg quarters for 29-cents a pound. That ain't exactly inflationary. Consequently, when the Federal Reserve Board meets again:

- A. Mr. Greenspan and his pals won't touch the button marked "mash to raise rates."
- B. The stock market will retain its boisterous health.
- C. I might be able to afford that dark blue Camaro my wife says is "too juvenile" for a semi balding senior citizen whose weight is beginning to affect his gas mileage.

Twenty-nine cents a pound for chicken parts is pretty impressive, but the record low price was struck September 22, 1997 at 8:30 a.m. I was enjoying a cup of coffee (Folgers French Roast, \$3.89 a can) as I surfed our local paper. Suddenly, there it was at my feet, half hidden by the Sports and Business Sections, but illuminated by a sunbeam – the Food World ad.

"CHICKEN LEG QUARTER 19-CENTS A POUND," it announced. And you don't even have to pluck the feathers. You did have to buy a ten-pound bag, said that ad. Fair enough. Who wouldn't want twenty chicken dinners for a buck ninety? At that price it's cheaper than canned cat food, which goes for almost a dime an ounce.

Never, in my twenty-year old collection of leg quarter stats, had I seen such a bombshell. The previous

record (not noted in the news or editorial section of ONE American newspaper at the time) was 29 cents.

Yes, I'm a leg quarter freak. I'm out of the pantry and I'm proud. Carloadings, trade balance, warehouse inventories, short interest and CEO dismissals are intriguing stats, but give me chicken parts every time as prosperity gauge.

So no matter that 15 million Americans, say the American Nasal Association, have difficulty breathing out of both nostrils simultaneously. And forget the fact that another 3 million of us suffer from Split Toenail Syndrome. Somewhere, bands are playing and somewhere children shout because drumsticks—stewed, fried, baked, or barbecued—are only 19-cents a pound.

And guess what five pounds of chicken for a buck says about the Consumer Price Index. We're not talking trivia like popsicles in Peoria or ear muffs in Miami. We're talking chicken—a universal filler for American tummies. Can you imagine Mr. Greenspan (who's probably a devotee of leg quarters stewed down with onions and carrots) raising rates in the face of this deflator? Picture the roll call of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors—each member, hand in air waving a fried chicken drumstick, voting to let the marketplace establish the price of money.

How has this stomach stuffer—this supper staple—dodged that devil, inflation? As a twenty something husband in the 50's trying to put chicken on my family table, I can't recall such a price. And I was at least as sensitive to our grocery bill as I was to my mother-in-law's birthday. The business of growing, processing, and delivering drumsticks to the consumer has blossomed over those four decades" on a par, I'd say with that or the computer industry, which has also slain inflations. The tool is the same—technology.

To those careless economic analysts who stroll through life ignoring chicken leg quarters, let me point out

that there are "A" and "B" leg quality quarters. These were "A's", explained the Food World meat manager, meaning they had more white meat, less back attached to the drumsticks. And endearingly amenable to the same treatment as filet mignon, quail, and Long Island duckling. A handful of onions, a clove of garlic, a dusting of flour, a couple soup spoons of cheap red wine and a little imagination puts you at a Michelin 5-star eatery—without tip and a snooty, palms up Maitre D. Go Ahead—pick any one of the four chairs at your kitchen table. You'll be the envy of a billion or inhabitants of Asia and Africa who get their protein from fishmeal or locusts.

When the Federal Reserve board meets again, what if each place at the table is graced with a big plate of coq au vin (featuring you know which cut) and a stack of grocery ad featuring chicken leg quarters. Think they'll raise rates?

...AND SO DO OUR KIDS

BY TED ROBERTS

Way back when, at the pink dawn of the 20th Century, there was a Golden Age of Parenthood. It lasted in the South for three or four decades. Parents spoke and kids listened. Most importantly, the great bustling world outside of the home echoed the species of Mama and Papa. Unruly kids were rare. Their disobedience showed up in colored shoelaces and refusal to eat spinach. It was a Golden Age.

Politicians, oblivious to the dangers of chicken pox, measles, and mumps, courageously kissed any youngster they could catch. But they hadn't yet adopted Our Kids as rhetorical piñatas. "Our Kids" were still our kids and families thrived like the sunflowers along the back fence.

After supper, Pop assumed the duties of bedtime storyteller supported by his allies, the Sandman and

"Fifty Famous Stories," a mix of classic myths and historical vignettes; each with a character-building moral.

He camped beside the child's bed; his pale blue copy of "Fifty Famous Stories" opened to, say, "King Alfred and the Cakes" or "Androcles and the Lion" or Damon and Pythias.

"King Alfred and the Cakes" was clearly in the top ten favorites list. The king suffers a defeat by the pagan Danes who have turned Britain into a playground for ram-bunctious Vikings. Dazed and desolate, separated from his entourage, Alfred finds shelter in a peasant's hut. The man of the house is out chopping wood or setting traps or whatever unemployed peasants did with large blocks of spare time before the Internet was available to consume whole afternoons. The wife is baking some biscuits. "Watch the cakes," she tells the weary king, "while I tend to my outdoor chores."

But cakes take second place to the king's imperial dreams. Alfred drifts off to a troubled sleep. The cakes burn. The peasant's wife returns to a cottage full of smoke and blackened scones that pigs would reject. This abject commoner lays into the king. "You foolish man, you've burned our supper." She says this to the king!! He humbly listens and learns. He does not say; "It depends on what you mean by burned. Maybe caramelized, crusty, and crispy, but not burned!". The moral: Nobody looks down on the law. Even kings have responsibilities to the lowest of their subjects.

Then there's "Androcles and the Lion". Equally topical. An escaped slave befriends a beast—a lion tortured by a thorn in his paw. The slave, full of pity, approaches the snarling beast and performs thornectomy. Later, the slave is recaptured—condemned to the arena where he has an appointment with a starved beast. Guess who? Yes, that same grateful lion who licks that slave up and down;

not like a lamp chop, but a friend. The emperor, moved by this affectionate relationship, grants their freedom. The awed spectator stare as the mixed-species pair leave the arena hand in hand; so to speak. Moral: Kindness is repaid. Don't be afraid to help a stranger. You'll both benefit even if he's of another species.

"Cornelia and Her Jewels" has a lesson for both storyteller and listening child. Cornelia, a matron, is poor but hangs with rich pals whose fingers, arms, and necks ache with weight of their jewelry. One day as the ladies are having a cup of tea in Cornelia's shabby home, spitefulness prevails over friendship.

"Cornelia," says one of her pseudo-pals, "where are YOUR jewels?"

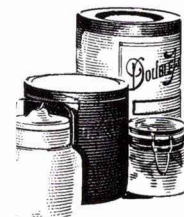
"Just a minute," responds the modest matron. She leaves the room. The hens cackle in her absence. She reappears in the doorway—her arms around her three beautiful children. "These are my jewels," says Cornelia with dewy eyes. Moral: Down with materialism. First things first. And for the little listener, there's a second moral; you are a great value to Mom.

Another best seller is "Damon and Pythias". A cruel tyrant imprisons an innocent and decrees a date for his execution. But Damon, the doomed, pleads for a final farewell to his mother who lives in a faraway land. The king, Mr. Big-Heart, allows Pythias, Damon's friend, to stand in for him. "If you don't return at the appointed hour, Pythias takes that Headman's stroke," cautions that tyrant. It's a done deal. Damon sails to see Mom.

The fatal day arrives, but Damon has been delayed by a storm. His proxy is unperturbed, confident. The reader should not be nervous. Happy endings abound like virtues in Fifty Famous Stories. Damon, of course, returns at the 11th hour; just as the executioner is testing his aim with a ripe melon. The king, touched to the heart by such friendship, is spiritually reborn and releases the devoted pair. "My kingdom for such friend-

ship," he cries. Not so subtle morals: Love your Mama and your friends. Friendship means never having to apologize because you're late; friendship is better than megabucks; and goodness is the alchemist that morphs the evil heart. Fifty Famous Stories, where are you when we need you?

Alabamian Ted Roberts is paid to be funny.



SOUTHERN COOKING

BY SALLIE JEAN

SUMMER TREATS

Summer means barbecues, and barbecues mean kids—swarms of them, playing softball in the backyard, tromping on the azaleas, climbing trees, swinging on tire swings, and all manner of mischief. I don't mind that so much. But when you're entertaining the last thing you want is having to prepare different menus—one for the adults and one for the kids. The good news is you don't have to. There are plenty of good foods that cross the generation gap. In fact, with these recipes you might find yourself less concerned with making sure the kids eat their dinner than with keeping your more jovial neighbors from being a bit too free and easy with the bourbon bottle.

One way to keep the bourbon bottle under control—and give the parents some much needed relaxation—is to whip up some *Stone Fences*. Simply mix three-quarters apple juice to one-quarter, or less, Jack Daniels, stir, and *voila*. But be wary: too many of these and your neighbors will be drooped over your stone fences.

A good starter to rouse tastebuds is *Sultry Savannah Sweet Potato Chips*. Slice 2 pounds peeled sweet potatoes in 1/8 inch slices; then deep fry them in several inches of oil, until chips are lightly browned.

Serve the chips with *Charleston Chutney Dip*. Combine 1/3 cup mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons mustard, 1/2 cup mango chutney, and a dash of ever-handy Tabasco sauce.

Hush Puppy Pizza

Crust: In a medium bowl, combine 1 1/3 cup pie crust mix with 2/3 cup hush puppy mix. Add 4-5 Tbs. Cold water gradually until the mixture clings together and can be rolled into a ball. Press dough into a lightly greased 12 inch pizza pan.

Topping: Sauté 1/2 cup onion, 1 Tbs. crushed garlic and 2 cups cooked, flaked catfish in olive oil. Add 1 cup crushed tomatoes, then spread mixture over crust. Sprinkle 1 1/2 cups shredded cheese. Bake in a preheated 400 degree oven 20-25 minutes.

Memphis Marinated Skewers

Cut 2 pounds beef, chicken, or firm white fish into chunks. Mix together 2 Tbs. dry sherry and 2 cloves minced garlic. Add the beef, chicken, or fish and stir until it is thoroughly drenched in the sauce, then let marinate at least 2 hours. If you prefer pork, marinate in 1 cup pineapple juice and 2-3 Tbs. soy sauce. Arrange the meat on skewers with assorted vegetables—chunks of onion and sweet peppers, large mushrooms, cherry tomatoes, zucchini, or even slices of apple or pineapple. Grill or broil, coating with additional marinade at least once as they are turned on the grill or broiler.

Chattanooga Bread Pudding

Spread 10 slices of bread with butter and layer in a greased casserole with 1/2 pound shredded Monterey Jack cheese. Beat together 3 eggs and 2 cups milk and pour over bread and cheese. Refrigerate for several hours or even overnight. Bake at 350

degrees for 45 minutes.

For the grand finale, *Grandma's Glory* has just the right combination of simplicity and sophistication to appeal to all generations. It's a layered cake that offers kid-like fun, with adult-like taste.

Layer 1: Blend together 1 cup flour, 1 cube butter and 1/2 cup chopped pecans and press in a 9 by 13 inch pan. Bake at 350 for 25 minutes until lightly browned.

Layer 2: Mix together 8 oz. Cream cheese, 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 cup Cool Whip. Spread over first layer.

Layer 3: Beat together 3 cups cold milk, 1 large package *instant* vanilla pudding and 1 small chocolate or other flavor pudding. Spread over layer 2

Layer 4: Spread 1 cup Cool Whip and garnish with coconut, chocolate sprinkles, fresh fruit or any other fun topping. Chill well and enjoy!

If after all that, the kids aren't happy as June Bugs and the adults aren't yapping contentedly on the porch swings—you can always have recourse to the last resort. Snap in your old Elvis CDs and dance in the glow of the bug lights. ☺

Sallie Jean makes a house a home somewhere in Virginia.



SOUTHERN MOTORSPORTS

SPORTS IS LIFE

BY BILL LAMKIN

When I was a young man, my father was a coach and teacher, and there was one phrase he repeated often regarding the fairness of the Sports world: On any given day on any given field, any given team can win. I

have wrestled with that saying for years, often after suffering a defeat. But, I agree. If a team or man can qualify for the match, he is qualified to win. The secret is the qualification process: hard work, perseverance, determination, and self-discipline. You can't help but admire and respect the Rainbow Warriors for their perseverance which is symbolized in their motto: *Refuse to Lose*.

Equality in the competition is why we love NASCAR. Each week (except for the observance of two holy days: Easter and Mother's Day) we see 50 teams fighting furiously for 43 competitive slots and the key to success is self-discipline and determination. No other sport that displays equality among its competitors and the rules of competition better.

You say, "Lamkin, you are insane. Haven't you seen how the sport is dominated by a few drivers and teams?" Yes, I have. But haven't you seen the 43 qualifiers at each Winston Cup event? Those men are each driving fairly-equal machines; inside and out. They each must attempt to overcome the same obstacles. Based simply on the data, Mark Martin and Dave Marcis have almost the same equipment. One can just do more with his equipment than the other. The playing field is somewhat level and the reward is not based on anything other than who crossed the finish line first.

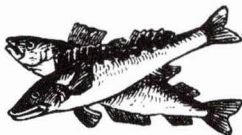
On the Winston Cup Circuit, the action is quick, even spine-tingling. The results of the first half the season has been more varied than expected before the first green flag dropped at Daytona. Just about everyone expected Jeff Gordon to pick up in 1999 where he left off in 1998. Daytona gave the impression that the Rainbow Warriors simply pressed the pause button at the end of 1998. But, Mr. Gordon has not had the season he was expected to have as he blasted through 1999. Even though, he has won 3 races, young Jeffrey is not number one in the points. 1999 has been a feast of famine for #24. When Jeff has not won, he has been closer to the rear or even failing to finish due to

a collision. At Talladega, when Dale Earnhardt sliced through the field, Jeff Gordon was struggling to put his front fenders and right-side door back on his car. Many fans are excited; even ecstatic that another Jeff is sitting atop the points chart (Jeff Burton).

Speaking of Dale Earnhardt. He has amazed crowds yet again. After finishing second at Daytona and having adequate showings following, the Intimidator crushed his competition at Talladega. Did you see the last 40 laps? The master carved and twisted his Monte Carlo through the pack as if they were all standing still. In corners three-wide, Dale slipped and slid past others with the grace and style of an ice-skater. Then, he drafted in behind the leaders only to scare their pants off as he loosened their rears (of the cars) and took the wind off their spoilers. This Renoir of the Raceway proved to the racing world that he has all the tricks of the trade and is not about to give up his position to anyone.

As said earlier, 1999 is a more exciting year than 1998. The prof is in the passing. After 10 races there are 7 different winners. After the same 10 races in 1998 there were only six different victors. That is no the real proof of a more exciting season. The proof is the varied finishers in the top 10. It seems that each races produces a different top 10. Already Ward Burton has battled to the top along with rookie Tony Stewart and veterans Michael Waltrip and Kyle Petty while the expected top-tenners have been found floundering in the middle of the pack. Just like my Daddy said, On any given day, on any given field (track), any given team can win. And, they do. NASCAR is the fairest sport we know. Find out for yourself. For more information and up-to-date results log on to www.nascar.com or www.irace.com. ☺

Bill Lamkin is pastor of Linden Presbyterian Church in Linden, Alabama.



PARTISAN OUTDOORS

THE SOUTH'S NATIVE BY JIM MCCAFFERTY

Each summer for the past six years my family and several others have left the hot, humid coastal plain climate of Jackson, Mississippi, for a week in the cool highlands at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. This summer, we'll do it again. Early in our week at Junaluska, one or two of the other daddies and I will take a crew of children to one of the several pay-to-fish ponds in the area. The one we usually patronize is run by a crotchety old rustic in a pair of overalls who insists on baiting my hook [when I'm helping one of the younger children fish], constantly corrects my fishing technique, and generally treats me as if I never held a fishing rod in my life. He makes not the slightest effort to veil his contempt for my obvious angling incompetence.

That's okay. His pond is filled with fat trout in the one to two pound range. And they're cheaper than the ones at the grocery store. The children have a good time, and we leave with enough fish to grill for the week. But, tasty as they are, they're rainbows. Not *real* southern trout.

When it comes to nature, you see, I'm regio-centric. Call me parochial, call me xenophobic, call me a fortress-America-Pat-Buchananite, but I prefer native plant and animal species to transplanted ones. I'd rather see Dixie's trees draped with creeper and muscadine than shrouded in Asian kudzu; I prefer gray foxes to the imported red; and I find the ruffed-grouse more pleasing than the rooster-like pheasant with its barnyard plumage. Promiscuous transplantation of the rainbow trout particularly

peeves me.

Many southerners who have fished for rainbows in the Ozarks or in the Mountains of Tennessee or North Carolina would probably be surprised to learn that rainbows are not native to the those states, nor are they native anywhere east of the Mississippi River. No trout, in fact, are native to Arkansas or Missouri, and the native trout of the southern Appalachians is the eastern brook trout.

Though a member of the trout and salmon family, the brook trout is not a member of the same genus as the rainbow, and, technically, is not a *trout* at all, but a *char*, a trout-like fish that includes the lake trout, the Dolly Varden trout, and the Arctic char.

Also known as brookie or speckled trout or speck, the brook trout was historically found in the South only in the streams of the southern Appalachians. Unlike true trout, which are covered with black spots, the brookie is decorated with wavy, mottled markings on its back and dorsal fins. Its caudal, anal, and tail fins are marked with white. Bright red spots, ringed with blue, add color to the brookie's sides. During their fall spawning season, the male fish sport streaks of brilliant red or orange. Few would deny that they are among the loveliest fish that swim.

The world record brook trout, caught in Ontario in 1916, weighed 14 pounds, eight ounces [actually it tied the unofficial record caught by arch-Yankee Senator Daniel Webster in the early 1800's, but that's another story]. Generally, brookies rarely grow to more than two or three pounds. In the southern Mountains, a pound would be a very big specimen. Old photographs from Cades Cove, Tennessee, taken in the late 1800's, indicate that the Smoky Mountain brookies didn't run much bigger then than they do today. Still, their readiness to take a bait, combined with their excellently flavored yellowish meat [tastier than the pinkish-fleshed rainbow], made them very popular with the mountaineers.

Unfortunately, brookies didn't offer enough excitement for some fish-

ermen or for some government game and fish experts. Beginning after the War, other species—most notably the rainbow [native to the Rocky Mountains] and the brown trout [native to Europe and the British Isles]—were introduced into southern waters. During the depression, WPA workers stocked rainbows in the North Carolina and Tennessee mountains with a vengeance. The non-native fish reproduced and migrated throughout the watersheds of the southern Appalachians.

Rainbows and browns typically grow much larger than the average brookie. The dainty little native fish were no match for those brawny imports. The intruders bested the brookies in the competition for what little food existed in the relatively infertile mountain streams, often even dining on the brookies themselves. The brilliant little brook trout all but disappeared from the south's mountain streams where he once was prince of fishes.

About the only places you can still find the colorful little specks are in the upper reaches of streams that were too remote for stocking. Even then, you must find a stretch of the stream above a waterfall too steep to be negotiated by the vaulting rainbow. But when you find such a place, it is typically an eden of mountain laurel and hemlock and poplar, where cool breezes and cool currents drive away the heat of even the hottest summer day. And best of all, the crowd that prefers "exciting" fishing usually lacks the energy to walk into such a hidden mountain cove. More often than not, you'll have that little Appalachian jewel, the brook trout, all to yourself—at least until I show up. ☸

Jim McCafferty (we mistakenly called him "Bill" in the last issue) practices environmental law in Jackson, Mississippi. He's still waiting for some hospitable Southern Partisan flyfisherman to invite him on a brook trip.



DEVOUTLY SPEAKING

LIFE AND DEATH

BY ROBERT P. HILLDRUP

There is a religion and there is belief and both combine in how we see and meet death in the South.

A short while ago, in the cemetery of a white-framed North Carolina country church, my wife and I listened in pain and embarrassment and sadness as young preacher, practicing religion, conducted what surely must have been a first funeral. Young preachers, like many of us who are older, tend to talk too much and say too little. This young Duke student was no exception. But in Methodism, when your church is small and rural, you have little leverage in what the bishop sends you and after all, even preachers have to start somewhere.

The funeral was that of a farmer, a member of that church, a man who had grown old and weak and weary in body, mind and spirit. Two days earlier, he had blown a kiss to his wife as she left for work, written a short note of pain and love, and gone into the backyard and put his shotgun in his mouth. He died less than 100 feet from where he had been born more than 70 years earlier.

His wife found the body. In a pen nearby, the dog that had hunted generations of quail with that same man and under that same shotgun, went into his kennel and refused to come out. Of such things are griefs made.

Within minutes, it seemed, the entire community knew of the death and neighbors gathered. The 82-year-old black farmer from across the road stood in the yard near the body and

tears dripped from his chin and fell quietly into the dirt. "I feel like I did when I lost my own boy," he said.

I was reminded, upon hearing of his words, of how another man spoke on the occasions of another death as recounted by Will Percy many years ago in *Lanterns on the Levee*—"The roof is gone from over my head and the floor from under my feet."

How succinct, how fitting.

The young preacher, meanwhile, scrambled Scripture and reminded everyone four times what the family could never forget: that their friend and husband and brother had died a suicide. I sat there and thought that sometimes we worship silence best with silence. It is something the Quakers understand, and so did the Trappists in the days before Thomas Merton. But preachers too must learn...

I looked, too, for the cows. It is something one expects at times at a Southern country funeral. The pasture abutted the cemetery and the last time I had been there the cows had come and stood against the barbed wire, and looked at the mourners and no doubt wondered, What strange gathering is this? But today, the cows did not come and the young preacher stumbled on.

And yet all things end, even funerals. In time, the earth was sprinkled on the casket and the mourners adjourned to the church. It was time to eat, and the bounty poured forth: real barbecue and country ham, cakes and pies and pastries, collards and field peas, fried chicken whose skin crunched and crackled in the mouth. There were prayers of grace and prayers of thanksgiving for the life of the departed. Tears and laughter flowed in equal proportion. Both bodies and souls were fed. It is one of the things that blesses Southern funerals. At my mother-in-law's death we learned how to cook a ham in a new and different way I'd never believed to be possible and I met a vinegar pecan pie my wife cooks to this day.

I looked out through the window and the casket was being lowered into

the grave and a backhoe was moving red clay quickly to fill the hole. The headstones surround the raw new soil bore the names of the dead man: his father, his mother, his grand parents. He had come home, and so had we. Inside the church hall, glasses of sweet tea were refilled for the last time. In a sense it was over, and in a sense it had all just begun.

Thank God, I thought, that even a man who suffered as did this one could at least die where friends would take him home and he could lie in the bosom of their love. He had returned to the soil from which he had come, and for a Southerner that is no bad thing. He had done his best and so, I guess, had the young preacher. ☘

Robert P. Hilldrup is a resident of Short Pump, a suburb of Richmond, VA.



NEWS FROM MUSIC CITY

COUNTRY OLD AND NEW

BY GEN. JON RAWL, CSA
(Country Singing Authority)

- Joe Diffie will wed a Blue Belly. That's Blue Belly as in policewoman, as opposed to Yankee soldier. The singer recently popped the question to his girlfriend, Theresa Crump, a former police officer. The wedding is slated for spring 2000.

- Oklahoma native Garth Brooks' next venture involves his film production company Red Strokes. The multi-faceted company will produce a film, *The Lamb*, and a new pop album recorded by the film's fictional pop/rock superstar, Chris Gaines (actually Garth). Don Was has produced the col-

lection of Gaines' greatest hits from the '80s and '90s. There is no word regarding Garth's possible role in the film. Capitol Records' Pat Quigley commented, "It's exactly what you'd expect from Garth Brooks-the unexpected."

- Fellow Okie Reba McEntire was recently honored by the Salvation Army as one of five outstanding Americans during an event hosted by Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows. The Oklahoma redhead also had a \$2 million research chair named in her honor at the Oklahoma Children's Hospital. Confederate Cherokee General Stand Watie would be proud!

- In other Reba news...the singer and part-time businesswoman will help build a hotel on Nashville's Music Row. McEntire and her husband/manager Narvel Blackstock's Starstruck Entertainment Company will team up with the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company. Slated for its opening in 2001, the new hotel will hopefully revitalize the Music Row area that's recently become less inviting to tourists, due to several businesses competing with Nashville's new downtown success.

- The Dixie Chicks will follow their 18 dates on the (sold out) George Strait Country Music Festival with 16 dates with Tim McGraw. The Lonestar gals are also playing dates on the Lilith Fair tour with Cheryl Crow. The Chicks leave Dixie for Australia in October.

- Funnyman Shel Silverstein, noted poet, author and songwriter, died May 10 at his home in Key West, Florida, of an apparent heart attack. In addition to the books of rhyming poems for children (*The Giving Tree*) and adults which have sold an estimated 14 million, Silverstein also wrote country songs, most notably, Johnny Cash's "A Boy Named Sue." He was 66.

- Billy Ray Cyrus has a starring role in *Radical Jack*; a movie scheduled to begin filming soon. Cyrus will play the role of Jack Reynolds, a gun-runner in cahoots with the CIA. The film, set in the Iran-Contra period, will be released straight to video.

- Ty England ("Should Have Asked Her Faster") has signed with

Capitol Records Nashville. Ty was the college roommate of a young Garth Brooks back in the early '80s at Oklahoma State University.

- "The Tennessee Plowboy," Eddy Arnold, recently announced that he is hanging up his guitar. The announcement was made from Las Vegas, where the 81-year-old country music legend was performing at the Orleans Hotel. Arnold topped the country charts from the 1940s through the '60s with hits like "Make The World Go Away." He was inducted into The Country Music Hall of Fame in 1966, was named CMA's Entertainer Of The Year in 1967, and received the Academy of Country Music's Pioneer Award in 1985.

- Collin Raye and his 14-year-old son Jacob attended the funeral of professional wrestler Owen Hart who recently fell to his death after a cable snapped that was lowering the wrestling star into the ring. Jacob, who was once invited into the ring by Hart and presented one of the professional wrestling trophies as a gift, is a huge fan of Hart's and the World Wrestling Foundation. Collin and Jacob had attended several of Hart's matches.

- After a visit to California, legendary crooner Janie Fricke ("Easy To Please") came back to her Texas ranch home to unfortunately find out that it had been bombarded by thieves. The rascals took Fricke's pink Ovation guitar, various CMA and ACM awards, Gold and Platinum albums, and lots of jewelry. Police later located the guitar at a Dallas pawnshop.

- Kix Brooks wanted to do something a little different. So the star hopped on his SeaDoo and hit the Cumberland River in Nashville. In one day, the crazy half of Brooks & Dunn made it all the way to the Ohio River at Paducah, Kentucky. When he's not racing down the river on his watercraft, Kix likes to join partner Ronnie on land and accelerate his Legends racing car. ☘

Jon Rawl lives near the battlefield in Franklin, Tennessee.

Congressman Lindsey Graham

Congressman Lindsey Graham was elected to the Congress in the Republican revolution of 1994. Since that time he has held true to his conservative principles as one of the firebrands striving to hold the Washington crowd's feet to the fire. When the House of Representatives approved Articles of Impeachment against the president, it was no surprise that they turned to Lindsey Graham as one of the men to make the case for honor and the rule of law.



Southern Partisan: *Congressman Graham, I appreciate you taking a few minutes to talk to us.*

Graham: Yes, sir. Glad to do it.

Southern Partisan: *Can you tell us a little bit about yourself, about your upbringing?*

Graham: I was born and raised in Central, South Carolina. I come from a family of small business people. I'm the first in my family to go to college. I graduated from Daniel High School and went to the University of South Carolina. I wanted to be a fighter pilot, but my hearing was bad, so I couldn't

do that. Then, I started thinking about the law and went into law school, followed by six years on active duty in the Air Force. When I got out, I came back to South Carolina to practice law. I served one term in the South Carolina Statehouse. Our congressional seat came open in 1994 and I jumped in there and never looked back.

Southern Partisan: *What was your role in the Air Force?*

Graham: I was a Judge Advocate—a JAG officer. I was a defense counsel at Shaw Air Force Base for about a year or so, working

for the base legal office. Then I was a prosecutor in Europe based in Rheinmeim, Germany. Three other men and I were the Chief Prosecutors for the European Theater. I went all over the European Theater doing general court martials and officer cases. My job was to prosecute the high profile cases and train people in local base offices as prosecutors. It was a lot of fun, a lot of experience, lot of time in the courtroom.

Southern Partisan: *What would you say was your most interesting law case?*

Graham: Oh, it would be hard to pick any single case. I've handled a lot of murder cases: I had one that went on for weeks and weeks. I handled some espionage cases while I was over there in Germany. They were very interesting. I think the ones you remember the most are the ones with the emotion, that have human drama in them. I tried a lot of cases involving uniquely military topics, like espionage, and fraternization. Improper relationships between an officer and enlisted people, that's a problem and always has been... always will be. The Air Force has to take a hard line on this. You have to keep your personal life and your professional life separate. That whole experience, with a variety of cases that really challenged me as a lawyer.

Southern Partisan: You mentioned that you prosecuted some espionage cases. What's your read on our situation with China now?

Graham: It's bad. It's exceedingly bad in the last few years. The Clinton Administration ignored a lot of warnings. The problem is, they were heavily courting campaign donations from Asian business leaders connected to the Chinese Army and American businesses who wanted to do business with the Chinese in high tech sales. And they bent a lot of rules for these people and to say that that did not lower the guard would be illogical. The Clinton Administration's guard was down toward China because they were courting Asian money directly. I think this is one of the bleakest periods of our history. The President's behavior toward Asian money connections is questionable at best, and we need to have an accounting so that history will know what happened and we can get some answers.

Southern Partisan: What action needs to be taken now that the cows are out of the barn?

Graham: The people who allowed this to occur need to pay a price. Attorney General Janet Reno was asleep at the switch. There were FBI

reports about the nuclear research labs at Los Alamos, New Mexico, that were ignored. National Security Advisor Sandy Berger had information about compromises that were not vigorously pursued. People who were involved in allowing our national security to be compromised to this extent should be held accountable.

Southern Partisan: These offenses, as you've describe them, are very serious: would you dare call it treason?

Graham: Treason is a legal term. I'm not saying that the President took money and sold secrets. What I'm saying is, the President had an aggressive campaign toward fundraising with people who should have set off alarm bells. Three shell companies were formed by the Chinese Army that funneled money to the Democratic National Committee. The guard was down. Signals about compromises were ignored. It was a let's-live-for-today-and-get-re-elected-and-worry-about-tomorrow-later attitude, which is something that needs to be dealt with. Negligence, irresponsibility, and just a total lack of regard for the consequences is the problem.

Southern Partisan: Do you see a solution for us to get out of it?

Graham: Well, you know, just beef up security at the labs would be a start. And any time a political party wants to court money from our potential adversaries, we should come down hard on them.

Southern Partisan: You've gotten quite a lot of press lately here for your role as one of the House impeachment managers. How did you get selected for that duty?

Graham: Well, Rep. Henry Hyde (R-Illinois) asked me, among others, if we would serve in that capacity and I said yes. I've been a prosecutor before and I've done a lot of courtroom work. Myself, Jim Rogan (R-California), Asa Hutchinson (R-Arkansas), and few other guys had had trial experience. So, this was a request from Henry Hyde.

Southern Partisan: The Senate, despite what seemed like pretty strong evidence, decided to acquit. Why do you think they went that way?

Graham: Impeachment is legal, but also political. The political aspect of this case was high poll numbers for the President. That was a bar that we never could overcome. The public, in many ways, had written off his sexual escapades because the media had spun it as unimportant. But the truth is, if a Republican President had engaged in similar conduct while being a defendant in a lawsuit, I would vote to impeach and ask him to resign. To me it was about the rule of law. But, to get some votes from the Democratic side of the aisle we would have had to change the poll numbers, and without being able to call any witnesses we couldn't do that. Public lack of interest was also a problem because a bunch of lawyers talking to each other is not nearly as interesting as following testimony.

So, a combination of things would never allow us to overcome the political dynamic of strong poll numbers. Those who watched the trial closely and looked at the evidence, it made a very good impression on them and made a good case for impeachment.

Southern Partisan: Other than the obvious constraints that the Senate put on you, as the prosecution, is there anything in hindsight you wish the House had handled differently?

Graham: Maybe if we had called witnesses in the House on the merits, we might have taken some of the criticism that, "You didn't call these witnesses in the House, why call them in the Senate." But, that is twisted logic. You don't try your case in the Grand Jury. Maybe a few things like that could have made some difference. But, really, after about a year of hearing about this, people became weary and had already written it off that he lied, that he did bad things. It became more about consensual sex than it was about the rule of law, and that's what happens when the media is your filter.

Southern Partisan: *When the centennial of all these events comes around, how do you think they will be remembered?*

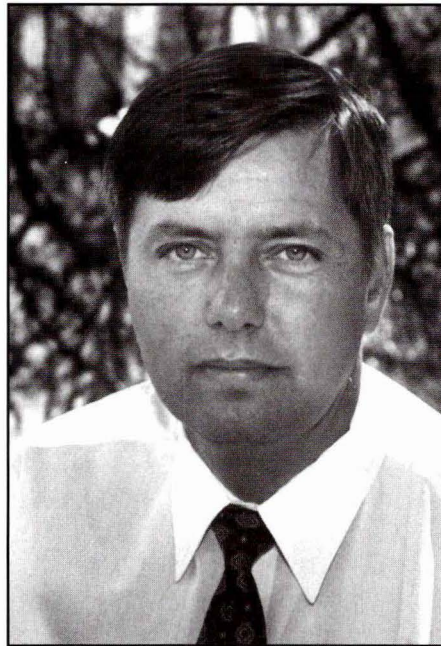
Graham: As the evidence unfolds about the Clinton operation—how they dealt with women who were following the President, how they manipulated people and the evidence—people will look back and see that this President was sanctioned by a Federal judge for lying under oath, that the President was way out of bounds in terms of proper behavior in a lawsuit, and that Bill Clinton was the author of his own fate. The evidence, over time, will become clearer. A hundred years from now he will go down in history as the second person impeached, a sort of conniving fellow who was less than honest on a lot of fronts. He deserves his place in history—on that bottom rung.

Southern Partisan: *Do you feel pretty confident that history will remember the House as having acted honorably?*

Graham: It depends who writes the history books. But I think over time, yes, the House's position will have been more about the facts than about the political factions.

Southern Partisan: *The whole impeachment process was certainly a moment of great historical importance. Are you glad you were able to be a part of it or was it kind of onerous?*

Graham: Well, it was fate sort of. It was very unnerving, very challenging... legally challenging, politically challenging.... It was a moment of high drama, so to be associated with such an event gives you some sense of worth and satisfaction. It was a bad period for the country, bad for the presidency, but hopefully, something good will come out of it, that the next President will be less likely to cheat in a lawsuit, that the rule of law will have been strengthened by taking it to a vote rather than sweeping it under a rug, and any part I played in bringing it to a conclusion and trying to leave a record behind that looks into the facts and not the political aspects of a case, I'll be pleased with. I'd rather not have had to



Richard Weaver

go through it, but if it was going to be done, I think I contributed.

Southern Partisan: *Do you have any fear that Clinton will use his power and influence to come after you politically?*

Graham: My hope is that my next election will be a referendum on whether Bill Clinton deserves accountability or not. Lindsey Graham's role in the impeachment is not going to be a liability in my district. I'll pay Clinton's way to fly down here.

Southern Partisan: *Peter Applebome wrote a story in the New York Times about the impeachment recently and he drew a parallel between the first impeachment of Andrew Johnson and the second impeachment of Bill Clinton, and he had this quote, "the Republican Congressional Delegation is as dominated by angry Southerners as the Republicans of Johnson's era were predominated by vengeful Northerners intent on punishing a defeated South in reconstruction." Do you think that's a fair assessment? Was this just a bunch of Southern boys out for blood?*

Graham: No, because all but five members of the Republican conference voted for impeachment. The Senate vote was also geographically widespread. Southerners play a prominent role in the Republican-held

Congress, in the House and the Senate, but what I believe history will say is, it wasn't about regional passion, it was about Bill Clinton's passion to avoid accountability and to basically manipulate the system for his political and legal gain, and he got caught. This was a group that wasn't going to let him get away with it. I think the House, as a whole, coalesced around the evidence and said to this guy "No more."

Southern Partisan: *Other than the casual similarities of the Republican majority impeaching a Southern President, do you see any other serious similarities between the Johnson impeachment and the Clinton impeachment?*

Graham: Well, Johnson's impeachment started out with the assumption he would be convicted and the evidence over time changed the flavor of the case, so he was acquitted. Most people wrote Clinton off as not going to be impeached, because of the losses in the 1998 election, we lost seats at the ballot box. I think the story will be that Clinton basically impeached himself by continuing to be arrogant and denying any responsibility for his conduct, forcing Congress to take a hard stand, because he would never cooperate and would never admit to the obvious, he put Congress in a box of having to take the drastic action of impeachment or totally ignore it.

I tried to find the middle ground, asking the president to admit to some wrongdoing so that we could have done something to hold him accountable but save his presidency. There was no willingness on the President's part to do that and he rolled the dice. He thinks he won, but I believe that the parallel to Johnson is that with Johnson you had a President who was saved by careful scrutiny of the facts. Here you have a President that was saved by a failure to carefully scrutinize the facts.

Southern Partisan: *Let's take a different track. As a person with some military experience and a member of the government, what is your impression of our situation in Yugoslavia?*

Graham: For the military this is reminiscent of the 1970s. Morale is down, retention is down. We're over-tasking our troops. There's been a 40% reduction in military personnel since 1992. They've been deployed all over the world and Yugoslavia is but one more occasion for that. We've shot a lot of our weapons like it's the 4th of July over there. Quality of life issues dominate, reduction in benefits is taking a toll.

We're in a tar pit in Yugoslavia. We've been in Bosnia for four years after the Treaty. We'll be in Kosovo years to come, because there is no realistic hope of merging these people into one government, one economy, one military. So, we've pursued a policy of using military force for political objectives that's unrealistic, that's cost us militarily and financially, and morale is a mess. Somebody is going to inherit this mess and have to make some sense out of it in 2000.

Southern Partisan: *There've been some problems with the war in Yugoslavia, as far as hitting the wrong targets and that sort of thing. Do you think that's a military failure or an intelligence failure?*

Graham: I think it's a little bit of a result of wearing people out. Three people are doing the job of five. Our military assets and our ability to project force suffers when you have a 40% reduction in personnel. So the tasking goes up and the result is a very weary military. These young men and women have been through hell for the last four years. They've been deployed all over the world, never seeing their families, having to get by on shoestring budgets. We had to freeze retirements of Air Force pilots because everybody's wanting to leave. That takes a serious toll on readiness. We are not the finely tuned, finely honed military we were during Desert Storm. During Bill Clinton's watch, the quality of life in the military has gone down, morale has gone down, and funding has gone down, while the workload has gone up. People in the military have had to pay a lot under Bill Clinton.

Southern Partisan: *When you first*

got elected in 1994, the Republicans came in with a bang, took control of the House, and passed 90% of the Contract with America. You seriously reformed the institution. Now, it seems that things are in disarray. Congress, the Senate and the House, seem to be timid and shy despite being in the majority. Why such a big difference?

Graham: Well, I think the momentum we had with the Contract with America was lost, PR-wise, during the government shutdown. The President got back on his feet and our leaders got typecast as being mean and out to do harm rather than good. As a result we've gotten scared, we've compromised our principles and our base. Our political base is confused. We've tried to manage the government, instead of reforming the government. We do not manage it well. We're spending more money than we should. We've lost the zeal to take the fight to Washington bureaucrats, Washington insiders. When we get that zeal back, we'll be okay.

Southern Partisan: *How can you get that zeal back?*

Graham: When we confuse people we do poorly, and we've done that over time. We need to be tough on taxes, we need to keep reforming the government not managing it, we need to build up the military. We need to make sure Social Security has a different approach to it, that a citizen is able to manage some of his or her assets. We need a new tax code, not just tax cuts. If we talk about bold vision for the next century and more control over your life and your family and your business, we'll do well. When we try to apologize for wanting to take on the government, we confuse them.

Southern Partisan: *Did the Impeachment help or hurt?*

Graham: The impeachment was a defining moment the other way. Our political base has responded well to us taking a principled stand. We were willing to lose control of the House because we felt Bill Clinton's conduct deserved a trial in the Senate in spite of the polls. We stood up for the rule of law and people will reward us at the

polls, because they can see us being true to our agenda.

Southern Partisan: *What do you think about the Republican's prospects for remaining in control of the Congress?*

Graham: If we stay true to conservative principles, if we pursue reform aggressively, if we focus on cutting the size of government and cutting taxes, if we build up the military, we'll do well. I think post-impeachment we're in good shape with our constituents. People seem to admire us more now than they have since 1995. People are Clinton weary. If we stick to a good solid agenda, have a good Presidential nominee, we're going to do well.

Southern Partisan: *Who would you like to see carrying the Republican banner in 2000?*

Graham: Sen. John McCain of Arizona. He's the type fellow that Southerners will admire once they get to know him. He's a true war hero. He's a man of character and principle. In Vietnam he had a chance to leave the POW camp early because his dad was an Admiral, but he waited his turn. He's engaged on the issues. I don't always agree with him, but he fights for what he believes. He's willing to take on his own party when necessary. He's a man of principle and character, and he will present a good dichotomy—a good person to showcase for the Republicans, as opposed to the Clinton legacy. You couldn't find a more opposite person to the Clinton legacy than John McCain.

Southern Partisan: *South Carolina's got a long tradition of incumbency. What's your political future look like?*

Graham: Well, if Senator Thurmond retires in 2002, or if I can live long enough to see him retire, I may run for the Senate. But only if Sen. Thurmond retires.

Southern Partisan: *Thank you very much for taking the time to talk to us.*

Graham: All right, thank you. We'll see you. Take care. ☺

THE SOBRAN VIEW BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

From Darwin to Kevorkian



In days of old, when the federal government usurped powers never granted to it, Americans said that the Constitution had been violated. Today

we say the Constitution has “evolved.”

The idea of evolution has become a device for denying obvious contradictions. It means that truth is mutable, that a thing can somehow gradually turn into the opposite of itself.

In biology, of course, evolution is chiefly associated with Charles Darwin, but this was only one application. Karl Marx, adapting the ideas of the philosopher Friedrich von Hegel, applied it to economics and the state; not coincidentally, Marx was a great admirer of Darwin, whose thought he correctly saw as a cornerstone of modern atheistic materialism.

Even churches aren't immune to evolutionism. Christian doctrines, as about sexual morality, can “evolve” into liberal endorsements of practices traditionally and scripturally condemned as immoral. Some churches now ordain homosexual and lesbian clergy and perform homosexual “marriages.”

The word “evolution” is a synonym for development, but it also has approving overtones of improvement and “progress.” Our public schools, allegedly neutral about religion, teach children that they are the remote descendants of ape-like creatures, implying that they aren't created in the image of God. So children routinely learn to think like materialists, even if their parents take them to church on Sundays.

Liberals generally favor the teaching of evolution precisely because it undermines Christian faith. But the theory of evolution naturally “evolved” not only into Marxism, which many liberals have sympathized with, but into Nazi racialism, which all liberals abhor. Yet Nazism is a more plausible extension of Darwinism than Marxism is.

If we human beings are soulless systems of matter, with no divine spark, it's only sensible to believe that different races probably “evolved” at different rates in different environments. Why assume they all reached the biological finish line at exactly the same time?

And if even morality “evolves,” why not draw the further inference that “inferior” races should be weeded out? Man now has the power, through science and state power, to decide what kind of people shall exist in the future.

Nazism, from this standpoint, was highly “progressive.” To call it “reactionary” is illogical sentimentalism. It merely defined “progress” in a way liberals dislike. Like communism, it condemned whole masses of people as insufficiently “evolved” and therefore obstacles to progress.

Even the Spanish Inquisition, which liberals execrate, recognized that every defendant was owed an individual trial, because guilt was personal. As a result, it executed far fewer people than modern materialist states, whose “class” and “race” enemies were herded into boxcars. That Inquisition executed only a few thousand over three centuries. For Lenin, Stalin and Hitler, a few thousand victims was a slow month.

But eugenics—the science of racial improvement—is back, with genetic engineering, including experiments on human embryos and the use of fetal tissues. From the materialist standpoint, there is nothing wrong with destroying the human embryo or

fetus, which, being mere matter at an early stage of development, has no “right” to exist.

“Rights,” after all, also “evolve.” They aren't absolute. They are defined, as a practical matter, by political power. The materialist view is hostile to any sort of “absolute,” except political power itself. No wonder materialist have often supported totalitarian regimes, notably the Soviet Union. They also tend to favor the constant expansion of state power in the United States—and especially state-run education, at the expense of private and religious education.

Christians in America have been slow to grasp that they live under a regime whose unspoken major demise is that we don't have immortal souls. Liberal indoctrination teaches children that all earthly evils derive from our Christian heritage—the source of intolerance, superstition and bigotry. “Medieval” has become a liberal devil-word, disparaging the high civilization of the Middle Ages.

The chief practical result of the theory of evolution is the belief that human life isn't particularly special or sacred. This belief has found expression in mass murder, in the bombing of cities and in abortion clinics. Today new implications are still being found in it, as witness the career of Dr. Jack Kevorkian.

Gun Control and the Framers

A friend of mine once made some bumper stickers reading: “There are no guns in this household.” He used to offer them to liberal gun-control advocates so that they could put them on their doors.

Nobody ever accepted them, of course. Even liberals want criminals to worry about the immediate consequences of breaking into their homes. The more prospective burglar has to worry about being shot, the safer we all are.

Yet most liberals have a visceral hatred of guns, and they demand

federal gun-control legislation, in spite of the Constitution. The Second Amendment clearly prohibits federal infringement of "the right of the people to keep and bear arms." Yet few liberals will admit that they are demanding a plain violation of the Bill of Rights.

Some cite the opening words of the Second Amendment to prove that its sole purpose was to enable state militias to exist. The amendment in its entirety reads: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." According to this view, the amendment was adopted only to permit such gun ownership as state militias might require.

Even if that were so, the federal government is forbidden to infringe the right. And it's called a "right," because the framers of the Constitution recognized self-defense as among our primary rights.

So why does the amendment speak of a state militia? Because the framers also recognized the possibility that the militias would be needed to mount armed resistance to the federal government, if it were to usurp powers not granted to it. Yes, they actually contemplated civil war as a necessary and legitimate response to federal tyranny!

Alexander Hamilton was among

the most ardent advocates of a stronger federal government; for him, the Constitution didn't go far enough in making the "general government," as he called it, superior to the state governments. Yet in "The Federalist," No. 28, he acknowledged the right of the people to revolt against the federal government, and he envisioned civil war to protect against the people rights against federal "usurpations" and "invasions":

"If the representatives of the people betray their constituents, there is then no resource left but in the exertion of that original right of self-defense, which is paramount to all positive forms of government; and which, against the usurpations of the national rulers, may be exerted with infinitely better prospect of success, than against those of the rulers of an individual state. ... Power being almost always the rival of power, the general government will at all times stand ready to check the usurpations of the state governments; and those will have the same disposition toward the general government. The people, by throwing themselves into either scale, will infallibly make it preponderate. If their rights are invaded by either, they can make use of the other as the instrument of redress. ...

"It may safely be received as an

axiom in our political system that the state governments will in all possible contingencies afford complete security against invasions of the public liberty by the national authority."

So the Second Amendment would ensure that the states could be sufficiently armed to resist federal tyranny. The Ninth Amendment backs it up, saying that the people "retain" many rights that aren't explicitly listed in the Constitution itself; and surely the "original right of self-defense" would be one of these. The 10th Amendment, moreover, says that all powers not "delegated" to the federal government are "reserved" to the states and the people. So any power to regulate guns would have been among these "reserved" powers. Gun control by state legislatures may be constitutional, but not by Congress.

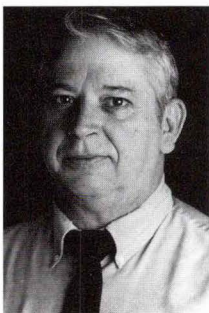
It's rather quaint to imagine the states taking up arms against the federal government today; the federal government has nuclear weapons, and the state don't. (Though maybe they could buy back some nuclear secrets from China.)

Besides, few Americans even know (or care) what the Constitution says anymore. Most people accept the lazy notion that if it sounds good, the federal government should do it, whether it's eliminating guns or bombing Yugoslavia. ★

SOUTHLINE BY CHARLEY REESE

Marx's 'Manifesto' Planks Mostly Adopted by America Today

If old Karl Marx, the embittered inventor of communism, could return from the grave, he'd no doubt be surprised to find that most of the 10 planks of his *Communist Manifesto*, issued in 1848 in collaboration with Frederick Engels, have been happily adopted or are at least supported by



Americans.

LET'S LOOK AT THE 10 PLANKS:

1. "Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes." Well, we're working on this one. The federal government owns huge amounts of land and is acquiring more. Private property rights are being eroded deliberately in

the name of protecting the environment.

2. "A heavy progressive or graduated income tax." Need I say more? Before Ronald Reagan's tax law changes, we had exactly that, and many Americans support the idea of taxing the rich more than the less-rich.

3. "Abolition of all rights of inheritance." We haven't gone all the way on that one, but heavy estate taxes are a step in that direction. Estate taxes levied on assets on which multiple taxes have already paid many times.

4. "Confiscation of property of emigrants and rebels." Well, our fore-

fathers confiscated the property of those who supported the British during the Revolution, and under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act and other civil statutes, property is being confiscated right and left in the name of the war on drugs.

5. "Centralization of credit in the hands of the state." Pretty much done. See the Federal Reserve Act.

6. "Centralization of the means of communications and transport in the hands of the state." See a private road or bridge lately? Who licenses all radio and TV? Only the First Amendment saves the print press from federal licensing, but hate crime laws, which will surely be followed by hate speech laws, will erode that freedom.

7. "Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the state." Well, the government runs many businesses and regulates all.

8. "Equal obligation to work. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture." We've escaped this one, mainly in my opinion because the Second Amendment (right to own firearms) and mechanization.

9. "Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of distinction between town and country." Pretty much done, since big corporations dominate what's left of agriculture, and mass communications have more or less erased cultural differences.

10. "Free education of all children in public schools. Abolition of child factory labor in its present form.

Combination of education with industrial production." Done.

The hatred for property and for farmers was based on the knowledge that people who are economically independent of the state can assert their political freedom from state control. Communism is just another form of slavery where the slave is provided work, housing, food, education, medical care and retirement—but at the price of freedom.

You can see Americans advocating the very same system today and most of them, because of their poor education in government schools, don't have the foggiest notion that they are advocating Marxist ideas.

Education Can Be Defined By Its Content

Education is good or evil depending on the content. An educational system designed to graduate semiliterate, young socialists who are atheistic and hostile to their own country, to capitalism, and to liberty is not a system sensible Americans would want their children involved in.

Let's do a bit of clarifying on this subject.

State-controlled education is a high priority of every totalitarian state now or in the past. V.I. Lenin said it plainly: "Give me four years to teach the children and the seed I have sown will never be uprooted." In fact, even democracies and liberal monarchies saw public schools as a means

of indoctrinating and training citizens. The point is simply this: Government schools are by design established to run to serve government purposes. These purposes will change as the people who control the government change.

In 19th century America, there were many bitter battles fought as government education proponents sought to impose a system incorporating three points: tax-supported, government-controlled and the absence of all religious instruction.

As opponents of the government school system argued in 1800s, if you remove Christianity from the schools, then inevitably it will be replaced by the state religion of secular humanism. History has proven them correct.

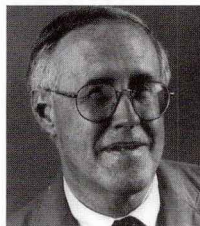
So it's important to remember that education is not a synonym for the government educational system. There are many ways to educate children. The government-funded, government-controlled secular system is only one of them.

Based on my observation of the products of this government system, I think all who can should withdraw their children and their support from it. I recognize, of course, that with 15,000 separate school districts there are some government schools that do a good job. My own children attended public schools. Still, the trend is toward even more indoctrination rather than true education, and if I had to start over today, I'd find a way to keep them in private schools. ☛

MAINSTREET BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

Mr. Bush and "Compassionate Conservatism"

With George W. Bush's star-spangled, rockets-and-whizzbangs announcement of a presidential exploratory committee, the 2000 race achieves a kind of clarity and inevitability. Relatively speaking, that is.



In politics hardly anything is clear, and nothing stays inevitable long. The aura that presently surrounds our governor—as he himself knows—could blow away like smoke. For all we really know, the GOP may nominate Chuck Norris.

Bush's announcement makes him in any case fair game for political conversation. Let's converse, then.

The question of the hour and the year is just how far can Bush reach out to drain support from rival Republicans and, in the end, from Al Gore? To put it another way: what is Bush-style "compassionate conservatism," and will it sell? Tentative answers: hard to tell yet, and maybe.

Bush, reading the papers and the election returns, detects no general

enthusiasm for strenuous measures of reform, conservative or liberal. Reading, I believe, his heart, he nevertheless affirms the need for reliance on certain norms. Among these: limited government and the transformative power of religion. From these he derives compassionate conservatism.

“What’s wrong with just plain, unvarnished conservatism?” some of us in the celluloid-collar wing of the movement might grump through our pipe stems. What’s the “compassionate” stuff? With Bush’s reply it’s hard to argue: “It is conservative to cut taxes and it’s compassionate to give people more money to spend. It is conservative to insist upon local control of schools and set high standards and insist upon results; it is compassionate to make sure that not one single child gets left behind.”

It may or may not work as a political program. That’s a wholly different question. It works, potentially, as a political platform: something for, well, not everybody, but for at least the generality of folks.

The generality of folks, whether we celluloids like it or not, elect the president. While we sit and harrumph concerning what an earlier Bush called “the vision thing,” the hard work of vote gathering takes place beyond our restricted, if august, circle. I believe this is called democratic theory.

In short we do the best we can. Sometimes that best, as with Ronald Reagan, is pretty doggoned good. Sometimes that best is the sometime Viagra spokesman, Bob Dole. Boy, is that ever, zzzzzzzzz, exciting!

How will George W. Bush and his policies fit the conservative pistol in the year 2000? Compared to whom? Compared to what? Here are the truly relevant questions.

Compared to Margaret Thatcher? Or compared to Al Gore? Or, for that matter, to a Republican wet like Sen. John McCain, a cipher like Lamar Alexander, or Sen. Viagra’s wife Elizabeth?

My conservative brothers and sisters, it seems to me, would do wisely

to keep an open mind concerning the governor of Texas. I say this because of a natural tendency we have to recall how the governor’s father squandered the legacy of Ronald Reagan, costing the conservative cause, among other things, two Supreme Court seats that Bill Clinton was glad to fill.

There is something even more urgent we should do. That thing is to downplay our political expectations. You wonder sometimes about some conservatives. Don’t they believe in Original Sin? They don’t act like it. They keep looking for political saviors, as if there were nay such on the market—conservative or liberal, Democratic or Republican.

The predominance of politics in the late 20th century fools us often enough into imagining if we just...then we would...Whatever. The prime task of our time isn’t political reconstruction; it’s moral and cultural reconstruction—the careful rebuilding of those mores and standards by which life, to be meaningful, must be structured.

Gov. Bush—who has promoted “faith-based” strategies for dealing with secular convicts—shows a capacity for understanding how government works with, not against, real life. “Compassionate conservative”? I’ve heard unlikelier stories, if you want the truth.

Last Rites for the Religious Right?

Hmmm...Elizabeth Dole shuns the debate over banning abortion by constitutional amendment? How so? Doesn’t she know the wrath and power of the religious right?

It may very well be that she does—and that the knowledge leaves her unawed.

Whatever a large, lazy term like religious right may actually mean, adherents of the movement are starting to rethink the intensity of that commitment.

A sense of futility overwhelms Christian activists as prominent as

Paul Weyrich, president of the Free Congress Foundation, and the syndicated columnist Cal Thomas, a former spokesman for Jerry Falwell.

President Clinton’s acquittal on impeachment charges convinced Mr. Weyrich that the political process just won’t bear the heavy task of moral restoration.

As for Thomas, he and another Falwellian, Michigan pastor Ed Dobson, have a new book out “Blinded by Might,” in which they utter once-unutterable sentiments.

For instance: Politics and faith are irreconcilable. And: We should not expect the government to promote the gospel or prayer or religion. And the important issue for Christians is living godly lives in the culture and...getting out the gospel of Jesus. Petitions, marches, lobbying—phooey!

Mr. Thomas startlingly accuses Dr. James Dobson, of Focus on the Family, of political zealotry, and Ed Dobson (no relation) taxes the Christian Coalition with reducing the Christian faith to a series of political positions.

Falwell himself, in an interview in book, says, (W)e’re kidding ourselves if we think there’s any program, any third party, or either of the two main parties, or anything we can do to straighten things out right now. He cites Jerry Springer as evidence.

A debate is under way. However, not about the imputed duty of Christians to abandon politics and withdraw to the catacombs. The debate is about balance: responsible and routine participation in politics vs. let’s-save-America-by-power-of-the-ballot.

The latter proposition is unthinkable and even undesirable in principle. Government, as Ed Dobson points out, isn’t supposed to reflect religious values. It was instituted to restrain evil and promote good so that the values of God would be reflected in the lives of the people who claim to follow God.

The debate, it must be added, is eternal. Only the debaters change—the wrestlers for the levers of power.

Christianity is a more slippery business than many Christians

believe. My kingdom is not of this world, said Jesus Christ to Pilate (John 18:36). But we—well, isn't this the world we're in? We have to make it better—don't we? Not to try is to

acquiesce in evil. Still, refusing acquiescence isn't the same as conquering.

Mrs. Dole, sadly, may be right—anti-abortion amendment to the Constitution won't happen under pre-

sent circumstances. What might work better? More active concern for life, as lived out by Christians, Thomas and Dobson submit. Less politicking—more love. ☪

THE DIVIDING LINE BY PAT BUCHANAN

Malaise of the GOP — Is There a Cure?

Not since the Roaring Twenties, when the Republican Party was still "America's Party," has the GOP controlled so many seats in the House and Senate and in governors' chairs.

Yet, to many Republicans, this seems the very winter of their discontent. Inside the party, observers detect a near despair, which is reinforced by the polls, that the GOP has run out of great issues and indefinitely forfeited the vital center of politics to Bill Clinton.

There is a malaise within the GOP. Among governors, it is seen in exasperation with a Congress focused on impeachment; among GOP senators, it is manifest in a desperate desire to be rid of the trial. House Republicans are openly nostalgic for the days of Reagan, when America was united behind their agenda, and it was the Democratic Party that seemed off-balance and out of touch.

It is time to grow up. Ronald Reagan was a good man and a great president, but the Gipper is gone forever, and his time, like JFK's time, and FDR's, is gone and forever. We cannot relive the past.

The unacknowledged reason the GOP Establishment has failed to meet the challenge of Clinton is that, deep in its heart, it does not disagree with him on the issues that deeply roil Middle America.

On trade, the GOP leadership is as pro-NAFTA, GATT and fast track as Al Gore. At last week's gathering of globalists at Davos, Switzerland, Republicans had a full complement. "Responsible Globality" was the theme at Davos, which is like posting a sign

calling for "Safe Sex" on the door of a San Francisco bath house.

On foreign policy, the GOP leadership is as enthusiastic as Clinton about expanding NATO from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Republicans provided the political cover for Clinton to move troops into Bosnia and Macedonia and are urging him to order air strikes on Serbia and put 5,000 U.S. troops into Kosovo.

Most Americans oppose military intervention where vital U.S. interests are not at stake. But the GOP leadership cadres stand with Clinton. On foreign aid, the least popular of federal programs, Congress readily agreed to Clinton's request for expansion in 1998.

Republicans believe in free markets, so they opposed a bailout of Orange County when it faced bankruptcy from failed investments. Yet Republican leaders backed the \$41 billion bailout of a Brazilian government that is still running a deficit of 8 percent of gross domestic product.

On both occasions, the GOP threw out free-market principles to stand beside Clinton and did so again when Clinton asked for \$18 billion to continue the socialist bailouts ad infinitum.

On NAFTA, GATT, fast track, surrender of sovereignty to the World Trade Organization, NATO expansion, intervention in Bosnia and Kosovo, foreign aid and International Monetary Fund bailouts, the Republican elite is, with a few exceptions, remarkably close to Clinton-Gore.

Eighty percent of Americans want reform of immigration laws under which 1.3 million legal and illegal aliens enter each year. Yet, terrified of being called xenophobes, Republicans



are paralyzed. So, Clinton celebrates a coming century where immigration will turn America's white majority into a minority.

In Tibet, massive immigration by Han Chinese is denounced as "cultural genocide." In the United States, an immigration invasion that will alter the ethnic character and Western culture of America forever, risking a breakup of the nation, is not even open for debate.

Racial preferences are defeated everywhere they are put to vote. Yet national Republicans recoil from the battle. The life issue and the right of citizens to keep and bear arms to protect their lives and families have powerful constituencies, but many in the GOP—trained in the local obedience school run by the national press—reflexively reject such issues as "divisive."

There is no dearth of issues on which a party with a glint in its eye, fire in its belly and steel in its spine could confront this capital city. But taking them up means taking on a cultural-media elite that has no compunction about branding as sick, bigoted or extremist any who dare resist the fate that elite has in store for our republic.

There is another factor inhibiting Republicans from risking and all-out confrontation with Clinton: dread of the loss of power.

The GOP knows its hold on Congress is tenuous and narrow. Why risk it for causes in which they do not truly believe?

Thus, the next great rebellion in U.S. politics is likely to come from without and not to distinguish between the Beetle parties.

U.S. Stretched to the Limit

In "Great Contemporaries," Winston Churchill wrote that when Britain abandoned "splendid isolation" to create the Anglo-French alliance in 1904, "only one voice was raised in discord"—the earl of Rosebury. In public, Lord Rosebury said the pact was far more likely to lead to war than peace. In private, he muttered, "Straight to war."

Rosebury was a prophet. Britain's plunge into World War I to honor that French alliance would bring her empire to ruin.

Imperial over-stretch, the issuance of war guarantees they could not fulfill, has brought down every great empire of this century – the British, French, Russian, German, Austro-Hungarian. And in the aftermath of her Cold War victory and emergence as the world's last superpower, the United States walks in the same arrogant way.

President Clinton has now committed this nation, without debate or the assent of Congress, to put 4,000 troops into Kosovo. Some 6,000 are in Bosnia, hundreds more in Macedonia. Clinton's heart is in the right place in desiring an end to the carnage, but there is no vital interest in Kosovo to justify a permanent U.S. presence. This is Europe's problem. Let Europe deal with it or live with it.

For 50 years, we defended Europe against the Soviet Empire. That empire is now dead; the European Union is as populous and rich as we, and emerging as a global rival. America's job is done. Yet instead of using our Cold War triumph as an occasion to discard Cold War commitments, we are adding to them, as we hack away at the power

Ronald Reagan built up to sustain them.

Since Reagan went home to California, the Navy has been cut from 565 ships to 346, the active-duty Army from 18 divisions to 10, the Air Force from 36 fighter wings to 20. The services now fail to meet enlistment targets.

Yet, as our power contracts, our commitments grow. Since the Gulf War, we have taken on the permanent defense of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and the dual containment of Iraq and Iran. We have given war guarantees to Warsaw, Budapest and Prague, pledged to defend virtually every border in Europe and the Baltic, confronted China, and become the chief guarantor of peace in the Balkans.

These new commitments are being piled on top of old ones to NATO, to all the nations of the Western Hemisphere in the Rio Pact and to Korea, Japan, Thailand, the Philippines, Australia and Israel.

In the arc of crisis from South Asia to North Africa, we have imposed sanctions on Myanmar for human-rights violations, and on India and Pakistan for going nuclear. We have embargoed Iran and fired cruise missiles at the camp of Osama Bin Laden in Afghanistan. We daily bomb Iraq, have intervened in Somalia, have bombed Sudan and embargoed Libya.

With all the other empires of the 20th century collapsed, the United States has decided to assume all their historic burdens. We have taken on the role of the German empire in keeping Russia out of Europe, of the Austrian empire in policing the Balkans, of the Ottoman empire in keeping peace in the Middle East, of the British empire in securing the oceans and the Gulf, and of

the Japanese in containing China.

Only hubris of a high order explains how we believe we can sustain such commitments on a defense budget that is down to 3 percent of gross domestic product, roughly the level before Pearl Harbor. Meanwhile, we have been antagonizing old enemies and creating new ones to the point that America is more widely resented than any nation on Earth.

Europe bristles at U.S. hegemony and ignores our sanctions. Russians resent our rubbing their noses in their Cold War defeat by moving NATO onto their doorstep. Forced to back down in 1996, China is deploying hundreds of missiles opposite Taiwan and test-firing rockets at U.S. bases in Korea and Japan.

The "Arab street" believes America will always back Israel, no matter the merits of an issue, that we are brutally punishing Iraq's people, and that we sustain Arab regimes that are undemocratic. Devout Muslims detest our vast presence in their region despite our culture.

An alliance of anti-American movements and regimes has now begun to coalesce around Russia, China, Iraq, and Iran. Should they collude with North Korea and Serbia to challenge U.S. hegemony in many regions at once, America will discover what it means to be a bankrupt empire without the forces to sustain its commitments.

Now that impeachment is ended, let America focus on the crucial choice: between intervention in every conflict on Earth and a policy of independence where America recaptures full freedom of action to decide when, where and whether to intervene at all. ☸

TRIVIUM JORDAN McCLINTOCK

The Columbine Shooting: A Predictable Aftermath

Anyone familiar with the literature on teen suicide could see it coming—an

epidemic of copycat violence in schools around the nation. All you had to do was watch your TV set and see the network buzzards at work.

They interrupted regular programming when the story first broke—cameras panning the scene while law enforcement officers from several

agencies surrounded the school. They devoted most of the regular evening news to the basic story and minute-by-minute updates.

Then the "magazine" shows took over, canceling their regularly scheduled exposes on corporate greed to feature live on-site reports and more grim commentary. As many as twenty-five dead—and counting.

The cameras went to funerals, memorial marches, and other commemorative ceremonies. One night, reporters dwelled at length on the junk pile of miscellaneous tributes that people were now piling up—flowers, notes, poems, stuffed animals. Indeed, it's difficult to recall a story about everyday Americans that received as much network hype as the tragedy at Littleton.

But the extravagant over-reporting of this event is not without its consequences. As I said, anyone familiar with the research on youth suicide could predict what was coming next—opycat Littletons. After all, what Harris and Klebold really did was *commit suicide*—not by shutting themselves in a garage and running the car motor (the national fad a few years ago), but by going on a shooting rampage and killing almost everybody in sight.

There are literally dozens of studies on "cluster suicides" among young people. Their conclusion—one youth suicide often begets another... and another... and another. By 1986, researchers had zeroed on a major factor in these suicide "epidemics"—television. Two articles on the subject appeared in the September issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

The first of these—by Madelyn S. Gould, Ph.D., M.P.H. and David Shaffer, M.D.—examined "The Impact of Suicide in Television Movies" on young people during the year 1984-1985, when four after-school specials featured films depicting suicide involving teenagers. After studying the effect of these programs nationwide, Gould and Shaffer came to the following conclusion, couched in the cautious language of social scientists: "Evidence from the present study suggests that television broadcasts of fictional stories featuring suicidal behavior may in some cases lead to imitative suicidal behavior among teenagers. The magnitude of this effect may be considerable."

Writing in the same issue of *NEJM*, David P. Phillips, Ph.D., and Lundie L. Carstensen, M.S. examined

"Clustering of Teenage Suicides After Television News Stories About Suicide" and came to the following conclusion: "The results of our study indicate that the national rate of suicide among teenagers rises significantly just after television news or feature stories about suicide."

Harris and Klebold may have committed the most spectacular teenage suicide since Romeo and Juliet—and the networks have given them perhaps the most irresponsible coverage in memory. Having read the results of these studies, no one should be surprised at what has happened over the ensuing two weeks.

Look at it this way. You're one of those kids who isn't part of the group. You're called "a nerd," "a dweeb," "a dork." You're the most important person in the whole world, but nobody at school seems aware of that fact. You walk down the hall and nobody sees you—because you don't exist.

What can you do to end your misery?

What can you do to get attention?
What can you do to get even?

While contemplating your own hurt feelings, you see Klebold and Harris suddenly get more attention than *General Hospital*, Andy Sipowitz, and the war in Kosovo. Everybody in Columbine High School now knows who *they* were, and none of the girls who stared past them will ever, ever forget their faces. Tens of millions of people nationwide are glued to their TV sets—*because of them*. Tom Brokaw and Dan Rather speak *their* names. The President of the United States is visibly shaken by what *they've* done. They rule!

If you're one of those troubled kids, you say to yourself, "What a way to go," and immediately log on the Internet.

That's why the imitations have already begun. A boy kills a schoolmate in Canada and attempts to kill two more. Five 13-years-olds are booked for conspiring to blow up their school in Brooklyn. At Enid High School in Oklahoma, authorities find a

pipebomb in the lavatory. In Coalings, California two boys are arrested for saying they want to blow up their schools. And those are only the cases the press covered. There were hundreds, maybe thousands of such incidents all over the country.

So what should the media do? Refuse to cover the massacre of 13 people and the suicide of their killers? Clearly not. The story was legitimate. It was the orgiastic nature of the coverage—its vulgar excess—that triggered the morbid imaginations of adolescents throughout the continent.

Low key coverage might have mitigated the impact on unhappy teenagers. Surely the bare facts would have sufficed. It could have been a one-day story, with a few shots of SWAT teams entering the building and students coming out with their hands over their heads. No anxious parents. No sobbing girls. No Bill Clinton.

The networks are undoubtedly aware of the youth suicide studies. (They've been accused before.) In this case, they simply chose to ignore them—perhaps because they saw an opportunity to propagate the religion of gun control.

There's an obvious reason why they wallowed in this story like hogs in a mud hole. Consider the following quote, collected by that oh-so irresponsible journalist Matt Drudge:

On April 20, 1999, the network's highest rated day of the year to date, CNN/U.S. posted total-day increases of 425 percent in rating and 409 percent in delivery, averaging a 2.1 rating and delivering 1.6 million homes. The network's delivery among adults 25-54 also increased by 731 percent . . .

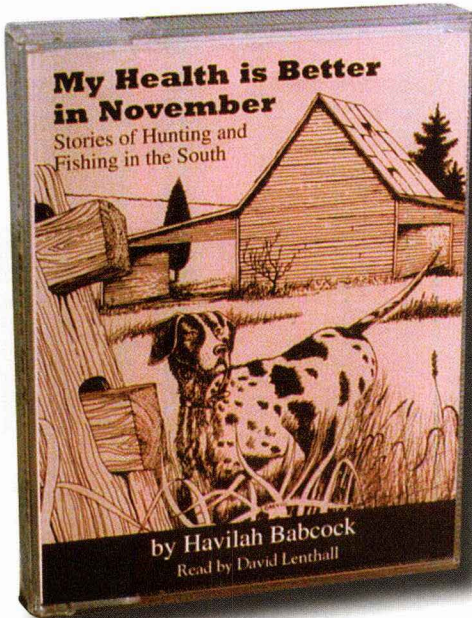
—announcement by Ted Turner's media relations office

If you can't understand this media jargon, allow me to translate. It means: "Who cares about nerds and dweebs and dorks when you're on a roll!"



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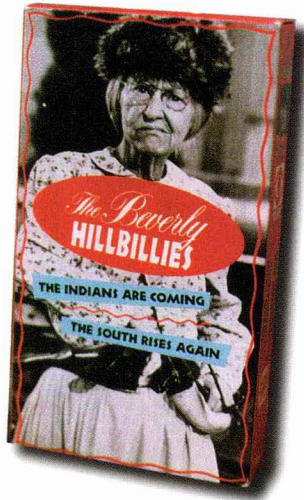


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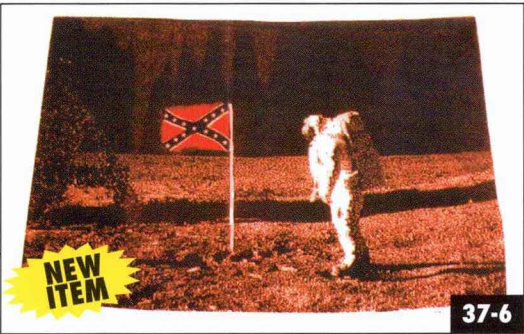


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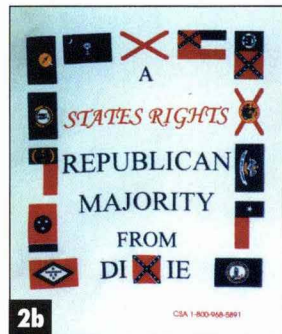
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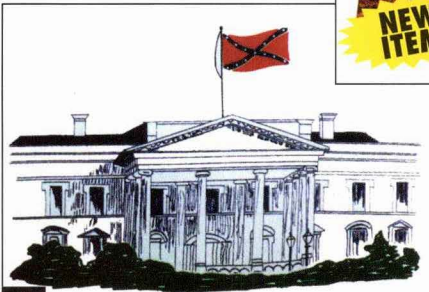
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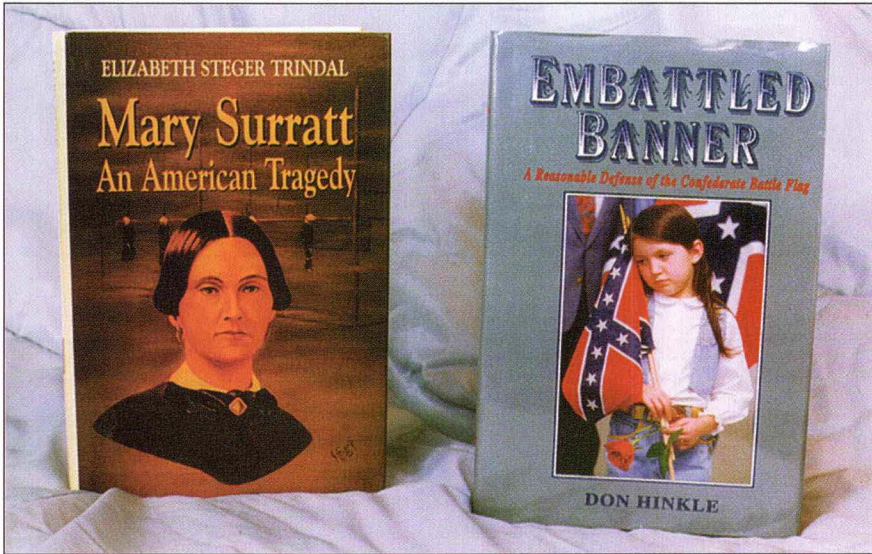
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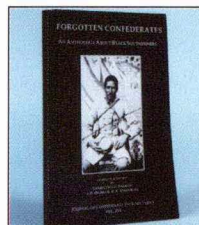
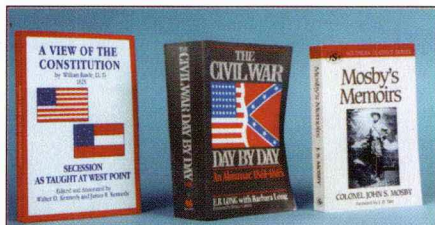
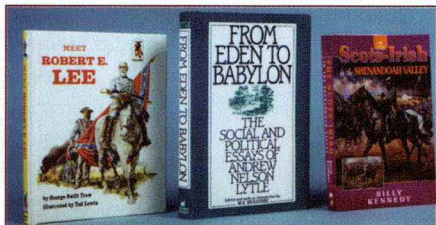
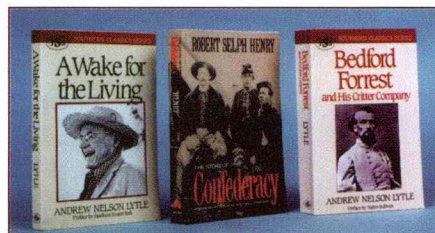
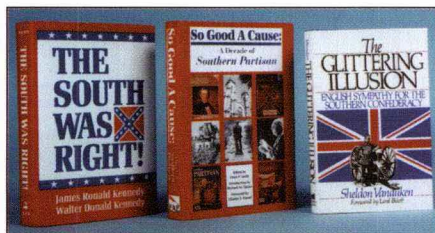
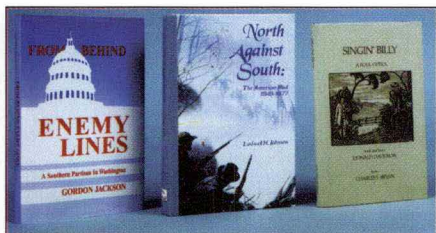
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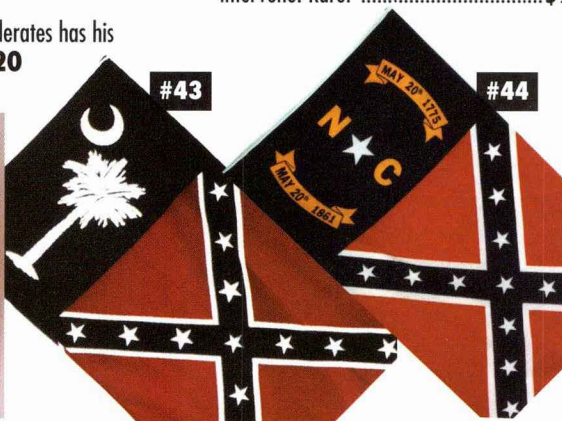
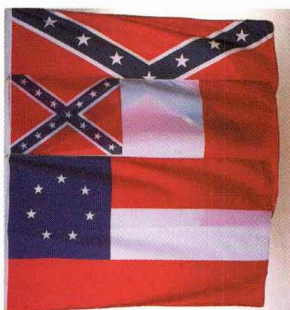
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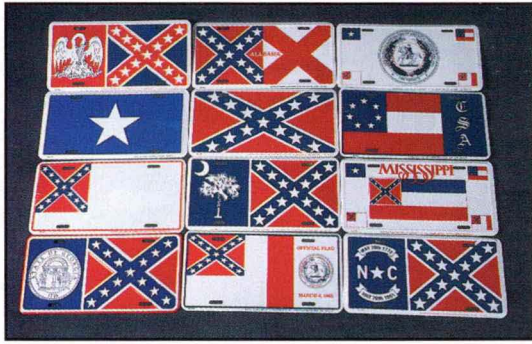
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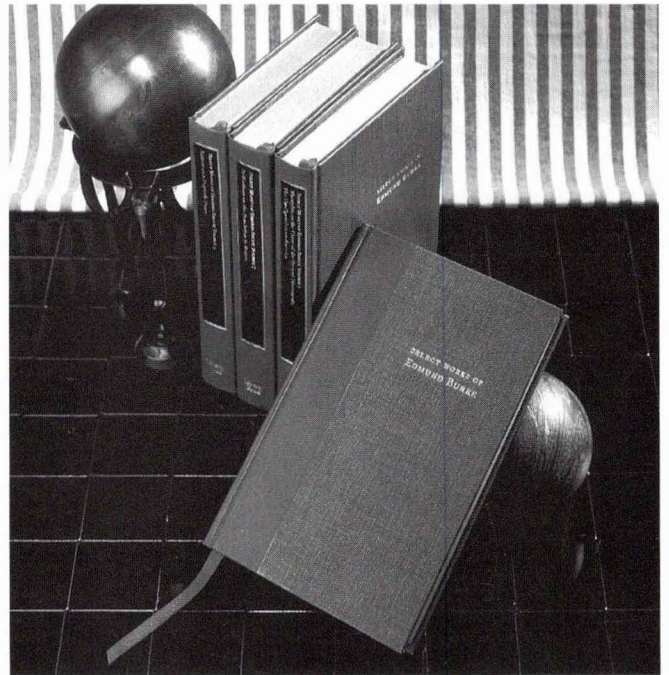
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